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ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1897.

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NO 36.

The Ins and Outs of It.

If you get best wear out of a coat, best work must have gone into it. You can't get good bread out of poor flour.
Moral: You can't get the best out of anything, unless the best is in it; and the best has to be put in before it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle. "Tell us what's put in you and we'll decide for ourselves about the best." That's fair. But these modest sarsaparillas say: "Oh! we can't tell. It's a secret. Have faith in the label." Stop! There's one exception; one sarsaparilla that has no secret to hide. It's Ayer's. If you want to know what goes into Ayer's Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor to write for the formula. Then you can satisfy yourself that you get the best of the sarsaparilla argument when you get Ayer's.

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STARVING MILLIONS.

AN ELOQUENT PLEA IN BEHALF OF FAMINE STRICKEN INDIA.

Rev. Dr. Talmage is helping to fill the Ships that are to Carry Food for the Starving People of India—A Thrilling Sermon.

CHICAGO, May 2.—Dr. Talmage is on a mission of bread for the famine sufferers of India. He is speaking every day to vast audiences in Iowa and Illinois, helping to fill the ships provided by the United States government for carrying corn to India. Text, Esther i, 1, "This is Ahasuerus which reigned from India even unto Ethiopia."

Among the 778,663 words which make up the Bible only one occurs the word "India." In this part of the Scriptures, which the rabbi call "Megillah Esther," or the volume of Esther, a book sometimes complained against because the word "God" is not even once mentioned in it, although one rightly disposed can see God in it from the first chapter to the last, we have it set forth that Xerxes, or Ahasuerus, who invaded Greece with 2,000,000 men, but returned in a poor fisher's boat, had a vast dominion, among other regions, India. In my text India takes its place in Bible geography, and the interest in that land has continued to increase until, with more and more enthusiasm, all around the world Bishop Heber's hymn about "India's coral strand" is being sung. Never will I forget the thrill of anticipation that went through my body and mind and soul when after two weeks' tossing on the seas around Ceylon and India—for the winds did not, according to the old hymn, "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"—our ship sailed up one of the mouths of the Ganges, past James and Mary island, so named because a royal ship of that name was wrecked there, and I stepped ashore at Calcutta, amid the shrines and temples and sculptures of that City of Palaces, the strange physiognomies of the living and the creations of the dead. I had never expected to be there, because the sea and I long ago had a serious falling out, but the facilities of travel are so increasing that you or your children will probably visit that land of boundless fascination.

A Wonderful Country. Its configuration is such as no one but God could have architected, and it seems as if a man who had no religion, going there, would be obliged to acknowledge a God as did the cowboy in Colorado. His companion, an atheist, had about persuaded the cowboy that there was no God; but, coming amid some of that tremendous scenery of high rocks and awful chasms and depths dug under depths and mountains piled on mountains, the cowboy said to his atheistic companion, "Jack, if there is no God now, I guess, from the looks of things around here, there must have been a God some time." No one but the Omnipotent could have planned India, and no one but the Omnipotent could have built it. It is a great triangle, its base the Himalayas—a word meaning "the dwelling place of snows"—those mountains pouring out of their crystal cup the Indus, the Brahmaputra and the Ganges to slake the thirst of the vast populations of India. That country is the home of 240,000,000 souls. What ever be one's taste, going there his taste is gratified. Some go as hunters of great game, and there is no end to their entertainment. Mighty fauna—bison, buffalo, rhinoceros, elephant, panther, tiger—this last to be the perpetual game for Americans and Europeans because he comes up from the malarial swamps where no human being dare enter; the deer and antelope his accustomed food, but once having obtained the taste of human blood he wants nothing else, and is called "the man eater."

You cannot see the tiger's natural ferocity after he has been humiliated by a voyage across the sea. You need to hear his growl as he presses his iron paw against the cage in Calcutta. Their tame towns have been abandoned as cruel because of the work of this cruel invader. In India in the year 1877, 819 people were slain by the tiger and 10,000 cattle destroyed. From the back of the elephant or from galleries built among the trees 1,500 tigers went down, and \$18,000 of government reward were paid the sportsmen. I advise all those who in America and other lands find amusement in shooting singing birds, coming home at night with empty powder flask and their shoulder, to absent themselves for awhile and attack the justifiable game of India. Or if you go as botanists, oh, what opulence of floral life with no distinct flora of its own it is the chorus of all the flora of Persia and Siberia and China and Arabia and Egypt.

A Passion For Souls. The Baptist missionary, Carey, who did infinite good to India, had two great passions—first a passion for souls and next a passion for flowers—and he adorned his Asiatic home and the American homes of his friends and museums on either side of the sea with the results of his floral expeditions in India. To prepare himself for morning prayers he was accustomed to walk amid the flowers and trees. It is the heaven of the magnolia and abelmosk and palm tree. The ethnologist going there will find endless entertainment in the study of the races now living there and the races of whose blood they are a comingling. The historian going there will find his theory of Warring Hastings' government in India the reverse from that which Edmund Burke gave him in the most famous address ever made in a courtroom, its two characteristics matchless eloquence and one-sidedness of statement. The archaeologist will be thrown into a frenzy of delight as he visits Delhi of India and digs down and finds seven dead cities underneath the now living city. All success to the hunters and the botanists and the ethnologists and the historians

and the archaeologists who visit India, each one on his or her errand. But we today visit India as Christian women and men to bear the full meaning of a groan of hunger that has traveled 14,000 miles, yet gets louder and more agonizing as the days go by. But why have any interest in people so far away that it is evening there when it is morning here, their complexion darker, their language to us a jargon, their attire unlike that found in any American wardrobe, their money and their ambition unlike anything that we recall of the Asiatic; the audiences he welcomed with his illustrations drawn from blooming lilies, and salt crystals, and great rainfalls, and following tempests, and hypocrites' long faces, and croaking ravens—all those audiences Asiatic.

Christ during his earthly stay was never outside of Asia. When he had 16 or 18 years to spare from his active work, instead of spending that time in Europe I think he goes further toward the heart of Asia—namely, India. The Bible says nothing of Christ from 12 years of age until 30, but there are records in India—old traditions in India which represent a strange, wonderful, most excellent and supernatural being as staying in India about that time. I think Christ was there much of the time between his twelfth and his thirtieth year; but, however that may be, Christ was born in Asia, suffered in Asia, died in Asia and ascended from Asia, and all that makes me turn my ear more attentively toward that continent as I hear its cry of distress.

Missionary Achievements. Besides that I remember that some of the most splendid achievements for the cause of that Asiatic Christ have been made in India. How the heart of every intelligent Christian beats with admiration at the mere mention of the name of Henry Martyn! Having read the life of our American David Brainerd, who gave his life to evangelizing our American savages, Henry Martyn goes forward to give his life for the salvation of India, dying from exhaustion of service at 31 years of age. Lord Macaulay, writing of him says: "Here Martyn lies in a mahood's early bloom. Religion, sorrowing o'er her favorite son, points to the glorious trophies which he won. Immortal trophies! Not with slaughter red, Nor stained with tears by friendless orphans shed."

In the hour of the cross. In that dear name, through every scene of danger, toil and shame, onward he journeyed to that happy shore, Where danger, toil and shame are known no more.

Is there in all history, secular or religious, a more wonderful character than William Carey, the converted shoemaker of England, daring all things for the God in India, translating the Bible into many dialects, building chapels and opening mission houses and laying foundations for the redemption of the country, and although Sidney Smith, who sometimes laughed at things he thought to have been sacrificed, had in the learned Edinburgh Review scoffed at the idea of what he called "low born, low bred mechanics" like Carey attempting to convert the Brahmins, Carey stopped not until he had started influences that eternity, no more than time, shall have power to arrest, 213,000 Bibles going forth from his printing presses at Serampore. His sublime humility showed itself in the epitaph he ordered from the old gospel hymn: "A wretched, poor and helpless worm. Oh, by his kindness call."

Need I tell you of Alphonsus Lacroix, the Swiss missionary in India, or of William Butler, the glorious American Methodist missionary in India, or of the royal family of the Scudders of the Reformed church of America, my dear mother church, to whom I give a kiss of love in passing, or of Dr. Alexander Duff, the Scotch missionary whose vision it is to this country some of us will remember forever? When he stood in the old Broadway tabernacle, New York, and pleaded for India until there was no other depth of religious emotion for him to stir and no loftier height of Christian eloquence for him to scale, and enclosed in a whirlwind of halleluiahs, I could easily believe that which was said of him—that while pleading the cause of India in one of the churches of Scotland he got so overwrought that he fell in the pulpit in a swoon and was carried into the vestry to be resuscitated, and when restored to his senses and preparation was being made to carry him out to some dwelling where he could be put to bed he compelled his friends to take him back to the pulpit to complete his plea for the salvation of India, no sooner getting on his feet than he began where he left off, but with more gigantic power than before he fainting. But just as noble as any I have mentioned are the men and women who are then now for Christ's sake and the redemption of that people, far away from their native land, famine on one side and black plague on the other side, swamps breathing on them malaria, and jungles howling on them with wild beasts or hissing with cobras, the names of those missionaries of all denominations to be written so high on the roll of martyrs that no names of the last 1,800 years shall be written above them. You need to see them at their work in schools and churches and lazarettes to appreciate them. All honor upon them and their households while I smite the lying lips of their slanderers.

The Hindoo Faith. Most interesting are the people of India. At Calcutta I said to one of their leaders, who spoke English well: "Have these idols which I see any power of themselves to help or destroy?"

He said: "No; they only represent God. There is but one God." "When people die, where do they go to?" "That depends upon what they have been doing. If they have been doing good, to heaven, and if they have been doing evil, to hell."

"But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort?" "Yes. The last creature a man is thinking of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a beast, he will go into a beast."

"I thought you said that at death the soul goes to heaven or hell?" "He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years."

"Can any one become a Hindoo? Could I become a Hindoo?" "Yes; you could."

"By doing as the Hindoos do?" "From the walls of one of their museums at Jaipur I had translated for me these beautiful sentiments: The wise make failure equal to success. Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads, let love through good deeds show. Do not to others that which you would have done to them. And this is the sum of duty."

A man obtains a proper rule of action by looking at the conduct of himself. From that continent of interesting folk, from that continent that gave the Christ, from that continent which has been endeared by so many missionary heroics, there comes a groan of 80,000,000 people in hunger; more people are in danger of starving to death in India today than the entire population of the United States. In the famine in India in the year 1877, about 6,000,000 people starved to death. That is more than all the people of Washington, of New York, of Philadelphia, of Chicago, put together. But that famine was not a tenth part as awful as the one there now raging. Twenty thousand are dying there of famine every day. Whole villages and towns have died—every man, woman and child; none left to bury the dead. The vultures and the jackals are the only pallbearers. Though some help has been sent, before full relief can reach them I suppose there will be at least 10,000,000 dead. Starvation, even for one person, is an awful process. No food, the vitals gnaw, upon themselves, and faintness and languor and pangs from head to foot, and horror and despair and insanity take full possession.

One handful of wheat or corn or rice per day would keep life going, but they cannot get a handful. The crops failed, and the millions are dying. Oh, it is hard to be hungry in a world where there are enough grain and fruit and meat to fill all the hungry mouths on the planet; but alas, that the sufferer and the supply cannot be brought together. There stands India today! Look at her! Her face dusky from the hot suns of many centuries; under her turban such achings of brow as only a dying nation feels; her eyes hollow with unutterable woe; the tears rolling down her sunken cheek; her back bent with more agonies than she knows how to carry; her ovens containing nothing but ashes. Gaunt, wasted, the people of this earth, when they see the people of that land, stretch forth her trembling hand toward us, and with hoarse whisper she says: "I am dying! Give me bread! That is what I want! Bread! Give it to me quick. Give it to me now—bread! Bread!" America has heard her cry. Many thousands of dollars have already been contributed. One ship laden with breadstuffs has sailed from San Francisco for India. Our senate and house of representatives, in a bill signed by our sympathetic president, have authorized the secretary of the navy to charter a vessel to carry food to the famine sufferers, and you may help fill that ship. We want to send at least 600,000 bushels of corn. That will save the lives of at least 600,000 people. Many will respond in contributions of money, and the barns and corncribs of the entire United States will pour forth their treasures of food. When that ship is laden till it can carry no more, we will ask him who holds the winds in his fist and plants his triumphant foot on stormy waves to let nothing but good happen to the ship till it anchors in Bengal or Arabian waters. They who help by contributions of money or breadstuffs toward filling that relief ship will flavor their own food for their lifetime with appetizing qualities and insure their own welfare through the promise of him who said, "Blessed is he that considers the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

A Noble Mission. Oh, what a relief ship that will be! It shall not turn a screw nor hoist a sail until we have the opportunity to do with its cargo. Just 17 years ago from these Eastern times a ship on similar errand went out from New York harbor—the old war frigate Constellation. It had once carried guns of death, but there was famine in Ireland, and the Constellation was loaded with 500 tons of food. That ship, once covered with smoke of battle, then covered with Easter hosannas; that ship, constructed to battle England, going forth over the waters to carry relief to some of her starving subjects. Better than sword into plowshare, better than spear into pruning hook was that old war frigate, turned into a white winged angel of resurrection, to roll away the stone from the mouth of Ireland's sepulchre. On like errand five years ago the ship Leo put out with many tons of food for famine struck Russia. One Saturday afternoon on the deck of that steamer, as she lay at Brooklyn wharf, a wondrous scene took place. The committee of the King's Daughters had decorated the ship with streamers and bunting, American and Russian flags inter-twining. Thousands of people on the wharves and on the decks joined us in invoking God's blessing on the cargo, and the long meter Doxology in "Old Hundred" sounded grandly up amid the masts and ratlines. Having had the joy of seeing that ship thus consecrated, we had the additional joy of standing on

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the docks of St. Petersburg when the planks of the relief ship were thrown out and the representatives of the municipalities and of royalty went aboard her, the long freight train at the same time rolling down to take the food to the starving, and on alternate cars of that train American and Russian flags floating. But now the hunger in India is mightier than any that Ireland or Russia ever suffered. Quicker caught by the response, and on so vast a scale that the one ship would become a whole flotilla—New York sending one, Boston another, Philadelphia another, Charleston another, New Orleans another. Then let them all meet in some harbor of India. What a peroration of mercy for the nineteenth century! I would like to stand on the wharf at Calcutta or Bombay and see such a fleet come in. With what joy it would be welcomed! The emaciated would lift their heads, shriveled hands and elbows, and with thin lips ask, "Is it coming—something to eat?"

And whole villages and towns, too weak to walk, would crawl out on hands and knees to get the first grain of corn they could reach and put it to their famished lips. May I cry out for you and for others to those sufferers: "Wait a little longer, bear up a little more, oh, dying men of India, oh, starving women; oh, emaciated babes! Relief is on the way, and mere relief will soon be coming. We send it in the name of the Asiatic Christ, who said: 'I was hungry, and ye fed me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.'"

Christian people of America, I call your attention to the fact that we may now, as never before, by one magnificent stroke open the widest door for the evangelization of Asia. A stupendous obstacle in the way of Christianizing Asia has been the difference of language, but all those people understand the gospel of bread. Another obstacle has been the law of caste, but in what better way can we teach them the brotherhood of man? Another huge difficulty in the way of Christianizing Asia has been that those people thought the religion we would have them take was no better than their Hindooism or Mohammedanism, but they will now accept of this crusade for the relief of people 14,000 miles away that the Christian religion is of a higher, better and grander type than any other religion, for when did the followers of Brahma or Vishnu or Buddha or Confucius or Mohammed ever demonstrate like interest in people on opposite sides of the world? Having taken the bread of this life from our hands, they will be more anxious to take from us the bread of eternal life. The missionaries of different denominations in India at 46 stations are already distributing relief sent through The Christian Herald. Is it not plain that those missionaries, after feeding the hunger of the body, will be at better advantage to feed the hunger of the soul? When Christ, before preaching to the 5,000 in the wilderness, broke forth the miraculous loaves, he indicated that the best way to prepare the world for spiritual and eternal considerations is first to look after their temporal interests. Oh, church of God in America and Europe!

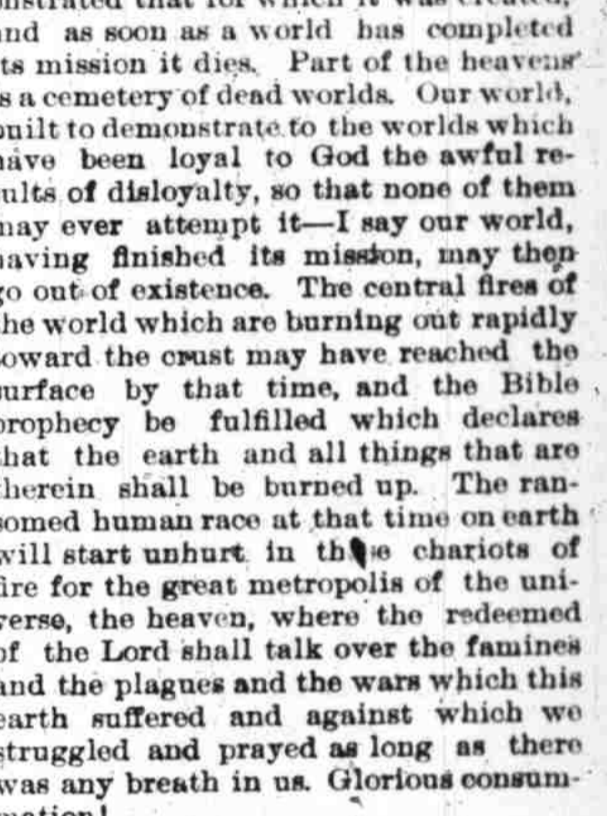
This is your opportunity. We have on occasions of Christian patriotism cried, "America for God!" Now let us add the battle shout, "Asia for God!" In this movement to give food to starving India I hear the rustling of the wing of the Apocalyptic angel, ready to fly through the midst of heaven proclaiming to all the kingdoms and people and tongues the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ.

The Gospel Circle. And now I bethink myself of something I never thought of before. I had thought that the circle of God's favorite figure, and that that subject I addressed you some time ago, but it did not occur to me until now that the gospel seems to be passing in a circle. It started in Asia, Bethlehem, an Asiatic village; Jordan, an Asiatic river; Calvary, an Asiatic mountain. Then this gospel moved into Europe. Wittnesdine's chapels and churches and cathedrals and Christian universities of that continent. Then it crossed to America. It has prayed and preached and sung its way across our continent. It has crossed to Asia, taking the Sandwich Islands in its way, and now in all the great cities on the coast of China people are singing "Rock of Ages" and "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood," for you must know that not only have the Scriptures been translated into those Asiatic tongues, but also the evangelical hymns. My missionary brother, John, translated some of them into Chinese, and Mr. Gladstone gave me a copy of the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which he had himself translated into Greek. The Christ who it seems spent 16 or 18 years of his life in India is there now in spirit, converting and saving the people by the hundreds of thousands, and the gospel will move right on through Asia until the story of the Saviour's birth will anew be made known in Bethlehem, and the story of a Saviour's sacrifice be told anew on

and around Mount Calvary, and the story of a Saviour's ascension be told anew on the shoulder of Mount Olivet. And then do you not see the circle will be complete? The glorious circle, the circle of the earth!

This old planet, gashed with earthquake and scorched with conflagration and torn with revolutions, will be girdled with churches, with schools, with universities, with millennial festivities. How cheering and how inspiring the thought that we are, whether giving temporal or spiritual relief, working on the segment of such a circle! And that the Christly mission which started in Asia will keep on its way until it goes clear around to the place where it started! Then the earth will have demonstrated that for which it was created, and as soon as a world has completed its mission it dies. Part of the heaven's is a cemetery of dead worlds. Our world, built to demonstrate to the worlds which have been loyal to God the awful results of disloyalty, so that none of them may ever attempt it—I say our world, having finished its mission, may then go out of existence. The central fires of the world which are burning out rapidly toward the crust may have reached the surface by that time, and the Bible prophecy be fulfilled which declares that the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up. The time on earth will start anew in the chariots of fire for the great metropolis of the universe, the heaven, where the redeemed of the Lord shall talk over the fumes and the plagues and the wars which this earth suffered and against which we struggled and prayed as long as there was any breath in us. Glorious consummation!

The East and the West. May 10, 1899, was a memorable day, for then was laid the last tie that connected the two rail tracks which united the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The Central Pacific railroad was built from California eastward. The Union Pacific railroad was built westward. They were within arm's reach of meeting, only one more piece of the rail track to put down. A great audience assembled midcontinent to see the last tie laid. The locomotives of the eastern and western trains stood panting on the tracks close by. Oration explained the occasion, and prayer solemnized it, and music enchanted it. The tie was made of polished laurel wood, bound with silver bands, and three spikes were used—a gold spike, presented by California; a silver spike, presented by Nevada, and an iron spike, presented by Arizona. When, all heads uncovered, and all hearts thrilling with emotion, the hammer struck the last spike into the place, the cannon boomed it amid the resounding mountain echoes and the telegraphic instruments clicked to all nations that the deed was done. My friends, if the laying of the last tie that bound the east and the west of one continent together was such a resounding occasion, what will it be when the last tie of the track of gospel influences, reaching clear around the world, shall be laid amid the anthems of all nations! The spike will be the golden and silver spikes fashioned out of the Christian generosity of the hemispheres. The last hammer stroke that completes the work will be heard by all the raptured and piled up galleries of the universe, and the mountains of earth will shout to the thrones of heaven: "Halleluiah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Halleluiah, for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"



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