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How Old are You? It makes no difference whether you answer or not. It is always true that a woman is as old as she looks.

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THE CORN HARVEST. REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCUSSES A SEASONABLE TOPIC. His Graphic Word Pictures of Rural Life in Autumn.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for 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.

Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Jobs and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready now! The men take hold the shock of corn and haul it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape.

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 parties and the place and the perches of fowl on the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place and the perches of fowl on the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place.

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields. But recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian 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.

long funeral procession of the world's grief by smothering and cheerful view of the last transition. The Frost. We all know that husking time is a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground.

Of course the husking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then there was a pull and a ruthless tearing and then a complete snapping off before the corn was free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said: "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?"

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 is done all at once.

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. "Nubbins." Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mildewed.

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."

the husking day one man drove home a team span so frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means, but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society.

And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather his children around him and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it.

Now in heaven all their offensiveness has been hushed 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.

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KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! Surely if the word REGULATOR is not on a package it is not SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. Nothing else is the same. It cannot be and never has been put up by any one except J. H. ZEILIN & CO. THE RED Z.

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 inaccuracy of all he does, for the blunt condition of his tools and for his ingenuity in making excuses.

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 grand yield of honor and glory and immortality when all the shocks come in!

Oh, my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than these which lay upon that table that night. They are the jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted nurseries of your childhood or some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song which turns all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness.

AN OLD DOCTOR'S FAVORITE. Dr. L. S. Gillam, who practiced medicine over forty years, originated, used and claimed that Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) which has now been in use about fifty-five years, was the best Tonic and Blood Purifier ever given to the world.