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

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Sarsaparilla Senses.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you?

When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas. But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.

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FORBIDDEN SWEETS.

DR. TALMAGE EXPOSES TRAPS SET FOR UNWARY FEET.

Temptations Which Attract and Then Destroy—Corrupt Books, Alcoholic Stimulants and Gambling Involved Against Honey From the Eternal Rock.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Dr. Talmage here starts with an oriental scene, from which he draws practical lessons as to the allurements which entrap the unwary, and the discourse will put many on their guard. The text is I Samuel xiv, 49, "I did not taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die."

The honeycomb is a most ingenious architect, a Christopher Wren among insects; geometric drawing hexagons and pentagons, a freebooter robbing the fields of pollen and aroma, wondrous creature of God, whose biography, written by Huber and Sommer, is an enchantment for any lover of nature. Virgil celebrated the bee in his fable of Aristaeus, and Moses and Samuel and David and Solomon and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and St. John used the delicacies of bee manufacture as a Bible symbol—a miracle of formation in the bee. Five eyes, two tongues, the outer having a sheath of protection, hairs on all sides of its tiny body to brush up the particles of flowers, its flight so straight that all the world knows of the bee line. The honeycomb is a palace such as no one but God could plan and the honeybee construct, its cells sometimes a dormitory and sometimes a storehouse and sometimes a cemetery. These winged toilers first make eight strips of wax, and by their antennae, which are as thin as a needle, and their feet, fashion them for use. Two and two these workers shape the wall. If an accident happens, they put up buttresses of extra beams to remedy the damage.

When about the year 1776 an insect before unknown in the night-time attacked the beehives all over Europe, and the men who owned them were in vain trying to plan something to keep out the invader that was the terror of the beehives of the continent, it was found that everywhere the bees had arranged for their own protection and built before their honeycombs an especial wall of wax with perforations through which the bees might go to and fro, but not large enough to admit the winged combatant called the Sphinx atropos.

Divine Direction. Do you know that the swarming of the bees is divinely directed? The mother bee starts for a new home, and because of this the other bees of the hive get into an excitement which raises the heat of the hive some four degrees, and they must die unless they leave their heated apartments, and they follow the mother bee and alight on a tree or a bush, and until a committee of two or three bees have explored the region and found the hollow of a tree or rock not far off from a stream of water, and they here set up a new colony and ply their aromatic industries and give themselves to the manufacture of the saccharine edible. But who can tell the chemistry of that mixture of sweetness, part of it the very life of the bee and part of it the life of the fields?

Plenty of this luscious product was hanging in the woods of Bethel during the time of Saul and Jonathan. Jonathan's army was in pursuit of an enemy that by God's command must be exterminated. The soldiers were positively forbidden to stop to eat anything until the work was done. If they disobeyed, they were accursed. Coming through the woods, they found a place where the bees had been busy—a great honey manufactory—honey gathered in the hollow of the trees until it had overflowed upon the ground in great profusion of sweetness. All the army obeyed orders and touched not the honey, but Jonathan, not knowing the military order about abstinence, dipped the end of a stick he had in his hand into the candied liquid, and as yellow and tempting it glistened on the end of the stick; he put it to his mouth and ate the honey. Judgment fell upon him, and but for special intervention he would have been slain. In my text Jonathan announces his awful mistake, "I did not taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die." Alas, what multitudes of people in all ages have been damaged by forbidden honey, by which I mean temptation, delicious and attractive, but damaging and destructive!

Evils of Bad Literature. Corrupt literature, fascinating, but deathful, comes in this category. Where one good, honest, healthful book is read now there are a hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. When the boys on the cars come through with a pile of publications, look over the titles and notice that nine out of ten of the books are injurious. All the way from here to Chicago or New Orleans notice that objectionable books dominate. Taste for pure literature is poisoned by this scum of the publishing house. Every book in which sin triumphs over virtue or in which a glamour is thrown over dissipation or which leaves you at its last line with less respect for the marriage institution and less abhorrence for the paramour is a sereption of your own moral character. The book bribery may be attractive and the plot dramatic and the style the style of writing sweet as the honey that Jonathan took up with his rod, but your best interests forbid it, your moral safety forbids it, your God forbids it, and its use if it may lead to such bad results that you may have to say at the close of the experiment, or at the close of a misimproved lifetime, "I did but taste a little honey with the rod that was in my hand, and lo, I must die."

Corrupt literature is doing more today for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given at postoffice windows, clandestine meetings in parks and at ferry gates and in hotel parlors and conjugal perjuries are among the ruinous results. When a woman, young or old, gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the modern novel, she is in appalling peril. But some one will say, "The heroes are so adroitly knavish and the heroines so bewitchingly untrue and the terms of the story so exquisite and all the characters so entrancing I cannot quit them!" My brother, my sister, you can find styles of literature just as charming that will elevate and purify and ennoble and Christianize while they please. The devil does not own all the honey. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leave no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to body, mind and soul. Go to some intelligent man or woman and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition.

Life is so short and your time for improvement so abbreviated that you cannot afford to fill up with books and magazines here or there every day rise board and shoulders in prosperity and character and influence above the loungers who read nothing or read that which bedwards. See all the forests of good American literature dripping with honey. Why pick up the honeycombs that have in them the fiery bees which will sting you with an eternal poison while you taste it? One book may for you or me decide everything for this world and the next. I have seen a man who went when in a bookstore in Syracuse one day I picked up a book called "The Beauties of Ruskin." It was only a book of extracts, but it was all pure honey, and I was not satisfied until I had purchased all his works, at that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and with what delight I went through reading his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and his "Stones of Venice" it is impossible for me to describe except by saying that it gave me the rapture of good books and relieved my disgust at corrupt or immoral books that will last me while my life lasts. All around the church and the world today there are busy hives of intelligence occupied by authors and authoresses from whose pens drip a distillation which is the very nectar of heaven, and why will you thrust your rod of inquisitiveness into the deathful saccharine of perdition?

Beware of Strong Drink. Stimulating liquids also come into the category of temptation delicious but deathful. You say, "I cannot bear the taste of intoxicating liquor, and how any man can like it is to me an amazement." Well, then, it is no credit to you that you do not take it. Do not brag about your total abstinence, because it is not from any principle that you reject alcoholism, but for the reason that you reject certain styles of food; you simply don't like the taste of them. But multitudes of people have a natural fondness for all kinds of intoxicants. They like it so much that it makes them smack their lips to look at it. They are dyspeptic, and they like to aid digestion; or they are annoyed by insomnia, and they take it to produce sleep; or they are troubled, and they take it to make them oblivious; or they feel happy, and they must celebrate their hilarity. They begin with a mint julep shaken through straws on a garden bench, and end in the end in a jug of brandy and half whisky. They not only like it, but it is an all consuming passion of body, mind and soul, and after awhile have it will, though one wineglass of it should cost the temporal and eternal destruction of themselves and all their families and the whole human race. They would say, "I am sorry it is going to cost me and my family and all the world's population so very much, but here goes to my lips, and now let it roll over my parched tongue and down my heated throat, the sweetest, the most inspiring, the most delicious draft that ever thrilled a human frame." To cure the habit before it comes to its last stages, various plans were tried in olden times. This plan was recommended in the books: When a man wanted to reform, he put shot or bullets into the cup or glass of strong drink, and displaced so much liquor. Bullet after bullet added day by day, of course the liquor became less and less until the bullets would entirely fill up the glass and there was no room for the liquid, and by that time it was said the inebriate would be cured. Whether any one ever was cured in that way I know not, but by long experiment it is found that the only way is to stop short off, and when a man does that he needs God to help him, and there have been more cases than you can count when God has helped the man that he left off the drink forever, and I could count a score of them, some of them pillars in the house of God.

Moral Death. One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the ominous names given to the intoxicants and stand off from the devastating influence. You have noticed, for instance, that some of the restaurants are called "The Shades," typical of the fact that it puts a man's reputation in the shade, and his morals in the shade, and his prosperity in the shade, and his wife and children in the shade, and his immortal destiny in the shade. Now I

found on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "Old Crow," mightily suggestive of the carcass and the filthy raven that swoops upon it. "Old Crow!" Men and women without numbers slain of rum, but unbred, and this evil is pecking at their glazed eyes, and pecking at their bloated cheek, and pecking at their destroyed manhood. Drive away the man who thrusts his head and claw into the mortal remains of what was once gloriously alive, but now morally dead. "Old Crow!" But, alas, how many take no warning! They make me think of Caesar on his way to assassination, fearing nothing, though his statue in the hall crashed into fragments at his feet, and a scroll containing the names of the conspirators was thrust into his hands, yet walking right on to meet the dagger that was to take his life. This infatuation of strong drink is so mighty in many a man that, though his fortunes are crashing, and his health is crashing, and his domestic interests are crashing, and we hand him a long scroll containing the names of perils that await him, he goes straight on to physical and mental and moral assassination. In proportion as any style of alcoholism is pleasant to your taste and stimulating to your nerves, and for a time delightful to all your physical and mental constitution, is the peril awful. Remember Jonathan and the forbidden honey in the woods at Bethaven.

Furthermore, the gamester's indulgence must be put in the list of temptations delicious, but destructive. You who have crossed the ocean many times have noticed that always one of the best rooms has from morning until late at night been given up to gambling practices. I heard of men who went on board with enough for a European excursion who landed without money to get their baggage up to the hotel or railroad station. To many there is a complete fascination in games of hazard or the risking of money on possibilities. It seems as natural for them to bet as to eat. Indeed, the hunger for food is often overpowered by the hunger for wagers. It is absurd for those of us who have never felt the fascination of the wager to speak slightly of the temptation. It has slain a multitude of intellectual and moral giants, men and women stronger than you or I. Down under its power went glorious Oliver Goldsmith and Gibbon, the famous historian, and Charles Fox, the renowned statesman of the golden times senators of the United States, who used to be as regularly at the gambling house all night as they were in the halls of legislation by day. Oh, the tragedies of the faro table! I know persons who began with a slight stake in a ladies' parlor and ended with the suicide's pistol at Monte Carlo. They played with the square pieces of bone with black marks on them, not knowing that satan was playing for their bones at the same time and was sure to sweep all the stakes off on his side of the table. State legislatures have again and again sanctioned the mighty evil by passing laws in defense of race tracks, and many young men have lost all their wages at such so-called "meetings." Every man who voted for such infamous bills has on his hands and forehead the blood of those souls.

Eternal Catastrophe. But in this connection some young converts say to me: "Is it right to play cards? Is there any harm in a game of whist or euchre?" Well, I know good men who play whist and euchre and other styles of games without any wagers. I had a friend who played cards with his wife and children, and then at the close said, "Come, now, let us have prayers." I will not judge other men's consciences, but I tell you that the temporal and spiritual ruin of splendid young men that I would as soon say to my family, "Come, let us have a game of cards" as I would go into a menagerie and say, "Come, let us have a game of rattlesnakes" or into a cemetery and sitting down by a marble slab, say to the gravediggers, "Come, let us have a game at skulls." Conscientious young ladies are silently saying, "Do you think card playing will do us any harm?" Perhaps not, but how will you feel if in the great day of eternity, when you are asked to give an account of your influence, some man should say, "I was introduced to games of chance in the year 1898, at your house, and I went on from that sport to something more exciting and went on down until I lost my business and lost my morals and lost my soul, and these chains that you see on my wrists and feet are the chains of a gamester's doom, and I am on my way to a gambler's hell." Honey at the start, eternal catastrophe at the last.

Stock gambling comes into the same catalogue. It must be very exhilarating to go into the stock market and, depositing a small sum of money, run the chance of taking out a fortune. Many men are doing an honest and safe business in the stock market, and you are an ignoramus if you do not know that it is just as legitimate to deal in stocks as it is to deal in coffee or sugar or flour. But nearly all the outsiders who go there on a financial excursion lose all. The old epiers eat up the unsold pocket flies. I had a friend who put his hand on his hip pocket and said in substance, "I have there the value of \$250,000." His home is today penniless. What was the matter? Stock gambling. Of the vast majority who are victimized you hear not one word. One great stock firm goes down, and whole columns of newspapers discuss their fraud or their disaster, and we are presented with their features and their biography. But where one such famous firm sinks 500 unknown men sink with them. The great steamer goes down, and all the little boats are swallowed in the same engulfment.

Gambling is gambling, whether in stocks or breadstuffs or dice or race horse betting. Exhilaration at the start, but a raving brain and a shattered nervous system and a sacrificed property

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and a destroyed soul at the last. Young men, buy no lottery tickets, purchase no prize packages, bet on no baseball games or yacht racing, have no faith in luck, answer no mysterious circulars proposing great income for small investment. Drive away the man who has hovered around our hotels trying to entrap strangers. Go out and make an honest living. Have God on your side and be a candidate for heaven. Remember all the paths of sin are banked with flowers at the start, and there are plenty of helpful hands to fetch the gay charger to your door and hold the stirrup while you mount. But farther on the horse plunges to the bit in a slough inextricable.

The Truth of God.

The best honey is not like that which Jonathan took up with the end of the rod and brought to his lips, but that which God puts on the banquet table of mercy, at which we are all invited to sit. I was reading of a boy among the mountains of Switzerland ascending a dangerous place with his father and the guides. The boy stopped on the edge of the cliff and said, "There is a flower I mean to get." "Come away from there," said the father. "My gut will fall off." "No," said he. "I must get that beautiful flower." And the guides rushed toward him to pull him back, when just as they heard him say, "I almost have it," he fell 2,000 feet. Birds of prey were seen a few days after circling through the air and lowering gradually to the place where the corpse lay. Why seek flowers of the edge of the precipice when you can walk knee deep amid the full blooms of the very paradise of God? When a man may sit at the king's banquet, why will he go down the steps and contend for the refuse and bones of a hound's kennel? "Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," says David, is the truth of God. "With honey out of the rock would I have satisfied thee," says God to the recreant. Here is honey gathered from the blossoms of trees of life, and with a rod made out of the wood of the cross I dip it up for all your souls.

The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and a nectar, the drink of which would make men live forever, and one sip of the honey from the Eternal Rock will give you eternal life with God. Come off the malarial levels of a sinful life. Come and live on the uplands of grace, where the vineyards sun themselves. "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is gracious!" Be happy now and happy forever. For those who take a different course the honey will turn to gall. For many things I have admired Percy Shelley, the great English poet, but I deplore the fact that it seemed a great sweetness to him to dishonor God. The poem "Queen Mab" has in it the maligning of the Deity. Shelley was impious enough to ask for Rowland Hill's Surrey chapel that he might dishonor the Christian religion. He was in great glee against God and the truth. But he visited Italy, and one day on the Mediterranean with two friends in a boat which was 24 feet long he was coming toward shore when an hour's squall struck the water. A gentleman standing on shore through a glass saw the boats tossed in this squall, but all outside the storm except one, in which Shelley and his two friends were sailing. That never came ashore, but the bodies of two of the occupants were washed up on the beach, one of them the poet. A funeral pyre was built on the seashore by some classic friends, and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived, and I fear had no God when he died. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Beware of the forbidden honey!

When They Are Valuable.

"You seem to have lost all your superstitions." "I don't need any now," said the ex-actor.

"Not Are superstitions of particular value to the theatrical profession?" "They are if you can get them published in the papers."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Sporting Judge.

After Baron Martin, who possessed a great horror of sporting "prophecies," had become partially deaf, he was on one occasion trying a racing case, an exercise of his functions that he revealed in.

One of the counsel engaged in it was named Stammers, a solemn, formal, sententious personage, who seldom made a speech without quoting passages from Scripture. In addressing the jury, he was about to pursue his old habit, and got as far as "as the prophet says," when the judge interposed:

"Don't trouble the jury, Mr. Stammers, about the prophecies. There is not one of them who would not sell his father sixpenny worth of halfpence."

"But, my lord," said Stammers, in a subdued tone, "I was about to quote from the Prophet Jeremiah."

"Don't tell me," replied the baron. "I have no doubt your friend Mr. Myer is just as bad as the rest of them."—Nuggets.

CURED OF BLOOD POISON AFTER FIFTY-TWO DOCTORS FAILED.

Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

GENTLEMEN:—In 1872 a small pimple broke out on my leg. It began eating and in four months I was treated by a physician of Talladega County, Ala., where I lived eighteen years. He relieved it for a short while, in six weeks it broke out in both legs, also on my shoulder. Two small bones were taken out. It continued until 1878. In this time I had twelve different physicians. They told me the only remedy was amputation; that it could never be cured. For six months I could not walk a step. I went to Mineral Wells, Texas, spent 300.00; came home; went to Hot Springs, Ark., staid five months—all failed to cure me. In 1887 I came back to Birmingham, Ala. I was advised to write you, which I did. You wrote me that B. B. Wood would cure me, and I could get the medicine from Nabors & Morrow, Druggists in our city. I bought ten bottles and before I had finished my fifth bottle my legs began to heal, and in less than two months I was sound and well. That has been nearly two years ago, and no sign of its return yet. I have spent in cash over \$400.00, and B. B. Wood done the work that all the rest failed to do. You have my permission to publish this. I have traveled so much trying to get well that my cure is well-known. Fifty-two doctors have treated me in the last 17 years. All they did was to take what money I had, and done me no good. I am now a well man. PROF. C. H. RANNEY, For sale by Druggists, Shady Dale, Ga. Price \$1.00 per large bottle.

The Whipping Post.

A whipping post for the correction of bad boys has been set up in Evansville, Ind. The judge of the local police court is responsible for the innovation. He was punished what to do with boys indifferent to parental control and hesitated to inflict the penalty of a fine, which was really a punishment on the parent. He discovered that an old statute permitting the flogging of lawbreakers had not been repealed, and at once set up the whipping post. Now when a boy is found guilty of misdemeanor his father is sent for and given his choice of paying a fine, seeing his boy go to jail or giving him a sound flogging with a strap in the presence of an officer whose duty it is to see that there is no sham about the punishment. There is seldom need of the mentor's interference, the angry parent wielding the strap to good purpose. The humane society felt impelled to interfere, but the judge stood upon the law, and there has been a marked decrease in the number of boys brought before the court.—New York Post.

An Oft Vaccinated Man.

Probably the most thoroughly vaccinated man on earth is Chief Veal of the health department at Atlanta, but he has never felt the effect of his virus. It has been put into his arm. Since he has been in charge of the health de-