

Fisherman and Farmer.

ONE DOLLAR per Year, in Advance. ELIZABETH CITY N. C., FRIDAY FEBRUARY 16, 1900. ESTABLISHED 1886

The Best Advertising Medium in the Albemarle District—The Finest Fish, Truck and Farming Section in North Carolina. Circulation Doubles Any Other Paper Published in This Section. The Most Wide-Awake and Successful Business Men use the FISHERMAN & FARMER Columns with the Highest Satisfaction and Profit.

Norfolk & South

In effect December 1st, 1899.

TRAIN SERVICE.

NORTHBOUND
Lv. Eliz. City daily (ex Sun) 7:45 p.m.
Lv. Norfolk. " " " " 4:45 p.m.
Lv. Eliz. City, Tue, Thur & Sat 9:30 a.m.
Lv. Norfolk. " " " " 11:00 a.m.

SOUTHBOUND
Lv. Eliz. City daily (ex Sun) 7:45 a.m.
Lv. Edenton. " " " " 12:45 p.m.
Lv. Belhaven. " " " " 4:45 p.m.
Lv. Eliz. City Tue, Thur & Sat 6:00 p.m.
Trains stop at all intermediate stations.

STEAMBOAT SERVICE.

Steamers leave Edenton daily (ex Sun) Monday 7:00 a.m. for Plymouth, Jamesville, Williamson and Windward.
Leave Edenton Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 7:00 p.m. for Chowan river landings and Friday for Seaport River.
Steamers leave Elizabeth City for Roanoke Island, Oriental and New Bern, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 6:00 p.m.; connect with A. & N. C. R. R. and W. & W. R. R. for Goldsboro and Wilmington, N.C.
For Seaport River Monday 12:00 noon.
For Coinjock and North River Landings Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 3:30 p.m.
For South Mills and landings on Dismal Swamp route Monday, Wednesday and Friday 6:00 a.m.
Steamers leave Belhaven daily (except Sunday) for Washington, N. C. For further information apply to M. H. Snowden, Agent, Elizabeth City, or to the General Office of the N. & S. R. R. Co., Norfolk, Va.

PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL.

For Barb Wire Cuts, Scratishes, Head and Collar Galls, Cracked Heels, Old Sores, Cuts, Boils, Bruises, and all kinds of inflammation on man or beast. Cures Itch and Mange. This Oil acts as a disinfectant, kills germs, and is the best remedy for all skin diseases. Prepared for accidents by keeping it in your pocket. It is the best and most reliable. All druggists sell it on a guarantee. No Fee. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. in packages of 12 and 24. Write for it. It will send you 25 cts. in postage stamps and we will send it to you by mail. Paris, Tenn., Jan. 20th, 1894. I have used Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil for many years and I can say that it is the best remedy for all skin diseases. C. F. LEWIS.

THE STATE CONVENTION

Chairman Simmons Issues the Call.

QUESTION OF PRIMARIES

For the Selection of a United States Senator Referred to in Accordance With Instructions from the State Committee.

Hon. F. M. Simmons, chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, has issued the call for the State Convention, which meets in Raleigh April 11.

The call contains the resolution passed by the State Executive Committee at its last meeting, referring to the people the question of primaries for the selection of a United States Senator.

The call enumerates the representation to which counties are entitled in the State Convention. It is given herewith:

"To the Democratic Voters of North Carolina:

"By order of the State Executive Committee, notice is hereby given that the next State Convention of the Democratic party will assemble in the city of Raleigh on the 11th day of April, 1900, for the purpose of nominating candidates for State offices, the selection of delegates to the National Convention, and the transaction of such other business as it may deem proper to consider and determine. Each county will be entitled to elect one delegate and one alternate to the said convention for every one hundred and fifty Democratic voters, and one delegate for fraction over seventy-five Democratic votes cast therein at the last gubernatorial election.

"Notice is also given that at the time of the call of the State Convention your Executive Committee passed unanimously the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the question of primaries for selection of a candidate for United States Senator be referred to the people in the call for the next State Democratic Convention for such action as that convention may deem best." F. M. SIMMONS, "Chm. in State Dem. Ex. Com. JOHN W. THOMPSON, "Secretary."

A Young Bride.

Durham county probably has the youngest bride in the State. She is barely thirteen years old and her name is Mrs. Percy Crabtree, nee Mangum. The ceremony that made her a wife was performed at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Margaret Mangum, in the Flat River section, Sunday night. The husband is twice the age of the bride, being twenty six years old. Mrs. Mangum came in person to the register of deeds and authorized him to issue the marriage papers. It is understood that the mother first opposed the match at this time and asked her daughter to wait. The bride to be and groom elect insisted that the ceremony be performed at once and she yielded. Both parties are well known in this section. Mr. and Mrs. Crabtree will live at the home of the bride's mother for the present, at least.

A Powder Mill Explosion

Removes everything in sight; so do drastic mineral pills, but both are mighty dangerous. Don't dynamite the delicate machinery of your body with calomel, croton oil or aloes pills, when Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are gentle as a summer breeze, do the work perfectly. Cures Headache, Constipation. Only 25c at Standard Pharmacy drug store.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *W. H. Ward*

W. H. Ward, Prop

DINED ON SCAFFOLD.

Peculiar Dining Place of a Criminal.

At Somerset, Pa., the last day of January, Samuel P. Meyers sat down to a hearty meal on the death trap of the permanent scaffold in the corridor of the county jail. Then the table and furnishings were removed and Meyers was hanged for the murder of Michael Kearney and John Lenheart in this county last September.

"I may as well enjoy life while it lasts," said Meyers "I am innocent of these crimes, and I'm going to face death like a man. I'm not afraid. I'll eat my last meal right up there on the scaffold."

As is the custom, the condemned man's last requests were honored. First he had the widows of the two men for killing whom he was adjudged guilty brought to his cell. He asked their forgiveness for any injury he had done them. Attired, both in the garb of mourning, the widows of his victims solemnly gave the condemned earthly forgiveness for his crimes, and besought him to turn his thoughts toward a higher Power for forgiveness in the hereafter. Meyers thanked them, and then sent for the Sheriff and his spiritual adviser, who had agreed to eat dinner with him.

Shortly before 12 o'clock the three—Meyers, Sheriff Saylor and Rev. B. B. Collins, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Meyersdale—left the former's cell for the scaffold in the corridor, where the dinner service had been laid. There was no sign of nervousness about Meyers—no indication of anything out of the ordinary—he might have been taking a couple of friends to sup with him at his home. Arrived at the table he deferentially stood, while the sheriff and Rev. Collins seated themselves. Then he sat down and bowed his head while the minister said grace, and then entered upon the meal. The daughter of the sheriff served the dinner. Meyers led the conversation. The restraint under which the sheriff and the minister labored was entirely absent in him. He was enjoying life while it lasted, to quote his own words. Meyers chatted on, making a clumsy joke here and there, at which he laughed, disdained the two murders for which he was about to die, once more asserted his innocence, and expressed a perfect willingness to die, the spiritual consolation afforded him by Rev. Collins having fully prepared him for the end. And all the while the clock in the sheriff's room was ticking off the seconds which remained to Meyer of life. Every movement of his body caused a creaking of the trap on which his chair rested, through which in less than an hour his body would shoot to death.

The condemned ate one of the heartiest meals he had partaken of since his arrival in the jail. At 12:30 the dinner was at an end. He stretched back in his chair with an air of satisfaction, and, gazing fixedly at the sheriff, said: "I am ready."

He was then escorted back to his cell for the last time. Hurriedly the table was cleared and removed from the scaffold, and the rope adjusted. In five minutes, supported on either side by the sheriff and his spiritual adviser, Meyers returned to the scaffold and resumed his place over the trap—standing now, and with the noose dangling overhead. He betrayed no fear, being firm and steady to the end. The final scene was short. With the rope around his neck, Meyers once more asserted his innoc-

THE OLD TIMES.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

A Word to the Farmers—Returned to the Good Old Way.

It is sometimes good to remember the days that are past—to review and collect from former experiences the crumbs that are left that nothing be lost. I shall at present speak of farming. My father was a farmer and I began to plow at the age of seven years.

His primal object of farming was to raise his own supplies. I never knew him to buy a grain of corn, nor a pound of meat, a chicken, horse, cow, mule, nor anything of that sort. He usually had such things to sell. It was common for men to drive their wagons to his crib and load them with corn, and buy bacon from him. Now and then he would sell a horse. Always he had something to sell, and the buyer would come to him to purchase. He did not plant much cotton nor tobacco.

He always had money in his pocket, and bought a tract of land almost every year.

If in those days a farmer brought corn it shook his credit, for he was considered a poor farmer.

My observation is that the farmers now that raise their own bread and meat at home are successful, but those that buy their corn, meat, flour and all such things as they must have are failures.

Now who are the wiser, the farmers of the olden time that made their provisions at home and kept out of debt, or those of these days that grow so much cotton and tobacco and buy what they eat, and are so enslaved with debt?

Return to the good old day. Plant corn enough to fatten your hogs. Raise your supplies at home. Have your smokehouse at home and your corn at the same place, well filled. Raise chickens. Have your own milk and butter and such things at home.

Then what cotton or tobacco you make will be your own.—P. D. Gold, in Wilson Times.

MISS MARY WAS KISSED.

Then She Sadly Fooled Her Beau and Her Father.

The Charlotte, N. C., Observer tells the following good story: Miss Mary Edwards has a beau and her father, who is an enthusiastic sportsman, has a new shotgun. While impatiently waiting for the season to open, he would get out the gun every evening, handle it with affection and discourse on its merits, until his wife and especially his fair daughter were weary of the subject of guns.

Miss Mary, who has a loving heart, a sparkling eye and a keen sense of humor, rather liked her beau, Mr. Arthur Wildman, but held him somewhat at arms length on probation, as it were.

He called last week, and the young people chatted in the parlor, while the old folks made themselves comfortable in the sitting room.

"I'm going to kiss you," said Mr. Wildman to Miss Mary.

"If you dare," said the young lady, "I'll certainly make you regret it."

"But I really am going to," said Mr. Wildman.

"If you do I'll tell papa," said Miss Mary, with a twinkle in her eye and without the slightest attempt to get out of the way. Taking her nonchalance for a woman's consent, he grabbed and kissed her. She promptly whacked him on the cheek with her hand and then, leaving the room and walking across the hall said to her father, with the sweetest of sweet smiles: "Papa, I've been telling Mr. Wildman about your new gun and he asks if you won't show it to him."

"Certainly, with pleasure," said Mr. Edwards, delighted to have some one to take an interest in his new pet.

Picking up the gun he walked with expectant pleasure into the parlor.

Mr. Wildman was waiting, somewhat doubting the girl's purpose.

When the man with the gun came in the door Mr. Wildman's doubts, accompanied by Mr. Wildman himself, went out of the widow without even taking the precaution to raise the sash.

Mr. Edwards looked around at his daughter dumfounded. She laughed till she could no longer stand. Holding her heart in her hands, she said: "Father, you must be careful how you go at people with that gun. If I didn't know you well, I should have been sure several times you meant to shoot me with it. You must be more careful. How am I ever to get married if you run my beau off like that? Take the horrid old gun away."

Mr. Wildman is still missing.

UNCLE JEREMIAH'S "AMEN."

The Last Sin the Preacher Alluded to Was Too Much For Uncle Jerry.

(By Frederick Lynch.)

I happened to be telling some stories of my boyhood home last night, and this was one of them. Jeremiah Punderford, or Uncle Jerry, as everybody called him, was a staunch Methodist. He haunted the meetings and was a fervid exhorter in class meeting and "experience gatherings," as we called them in Rhode Island. On Sundays, moreover, he led the "amen" chorus, sitting in the front row of the church right under the preacher's nose. During the preliminary services of song, which Uncle Jerry considered as a sort of necessary weakness for the sake of the young and the women, he would sit with his head bowed down and both hands resting on the head of his big silver-headed cane. But when the preacher began the sermon, then Uncle Jerry straightened up, fixed his eyes on the preacher's face and drank in eagerly every word. The preacher never went far into his sermon without soon beginning to look to Uncle Jerry for encouragement. The stranger in the pulpit always ended by preaching to Uncle Jerry. For it was from Uncle Jerry that there used to come those deep, sonorous amen's that reverberated through the whole church.

One day the pulpit was occupied by an enthusiastic revival-

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

Always Proves Effectual.

There are no better medicines on the market than Chamberlain's. We have used the Cough Remedy when all others failed, and in every instance it proved effectual. Almost daily we hear the virtues of Chamberlain's remedies extolled by those who have used them. This is not an empty puff, paid for as so much a line, but is voluntarily given in good faith, in the hope that suffering humanity may try these remedies and, like the writer, be benefited.—From the Greenville (S. C.) Post-Opinion. For sale by W. W. Griggs & Son Druggists.

SENATOR BUTLER

Has Made a Long Argument in the United States Senate Against the Proposed Amendment to the Constitution of North Carolina.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *W. H. Ward*

W. H. Ward, Prop

DANGER SIGNALS!

Do you take cold with every change in the weather? Does your throat feel raw? And do sharp pains dart through your chest?

Don't you know these are danger signals which point to pneumonia, bronchitis, or consumption itself?

If you are ailing and have lost flesh lately, they are certainly danger signals. The question for you to decide is, "Have I the vitality to throw off these diseases?"

Don't wait to try SCOTT'S EMULSION "as a last resort." There is no remedy equal to it for fortifying the system. Prevention is easy.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

prevents consumption and hosts of other diseases which attack the weak and those with poor blood. SCOTT'S EMULSION is the one standard remedy for inflamed throats and lungs, for colds, bronchitis and consumption. It is a food medicine of remarkable power. A food, because it nourishes the body; and a medicine, because it corrects diseased conditions.

60c and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWEN, Chemists, New York.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *W. H. Ward*

THE FAIR.

The Big Department Store,

THE SHOE SALE

is the biggest sale that ever was in the city.

Our prices for this week are:

Monday, February 12th,	-\$1.00
Tuesday, " 13th,	-.90
Wednesday " 14th,	-.80
Thursday, " 15th,	-.70
Friday, " 16th,	-.60
Saturday, " 17th,	-.50
Monday, " 19th,	-.40
Tuesday, " 20th,	-.30
Wednesday, " 21st,	-.20
Thursday, " 22nd,	-.10

Have you beed in to see these great bargains?

Shoe Department,

THE FAIR.