It goes into the homes of the peeple

telling the news with the voice of a

Economist.

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

VOL. XXVI.

trusted friend.

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

DIRECTORY.

City Officers. - M ayor C. A. anks Attorney Isaac M . Meekin.

Commissioners-Palemon John, Thos.

A. Commander, John A Kramer B;

Frank Spence and Wm. W. Griggs.

Clerk-thas. Guirkin; Treasurer-

Geo. W. Cobb; Constable and Chief

of Police-Wm C, Brooks; Street Com-

missioner-Reuben W. Berry; Fire

Collector of Customs-Dr. P. John.

Pennick, D. D., pastor; services every

Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7. p, Pres-

byterian, Rev. F. H. Johnston, pastor;

Lodges-Masonic: Eureka Lodge No.

317. G. W. Brothers, W. M.; J. B.

Grice, J. D.; J. A Hooper and T. J.

Chaplain; J. E. Sheppard; Tyler.

Odd Fellows: Achoree Lodge No 14

C. M. Burgess, N. G.; W. H. Ballard,

Maurice Wescott; Treasurer, Mests

Royal Arcanum: Tiber Creek Coun-

cil No. 1209; H. O Hill Regent; D. A.

Knights of Honor: R. B. White, Die

tator; J. H Engle, Vice Dictator; T.

J. Jordan, Reporter; T. B. Wilson, Fi-

nance Reporter; J. C. Benbury, Treas-

orer. Meets 1st and 4th Friday in

J. S. Beasley, Jr. Sagamore; James

County Officers .- Commissioners C.

E. Kramer, Chairman; F. M. Godfrey,

J. W. Williams. Sheriff, T. P. Wilcox,

per; Treasurer, John S. Morris C anty

Health Officers, Dr. J. E. ood

Boord of Education, J. T. Davis, J. D.

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Is that dragging, pulling

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Does your

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Meet every Wednesday night.

Fulmer, N. A Jones.

V. G. H. O. Hill, Fin. Secretary;

Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights.

every Friday at 7:30 p. m.

each month.

Commissioner-Allen Kramer

Postmaster-E. F Lamb.

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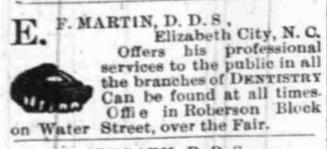
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WELLS OF COMFORT IN UNEXPECTED PLACES.

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

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that the journey before his servant and as in the other God appoints the sphere,

7:15 p. m. Episcopal, Rev. L. L. Wil-pride and joy of her heart, young Ishliams, rector; services every Sunday at | mael. The scorching noon comes on. The air is stifling and moves across the desert with insufferable suffication. Ishmael, the boy, begins to complain and lies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the Jordan, Stewards; Rev. E. F. Sawyer, sweltering heat, for mothers can endure anything. Trudge, trudge, trudge. sleep: "Ishmael! Ismael!"

Lost In the Desert. night after night, for they have lost Superior Court Clerk, John P. Over- their way. No path in the shifting man; Register of Deeds, M. B. Cr pepsahds, no sign in the burning sky. The sack empty of the flour, the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As 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. Heretofore 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 nothing to do but place him under a 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 on 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 grief and cries, "Hagar, what aileth thee?" 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! I 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 not stay in it. When we come into the world, there is always a place ready for ns. 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 second is to keep it. We may be for which God finally intends us. Six-

gan by engraving pewter pots; God is changed now. I hear it in the shuffle raised him to stand in the enchanted of the wornout shoes. I see it in the 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.

On the other hand, we may be born in a sphere a little higher than that for which God intends us. We may be born WASHINGTON, March 20. - This dis- in a castle, and play in a costly concourse of Dr. Talmage draws from an servatory, and feed high bred pointers, oriental scene some stirring lessons and and angle for goldfish in artificial ponds, points to wells of comfort in unexpected and be familiar with princes, yet God places; text, Genesis xxi, 19, "And God may better have fitted us for a carpenopened her eyes, and she saw a well of ter's shop, or dentist's forceps, or a water, and she went and filled the bot- weaver's shuttle, or a blacksmith's tle with water and gave the lad drink." forge. The great thing is to find just Morning breaks upon Beersheba, the sphere for which God intended us, There is an early stir in the house of and then to occupy that sphere and ocold Abraham. There has been trouble cupy it forever. Here is a man God among the domestics. Hagar, an assist- fashioned to make a plow. There is a ant in the household, and her son, a man God fashioned to make a constitubrisk lad of 16 years, have become im- tion. The man who makes the plow is pudent and insolent, and Sarah, the just as honorable as the man who makes mistress of the household, puts her foot | the constitution. There is a woman who down very hard and says that they will was made to fashion a robe, and yonder have to leave the premises. They are is one intended to be a queen and wear packing up now. Abraham, knowing it. It seems to me that in the one case her son will be very long and across and the needle is just as respectable in desolate places, in the kindness of his his sight as the scepter. I do not know heart sets about putting up some bread but that the world would long ago have and a bottle with water in it. It is a been saved if some of the men out of very plain lunch that Abraham pro- the ministry were in it and some of vides, but I warrant you there would those who are in it were out of it. I have been enough of it had they not lost really think that one-half the world their way. "God be with you," said may be divided into two quarters-those Examining Surgeons of Pensions old Abraham as he gave the lunch to who have not found their sphere and Drs J. E. Wood, W. W. Griggs and Hagar and a good many charges as to those who having found it are not will-W. J. Lumsden. Meet on the 1st and how she should conduct the journey. ing to stay there. How many are strug-3rd Wednesdays of each month at the Ishmael, the boy, I suppose, bounded gling for a position a little higher than corner of Road and Church Streets, away in the morning light. Boys al- that which God intended them! The E izabeth City, N. C. Pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. has no idea of the disasters that are gar keeps crowding Sarah. The small has no idea of the disasters that are gar keeps crowding Sarah. The small ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, wheel of a watch which beautifully lingering look on the familiar place went treading its golden pathway wants where she had spent so many happy to be the balance wheel, and the sparservices every Sunday at 11 a. m. and days, each scene associated with the row with chagrin drops into the brook because it cannot, like the eagle, cut a circle under the sun.

Too Many Leaders. In the Lord's army we all want to be brigadier generals. The sloop says "More mast, more tonnage, more canvas. Oh, that I were a topsail schooner or a full rigged brig or a Cunard steamer!" And so the world is filled with cries of discontent, because we are not Crossing the dead level of the desert, willing to stay in the place where God how wearily and slowly the miles slip! put us and intended us to be. My A tamarind that seemed hours ago to friends, be not too proud to do anything stand only just a little ahead, inviting God tells you to do. For the lack of a the travelers to come under its shadow, | right disposition in this respect the now is as far off as ever, or seemingly | world is strewn with wandering Hagars so. Night drops upon the desert, and and Ishmaels. God has given each one Morgan, Vice Regent; C, Guirkin, the travelers are pillowless. Ishmael, of us a work to do. You carry a scuttle Orator; W. H. Zoeller, Secretary; F. M. very weary, I suppose, instantly falls of coal up that dark alley. You distrib-Cook Jr., Collector, W. J. Woodley, asleep. Hagar as the shadows of the ute that Christian tract. You give \$10, Treasurer. Meets every 1st and 3rd night begin to lap over each other- | 000 to the missionary cause. You for 15 Hagar hugs her weary boy to her bosom | years sit with chronic rheumatism, disand thinks of the fact that it is her | playing the beauty of Christian submisfault that they are in the desert. A star | sion. Whatever God calls you to, whethlooks out, and every falling tear it er it win hissing or huzza, whether to kisses with a sparkle. A wing of wind | walk under triumphal arch or lift the comes over the hot earth and lifts the sot out of the ditch, whether it be to Pasquotank Tribe No. 8, I. O. R. M. locks from the fevered brow of the boy. preach on a Pentecost or tell some wan-W. H Sanford, Prophet; Will Ander- Hagar sleeps fitfully and in her dreams derer of the street of the mercy of the son, Sachem; B. C. Lane Sr. Sagamore; travels over the weary day and balf Christ of Mary Magdalene, whether it awakes her son by crying out in her 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 And so they go on day after day and locks of a waif 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 she puts her fainting Ishmael under a 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! Again, I find in this oriental scene a lesson of sympathy with woman when she goes forth trudging in the desert. What a great change it was for this Hagar! There were the tent and all the surroundings of Abraham's house, beautiful and luxurious, no doubt. Now she is going out into the hot sands of the desert. Oh, what a change it was! And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune turn. Here is some one who lived in the very bright home of her father. She had everything possible to administer to her .happiness-plenty at the table, music in the drawing room, welcome at the door. She is led forth into life by some one who cannot appreciate her. A dissipated soul comes and takes her out in the desert. Cruelbowshot and begins to weep until all | ties blot out all the lights of that home the desert seems sobbing, and her cry circle. Harsh words wear out her spirstrikes clear through the heavens, and its. The high hope that shone out over an angel of God comes out on a cloud the marriage altar while the ring was leading forth such don't want to hear that." Then they and looks down upon the appalling being set and the vows given and the destinies. But, oh, when I see a mother said, "Call on Juggernaut." He shook benediction pronounced have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is today, broken hearted, thinking of past joys and present desolation and coming anguish. Hagar in the wilder-

Here is a beautiful home. You cannot think of anything that can be added to it. For years there has not been the suggestion of a single trouble. Bright and happy children fill the house with laughter and song. Books to read. Pictures to look at. Lounges to rest on. Cup of domestic joy full and running over. Dark night drops. Pillow hot. Pulses flutter. Eyes close. And the foot whose well known steps on the doorsill brought the whole household out at eventide crying, "Father's coming!" will never sound on the doorsill again. their place, or, finding their place, will A long, deep grief plowed through all of the desert wind, "Hagar and Ishthat brightness of domestic life. Para- mael!" dise lost. Widowhood. Hagar in the

wilderness. ing down the street in the early light sank within her as she heard her child Our first duty is to find our sphere, of the morning, pale with exhausting crying: "Water! Water!" work not half slept out with the slum- "Ah," she mys, "my darling, there is born in a sphere far off from the one bers of last night, tragedies of suffering no water. This is a desert." And then written all over her face, her lusterless God's angel said from the cloud, "What tus V was born on the low ground and eyes looking far ahead, as though for aileth thee, Hagar?" And she looked was a swineherd; God called him up to the coming of some other trouble? Her up and saw him pointing to a well of wave a scepter. Ferguson spent his parents called her Mary, or Bertha, or water, where she filled the bottle for early days in looking after sheep; God Agnes on the day when they held her the lad. Blessed be God, that there is called him up to look after stars and be up to the font and the Christian minis- in every wilderness a well, if you only a shepherd watching the flocks of lights ter sprinkled on the infant's face the know how to find it-fountains for all

figure of the faded calico. I find it in the lineaments of the woe begone countenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagar in the wilderness. May God have mercy upon woman in her toils, her struggles, her hardships, her desolation, and may the great heart of divine sympathy inclose her forever! Responsibility of Motherhood.

Again, I find in this oriental scene

tremendous destinies. ing? Ishmael, you say. Who is Ish- says, "I have been looking for that for thousands of years against all the says, "I believe all you say, but I have paign, brings up his hosts and dies. For a long while that nation monopo-Ishmael, the lad that Hagar led into the | right direction at all. wilderness. She had no idea she was street and see and pass boys and girls angel she looked up, and she saw the curable in any climate is provwho will yet make the earth quake finger pointing to the supply. And, O en by "heartfelt letters of grati-with their influence. soul, if today with one earnest, intense tude," filed in his American and Euro-Who is that boy at Sutton pool, Plym-

outh, England, barefooted, wading down into the slush and slime 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 sedentary in his life; decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decides that he shall be John | ence I notice signs of mourning and | medicine will be promptly sent. Suf-Kitto, who shall provide the best reli- woe. Have you found consolation? Oh, ferers should take instant advantage gious encyclopedia the world has ever man bereft, oh, woman bereft, have you of his generous proposition. had provided and, with his other writword of God such 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 Ged in the grogshop 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 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 30 years forward from this time, and I find myself in a relief association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together for a generous 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 30 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 Lamphier would come forth and establish the Fulton street prayer meeting, and by one the whole earth and thrill the eternities mael!' I tell you there are wilder desfashionable circles of this day. Dissipated parents leading dissipated children. Avaricious parents leading avaricious children. Prayerless parents leadevery street, up every dark alley, into has a well in it. every cellar, along every highway. Hagar and Ishmael! And while I pronounce their names it seems like the moaning

A Well In Every Wilderness.

I learn one more lesson from this How often is it we see the weak arm oriental scene, and that is that every of woman conscripted for this battle wilderness has a well in it. Hagar and with the rough world. Who is she, go- Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart on the billsides of heaven. Hogarth be- washings of a holy baptism. Her name these thirsty souls. On that last day, on

that great day of the least, sesus stude and cried, "If any man thirst, let him THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE come to me and drink." All these other fountains you find are mere mirages of LUNG TROUBLES AND CONSUMP. the dert. Paracelsus, you know, spent his time in trying to find out the clixir of life-a liquid which if taken would keep one perpetually young in this world and would change the aged back again to youth. Of course he was disappointed. He found not the elixir. But here I tell you of the elixir of everlasting life bursting from the "Rock of the fact that every mother leads forth Ages," and that drinking that water you shall never get old, and you will You say, "That isn't an unusual never be sick, and you will never die. scene—a mother leading her child by "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye the hand." Who is it that she is lead- to the waters." Ah, here is a man who mael? A great nation is to be founded fountain a great while, but can't find -a nation so strong that it is to stand it." And here is some one else who armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria been trudging along in the wilderness thunder against it, but in vain. Gaulus and can't find the fountain." Do you brings up his army, and his army is know the reason? I will tell you. You smitten. Alexander decides upon a cam- never looked in the right direction. "Oh," you say, "I have looked every-

where. I have looked north, south, east cure. izes the learning of the world. It is the and west, and I haven't found the founnation of the Arabs. Who founded it? tain." Why, you are not looking in the and this great chemist, patiently ex-Look up, where Hagar looked. She leading forth such destinies. Neither never would have found the fountain at does any mother. You pass along the all, but when she heard the voice of the

prayer you would only look up to bean laboratories in thousands from Christ he would point you down to the those cured in all parts of the world. supply in the wilderness. "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else!" Look! Look, as Hagar looked! Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over any audi-

found consolation? Hearse after hearse. ings as well, throwing a light upon the We step from one grave hillock to another grave hillock. We follow corpses, ourselves soon to be like them. The world is in mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulcher of some buried joy. But sing ye to God! Every wilderness has a well in it, and I come to that well today, and I begin to draw water for you from that well. If you have lived in the country you have sometimes taken hold of the rope of the old well sweep, and you know how the bucket came up dripping with of Canton. Another stroke of his pen bright, cool water. And I lay hold of the rope of God's mercy, and I begin to draw on that gospel well sweep, and see the buckets coming up. Thirsty soul,

here is one bucket of life! Come and drink of it. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." I pull away again at the rope, and another bucket comes up It is this promise, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I lay hold of the rope again, and I pull away with all my strength, and the bucket comes up bright and beautiful and cool. Here is the promise, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden,

and I will give you rest." A New Astrology.

The old astrologers used to cheat the people with the idea that they could tell from the position of the stars what would occur in the future, and if a cluster of stars stood in one relation, why, that would be a prophecy of evil. If a cluster of stars stood in another relation, that would be a prophecy of good. What superstition! But here is a new astrology in which I put all my faith. By looking up to the star of Jacob, the morning star of the Redeemer, I can make this prophecy in regard to those who put their trust in God, "All things work together for good to those who love God." Do you love him?

Have you seen the nyctanthes? It is a beautiful flower, but it gives very little fragrance until after sunset. Then ing point of the aluminium is reachduring the day of prosperity, it pours forth its richest aroma after sundown. And it will be sundown with you and me after awhile. When you come to go out of the world, will it be a desert march or will it be drinking at a fountain?

his heathen comrades came around him soldering alloy) to unite perfectly and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology, but he waved his hand, as much as to say, meeting revolutionize the devotions of "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen priest, and he said, with his Christian influence. Lamphier | "If you will only recite the numtra, said it was his mother who brought it will deliver you from hell." He him to Jesus Christ. She never had an waved his hand, as much as to say, "I reckless of her influence, rattling on his head, as much as to say, "I can't do waiter tuck her sleeves in for her toward destruction, garlanded for the that." Then they thought perhaps he sacrifice with unseemly mirth and god- was too weary to speak, and they said, lessness, dancing on down to perdition, "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut' taking her children in the same directhink of him." He shook his head tion, preparing them for a life of frivoli- again, as much as to say, "No, no, no." ty, a death of shame and an eternity of Then they bent down to his pillow, disaster, I cannot help but say: "There and they and, "In what will you trust?" they go! There they go; Hagar and Ish- His face libted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere, as he cried erts than Beershebs in many of the out, rallying all his dying energies, "Jesus!" Oh, come this hour to the fountain! I will tell you the whole story in two or three sentences. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Light ing prayerless children. They go through | for all darkness. And every wilderness

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 protec-

Abandoned.

"The doctors have given him up."

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NO. 52.

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Science daily develops new wonders,

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means speedy and certain death. Simply write to T. A. Slocum, M. C. 98 Pine street, New York, giving postoffice and express address, and the free Please tell the Doctor that yo

his offer in the ECONOMIST.

Prospective Shortage of Oxygen. Persons who happen to be incon-

venienced by dearth 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. The figures (estimated) in the case are that the world uses annually 6,500,000,000 tons of oxygen for breathing purposes and nearly half as much for fires. This is a big consumption. To repair it we rely on vegetation, which we are pretty constantly restricting. So we use more and more oxygen all the time and make less and less.

No wonder Lord Kelvin says the earth is undergoing "a steady loss of oxygen." As-yet, though, the atmosphere does not show it, and it may be a few thousand years yet before the difference will be measurable. To the shortsighted the prospect may not seem distressing, but folks who need anxieties should not neglect this one, since, after all, in anxieties and ancestry and such things a little remoteness does no harm. - Harper's Weekly.

other .- London Spectator.

Soldering Aluminium. A. T. Stanton tells in Nature of his process of soldering aluminium: "If cadmium iodide be fused on an aluminium plate, decomposition of the salt occurs long before the meltit pours its richness on the air. And ed. The result is generally the viothis grace of the gospel that I commend | lent evolution of iodine vapor, and to you now, while it may be very sweet | 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, A converted Hindoo was dying, and which readily enables tin (or other

> George's Inequality to the Occasion. "How do you know it is all over between George and Clara;"

with aluminium."

"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 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 GURED.

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 others pale into insignificance, when compared with it. It cures pimples, ulcers, skin diseases, and all manner of blood and and skin ailments. Buy the best, and dont 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 po.son. 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 Botanie Blood Balm (B. B. B.,) and to my ut-

ter astonishment it quickly healed every ulcer. Z. T. HALLERTON.

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