

"THIS IS MY OWN MY NATIVE LAND."

Roll Back the Tide of Time, and We Are Boys and Girls Again.

But, now his nose is thin, And it rests upon his chin. Like a staff; And a crook is in his back, And a melancholy crack In his laugh.

When Sir Walter Scott visited Pompeii in the early years of the century now expiring, as he wandered through the ruins of the buried city, he uttered only the words—"the City of the Dead, the City of the Dead," constantly repeating them.

Since our last week's work, we have passed four of the most delightful days that have ever dawned upon our long and varied pilgrimage of life, in Edenton, our native home. We received a welcome such as has been vouchsafed to few men on earth. Not the welcome that is paid to honor won in the battle of life, not the welcome due to wealth, or honor, or distinction, but the higher and more generous welcome that comes to an aged pilgrim, weary and worn with long struggle, after having had a varied experience of life's vicissitudes, returning to his old home and the home of his fathers after long absence, and bringing nothing with him but a heart overflowing with love and veneration.

We left Edenton fifty-five years ago. For many years of that time we kept in close touch with the dear old place, and with its population, in which were many of our dearest kindred and friends. For some years we have not revisited it, and in these same years, there have been more changes than in the balance of the fifty-five years. Some sad, many pleasant. No abatement of interest had kept us away, but we had grown old, and in the chances of life had become a cripple, and a morbid feeling had arisen that one so situated should never go beyond the sound of his dinner horn, and we confess to a little superstition, that the aged, like young chickens "went home to roost," and we preferred to stay here yet a little longer. But we had pressing invitations to come, and so we came, and we are now so glad that we cast our doubts behind us and went, that gold and silver could not now purchase the happiness that that visit has given us. It was without a flaw, or break, or strain in its continuity of happiness. From our first step upon its sacred soil, kindness was our handmaid and familiar, and now that we are back to our treadmill, there was no word that was spoken that we would have unsaid, and no thought that we thought that we would have unthought, or that we would have the "recording angel" to stay his pen in the record of it.

And now we are at a stand where we are to break ground in our attempt to chronicle our trip, and our gratitude for love and kindness that can never be forgotten.

"Til our last of lines are penned, And life's hopes, joys and sorrows at an end."

When we first touched the platform of the Railroad depot we fell into the open arms of our first born and when released from her embrace kind and friendly hands were extended in cordial welcome, and we were bidden to break bread at the hospitable boards of our kindred and friends. And from that time 'til we said "farewell" we were actively engaged in the battle (or "love feast," is it?) of hospitality.

Being rather "ornary" in our pedestrianism, our friend of long years, and a true one, tendered us his carriage and servant, and we hied not hurriedly to the home of our earliest and longest dear, where we were installed at once as Captain Gen-

eral of the household, with all the privileges, immunities and perquisites appertaining thereto, without reservation of streams, forests, fisheries, waterways, mills and factories. We took a recuperative rest, and at night we had an agreeable call from W. D. Pruden, Esq., and his excellent wife, our kinswoman, a lineal descendant of Job Creecy, the propositus of the family, with whom we dined (that is to say with Mr. Pruden and wife, not with our grandfather "Job") on Sunday, the following day, after having attended a service at St. Paul's Church, which was supplied by Mr. W. B. Shepard, a lay-reader, in the absence of Dr. Drane, the Rector. He read an excellent sermon from the parable of the tares and the wheat.

After the church service we remained with a few friends in the venerable sanctuary looking over the sacred memorials of the departed, and we hope, gaining new inspiration, in worshiping where we were led by maternal hands in childhood and worshipped in manhood. After church we looked a little over the grand old cemetery, where repose the remains of generations upon generations. Monuments marked the remains and virtues of names of friends, relatives and familiars, long gone, we trust to eternal blessedness. It was pleasant yet mournful to our soul to be with them. From the cemetery we adjourned to Mr. Pruden's, where we spent a cheerful and happy day. There was only one drawback to the feast of pleasant converse and material good things. That was, that we couldn't help eating with our knife, and tho we didn't know it then, we have since learned that our respectability hung upon the sharp point of that knife, which served us so well. Daughter Winston sat next us and from the constant nudging she gave us we knew something was gone wrong but could not for the life of us determine what it was. At last from a natural pantomime between us we concluded it was something the matter with our mouth or nose or tongue. We took a gentle pull at our nose and it was all right. She caught a chance and wagged her head negatively. Then we thought she meant that we opened our mouth too wide, and we pinched it up like when we eat green persimmons, so we could not eat with it, and she negatively wagged again. Then she winked at us and whispered from behind her mouchoir, "knife," and then by winks and frowns she indicated to us that knife meant cut up and fork pick up. Then we were mortified and felt that we had thrown away the labors of a life time to become a gentleman and lost all on the point of a knife at a gentleman's table. We felt that all was lost, and in our agony of mortification we remembered that our mother told us we must always stick to a thing and if we failed at one point we should try another. So we took a little rest and thought that as we had utterly failed as a gentleman at table we would try to be a gentleman of learning. So we

On Monday we dined with Minton H. Dixon and his good wife, our cousin-by-marriage, at his elegant residence on West King street, overlooking the beautiful bay that recalls that of Naples. It was a lovely occasion, much of which was devoted to old memories, old portraits and old family bibles. The house where our friends and kin are domiciled is a model of coziness, comfort and elegance, and it is occupied by a household that is a model of happiness on earth.

At night we teased with the venerable J. G. Williams and his sweet and devoted daughters. We were grown-up boys together, and we wrestled over our scenes in the sowing and reaping in the "wild oats" harvest-field, where he was hilarious and we were happy. We counselled him gravely about the temerity of breaking his blooded colts and driving wild horses at the age of 86, and asked him how he did it, and he whispered, by the magnetism of his voice. In the intervals of early reminiscence, he entertained us with sea stories of his early life, that were equal to the seven voyages of "Sinbad the Sailor;" how he drank "scharwartz" with the Governor of Antigua and kept up the wassail with him until Aurora's grey dawn. We would have kept up the tussle till daybreak, had we allowed him.

We swapped calls with many other of our friends and kindred. With Frank Wood and his wife, our cousin-by-marriage, whose elegance could only have been acquired by birth, and long fellowship with Hillsboro and Edenton, and whose beautiful naturalness and geniality was not excelled by "Rebecca at the Well."

At Julien Wood's we blessed the new birth and tarried just long enough to chat with Julie's wife, mother about the furbelowed and powdered old colonial dames.

At Dr. Dillard's we waltzed over the grassy lawn of literature, rich with the spoils of historic lore. In our intervals of rest he showed us likenesses of Rev. Martin Ross, that he had, with historic usage and instinct.

cougled a little, blushed a little and humbly said: "Mister Pruden, that is to say, brother Pruden, do you know who Dr. Samuel Johnson was." Oh yes, my dear sir, said he you mean Dr. Samuel Boswell Johnson, the great English lexicographer and leviathan of English literature. O, yes sir, said we he was Dr. Boswell's 7th son by his 7th wife, and they made him an M. D., hence his name." We rallied some, and then we queried again: Mr. Pruden, that is to say, brother Pruden, will you kindly tell us what he meant when he said that "no good man could visit the plains of Marathon without a warmer glow of patriotism or Iona without a warmer glow of devotion." Well sir, said he, you know what Marathon was. Oh yes, said we, Marathon was a great battle fought by Ptolemy on the plains of Babylon, when Charles the Twelfth drove the Egyptians into the Red Sea, and they were all drowned, and we rather think Marathon was the general to whom the British surrendered at Brandy wine. No sir said he you are a little anachronistic. Marathon is a great Grecian battle, I believe. Well said we, who was Iona. He said he really did not know. Then we both looked at each other with a look of wisdom and enquiry, when Mrs. Pruden, of our stock, interposed and said Iona is an island on the north of Scotland to which christians resorted as a shrine, and which had a christian temple of great antiquity; and then we applauded by handclapping at table until daughter Winston intimated to us by a significant nod that we were again showing that we were not born a gentleman.

From the hospitable home of Mr. Pruden we went home and thence to Mr. Thomas Warren's, on Magnolia street, where we met his large family (all of our blood and lineage) of a young wife and "eleven children," as we understood him to say, with other friends and kindred, and had a carnival of happiness, in which we played the part of the funny man in the play who laughed at his own jokes, until we became the standing joke ourself. We had a glorious time at the home of our dear niece, which was prolonged almost to the dividing of the days.

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toric "tea party" in his absence, and other historic curios.

At W. B. Shepard's on King St., we had a pleasant chat with him and Miss Gertrude, children of our early friend and counsellor, W. B. Shepard, pere.

At Mrs. Elizabeth Paxton's, who bears the burden of years beyond the scriptural limit, with feminine fortitude, and with whom we have, in parallel lines in the harness of blood and friendship, nearly spanned the century, we found a cordial and affectionate greeting.

At Ned. Wood's and his wife's, our cousin-by-marriage, we talked of her distinguished father Col. Hal Shaw, who fell a martyr to his patriotic convictions, and was baptized in his own blood the field of sectional strife.

At John Wood's, of Hayes, we spent a pleasant half hour, with himself and his wife, our cousin-by-marriage. As we looked around on the portraits of North Carolina's crown jewels of statesmen that adorned the walls, he raised his hand, and pointing to Gastons said: "There is your ideal of greatness. Tell us about him." It was brief, but a model introduction—short, crisp, epigrammatic; tasteful, condensed. We responded of course, in a ten minute's address upon the life, character and personality of William Gaston, with incidental reference to his times and contemporaries. The audience was small, select, deeply attentive, and apparently appreciative. It consisted of John Wood, his wife, daughter Winston, and his pretty little Annie. We bowed politely as we closed and there was no applause, by clapping of hands, feet, cheering or other demonstration. Not a murmur. You might have heard a pin fall as in a cathedral chamber. When we left, we asked daughter Winston what the stillness meant. She said it was the rapt condition of our audience. We then asked her, if we had not better go back and give them an encore. "Oh no, no," said she, with evident alarm, lest we should run back before she could catch us.

Of course we called on Miss Bond, of Eden House, and were introduced to that interesting and bright link in a long line of distinguished ancestry.

Our young and valued friend Bob Lee Temple dined with us at daughter Winston's on the eve of our departure.

Miss Madge Bond, did us the honor to spend an evening with us.

Mrs. J. C. Warren kindly sent us a salver of pecan nuts borne by the tree we planted over sixty years ago, a kindness we greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Badham, our kin, sent us a waiter of delicacies that would have tempted an anchorite or ruined a dyspeptic.

And now, kind reader, pardon the big Ego, that pervades these pages. How could we help it? Egotism is bad taste and vanity is a weakness, but ingratitude is a crime. We had rather be thought vain than ungrateful for kindnesses. That's all. Here's a hand for all that love us, and none, we hope, to hate.

Unlike most proprietary medicine, the formulae of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and other preparations are cheerfully sent to any physician who applies for them. Hence the special favor accorded these well known standard remedies by the World's Fair commissioners.

A CLEAR HEAD; good digestion; sound sleep; a fine appetite and a ripe old age, are some of the results of the use of Tutt's Liver Pills. A single dose will convince you of their wonderful effects and virtue.

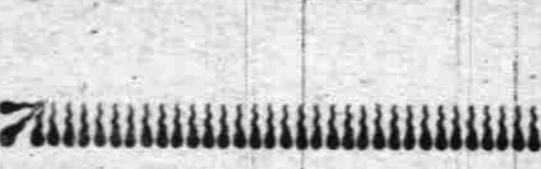
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Tutt's Liver Pills

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WE MAKE OUR BOW! FOR SALE!

REAL ESTATE. BY E. F. LAMB, CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. 50x120 feet. A beautiful building lot. Delightfully located. A last chance for a down town residence. Situate corner of Main and Martin streets. For sale at a reasonable price on easy terms.

"WE MAKE OUR BOW" to the good people of Elizabeth City and surrounding country, for their kind patronage in the past, and with renewed efforts to please every customer who enters our store in quality and price, we bid all a happy and prosperous '98.

T. S. WELLS, Racket Store. Dry Goods, Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods Notions, Shoes, Hats, Everything.

REMEMBER SAWYER & JONES Keep on Hand all the Time First-class line of Goods OF ALL KINDS. "HOT PRICES TO ALL." SAWYER & JONES.

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY WITH THE Southern Stock Mutual Underwriters' Fire Insurance Co's Of Greensboro, N. C. Returns to the Policy Holders 20 per cent. of the Premium if no loss sustained. T. B. WILSON, Agt., Elizabeth City, N. C.

Notice of Administration. Having qualified as administrator of the late James M. Harvey, I hereby give notice to all persons indebted to his estate to come forward and make immediate settlement, and those holding claims against the same to present them for payment within twelve months from the date of this notice, or it will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. ZION H. BERRY, Adm'r James M. Harvey, deceased.

Sale of Valuable Land. By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Pasquotank county, made in the cause of Wm. Shannon and others vs. Alfred Overton, I shall, on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1898, at 12 M., sell at public sale at the Court house door in Elizabeth City, N. C., the following lands for division among the heirs at law of Hannibal Overton, deceased: FIRST TRACT: Lying near the "Simpson Ditch" road, and north of said road, and bounded by the lands of Henry Raper, the lands formerly belonging to a party in New York City; also by the lands of Joe Jackson, J. L. Hinton, one Waters and others, and being all woodland, and adjoins that tract of land of Henry Raper, which was surveyed by H. T. Greenleaf August 1, 1879, as appears by his plat. Said tract contains 39 acres and is timbered land.

SECOND TRACT: Lying on the south side of "Simpson Ditch" road and bounded on nearly all sides by the lands of Henry Raper, and also bounded by the lands of Spence Johnson. This tract is all cleared and will make one a good home. It contains 15 acres more or less.

THIRD TRACT: One lot in what is known as "Pryor Town," in Elizabeth City, being No. 54, 40 feet wide, 80 feet deep. Bounded by the lots of J. H. Wilson, Alfred Overton, R. O. Pryor and Yost Street.

These lands will be sold for one-third cash, balance in 6 and 12 months, with interest on deferred payments from day of sale. Title retained till purchase money is paid, or purchaser can pay all at his option. This January 12, 1898. G. W. WARD, Commissioner of the Court

For Sale. THE TUG SOPHIE WOOD Built in 1892, sixty-three feet long; has 10x10 engine and thirty-two horse power boiler. Cost four thousand dollars. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Can be seen at Edenton, N. C. E. F. LAMB.

WANTED! To purchase 100,000 acres of land; prefer it mostly cleared; location does not matter; want 20,000 acres or more in one tract; must be cheap. Address AMERICAN REAL ESTATE CO., Norfolk, Va.

Having qualified as Adm'r of the late Christian Simpson, I hereby give notice to all persons to her estate to come forward and make immediate settlement of those holding claims the same, and to present them for payment within twelve months from the date of this notice. It will be pleaded in bar of recovery. J. HAYWOOD SIMPSON, Adm'r of Christian Simpson, January 19th 1898.

Well Children that are not very robust need a warming, building and fat-forming food—something to be used for two or three months in the fall—that they may not suffer from cold. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda supplies exactly what they want. They will thrive, grow strong and be well all winter on this splendid food tonic. Nearly all of them become very fond of it. For adults who are not very strong, a course of treatment with the Emulsion for a couple of months in the fall will put them through the winter in first-class condition. Ask your doctor about this.