

Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment.—Hamlet.  
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1897.

NO 36.

VOL. XXV.

Your pills are the best in the world. I used to be annoyed with constipation until I began using them. Now I have no trouble of that kind any more and I attribute my recovery to the use of your valuable medicine. In the springtime of the year I always take your...

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The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tasted the virtue of

### Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

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### DIRECTORY.

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### DARKNESS AND DAWN

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON IS FULL OF THE BREATH OF THE FIELDS.

He Points a Moral From the Bible Story of the Attachment of Boaz For Ruth. The Uses of Trouble—Value of Field Gleaning.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—The sermon of Dr. Talmage which we send out today could not have been prepared by any one not born in the country. It is full of the breath of the fields. The text is Ruth ii, 3, "And she went and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers, and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrived at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was the custom when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up. That was to be left for the poor who might happen to come along that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raking it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place so that the poor, coming along that way, might glean it and get their bread. But, you say, "What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun, and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest field?"

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there, right behind the swarthy, sun-browned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman gleaning—a woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day! It was loved at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner—an attachment full of unending interest to the church of God in all ages, while Ruth, with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the success of her day's work.

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high career where it will march long after the foreign aristocracies that have mocked and tyrannized who have jeered, shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates despotism and who, by the strength of his own right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the church, and in the world, that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

Faithful Friends. Again, I see in my text the beauty of unflinching friendship. I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity, but of all her acquaintances how many were willing to tarry off with her toward Judah, when she had to make that lonely journey? One—the heroine of my text. One—absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and things went well, they had a great many callers, but I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sang in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests now the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful snowflakes that spread out their color in the morning hour! But they are always asleep when the sun is going down. Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Ua, but when his property went and the trials came then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicious arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a bank in Ua, but when his property went and the trials came then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite.

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family and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth. Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining its last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the sepulchre at his crucifixion! Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha, were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ. All the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on his throne, crowned heads are to bow before him on whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at his feet, like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

That song of love, now low and far, Ere long shall swell from star to star; That light, the breaking day which tips The golden spired Apocalypse.

Again, I learn from my subject that events which seem to be most insignificant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more unimportant than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judah? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that this Ruth just happened to alight—as they say—just happened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet all ages, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look to that little incident with a respect of unpeaking and eternal satisfaction. So it is in your history and in mine. Events that you thought of no importance at all have been of very great moment. That casual conversation, that accidental meeting—you did not think of it again for a long while, but how it changed all the phases of your life.

It seemed to be of no importance that Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them harp and organs, but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy, and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of lute and drum and cornet is only the long continuing strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain learned the uses of copper and iron, but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of Birmingham machinery and the roar and bang of factories on the Merrimac.

It seemed to be a matter of no importance that Luther found a Bible in a monastery, but as he opened that Bible and the brass bound lids fell back they jarred everything, and the rustling of the wormed leaves was the sound of the wings of the angel of the reformation. It seemed to be a matter of no importance that a woman whose name has been forgotten dropped a tract in the way of a very bad man of the name of Richard Baxter. He picked up the tract and read it, and it was the means of his salvation. In after days that man wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," that was the means of bringing a multitude to God, among others Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which has brought thousands and tens of thousands into the kingdom of God and among others the great Willberforce. Willberforce wrote a book called "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing a great multitude to Christ, among others Leigh Richmond. Leigh Richmond wrote a tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the salvation of unconverted multitudes. And that tide of influence started from the fact that one Christian woman dropped a Christian tract in the way of Richard Baxter, the tide of influence rolling on through Richard Baxter, through Philip Doddridge, through the great Willberforce, through Leigh Richmond, on, on, on, forever, forever.

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from heaven, that says, "Onward, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are pumiled and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through 10,000 obstacles that have been slain by our own right arm." We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle, but blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip top of the captured citadel we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them, and living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scolding of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that would never be of any practical use; but when the deluge came and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his

female tollers. Again, I see in my subject an illustration of the beauty of female industry. Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest field under the hot sun or at noon taking the parched corn which Boaz handed to her. The customs of society, of hands and compare to which Ruth was subjected every intelligent woman will find something to do.

I know there is a sickly sentimentality on this subject. In some families there are persons of no practical service to the household or community, and though there are so many woes all around about them in the world, they spend their time languishing over a new pattern or bursting into tears at midnight over the story of some lover who shot himself. They would not deign to look at Ruth carrying back the barley on her way home to her mother-in-law, Naomi. All this fastidiousness may seem to do very well while they are under the shelter of their father's house, but when the sharp winter of misfortune comes what of these butterflies? Persons under an indulgent parentage may get upon themselves habits of indolence, but when they come out into practical life their soul will recoil with disgust and chagrin. They will feel in their hearts what the poet so severely satirized when he said:

Folks are so awkward, things so impolite, They're elegantly pained from morning until night. Through that gate of indolence how many men and women have marched, spinless on earth, to a destroyed eternity! Spinless said to Sir Horace Vere, "Of what did your brother die?" "Of having nothing to do," was the answer.

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KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! Surely if the word REGULATOR is not on a package it is not

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Nothing else is the same. It cannot be and never has been put up by any one except

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

And it can be easily told by their TRADE MARK—

THE RED Z.

For Sale by Drs. W. W. GRIGGS & SON.

"Ah," said Spinola, "that's enough to kill any general of us!" Oh, can it be possible in this world, where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, so much darkness to be enlightened and so many burdens to be carried, that there is any person who cannot find anything to do?" Mme. de Staël did a world of work in her time, and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid a word of comfort. We want more Abigail, more Hannahs, more Rebecas, more Marys, more Deborahs, consecrated, body, mind, soul, to the Lord who bought them.

Gleaning. Once more I learn from my subject the value of gleaning. Ruth going into that harvest field might have said: "There is a straw, and there is a straw, but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for my self or my mother-in-law out of these separate straws." Not so said beautiful Ruth. She gathered two straws, and she put them together, and more straws, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down, she went and gathered more straws, until she had another sheaf, and another, and another, and another, and she brought them out, and she had an ephah of barley, high a bushel. Oh, that we might all be gleaners!

Elihu Burritt learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith's shop. Abercrombie, the world renowned philosopher, was a philosopher in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while as a physician he was waiting for the door of the sickroom to be opened. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement. The great duties of life crowd the field like straggling reapers and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life and find golden opportunities, which, gathered, might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together and beaten out, will at last fill you with much joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaning. Now, Ruth to the field! May each one have a measure full and running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an aged one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth with you, let him or her be taken to the field to glean. The great duties of life crowd the field like straggling reapers and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life and find golden opportunities, which, gathered, might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together and beaten out, will at last fill you with much joy.

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### THE SCHOONER.

It Was Invented at Gloucester, by a Builder of Fishing Vessels.

The schooner was invented at Gloucester by a builder of fishing vessels. History records that "Captain Robinson built and rigged a ketch, as they were then called, masted and rigged it in a peculiar manner; when launched, the peculiar motion she made as she glided into the water from the stocks caused one of the bystanders to exclaim, 'Oh, how she scoons!' Robinson instantly dashed a bottle of rum against her bow and exclaimed, 'A schooner let her be!' And thus the schooner originated."

The invention of the schooner was an important event to the New England fisheries, for its rig has been found, after nearly two centuries of trial, well adapted to fishing vessels employed in the western Atlantic. It has been materially improved, however, since its adoption, and the lofty, yachlike fishing clipper of today bears little resemblance to its ancient prototype, even though the rig remains the same in principle.