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It goes into the homes of the people, telling the news with the voice of a trusted friend.

Economist.

Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment.—Hamlet

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1897.

MAKE ADVERTISING PAY by using the columns of the ECONOMIST, the medium that reaches more families than any other paper in Eastern Carolina.

VOL. XXVI.

NO. 6.

How Old are You?

"A little more than a year ago, my hair began turning gray, and falling out, and although I tried ever so many things to prevent a continuance of these conditions, I obtained no satisfaction until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. After using one bottle, my hair was restored to a

It makes no difference whether you answer or not. It is always true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age upon a woman's beauty so deeply, as gray hair. The hair loses its color generally from lack of nutrition. If you nourish the hair, the original color will come back. That is the way that the normal color of the hair is restored by

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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R. B. CREECY, Editor.

Subscription One Year, \$1.00

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Clerk—Chas. A. Banks; Treasurer—Geo. W. Cobb; Constable and Chief of Police—Wm. C. Brooks; Street Commissioner—Rethen W. Berry; Fire Commissioner—Allen Kramer.

Collector of Customs—Jas. C. Brooks.

Postmaster—E. F. Lamb.

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Worshiping on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month at the corner of Road and Church Streets.

Churches.—Methodist, Rev. J. H. Hall, Pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Baptist, Rev. Calvin S. Blackwell, pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Presbyterian, Rev. F. H. Johnston, pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Episcopal, Rev. L. L. Williams, pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Lodge—Masonic, Eureka Lodge No. 317, G. W. Brothers, W. M.; J. B. Griggs, S. W.; A. L. Pendleton, J. W.; B. F. Spence, Treasurer; D. B. Bradford, Secretary; T. B. Wilson, S. D.; C. W. Jordan, D. D.; J. A. Hooper and T. J. Jordan, Stewards; Rev. E. F. Sawyer, Chaplain; J. E. Sheppard, Tyler. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights.

Odd Fellows, Achore Lodge No. 14, C. M. Burgess, S. G.; W. B. Ballard, V. G.; O. Hill, Fin. Secretary. Meets every Friday at 7:30 p. m.

Royal Arcanum, Tiber Creek Council No. 1209, H. O. Hill, Regent; J. A. Morgan, Vice Regent; C. Guirkin, Organist; W. H. Zoeller, Secretary; F. M. Cook, Jr., Collector; W. J. Woodley, Treasurer. Meets every 1st and 3rd Monday night.

Knights of Honor, R. B. White, Dictator; J. H. White, Vice Dictator; T. J. Jordan, Reporter; T. B. Wilson, Finance Reporter; J. C. Benbury, Treasurer. Meets 1st and 4th Friday in each month.

Passenger Tribe, No. 8, I. O. R. M. C. W. Officers: Prophet, J. P. Simpson, Sachem, J. B. Sanford, Sr. Sagamore, Will Anderson, Jr. Sagamore; James Spire, Chief of R.; S. H. Murrel, K. of W. Meets every Wednesday night.

County Officers.—Commissioners: G. E. Kramer, Chairman; F. M. Godfrey, J. W. Williams, Sheriff; T. P. Wilcox, Superior Court Clerk; John P. Overman, Register of Deeds; M. B. Culpeper, Treasurer; John S. Morris County Health Officer; J. R. E. Wood, County Education; J. T. Davis, J. D. Fulmer, S. A. Jones.

Superintendent I. N. Meekins.

Schools.—Atlantic Collegiate Institute, S. E. Sheep, President.

Select School, I. N. Tillett, Principal.

Elizabeth City Public School, W. M. Hinton, Principal.

State Normal, P. W. Moore, Principal.

Banks.—First National, Chas. H. Robinson, President; Jno. G. Wood, Vice President; Wm. T. Old, Cashier. M. B. Griffin, Teller. Directors: E. F. Lamb, D. B. Bradford, J. B. Flora, M. H. White, Jno. G. Wood, J. B. Blades, C. H. Robinson.

Electric Light Co.—J. B. Blades, President; L. S. Scott, Vice President; D. B. Bradford, Sec'y; Noah Burfoot, Treasurer.

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Naval Reserves.—W. J. Griffin, Lieutenant commanding; J. B. Ferabee, Lieutenant Junior Grade; L. A. Winder, Ensign. Regular Drill each Tuesday night. Arms: 40 Magazine Rifles; 12 Navy Revolvers; 13 Cutlasses; 2 1/2 Pound Howitzers.

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Steamers for Newberne leave at 6 p. m. Steamer Newton leaves Elizabeth City for Creswell on Mondays and Tuesdays at 9:30 a. m. Returning will leave Elizabeth City following day at 2:30 p. m. Steamer Harbinger will leave Elizabeth City for Hertford Wednesday and Saturdays at 9:30 a. m.; Elizabeth City for Norfolk Thursdays and Mondays p. m.

We have Blankets from 50 cts. to \$500 cheap enough for anybody, and fine enough for anybody at Mores Weisel.

John R. Carr, of Durham, N. C., was announced at the Commencement at the University, the best man in Sophomore Class of 97. He was prepared at the Horner School, of Oxford, N. C.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

REV. DR. TALMAGE TO SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN.

He Would Inspire Them With a Healthy Ambition and Alay Many of Their Anxieties—Some Practical Advice and Eloquent Exhortation.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage, addressed to the great host of clerks in stores and offices and factories, will inspire such persons with healthy ambition and alay many of their anxieties.—Text, Acts xvi, 14. "And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us, whose heart the Lord opened." Proverbs xxiii, 29. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." The first passage introduces to you Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloths or silks. She is not a giggling nonentity, but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living. All the other women of Philippi and Thyatira have been forgotten, but God has made immortal in our text Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. The other text shows you a man with head and hand and heart and feet all busy toiling on up until he gains a princely success. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." Great encouragement in these two passages for men and women who will be busy, but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them, at the foot of the rainbow, a casket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. It will turn down. The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of the tides. Fortune, the magician, may wave her wand in that direction until castles and palaces come, but she will after awhile invert the same wand, and all the splendors will vanish into thin air.

There are certain styles of behavior which lead to usefulness, honor and permanent success, and there are certain styles of behavior which lead to dust, dishonor and moral default. I would like to fire the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy with those who would prepare young folks for life by whitening their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to church or state who begins life cowed down. The business of Christianity is not to quench but to direct human ambition. Therefore it is that I utter words of encouragement to those who are occupied as clerks in the stores and shops and banking houses of the country. They are not an exceptional class. They belong to a great company of tens of thousands who are in this country, amid circumstances which will either make or break them for time and for eternity. Many of these people have already achieved a Christian manliness and a Christian womanliness which will see them through all the vicissitudes of their lives. There are evils abroad which need to be hunted down and dragged out into the noonday light.

In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After awhile, some of you will call on the head man of the firm and say, "I have watched their perplexities. There are evils abroad which need to be hunted down and dragged out into the noonday light." In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After awhile, some of you will call on the head man of the firm and say, "I have watched their perplexities. There are evils abroad which need to be hunted down and dragged out into the noonday light."

Again, I counsel clerks to search out what are the unlawful and dishonest demands of an establishment and resist them. In the 6,000 years that have passed there has never been an occasion when it was one's duty to sin against God. It is never right to do wrong. If the head man of the firm expect of you dishonesty, disappoint them. "Oh," you say, "I should lose my place then." Better lose your place than lose your soul. But you will not lose your place. Christian heroism is always honored. You go to the head man of your store and say, "Sir, I want to serve you. I have no lack of industry on my part, but this thing seems to me to be wrong, and it is a sin against my conscience, and it is a sin against God, and I beg you, sir, to excuse me." He may flush up and swear, but he will cool down, and he will have more admiration for you than for those who submit to his evil dictation, and those who give up their permanent advantage. Under God that is the only thing you have to build on. Give up that, you give up everything. That employer asks a young man to hurt himself for time and for eternity who expects him to make a wrong entry, or change an invoice, or say goods cost so much when they cost less, or impose upon the veracity of a customer, or misrepresent the quality of goods, or demand of you anything so insidious?

Again, I counsel clerks to conquer the trials of their particular position. One great trial for clerks is the inconsideration of customers. There are people who are entirely polite everywhere else, but gruff and dictatorial and contemptible when they come into a store to buy anything. There are thousands of men and women who go from store to store to price things, without any idea of purchase. How dare they stand every roll of goods is brought down and they have pointed out all the real or imaginary defects. They try on all kinds of kid gloves and stretch them out of shape, and they put on all styles of cloak and walk to the door to see how they look, and then they say

out of the store, saying, "I will not take it today," which means, "I don't want it at all," leaving the clerk amid a wreck of ribbons and laces and cloths to smooth out a thousand dollars worth of goods—just a cent of which did that man or woman buy or expect to buy. Now, I call that a dishonesty on the part of the customer. If a boy runs into a store and takes a roll of cloth off the counter and sneaks out into the street, you all join in the cry pell-mell, "Stop thief!" When I see you go into a store, not expecting to buy anything, but to price things, stealing the time of his employer, I say, too, "Stop thief!" If I were asked which class of persons most need the grace of God amid their anxieties, I would say, "Dry goods clerks." All the indignation of customers about the high prices comes on the clerk. For instance: A great war comes. The manufacturers are closed. The people go off to battle. The price of goods runs up. A customer comes into a store. Goods have gone up. "How much is that worth?" "A dollar." "A dollar! Outrageous! A dollar! Why, who is to blame for the fact that it has got to be a dollar? Does the indignation go out to the manufacturers on the banks of the Merrimac because they have closed up? No. Does the indignation go out toward the employer, who is out at his country seat? No. It comes on the clerk. He got up the war. He levied the taxes. He puts up the rents. Of course, the clerk is salaried. The great trial comes to clerks in the fact that they see the parsimonious side of human nature. You talk about lies behind the counter—there are just as many lies before the counter. Augustine speaks of a man who advertised that he would, on a certain occasion, tell the people what was in their hearts. A crowd assembled, and he stepped to the front and said: "I will reveal to you what is in your hearts. To buy cheap and sell dear." Oh, lay not aside your urbanity when you go into a store! Treat the clerks like gentlemen and ladies, proving yourself to be a gentleman or a lady. Remember that if the prices are high and your purse is lean that is no fault of the clerks. And if you have a son or a daughter amid those perplexities of commercial life, and be lenient, and know that the martyr at the stake no more certainly needs the grace of God than our young people amid the seven times heated exasperations of a clerk's life.

Then there are all the trials which come to clerks from the treatment of inconsiderate employers. There are professed Christian men who have no more regard for their clerks than they have for the scales on which the sugars are weighed. A clerk is no more than so much store furniture. No consideration for their rights or interests. Not one word of encouragement from sunrise to sunset, nor from January to December. But when anything goes wrong—a streak of dust on the counter of a box with the cover off—thunder showers of scolding. Men, imperious, capricious, cranky toward their clerks—their whole manner as much as to say, "All the interest I have in you is to see what I can get out of you." Then there are all the trials of incompetent wages, not in half times as these, when a man gets half a salary for his services he ought to be thankful, but I mean in prosperous times. Some of you remember when the war broke out and all merchandise went up, and merchants who made millions in a few months by the simple rise in the value of goods. Did the clerks get advantage of that rise? Sometimes, not always. I saw estates gathered in those times over which the curse of God has hung ever since. The cry of unpaid men and women in those stores reached the Lord of Sabaoth, and the indignation of God has been around those establishments ever since, flashing in the chandeliers, glowing from the crimson phylactery, rumbering in the long roll of the temple alley. Such men may build up palaces of merchandise heaven high, but after awhile a disaster will come along and will put one hand on that pillar and another hand on that pillar and throw itself forward until down will come the whole structure, crushing the worshippers as grapes are mashed in the winepress.

Then there are boys ruined by lack of compensation. How many prosperous stores that boys were given just enough money to teach them how to steal! Some were seized upon by the police. The vast majority of instances were not known. The head of the firm asked, "Where is George now?" "Oh, he isn't here any more." A lad might better starve to death on a blasted heath than take one farthing from his employer. We be to that employer who moves so early puts a temptation in a boy's way. There have been great establishments in these cities, building marble palaces, their owners dying worth millions and millions and millions, who made a vast amount of their estate out of the blood and muscle and nerve of half paid clerks. Such men as well, I will not mention any name. But I mean men who have gathered up vast estates on the expense of their clerks. I mean such merchants, "if you don't like it here, then go and get a better place." As much as to say, "I've got you in my grip, and I mean to hold you. You can't get any other place."

Oh, what a contrast between those men and Christian merchant who to-day are sympathetic with their clerks—when they pay the salary, acting in this way: "This salary that I give you is all my interest in you. You are an immortal man; you are an immortal man. I am interested in your well-being and your everlasting welfare. I want you to understand that if I am a little higher up in this store I am beside you in Christian sympathy." Go back 40 or 50 years to Arthur Tappan's store in New York; a man whose worst enemies never questioned his honesty.

Every morning be brought all the clerks and the accountants and the weighers into a room for devotion. They sang, they prayed, they exhorted. On Monday morning the clerks were asked where they had attended church on the previous day and that the sacred motto, "I must have sounded strangely, that voice of praise along the streets where the devotees of Mammon were counting their golden beads. You say, Arthur Tappan failed. Yes, he was unfortunate, like a great many good men, but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he died in the peace of the gospel and that he is before the throne of God today—forever blessed. If that be failing, I wish you might all fail.

There are a great many young men and young women who want a word of encouragement—Christian encouragement. One smile of good cheer would be worth more to them tomorrow morning in their places of business than a present of \$1,000 ten years hence. Oh, I remember the apprehension and the tremor of entering a profession. I remember very well the man who greeted me in the ecclesiastical court with the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand, and I remember the other man who took my hand in both of his and said: "God bless you, my brother. You have entered a glorious profession. Be faithful to God, and he will see you through." Why, I feel this minute the thrill of that handshaking, though the man who gave me the Christian grip has been in heaven 20 years. There are old men here today who can look back to 40 years ago, when some one said a kind word to them. Now, old men, pay back what you got then. It is a great art for old men to be able to encourage the young. There are many young people in our cities who have come from inland counties, from the granite hills of the north, from the prairies of the west. They are here to get their fortune. They are in boarding houses where everybody seems to be thinking of himself. They want companionship, and they want Christian encouragement. Give it to them.

Balancing the Books. My word is to all clerks, Be mighty in your temptations. A Sandwich Islander used to think when he slew an enemy all the strength of that enemy came into his own right arm. And I have to tell you that every misfortune you encounter is so much added to your own moral power. With omnipotence for a lever and the throne of God for a fulcrum you can move earth and heaven. While there are other young men putting the cup of sin to their lips you stoop down and drink out of the fountain of life. You are the mountains. The ancients used to think that pearls were fallen raindrops, which, touching the surface of the sea, hardened into gems, then dropped to the bottom. I have to tell you today that storms of trial have showered imperishable pearls into many a young man's lap. Oh, young man, while you have goods to sell, remember you have a soul to save. In a hospital Christian captain, wounded a few days before, got delirious and in the middle of the night he sprang out on the floor of the hospital, thinking he was in the battle, crying: "Come on, boys! Forward! Charge!" Ah, he was only butting the specters of his own brain! It is no imaginary conflict into which I call you, young man, today. There are 10,000 spiritual foes that would capture you. In the name of God, up and at them!

After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of the quick feet on the custom house steps has stopped, after the long line of merchantmen on the sea has taken sail of flame, after Washington and New York and London and Vienna have gone down into the grave where Thebes and Babylon and Tyre lie buried, after the great fire bells of the judgment day have tolled at the affairs of banking houses and stores will come up for inspection. Oh, what an opening of account books! Side by side the clerks and the men who employed them. Every invoice made out—all the labels of goods—all certificates of stock—all lists of prices—all private marks of the firm, now explained to everybody can understand them. All the maps of cities that were never built, but in which lots were sold—all bargains, all goings, all snap judgments, all false entries, all adulteration of liquors with coppers and strychnine. All mixing of teas and sugars and coffees and syrups, with cheaper material, all embezzlements of trust funds. All swindles in coal and iron and oil and silver and stocks. On that day when the cities of this world are smoldering in the last conflagration the trial will go on, and down in an avalanche of destruction will go those who wronged man or woman, incited God and defied the judgment. Oh, that will be a great day for you, honest Christian clerk. No getting up early, no retiring late, no walking around with weary limbs, but a mansion in which to live and a realm of light and love and joy

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

Surely if the word REGULATOR is not on a package it is not

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

Every morning be brought all the clerks and the accountants and the weighers into a room for devotion. They sang, they prayed, they exhorted. On Monday morning the clerks were asked where they had attended church on the previous day and that the sacred motto, "I must have sounded strangely, that voice of praise along the streets where the devotees of Mammon were counting their golden beads. You say, Arthur Tappan failed. Yes, he was unfortunate, like a great many good men, but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he died in the peace of the gospel and that he is before the throne of God today—forever blessed. If that be failing, I wish you might all fail.

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over which to hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up from glory to glory and from song to song and from throne to throne, for while others go down into the sea with their gold like a millstone hanging to their neck, this one shall come up to the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling, glittering, flaming casket.

Kissing in Kentucky. "A Kentucky man," says the Cincinnati Tribune, "was fined \$35 last week for kissing a girl once. About three months back another man in the same state was fined \$10 for kissing another girl three times. It will be interesting to watch these osculatory experiments, for by so doing we may discover just how often it is necessary to kiss a Kentucky girl without incurring the displeasure of the law."

According to Quantity. There is a local capitalist whose mother-in-law, to the chagrin and pain of her immediate family and descendants, persists in taking on flesh at an alarming rate. She has tried Banting and dumbbells without any appreciable result and now would almost attempt the bicycle if the city council would vote her the use of one entire street to learn in. While such a thing as her avoirdupois is never treated lightly in her presence, when she is not around it inevitably leads to more or less humorous remarks. Her little granddaughter frequently uses her weight as a term of comparison. The stone sidewalk near the house is badly cracked on one side of the street, while on the other it is in an excellent state of preservation, which state of things the little girl insists is due to the fact that her grandmother walks almost entirely on the injured side.

The other day the capitalist's wife, in accordance with an old family custom, decided to have her mother's portrait painted. She mentioned it to her husband, and with-out thinking twice about the matter he told her to go ahead. Chicago boasts some artists of considerable reputation, and these artists are frequently able to boast the receipt of large sums for their work. The lady in question sat for one of them. In a short space of time he transferred her lineaments, together with a smile prepared for the occasion, to canvas.

A few days later her son-in-law, who, though a wealthy man, abhors extravagance, received a bill for the same. It came one morning before he left for business. He tore open the envelope and glanced at a moment. The amount asked was \$2,000.

"Why, heavens, Maria," he said, turning to his wife, who was standing near him, "that man must charge by the square inch."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The silk industry of China employs, it is estimated, from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 people.

Potatoes in Greenland never grow larger than a marble.

As Usual. "Mrs. Saver must feel that she was very extravagant in buying that new gown." "What makes you think so?" "She's begun to argue that it will be the cheapest in the end."—Chicago Journal.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

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A NOTED JOURNALIST CURED AND TESTIFIES.

I was afflicted for three years with rheumatism of the ankle and joints to such an extent that locomotion was difficult, and I suffered great pain. I was induced to try a bottle of B. B. B. and before I had completed the second bottle I experienced relief, and four bottles effected an entire cure. Six months have passed since the swelling and pain disappeared, and I will state that B. B. B. has effected a permanent cure, for which I am very grateful.

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