

THE ECONOMIST

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY. R. B. CROCKET, Editor. E. F. LAMB, Business Manager.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1897. SOUTHERN MANUFACTURERS.

The Boston Herald of a few days ago, reports a meeting of the Arkwright Club, an association of cotton manufacturers, at Young's hotel in that city to consider the conditions of the Southern competition, and the best practicable mode of meeting it. After due consideration the subject was referred to a committee who reported that the competition of the South in manufacturing, with the North, was a very serious problem, and with the advantage altogether on the side of the South. They report that two of the members of the committee had visited the South and had made a practical investigation of cotton manufacturing at the South, and the committee had adopted their statements as reliable in every department of enquiry. The conclusion that these visitors had arrived at, after an impartial, careful and judicial examination was that at the South labor was cheaper than at the North. Their principal point of observation was at Charlotte, N. C., the centre of the Manufacturing interests of the Piedmont section. Their conclusions were that the raw material of cotton was more convenient to the factory, consequently freight was saved, water power is abundant if it is desired, and that coal is cheap if steam power is required, that labor is abundant and cheap and not disposed to organize against employers; and that no restrictive labor would be likely to interfere with manufacturers for many years. The longer hours of labor were another important advantage in the South. They found that there was about 40 per cent less cost of labor in the South, than in the North. A day's work in the factories in North Carolina was 12 hours and in Massachusetts 11. Labor unions did not exist at the South and the operatives regarded their interests as identical with their employers. They are just as anxious for the success of the mills as the owners. They state that the labor condition at the South would alone account for the prosperity of southern manufacturing.

To the aged, with their poor appetite, feeble circulation, and impoverished blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a boon beyond price. Its effect is to check the ravages of time, by invigorating every organ, nerve, and tissue of the body. See Ayer's Almanac for the new year.

THE TAX DELINQUENT QUESTION

The last legislature in which the Republican party was the controlling element and did more of the devilry and got more good of the pie than any of the parties to the unholy alliance for the purpose of damaging the prosperity and disgracing the good name of North Carolina, did a deal of devilry and recklessness that will take ten consecutive years of Democratic administration to get the State out of. It would require more time and space to enumerate them all than we have now at our disposal, but we have them filed away, within easy reach and convenient reference and we will deal them out and discuss their enormity as occasion demands. But there is one piece of ignorance, recklessness or devilry that at first, gave much uneasiness to our people and fell with peculiar hardship upon the poorer classes of our taxpayers, and which would now be a source of much happiness to them, but for the fact that it is a double edged sword and cuts the hands that wield it as well as the victim at whom it is aimed. That hybrid offspring of Fusion stupidity and devilry, in which the Republican party put in the infamous devilry, the Populist the recklessness and obedience to Republican

dictation, the negroes the blind following and ordering of the Republican pie hunters, was originally devised by Republicans to punish Democrats, supposing that their own followers were not taxpayers, and that the barbarous penalty for the delay in the payment of taxes would catch ten Democrats where it would catch one negro, and that it would catch five Democrats to one Republican or Populist. It was an arithmetical proposition worked out in the wicked brain of the worst element of the Republican pie hunters.

So thorough is the excellence of Ayer's Hair Vigor that it can be used with benefit by any person, no matter what may be the condition of the hair and in every case, it occasions satisfaction and pleasure, in addition to the benefit which invariably comes from its use.

HOW'S CUBA NOW?

Cuba, now, is the sick man in international politics. Considering the elements of its population, and the number of African persuasion, it has made a good fight for independence and freedom from Spanish domination. Judging by observation of the history of races, had the insurgents been of the Anglo-Saxon blood and lineage, they would now be under our starry flag, or be surging to the front in the family of nations and developing the unparalleled resources of this gem of the Indian archipelago. Had Cuba been a part of the English Empire, the rebellion would long since have been subdued and the Island brought under English rule. But it can never be bought, under involuntary subjection to Spain. In a country of inaccessible mountains, where the products of the earth mature every six weeks in the year from seed time to harvest, a native population tired of oppression could maintain the fight for ages, armed only with the primitive machette. The Cubans are more determined now than ever before. Spain in her weakness is unable to prosecute the war with vigor, and every day increases that weakness. She offers autonomy because it is her last resort. Penniless, creditless, with a threatened outbreak of revolution at home, with an unpaid army in Cuba clamorous for pay for military service, without a navy, seeking the aid of stronger powers and meeting with refusal, with no strength in the family of nations except the prestige of a remote history, Spain cannot successfully prosecute a war of subjugation against a people, united, determined, thirsting to be free, and having the sympathy of seventy millions of stalwart people, whose warlike banners have never known defeat.

When you want an overcoat for your boy from 8 to 12 years old, see Big Ike. He will sell you an all wool one for \$1.50.

Why suffer with Coughs, Colds, and LaGrippe when LAXATIVE BISMUTH QUININE will cure you in one day. Does not produce the ringing in the head like Sulphate of Quinine. Put up in tablets convenient for taking. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Price 25 Cents. For sale by Dr. W. W. Griggs and all druggists.

Not how much we can get, but how little we can take is the principle on which we gain patronage everyday. Racket Store.

Fresh goods arriving almost daily at the Racket Store. Prices below any competition. Try us and see.

The World's Favorite Cigar has given such universal satisfaction that the capacity of factory will have to be enlarged before we can supply the trade desired in our own town. C. W. STEVENS & Co.

NOTICE. FIRST NATIONAL BANK. Elizabeth City, N. C. The regular annual meeting of the stock holders of this bank, for election of Directors, will be held at their banking house Tuesday, Jan. 11th, at 3 o'clock. Wm. T. ORD, Cashier. Dec. 10, 97.

REMINISCENCES OF A SWAMP DOCTOR.

A Trip To Old Tyrrell and What I Saw There—Bedbugs, Mosquitoes, Peach Brandy and Pretty Girls—An Old Time Hostelry and Its Quondam Habitués—The Tyrrell Campagna and Pontine Marshes.

WOODVILLE, N. C., Dec. 23, 1893. The honey grows in rocks and bluffs, Peach brandy flows in torrents, The air is heavy with the fumes of the mill, The sheriff serves up warrants.

We're going to see the pretty girls, The live in the Neck Hollow; Who wear their hair in rolls and curls, And are as fat as they can wallow.

Not long since I was called on business by a fellow professional to the quiet and quaint little borough of Columbus that nestles cozily upon the verdant banks of the placid Suipperriver. It was my initial visit. I approached the town with misgivings, for I had heard from mendacious travellers the story of poor accommodations at the village inn, how the gay and festive bedbugs would commit assault and battery with butcher knives in the midnight hour upon the luckless wayfarer, how Brobdignagian mosquitoes would chant a solemn requiem mass over his remains, how the wild and weird hooting of the owls kept away the approaches of the sleep-god, how the sweet repose of long delayed slumber and impudently propose at four in the morning to borrow the one solitary bed sheet in the house to use as a tablecloth for the dining hall below, and a sumptuous breakfast consisted of a soda cracker and a cup of a delectation called coffee by courtesy, et cetera.

How's Cuba now? Cuba, now, is the sick man in international politics. Considering the elements of its population, and the number of African persuasion, it has made a good fight for independence and freedom from Spanish domination. Judging by observation of the history of races, had the insurgents been of the Anglo-Saxon blood and lineage, they would now be under our starry flag, or be surging to the front in the family of nations and developing the unparalleled resources of this gem of the Indian archipelago. Had Cuba been a part of the English Empire, the rebellion would long since have been subdued and the Island brought under English rule. But it can never be bought, under involuntary subjection to Spain. In a country of inaccessible mountains, where the products of the earth mature every six weeks in the year from seed time to harvest, a native population tired of oppression could maintain the fight for ages, armed only with the primitive machette. The Cubans are more determined now than ever before. Spain in her weakness is unable to prosecute the war with vigor, and every day increases that weakness. She offers autonomy because it is her last resort. Penniless, creditless, with a threatened outbreak of revolution at home, with an unpaid army in Cuba clamorous for pay for military service, without a navy, seeking the aid of stronger powers and meeting with refusal, with no strength in the family of nations except the prestige of a remote history, Spain cannot successfully prosecute a war of subjugation against a people, united, determined, thirsting to be free, and having the sympathy of seventy millions of stalwart people, whose warlike banners have never known defeat.

They were all there, the lawyers, doctors, officials, et alia. Brother Cohn and Alexander, the clever and courteous disciples of Galen and Hippocrates, who dispense pills, potions, powders, cupping, cathartics, and castor oil in that region, were the first to hand over to us the keys of the city, and extend a generous and hearty welcome to the stranger within their gates. Then followed the gentlemen of the green bag fraternity, those affable and learned lords of the law, Messrs. March and Woodley, who in the forlorn arena constitute a tower of strength and a terror to evil doers. Newberry and Holmes, the kindly and polite officials who reside in the "temple of justice" as register and clerk, brought up the rear. But the ensemble was not complete until the joy and pride of "old Tyrrell" put in an appearance. We refer to Bill Spruill, more familiarly known to his many friends as "Polliquin Bill," because, as it is said by some, he boistered to the ears of that delectable refreshment at one time, and then cried lustily for more! Mr Spruill is the soul of that which is pleasant and companionable in social life, and is a gentleman who does not shoot but carries his brick dust hisrate, and sports a luxuriant growth of correct colored whiskers that would cause the iridescent shade of the late lamented Joe Oliver to grow green with envy. He said that his friends have forgotten him for everything except these two features. In that respect he resembles Joel Chandler Harris, of "brer rabbit" notoriety. Of late years Columbia has emerged from the Big Yawp. We are in the vanguard of other days and is forging ahead in cautious, conservative way. There is a decided spirit of progress and enterprise there. It is the center of a large lumber getting industry, and has a large mill plant. Originally the courthouse, tavern, blacksmith shop, and a saloon, where Revolutionary popskull elixir was the principal stock in trade, constituted the town. Now it boasts of large and commodious stores that enjoy an increasing trade with the contiguous country. The clank of the hammer and buzz of the saw are still heard on every hand, and new buildings are springing up in a night, like Jack's beanstalk. A great Academy stands upon the outskirts of the town, and the people are much interested in the cause of education. With such factors at work, the progress of the place must be onward and upward. There are pretty residences, bowered and vige clad cottages on many an old street, but the residences of Mr. Jos. A. Spruill and Mrs. McCleese are worthy of especial mention. They are modern, beautiful, and altogether elegant. They would do credit, as residential ornaments, to the capital of the State. Mr. Spruill is the merchant prince of the town, a clever, good man, and we bow our special acknowledgments for kindly consideration to him. The one building of the town which was of special and peculiar interest to me, is the old tavern—the "sickle and sheaf"—which stands diagonally across the public plaza from the courthouse. It bears the marks of great antiquity and is contemporary with the courthouse itself, its handmaiden, we might

say. The date of its construction goes back to colonial times, and antedates the Revolutionary War. It is built with dornier windows, and is only a story and a half high. That peculiarity in architecture, I am told, was due to the fact that a tax was imposed upon all two story houses, by the British government, and the inn was constructed so as to evade that tax. The southern part of the building was the original colonial inn or public house, constructed for the entertainment of the judicial Representatives of the crown, and the itinerant attorneys who came twice a year to adjust the scales of justice and enforce the statutes of our land. As time went on a duplicate addition was made to the house, but upon that portion is now heavy with the frosts of many winters, and shows only too plainly the tooth marks of corroding time. Through the kindly courtesy of Mr. Newberry I was carried through the interesting old relic, and he showed me a knife mark on a door post, which was made by the murderous bowie of an irate Tyrrell-oman, as he madly slashed at his adversary. This gentleman was making a preliminary effort to fresco the town with a delightful carmine tint. His intended victim dodged the blow, and the wounded (?) door post is the silent witness which tells the story of the tragic fray.

Capt. Tom. Knight, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed gentlemen in the county, related to me many interesting reminiscences of this old hostelry. The Captain is a typical old timer himself, and delights to unload the storehouse of memory, and detail in his quiet and altogether charming manner the incidents and events of bygone days. That is a favorite diversion with all old men. He has known the old inn for fifty years, with its ups and downs, its lights and shadows. In the good old antebellum days, when diversion rather than money getting was the order of the day, it was the rendezvous of the opulent and easy going gentry of the adjacent country, and those hilarious old worthies would come to town, keep open house at the old tavern, and kick up highjinks generally for several days in horse racing, cockfighting, fox hunting, dancing, and toying with the rosy god on the wholesale. Here the Collins', the Pettigrews, the Brabbles, the Spruills, and the Alexanders, all came, on public days, doubtless on pleasure bent, and Monms and Gomas were the regrets of the hour. The old house was several times honored with the distinguished presence of that bold and brilliant surgeon, Dr. Edward Warren, latterly of Paris, Col. Sam. Spruill, a brainy but belligerent barrister of the Albemarle bar, was a frequent inmate of this gay and festive old hostelry. Tradition has it that once upon a time his honor was holding court in chambers at the hotel. Col. Spruill had a cause before the court. He got into an acrimonious wrangle with opposing counsel about the pleadings in the case. The war of words waxed fast and furious. The judge had seen Col. Sam bear off honors in several previous fistic encounters. Finally, by way of settlement, said: Draw a ring, gentlemen, and fight it out, and I'll bet on "Old Tyrrell," which was the familiar sobriquet which he had given to Col. Sam. In later times John Gatling, Walter Pool, James Whedbee, Louis Latham, Judge Wm. A. Moore and Maj. H. A. Gilliam—every one of them—a blazing meteor in the legal firmament of his time, all "touched knees under mahogany" at this old inn, and no doubt were the central figures in many a Bacchanalian orgie, where sparkling wine and brilliant sallies of wit were the attractions of the hour.

As we gazed upon the old house, itself now in the sear and yellow leaf of desolation, we thought of its former prestige and glory, and of its old time habitués—now all gone to the shadowy great beyond. We fell to moralizing. It served as a great object lesson to teach us the transitory and evanescent nature of all things mundane, and that at best we are but shadows, passing shadows. Time is the matchless maestro from which engulfs all human greatness, and fame is but a scentless sunflower.

The country adjacent to Columbia is for the most part low-lying, and in reaching Gum Neck one traverses a swamp six miles in length. It looks, to the casual observer, like the home and habitat of malaria—a veritable paradise for doctors seeking practice. One day, while riding through the country, we met a native of the lowlands and stopped for a chat and an interview. "Isn't this rather an unhealthy region, said we, viewing the prospect with a professional, hygienic eye? Slightly so, he said, with some abandon. Do you have remittent fever here? Wasal, yaas. Intermittent fever, too? Plenty of it, was the response. Hemorrhagic fever? Lots, he replied. Typhoid fever? Every year, sir. Bilious fever? Ingalnaly, he said. Great heavens! said we, The Spanish Main on the Western coast of Africa could hardly beat that. Do you consider this a truly lethal region? What? he asked, in wonderment, his face presenting the picture of a living interrogation point. Isn't there some chance of pogging out here ahead of time? We again asked more intelligibly. He squirted a generous expectoration of dog leg tobacco juice upon the tire of his ball cart, looked at me with a knowing wink and smile, saptly observed: The fact is, stranger, that lit is rather dangerous er living anywhere, these days. His patriotism had conquered. He could not repudiate the swamp of his nativity. With a nod of acquiescence we bid him good bye, deeply impressed with his far-sighted philosophy and his intense devotion to his native heath. The love of

home and country is not stronger in a Swede than in that man. It is of such material that good citizens are made. We bade farewell to the hospitable little town, and the kindly people, sadly, regretfully. And, while it is a quaint and retired corner, not wholly exempt from the trials and troubles that war upon the flesh, it is filled with warm hearts, generous natures, pretty girls, and plenty of good honey and peach, and that man must be exacting indeed who could ask for more, in this vale of tears. SAM'L SAWBONES, M. D.

NEWS FROM THE COUNTIES. CAMDEN.

COURTHOUSE, Dec. 22.—Mr. S. B. Upton, of Berkeley, Va., made a short visit to his mother, Mrs. Samuel Upton.

Mr. "Dink" Gregory and Miss Meady Tillet, both of Shiloh, were married last Sunday, Mr. Stephen Sawyer, J. P., officiating.

Miss Minnie Bray, of Riddle, spent a few days last week, with her friend Miss Mary Godfrey, of Shiloh. The amount collected by the "beg-gars" for the Xmas tree at the Methodist Church is \$15.42. Thanks are returned to the contributors for their generosity.

Among those who have left this week to spend Xmas are Misses McPherson, Whaley, Mercer and Dozier. Miss Eltha Tillet and brother S. E. left Thursday for an extended visit to friends and relatives in Hertford and Bertie counties. COUNTRY BOY.

SOUTH MILLS, N. C.—The work on the lock here is almost at a stand still, owing to delay in receiving material and the rainy weather. Very little more will be done until after Christmas. Work will soon begin at the old Culpeper lock tearing it out and letting the machines come down in the low level toward South Mills.

Work has started at New Canal bridge, and a very nice bridge will be built. It will turn either way. It is being constructed under the management of Mr. J. E. Chasteen, of Deep Creek, Va. The wedding bells are ringing. One of our most popular young couples will pull the chiming chord, and in the near future others will do likewise if all reports be true.

South Mills has a magic lantern show company now. They displayed their amusing pictures in Pasquotank some time since to a large audience—six. There will be no news from South Mills next week, as the writer will leave Friday for Newport News, Va., on a visit to his brother and friends there. GRANDY B. OVERTON. PERQUIMANS.

HERTFORD, December 22.—Tuesday, 21st inst., at 8 o'clock a. m., Miss Edna Granberry was married to Mr. Thomas Nixon, at the Episcopal church, Rev. R. B. Drane, officiating. After the ceremony they took the northbound train for an extended tour.

On Tuesday evening a very sad accident occurred here. While some young boys were out gunning one of the boys accidentally shot Thomas Skinner, Jr., in the head, inflicting a serious, though it is hoped not a fatal wound. Mrs. J. W. Speight, of Roper, is visiting relatives on Grubb street. Rev. O. Ryder, with his family, left Tuesday for his new field of labor in Weldon, N. C. Mr. Ryder, during his short stay here, had endeared himself very much to his people, and his many friends regret his departure. Rev. Mr. Hornaday, who is to succeed Mr. Ryder as pastor of the M. E. Church here, arrived with his family this week. JACK.

In cases where dandruff, scalp diseases, falling and grayness of the hair appear, do not neglect them, but apply a proper remedy and tonic Hall's Hair Renewer.

NORTH CAROLINA. Supr Court Chowan county. Fall term '97. The Fidelity Mutual Life Association vs. B. S. Hoskins.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action as above entitled, of which this court has jurisdiction, has begun in the Superior Court of Chowan county to recover of him the sum of seven hundred and twenty-six dollars and twenty-nine cents, with interest on same from Oct. 22, 1896, due by judgment obtained against him by plaintiff in the City Court of New York. The defendant is further notified, that at the time of the issuing of said summons an attachment was issued and levied upon his property in this county, to wit: certain real estate. He is therefore summoned to appear at the Superior Court for the county of Chowan on the 4th Monday after the 1st Monday in March, 1898, and answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff, a copy of which will be filed in this office during the first three days of the term, or judgment will be recorded against him according to the prayer of the complaint. H. C. PRIVOTT, Clerk Sup. Court, Chowan Co., N. C. This Dec. 22, 1897.

VALUABLE TOWN LOTS. I have in hand for sale the following lots of land in Elizabeth City, to wit: 20 1/2 lots on the South side of Burgess street. 1 lot, corner Road and Burgess St. 2 lots West side of Road near Burgess street. The Lower-nee lot, improved, at the N. W. corner of Front and Lawrence St. about 60 feet square. Reasonable terms. Oct. 1897. FRANK VAUGHAN.

McCabe & Grice.

The Largest, Cheapest and Most Complete Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Notions, Etc., are being shown and sold. Never in the history of Elizabeth City has such a Large Stock been shown, and such low prices been given to the public. SEPTEMBER business fully 33 1-3 per cent. gain over September, 1896. Our stock of Dry Goods and Clothing being bought prior to the advance enables us to sell a large portion of our stock cheaper than most of our competitors can buy them.

DRESS GOODS.

Having purchased our entire staple and imported stock of DRESS GOODS, paying spot cash, enables us to give some prices below that will astonish even the most conservative buyer. 60 pieces absolutely all wool imported Henrettas and serges, all shades. Our price while they last 25 cts. Value of these goods to-day at the importers in New York is 25 1/2 cents. Our line of Fancy Dress Stuffs are equally as cheap. Over one hundred styles and colorings, all wool mixtures, 25 cents and up. Our Black Dress Goods Department abounds in all the newest things to be had at home and abroad. Novelties in black are very handsome this season. Should you visit our store and see this group of black dress goods, it will give you some idea of the peerless stock from which you choose at McCABE & GRICE'S. Our Silk Department abounds in most of the new things that are to be had at reasonable prices. 25 pieces of Black Silk, all different styles, to select your dress from. 100 different colorings in fancy silks, prices ranging from 25 cents the yard to \$1.50. 25 pieces of Silk Velvet, full line of shades, would be considered a bargain at 75 cents. Our price 50 cents.

MILLINERY.

Our Millinery Department is overflowing with all the new things to be had. The only establishment in the city that sends their Milliner to the Metropolis, where styles and fashions originate. There she sees and procures all the latest and up-to-date styles in hats and trimmings, enabling her to trim hats that cannot be procured elsewhere in the city. The largest line of KID GLOVES ever shown. A full line of shades to select from. Be sure and try one of Thompson's Glove Fitting Corsets. Any figure can be suited, for they come in all styles.

No wise buyer would do themselves injustice to purchase their fall outfit until they come to McCabe & Grice's, the leaders in styles, and see the up-to-date styles, and the very low prices. Over nine hundred capes and cloaks to select from—more than double any store in the city. We are the selling agents for Butterick's Metropolitan Patterns, the most reliable patterns on the market. We shall have some eye-openers for the public shortly. Keep your eye on this space every issue, and it will be the means of your saving from 10 to 25 per cent. on your fall purchases.

MCCABE & GRICE, THE LEADING MERCHANTS AND HUSTLERS, Elizabeth City, N. C.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOE. The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price. W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also \$2.50 and \$2.25 shoes for men, and \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas \$2.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do. We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer. We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Viet Kid, etc., selected to correspond with prices of the shoes. If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

R. J. MITCHELL, E. City. L. D. HASSELL, Manteo.

This is to Certify

That during the Holidays my Headquarters will be at the

Racket Store!

None others need apply. I shall have many nice things for Boys, Girls, Old Folks, Young Men AND MAIDENS.

Call and see me there. Santa Claus.

REMEMBER SAWYER & JONES

Keep on Hand all the Time

First-class line of Goods OF ALL KINDS.

"HOT PRICES TO ALL." SAWYER & JONES.