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# Economist.

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VOL. XXVI.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1898.

NO. 52.

## SOMETHING NEW



Largest package of the world's best cleanser for a shaker. All greater economy in 4 pound packages. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.



## WEARY WAYFARERS.

WELLS OF COMFORT IN UNEXPECTED PLACES.

Dr. Talmage Draws Some Stirring Lessons From the Story of Hagar and Ishmael In the Desert—Finding and Keeping Our Proper Stations in Life.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

WASHINGTON, March 20.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage draws from an oriental scene some stirring lessons and points to wells of comfort in unexpected places; text, Genesis xxi, 19. "And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water, and she went and filled the bottle with water and gave the lad drink."

## THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

LUNG TROUBLES AND CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

An Eminent New York Chemist and Scientist Makes a Free Offer to Our Readers.

The distinguished New York chemist, T. A. Slocum, demonstrating his discovery of a reliable and absolute cure for Consumption (Pulmonary Tuberculosis) and all bronchial, throat, lung and chest diseases, stubborn coughs, catarrhal affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and all conditions of wasting away, will send THREE FREE BOTTLES (all different) of his New Discoveries to any afflicted reader of the ECONOMIST writing for them.

Science daily develops new wonders, and this great chemist, patiently experimenting for years, has produced results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed by any modern genius. His assertion that lung troubles and consumption are curable in any climate is proven by "heartfelt letters of gratitude," filed in his American and European laboratories in thousands from those cured in all parts of the world.

Medical experts concede that bronchitis, chest and lung troubles lead to Consumption, which, untrunked, means speedy and certain death. Simply write to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine Street, New York, giving post-office and express address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Sufferers should make instant advantage of his generous proposition.

Please tell the Doctor that you saw his offer in the ECONOMIST.

## Prospective Shortage of Oxygen.

Persons who happen to be inconvenienced by death of anxieties are invited to agitate their spirits by contemplation of the prospect of a shortage of oxygen in the atmosphere. It seems that there are well informed persons, Lord Kelvin among them, who find reason to believe that this calamity is impending.

## Other—London Spectator.

## Soldering Aluminium.

K. T. Stanton tells in Nature of his cadmium of soldering aluminium: "If cadmium iodide be fused on an aluminium plate, decomposition of the salt occurs long before the melting point of the aluminium is reached. The result is generally the violent evolution of iodine vapor, and the formation of an alloy of cadmium and aluminium on the surface of the metal. The addition to the cadmium iodide of the two chlorides of zinc and ammonium, previously fused together, results in a flux, which readily enables tin (or other soldering alloy) to unite perfectly with aluminium."

## George's Inequality to the Occasion.

"How do you know it is all over between George and Clara?" "I know it is if she's a girl of spirit. He took her to a restaurant last evening for a luncheon, and after it was over he let a big colored waiter tuck her sleeves in for her when she put on her fur jacket."—Chicago Tribune.

## Round farthings were not coined until the year 1210.

Before then pennies broken into four pieces made farthings.

## BLOOD POISON CURED.

There is no doubt, according to the many remarkable cures performed by Botanic Blood Balm ("B. B. B.") that it is far the best Tonic and Blood Purifier ever manufactured. All other pale imitations, when compared with it, are pimple-pickers, skin diseases, and all manner of blood and skin ailments. Buy the best, and don't throw your money away on substitutes. Try the long tested and old reliable B. B. B. \$1.00 per large bottle. For sale by Druggists.

## A BAD CASE CURED.

Three years ago I contracted a blood poison. I applied to a physician at once, and his treatment came near killing me. I employed an old physician and then went to Kentucky. I then went to Hot Springs and remained there two months. Nothing seemed to cure me permanently, although temporary relief was given me. I returned home a ruined man physically, with but little prospect of ever getting well. I was persuaded to try Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) and to my utter astonishment it quickly healed every ulcer. Z. T. HALLBERTON, For sale by Druggists, Macon, Ga.

## Italians For Venezuela.

An Italian named Dotti has entered into an agreement with the Venezuelan government to colonize in Venezuela 1,000 Italian families per annum, to establish a bank for the benefit of agriculturists with a capital of \$3,750,000 and to maintain a line of steamships between the colonies and Italy. To encourage the scheme the government grants large rebates of taxation and other privileges and assures to the new colonists generous welcome and protection.

## A Well In Every Wilderness.

I learn one more lesson from this oriental scene, and that is that every wilderness has a well in it. Hagar and Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart sank within her as she heard her child crying: "Water! Water! Water!" "Ah," she says, "my darling, there is no water. This is a desert." And then God's angel said from the cloud, "What alleluia, Hagar?" And she looked up and saw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God, that there is in every wilderness a well, if you only know how to find it—fountains for all these thirsty souls. On that last day,

## Abandoned.

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"No!"

"Yes, his case baffles the highest skill selecting skill."—Detroit Journal.

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Examining Surgeons of Pensions—Dr. J. E. Wood, W. W. Griggs and W. J. Lundsten. Meet on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month at the corner of Road and Church Streets.

Churches—Methodist, Rev. J. H. Hall, Pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Baptist, Rev. W. S. Spence, Pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Presbyterian, Rev. F. H. Johnston, pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Episcopal, Rev. L. L. Williams, rector; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m.

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Knights of Honor: R. B. White, Dictator; J. H. Engle, Vice Dictator; T. J. Jordan, Reporter; T. B. Wilson, Finance Reporter; J. C. Benbury, Treasurer. Meets 1st and 4th Friday in each month.

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County Officers—Commissioners—C. E. Kramer, Chairman; F. M. Godfrey, J. W. Williams, Sheriff; T. P. Wilcox, Superior Court Clerk; John P. Overman, Register of Deeds; M. E. C. pepper, Treasurer; John S. Morris County Health Officer; Dr. J. E. Wood, Board of Education; J. T. Davis, J. D. Fulmer, N. A. Jones, Superintendent. I. N. Meekins

## Does Your Back Ache?

In constant pain when on your feet?

Is that dragging, pulling sensation with you from morn till night?

Why not put the medicine exactly on the disease? Why not apply the cure right to the spot itself?

You can do it with

## Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster

Immediately after the Plaster is applied, you feel its warming, soothing influence. Its healing remedies quickly penetrate deep into the inflamed tissues. Pain is quieted, soreness is relieved and strength imparted. No plaster ever cured so quickly and thoroughly. No plaster ever had such complete control over all kinds of pain.

Placed over the chest it is a powerful aid to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, relieving congestion and drawing out all inflammation.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. J. C. ATLEE CO., Lowell, Mass.

## Too Many Leaders.

In the Lord's army we all want to be brigadier generals. The top says: "Morale, more tonics, more can't. On the I wore a top-sail schooner with a full rigged rig and a Cunard steamer." And so the world is filled with cries of discontent, because we are not willing to stay in the place where God put us and intended us to be. My friends, be not too proud to do anything God tells you to do. For the lack of a right disposition in this respect the world is strewn with wandering Hagar and Ishmaels. God has given each one of us a work to do. You carry a scuttle of coal up that dark alley. You distribute that Christian tract. You give \$10,000 to the missionary cause. You for 15 years sit with chronic rheumatism, displaying the beauty of Christian submission. Whatever God calls you to, whether it be hissing or huzzah, whether to walk under the triumphal arch or lift the cross on a Pentecost or tell some wanderer of the street of the mercy of the Christ of Mary Magdalene, whether it be to weave a garland for a laughing child on a spring morning and call her a May queen or to comb out the tangled locks of a wife of the street and cut up one of your old dresses to fit her out for the sanctuary, do it, and do it right away. Whether it be a crown or yoke, do not fidget. Everlasting honors upon those who do their work and do their whole work and are contented in the sphere in which God has put them, while there are wandering and exile and desolation and wilderness for discontented Hagar and Ishmael!

## Lost In the Desert.

And so they go on day after day and night after night, for they have lost their way. No path in the shifting sands, no sign in the burning sky. The sack empty of the flour, the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As she puts her fainting Ishmael under a stunted shrub of the arid plain she sees the bloodshot eye and feels the hot hand and watches the blood bursting from the cracked tongue, and there is a shriek in the desert of Beersheba: "We shall die! We shall die!" Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her son cry in vain for a drink. Herefore she had cheered her boy by promising a speedy end of the journey and even smiled upon him when she felt desperately enough. Now there is shrub and let him die. She had thought that she would sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would breathe out her own life in his silent heart. But as the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony of thirst and struggle in distortion and begs his mother to slay him she cannot endure the spectacle. She puts him under a shrub and goes off a bowshot and begins to weep until all the desert seems sobbing, and her cry strikes clear through the heavens, and an angel of God comes out on a cloud and looks down upon the appalling grief and cries, "Hagar, what alleluia!" She looks up and she sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank God! Thank God!

## Learn from this oriental scene,

in the first place, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place and get too proud for their business. Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. She ridiculed and jeered until her son Ishmael got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness and threw Sarah into a great fret, and if she had staid much longer in that household she would have upset calm Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one-half of the trouble in the world today comes from the fact that people do not know their place, or, finding their place, will not stay in it. When we come into the world, there is always a place ready for us. A place for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for Hagar. A place for Ishmael. A place for you and a place for me.

## Find Your Sphere.

Our first duty is to find our sphere, our second is to keep it. We may be born in a sphere far off from the one for which God finally intends us. Sixtus V was born on the low ground and was a wine-bearer; God called him up to wave a scepter. Ferguson spent his early days in looking after sheep; God called him up to look after stars and be a shepherd watching the flocks of lights on the billides of heaven. Hogarth be-

## gaa by engraving pewter pots;

God raised him to stand in the enchanted realm of a painter. The shoemaker's bench held Bloomfield for a little while, but God raised him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and Christian scholar. The scap boiler of London could not keep his son in that business, for God had decided that Hawley was to be one of the greatest astronomers of England.

## Responsibility of Motherhood.

Again, I find in this oriental scene the fact that every mother leads forth tremendous destinies. You say, "That isn't an unusual scene—a mother leading her child by the hand." Who is it that she is leading? Ishmael, you say. Who is Ishmael? A great nation is to be founded—a nation so strong that it is to stand for thousands of years against all the armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria thunder against it, but in vain. Gaius brings up his army, and his army is smitten. Alexander decides upon a campaign, brings up his hosts and dies. For a long while that nation monopoly makes the learning of the world. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it? Ishmael, the lad that Hagar led into the wilderness. She had no idea she was leading forth such destinies. Neither does any mother. You pass along the street and see and pass boys and girls who will yet make the earth quake with their influence.

## Who is that boy at Sutton pool, Plym-

outh, England, barefooted, wading down into the slush and silt until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass, and he lifts it bleeding and pain struck? That wound in the foot decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decides that he shall be John Kitto, who shall provide the best religious encyclopedia the world has ever had provided and, with his other writings as well, throwing a light upon the world of such a nature as has come from no other man in this century. Oh, mother, mother; that little hand that wanders over your face may yet be lifted to hurl thunderbolts of war or drop benedictions! That little voice may blaspheme God in the groshop or cry "Forward!" to the Lord's hosts as they go out for their last victory. My mind this morning leaps 80 years ahead, and I see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings a ship out of Canton. Another stroke of his pen brings a ship into Madras. He is mighty in all the money markets of the world. Who is he? He sits on Sabbaths beside you in church. My mind leaps 80 years forward from this time, and I find myself in a relief association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a general purpose. There is one woman in that crowd who seems to have the confidence of all the others, and they all look up to her for her counsel and for her prayers. Who is she? This afternoon you will find her in the Sabbath school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who clothed the naked and fed the hungry and healed the sick. My mind leaps forward 30 years from now, and I find myself in an African jungle, and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dusky countenances are irradiated with the glad tidings of great joy and salvation. Who is he? Did you not hear his voice today in the opening song of your church service? My mind leaps forward 90 years from now and I find myself looking through the wickets of a prison. I see a face scarred with every crime. His chin on his open palm, his elbow on his knee, a picture of despair. As I open the wicket he starts, and I hear his chain clank. The jailkeeper tells me that he has been in there now three times—first for theft, then for arson, now for murder. He steps upon the trapdoor, the rope is fastened to his neck, the plank falls, his body swings into the air, his soul swings off into eternity. Who is he and where is he? This afternoon playing kite on the city common. Mother, you are now hoisting a throne or forging a chain, you are kindling a star or digging a dungeon!

## A Christian mother a good many

years ago sat teaching lessons of religion to her child, and he drank in those lessons. She never knew that Lambier would come forth and establish the Fulton street prayer meeting, and by one meeting revolutionize the devotions of the whole earth and thrill the eternities with his Christian influence. Lambier said it was his mother who brought him to Jesus Christ. She never had an idea that she was leading forth such destinies. But, oh, when I see a mother reckless of her influence, rattling on toward destruction, garlanded for the sacrifice with unseemly mirth and godlessness, dancing on down to perdition, taking her children in the same direction, preparing them for a life of frivolity, a death of shame and an eternity of disaster, I cannot help but say: "There they go! There they go! Hagar and Ishmael!" I tell you there are wider deserts than Beersheba in many of the fashionable circles of this day. Dissipated parents leading dissipated children. Prayerless parents leading prayerless children. They go through every street, up every dark alley, into every cellar, along every highway. Hagar and Ishmael! And while I pronounce their names it seems like the moaning of the desert wind, "Hagar and Ishmael!"

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