

## The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

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## OUR ABUSED LIVERS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE HEALTH OF THE BODY.

A Sermon That Mostly Concerns This Life, Yet Spiritual and Physical Conditions Are Largely Dependent Upon Each Other.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—Dr. Talmage's sermon of today has more to do with this life than the life to come and will be a warning against all forms of dissipation. Text, Proverbs vii, 23, "Till a dart strike through his liver." Solomon's anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly 3,000 years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than 1,000 years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered 1,619 years after Christ, for when Solomon in Ecclesiastes described the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which in our day Drs. Mayo and Carpenter and Dalton and Flint and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible, thousands of years before scientists discovered it, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head, "or the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important functions in the God built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated branching tubes, a divine workmanship in central and right and left lobe and the hepatic artery through which flow the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps!

Solomon knew of it and had noticed either in vivisection or post mortem what awful ailments sin and dissipation make upon it, until the fiat of Almighty God bids the body and soul separate, and the one it commends to the grave and the other it sends to judgment. A javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till a dart strike through his liver."

Galen and Hippocrates ascribe to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile. In taking a diagnosis of diseases of the liver you must also take a diagnosis of diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a medical doctor, and he discourses much of the physical conditions, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the gospel, so that the 6,000 were fed. He also records the spare diet of the prodigal away from home and the extinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post mortem resuscitation. Any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also the physical condition is incomplete.

When the door keeper of congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip V. of Spain dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsey faded away as the result of Henry VIII's anathema, it was demonstrated that the body and soul are Siamese twins, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We may as well recognize the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver, the heart the fortress of the graces, the liver the fortress of the furies. You may have the heart filled with all intellectualities, and the ear with all musical appreciation, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hand with all industries, and yet "a dart strike through the liver."

First, let Christian people avoid the mistake that they are all wrong with God because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged and his hope of heaven blotted out and himself plunged deep in the slough of despond and has said: "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books and Cecil's books and Baxter's books and read and read and read and prayed and prayed and prayed and wept and wept and wept and groaned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile. It is not only yellow your eyeballs, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejection and forebodings. The devil is after you. He has failed to despoil your character, and he does the next best thing for him at 9, 30 a. m.: Elizabeth City for Norfolk Thursdays and Mondays p. m. 8.

bring you any of the Eschol grapes beforehand, and that you shall have nothing but prickly pear and crabapple. You are just as much a Christian now under the cloud as you were when you were accustomed to rise in the morning at 5 o'clock to pray and sing "Halleluia, 'tis done!" My friend, Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Jones of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled, "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Mincio in 1859, between the French and the Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated, followed by the victors. A description of the march of each army is given by two correspondents of the London Times, one of whom traveled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes and events is remarkable. The former is said to be marching through a beautiful and luxuriant country during the day and at night encamping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions and all sorts of rural dainties. There is nothing of war about the proceeding except its stimulus and excitement. On the side of the poor Austrians it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same place and scenes, the latter, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, impatience and disgust existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference? asks the author. 'One condition only: The French are victorious, the Austrians have been defeated.'"

Result of Black Bile. So, my dear brother, the road you are traveling is the same you have been traveling a long while, but the difference in your physical conditions makes it look different, and therefore the two reports you have given of yourself are as widely different as the reports in the London Times from the two correspondents. Edward Payson, sometimes so far up on the mount that it seemed as if the centrifugal force of earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through a physical disorder was so far down that it seemed as if the other world would clutch him. Poor William Cowper was a most excellent Christian and will be loved in the Christian church as long as it sings his hymns beginning, "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet" and "God moves in a mysterious way." Yet he was so overcome of melancholy or black bile that it was only through the mistake of the cab driver who took him to a wrong place, instead of the river bank, that he did not commit suicide.

Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state, what a great opportunity this gives to the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an earthly and a divine prescription at the same time. He can call on the only pharmacy of heaven. Ah, that is the kind of doctor I want at my bedside, one that cannot only count out the right number of drops, but who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profigate or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through a medical college and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism and found no God in any of the labyrinths is a fool and cannot doctor me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctors! What a comfort they have been in many of our households! And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers as well as praise on our tongues.

I bless God that the number of Christian physicians is multiplying and some of the students of the medical colleges are here today, and I hail you and ordain you to the tender, beautiful, heavenly descended work of a Christian physician, and when you take your diploma from the medical college to look after the perishable body be sure also to get a diploma from the skies to look after the imperishable soul. Let all Christian physicians unite with ministers of the gospel in perusing good people that it is not because God is punishing them, but because they feel depressed, but because of their diseased bodies. I suppose David the psalmist was no more pious when he called on everything human and angelic, animate and inanimate, to praise God than when he said, "Out of the depths of hell have I cried unto thee, O Lord," or that Jeremiah was more pious when he wrote his prophecy than when he wrote his Lamentations or Job when he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," than when covered over with the pustules of elephantiasis as he sat in the ashes scratching the scabs off with a broken piece of pottery, or that Alexander Cruden, the concordist, was a better man when he compiled the book that has helped 10,000 students of the Bible than when under the power of physical disorder he was handicapped and strait waistcoated in Bethnal Green Insane asylum. "Oh," says some Christian man, "no one ought to allow physical disorders to depress his soul. He ought to live so near God as to be always in the sunshine." Yes, that is good advice, but I warrant that you, the man who gives the advice, has a sound liver. Thank God for a healthful hepatic condition, for as certainly as you lose it you will sometimes, like David, and like Jeremiah, and like Cowper, and like Alexander Cruden, be like 10,000 other invalids, be playing a dead march on the same organ with which now you play a staccato.

My object at this point is not only to enliven the criticisms of those in good health against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are attracted to what is the matter with them. Do not charge against the heart the crimes of another portion of your organism. Do not conclude that because the path to heaven is not arched with as fine a foliage or the banks beautifully snowed with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that therefore you are on the wrong road. The road will bring you out at the same gate, whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or come up on crutches. Thousands of Christians are now being foreclosed, and are morbid about their business and morbid about the present and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching.

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they must first sow their wild oats and afterward Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they are now being foreclosed, and they occupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of a righteous crop. You see aged men about us at 80 erect, agile, splendid, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between 18 and 30? None, absolutely none. God does not very often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Remember, O young man, that while you are in life, and after years of dissipation you may perhaps have your heart changed, religion does not change the liver. Trembling and staggering along these streets today are men, all bent and decayed and prematurely old for the reason that they are paying for liens they put upon their physical estate before they were 30. By early dissipation they put on their body a first mortgage and a second mortgage and a third mortgage are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertaker will soon put out of sight. Many years ago, in fulfillment of my text, a dart struck through their liver, and it is there yet. God forgives, but he does not forget. He does not forget that he was talking about, and he rises up on his throne of worldly splendor to check out a warning to all the centuries.

Stephen A. Douglas gave the name of "squatter sovereignty" to those who went out west and took possession of lands and held them by right of pre-emption. Let a flock of sins settle on your liver before you get to 25 years of age, and they will in all probability keep possession of it by an infernal squatter sovereignty. "I promise to pay at the bank \$500 six months from date," says the promissory note. "I promise to pay my life 30 years from date at the bank of the grave," says every infraction of the laws of your physical being.

Liver Complaints. What? Will a man's body never completely recover from early dissipation in this world? Never. How about the world to come? Perhaps God will fix it up in the resurrection body so that it will not have to go limping through eternity. But get the liver thoroughly damaged, and it will stay damaged as long as you are here. Physicians call it cirrhosis of the liver or inflammation of the liver or fatty degeneration of the liver, but Solomon puts all these pangs into one figure and says, "Till a dart strike through his liver."

He said seemed to have some hint in this when he represented Prometheus for his crimes fastened to a pillar and an eagle feeding on his liver, which was renewed again each night, so that the devouring went on until finally Hercules slew the eagle and rescued Prometheus. And a dissipated early life assures a ferocity pecking away and clawing away at the liver year in and year out, and death is the only Hercules who can break the power of its beak or unclench its claw. So, also, others wrote fables about vultures preying upon the liver, but there are those here with whom it is no fable, but a terrific reality.

That young man smoking cigarettes and smoking cigars has no idea that he is getting for himself smoked liver. That young man has no idea that he has by early dissipation so depleted his energies that he will go into the battle only half armed. Here is another young man who, if he put all his forces against the regiment of youths who temptations in the strength of God, might drive the pack, but he is allowing them to be re-enforced by the whole army of middle temptations, and what but immortal defeat can await him?

Oh, my young brother, do not make the mistake that thousands are making in opening the battle against sin too late, for this world too late, and for the world to come too late! What brings that express train from St. Louis into Jersey City three hours late? They lost 15 minutes early on the route, and that affected them all the way, and they had to be switched off here and switched off there and detained here and detained there, and the man who loses time and strength in the earlier part of the journey of life will suffer for it all the way through, the first 20 years of life damaging the following 30 years.

Some years ago a scientific lecturer went through the country exhibiting on canvas different parts of the human body when healthy and the same parts when diseased. And what the world wants now is some eloquent scientist to go through the country, showing to our young people on blazing canvas the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the libertine's liver, the gambler's liver. Perhaps the spectacle might stop some young man before he comes to the catastrophe and the dart strikes through his liver.

Epitaphs. My hearer, this is the first sermon you have heard on the gospel health, and it may be the last you will ever hear on that subject, and I charge you in the name of God and Christ and use-

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fulness and eternal destiny take better care of your health. When some of you die, if your friends put on your tombstone a truthful epitaph, it will read, "Here lies the victim of late suppers," or it will be, "Behold what lobster salad at midnight will do for a man," or it will be, "Ten cigars a day closed my earthly existence" or it will be, "Thought I could do at 70 what I did at 20, and I am here," or it will be, "Here is the consequence of sitting a half day with wet feet," or it will be, "This is where I have stacked my harvest of wild oats," or instead of words the stone cutter will chisel for an epitaph on the tombstone two figures—namely, a dark and a liver.

There is a kind of sickness that is beautiful when it comes from overwork for God, or one's country, or one's own family. I have seen wounds that were glorious. I have seen an empty sleeve that was more beautiful than the most muscular forearm. I have seen a green shade over the eye, shot out in battle, that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passed without injury. I have seen an old missionary, worn out with the malaria of African jungles, who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother, after six weeks' watching over a family of children down with scarlet fever, with a glory around her pale and wan face that surpassed the angelic. It all depends on how you got your sickness and in what battle your wounds.

If we must get sick and worn out, let it be in God's service and in the effort to make the world good. Not in the service of sin. No, not one of the most pathetic scenes that I ever witness, and I often see it, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixties or seventies wanting to be useful, but they so served the world and satan in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy left for the service of God. They sacrificed nerves, muscles, lungs, heart and liver on the wrong altar. They fought on the wrong side, and now, when their sword is all hacked up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist for Emmanuel. When the high mettled cavalry horse, which that man spurred into many a cavalry charge with clanging bit and flaming eye and neck clothed with thunder, is worn out and spavined and ringboned and spring-halt, he rides up to the great Captain of our salvation on the white horse and offers his services. When such persons might have been, through the good habits of a lifetime, crashing their battles through the helmeted intricacies, they are spending their days and nights in discussing the best way of curing their indigestion, and quieting their jangling nerves, and rousing their lagging appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never. Oh, yes, for they will get to heaven! But they will go afoot when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those lines are the peroration of my sermon:

"Twill save us from a thousand snares To mind religion young."

1897 a Lucky Year. This ought to be a lucky year, for it has so few eclipses. In fact only two of these shadowy phenomena occur during 1897, and both affect the light of the sun, but in each case the moon happens to be so far from the earth at the time she crosses the sun's face that the eclipse is not total.

One of these "annular" eclipses, so called because in those places on the earth where the moon appears crossing directly over the center of the sun the edge of the latter projects from behind the moon on all sides, like a blazing ring or annulus, occurred Monday afternoon, Feb. 1. But even if the sky had been clear at the time very little of the eclipse would have been seen here, no more, in fact, than the mere edge of the moon just catching the disk of the sun. One would have had to go to South America or to the south Pacific ocean in order to see the sun turned into a fiery circle.

The second annular eclipse and the only other eclipse of the year occurs on the morning of July 29, when a better opportunity will be afforded us to behold the black globe of the moon partly covering the sun. On that occasion the ring will be visible in Mexico and some of the West India islands.

Astronomers pay comparatively little attention to annular eclipses, because they do not reveal those marvelous streams and banners of glowing gas or electrified particles surrounding the sun which become visible only during the darkness of a total eclipse. On the other hand, superstitious people, who think total eclipses are portents of evil, ought to rejoice over a year which has only annular eclipses, displaying their golden ring in the heavens as if for a real "bridal of the earth and sky."—G. P. S. in New York World.

## HAUNTED PALACES.

The Spirit of Anne Boleyn Roams Through Hampton Court.

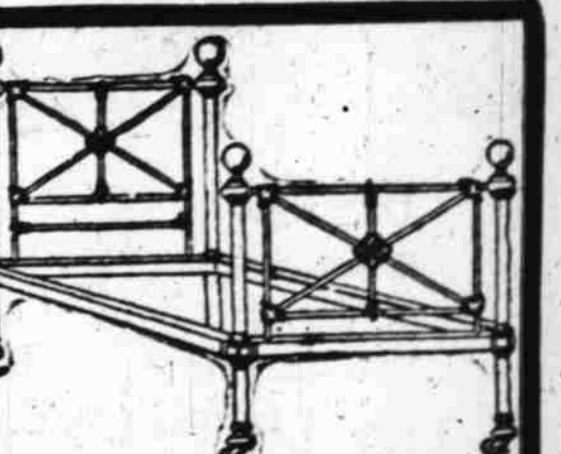
All the older of Queen Victoria's palaces are supposed to be peopled by supernatural occupants. Thus at Holyrood the ghost of the murdered Rizzio is supposed to promenade the gloomy old galleries after dark, and it is noteworthy that whenever any member of the reigning family is forced to spend a night in the capital of Scotland a hotel is preferred to the royal palace. Hampton court palace on more than one occasion during the last few years has witnessed a wholesale exodus of the numerous servants employed about the palace, in consequence of the antics of a specter which is alleged to be that of Queen Anne Boleyn, who was beheaded by her husband, King Henry VIII.

It is all very well to laugh at this, but servants do not give up fat places, nor do titled ladies of limited means relinquish so great and highly prized a privilege as free apartments in a royal palace, for the sake of mere fancy or imagination. Further, it may be mentioned that there are official records to show that in the reign of King James II the corporation of the city of London paid for 12,000 masses to be said for the repose of the soul of Queen Anne Boleyn, with the object of "laying" her ghost. Unfortunately these masses do not seem to have been efficacious, for Queen Anne's specter continues to haunt the palace to this day.

The most uncanny of all the royal palaces in this respect is, however, that of Stockholm, which has been haunted to such an extent since the assassination within its precincts of King Gustavus III that twice it has been entirely razed to the ground and reconstructed, with the object of dislodging the supposed ghost. All, however, has been without avail.

The "little red man," who used to haunt the Tuileries before it was destroyed by fire at the time of the commune, and his twin brother, who still appears periodically as the precursor of death at the grand ducal palace of Darmstadt, are too well known to need more than passing reference here, and the same may be said of the "white lady" of the imperial palace at Vienna and of her similarly attired sister at the old royal palace of Berlin. Much has been written about this "white lady" of the Hohenzollerns, concerning the authenticity of whose appearances the late Emperor Frederick collected a wonderful array of records. She is supposed to be the specter of Countess Agnes of Orlamunde, who murdered her first husband, as well as her two children, in order to be able to marry the burgrave of Nuremberg, the ancestor of the electors of Brandenburg and of the house of Hohenzollern. The triple murderer is asserted to have taken place within the precincts of this palace, which was built 450 years ago, is lighted by 1,000 windows and possesses as many rooms as the number of years of its existence.—London Letter in Chicago Record.

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