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VOL. XXVI.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1897.

NO. 27.

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> Clerk-Chas. A. Banks; Treasurer-

Examining Surgeons of Pensions-Elizabeth City, N. C. Drs. J. E. Wood, W. W. Griggs and on one farm, another day on another moment." The chill of the frosts fol-W. J. Lumsden. Meet on the 1st and farm, and they will put on their rough lowed by the gladness that cometh in 3rd Wednesdays of each month at the husking apron, and they will take the "like as a shock of corn cometh in in Churches.-Methodist, Rev. J. H. Hall, Pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Baptist, Calvin S. Blackwell, pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7. p. Presbyterian, Rev. F. H. Johnston, pastor; along and take it to the corncrib. services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Episcopal, Rev. L. L. Williams, rector; services every Sunday at membrance of husking time. We waited off before the corn was free, and if the 11 a m. and 4 p. m.

Lodges-Masonie: Eureka Lodge No. 317. G. W. Brothers, W. M.; J. B. Chowan, Gates, Hertford, Washington Griggs, S. W.; A. L. Pendleton J. W. and Tytrell counties, and in Supreme B. F. Spence, Tresurer; D. B. Bradford Sec'ty.; T. B. Wilson, S. D.; C. W. Grice, J. 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: Achoree Lodge No 14. were waiting for others they stood blow-C. M. Burgess, N. G.; W. H. Ballard, ing their breath through their fingers or V. G.s H. O. Hill, Fin. Secretary; Maurice Wescott Treasurer. Meets every Friday at 7:30 p. m.

Royal Arcanum: Tiber Creek Couneil No. 1209; H. O !HillRegent; D. A. Morgan, Vice Regent; C, Guirkin, Orator; W. H. Zoeller, Secretary; F. M. Cook Jr., Collector; W. J. Woodley, Treasurer. Meets every 1st and 3rd

Knights of Honor: R. B. White, Die Hertford, N. C. tator; J. H Engle, Vice Dictator; T J. Jordan, Reporter; T. B. Wilson, Finance Reporter; J. C. Benbury, Treas-

Pasquotank Tribe No. 8, I. O. R. M. J. P. Sunpson, Prophet; W. H. Sanford, ing peg is thrust in until it strikes, the Sachem; Will Anderson, Sr. Sagamore; C. Lane, Jr. Sagamore; James Spires, C. of R; S. H. Murrel K. of W. Meet every Wednesday night.

County Officers.-Commissioners C. E. Kramer, Chairman; F. M. Godfrey, J. W. Williams. Sheriff, T. P. Wilcox. Superior Court Clerk, John P. Overman: Ragister of Deeds, M. B. Cr pepper; Leasurer, John S. Morris C anty Health Officers, Dr. J. E. ood; Boord of Education, J. T. Davis, J. D. Fulmer, N. A Jones

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Elizabeth City, N. C. | Elizabeth City Public School, W. M. Offices his profes- Hinton, Principal. State Colored Normal, P. W. Moore, Principal

Banks, - First National: Chas. H obinson. President; Jno. G. Wood, Vice-President: Wm. T. Old, Cashler, work a specialty. M. R. Griffin, Teller. Directors: E. F. to 12 and 1 to 6, or any Lamb, D. B. Bradford, J. B. Flora, M. H. time should special occasion require. White, Jno. G. Wood, J. B. Blades, C.

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Telephone Co .- D. B. Bradford, Presi-Land surveying a special f. Plans dent; L. S. Blades, Vice-President; Fred Davis, Secretary and Treasurer. about the corn as it stands in our fields, President; T. G. Skinner, Vice Presi- that the Hebrew knew all about Indian dent: C. H. Bobinson, Secretary and

E. City Cotton Mills.-President, Dr. O. McMuilan, Vice President, Geo. M. No . . Gleanly, . Attentive . Servants. Scott, Sec. and Treas., D. B. Bradford, Supt H. F. Smith. Directors: Dr. O. McMullan, G. M. Scott, E. F. Aydlett, J. W. Sharber, Jas. B. Blades, C. H. Robinson, Thos. G. Skinner, C. E. Ksamer, J. B. Flora, H. F. Smith and D. B. Bradford,

> Naval Reserves .- W. J. Griffin, Lieuenant commanding; J. B. Ferebee, Lieutenant Junior Grade; L. A. Winder, Ensign. Regular Drill each Tuesday night. Arms: 40 Magazine Rifles; 12 Navy Revolvers; 12 Cutlasses; 2 12

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:45 p. m., going South, 11:40 and Steamers for Newberne leave at 6 p. m. Steamer Newton, leaves Elizabeth City for Cresswell on Mondays and Tursdays at 9: 30 a. m. Returning will leave Elizabeth City follow at 9, 30 a. m.: Elizabeth City for Nor-

C. W. Stevens & Co., the only exclu ve Wholesale Tobacconists of North-Carolina, sells the two famous brands Little Ethel and High Moon tobacco

THE CORN HARVEST.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCUSSES SEASONABLE TOPIC:

His Graphic Word Pictures of Rural Life In Autumn - The Heavenly Harvest. "Cometh as a Shock of Corn In His Sea-

[Copyright, 1897, by American Press Association.]

Washington, Oct. 10. - This sermon by Dr. Talmage is peculiarly seasonable at the present time, when the teeming harvests all over the land are awaiting the husbandman. His text is Job v. 26. season,"

Going at the rate of 40 miles the hour a few days ago, I caught this serfields of Pennsylvania or New Jersey or the country districts, you know that the struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then, gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw and then stood it in the field in what is call-Geo. W. Cobb; Constable and Chief ed a shock.

It is estimated that there are now several billion bushels of corn standing in the shock, waiting to be husked Some time during the latter part of next month the farmers will gather, one day ped his hands, "light, and but for a husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leather loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn rough work with the ear of corn. The from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons will come hard thumb of the husker had to come

were born in the country comes the refor it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts, which had silvered everything during the night, began to melt off of the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others they stood blowthrashing their arms around their bodies to keep up warmth of circulation.

The Cornfield.

Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready now! The men take hold the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn shock, and the urer. Meets 1st and 4th Friday in stalks, heavy with the wealth of grain, are rolled into two bundles, between which the husker sits down. The huskcorn, and then the fingers rip of the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain, disimprisoned, is hurled up into the sunlight.

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh and some shout and some sing and some banter and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an eventide in a carriage that holds but two and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After awhile the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there are carnival and neighborhood reunion and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles, but more with tears, as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the fields, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped "like as a shock of corn cometh in in

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the orientals knew anything The Improvement Co. -E. F. Aydlett, but recent discoveries have found out maize, for there have been grains of the corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio, so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls while we think of coming in at last "like a shock-of corn coming in in

his season." It is high time that the king of terrors were thrown out of the Christian was great promise and no fulfillment. vocabulary. A vast multitude of people All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After talk of death as though it were the dis- the good corn had been driven up to the aster of disasters instead of being to a barn we came around with the corn good man the blessing of blessings. It basket and we picked up these nubbins. is moving out of a cold vestibule into a They were worth saving, but not worth warm temple. It is migrating into much. So all around us there are peogroves of redolence and perpetual fruit- ple who amount to nothing. They deage. It is a change from bleak March to velop into no kind of usefulness. They roseate June. It is a change of mana- are nibbled on one side by the world cles for garlands. It is the transmuting and nibbled on the other side by the ing day at 2, 30 p. m.. Steamer Har- of the iron handcuffs of earthly incar- devil and mildewed all over. Great binger, will leave Eizabeth City for ceration into the diamonded wristlets promise and no fulfillment. All cobs Hertford Wednesdays and Saturdays of a bridal party, or, to use the sugges- and no corn. Nubbins! tion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corn cometh in through great tribulation into the kingin his season." Christ broke up a fuueral procession at the gate of Nain by have the pains of this life, the misformaking a resurrection day for a young tunes of this life-who would not rath-

the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition. The Frost.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide behind the corn stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes and joy from one "As a shock of corn cometh in in his corn shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn shock, "Aha, aha!"

So we all realize that the death of mon. If you have recently been in the our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, New York or New England or any of the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from bing a south wind. It comes corn is nearly all cut. The sharp knife from the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and bewith a bundle of straw and twisted a numbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clap-

Of course the husking time made husking peg had to be thrust in and the down on the swathing of the ear, and How vividly to all those of us who then there was a pull and a ruthless tearing and then a complete snapping hnsk could have spoken it would have said: "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me" Ah, my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and the busk shall part, and that is the way he has arranged that the body and soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge on the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker. There is gold in you that must come out. Some way the shackle must be broken. Some way the ship must be launched for heavenly voyage. You must let the heavenly Husbandman husk off the mortality from the immortality.

Chronic Ailments. There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps he will do in one 301 blow at the last. At the close of every illness, at the close of every paroxysm, you ought to say, "Thank God that is all past now, thank God I will never have to suffer that again, thank God I am so much nearer the hour of liberation." You will nev-

have a new pain in an old place, but never the same pain twice. The pain does its work and then i dies. Just so many plunges of the crow bar to free the quarry stone for the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. Just so many pangs to separate the soul from the body. You who have chronic ailments and disorders are only paying in installments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment when we pay the debt of nature. Thank God. therefore, ye who have chronic disorders, that you have so much less suffering at the last. Thank God that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the heavenly Husband-

er suffer the same pain twice. You may

man when "the shock of corn cometh in in his season.' Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer, Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you will find a man who is perfectly useless going around with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off of the ear and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed, while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth busking. We threw that into a place all by itself and

we called it "nubbins." Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it

They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will 'get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went fom of our God. Who would not rather man and his mother. And I would that | ar be torn, and wounded, and lacerated, I could break up your sadnesses and halt | and wrenched, and husked, and at last

go in amid the very best grain of the granary, than to be pronounced not worth busking at all? Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body and distress in business and distress of all sorts the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you or the Lord would not have husked you.

You remember also that in the time of husking it was a neighboring reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified backlogs on an old fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality, but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they the husking day one man drove home a came in the very best humor, and they roan span so frisky, so full of life, they came from beyond the meadow, and got their feet over the traces. The oththey came from beyond the brook, and er man walked home. Great difference they came from regions two and three in education, great difference in worldmiles around. Good spirit reigned su- ly means, but'I noticed at the husking preme, and there were great handshak- time they all seemed to enjoy each othings, and there was carnival, and there er's society. They did not ask any man was the recital of the brightest experi- how much property he owned or what enced in all their lives, and there was a his education had been. They all seemneighborhood reunion the memory of ed to be happy together in those good which makes all the nerves of my body | times tremble with emotion as the strings of a harp when the fingers of a player have

swept the chords. neighborhood reunion, and so heaven and the past will be rehearsed. And will be just that. There they come up! some one will tell of victory, and we They slept in the old village church- will all celebrate it. And some one will yard. There they come up! They re- tell of great struggle, and we will all clined amid the fountains and the praise the grace that fetched him out of mal condition, so blunt as to greatsculpture and the parterres of a city it. And some one will say: "Here is ly retard his speed and ease in workcemetery. There they come up! They my old father, that I put away with went down when the ship foundered off heartbreak. Just look at him. He is as Cape Hatteras. They come up from all young as any of us." And some will whetstone is too small and is never sides-from potter's field and out of say: "Here is my darling child, that I flat on the surface, so that it always the solid masonry of Westminster ab- buried in Greenwood, and all the after bey. They come up! They come up! years of my life were shadowed with All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their physical ailments husked off. All their spiritual despondencies husked off. All their hindrances to nesfulness husked off. The grain, the golden grain, the God fash-

oned grain, visible and conspicuous. Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now in heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is, all their imperfections have been husked off. They did not mean on earth to be disagreeable. They meant well enough, but they told you how sick you looked, and they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you how often they had to stand up for you in some battles until you wished almost meaning disagreeables.

Husked Off.

Now in heaven all their offensive ness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banqueters. God, the Father, with his children all around him. No "goodby" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprasus, into the sea of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain dome in-out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing, and the ripping, and the twisting, and the wrenching, and the lacerating, and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the King's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, heaven a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one who is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant killer. Joshua making no one halt until he passes because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness. Naamah, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he could get a good doctor. Oh, my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all is, we may all get there. "Not I, says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has not been in church in 15 years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has been for 50 years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes,

There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads and monopolistic telegraph companies and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship for Portland, and you cannot expect to get to heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in. "But," says some one, "do you real-

ly think I would be at home in that supernal society if I could reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was a great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn shock a farmer would be at work who owned 200 acres of ground. The man | 111g; whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but 30 acres of ground, and perhaps all covered by a mortgage. That evening at the close of

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

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THE RED Z.

A Picture of Heaven. And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather his children around The husking time was the time of him, and the neighbors will come in, desolation. Just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness.

What though John Milton sit down on one side and John Howard sit down on the other side. No embarrasement. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why be embarrassed amid glorified songsters? Go in and dine.

their season. Oh, yes, in their season. Not one of you having died too soon, or having died too late, or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time. Plowed at just the right time. that they had been slain in some of the Cut down at just the right time. Huskbattles. Good, pious, consecrated, well ed at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time. Coming in in your

Oh. I wish that the billions of bushels of corn now in the fields or on the way to the seaboard might be a type of the grand yield of honor and glory and immortality when all the shocks come

I do not know how you are constituted, but I and so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been cut and it stands men. in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us today to cross the cornfield, and I have thought perhaps there might be some reminiscence roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden a prima donna, while her house in loses the least amount of time and the city was being repaired, took a labor. house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night after displaying these jewels and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had goneone summer night-she sat thinking and looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos

of the song more telling. gone from the window, and it did not him to undertake and carry out any donna received a letter from the robber, quires a model from which to copy. saying, "I heard that the jewels were All the things I have mentioned to be out that night, and I came to take them at whatever hazard, but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep I could not stand it and I fled, and I have resolved upon a new and an that the business of the school would honest life."

peril richer than these which lay upon that table that might. They are the jewels of the invertal soul. Would God that some sing rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood or some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song of the huskers 20 or 40 years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of rightousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might tart us this moment with swift feet toward that blessed place where so many t our loved ones have already preceded s. "as a shock of corn cometh in in is season."

a Torious Study.

An index of first lines is sometimes a prious study of abbreviations. There is hymnbook used in the Methodist churches of this vicinity in which the ndex of first lines has been made up with such economy of typographical pace that words are cut in two without he slightest reference to syllables, so that one finds such gems as the follow-

> We journey through a vale of te What glory gilds the sacred pa O thou to whom in ancient tim Only waiting till the shad -Boston Transcript

Y. V. V 16 11 12 . 80 N. INDIAN ARTIFICERS.

> Their Methods Are Crude, and Their Tools Are Practically Worthless.

> The average Indian artificer in the building and repair of houses is chiefly remarkable for the inaccuacy of all he does, for the blunt condition of his tools and for his ingenuity in making excuses. Away from large towns he is usually with out a foot rule and has never seen

> a grindstone. Let us take the woodworker as a vpical example and inquire into what he most needs in the way of education. His methods are very defective. His tools are blunt as a normeans of sharpening them. His

produces a rounded cutting edge. If provided with a good and smooth grindstone, he straightway cuts it into grooves and otherwise abuses it until it is unfit for use. He then returns to the comming method without a thought of putting the grindstone in order. This may be seen in Bombay at the present time. It has been urged that the grindstone is too expensive a tool for a native carpenter who has a small fixed workshop, but this is absurd, as it may be made of any sandstone All the shocks of corn coming in in and may be mounted entirely in wood, including axle, bearings and handle. All sandstones are not equally good, but any one is better than

the whetstone as at present used. The sharpening of saws comes next in order. It involves an outlay on files which the carpenter is loath to make. I have met only one Indian workman who without compulsion kept his saws in good order. The general result is an enormous amount of needless labor that a sharp and well set saw would obviate. Cutting close up to a pencil line or cutting it out altogether-an operation that any European apprentice can perform-is an unknown art among most Indian work-

Accuracy in measurement is similarly neglected, because the Indian workman has yet to learn that it is more easy to be correct than morrect-that is to say, the correct man

Again, in his attitudes at work the Indian is frequently wrong. He sits to certain operations, such as handsawing and planing, that would be done with less expenditure of muscular force when standing. To the sitting position, when it suits the work, there can be no reasonable

Of drawing he knows little or nothing, but he is capable of learning to make hand sketches of details of work and of placing dimensions on them in a very short time if the subject is properly presented to him Suddenly she noticed while looking at the right age. This ignorance of at the mirror that the robber's face had drawing renders it very difficult for come back. A few days after the prima new work from description. He re-

may be taught and well taught without the intervention of a spelling book, and their utility is so obvious and so suggestive of good wages be much more agreeable than in Oh, my friends, there are jewels in classes where the three R's are the staple of mental nourishment .-John Wallace in Cassier's Magazine. THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO

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