

# Fisherman and Farmer.

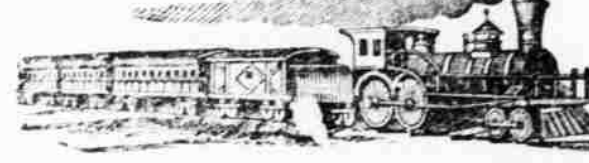
ELIZABETH CITY N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1900.

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## Norfolk & Southern R. R.



In effect July 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. Bellhaven, " " 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, Williamson and Wind-Sor.

Leave Edenton Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 1:00 p. m. for Chowan River landings, and Monday and Friday for Scuppernon 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. & R. R. for Goldsboro and Wilmington, &c.

For Colquhoun and North River Landings, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 3:00 p. m.

For South Mills and landings on Dismal Swamp route Monday, Wednesday and Friday 6:00 a. m.

Steamers leave Bellhaven 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.

M. R. KING, H. C. HUDGINS, II  
Gen. Mgr. Gen. Pass. Agt.

### PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL



For Barb Wire Cuts, Scratches, Cuts and Collar Galls, Cracked Heels, Burns, Old Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Piles and all kinds of inflammation on man or beast. Cures Itch and Mange.

The Ointment or Oils will never matter after the Oil has been applied.

Be prepared for accidents by keeping it in your pocket or stable. All Druggists sell it on a guarantee. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cts. and \$1.00. If you Druggist does not keep it send us 25 cts. in postage stamps and we will send it to you by mail.

Paris, Tenn., Jan. 26th, 1894.  
Dear Sir: I have used Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil for my horse and saddle galls, scratches and Barb Wire Cuts with perfect satisfaction, and I heartily recommend it to all horse and stockmen.

BABY BURNED.  
Gentlemen:—I am pleased to speak a word for Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. My baby was burned a few months ago and after trying all other remedies I applied your Oil and the first application gave relief, and in a few days the burn was well. I also used the oil on my stock and find that it will heal nearly for any purpose that I have used it for.

Yours truly,  
C. T. LEWIS,  
Paris, Tenn., Jan. 26th, 1894.

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PARIS MEDICINE CO.,  
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### Skin Diseases.

For the speedy and permanent cure of Itch, salt rheum and eczema, Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment is without an equal. It relieves the itching and smarting almost instantly and its continued use effects a permanent cure. It also cures itch, barber's itch, scald head, sore nipples, itching piles, chapped hands, chronic sore eyes and granulated lids.

Dr. Cad's Condition Powders for horses are the best tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. Price, 25 cents. Sold by



No. 44. Piano-polished Solid Oak Office Desk with rolling top which locks all drawers. 50 inches long and 28 inches deep. Special Price,

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You will find over 1000 bargains in our new catalogue. It contains all kinds of Furniture, Carpet, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Bedding, Stoves, Fancy Lamps, Lace Curtains, etc. You are buying local dealers double our prices. Drive a postal card for our money-saving catalogue which we mail free of all charges. Deal with the manufacturers and your dollar doubles its buying power.

**Julius Hines & Son,**  
BALTIMORE, MD.

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

### PRESENCE OF MIND.

It Saved a Life and Trapped the Would-be Assassin.

A writer on Klondike customs and dangers says in The Independent that there is here, as everywhere, a class of extortionists whom the lone voyager must guard against.

Last year, he says, the man who went out with the first mail, after the closing of the river, fell in with a traveler, hungry and cold, stumbling along the unbroken trail. The messenger took pity on him, shared his food with him, made a fire and warmed his half-frozen body.

Every day they traveled over the ice and at night the messenger made the man lie down to sleep, while he watched, to scare the wolves away and keep the fire burning. It was long past midnight when he woke the sleeper and asked him to watch, so that he himself might snatch a nap before setting out again on the long journey.

The messenger was sleeping soundly when he was startled by a blow on the head. He leaped up and was terrified to find that his companion was standing over him, striking at him with an ax.

The messenger dropped to one side and threw off his sleeping robe and the fur cap that had saved his life. Then the would-be murderer was plainly embarrassed. To be sure, he had the ax but it is not so easy to kill a man when he is looking. He hesitated, and in that second the messenger conceived a brilliant thought.

"All poor old chap," said he pathetically as one concludes a snoring dog, "Cold and hunger have driven him crazy."

The man let the ax fall. He almost smiled. It was so well to be out of a nasty job! Yes, he would be crazy. Appearing to forget the matter, he left the ax where it had fallen and began to rummage in the grub sack. The dogs awoke, and the two men break fasted and started long before the dawn.

That day the messenger carried the ax and insisted that the man should walk in front.

At the next mounted police station the man, much to his surprise, was handed over to the officer in charge. Now his efforts to play "crazy" were a sad failure. He was taken to Dawson, tried and sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment.

### JOAQUIN MILLER.

Explanation of Some Queer Ways of the Poet of the Sierras.

Joaquin Miller, being a real poet, is privileged to be unique if he pleases, and he has always pleased to cultivate as many harmless idiosyncrasies as he had time for, aside from dashing off a gem of poetry now and then. He insists that there is method in most of his madness—for instance, his long hair and flowing beard hide ugly scars made by a red man's arrow long ago. He has always been noted for handwriting more illegible even than that of Horace Greeley. He started for the Klondike with the first of 1897 in the capacity of correspondent for a San Francisco newspaper and a number of east coast periodicals.

This last detail seems to be partly confirmed by a story that has reached Don Francisco Moreno, the director of the Plata museum, of the fresh footprints of a bearlike animal recently observed in the forests of southern Patagonia whose feet were evidently webbed.

The most curious part of the story is that which connects the jemisch with the fossil remains of the grypotherium recently found and taken to England. The Indians showed to Don Carlos Ameshino what they said was a piece of the skin of the jemisch. In it were imbedded little "ossicles" similar to those that occur on the hide of the fossil grypotherium. If the water tiger carries a horny armor over its hide, no wonder that he is invulnerable to the attacks of the Indians.

Don Francisco Moreno declares that the fossil hide he found is like that of the hide of the jemisch, according to the stories of the natives. The question remains, What is the jemisch? Is it a sloth, a bear, a water tiger or merely an Indian bogie beast, and did the piece of skin shown to Don Carlos really belong to a monster of the glacial epoch or to a modern animal? Here is a chance for a zoologist to make some interesting researches.—New York Sun.

### Easily Removed.

The courtier prostrated himself before the dowager empress.

"What have you learned concerning this reformer Ting Foo Ping?" inquired the grand old woman.

"I have learned, your imperial majesty, that he is a man of dangerous popularity whom it would be well to let alone."

"You think it safer, eh? And why?"

"Because, madam, he has a wise young head on his shoulders."

The empress laughed contemptuously.

"Bah!" she said. "I can easily remove that objection!"

And, turning slightly, she beckoned to the imperial headman.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Christmas Greens.

In olden times holly was used only to deck the inside of houses at Christmas, while ivy was used not only as a vintner's sign, but also among the evergreens at funerals. For formerly "the rooms were embowered with holly, ivy, cypress, bay, laurel and mistletoe."

There are thousands of quaint old verses that could be quoted in praise of the rosemary, laurel and mistletoe. A love of nature, her fruits and flowers, her roses and vines with their mystic significance seems to have been a predominant trait among those who gathered at the Yuletide.

### Sham Antiquities.

A few years ago, in Soho, London, there was a factory for antique copper which is probably still in operation. The legitimate business of the place was the manufacture of stop-pans and kettles, but when trade was dull in that way any sort of antiquities for which there happened to be a demand was produced instead.

An old incense burner, for example, would be reproduced by the dozen by hammering over a chuck. If ornamented with pierced work, the copper would be coated with asphaltum, through which the design would be traced, when it would then be eaten out in an acid bath, saving the time which would be required to cut out the pattern with a piercing saw. The bath leaves thin edges, by which such work may be detected.

The work would then be annealed and would be permitted to oxidize and scale. Pickling with muriatic acid and salt, to produce a good coating of verdigris, would complete the job. Sometimes these "antiques" would be purposely broken and would be clumsily mended with solder or with pure tin if the piece was to pass for a very ancient one. Chiseled metal was reproduced by casting and "dubbing" over with the hammer, then pickling, annealing and beading. In such ways helmets, copper and brass castings for antique furniture and the like were made.—Art Amateur.

### Horse Racing on the Stage.

In racing scenes the horses do run at full speed. They run, however, not on the fixed stage, but on what may be called treadmills, which keep the horses in front of the house for longer or shorter periods, according as they are moved quickly or slowly. A picket fence, placed between the audience and the course, not only makes the scene more realistic, it also hides the mechanism of the treadmills. This fence has contributed in another way to add to the effect by being moved in opposition to the direction of the horses and so leading to their apparent speed.

As to the sounds made by the foot falls of horses to be heard as though passing outside an interior scene, they are reproduced by the dried hoofs of dead horses or wooden imitations mounted on handles and turned against a surface of stone, gravel, sand or whatever the occasion may demand. They are also more elaborately manufactured by revolving a cylinder with pins protruding from the surface. These pins are arranged, like the spurs on a hand organ roller, to imitate trotting, galloping or walking when struck against other substances. If the sound of a carriage is to be added to the tramping of horses, wheels are run on sand.—Caswell's Magazine.

### Needed in His Business.

"I've decided," said the dignified old man, "to let you have that young Britney after all if you are positive that you can't be happy without him."

"Oh, father," the beautiful girl cried, "you don't know how happy you have made me! Now I can see and understand the old papa! Let me kiss you for those sweet words! Oh, I can hardly wait to fly to him and tell him the glorious news. He will be so glad! We shall all be so happy now. It seems almost like a lovely dream! I can hardly believe that I am awake! But, tell me what has made you change your mind? Yesterday when I tried to plead for him you said you would never permit us to see each other again. Ah, if you had known how those words bruised my heart! What has happened, father, to make you relent?"

He kissed her fondly and then, with tears in his eyes, replied: "I sat in a little game of poker where he happened to have a hand last night, and if we don't get that money back in the family some way my business is going to suffer."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### He Answered It.

The following story is told of how Thomas B. Reed was admitted to the bar in California: Mr. Reed was being examined as to his qualifications for the law along with several companions. The question "Was the legal tender act, in your opinion, constitutional?" was asked of the candidate sitting next to Mr. Reed. The young man hesitated, as well he might, for even the justices of the supreme court had spent many weary days hearing arguments on that particular question, and after once deciding that it was unconstitutional after erudite reversed their decision. While the young man hesitated, the judge turned to Mr. Reed, saying, "What do you think, Mr. Reed—was the act constitutional?"

"It was," replied Mr. Reed, without a moment's hesitation.

"Very good," was the reply; "you are admitted to the bar. Any man who can answer offhand a question that is still puzzling the supreme court of the United States is certainly pre-eminently qualified to practice law before this court."—Washington Letter.

### The Queen's Visit to Ireland.

On the queen's previous visit to Ireland 40 years ago an old fisherman was asked what he thought of her. Too polite to tell the Englishman that he was a little disappointed in the personal appearance of the sovereign, he replied, "We like the serving maids well enough," meaning the maids of honor, two well known beauties.—London Outlook.

### Merely a Question of Spelling.

He was the engineer of an ocean liner and prided himself on his knowledge of electricity. On one of his brief stays at home he accompanied his wife to a party. The subject of electricity coming up, he indignantly contended the idea that it was possible for two people to produce an electrical current through the body of a third by simple physical contact. His wife and a friend said they would prove it and, leading him to a window, told him to pull up his sleeves and place both hands flat on the glass. They then, on either side, took a firm grip on his wrists. At the end of a few moments his wife said:

"Don't you feel a pain, Willy?"

"No!" he replied and returned a like negative to a second and a third inquiry.

At his third response most of the company began to laugh, and it suddenly flashed into his mind that the pronunciation of pain and pane was the same.—New York Tribune.

### A ROPE OF WORMS.

The Curious Procession That May Be Seen in Norway Forests.

In the deep pine forests of Norway the woodcutters sometimes find a serpentine object nearly 50 feet long crawling slowly over the ground. If they did not know that it was made up of millions of little worms, they might be frightened by its peculiar appearance. These worms, called the scara, gather during July and August in large numbers preparatory to migrating in search of food or for change of condition. When setting out on this journey, they stick themselves together and form a huge serpentine mass, often reaching a length of between 40 and 50 feet and several inches in thickness.

As the scara is only on an average about three thirty-seconds of an inch in length and barely wider than a fine needle, the number required to compose a line of the size above mentioned is enormous. Their pace is very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they will either writhe over or around it, sometimes breaking into two bodies for this purpose.

M. Guerin-Meneville, a celebrated French naturalist, says that if the rear portion of this wonderful snake-like procession be brought into contact with the front part and a sort of circle formed the insects will keep moving round and round in that circle for hours and hours without apparently noticing that they are not getting on in their journey. If the procession be broken in two, the portions will reunite in a short time.

The Norwegian peasants, when they meet one of these trains, will lay some article of their clothing, such as a belt or a handkerchief, on the ground in front of it. If the procession passes over it, it is regarded as a good sign; but if it makes a way round, the reverse is believed.—Chicago Record.

### PLAYING POWER.

Just How Great a Force Is Expended on the Piano.

The amount of power expended on playing a piano has recently been figured out in a way which, if not altogether accurate, is at least interesting. Commenting on the statement that it really requires more force to sound a note gently on this instrument than it does to lift the lid of a kettle, says Woman's Life, it is easy to verify it, if one takes a small handful of coins and piles them on a key of a piano.

When a sufficient quantity is piled on to make a note sound, they may be weighed, and the figures will be found to be true. If the pianist is playing fortissimo, a much greater force is needed. At times the force of six pounds is thrown upon a single key to produce a solitary effect.

With chords the force is generally spread over the various notes sounded simultaneously, though a greater output of force is undoubtedly expended. This is what gives pianists the wonderful strength in their fingers that is often commented on.

One of Chopin's compositions has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average "tonnage" of an hour's playing of Chopin's music varies from 12 to 84 tons.

### A Good Place to Leave.

"The Indians of Mexico," says a correspondent of Forest and Stream, "know nothing of the laws of contagion. They display an apathy toward certain loathsome diseases which surprises a foreigner."

"In a recent hunting trip in the Sierra of Pueblo our party of eight was descending toward Zacapoaxtla. We rode leisurely, for the trail was narrow and hemmed in by Indian huts. At the door of one of these stood a woman and a little girl. We stopped to inquire the way, when the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, senora."

"A very good morning, at your orders, senora."

"This is the road to Zacapoaxtla, is it not?"

"You are quite right, senora."

"And is it very far?"

"On the contrary, it is a very little way."

"A thousand thanks for your kindness, senora."

"There is nothing for which to offer thanks, senora."

"Is the little girl sick, senora?"

"She is a little sick, senora."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has the smallpox, senora."

"Ah, good day, senora!"

### The Mosquito of Russian Lapland.

"We had to force our way through long stretches of dense birch scrub under a burning sun and without a breath of wind to clear away the mosquitoes. They settled on every particle of exposed flesh, and the thousands who failed to find room there covered our caps and backs till the color of the cloth was nearly hidden."

"We reached camp at 11 o'clock a. m., thoroughly done up, and even then we could not sleep, our blood being so feverish from the mosquito bites. My neck and wrists were swollen up with lumps the size of sparrows' eggs. Unfortunately, our mosquito nets had been left in camp, as we had quite enough collecting gear and guns to carry, and expected to be home hours earlier. Oil of lavender gives temporary relief from persecution, but its effects soon pass off."

"A mixture of half turpentine and half olive oil is also useful in ordinary cases, but when the enemy are brought into good working order by a hot sun and calm day nothing stops them except a veil. This desire of the mosquito for blood is a strange puzzle. Not only in a million nor any of his ancestors for generations in the arctic can have tasted it, yet all rush for the first human being or reindeer they meet. I have heard of the Samoyeds being driven mad by their bites."—Around Novaya Zemlya, by H. J. Pearson.

### Chinese Theaters.

The Chinese are remarkably fond of the drama, and consequently every village has its stage. In this way the people are educated in the past history of their nation. The stage arrangements are about on a par with those which existed in England at the time of Shakespeare. There is no scenery, and consequently the success of the piece depends entirely on the acting, which is remarkably good.

Actresses do not exist in China, for since, some centuries ago, an emperor married an actress they have not been allowed. Women's parts are taken by boys, who excel in their imitations of women's voices, gait and general deportment.

### A Dilemma.

A New England woman is the owner of a hen which appears to choose her surroundings with a discriminating eye.

Soon after her present owner acquired the hen she discovered the creature's fondness for stepping into the house whenever she could effect an entrance and laying an egg on the down coverlet which ornamented the bed in the "best chamber."

One day the hen managed to get in unmolested during a season of sweeping, and her presence was only discovered as she made her way hastily out of the side door, cackling with triumph, some time later.

As the best room coverlet had been out of the way during the sweeping, the mistress of the house looked about for the egg which she felt sure had been laid somewhere. She found it, after half an hour's search, on the plush mantle covering in the parlor, where the hen must have sat in state between a china shepherdess and a glass vase.

Nothing on the mantelshelf had been disturbed, although just how the hen had managed the delicate business will never be known.—Youth's Companion.

### Two Big Necks.

"Once when I was in New York some years ago," said A. W. Whelpley, "I found myself one afternoon standing before a counter in one of that city's largest dry goods houses selecting some collars."

"A good many men called up while I was there and ordered collars of various sizes, from 13 to 18."

"I heard a full, rather hoarse voice ask for 'turn down, 20.'"

"I turned to note the man with the thick neck and beheld Grover Cleveland beside me. I knew him by his resemblance to the fellow on the cigar boxes."

"It had been given my change and a small packet of wares by the Auburn bated goddess of the counter, and with one more glance at the generous proportions of the man of destiny I was moving away when, strangely enough, the autocrat of the house of congress, Tom Reed, came steaming up to the counter."

"There they stood, neither evidently knowing the proximity of the other."

"And bless me if he didn't ask for collars, 'second medium, welt band, turned front, 21!'"

"I wondered if he thought the store provided a surveyor for such monstrous measures, but the goddess was equal to the occasion and handed out the desired size."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"A schoolmaster in a village school had been in the habit of purchasing pork from parents of his pupils on the occasion of the killing of the pig. One day a small boy marched up to the master's desk and inquired 'if he would like a bit of pork, as they were going to kill their pig.'"

The schoolmaster replied in the affirmative. Several days having elapsed, and hearing nothing of the pork, the master called the boy up to him and inquired the reason he had not brought it.

"Oh, please, sir," the boy replied, "the pig got better."—San Francisco.

### LOVE'S OWN.

Where Love built his humble nest Tired and thankful did I rest. Sweeter rest there could not be. Though the black night covered me, And Love whispered, "Art thou blest?" And I answered, "Love is best."

Where Love built his nest I knew Thorns beneath the rose leaves grew. Sweeter roses could not be. Though the keen thorns crept to me, And Love whispered, "Art thou blest?" And I answered, "Love is best."

Where Love built his nest a blight Blew from lands of Death and Night. All that life had held of sweet Lay in ashes at Love's feet. Yet I folded to his breast— Weeping, whispered, "Love is best."

So, with Love abiding still, I am Love's, to do his will, So his lips on mine are laid, So his hand my couch hath made, Still he whispers, "Art thou blest?" Still I answer, "Love is best."

### Hard to Get On.

An English woman who has been traveling in Russia seems to have found it easier to get in than to get out of the czar's country. She sent her passport to the authorities before starting in order to have it vised and then blithely made for the frontier.

Arriving there, she was immediately detained and taken before the powers that not only be, but also do, at the Russian frontier. Here she was informed that her passport did not permit her to leave the country and that she would be obliged to make herself comfortable while the police found out all she had done while in the country.

At first she was rather pleased at the thought of how she would tell her friends about it when she got home. But when she found that she had to pay not only for her room, her meals and service and all that sort of thing, but also for long telegrams which the authorities were exchanging in regard to her case, her pleasure dwindled as rapidly as her funds did.

She finally got off, however, but without receiving any apology or any reimbursement.—New York Sun.

### The Same Old Christmas.

A description two centuries ago of the festivities of Christmas shows little variation from present customs:

"Families take it by turns to entertain their friends. The meat early, the beef and pudding are noble, the mince pies peculiar, the oranges as cold and acid as they ought to be, furnishing us with a superfluity which we can afford to laugh at, the cakes industriously, the wassail bowls generous, old English, huge, demanding ladies, threatening over us as they come in, solid with roasted apples when set down. Toward bedtime you hear of elder wine and not seldom of punch. Girls, though they be ladies, are kissed under the mistletoe."

At an auction sale of miscellaneous goods at a country store the auctioneer put up a buggy robe of fairly good quality. An old farmer inspected it closely, seemed to think there was a bargain in it, and yet he hesitated to bid.

"Think it cheap?" asked the auctioneer, crying a 10 cent bid.

"Yes, kinder," was the reply.

"Fancies take it by turns to entertain their friends. The meat early, the beef and pudding are noble, the mince pies peculiar, the oranges as cold and acid as they ought to be, furnishing us with a superfluity which we can afford to laugh at, the cakes industriously, the wassail bowls generous, old English, huge, demanding ladies, threatening over us as they come in, solid with roasted apples when set down. Toward bedtime you hear of elder wine and not seldom of punch. Girls, though they be ladies, are kissed under the mistletoe."

### An Insultation.

"I simply had to do it," said Mr. Erastus Pinky in an apologetic tone. "I had to draw my razor so's to look up my character."

"Did he slander you behind your back?"

"No, sah; 'twas to my face. He axed me what business I was in, an I says 'Raisin chickens.' Den he looked at me solemn an says, 'You doesn' mean 'raisin,' you means 'liftin.'"

### Accommodated.

The manager of the clothing department opened his envelope on pay day and scowled.

"Look here, Miggs," he said to the cashier, "this is the fourth time in succession you have paid me with three \$20 bills, and I'm getting tired of hustling around to get them changed. Suppose you work your big bills off on some other fellows for awhile, begad!"

"Mr. Miggs," spoke up a calm, unemotional, businesslike voice from somebody who was sitting inside the railing with a newspaper in his hand, "for the next four weeks you will please save Mr. Whackham some annoyance by keeping one \$20 bill per week out of his envelope."—Chicago Tribune.

### "Delays Are Dangerous."

A small pimple on your face may seem of little consequence, but it shows your blood is impure, and impure blood is what causes most of the diseases from which people suffer. Better heed the warning given by the pimple and purify your blood at once by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cures all diseases due to bad blood, including scrofula and salt rheum.

### It Saved His Leg.

P. A. Danforth, of La Grange, Ga., suffered intensely for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg, but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in ten days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Burns, Boils, Pain or Piles it's the best in the world. Cure guaranteed