

Rattlesnakes, Butterflies, and ...?

Washington Irving said, he supposed a certain hill was called "Rattlesnake Hill" because it abounded in butterflies. The "rule of contrary" governs other names. Some bottles are, supposedly, labeled "Sarsaparilla" because they are full of it. Well, we don't know what they are full of, but we know it's not sarsaparilla; except, perhaps, enough for a flavor. There's only one make of sarsaparilla that can be relied on to be all it claims. It's Ayer's. It has no secret to keep. Its formula is open to all physicians. This formula was examined by the Medical Committee at the World's Fair with the result that while every other make of sarsaparilla was excluded from the Fair, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was admitted and honored by awards. It was admitted because it was the best sarsaparilla. It was tested and so honored. No other sarsaparilla has been so tested or so honored. Good motto for the family as well as the Fair: Admit the best, exclude the rest.

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Carebook." It kills doubts and cures. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

FALCON PUBLISHING CO.,
E. F. LAMB, Manager.
H. B. CRUICK, Editor.

Subscription One Year, \$1.00

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. B. CREECY, Attorney-at-Law, Elizabeth City, N. C.

BLOUNT & FLEMING, Attorneys at Law, Greenville, N. C.

LAMB & SKINNER, Attorneys at Law, Elizabeth City, N. C.

FRANK VAUGHAN, Attorney at Law, Elizabeth City, N. C.

DRUDEN, VANN & PRUDEN, Attorneys at Law, Elizabeth City, N. C.

W. R. GORDON, Attorney at Law, Currituck, C. H., N. C.

C. M. FEREBEE, Attorney at Law, Elizabeth City, N. C.

THOMAS G. SKINNER, Attorney at Law, Hertford, N. C.

J. H. WHITE, D. D. S., Elizabeth City, N. C.

DAVID COX, JR., 3, E. ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER, HERTFORD, N. C.

HOTELS.

Bay View House, EDENTON, N. C.

Columbia Hotel, COLUMBIA, TIBRELL CO.

Simmons Hotel, CURRITUCK C. H., N. C.

Tranquil House, MANTEO, N. C.

F. H. ZIEGLER & BRO., Successor to JOHN H. ZIEGLER

UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES, From the Cheapest to the Best.

CRAPES AND COOLING BOARDS

Why will you buy bitter nauseating tonics when Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic is as pleasant as Lemon Syrup.

Or perhaps the mother lingers long to see a son get on the wrong track and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she sees right on.

SAVED BY THE BLOOD

REV. DR. TALMAGE EXPLAINS THE THEORY OF VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.

He Says That In Order to Understand It We Have Only to Use the Same Common Sense For Religion That We Do For Everything Else.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—From many conditions of life Dr. Talmage, in this sermon, draws graphic illustrations of one of the sublimest theories of religion—namely, vicarious sacrifice. His text was Hebrews ix, 22, "Without shedding of blood is no remission; the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about the "fountain filled with blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply to him is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians and all physiologists and all scientists in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter-house religion" only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that on the darkest Friday the world ever saw oozed or trickled or popped from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up and forever disappeared, and if man had depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ there would not have been a soul saved for the last 18 centuries.

In order to understand this red word of my text we only have to exercise as good common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history—when I could take you out into this city and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who by their looks show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they dragging at business early in the morning? Because they are so difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are "overworked." In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No. A few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is the man is enduring all that fatigue and exhaustion and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that factory, a few miles away. And there is a secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a household for which he wins bread and wardrobe and education and prosperity, and in such battle 10,000 men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood.

At 3 o'clock tomorrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning, but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep. But you see a clear light burning, and a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child. The food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life! Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who after they have navigated all the diseases of infancy and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption. Some call it nervous prostration. Some call it intermittent or malarial indisposition. But I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution.

Or perhaps the mother lingers long to see a son get on the wrong track and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she sees right on. Looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again in hopes and expects and prays and counsels and suffers until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words, "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution.

William Turner, was met by a volley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings, which have since won the applause of all civilized nations, "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist" and "Dido Building Carthage"—were then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man a young author of 24 years, just one year out of college, came forth with his pen and wrote the ablest and most famous essays on art that the world ever saw or ever will see—John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For 17 years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after, in poverty and broken heartedness, the painter had died and the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a big funeral and burial in St. Paul's cathedral, his old friend took out of a tin box 19,000 pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through many weary and unaccompanied months assayed and arranged them for public observation. People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misanthropic and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do and whatever he may say that he ought not to say between now and his death he will leave this world insolvent as far as it has any cash to pay the artist's pen for its chivalric and Christian defense of a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for blood. Substitution!

What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence or chimes poetic canto or moves nations. The principle is the dominant Christ, the celestial hero, Christ the defender, Christ the substitute. No new principle, for it was as old as human nature, but now on a grander, wider, higher, deeper and more world-resounding scale. The shepherd boy as a champion for Israel with a sling toppled the giant of Philistine braggadocio in the dust, but here is another David, for all the armies of churches militant and triumphant, hurls the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazen armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at God's command agreed to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the same God just in time had provided a ram of the thicket as a substitute. But here is another Isaac bound to the altar, and no hand arrests the sharp edges of laceration and death, and the universe shivers and quakes and recoils and groans at the horror.

Forsook a Throne. All good men have for centuries been trying to tell whom this substitute was like, and every comparison, inspired and uninspired, evangelistic, prophetic, apostolic and human falls short, for this was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ, because he came directly from God; Noah a type of Christ, because he delivered his own family from the deluge; Melchisedec a type of Christ, because he had no predecessor or successor; Joseph a type of Christ, because he was cast out by his brethren; Moses a type of Christ, because he was a deliverer from bondage; Samson a type of Christ, because of his strength to slay the lions and carry off the iron gates of impossibility; Solomon a type of Christ in the influence of his dominion; Jonah a type of Christ, because he was in the belly of the whale for the rescue of others. But put together Adam and Noah and Melchisedec and Joseph and Moses and Joshua and Samson and Solomon and Jonah, and they would not make a fragment of a Christ, a quarter of a Christ, the half of a Christ or the millionth part of a Christ.

He forsook a throne and sat down on his own footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation and changed a circumference diabolic for a circumference diabolic. Once waited on by angels, now hissed at by brigands. From afar and high up he came down; past meteors swifter than they; by starry thrones, himself more lustrous; past larger worlds to smaller worlds; down stairs of firmaments, and from the clouds and into the camp, to thrust his shoulder under our burdens and take the lances of pain through his vitals, and wrapped himself in all the agonies which we deserve for our misdoings and stood on the splintering decks of a foundering vessel amid the dreaching surf of the sea and passed midnight on the mountains amid wild beasts of prey and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged at one another and he was there—our substitute!

When did attorney ever endure so much for a pauper client or physician for the patient in the lazaretto or mother for the child in membranous croup, as Christ for us, as Christ for you, as Christ for me? Shall any man or woman or child in this audience who has ever suffered for another find it hard to understand those who sympathize have been wrong in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of all suppressed centuries, when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under his one arm, and said: "I will atone for these under my left arm." Strike me with all thy flogging shafts. O eternal justice! all over me with all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow! And the thunder-bolts struck him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane and cyclone after cyclone, and then and there in presence of heaven and earth and hell, all worlds witnessing—the price, the bitter price, the transcendent price, the awful price, the glorious price, the finite price, the eternal price, was paid that sets us free.

Light on the Question. That is what Paul means; that is what I mean; that is what all those who have ever had their heart changed by "blood." I glory in this religion of blood. I am thrilled as I see the suggestive color in sacramental cup, whether it be of burnished silver set on cloth immaculately white or rough hewn from wood set on table in log hut meeting house of the wilderness. Now I am thrilled as I see the altars of ancient sacrifice crimson with the blood of the slain lamb, and Leviticus is to me not so much the Old Testament as the New. Now I see why the destroying angel passing over Egypt in the night spared all those houses that had blood sprinkled on their doorposts. Now I know what Isaiah means when he speaks of "one in red apparel coming with dyed garments from Bosrah," and who the Apocalypse means when it describes a heavenly chief, and what Peter the apostle means when he speaks of the "precious blood that cleanse from all sin," and what the old, worn-out, decrepit missionary Paul means when in my text he cries, "Without shedding of blood is no remission." By that blood you and I will be saved—or never saved at all. Glory be to God, that the hill back of Jerusalem was the battlefield on which Christ achieved our liberty.

The most exciting and overpowering day of one summer was the day I spent on the battlefield of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, we arrived in about an hour on that famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle and who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene recited accompanied me over the field. There stood the old Hougoumont and broken and shattered by grapeshot and cannon ball. There is the well in which 300 dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which for many hours English and French armies wrestled.

Yonder were the 160 guns of the English and the 250 guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian hussars fled for their lives. Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, tumbling into one awful mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the beastly groan kept up until the day after all were shovelled under because of a malodor arising in that hot month of June.

The Lion and the Lamb. "There," said our guide, "the highland regiments lay down on the faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orchard 2,600 men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington, with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed of a sword, and his hat off, and his face covered with powder and blood, rallied his troops as he said, 'Come and see the march of France die on the battlefield.' From yonder direction Gronchy was expected for the French reinforcement, but he came not. Around those woods Blucher was looked for to re-enforce the English, and just in time he came up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arm through the reins of the horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go on until the battle of 12 o'clock, on the 18th of June, until 4 o'clock, when the English seemed defeated, and their commander cried out: 'Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember old England!' And the tide turned, and at 8 o'clock in the evening the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away and was decided.

Fields Was Posted. James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, had a knowledge of English literature that was both accurate and extensive. A would-be wit once tried to entrap him at a dinner party. Before Mr. Fields' arrival one of the gentlemen informed the other guests that he had written some lines which he intended to submit to Mr. Fields as Southey's and to ask in which of that author's works they could be found. This programme was carried out. "I do not remember to have met with them before," replied the publisher, "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him." "When were those?" "Some-where," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles or cutting his first teeth, or near the close of his life, when his brain was softened. The verification belongs to the measles period, but the ideas betray the idiotic one."

ASK the recovered dyspeptic, the sufferer, victims of fever and ague, the merciful doctor, the patient, how they recovered their health, cheerfulness, spirits and good appetites; they will tell you by taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World! For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious Attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Heartburn, etc. This unrivaled remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any mineral substance, but is PURELY VEGETABLE.

The following highly esteemed persons attest to the virtues of Simmons' Liver Regulator. For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious Attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Heartburn, etc. This unrivaled remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any mineral substance, but is PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE RESULT OF A JOKE. A Tramp's Discovery of One of Dakota's Richest Gold Mines. Avery D. Hills, a Black Hills operator, tells how Ragged Top, the new goldfield, was located, as follows:

THE RESULT OF A JOKE. A Tramp's Discovery of One of Dakota's Richest Gold Mines. Avery D. Hills, a Black Hills operator, tells how Ragged Top, the new goldfield, was located, as follows:

ASK the recovered dyspeptic, the sufferer, victims of fever and ague, the merciful doctor, the patient, how they recovered their health, cheerfulness, spirits and good appetites; they will tell you by taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

THE RESULT OF A JOKE. A Tramp's Discovery of One of Dakota's Richest Gold Mines. Avery D. Hills, a Black Hills operator, tells how Ragged Top, the new goldfield, was located, as follows:

THE RESULT OF A JOKE. A Tramp's Discovery of One of Dakota's Richest Gold Mines. Avery D. Hills, a Black Hills operator, tells how Ragged Top, the new goldfield, was located, as follows:

No. 8, Solid Oak Extension Table, polished, six legs, six casters, four outside legs are connected, broad and finely ornamented. It is covered with the finest green baize, 6 feet long when spread. Special Price, \$3.95 (Orders promptly filled.)

Try Flora & Co., for Groceries, Toilet Soap, Snuff, Paints, and Oil. All the lowest prices guaranteed.