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Fisherman & Farmer
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Elizabeth City, and the
Newspaper in the District.

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ONE DOLLAR per Year, in Advance.

ELIZABETH CITY N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1897.

ESTABLISHED 1886

The Leading Newspaper of the First District.

ASK the recovered dyspeptic, bilious sufferer, victims of fever and ague, the mercurial doctored patient, how they recovered health, cheerfulness and good appetite; they will tell you by taking **WATERBURY'S LIVER REGULATOR**.

WATERBURY'S LIVER REGULATOR is the most perfect medicine ever discovered for the cure of all Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, Hemorrhoids, Piles, and all other ailments arising from a disordered Liver.

WATERBURY'S LIVER REGULATOR is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe for the most delicate and infirm. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents each.

WATERBURY'S LIVER REGULATOR is sold by all druggists and grocers.

WATERBURY'S LIVER REGULATOR is made by **WATERBURY, BROTHERS & CO.**, Philadelphia, Pa.

Patronize Home Industries.

This is an old and oft repeated expression, yet it needs to be sounded every day. The practice of it is what makes communities great and prosperous. That it pays to trade near home is a well-established fact, and no town or city ever prospered whose citizens, enticed by the alluring baits held out by the merchants in the big cities, spend their money with them.

The local merchant and mechanic are interested in the progress and development of the town and country in which they live, and every dollar that they amass is re-invested and remains in the neighborhood. As they prosper their taxes increase, and just so much those of others are lightened. They assist in keeping up their schools, churches and other public institutions and charities. But the person who spends his money in some distant city puts it beyond assisting in any local enterprise. The man in the city upon whom you bestow your custom has no further interest in you or your surroundings than the cash he receives from you. It is no concern of his whether you are as devoid of social, church or educational privileges as the inhabitants of Borioboola-Gha, or whether your streets or highways are as well made as an aboriginal Indian trail. The surplus money which he has to bestow will go to enrich the exchequer of institutions from which you will never receive any benefit and to add to the wealth of communities in which you have no financial interest.—Durham Sun.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

This life is like a game of cards, which mortals have to learn. Each shuffles, cuts, and deals the pack, and each a trump doth turn. Some bring a high card to the top, and some will bring a low. Some hold a hand quite full of trumps, and some but few can show.

In playing, some throw out their trumps their winning card to save. Some play the king, some play the deuce, but many play the knave. Some play for money, some for love, and some for worldly fame. But not until the hand's played out can they count up the game.

When hearts are trumps we play for love, and pleasure rules the hour. No thought of sorrow checks our joy in beauty's rosy lower.

We laugh, we dance, sweet words we write, our cards at random play, And whilst the heart reverts on top, our life's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to rule the pack the players stake their gold, And honey suits are lost and won by player, young and old. Each one intent upon the game doth watch with eager eye, That he may see his neighbor's cards and cheat him on the sly.

When clubs are trumps, look out for war on ocean or on land. For awful deeds of blood are done when clubs are held in hand. Then lives are staked instead of gold, the dogs of war are freed, And said it is for any land when clubs once hold the lead.

Last game of all is when the spade is turned by the hand of Time; He waits for the end of the player's game in every age and clime. No matter how much each one wins, or how much each may save, The spade will finish up the game and dig the player's grave.

Allowing Others to be Mistaken.

[Ladies' Home Journal.] There are two kinds of mistakes; mistakes of moment and trivial mistakes. Undoubtedly the best service which one friend can render another is to save him from a mistake liable to be serious in its results. In such an act lies true friendship. But in these days of criticism, when we are apt to criticise everything and everybody, we are all too apt to correct mistakes which are absolutely trivial and not worth correcting. And yet in calling attention to them we often hurt the feelings of our best friends. Not one of us, even the most good natured, like to have his mistakes pointed out. We may appear not to mind corrections, and accept them with a smile. But it is human nature to smart under correction, although some of us may be clever enough to conceal the smart. Hence, the fewer mistakes we call attention to in others the better. Two-thirds of the mistakes we make are trivial. Their correction is unimportant. Why, then, notice them? Yet some people do and do so constantly. A person speaks of having done a certain thing on Thursday, when in reality it was done on Wednesday. It is no important point is involved why call attention to the mistake? What good does it do to have the exact day set right? It is a matter of no importance, so why insist upon correcting the trivial error? Staunch friendships have often been pricked by this needle of useless correction. It is a great art—this art of learning to allow others to be mistaken when the mistake is unimportant. Few learn it, but those who do are among the most comfortable friends one can have.

DISMAL SWAMP CANAL.

A Graphic Picture of its Present Appearance and Condition.

THE SUCTION DREDGES.

The Improvements Now Under Way, That are to Restore This Famous Water Way to Enlarged Usefulness.

A year ago the Dismal Swamp Canal was a ditch seven feet deep and thirty wide, brimming with clear brown juniper water and fringed with cane brake and dainty green things. To day at Deep Creek it carries only a small stream of muddy water further defiled by the black grease from the dredges, its unwatery sides are cracking in the sun and the green fringe is dried up and dead. Four miles north of Deep Creek is the first dredge, working north, a dipper, widening the ditch to sixty feet by cutting away on the west side. The dipper cuts out the first seven feet of earth and is supposed to remove all the roots. It takes out nearly all, leaving enough small ones, however, to choke the pumps of the suction dredges at frequent intervals. It "dips" out the great stumps and roots of trees long ago cut down and forgotten, and lifts them, earth and all, out on the banks. The top of the swamp proves to be a black soil closely interwoven with the roots of cypress and juniper, twisted up in a fashion indescribable. They strikingly resemble the roots and branches in Dove's "Wandering Jew," shown in the picture above the couplet:

"Now when fantastic visions fill the air,
Sorrow surrenders to a dull despair."

It may be that at last the scourge of inspiration of the great draughtsman of grotesques has been discovered in the roots of a juniper swamp.

Two miles south of the dipper is the first section dredge. From a distance the latter looks like a big Dutch boat with a flume laid across the top, reaching fifty feet either side, and with a couple of turbine wheels from an old fashioned mill set up in front of it. The Dutch-looking hull proves to be a boiler-house, engine-room, etc., built on a big scow. The turbine shafts are the shafts of two six-foot augers, which bore out the bottom of the ditch. Pumps, not visible, carry up this mud and water to the flume overhead, which has an endless apron in it to carry the mass out some fifty feet and let it fall on the bank, whence some of the water returns to the canal. The pumps deliver faster than life apron can carry away and a great deal of mud falls beside the machine, keeping the road in such a condition that travelers need endless aprons and endless good nature, too, if they would enjoy their journey. The second section dredge is working about two miles below the first and completes the Northern "flotilla." Another such flotilla is working toward South Mills, and a third dipper dredge is enlarging the "feeder" from Lake Drummond.

The company runs a large gasoline boat as tender to the dredges and a forty foot steam launch to carry the superintendent about, and to transfer the gangs of men from work to bed, etc.

The dredges were built at Wallaceon, the material having been brought in on lighters. They began work in the middle and have to eat their way out as the men wished he might do with the schooner load of Lynn-haven oysters. The original plan was to do the work with the section dredges, a new kind, of which the management hoped great things. The construction of the swamp made this impossible, and the three dipper dredges had to be built to open a way for the new kind. The suction dredges pump out so much water that temporary dams have been placed some miles in front of each flotilla in order to keep back water enough to float the machines. All the coal and oil and other supplies now have to be hauled in carts, more expensive than water transportation. The whole working force of about 100 men is boarded and

loaded at Wallaceon. The steam launch is kept busy fetching and carrying them.

The dredges work twenty-four hours a day, seven days in a week. They are being fitted with electric lights now. Edison's substitute for daylight will be a revelation to prowling bears and festive coons of all kinds. The flotillas in the main ditch are now about six miles apart. The feeder dredge is two thirds of the way to the lake, or within a mile of it. Ten feet is to be added to the width of the feeder and fifteen to its depth. The dredge is cutting down half way as it goes up and will cut the other half as it comes back. About a mile west of the canal the dredge brought up oyster shells from the bottom of some prehistoric Lynn-haven. The shells are twice the weight and thickness of the Chesapeake oyster of today. The man with a theory for everything, said that as Lynn-haven has heavier shells than blue points, the fact that these ancient oysters had such immense shells, indicated that in their day the climate here was warmer than at present, making us deeply grateful that we had not lived in the age of the primitive oyster. Another theorist said the fact that some of the shells had not been open indicated that primitive man did not eat oysters. This man's point of view implies that modern man means to open all the oysters.

Above the feeder dredge it was possible to see the whole plan of work on the canal. Men were felling the trees for fifty feet on either side the ditch. A gang of negroes, armed with a sort of short, heavy scythe followed them, cutting down the brake and bushes. As this dries it is burned. The grass burns down into the peaty ground, and unless recently rained upon, the ground burns, too. The soft, black ashes allow the foot to sink to the ankle. If it is hot—and some of it is—it causes the unsuspecting visitor in the shoes to make haste into "de wilderness." The dredge follows the fire, cutting out every thing before it. The comely Washington, who brought the idea of an inland waterway into the swamp, could not have dreamed he was the forerunner of this abomination of soft coal and wheezy engine, oozing all over with black grease and scattering mud and water where once was the rank green cane and the tender growth of fern.

The new stone lock has been put in. The feeder, once so beautiful, is turned aside and goes through dark and devious ways around the lock to the channel below. It is shorn of its clear beauty and great strength by evil associations into a common, muddy ditch half choked with logs. The wood-cutters camp is in the edge of the clearing. Beyond is the swamp—three-quarters of a mile of it through which we walked to the lake. There were spots where the cane brake thinned a little, lighted with flaming torches of cardinal flower, magnificent scarlet spikes a foot long. Then there were long reaches of fat black soil, ceiled fifty feet above with thick juniper and cypress, the slender pillars twined with delicate vines. There were vines running from one root in a dozen parallel threads for thirty feet to some favorite tree. There was greenbrier in plenty; there were mosses such as we had never seen; in tiny sunny spots there was dodder and more cardinal flower. Everywhere was the ungodly growth of things new to our eyes. At last there was the lake, watered in with fantastic roots, the shining water ruffled by a cool breeze. Then there was a mile to walk back to the boat—thirst, weariness and all the other things you don't think about until the goal is reached.

The canal contract demands a main ditch, carrying a stream of water fifteen feet deep and sixty feet wide, the fifteen foot level to be seven feet below the level of the banks, and a thirty foot feeder of the same depth. The level of the swamp rises to Lake Drummond. The usual level of the latter being some fifteen feet above the sea. At the ordinary level Lake Drummond is about fifteen feet deep. The proposed canal promises to make possible the drainage of the lake and also the swamp lands. It is not thought that the ground near the lake will be good for farming, as it is so peaty. When finished the canal will have three

locks—one in the feeder and one at each end of the main ditch. The contractors have until April, 1898, to finish the work. The dredges move about a mile a month, and steady work will be needed to accomplish the task. The contract prices for the work is \$600,000, \$150,000 of it being in the sub-contract for the locks.

Other schemes are already in the air, one of them a Dismal Swamp hotel, with a park around it. Within a year the swamp will probably be as lively as a boom town, the cane brake cleared away and the level back ground staked out in avenues with high-sounding names.—M. C. Faville in Norfolk Pilot.



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Get on to This



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Matthew Street,
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

With proper tools and much experience I can guarantee work done in the best workmanship manner and to be satisfactory to all. I can also supply bicyclists with all equipments belonging to wheels.

Prices Low.

My shop is thoroughly equipped which enables me to do work neatly and promptly.

Give me a Trial.

Spider Bite Killed Her.

Lena Mead, seven years of age, of Finchville, near Middleton, N. Y., died from the bite of a spider on her upper lip. Three weeks ago, while the little girl was picking up sticks in the woodshed to assist her mother in kindling a fire, she rushed from the place, exclaiming, "Mamma, I just brushed a spider off my lip and it hurts." The lip soon swelled to twice its natural size, and a physician was summoned. Everything was done that medical science could suggest, but although the wound showed signs of improvement it did not heal, and the little girl became sick. Blood poisoning finally developed, and the child died Saturday night.

New Norfolk Industry.

The first peanut oil factory in the United States will be established in Norfolk, Va., at an early date. The oil is highly valued in Europe, as it is stated that fully \$5,000,000 worth of peanuts are brought into Maryland annually for the manufacture of oil, which is used in toilet soaps and for other purposes. The peanut flour is quite extensively used in Europe and made into bread, cakes, biscuit, etc.

It is one of the favorite articles of food, according to consular reports, in hospitals in Germany. The capital stock of the peanut company is \$60,000, and it is operating under the patents of Mr. Weatherley, which cover the machinery and methods of decorticating the kernel of the inner skin. According to the estimate made, says the Atlanta Constitution, the cost of a plant for treating five tons of peanuts daily is as follows: Machinery, \$9,000; building, \$6,000, while the expenditures, including labor insurance and taxes amount to \$337 per day.

Last April the press reports from along the Mississippi, Southward from Memphis, were burdened with accounts of the damage done by the floods which were then sweeping over the lowlands of Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana, but with the subsidence of the waters there was a transformation which was as gratifying as the former condition was distressing. The rich sediment deposited by the water enriched the land in every direction, and as soon as the waters subsided the planters commenced to prepare their fields for crops of different kinds, particularly cotton, with the result that they are now about to reap abundant harvests.

To Come South.

It is said by those who have good opportunities to judge that fifty thousand families will be added to the South's population in the next twelve months. Of these fifty thousand probably 60 per cent. will be taken from the northwest, while the remainder will come from the middle States, Pennsylvania and New England. These figures show that the craze for the northwest is past, and that even the comfort-loving Pennsylvanians believe that they have a better chance at true living below Mason and Dixon's line than in the Keystone State.—Southern Progress.

Preserve Your Hair

and you preserve your youth. "A woman is as old as she looks," says the world. No woman looks as old as she is if her hair has preserved its normal beauty. You can keep hair from falling out, restoring its normal color, or restore the normal color to gray or faded hair, by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarella's Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

CASTORIA.

The best medicine for children. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all ailments of children. It is sold by all druggists and grocers.

SPEAKING RIGHT OUT.

If it wasn't for what it brought you, your money wouldn't possess much value. It isn't the money that you work for—it's what it brings. Make it go as far as possible—get the best returns. Every item you buy from us—every dollar invested—in any line—brings you the fullest returns. If it isn't that way, speak right out, and the money will be returned. Every sale must be satisfactory—it's our way—and we insist upon it.

A GOOD MONTH.

For economical buying is August. Weather conditions do not affect our desire to sell you goods—never too hot, or too cold to find values at our store. The lowest prices prevail through August.

A SHIRT VALUE.

The kind that gives you comfort, and yet a stylish appearance—cool, easy—in the most sought for colorings—should be marked at \$1.00 each, but our August price makes them 50 cts.

UNDERWEAR VALUES.

Mens' balbriggan—finished equal to the most expensive grades—perfectly made—perfectly fitting—a plum at the price we name—August value, 35 cts.

SPECIAL HAT VALUE.

In the up-to-date styles for late summer and early autumn trade—in straight and roll brims—soft Fedoras—the most recent colorings—superior values, each \$1.00. "Left over" straw hats—shapes of the best—broken sizes—but an early selection insures a fit—extra values at 25 to 35c.

PANTALON VALUES.

Stylishly out and made—possessing every good point that goes hand in hand with finely made high grade goods—in patterns that are desired by good dressers—worth much more money than we ask for them—August value, from \$1.00 up.

We make a study of what men should wear. When it's summer—we show what is most comfortable, and yet conforming to what is most stylish. We dress men well, and we make them comfortable for price—for style—for quality.

"THE FAIR,"

Water Street, Elizabeth City, N. C.

FEUERSTEIN & CO.

Wholesale Fish Commission Merchants,
Foot of Roanoke Dock,
Norfolk, Va.
Quick Sales, Prompt Returns.

References by Permission:
City National Bank; R. G. Dunn Mercantile Agency; Southern and Adams Express Co.

We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage. Stencils furnished on application.

A NEW CARRIAGE FACTORY

A carriage factory and repair shop has been opened at the park, or fair grounds, near Elizabeth City.

I have been engaged for more than 20 years, in building Carriages, Buggies & Vehicles, of every description, and am now ready to give special attention to the manufacture, repairing, and painting of carriages, wagons, carts, and all kinds of heavy and light wagons. All work promptly attended to and at reasonable prices.

E. F. RUCH.

Old furniture repaired varnished, &c.

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR EDENTON.

The now famous Optician, Watchmaker and Jeweler has added to his workshop a GOLD and SILVER Plating Department.

Work guaranteed or money refunded.

Respectfully,
B. E. BYRD & CO.

MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES

IN WRITING GIVE SOME LIMIT AS TO PRICE AND STATE AGE OF DECEASED.

LARGEST STOCK

in the South to select from.

Couper Marble Works,

(Established 1848.)
159 to 163 Bank St., Norfolk, Va.

THE MOST RELIABLE HOUSE IN NORFOLK.

FEUERSTEIN & CO.

Wholesale Fish Commission Merchants,
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Quick Sales, Prompt Returns.

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