It goes into the homes of the peeple

telling the news with the voice of a

VOL. XXVII.

trusted friend.

ELIZABETH CITY, N.C., FRIDAY, MAY 27,1898.

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

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

PROFESIONAL CARDS.

O B. CREECY.

AMB & SEINNER

FRANK VAUGRAN, Elizabeth City, N. C.

DRUDEN & PRUDEN.

Morney at Law. Practices in St. to and Pederal Court.

C. M. FERTHELL, Atterney at-Law. Collections a specialty.

THOMAS G, SKINNER

Hieriford, N. C.

45 Office in Kramer block, on Main Street, but ween Poledexter and Water.

services to the public in all Fulmer, N. A Jones. Can be found at all times. fier in Reterson Block

on Wafer Street, over the Fair. W. GREUORY, D. D. S., Elizabeth City, N. C. Offers his professional services to the public in all the branches of Crown and Bridge work a specialty Office hours, 8 to 12 and 1 to 6, or any

time should special occasion require. Office, Flora Building, Corner Main DAVID COX, Ir., 3, E.,

ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER HERTFORD, N. C. Land surveying a specialty. Plans turnished upon application.

EDENTON, N. C.

Clearly, . Attentive . Servants. Near the Court House,

Columbia Hotel COLUMBIA, TYBRELL CO.

For Good Servants, good rooms, good table. Ample stables and shelters. The parrousge of the public solicited and satisfaction assured. THE OLD CAPT. WALKER HOUSE,

Simmon's Hotel,

CURRITUCK C. H., N. C. Terms: 50c. per mea. or \$1.75 per day, including lodging. The patronage of the public solicited Satisfaction assured. GRIFFIN BROS. - Proprietor.

Tranquil House, MANTEO N. C.

A. V. EVANS, . . Proprietor First-class in every particular. Table upplied with every delicacy. Fish, oysters and Game abundance in season.

Are You Weak? Weakness manifests itself in the loss of ambition and aching bones. The blood is watery; the tissues are wasting-the door is being opened for disease. A bottle of Browns' Iron Bitters taken in time will restore your strength, soothe your nerves, make your blood rich and red. Do you more good than an expensive special course of medicine. Browns' Iron Bitters is so I by all dealers. DIRECTORY.

City Officers. - Mayor C. A. anks Attorney Isaac M. Meekin. Commissioners—Palemon John, Thos. A. Commander, John A Kramer B; Frank Spence and Wm. W. Griggs. biful at the start. If our first parents Clerk-Chas. Guirkin; Treasurer-Geo. W. Cobb; Constable and Chief bave gone out of that garden and found of Police-Wm C. Brooks; Street Commissioner-Reuben W. Berry; Fire Commissioner-Allen Kramer Collector of Customs-Dr. P. John.

Postmaster-E. F Lamb. Examining Surgeons of Pensions-Bligabeth City, N. C. W. J. Lumsden. Meet on the 1st and out at the same time the Hudson and well when he mourned for Absalom, and I saw them take the bars of iron E.iz ... ity, N. C. Pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Baptist, Rev. W. S. Pennick, D. D., pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7. p. Presbyterian, Rev. F. H. Johnston, pastor; joy, and every sound music, and all the services every Sunday at 11 a, m, and 7:15 p. m. Episcopal, Rev. L. L. Williams, rector; services every Sunday at | easily as he can make a thorn. Why, 11 a m. and 4 p. m.

Lodges-Masonic: Eureka Lodge No. 317. G. W. Brothers, W. M.; J. B. quotank. Parquimans Griggs, S. W.; A. L. Pendleton J. W.; Character, Devel, Mertierd, Washington B. F. Spence, Tresurer; D. B. Bradford, and Tyrich emplies, and to Supreme Sec'ty.; T. B. Wilson, S. D.; C. W. Grice, J. D.; J. A Hooper and T. J. Jordan, Stewards; Rev. E. F. Sawyer, Chaplain; J. E. Sheppard; Tyler. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights. Odd Fellows: Achoree Lodge No 14. why God let sin come into the world-C. M. Eurgess, N. G.; W. H. Ballard,

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

Maurice Wescott; Treasurer, Mests

every Friday at 7:30 p. m. Royal Arcanum: Tiber Creek Council No. 1209; H. O Hill Regent; D. A. Elizabeth City, N. C. Morgan, Vice Regent; C, Guirkin, Coffice hours at Camden C. H. on Orator; W. H. Zoeller, Secretary; F. M. Cook Jr., Collector; W. J. Woodley, Treasurer. Meets every 1st and 3rd Monday night.

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

Pasquotank Tribe No. 8, I. U. R. M. Offers his profes- W. H Sanford, Prophet; Will Anderson, Sachem; B. C. Lane Sr. Sagamore. the public le all the J. S. Beasley, Jr. Saga more Jam .; Spires, C. of R.; S. H. a urrelK. of W TRY. Can be found Meet every Wednesday night.

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. B. Cr pepper; Treasurer, John S. Morris C anty Elizabeth City, N. C. Health Officers, Dr. J. E. ood: Offers his professional Boord of Education, J. T. Davis, J. D. the grandest occupation is that of givthe branches of DENTISTRY Superintendant I. N. Meekins

"Every morning I have a bad taste in my mouth; my tongue is coated; my head aches and I often feel dizzy. I have no appetite for breakfast and what food I eat distresses me. I have a heavy feeling in my stomach. I am getting so reak that sometimes I tremble and my nerves are all unstrung. I am getting pale and thin. I am as tired in the morning as

What does your doctor say?
"You are suffering from impure blood."
What is his remedy?



You must not have constipated bowels if you expect the Sarsaparilla to do its best work. But Ayer's Pills cure constipa-

We have a book on Paleness and Weakness which you may have for the asking.

Write to our Doctors. Perhaps you would like to consult eminent physicians about your condition. Write us freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prempt reply. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, & Lowell, Mass.

Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association. WASHINGTON, May 22 .- The awkward and irritating mode of trying to comfort people in trouble is here set

TANTALIZING TALK.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

recommended; text, Job xvi, 2, "Miserable comferters are ye all."

The man of Uz had a great many trials—the loss of his family, the loss of his property, the loss of his healthbut the most exasperating thing that came upon him was the tantalizing talk of those who ought to have sympathized

he utters the words of my text.

world? It is a question I often hear disoussed, but never satisfactorily answered. God made the world fair and beauhad not sinned in Eden, they might 50 paradises all around the earth-Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South did he not keep them back? Why not of trouble is a worldly philosopher. every cloud roseate, and every step a ages a long jubilee of sinless men and sinless women? God can make a rose as then, the predominance of thorns? He can make good, fair, ripe fruit as well as mosted and mur fruit. Why so much, then, that is gnarled and sour? He can make men robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids? Why not sure instead of this tug and toil and tussle for a livelihood? I will tell you when I get on the other side of the river of death. That is the place where such questions will be answered and that river attempts to answer the question only illustrates his own ignerance God's tender mercy. In other words, do blow, until the soul cries out, "Oh, and incompetency. All I know is one not give them aquafortis when they great fact, and that is that a herd of need valerian. woes has come in upon us, trampling down everything fair and beautiful. A

at every gate. Comforting the Troubled.

More people under the ground than on it. The graveyards in vast majority. The 6,000 winters have made more scars than the 6,000 summers can cover up. Trouble has taken the tender heart of this world in its two rough hands and pinched it until the nations wail with the agony. If all the mounds of graveyards that have been raised were put side by side, you might step on them and nothing else, going all around the world and around again and around again. These are the facts. And now I have to say that, in a world like this, ing condolence. The holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled we ought all of us to study. There are many of you who could look around upon some of your very best friends, who wish you well, and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to them in your days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

I remark, in the first place, that very voluble people are incompetent for the work of giving comfort. Bildad and Eliphaz Had the gift of language, and with their words almost bothered Job's life out. Alas for these voluble people that go among the houses of the afflicted, and talk and talk and talk and talk! They rehearse their own sorrows, and then they tell the poor sufferers that they feel badly now, but they will feel worse after awhile. Silence! Do you expect with a thin court plaster of words to heal a wound deep as the soul? Step very gently around about a broken heart. Talk very softly around those whom God has bereft. Then go your way. Deep sympathy has not much to say. A firm grasp of the hand, a compassionate look, just one word that means as much as a whole dictionary, and you have given, perhaps, all the comfort that a soul needs. A man has a terrible wound in his arm. The surgeon comes and binds it up. "Now," he says, "carry that arm in a sling and be very careful of it. Let no one touch it." But the neighbors have heard of the accident. and they come in and they say, "Let us and the bandage is pulled off, and this cae and that one must feel it and see how much it is swollen, and there are irritation and inflammation and exasperation where there ought to be healing and cooling. The surgeon comes in and says: "What does all this mean? You have no business to touch those bandages. That wound will never heal unless you let it alone." So there are souls broken down in sorrow. What they most want is rest, or very careful and gentle treatment, but the neighbors have heard of the bereavement or of the loss, and they come in to sympathize, and they say: "Show us now the wound. What were his last words? Rehearse now the whole scene. How did you feel when you found you were an orphan?" Tearing off the bandages here and pulling them off there, leaving a grace had already begun to heal. Oh, let no loquacious people, with ever rat-Weakness of Philosophy.

Again, I remark that all those persons are incompetent to give any kind

of comfort who act merely as worldly have come. Oh, no! Do you not remem-IOB'S COMFORTERS THE SUBJECT OF On the Other Side We Shall Learn Why all human philosophy at such a time! are going to take that splinter out, so selves will after awhile go over, and God Let Sin Come Into the World. Those Who Have Not Known Trouble ther and mother what disease their son firm grasp, for, although there may be reunion! Do you believe that? "Yes," Lack Sympathy-Preparation For Glory. died of? He is dead, and it makes no pain in it, the splinter must come out. You say. Oh, you do not. You do not forth by Dr. Talmage, and a better way of dealing with broken hearts is self government, self control"-an ice- as in tropical climes when a tiger comes That is the kind of heaven that many berg reproving a hyacinth for having a down from the mountains and carries of us dream about, but it is the most his instrument, and he sweeps his fin- bors band together and go into the forwith him. And, looking around upon them and weighing what they had said, it; now an anthem, now a dirge. It is tenderness and mercy, drops the idea of not, therefore, pity your departed no evidence of weakness when one is a father and says, "As one whom his friends who have died in Christ. They Why did God let sin come into the was found in the pasture field with his | you." arms around a horse's neck, caressing him, and some one said, "Why, the | the thought that God by all this process great man has lost his mind." No, the is going to make you useful. Do you horse belonged to his son who had re- know that those who accomplish the cently died, and his great heart broke most for God and heaven have all been over the grief. It is no sign of weakness | under the harrow? Show me a man that that men are overcome of their sorrows. has done anything for Christ in this America-so many flower gardens or Thank God for the relief of tears! Have day in a public or private place who orchards of fruit, redolent and luscious. you never been in trouble when you has had no trouble and whose path has I suppose that when God poured out could not weep and you would have been smooth. Ah, no. Drs. J. E. Wood, W. W. Griggs and the Gihon and the Hiddekel he poured given anything for a cry? David did I once went through an ax factory, 3rd Wednesdays of each month at the the Susquehanna. The whole earth was Abraham did well when he bemoaned and thrust them into the terrible furcorner of Road and Church Streets, very fair and beautiful to lock upon. Sarah, Christ wept for Lazarus, and the naces. Then besweated workmen with Churches.-Methodist, Rev. J. H. Hall, Why did it not stay so? God had the last man that I want to see come any- long tongs stirred the blaze. Then they power to keep back sin and woe. Why where near me when I have any kind brought out a bar of iron and put it in

upon a men's send, is worth \$1,000 to must I be pounted any more then my him. Do not whine over the afflicted. other iron?" The workmen would have Take the promises of the gospel and ut- said: "We want to make axes out of

God's Ministers.

Again, I remark that those persons are sword at the gate of Eden and a sword poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A larkspur cannot lecture on the nature of a snowflake. It never saw a snowflake, and those people who have always lived in the summer of prosperity cannot talk to those who are frozen in disaster. God keeps aged people in the world, I think, for this very work of sympathy. They have been through all these trials. They know all that which irritates and all that which soothes. If there are men and women here who have old people in the house or near at hand so that they can easily reach them, I congratulate you. Some of us have had trials in life, and although we have had many friends around about us we have wished that father and mother were still alive that we might go and tell them. Perhaps they could not say much, but it would have been such a comfort to have them around. These aged ones who have been all through the trials of life know how to give condolence. Cherish them let them lean on your arm, these aged people. If when you speak to them they cannot hear just what you say the first time and you have to say it a second time, when you say it a second time do not say it sharply. If you when you take the last look and brush brow just before they screw the lid on. Blessed be God for the old people! They may not have much strength to go around, but they are God's appointed ministers of comfort to a broken heart. People who have not had trial them-

selves cannot give comfort to others. that smells sweet, it makes a very poor and somebody comes and covers it all heart. They know not the meaning of drank, the place where she stood at the door and clapped her hands, the odd must have trouble yourself before you and say to them, "I had that very sorcomfort others we must have faith in own lack of moral resource. God, practical experience and good, sound common sense.

For the Sorrowful.

ghastly wound that the balm of God's can always bring to them, knowing that parting, but he comes, after awhile they will effect a cure. And the first writing home as to what a good land it consideration is that God sends our is. Another brother comes, a sister tling tongues, go into the homes of the troubles in love. I often hear people in comes, and another, and after awhile their troubles say, "Why, I wonder the mother comes, and after awhile the what God has against me?" They seem father comes, and now they are all here, to think God has some grudge against and they have a time of great congratthem because trouble and misfortune ulation and a very pleasant reunion.

philosophers. They come in and say: ber that passage of Scripture, "Whom "Why, this is what you ought to have | the Lord loveth he chasteneth?" A child | They are emigrating toward a better expected. The laws of nature must have comes in with a very bad splinter in its land. Now one goes out. Oh, how hard their way." And then they get eloquent | hand, and you try to extract it. It is a | it is to part with him. Another goes. over something they have seen in post very painful operation. The child draws Oh, how hard it is to part with her. mortem examinations. Now, away with back from you, but you persist. You And another and another, and we our-What difference does it make to that fa- you take the child with a gentle but then we will be together. Oh, what a difference whether the trouble was in | And it is love that dictates it and makes | believe it as you believe other things. the epigastric or hypogastric region. If | you persist. My friends, I really think | If you do, and with the same emphasis, the philosopher be of the stoical school, | that nearly all our sorrows in this world | why it would take nine-tenths of your he will come and say: "You ought to are only the hand of our Father ex- trouble off your heart. The fact is control your feelings. You must not cry tracting some thorn. If all these sor- heaven to many of us is a great fog. It so. You must cultivate a cooler temper- rows were sent by enemies, I would is away off somewhere, filled with an ament. You must have self reliance, say, Arm yourselves against them, and uncertain and indefinite population, drop of dew in its eye. A violinist has off a child from the village the neigh- tremendous fact in all this universegers across the strings, now evoking est and hunt the monster so I would friends are not affoat. The residence in strains of joy and now strains of sad- have you, if I thought these misfortunes which you live is not so real as the resness. He cannot play all the tunes on were sent by an enemy, go out and bat- idence in which they stay. You are one string. The human soul is an in- tle against them. But, no, they come affoat-you who do not know in the strument of a thousand strings, and all from a Father so kind, so loving, so morning what will happen before night, sorts of emotions were made to play on | gentle, that the prophet, speaking of his | They are housed and safe forever. Do overcome of sorrow. Edmund Burke mother comforteth so will I comfort do not need any of your pity. You

Dlate debrars

Again, I remark there is comfort in

a crushing machine, and then they put Again, I remark that those persons it between jaws that bit it in twain. are incompetent for the work of comfort | Then they put it on an auvil, and there | bearing who have nothing but cant to were great hammers swung by machinoffer. There are those who have the ery-each one half a ton in weightidea that you must grean over the dis- that went thump, thump! If tressed and afflicted. There are times in that iron could have spoken, it would grief when one cheerful face dawning have said: "Why all this beating? Why

ter them in a manly tone. Do not be you, keen, sharp axes—axes with which have for our whole race perpetual lei- afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do to hew down the forest, and build the not drive any more hearses through that | ship, and erect houses, and carry on a poor soul. Do not tell him the trouble thousand enterprises of civilization. was forcordained. It will not be any That is the reason we pound you." comfort to know it was 1,000,000 years | Now, God puts a soul into the furnace a broken bone, do not take cast iron. run through the crushing machine, and such mysteries solved. He who this side Do not tell them it is God's justice that then it comes down on the anvil, and weighs out grief. They want to hear of upon it, blow after blow, blow after brings any kind of chastisement upon have no more reason for living. I wish them.' I were dead." Oh, there never was so much reason for your living as now. this world are preparative for glory. By this ordeal you have been consecrated a priest of the most high God. Go from the slippery deck of a foundering

The Rebellious Heart.

Again, there is comfort in the thought that all our troubles are a revelation. Have you ever thought of it in that connection? The man who has never been through chastisement is ignorant about a thousand things in his soul he ought to know. For instance, here is a man do, you will be sorry for it on the day who prides himself on his cheerfulness of character. He has no patience with back the silvery locks from the wrinkled anybody who is depressed in spirits. Oh, it is easy for him to be cheerful, with his fine house, his filled wardrobe and well strung instruments of music and tapestried parlor and plenty of money in the bank waiting for some permanent investment! It is easy for him to be cheerful. But suppose his They may talk very beautifully and they fortune goes to pieces, and his house may give you a great deal of poetic sen- goes down under the sheriff's hammer, timent, but while poetry is perfume and the banks will not have anything you with immortal vigor. And ye who An Eminent New York Chemist and to do with his paper. Suppose those salve. If you have a grave in a pathway people who were once elegantly entertained at his table get so shortsighted over with flowers it is a grave yet. that they cannot recognize him upon Those who have not had grief them- the street. How then? Is it so easy to selves know not the mystery of a broken | be cheerful? It is easy to be cheerful in the home, after the day's work is done. childlessness, and the having no one to and the gas is turned on, and the house put to bed at night or the standing in a is full of romping little ones. But suproom where every book and picture and pose the piano is shut because the findoor are full of memories-the doormat gers that played on it will no more where she sat, the cup out of which she touch the keys, and the childish voice that saked so many questions will ask no more. Then is it so easy? When a figures that she scribbled, the blocks man wakes up and finds that his reshe built into a house. Ah, no, you sources are all gone, he begins to rebel. and he says: "God is hard; God is outcan comfort trouble in others. But come rageous. He had no business to do this all ye who have been bereft, and ye who to me." My friends, those of us who have been comforted in your sorrows, have been through trouble know what a row myself; God comforted me and he how much we need pardon. It is only will comfort you," and that will go in the light of a flaming furnace that

There is also a great deal of comfort in the fact that there will be a family But there are three or four considera- reconstruction in a better place. From tions that I will bring to those who are Scotland or England or Ireland a child sorrowful and distressed and that we emigrates to America. It is very hard

Well, it is just so with our families. this heaven of the gospel. Our departed might as well send a letter of condolence to Queen Victoria on her obscurity or to the Rothschilds on their poverty as to pity those who have won the palm. Do not say of those who are departed: "Poor child!" "Poor father!" "Poor mother!" They are not poor. You are poor-you whose homes have been shat tered, not they. You do not dwell much day long you are off to business. Will gether all the while? If you have had four children and one is gone, and anybody asks how many children you have, do not be so infidel as to say three. Say four-one in heaven. Do not think that the grave is unfriendly. You go into your room and dress for some grand entertainment, and you come forth beauthe place where we go to dress for the glorious resurrection, and we will come out radiant, mortality having become immortality. Oh, how much condolence there is in this thought. I expect to see my kindred in heaven. I expect to see

them just as certainly as I expect to go from the graveyard back of Somerville, and one will come from the mountains back of Amoy, China, and another will come up from the sea off Cape Hatteras, coming. If you want to find splints for of trial, and then it is brought out and and 30 will come up from Greenwood, and I shall know them better than I ever knew them here. Morning of the Resurrection.

And your friends-they may be across Lord, what does all this mean?" God the sea, but the trumpet that sounds says: "I want to make something very here will sound there. You will come useful out of you. You shall be some- up on just the same day. Some morning thing to hew with and something to you have overslept yourself and you build with. It is a practical process open your eyes and see that the sun is on board a coasting vessel who through which I am putting you." Yes, high in the heavens and you say, "I my Christian friends, we want more have overslept and I must be up and tools in the church of God, not more away." So you will open your eyes on wedges to split with. We have enough the morning of the resurrection, in the of these. Not more bores with which to full blaze of God's light, and you will drill. We have too many bores. What say, "I must be up and away." Oh we really want is keen, sharp, well tem- yes, you will come up, and there will pered axes, and if there be any other be a reunion, a reconstruction of your way of making them than in the hot family! I like what Haliburton (I furnace, and on the hard anvil, and un- think it was)-good old Mr. Haliburton der the heavy hammer, I do not know | -said in his last moments: "I thank what it is. Remember that if God God that I ever lived and that I have a father in heaven and a mother in heaven you it is only to make you useful. Do and brothers in heaven and sisters in not sit down discouraged and say: "I heaven, and I am now going up to see

the star?" I remark once more, our troubles in What a transition it was for Paul-

out and do your whole work for the ship to the calm presence of Jesus! What a transition it was for Latimerfrom the stake to a throne! What a transition it was for Robert Hall-from insanity to glory! What a transition it was for Richard Baxter-from the dropsy to the "Saint's Everlasting Rest!" And what a transition it will be for you-from a world of sorrow to a world of joy! John Holland, when he was dying, said: "What means this brightness in the room? Have you lighted the candles?" "No," they replied, "we have not lighted any candles." Then said he, "Welcome, heaven!" the light already beaming upon his pillow. Oh, ye who are persecuted in this world, your enemies will get off the track after awhile and all will speak well of you among the thrones! Ho, ye who are sick now! No medicines to take there. One breath of the eternal hills will thrill spirits to welcome you into their companionship! Oh, ye bereft souls, there will be no gravedigger's spade that will cleave the side of that hill, and there will be no dirge wailing from that temple! The river of God, deep as the joy of heaven, will roll on between banks odorous with balm and over depths mingling with the waters.

The Spanish Language.

is a very pretty tongue, however. There ity to donate a trial of his infallible is Latin in it of course. Then there are cure, and stand around these afflicted souls sinful and rebellious heart we have and Punic, Gothic and Arabic. In these elehow much God has to put up with and ments reside its construction and its history. Spain means "hidden." A long time ago the Carthaginians discovered right to the spot. In other words, to we can learn our own weakness and our the country. When the Romans discovered it, too, they threw a toga over it. The Visigoths stuck their gutturals curable in any climate is provthere. The Moors brought their filigrees en by "heartfelt letters of gratiand arabesques. Latin was beaten in tude," filed in his American and Eurowith the hilt of the sword, Gothic with pean laboratories in thousands from a trowel and Arabic with a scimiter. From those three assaults the Spanish of today is the result. -Edgar Saltus in Collier's Weekly.

Comparing Notes.

"And you have seen Naples! I shall pever forget my first view of the lovely bay. 'See Naples and die!' ".

"I thought I should die when I smelled it. "-Chicago Tribune.

CONTENT. When I behold how some pureus

Fame, that is care's embodiment,

Or fortune, whose false face looks true,

A humble home with sweet centers

NO. 9.

Is all I ask for me and you. A humble home, where pigeons oce, Whose path leads under breezy lines Of frosty berried cedars to A gate, one mass of trumpet vines, Is all I sak for me and you.

A garden which, all summer through, The roses old make redolent, And morning glories, gay of hue.

And tansy, with its bomely scent,
Is all I ask for me and you.

An orchard that the pippins strew, From whose bruised gold the spring;
A vineyard where the grapes hang blue Wine big and ripe for vintaging. Is all I ask for me and you.

A lane that leads to some far view Of forest and of fallow land, Bloomed o'er with rese and meadow rue, Each with a bee in its hot hand, Is all I ask for me and you.

At morn a pathway deep with dew And birds to vary time and tune, At eve a sunset avenue

And whippoorwills that haunt the moon.
Is all I ask for me and you. Dear heart, with wants so small and few. And faith, that's better far than gold,

A lowly friend, a child or two To care for us when we are old, Is all I ask for me and you. -Madison Cawein in Harper's Magazine

A Busy New York Corner.

At that busy corner, Grand street and the Bowery, there may be seen with your families in this world. All cars propelled by five different methods of propulsion-by steam. it not be pleasant when you can be to by cable, by underground trolley, by storage battery and by horses.

Overhead, running up and down the Bowery, are the cars of the elevated railroad, drawn by steam locomotives. Running up and down the Bowery on the surface are the cars of the Third Avenue railroad. tifully appareled, and the grave is only drawn by cable. The Madison avenue cars, which turn into the Bowery at this point, coming along Grand street from the west, are run by the underground trolley system. The cars on the Second Avenue railroad, which come up the Bowery home today. Aye, I shall more certain- and turn into Grand street going ly see them. Eight or ten will come up west, returning around the same corner going down, are still drawn by horses, as are also nearly all the cars of the Grand street crosstown line, which crosses the Bowery going east and west. But there are four cars now running on the crosstown line that are run by power from a storage battery.—New York

The Star Was Lost.

The story is told of a green hand could not learn to steer by the mariner's compass. It was a clear, starlight night, and the captain told him to head the vessel toward a particular bright star which he pointed out.

This was done, and for a short time all was right. But before long she was veering wildly from her true course and rushing rapidly before the wind. "Ahoy there at the wheel!" roared

the excited captain. "Port your helm! What do you mean? Where's

"It's awl right, captain," timildy replied the nervous helmsman. "I lost the star, but found another brighter and better than the one you showed me." - London An-

Appreciative.

"What a beautiful specimen of inlaying," exclaimed the guest. "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox as he put his hands behind and tiptoed complacently. "But that isn't anything. You ought to have seen the outlay it represents." - Pittsburg

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE LUNG TROUBLES AND CONSUMP.

Dispatch.

TION CAN BE CURED.

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 bright with jewels and under skies decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and roseate with gladness, argosies of light all conditions of wasting away, will going down the stream to the stroke of send THREE FREE BOTTLES (all glistering our and the song of angule! different) of his New Discoveries to Not one mah in the wind; not one tear any afflicted reader of the Economist writing for them.

His "New Scientific Treatment" has cured thousands permanently by its timely use, and he considers it a simple Habla V. Espanol? Perhaps not. It professional duty to suffering human-

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 those cured in all parts of the world. Medical experts concede that bronchial, chest and lung troubles lead to Consumption, which, uninterrupted, 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. Suf-ferers should take instanti advantage

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