

FISHERMAN AND FARMER

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A. H. MITCHELL,
Editor and Business Manager.

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No. 404

A CHARLIE ROSS AFFAIR.

A BOY WHO WAS ABDUCTED WHEN HE WAS FOUR YEARS OLD RETURNS HOME A MAN OF THIRTY-ONE YEARS.

News from Washington, N. C., tells a tale surpassing that of Charlie Ross. In 1865 a little 4-year-old son of a Mr. and Mrs. Chancey, near there, mysteriously disappeared. Mrs. Chancey started the little fellow off to his father who was some distance from the house. He never reached him and all efforts to find him proving fruitless, he was given up for dead or lost, but his mother never lost the hope of seeing him before she died.

A neighbor with whom Mr. Chancey was on bad terms was always suspected of being connected with the boy's disappearance. That neighbor died years ago and on his deathbed sent for Mr. Chancey wishing to tell him something very important. Mr. Chancey did not go, and it is thought the secret of the boy's disappearance died with that neighbor.

Some time ago a Mr. Chancey, a horse dealer in Washington, received a letter from Tennessee, asking about his people and if there was a missing relative. No attention was paid to this. Soon another letter came making the same inquiries. This was taken to Mr. and Mrs. Chancey and the hope of again seeing their boy alive revived. The letter was answered. The only marks by which the boy could be identified were a mole on his body and a little scar on his back. The letter asked if those marks could be found. The reply came that they could. He was asked to come to Washington, which he did at once, arriving Friday night. His parents and hundreds of people were at the train to meet him. The personal favor of the Chanceys was at once recognizable. He was hurried to the long left home, and great was the joy there. The personal favor, and the mole, and the scar, made identification complete. The little boy of 4 had returned a man of 31.

He has no recollection of how he was taken away or by whom. He was taken to Tennessee and placed in a Catholic institution, where he was educated. He became by trade a stone cutter. His only recollection of his home was his name Chancey and that he was always teased, till he cried, by a larger boy, who was his brother. A stray copy of a Washington paper containing the advertisement of Mr. Chancey, the horse dealer, led to his once more finding his home and people.

This State now has 4,711 pensioners. It is said that the pension tax will probably yield over \$110,000.

A WHITE HOUSE GUIDE.

Entertaining Conversation of an Executive Employee of a Few Months Ago.

Not to be too personal, this account of White House visiting is taken from an experience in the past. It is on a day when the president is in the big east room, shaking hands with any Tom, Dick or Augustus who wishes to inflict himself on the head of the nation. There are numerous familiarly polite men lounging in the vestibule of the mansion. Their dress consists of indifferent business suits, very ready made in appearance, black, brown, blue and gray, ill fitting and often shabby. These are the servants of the place, whose duties are to show the guests through the public rooms and at times through the private ones. Their appellation in this house of the people is "guide." They are particularly the persons from whom the visitor to Washington gets the tone of the White House. If any one claims that these are gentlemen in office and not serving men, let him try them with a fee. It is not exacted, is forbidden, but—try it!

Through with the president, a group of people are invited by a guide to go into the other rooms. "These rooms has all been newly decorated," he says, "and after design by Miss Harrison, and 'tain't necessary for me to say that she's a artist." A sweep of his hand takes in floor, wall, ceiling and furniture.

"This," he goes on, "is the famous blue room, where the president receives with his lady beside him. You have all heard of going behind the line. Well, the president stands here with his lady on his right and the ladies of the cabinet. That makes the line. After they shake hands the eight go behind the line where all the dignitaries is.

"That's right, ma'am. Sit right down." This to a woman who has rested against the arm of a chair. "All sit down and make yourself comfortable. People seem to think this house belongs to Miss Harrison, but it don't. It belongs to all of you. Miss Harrison wants everybody to feel at home. Now, in this room Miss Cleveland was married. She stood right there where that lady's feet is."

The modest appearing little woman on whose feet all eyes were centered looked inclined to put them in her pocket, but the guide went on remorselessly. "Where that lady's feet is placed."

"This clock," said the guide later, pausing before an elaborate mantel clock, "and them side ornaments was presented to George Washington, our first president, by Lafayette and presented by he to the White House. And it has ben going ever since. Them lights are electric and just put in. You turn them on and off this way," illustrating. "Seeing as you look interested, sir, you can turn them on once if you like."

The man to whom this kind permission was granted bears a name synonymous with electricity, but the famous electrician, as courteous as the guide, gravely manipulated the button.

Leaving after a quarter of an hour more of this talk, and a visit to the conservatories, and a peep at the private dining room, Selma expressed herself in this fashion:

"All applicants for such work in the White House should pass a civil service examination before being accepted. Secondly, they should be obliged to wear a distinctive dress. Call it a uniform if the word livery is objectionable. But these men should look as neat and trig as postmen, motormen and car conductors. Thirdly, they must be as willing and obliging as they are at present. I would like to leave our president's house once without feeling half amused and half vexed and altogether ashamed, as I am today."—Newport News.

CANNING FACTORIES.

As truck farming extends it will become more apparent that the South shall not only produce vegetables and grow fruits, but that it shall prepare them for market by canning them. A pot of preserves was found at Pompeii after being buried for over eighteen hundred years. They were found to be nice and appetizing. This gave a hint at once that fruits and vegetables should be potted and canned, and then began a new industry that has developed with the years until it has become vast.

The South all along has been too dependent. We have seen Norway cabbage on sale in Wilmington. Northern bay feeds the horses even of farmers in this section. Thousands and ten thousands of families are daily eating canned fruits and vegetables put up in the North. Is there any horse sense in that? The rule ought to work the other way. The South has all the advantage in climate and still it is content to eat the bread of idleness and folly and to continue to be the hewers of wood and drawer of water of the North.

We have seen canned vegetables for sale here put up in Maine, and a man told us that he knew the place well where they were canned, and that the vegetables were actually grown on soil that had to be brought from a distance.

This reminds of another industry, Connecticut has an oyster industry amounting to some two or three million dollars. The oysters in the start had to be brought all the way from the Chesapeake Bay and planted in Connecticut waters. North Carolina has an oyster industry worth possibly \$150,000, and it has the most extensive sounds and rivers excellently adapted to the oysters at hand necessary to extend largely the product. If the oyster industry is properly developed oyster canning can be made a most important business.

In West Tennessee the canning business is pushed with energy. In perhaps a dozen towns factories have been started. The Atlanta Constitution says and it is true:

"The demand for canned vegetables and fruits is practically unlimited, and will increase more rapidly than the factories can supply the goods. Now, we have in the South the finest fruit and truck farming regions in the world, and, by establishing numerous canning factories right here within a stone's throw of the fields, our farmers will find in a very short time that the new industry will make them far more prosperous than they could hope to be under the all-outlet system."—Wilmington Messenger.

You are not in it unless you read the Fisherman & Farmer.

Queer Japanese Beliefs.

The Japanese believe in more mythical creatures than any other people on the globe, civilized or savage. Among these are mythical animals without any remarkable peculiarities of conformation, but gifted with supernatural attributes, such as the tiger which is said to turn as white as a polar bear on the day of his one thousandth birthday. They also believe in a species of fox which if it lives to be 10 years old without having been chased by a dog transforms itself into a beautiful woman. This same fox, if he can manage to live for a century, gains additional powers, such as becoming a wonderful wizard, etc. When he lives to be 1,000 years old, he becomes a "celestial fox," with nine golden tails, and has the power of going to heaven and returning whenever he chooses.

These Japs also believe in a multitude of animals distinguished by their monstrous size or by the multiplication of their members. Among these are serpents 800 feet long and large enough to swallow an elephant; boxes with eight legs; monkeys with four ears and seven tails; fishes with 10 heads attached to one body, the flesh of this last monster being a sure cure for boils, bites of poisonous serpents, hydrophobia, etc.—Philadelphia Press.

DESERVING PRAISE.

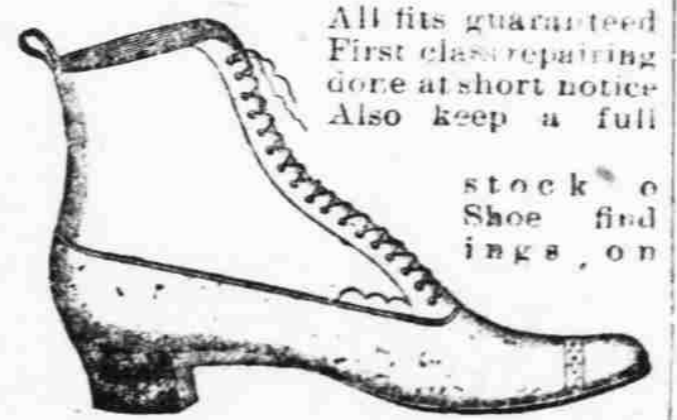
We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfic any results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. W. I. Leary, Druggist.

States Meant.

A monthly statement, Mo.; a weekly statement, Ill.; a personal statement, Me.; a graphic statement, Del.; a written statement, Penn.; a declaimed statement, Tenn.; an interesting statement, Miss.; a historical statement, Ark.; a confident statement, Kan.; a rich statement, Ore.; a lump statement, Mass.; a spirited statement, R. I.; a medical statement, Md.; a French statement, Va.; a French statement, Ala.; an emphatic statement, O.; an emphatic statement, La.; a close statement, N. Y.; a neutral statement, I. T.; a best statement, Wash.; a doubtful statement, Wyo.—Truth.

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"Only the Scars Remain,"

Says HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., who writes as follows:



"Among the many testimonials which I have in regard to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I have performed cures, clearing the blood, and some impressive more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 14 years, I had swollen glands on my neck, which would not disappear. I had a sore throat, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last my good old

mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the last twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take a bottle, and in telling what good it has done me.

Mother Urged Me

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you.

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the choicest and best Wines, Liquors &c always on hand

the finest stock of 5, 10 and 15 cts Cigars in the city

One visit will guarantee the second.

Thanking my friends and the public for the very liberal patronage already received, I am still

H. E. Williams.

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