

Fisherman and Farmer.

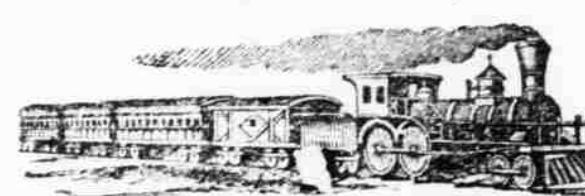
ELIZABETH CITY N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1900.

ONE DOLLAR per Year, in Advance.)

The Official Paper of PASQUOTANK and CAMDEN Counties.

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Norfolk & Southern R. R.



In effect March 1st, 1900.

TRAIN SERVICE.

NORTHBOUND
Lv. Eliz. City daily (ex. Sun) 2:45 p.m.
Ar. Norfolk " " 4:25 p.m.
Lv. Eliz. City, Tue. & Sat. 9:35 a.m.
Ar. Norfolk " " 11:05 a.m.

SOUTHBOUND
Lv. Eliz. City daily (ex. Sun) 11:40 a.m.
Ar. Edenton " " 12:40 p.m.
Ar. Belhaven " " 4:45 p.m.
Lv. Eliz. City Tue. & Sat. 6:00 p.m.

Trains stop at all intermediate stations.

STEAMBOAT SERVICE.

Steamers leave Edenton daily (except Sunday) 1:00 p.m. for Plymouth, Jamestown, Williamsport and Windsor.

Leave Edenton Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 1:00 p.m. for Chowan River landings, and Friday for Seaboard 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, etc.

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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.

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Paris, Tenn., Jan. 20th, 1894.
Dear Sir: I have used Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil for many years and it has cured many of my horses and dogs. I can truly recommend it to all who have horses and dogs. Yours truly, C. B. IVINS, Veterinary and Feed Stable.

Dr. C. B. IVINS, Veterinary and Feed Stable, Paris, Tenn., January 20th, 1894.

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A CHRISTMAS SERMON

The Duty of Charity and the Nobility of Self Sacrifice—How Art Has Paid Its Tribute to the Nativity.

It was the distinctive glory of Christ's evangel not that it introduced a new code of morals or of social ethics, but rather that it emphasized the force and broadened the scope of those existing and gave them higher sanctions and infinitely greater importance from being exemplified in the perfect life of Christ himself. There were people who had been just, true and God fearing before Moses brought down the tables of the law from Mount Sinai, and men acted in the role of the good Samaritan, animated by the purest benevolence, thousands of years before Christ taught by precept and example the duty of charity and the nobility of self sacrifice. Even the sermon on the mount only presented in concrete form rules of conduct which regulated the lives of many in all ages, not with the force of law, of which there might be none, but as a result of self originated conviction and feeling.

Love in Christ's code of ethics was both the soul and body, the animating principle, as well as the performing agent. It was no longer be true, kind and pure because it is a duty so to be, but be all that because you love to be so. No more formal acquiescence or compliance will meet the requirements of this new presentation of the moral law. It demands absolute obedience, but as the outcome of love, not as the result of authority or the claims of duty.

Has the Christian church (assigning to this term its widest and most comprehensive meaning) ever come within measurable distance of realizing the exalted Christ ideal? Yes, possibly, in the apostolic age and for a short time subsequent, but it would be absurd to claim that the Christian churches of today, great as its influence for good, are animated by the spirit of the early Christians or inspired by that divine enthusiasm which made each one of them a center of light and largely transformed society throughout the known world within a century after the birth of Christ.

We are now like Moses on Mount Nebo—we see the promised land, but it is still in the dim distance, and we are apparently getting no nearer to its haven of rest—but how soon would the prospect change were the gospel of love and humanity preached and lived by Christ, to become a distinctive feature of our civilization instead of the materialistic and selfish motives which largely sway modern life and determine conduct!

The Saviour was born under the humblest possible circumstances, as if to show how low in the estimation of God are all the pomp and magnificence of that world which power each one of us prize so highly. His Virgin mother was poor, his foster father was a mechanic, and he himself dignified labor by earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. Christ was emphatically the Saviour of the poor, and those who bear his name best show the sincerity of their professions by imitating him in his loving kindness and benevolence. Charity is a duty incumbent upon Christians at all times, but even the most humane will feel prompted to be kinder and more sympathetic while celebrating the advent of one who displayed during his whole lifetime upon earth a divine compassion and pity for the poor and the suffering.

Not the least of the lessons taught us by the birth of Christ is not to despise the humblest or be hopeless of the most degraded of that species so honored by Deity that he came and took its form and assumed its nature with all its imperfections. However low in the scale of being persons may be, there is a spark of the divine in them still, a trace of that promethean fire breathed into man by the source of all life and all consciousness which constituted him a living soul.

The story of the advent and of its climax—that amazing act of self sacrifice—has been the solace of the weary and heavy laden in all the intervening centuries. The song of the angel choirs chanted over the lowly place of his birth, conveying heaven's message of deliverance for man, has sounded throughout the centuries, like an undertone of hope, above the discords of life and the mutterings of despair.

Philip James Bailey in "Festus" writes: We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

The stupendous mystery of the advent and the perfect life that followed it made it possible for mankind to attain the high state of perfection so beautifully illustrated by the poet. Precepts were not wanting before, but henceforth there was a perfect life as a model for all ages.

Doubtless all events, however impossible it may be to perceive their trend, contribute to

That faroff divine event Toward which the whole creation moves. The poets have sung of that day, philosophers have written of it from the earliest times and optimists think they see its near approach, but it must be confessed that the signs of its coming are not promising. Education and culture, art and science, while they may prepare the way for it, are at best only subsidiary. That day will never dawn until human society is permeated by that spirit of love and unselfishness which characterized the life of Christ.

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AN IMPOSING RITUAL

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AMONG THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

Where the Day Is More of a Holy Day Than a Holiday and Where Gifts to the Little Folk Are Not Credited to Santa Claus.

Jean Baptiste Leblanc of lower Canada has this advantage over his cousins in the rest of the Dominion, that his Christmas celebrations are not confined to one day, but are divided between that great holiday and New Year's. Then again he has the further advantage that his Christmas is more of a holy day than a holiday, as it constitutes one of the four great church festivals of the year.

The celebration of the day begins at midnight on Christmas eve, when, summoned by the chiming of the bells, all good Catholics who can manage it crowd to the sacred edifices, which are appropriately adorned for the occasion, and there take part in an elaborate service lasting nearly two hours. The splendor of this service, of course, varies according to the equipment and facilities of the establishment, being comparatively simple in the remote country churches, while in the large edifices it becomes a superb religious function.

The midnight mass in Notre Dame church or St. James' cathedral, Montreal, celebrated as it is before congregations of many thousands of people, is perhaps the most imposing and awe inspiring religious ritual to be witnessed upon this continent. The musical features of these services always receive careful attention, with the result that the whole proceeding is made so interesting as to attract large numbers of Protestants who are willing to forego the comforts of sleep in order that they

laughter hasten indoors to enjoy the bountiful supper which is the reward of their piety and at which by immemorial custom doughnuts and potted head form the pieces of resistance. These family gatherings are perhaps the cheeriest of all the year. The strangeness of the hour, the sense of satisfaction at having done their duty as good Catholics, the inspiration, no doubt, gathered from the service they have just attended and the fact that the day already broken in to is to be given up to pleasure to the full extent of their ability, all these influences not only combine to put everybody into the best of humor, but to produce an exultation of spirits that drives all care and worry into temporary oblivion.

For those who are very piously disposed this midnight mass by no means completes the religious programme of the day, for if they so choose they may again attend high mass at 10 o'clock, vespers at 2 o'clock and benediction at 7 o'clock, thus practically spending the day in the church.

Not many, however, are so devout as all this, and the majority of the men go in for a good time, according to their taste, whether it be to gather at the tavern and play cards and checkers, or to regale one another with well worn stories garnished with tobacco and can de vie, or to engage in horse racing, shooting matches and similar sports.

As I have already stated, Jean Baptiste divides his Christmas. By this I mean that two important features of the festival as celebrated by English people on the 25th day of December are reserved by the French for the 1st day of January—namely, the giving of presents and indulgence in especially good fare.

With regard to the giving of presents, in which the French take just as much delight as the English, it is interesting to note that these tokens, as they are called, are by the little folk credited not to Santa Claus, but to the petit Jesu and are perhaps all the more enjoyed on that account.

As to the culinary characteristics of the day, my readers may perhaps be interested in a list of dishes, some or all of which may be found upon every French Canadian dinner table on this occasion. They are: Pain dore (toast with egg), pate aux patates (potato pie), poulet sauce blanche (chicken with white sauce), tourtiere (meat pie), galette de roti (roast pork), cochon au lait (sucking pig), paleron (roast of fresh pork—shoulder) and tarte aux sables (pie made of haws).

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command her voice she cried out passionately, "Oh, my son, my son, how could you do it?" The curly head was lifted instantly, and the handsome, boyish face grew sullen and hard. Recklessness and pride were Habberton family traits, and Ben, though a younger son, was a true Habberton.

So he said nothing, knowing that he would hear more presently, and he did, for soon his mother talked on weakly and, if she had only known it, foolishly: "You know your grandfather always suspected you of being wild, and after you went to sea he always said you'd come to some bad end, and I had hard work to get him to ask you here for Christmas, but after you came he liked you ever so much. He would not have asked you to sit with him this afternoon if he hadn't, and even when he dropped asleep and you left the room he wasn't angry. He said of course you wanted to be with the young folks. But how could you take that money? You ought to have asked me if you needed any. I know you said you had come back as poor as you went away, but I don't think you needed it right away. I can return it to your grandfather, of course, but he is so angry that he says he will have you arrested in the morning, and I do believe, Ben, that he would have made you his heir. How could you do it, Ben?"

Ben had grown very white, and his fists were clenched tightly when his mother paused, but he said quietly: "So you and granddad have discovered that I am a thief, have you? How did you find it out?"

"Why, he had \$500 in bills in his writing desk. It seems he saw it there just before you went to his room, and there was no one else there up to the time he missed it."

"So he says I stole it, does he?" "Don't use such words, Ben. Of course you didn't mean it for stealing, but I am afraid he will have you arrested, and think of the disgrace! Why didn't you ask me for money, Ben?"

It was something like an imprecation that the young sailor muttered under his breath as he rose to his feet and walked up and down the room for a few moments. But no word more of any kind could his mother get from him until she had exhausted herself with weeping and pleading. Then he led her to her room, and, kissing her tenderly, bade her good night.

Going back to his own room, he resumed his reverie. "Well," he thought, "I had a merry Christmas, for it's after 12 o'clock. And now for the old life. Cowardly, folks would call it, I suppose, to run away with a charge like that over my head, but I don't think it is. If I stay, the old man will surely make a row in the morning and there will be a great scandal. If I go, he will be too proud to make the scandal for nothing. He will call \$500 a cheap price to get rid of good for nothing me, and that will be the end of it. Poor mother thinks I'm guilty, too, but they won't tell anybody else for shame's sake, and if they can't trust me let them think what they will."

"Five hundred dollars," he muttered, "a nasty sort of laugh, under his breath. 'That's rather a small sum to turn a thief for, but I wish I had a hundredth part of it just to get grub till I strike another job. I could get it from mother easily enough, but I'd rather go hungry than take it from her, thinking what she does."

"But it's best for me to go. I would not care so much about it if it weren't for Alice. Perhaps that's the best too. I don't know whether she would care. Probably I never will know now, so here goes."

And opening his window carefully and noiselessly he swung himself out on a huge vine that clung to the side of the house, and, lowering himself hand over hand, he was soon on the ground. It was only five miles to town, and he was there long before daybreak.

Now Alice was a certain wide eyed, clear witted, young second cousin of this headstrong youth. They had never met till three days before, but great things are done in three days when Cupid lurks around old fashioned country houses where the mistletoe is used among the decorations, and Ben was very much mistaken in thinking she wouldn't care. She would and she did. Being a quick witted, Alice was also impulsive, and sometimes it was well that she was so. On the morning after Christmas she passed old Mr. Habberton's door very early on her way down stairs and was greatly surprised to hear angry words inside. As the door was open she entered.

"I tell you he stole the money, and I shall send for the police," stormed the old man, and Ben's mother, who had been pleading for mercy, gave up the struggle. "I would have sent last night if it hadn't been Christmas."

"Why, who has been stealing, Uncle Ralph?" asked Alice. Even in his anger the old man paused, and, looking at her, he exclaimed: "Old story of the money."

Alice had occasion, if never before, to be thankful for her quickness. "I don't think Ben looks like a thief," she said, "but, uncle, you say you saw the money in your desk just before he came in."

"I certainly did," said Mr. Habberton. "But are you sure you left it there?" asked the girl.

The old man looked at her in surprise. Then an emotion chased another across his rugged features until presently he sank back in his chair with an expression of great disgust at himself. "I'm surely getting old," he exclaimed. "I put it in the safe and forgot that I had done so. Don't let anybody tell Ben that I suspected him."

"But I told him last night," said his mother.

"Then go quickly and tell him to come here till I authorize you have all

of you been too ready to accuse that boy all his life?" This seemed rather hard to Alice, who had certainly never accused Ben of anything, but that wise young woman held her tongue while Mrs. Habberton hurried out of the room.

Lighthouse 34 was situated about half a mile from the irregularly parallel to the shore, leaving plenty of clear water between. The coast was rocky, and the light was maintained as a warning, for a vessel that should approach too near was liable to be dashed to pieces on hidden rocks anywhere within a mile or two.

The lighthouse keeper had a helper, so that usually there were two men on guard at 34, but leave of absence for one of them was obtainable at times, and it happened a year after Ben Habberton had left his grandfather's house that the keeper had gone to spend a few days with his family at Christmas time, and Ben, who was the helper, was alone on the reef.

Long after midnight Christmas morning that impetuous youth sat up in the lighthouse tower, gazing out at the furious storm that raged and eddied by no means pleasantly on the events of the year.

"I shall go melancholy mad if I stay here long," he thought. "It is no life for a young man, and I wish mother hadn't asked me not to go to sea again. I was a fool to make her even that half promise not to. Well, she knows where I am by this time, and if she doesn't write and let me off from what I said I must leave here and look for something else. This is neither land nor sea."

"I wonder what granddad thinks and how he came to make such a mistake. Confound him! He ought to know that a Habberton couldn't be a thief. It was just like him, though, to jump at the conclusion that I had done something wrong. Every one in the family is hasty—except me. Hello! What's that?"

He had seen a faint gleam out at sea, and, watching the sea, a sailor can watch he soon saw another.

"It is certainly a rocket," he exclaimed, talking to himself as his habit was when he was excited. "Some vessel is in distress. God help her and all aboard if they can't keep her offshore, and if she is disabled in any way that'll be hard work against this gale. If she's one of those coasting steamers and her machinery's broken down it's all day with her, for there's no anchorage outside the reef, and there's not a chance in 5,000 of her driving in behind without striking."

It was a coaster, and she was certainly beyond the control of those on board, for as he looked rocket after rocket went up in vain appeal, as it seemed. There was no life saving station within 15 miles, and Ben's eye was the only one that saw.

Nearer and nearer she came, driven by the awful power of the worst storm Ben had ever seen. Fascinated by the sight, he sat as if frozen, watching for the tragedy that seemed inevitable. He thought of the little boat below, but it was a hopeless thought. Twenty men could not have launched her from the rocks in the breakers that were dashing up, and no one man could have rowed her a red if she had been adrift. All he could do was to sit and watch. He could see the ship now from time to time as she rose and fell on the waves, but every time she sank from sight he thought must surely be the last. He knew the cruel rocks that lay below the surface.

Suddenly pilot could have guided her among those rocks to the lee of the reef on which the lighthouse stood, but it was not written that she should be wrecked that Christmas day. Lying helpless in the trough of the sea, she drifted past rock after rock till Ben saw with amazement that she was floating in behind the reef, and still he watched with straining eyes.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a shout like a crazy man, and, rushing down the stairway four steps at a time, he seized an ax and a big pumkin in the room below and ran out into the storm. A thought had come to him of one chance in a million, and he was after that chance.

A single blow smashed in the head of a hoghead, and in another instant he was scooping out the oil it held with the pumkin and scattering it like mad as far as he could in every direction. The wind carried it all toward the vessel, and the great wonder of the sea was wrought almost in a minute, for as the oil fell the waves abated, so that the ship was immediately in smooth water. Overboard went her anchors as quickly as the captain could give the order, and she was safe.

For the rest of the night Ben watched, throwing a little more oil from time to time, and in the morning, the storm having abated, he rowed out in his small boat to the ship's side.

As he stepped on her deck the captain greeted him with such thanks and praise as could only be given by one who had just been saved from destruction. Then as the passengers crowded up to have their say Ben saw, to his amazement, his grandfather, his mother and Alice.

"We came after you, my boy," said the old man, "as soon as your letter to your mother came. You must come home again, this time to stay."

Ben looked at his mother and then at Alice. In both their faces he saw what he looked for, and then he answered: "It'll be a merry Christmas after all, granddad," he exclaimed with a happy laugh. And it was.

DAVID A. CURTIS

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