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Pill Clothes.
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PRaise OF DOCTORS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PAYS A HIGH TRIBUTE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

He Takes the Case of King Asa, Who Had the Gout, and Shows Why the Doctors Could Not Cure Him—Pity and Medical Skill.
NEW YORK, June 6.—It is not often that men of one profession have much encouragement for men of another profession, but this sermon prepared by Dr. Talmage contains enthusiastic words of a clergyman to physicians. The text is II Chronicles xvi, 12, 13: "And Asa, in the thirty and ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great, yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

At this season of the year, when medical colleges of all schools of medicine are giving diplomas to young doctors, and at the capital and in many of the cities medical associations are assembling to consult about the advancement of the interests of their profession, I feel this discourse is appropriate.

King Asa's Gout.
In my text is King Asa with the gout. High living and no exercise have vitiated his blood, and my text presents him with his inflamed and bandaged feet on an ottoman. In defiance of God, whom he hated, he sends for certain conjurers or quacks. They come and give him all sorts of incantations and panaceas. They bleed him. They sweat him. They manipulate him. They blister him. They poultice him. They scarify him. They drug him. They cut him. They kill him. He was only a young man and had a disease which, though very painful, seldom proves fatal to a young man, and he ought to have got well, but he fell a victim to charlatanism and empiricism. "And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great, yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." That is, the doctors killed him.

In this sharp and graphic way the Bible sets forth the truth, that you have no right to shut God out from the realm of pharmacy and therapeutics. If Asa had said, "O Lord, I am sick. Bless the instrumentality employed for my recovery." "Now, servant, go and get the best doctor you can find"—he would have recovered. In other words, the world wants divinely directed physicians. There are a great many such. The diplomas they received from the academies of medicine were nothing compared with the diploma they received from the Head Physician of the universe on the day when they started out and he said to them, "Go heal the sick and cast out the devils of pain and the blind eyes and unstop the deaf ears." God bless the doctors all the world over, and let all the hospitals and dispensaries and infirmaries and asylums and domestic circles of the earth respond, "Amen."

Men of the medical profession we often meet in the medical circles. We shake hands across the cradle of aged infancy. We join each other in an attempt at solace when the paroxysm of grief demands an anodyne as well as a prayer. We look into each other's sympathetic faces through the dusk of the night of death in falling in the sickroom. We do not have to climb over any barrier today in order to greet each other, for our professions are in fact sympathetic. You do when they started out and he said to them, "Go heal the sick and cast out the devils of pain and the blind eyes and unstop the deaf ears." God bless the doctors all the world over, and let all the hospitals and dispensaries and infirmaries and asylums and domestic circles of the earth respond, "Amen."

An Honorable Calling.
In the first place, I think all the medical profession should become Christians because of the debt of gratitude they owe to God for the honor he has put upon their calling. No other calling in all the world, except it be that of the Christian ministry, has received so great an honor as yours. Christ himself was not only preacher, but physician, surgeon, arthritic, ophthalmologist, and under his mighty power optic and auditory nerve thrilled with light and sound, and catalepsy arose from its fit, and the clunefoot was straightened, and anacholus went out of the stiffened tendons, and the foaming maniac became placid as a child, and the streets of Jerusalem became an extemporized hospital crowded with convalescent victims of insanity and invalidism. All ages have woven the garland for the doctor's brow. Homer said:

A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal, Is more than armies to the public weal. Cicero said, "There is nothing in which men so approach the gods as when they try to give health to other men." Charles IX made proclamation that all the Protestants in France were to be put to death on St. Bartholomew's day, but made one exception, and that was the case of Paris, the father of French surgery. The battlefields of the American revolution welcomed, Dr. Merceur and Warren and Rush. When the French army was entirely demoralized by fear of the plague, the leading surgeon of that army inoculated himself with the plague to show the soldiers there was no contagion in it, and their courage

for the bodies of men. Sin done, disease will be done, the clergyman and the physician getting through with their work at the same time.

Doctors for the Poor.
But it seems to me that the most beautiful benediction of the medical profession has been dropped upon the poor. No excuse now for any one's not having scientific attendance. Dispensaries and infirmaries everywhere, under the control of the best doctors, some of them poorly paid, some of them not paid at all. A half starved woman comes out from the low tenement house into the dispensary and unweaves the rags from her babe, a bundle of ulcers and rheum and pustules, and over that little sufferer bends the accumulated wisdom of the ages, from Æsculapius down to last week's autopsy. In one dispensary in one year 150,000 prescriptions were issued. Why do I show you what God has allowed this profession to do? Is it to stir up your vanity? Oh, no. The day has gone by for pompous doctors, with conspicuous gold headed canes and powdered wigs, which were the accompaniments in the days when the barber used to carry through the streets of London Dr. Brocklesby's wig, to the admiration and awe of the people, saying: "Make way! Here comes Dr. Brocklesby's wig." No; I announce these things not to stir up your vanity, but to show you that the medical profession is a grand laymen in regard to the work of physicians, but to stir in the hearts of the men of the medical profession a feeling of gratitude to God that they have been allowed to put their hand to such a magnificent work and that they have been called into such illustrious company. Have you never felt a spirit of gratitude for this opportunity? Do you not feel thankful now? Then, I am afraid, doctor, you are not a Christian and that the old proverb which Christ quoted in his sermon may be appropriate to you, "Physician, heal thyself."

Another reason why I think the medical profession ought to be Christians is because there are so many trials and annoyances in that profession that need positive Christian solace. I know you have the gratitude of a great many good people, and I know it must be a grand thing to walk intelligently through the avenues of human life, and with anatomic skill poison yourself on the nerves and fibers which cross and recross this wonderful physical system. I suppose a skilled eye can see more beauty even in malformation than an architect can point out in any of his structures, though it be the very triumph of art. Health and anatomy and anatomy and mechanics cannot afford to be sick during the secular week, and so they nurse themselves along with lozenges and household candy until Sabbath morning comes, and then they say, "I must have a doctor." And that spoils the Sabbath morning church service for the physician. Besides that, there are a great many men who dine but once a week with their families. During the regular days they take a hasty lunch at the restaurant, and on the Sabbath they make up for their six days' abstinence by special gourmandizing, which, before night, makes their amazed digestive organs cry out for a doctor. And that spoils the evening church service for the physician.

Then they are annoyed by people coming too late. Men wait until the Sabbath, when physical strength is taken and death has dug around it the trench of the grave, and then they run for the doctor. The slight fever which might have been cured with a footbath has become virulent typhus; and the hacking cough killing pneumonia. As though a captain should sink his ship off Amagansett, and then put ashore in a yawl, and then come to New York in the marine office and want to get his vessel insured. Too late for the ship, too late for the patient.

Wise Doctors.
Then there are many who always blame the doctor because the people die, forgetting the divine enactment, "It is appointed unto all men once to die." The father in medicine who announced the fact that he had discovered the art by which to make men in this world immortal, himself died at 47 years of age, showing that immortality was less than half a century for him. Oh, how easy it is when people die to cry out, "Malpractice." Then the physician must bear with all the whims, and the sophistries, and the deceptions, and the stratagems, and the irritations of the shattered nerves and the beclouded brains of women, and more especially of men, who never know how gracefully to die, and who with their salivated mouths curse the doctor, giving him his dues, as they say—about the only dues he will in that case collect. The last bill that is paid is the doctor's bill. It seems so incoherent for a restored patient, with ruddy cheeks and returned form, to be bothered with a bill charging him for old calomel and jalap. The physicians of this country do more missionary work without charge than all the other professions put together. From the concert room, from the merry party, from the comfortable couch on a cold night, when the thermometer is five degrees below zero, the doctor must go right away—he always must go right away. To keep up under this nervous strain, to go through this night work, to bear all these annoyances, many physicians have resorted to strong drink and perished. Others have appealed to God for sympathy and help and have lived. Which were the wise doctors, judge?

Again, the medical profession ought to be Christians because there are professional exigencies when they need God. Asa's destruction by unblest physicians was a warning. There are awful crises in every medical practice

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When a doctor ought to know how to pray. All the hosts of ills will come to the front window and look out at the passing hours, and the poor of the city, barbed and bare headed, will stand on the street corner, saying, "Oh, how good he was to us all!" But on the other side of the river of death some of his old patients who are forever cured, will come out to welcome him, and the physician of heaven, with locks as white as snow, according to the Apocalyptic vision, will come out and say: "Come in, come in. I was sick and ye visited me."

three days his convalescent patients, with shawl wrapped around them, will come to the front window and look out at the passing hours, and the poor of the city, barbed and bare headed, will stand on the street corner, saying, "Oh, how good he was to us all!" But on the other side of the river of death some of his old patients who are forever cured, will come out to welcome him, and the physician of heaven, with locks as white as snow, according to the Apocalyptic vision, will come out and say: "Come in, come in. I was sick and ye visited me."

A Beautiful Legend.
There is a beautiful Scandinavian legend which says that our bodies and minds and souls renew their beauty and freshness and power in the magic springtime. The story is told of some great mythical hero who lived when the evil spirit of strife ruled the world. This hero conquered many kingdoms and made them his own, and one fierce and bitter winter he entered into a mighty contest with the only remaining country he had not yet overcome.

But the bitter north wind wrestled with him and finally laid him low in its icy embrace, and the hero slept long and did not move nor come to life again until the sweet and gentle spring, in beautiful humility, came stealing softly through the world and left her loveliest blossoms and her deepest sunlight at the feet of the hero's feet. Her winsome beauty and her tender caresses won the north wind's icy heart, and with tears in his eyes he hurried away and gave up his powerful reign to the gentle sway of spring, and when the great hero awoke his wrath against the unconquered country melted away and his brave heart grew tender with love. The gentle beauty of spring had changed him, too, and the smile on his face was like the radiant glory of a fair April morning, and the flush in the rosy east was not more rich and beautiful than the clear color that stole into his pale, cold cheeks. The dew starred violets were not more sparkling than his happy eyes, as he flung his mighty arms above him and cried out: "The world is beautiful when bitter strife is gone. My enemies shall be my friends, and those I have despoiled shall be comforted with a four-fold reparation."

How Fast Wild Geese Fly.
During the three days ending March 22 numerous flocks of geese were seen migrating northward, or rather north-eastward, since they were following the general trend of the coast line, which, in New England, is nearly northeastward north of Cape Cod. On the morning of March 22, while A. E. Sweetland and I were measuring clouds at the end of a base line 1,178.4 meters in length, extending from the Blue Hill Meteorological observatory to the base of Blue Hill, we succeeded in measuring, with cloud theodolites, the height and the velocity of flight of one of these flocks of geese. So rapid is the velocity of flight that the flock was visible to the observers only about two minutes, but during that time two sets of measurements were taken with the theodolites on the leader of the flock.

The first measurements, at 8:49 a. m., were accurately taken at the observatory station, but were only approximate at the other station. The second measurements, at 8:50 a. m., were accurate and simultaneous at both stations. Using the second set of observations at both stations for the height and the two sets of observations at the observatory station for the velocity, the calculations gave the height as 905 feet above the Neponset river valley, of 950 feet above sea level and the velocity of flight as 44.3 miles an hour. The direction of flight was from southwest to northeast. On a previous occasion we found a flock of ducks flying from the northeast at a height of 958 feet with a velocity of 47.8 miles an hour.—H. Helm Clav.

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