on all the story of a life or race, the blessing of a good man leaves its trace".--Boyle O Reily.

VOL. XXV.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1897.

NO. 30

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

PUBLISHING CO., E F. LAMB Manager.

SIMMONS

For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaun-dice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic,

PURELY VEGETABLE,

containing those Southern Roots and Herbs

which an all-wise Providence has placed in

bitter or had taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache;

Loss of Memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; Debility; Low Spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the LIVER is generally the seat of the disease, and if not

Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

Throbbing Headache it is the best medicine the

world ever saw. We tried forty other remedies before Simmons Liver Regulator, but none gave

as more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved, but cured us."-Ef

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YET FOR YOUR SAKES

ASK the recovered dyspeptics, bilious sufferers, victims of fever and ague, the REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON patient, how they re-covered health, cheer-"FROM LILIES TO THORNS." ful spirits and good appetite; they will tell you by taking Sim-MONS LIVER REGU-

He Tells the Greatest Story of All Times In a New Way-His Celestial Departure and Earthly Arrival Vividly Contrasted. The Prince Divine.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8. - In this dis-Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heartburn, etc. This unrivalled remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of MERCURY, or any mineral substance, but is course of Rev. Dr. Talmage the greatest story of all time is told in a new way, and all realms are drawn upon for illustration. His text was II Corinthians viii, 9, "Ye know the grace of our Lord countries where Liver Diseases most prevail.

It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and Bowels.

The SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor."

That all the worlds which on a cold winter's night make the heavens onegreat glitter are without inhabitants is an absurdity. Scientists tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarefied of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is ness and DEATH will ensue.

The following highly esteemed persons attest to the virtues of Simmons Liver Regulator: Gen. W. S. Holt, Pres. Ga. S. W. R. R. Co.; Rev. J. R. Felder, Perry, Ga.; Col. E. K. Sparks, Albany, Ga.; C. Masterson, Esq., Sheriff Bibb Co., Ga.; Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.

"We have tested its virtues, personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Throbbing Headache it is the best medicine the changing and becoming fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of our respiratory organs. But that there is a great world swung somewhere, vast bevond imagination, and that it is the headquarters of the universe and the metropolis of immensity and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics and appointments of splendor beyoud the capacity of canvas or poem or as escort, but all that was from other the river just where it rolls from under come near the shore, but something you angel to describe is as certain as the worlds, and not from this world. The the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus can run up any stream of annoyance, Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the earth made no demonstration of wel- got the contrast by exchanging that however shallow. Enrichment now, enastronomers with their big telescopes come. If one of the great princes of this world for this. We will get it by ex- richment forever. have already caught a glimpse of it, not | world steps out at a depot, cheers re- changing this world for that. There knowing what it is. We spell it with sound, and the bands play, and the flags and then you will understand more of six letters and pronounce it heaven. wave. But for the arrival of this mis- the wonders of the grace of our Lord

The King's Son. That is where Prince Jesus lived 19 centuries ago. He was the King's Son. Geo. W. Cobb; onstable and Chief It was the old homestead of eternity, of Police-Wm. Brooks; Street Com- and all its castles were as old as God. missioner-Reuben W. Berry; Fire Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Commissioners-Allen Kramer and Not a tear had ever rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been a headache, or a side ache, or a heart ache. There had not Drs. J. E. Wood, W. W. Griggs and been a funeral in the memory of the W. J. Lumsden. Meet on the 1st and oldest inhabitant. There had never in 3rd Wednesdays of each month at the all the land been woven a black veil, corner of Road and Church Streets. for there had never been anything to Churches - Methodist, Rev. J. H. Hall, mourn over. The passage of millions of Pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. | years had not wrinkled or crippled or m. and 7 p. m. Baptist, Rev. Calvin bedimmed any of its citizens. All the S Blackwell, pastor; services every people there were in a state of eternal people there were in a state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom 7:15 p. m. Episcopal, Rev. L. L. Wil- and orchards in unending fruitage. Had Land surveying a specialty. Plans liams, rector; services every Sunday at some spirit from another world entered Lodges -. Masonic: Eureka Lodge No. reavement? What is sorrow? What is 317. Dr. W. W. Griggs, W. M.; G. W. death?" the brightest of the intelitgences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there was silence in heaven for half an hour. The Prince of whom I speak had honors, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, New, . Cleanly, . Attentive . Servants. E. M Stevens, Fin. Secretary; W. W. ever enjoyed. As he passed the street Morrisette, Treasurer; F. L. Garrett, the inhabitants took off from their them in the way. He never entered any the garments he had worn, sleeping in was, "I opposed God all I could, and he S. P. G. Meets every Friday at 7:30 brows garlands of white lilies and threw Royal Arcanum: Tiber Creek Coun- of the temples without all the worshipers rising up and bowing in obeisance. Underwood, Vice Regent; C. Guirkin,

In all the processions of the high days Good Servants, good room, good Cook Jr , Collector; W. J. Woodley, he was the one who evoked the loudest in loving talk with the humblest of the Knights of Honor: R. B. White, Die land, but at other times he took chariot, tator; J. H Engle, Vice Dictator; T. and among the 20,000 that the psalmist . Jordan, Reporter; T. B. Wilson, Fi- spoke of his was the swiftest and most nance Reporter; J. C. Benbury, Treas- flaming, or, as when St. John described urer. Meets 1st and 4th Friday in him, he took white palfrey with what prance of foot and arch of neck and roll of mane and gleam of eye is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse. He was Will Anderson, Jr. Sagamore; James not like other princes, waiting for the Spires, C. of R; S. H. murrel K. of W. father to die and then take the throne. E. Kramer, Chairman; F. M. Godfrey, representing the Emperor William on J. W. Williams. Sheriff. T. P. Wilcox, the throne and the crown prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, the Emperor William ordered the picture changed and said. "Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

> A Rich Dominion. Already enthroned was the heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What multitudes of admirers! What unending round of glories! All the towers chimed the Prince's praises. Of all the inhabit-Robinson, President; Jno. G. Wood, ants, from the center of the city on Vice-President: Wm. T. Old, Cashier, over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says that "he was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one dent, G. M. Scott, Vice President, D. scepter, build all the palaces of the B. Bradford, Sec'ty, Noah Burfoot. earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all Telephone Co.-D. B. Bradford, Presi- the values of the earth in one coin-the dent: L. S. Blades, Vice-President; aggregate could not express his affluence. Yes, St. Paul was right. Solomon had in gold 680,000,000 pounds and in silver 1,029,000,327 pounds. But a greater than Solomon is here. Not the millionaire, but the owner O McMullan, Vice President. Geo. M. of all things. To describe his celes-Scott, Sec. and Treas., D. B. Bradford, tial surroundings the Bible uses all Supt. H. F. Smith. Directors: Dr. O. colors, gathering them in rainbow over McMullan, G. M. Scott, E. F. Aydlett, the throne and setting them as agate in J. W. Sharber, Jas. B. Blades, C. H. the temple window and hoisting 12 of Robinson, Thos. G. Skinner, C. E. them into a wall, from striped jasper at Ksamer, J. B. Flora, H. F. Smith and the base to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald, and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, gray of chrysoprase and flame of jacinth. All der, Ensign. Regular Drill each Tuesday night. Arms: 40 Magazine Rifles; the loveliness of landscape in foliage 12 Navy Revolvers; 12 Cutlasses; 2 12 and river and rill, and all enchantment aquamarine, the sea of glass mingled with fire as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal, harps, trumpets, doxologies. There stood the Prince. surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles Steamers for Newberne leave at 6 p. m. Steamer Newton, leaves Eliza-beth City for Cresswell on Mondays in adoration, rich in power, rich in and Tursdays at 9: 30 a. m. Re- worship, rich in holiness, rich in "all turning will leave Elizabeth City follow | the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

A Contrast.

planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe lowed it. But when our Prince, accord- For our sakes. We who deserve for our swinging out into darkness, with moun- ing to the evangelist, in his last hours sins to be expatriated into a world as tains and seas and islands, an awful took the vinegar, in it had been dissolv- much poorer than this than this earth centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower ed all the pearls of his heavenly royalty. is poorer than heaven. For our sakes. the beautiful centripetal of righteous. Down until there was no other harass- But what a frightful coming down to ness, and from it a groan reached heav- ment to suffer, poor until there was no

ed for the outer gate and descended into our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he the night of this world. Out of what a was rich, yet for your sakes he became bright harbor into what a rough sea! poor." "Stay with us!" cried angel after angel and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince: "I cannot stay. I must | Holy Land of Asia Minor and the holy be off for that wreck of a world. I must land of heaven. I wish that some day stop that groan. I must hush that dis- you might go to the Holy Land and take tress. I must fathout that abyss. I must a drink out of Jacob's well, and take a state we may on the splendors of redeem those nations. Farewell, thrones sail on Galilee, and read the sermon heavenly regiment. For our sakes. and temples, hosts cherubic, seraphic, on the mount" while standing on Olivet, archangelic! I will come back again, and see the wilderness where Christ was carrying on my shoulder a ransomed tempted, and be some afternoon on Calworld. Till this is done I choose earthly vary at about 8 o'clock, the hour at scoff to heavenly acclamation, and a which closed the crucifixion, and sit Empress Elizabeth of Russia, over 100 cattle pen to a king's palace, frigid zone under the sycamores and by the side of of earth to atmosphere of celestial radi- brooks and think and dream and pray ance. I have no time to lose, for hark ye about the poverty of him who came our to the groan that grows mightier while souls to save. But you may be denied I wait! Farewell! 'Ye that, and so here, in another continent know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in another hemisphere and in scenes that, though he was rich, yet for your as different as possible, we recount as A religion of warmth and inspiration sakes he became poor."

ering as that between the noonday of above we may all study the riches that ness, recreations and joys and sorrows. Christ's celestial departure and the mid- he left behind when he started for Not an unmanageable gift, like the galnight of his earthly arrival? Sure earthly expedition. Come, let us bar- ley presented to Ptolemy, which reenough, the angels were out that night | gain to meet each other at the door of | quired 4,000 men to row, and its draft in the sky, and an especial meteor acted the Father's mansion, or on the bank of of water was so great that it could not sionary Prince of the skies not a torch flared, not a trumpet blew, not a plume fluttered. All the music and the pomp were overhead. Our world opened for him nothing better than a barn door.

The rajah of Cashmere sent to Queen Victoria a bedstead of carved gold and a canopy that cost \$750,000, but the world had for the Prince of heaven and earth only a litter of straw. The crown jewels in the Tower of London amount to \$15,000,000, but this member of eternal royalty had nowhere to lay his head. To know how poor he was, ask the camel drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the east who afterward came to Bethlehem. To know how poor he was, examine all the records of real estate in all that oriental country and see what vineyard or what field he owned. Not one. Of what mortgage was he the mortgagee? Of what tenement was he the landlord? Of what lease was he the lessee? Who ever paid him rent's Not, owning the boat on which he sailed, or the beast on which he rode, or the pillow on which he slept pay his tax, he had to perform a miracle, putting the amount of the assessment in a fish's mouth and having it hauled ashore. And after his death the world rushed in to take an inventory of day, bearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. St. Paul in my text hit the mark when your sakes he became poor."

A Succinct Biography. The world could have treated him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making his earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before, when Pompey, the general, arrived in Brindisi, he was greeted with arches and a costly column which celebrated the 12,000,000 people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed When years ago an artist in Germany to wear his triumphal robe in the senmade a picture for the royal gallery ate. The world had applause for imperial butchers, but buffeting for the Prince of Peace. Plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our Prince must put his lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after he had begged for a drink. Poor? Born in another man's barn and eating at another man's table and cruising the lake in another man's fishing smack and buried in another man's tomb. Four inspired authors wrote his biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but he composed his autobiography in a most compressed way. He said, "I have trodden the wine

Poor in the estimation of nearly all the prosperous classes. They called him Sabbath breaker, wine bibber, traitor, blasphemer and ransacked the dictionary of opprobrium from cover to cover to express their detestation. I can think now of only two well to do men who espoused his cause, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. His friends for the most part were people who, in that climate where ophthalmia, or inflammation of the eyeball, sweeps ever and anon as a scourge, had become blind, sick people who were anxious to get well and troubled people in whose family there was some one dead or dying. If he had a purse at all, it was empty or we would have heard what the soldiers did with the contents. Poor? The pigeon in the dovecot, the rabbit in its burrow, the silkworm in its cocoon, the bee in its hive is better provided for, better off, better sheltered. Aye, the brute creation has a home on earth, which Christ had not. A poet says:

If on windy days the raven Gambol like a dancing skiff, Not the less he loves his haven On the bosom of the cliff. If almost with eagle pinion O'er the Alps the chamois roam, Yet he has some small dominion Which no doubt he calls his home.

A Homeless Prince. But the Crown Prince of all heavenly dominion has less than the raven; less than the chamois, for he was homeless. Aye, in the history of the universe there is no other instance of such coming down. Who can count the miles from the top of the throne to the bottom of But one day there was a big disaster | the cross? Cleopatra, giving a banquet at 9, 30 a. m.: Elizabeth City for Nor. in a department of God's universe. A to Antony, took a pearl worth \$100,000 folk Thursdays and Mondays p. m 3, race fallen! A world in ruins! Our and dissolved it in vinegar and swal- tions and bereavements and conflicts. stamps.—Elmira Telegram.

en. Such a sound had never been heard other pauperism to torture. Billions of there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never dollars spent in wars to destroy men, an outery of distress or an echo of agony. | who will furnish the statistics of the At that one groan the Prince rose from value of that precious blood that was king said, "How shall I mend it?" "By all the blissful circumjacence and start- shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of

Only those who study this text in two places can fully realize its power—the well we may how poor was our heaven-Jesus Christ, who, 'though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace, omnipotent grace! Among the thousands of words in the language there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it. John Newton sang of it when he

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me. Philip Doddridge put it into all

hymnology when he wrote: Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear: Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

For Sinners' Sakes. One of John Bunyan's great books is entitled "Grace Abounding." "It is all of grace that I am saved" has been on the lips of hundreds of dying Christians. -he had so little estate that, in order to | The boy Sammy was right when, being examined for admission into church membership, he was asked, "Whose work was your salvation?" and he answered, "Part mine and part God's." Then the examiner asked, "What part his goods, and the entire aggregate was | did you do, Sammy?" and the answer them by night and traveling in them by | did the rest." Oh, the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the grace of God! Mr. Fletcher having written a pamphlet that pleased he said of the missionary Prince, "For the king, the king offered to compensate him, and Fletcher answered, "There is only one thing I want, and that is more grace." Yes, my blood bought hearers, grace to live by and grace to die by, grace that saved the publican, that saved Lydia, that saved the dying thief, that saved the jailer, that saved me. But the riches of that grace will not be fully understood until heaven breaks in upon the soul. An old Scotchman, who had been a soldier in one of the European wars, was sick and dying in one of our American hospitals. His one desire was to see Scotland and his old home and once again walk the heather of the highlands and hear the bagpipes of the Scotch regiments. The night that the old Scotch soldier died a young man, somewhat reckless, but kind hearted, got a company of musicians to come and play under the old soldier's window, and among the instruments there was a

> That's the tune-yes, that's the tune. Thank God, I have got home once more!" "Bonnie Scotland and Bonnie Doon!" were the last words he uttered as he passed up to the highlands of the better country. And there are here hundreds of homesick for heaven, some because you have so many bereavements, some because you have so many temptations, some because you have so many ailments-homesick, very homesick, for the fatherland of heaven, and the music that you want to hear now is the song of free grace, and the music that you want to hear when you die is free grace, and forever before the throne of God you will sing of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, for your sakes became poor." The Comforting Fact.

said: "What's that? What's that?

Why, it's the regiments coming home.

Yes, yes, for your sakes! It was not on a pleasure excursion that he came, for it was all pain. It was not on an astronomical exploration, for he knew

take us gloriously up!

When Artaxerxes was hunting, Tirebazus, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garments. The giving it to me," said Tirebazus. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate. But see the startling and comforting fact, while our prince throws off the robe, he not only to wear it, and it will become us well, and for the poverties of our spiritual Oh, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, not an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, not an ice castle like that which the years ago, ordered to be constructed, winter with its trowel of crystals cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the north, but our Father's house with the wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. and light and cheer-something we can Was there ever a contrast so overpow- ly Prince. But in the other holy land take into our hearts and homes and busi-

Didn't Startle Him.

I have just been reading about the coal and it will go further. hideous burial vaults of the Cappuccini monks under the Church of Santa Maria della Concezione, in Rome," explained the man of thoughtful mien.

"What about them?" inquired the man of solemn aspect, as if he felt that he ought to say something, but didn't much care what it was:

thoughtful mien. "You ought to read the article."

"Haven't time," replied the man of solemn aspect. "Besides, I see enough that's horrible and have to go through enough in that line to satisfy me without reading what other people see." "Ah, but this is exceptional!" persisted the man of thoughtful mien. "It

eously morbid spectacle in all Europe." The man of solemn aspect yawned. "Listen!" said the man of thoughtful mien, stung to the quick by this proof of flagging interest, and then he read: "It affrights and depresses visitors.

all shadow of excuse for such terrifying and gloomy scenes as these."

"A mere trifle." he said. The man of thoughtful mien thereupon tried to awe him with the follow-

ing extract: "The stranger is led slowly to four recessed vaults faintly illuminated by lanterns composed of human skulls,

extraordinary manner." fect upon some people who never tried men in a greater or less degree. It man of solemn aspect, "but to one who has seen a house full of deadheads at both matinee and evening performances it hardly seems possible."-Chicago

Pine Cone Fires.

Few dwellers in the city, even if they enjoy the soul satisfying luxury of an open fire, know how to make it yield them all of the æsthetic pleasure which it is capable of yielding to those who tors, or Teddy Roosevelts of the have found which of the woodland town don't put up an Opera House treasures make richest fuel for the flames to entertain the people, let the Mayor

and the prettiest pictures in the coals. bagpipe. The instant that the musicians began the dying old man in delirium in autumn and are now strewing the ground make a very beautiful fire when laid upon the burning logs of the fireplace or on the anthracite in the grate. conic fragments.

Small branches or twigs of lichen covered oak or hickory also make delightful top fuel for the open fire, the Opera House-see! tiny mosses emitting many colored lights and the cheery crackling trying in vain to drown the singing of the "pixie," or fair, in the wood, as the legend has it, but which peculiarly soothing sound cold science attributes to an imprisoned in Philadelphia Rec-

A Unique Curio.

Mrs. George Wilson of 191 Vestal avenue, Binghamton, has a unique curio in the shape of a bedroom set-bedstead. dresser, washstand and chairs-decoratthis world as well before he alighted as ed with postage stamps of every known for 1897 (just issued). It contains 554 afterward. It was not because he was civilized country on the globe. Mrs. compelled to come, for he volunteered. Wilson has been collecting stamps for Curtains, Bedding, Stoves, Lamps, Re-It was not because it was easy, for he the past seven years, and the number frigerators, Baby Carriages, etc. You knew that it would be thorn and spik. has reached over half a million-862, save the middle man's profits by trading and hunger and thirst and vociferation | 000. The value of these stamps has with the manufacturer, as you are payof angry mobs. "For your sakes." To been estimated at \$3,800. All of ing local dealers double our prices. wipe away your fears, to forgive your these stamps have been carefully Drop a postal now for our money saver. wrongdoing, to companionship your washed, dried and pasted on after the loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit style of a crazy patchwork quilt and with you by the new made grave, to represent large patience and a great bind up your wounds in the ugly battle amount of labor. There are seven pieces with the world and bring you home at of furniture in all decorated. This curio last, kindling up the mists that fall on is valuable, an offer of \$200 from Coryour dying vision with the sunlight of nell university having been refused by a glorious morn. "For your sakes." the owner. It is, perhaps, the most No. I will change that. Paul will not novel collection of foreign and domestic care and Christ will not care if I change stamps in the United States. The it, for I must get into the blessedness of stamps are stuck on with glue and are the text myself, and so I say, "For our covered with a heavy spar varnish and sakes." For we all have our tempta- can be washed without injury to the

ALL SORTS.

From appearance, Mr. W. J. Bryan's first lecture in Atlanta, in pursuance of a contract with him to deliver a certain number of lectures in the country for the neat little sum of \$50,000, was a failure. Mr. Bryan is certainly an orator, a thinker, of magnetic personality and large accumulation of imformation, but all these gifts and accomplishments have been neutralized by allows us to wear it, but commands us the peculiar environments of his situtation. He has stood in the public eye as an inspired patriot and statesman, a phenominal Joan of Arc, so to speak, and when he stepped down from that ethernal position, toa lecture huckster, bartering so much speech for so many gold dollars, he simply "put his foot in it."

> Coal is a necesity of modern life and he that makes one scuttle of coal do the work of two scuttles, does more good for mankind and is a greater benefactor to his country than the whole race of politicians put together. So as we cant get office under the Reputlican rule in North Carolina, wouldn't have it indeed, we will adopt the profession of a collier and thus do more good to our countrymen than Russell, or Pritchard, or Butler, or Robinson or Timberleg, or Jim Young, or all the Republican and Populist politicians put together .- Pour a solution of salt water over your

The cannon cracker is a modern development, and it is like the sting of a wasp. It is a concealed weapon, as it is carried in the close palm, but it is a power for good and ill, and for a smell corpus it seems to be a "Oh, it's horrible!" said the man of power in the legal and social atmosphere of North Carolina. Only last week we chronicled the destructive power of a cannon cracker on the hand of a Fleahillian in the historic county of Cumberland, and this week we have to chronicle further incidents of its destructiveness in our slow old State. In the town of is said that it presents the most hid- Winston on Christmas, Willie Clayton, a yearling boy, lost three fingers by a cannon cracker casualty. and in old Wilmington fourteen merchants met in conference to consult about bringing suit against the There may have been a time when the Mayor and Commissioners for damsight of so many grinning skulls and ages to their trade in cannon crackhuman bones inspired beholders with a ers by forbidding their sale. We religious sense of the mutability of life, are with the merchants. If the fool but the spirit of the mediæval age has boy chooses to blow off his fingers passed away, and with it has vanished with a cannon cracker, let him do so, and be thankful it wern't his The man of solemn aspect laughed head. Wilmington is a slow town, and we suppose the Mayor and Commissioners are the ditto.

Opera House, opera house, opera house! Can't we have it ! There's money in it. There's health in it. There's pleasure and consequently wreathed and embellished in the most happiness in it. We are pining for it, as the girl says in the kissing "Oh, I suppose it would have its ef- play. Fun is an instinct with all to star in high class drama," said the must have vent in some way. If you won't let us have an opera house as a safety value to a plethoric system, give us another grog shop, or a dispensatory for 5 cent drinks, or we'll have to knock some body down in the street, or burn somebody's house down, or go into the hen roost business and starve the negroes, or if the Vanderbilts, or Jacob Asof the corporation, put an ad. in the The pine cones that fall from the trees ECONOMIST free, inviting all the mountebanks of every clime, the monkey shows, the hand organists, the Italianese, Japs, and Cannibals They flare up with a bright, steady from the Solomon Isles and hand orflame until burned to a glowing red ganists, to come here and kick up the cinder, each cone preserving its shape devil on our streets without tax or and outline and remaining a thing of molestation, or our boys will grow beauty till it finally falls into kaleido- up bad boys and drunkards and our rown bad men will be cutting or shooting one another. Give us an

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