

The most TIRELESS WORKER in Elizabeth City is the ECONOMIST. It goes into the homes of the people telling the news with the voice of a trusted friend.

Economist.

MAKE ADVERTISING PAY by using the columns of the ECONOMIST, the medium that reaches more families than any other paper in Eastern Carolina.

VOL. XXVII.

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

NO. 9.

GOLD DUST THE BEST WASHING POWDER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE WEEKLY PAPER PUBLISHING CO., E. J. ... Manager. R. B. ... Editor. Subscription One Year, \$1.00

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. B. ... Attorney-at-Law, Elizabeth City, N. C. L. ... Attorney-at-Law, Elizabeth City, N. C. FRANK VAUGHAN, Attorney-at-Law, Elizabeth City, N. C. PRUDEN & PRUDEN, Attorneys-at-Law, Elizabeth City, N. C. W. R. GORDON, Attorney-at-Law, Elizabeth City, N. C. C. M. FERRELL, Attorney-at-Law, Elizabeth City, N. C. THOMAS G. SKINNER, Attorney-at-Law, Elizabeth City, N. C. J. H. WHITE, D. D. S., Elizabeth City, N. C. E. F. MARTIN, D. D. S., Elizabeth City, N. C. S. W. GRIFFITH, D. D. S., Elizabeth City, N. C. DAVID COX, Jr., J. E., ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER, HERTFORD, N. C. Bay View House, EDMONTON, N. C. Columbia Hotel, COLUMBIA, VIRGIL CO. J. E. HUGHES, Proprietor. Simmons Hotel, CURRUCK CO. H. N. O. Terms: 50c per meal, or \$1.75 per day. Tranquil House, MANTEO, N. C. A. V. EVANS, Proprietor.

TANTALIZING TALK.

JOB'S COMFORTERS THE SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

On the Other Side We Shall Learn Why God Let Sin Come Into the World. Those Who Have Not Known Trouble Lack Sympathy.—Preparation For Glory. (Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.)

WASHINGTON, May 22.—The awkward and irritating mode of trying to comfort people in trouble is here set forth by Dr. Talmage, and a better way of dealing with broken hearts is recommended; text, Job xvi, 2, "Miserable comforters 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 health—but the most exasperating thing that came upon him was the tantalizing talk of those who ought to have sympathized with him. And, looking around upon them and weighing what they had said, he utters the words of my text.

Why did God let sin come into the world? It is a question I often hear discussed, but never satisfactorily answered. God made the world fair and beautiful at the start. If our first parents had not sinned in Eden, they might have gone out of that garden and found 50 paradises all around the earth—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America—many flower gardens or orchards of fruit, redolent and fragrant. I suppose that when God poured out the Gihon and the Hiddekel he poured out at the same time the Hudson and the Susquehanna. The whole earth was very fair and beautiful to look upon. Why did it not stay so? God had the power to keep back sin and we. Why did he not keep them back? Why not every cloud rosate, and every step a joy, and every sound music, and all the ages a long jubilee of sinless men and sinless women? God can make a rose as easily as he can make a thorn. Why, then, did he not make the world as good as that? fair, ripe fruit as well as grapes and sour grapes? Why so much, then, that is gnawed and sour? He can make man robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids? Why not have for our whole race perpetual leisure instead of this tug and toil and tussle for a livelihood? I will tell you why God let sin come into the world—when I get on the other side of the river of death. That is the place where such questions will be answered and such mysteries solved. He who this side that river attempts to answer the question only illustrates his own ignorance and incomprehension. All I know is one great fact, and that is that a herd of woes has come in upon us, trampling down everything fair and beautiful. A sword at the gate of Eden and a sword 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 acres 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.

It is all the months of graveyards that have been raised, were on the 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, the grandest occupation is that of giving 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 to utter to you no word in your days of trouble. "Miserable comforters are ye all."

I remark, in the first place, that very volatile 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 those volatile 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 coat of 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 see it." And the bandage is pulled off, and they 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 these bandages. That wound will never heal unless you leave 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? How did you feel when you found you were an orphan?" Tearing off the bandages here and pulling them off there, leaving a ghastly wound that the balm of God's grace had already begun to heal. Oh, let no loquacious people, with ever rattling tongues, go into the homes of the distressed!

Weakness of Philosophy.

Again, I remark that all those persons are incompetent to give any kind of comfort who see merely as worldly philosophers. They come in and say: "Why, this is what you ought to have expected. The laws of nature must have their way." And then they get eloquent over something they have seen in post mortem examinations. Now, away with all human philosophy at such a time! What difference does it make to that father and mother what disease their son died of? He is dead, and it makes no difference whether the trouble was in the epigastric or hypogastric region. If the philosopher be of the stoical school, he will come and say: "You ought to control your feelings. You must not cry so. You must cultivate a cooler temperament. You must have self reliance, self government, self control"—an iceberg repaving a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye. A violinist has his instrument, and he sweeps his fingers across the strings, now evoking strains of joy and now strains of sadness. He cannot play all the tunes on one string. The human soul is an instrument of a thousand strings, and all sorts of emotions were made to play on it; now an anthem, now a dirge. It is not of weakness when the man is overcome of sorrow. Edmund Burke was found in the pasture field with his arms around a horse's neck, caressing him, and some one said, "Why, the great man has lost his mind." No, the horse belonged to his son, who had recently died, and his great heart broke over the grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are overcome of their sorrows. Thank God for the relief of tears! Have you never been in trouble when you could not weep and you would have given anything for a cry? David did weep when he mourned for Absalom. Sarah, Christ wept for Lazarus, and the last man that I want to see come anywhere near me when I have any kind of trouble is a worldly philosopher.

God's Ministers.

Again, I remark that those persons are poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A Larikspur 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 they 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, but while you say it, if you do, you will be sorry for it on the day when you take the last look and brush back the silvery locks from the wrinkled 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.

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 who prides himself on his cheerfulness of character. He has no patience with 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 fortune goes to pieces, and his house goes down under the sheriff's hammer, and the banks will not have anything to do with his paper. Suppose those people who were once elegantly entertained at his table get so short sighted that they cannot recognize him upon the street. How then? Is it so easy to be cheerful? It is easy to be cheerful in the home, after the day's work is done, and the gas is turned on, and the house is full of roving little ones. But suppose the piano is shut because the fingers that played on it will no more touch the keys, and the childish voice that sang so many questions will not sing no more. Then is it so easy? When a man wakes up and finds that his resources are all gone, he begins to rebel, and he says: "God is hard; God is outrageous. He had no business to do this to me." My friends, those of us who have been through trouble know what a sinful and rebellious heart we have and how much God has to put up with and how much we need pardon. It is only in the light of a flaming furnace that we can learn our own weakness and our own lack of moral resource.

Family Meetings.

There is also a great deal of comfort in the fact that there will be a family reconstruction in a better place. From Scotland or England or Ireland a child emigrates to America. It is very hard parting, but he comes, after awhile writing home as to what a good land it is. Another brother comes, a sister comes, and another, and after awhile the mother comes, and now they are all here, and they have a time of great congratulation and a very pleasant reunion.

For the Sorrowful.

But there are three or four considerations that I will bring to those who are sorrowful and distressed and that we can always bring to them, knowing that they will effect a cure. And the first consideration is that God sends our troubles in love. I often hear people in their troubles say, "Why, I wonder what God has against me?" They seem to think God has some grudge against them because trouble and misfortune

of comfort who see merely as worldly philosophers. They come in and say: "Why, this is what you ought to have expected. The laws of nature must have their way." And then they get eloquent over something they have seen in post mortem examinations. Now, away with all human philosophy at such a time!

What difference does it make to that father and mother what disease their son died of? He is dead, and it makes no difference whether the trouble was in the epigastric or hypogastric region. If the philosopher be of the stoical school, he will come and say: "You ought to control your feelings. You must not cry so. You must cultivate a cooler temperament. You must have self reliance, self government, self control"—an iceberg repaving a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye.

A violinist has his instrument, and he sweeps his fingers across the strings, now evoking strains of joy and now strains of sadness. He cannot play all the tunes on one string. The human soul is an instrument of a thousand strings, and all sorts of emotions were made to play on it; now an anthem, now a dirge. It is not of weakness when the man is overcome of sorrow.

Edmund Burke was found in the pasture field with his arms around a horse's neck, caressing him, and some one said, "Why, the great man has lost his mind." No, the horse belonged to his son, who had recently died, and his great heart broke over the grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are overcome of their sorrows.

Thank God for the relief of tears! Have you never been in trouble when you could not weep and you would have given anything for a cry? David did weep when he mourned for Absalom. Sarah, Christ wept for Lazarus, and the last man that I want to see come anywhere near me when I have any kind of trouble is a worldly philosopher.

Again, I remark that those persons are incompetent for the work of comfort bearing who have nothing but cant to offer. There are those who have the idea that you must groan over the distressed and afflicted. There are times in grief when one cheerful face, drawing upon a man's soul, is worth 1,000 to take the pain out of the afflicted.

Do not want to groan and utter them in a manly tone. Do not be afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do not drive any more hearse through that poor soul. Do not tell him the trouble was foreordained. It will not be any comfort to know it was 1,000,000 years coming. If you want to find splinters for a broken bone, do not take cast iron. Do not tell them it is God's justice that weighs out grief. They want to hear of God's tender mercy. In other words, do not give them aquafortis when they need valerian.

God's Ministers.

Again, I remark that those persons are poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A Larikspur 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 they 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, but while you say it, if you do, you will be sorry for it on the day when you take the last look and brush back the silvery locks from the wrinkled brow just before they screw the lid on.

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 who prides himself on his cheerfulness of character. He has no patience with 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 fortune goes to pieces, and his house goes down under the sheriff's hammer, and the banks will not have anything to do with his paper. Suppose those people who were once elegantly entertained at his table get so short sighted that they cannot recognize him upon the street. How then? Is it so easy to be cheerful? It is easy to be cheerful in the home, after the day's work is done, and the gas is turned on, and the house is full of roving little ones. But suppose the piano is shut because the fingers that played on it will no more touch the keys, and the childish voice that sang so many questions will not sing no more. Then is it so easy? When a man wakes up and finds that his resources are all gone, he begins to rebel, and he says: "God is hard; God is outrageous. He had no business to do this to me." My friends, those of us who have been through trouble know what a sinful and rebellious heart we have and how much God has to put up with and how much we need pardon. It is only in the light of a flaming furnace that we can learn our own weakness and our own lack of moral resource.

Family Meetings.

There is also a great deal of comfort in the fact that there will be a family reconstruction in a better place. From Scotland or England or Ireland a child emigrates to America. It is very hard parting, but he comes, after awhile writing home as to what a good land it is. Another brother comes, a sister comes, and another, and after awhile the mother comes, and now they are all here, and they have a time of great congratulation and a very pleasant reunion.

For the Sorrowful.

But there are three or four considerations that I will bring to those who are sorrowful and distressed and that we can always bring to them, knowing that they will effect a cure. And the first consideration is that God sends our troubles in love. I often hear people in their troubles say, "Why, I wonder what God has against me?" They seem to think God has some grudge against them because trouble and misfortune

of comfort who see merely as worldly philosophers. They come in and say: "Why, this is what you ought to have expected. The laws of nature must have their way." And then they get eloquent over something they have seen in post mortem examinations. Now, away with all human philosophy at such a time!

What difference does it make to that father and mother what disease their son died of? He is dead, and it makes no difference whether the trouble was in the epigastric or hypogastric region. If the philosopher be of the stoical school, he will come and say: "You ought to control your feelings. You must not cry so. You must cultivate a cooler temperament. You must have self reliance, self government, self control"—an iceberg repaving a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye.

A violinist has his instrument, and he sweeps his fingers across the strings, now evoking strains of joy and now strains of sadness. He cannot play all the tunes on one string. The human soul is an instrument of a thousand strings, and all sorts of emotions were made to play on it; now an anthem, now a dirge. It is not of weakness when the man is overcome of sorrow.

Edmund Burke was found in the pasture field with his arms around a horse's neck, caressing him, and some one said, "Why, the great man has lost his mind." No, the horse belonged to his son, who had recently died, and his great heart broke over the grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are overcome of their sorrows.

Thank God for the relief of tears! Have you never been in trouble when you could not weep and you would have given anything for a cry? David did weep when he mourned for Absalom. Sarah, Christ wept for Lazarus, and the last man that I want to see come anywhere near me when I have any kind of trouble is a worldly philosopher.

Again, I remark that those persons are incompetent for the work of comfort bearing who have nothing but cant to offer. There are those who have the idea that you must groan over the distressed and afflicted. There are times in grief when one cheerful face, drawing upon a man's soul, is worth 1,000 to take the pain out of the afflicted.

Do not want to groan and utter them in a manly tone. Do not be afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do not drive any more hearse through that poor soul. Do not tell him the trouble was foreordained. It will not be any comfort to know it was 1,000,000 years coming. If you want to find splinters for a broken bone, do not take cast iron. Do not tell them it is God's justice that weighs out grief. They want to hear of God's tender mercy. In other words, do not give them aquafortis when they need valerian.

God's Ministers.

Again, I remark that those persons are poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A Larikspur 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 they 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, but while you say it, if you do, you will be sorry for it on the day when you take the last look and brush back the silvery locks from the wrinkled brow just before they screw the lid on.

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 who prides himself on his cheerfulness of character. He has no patience with 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 fortune goes to pieces, and his house goes down under the sheriff's hammer, and the banks will not have anything to do with his paper. Suppose those people who were once elegantly entertained at his table get so short sighted that they cannot recognize him upon the street. How then? Is it so easy to be cheerful? It is easy to be cheerful in the home, after the day's work is done, and the gas is turned on, and the house is full of roving little ones. But suppose the piano is shut because the fingers that played on it will no more touch the keys, and the childish voice that sang so many questions will not sing no more. Then is it so easy? When a man wakes up and finds that his resources are all gone, he begins to rebel, and he says: "God is hard; God is outrageous. He had no business to do this to me." My friends, those of us who have been through trouble know what a sinful and rebellious heart we have and how much God has to put up with and how much we need pardon. It is only in the light of a flaming furnace that we can learn our own weakness and our own lack of moral resource.

Family Meetings.

There is also a great deal of comfort in the fact that there will be a family reconstruction in a better place. From Scotland or England or Ireland a child emigrates to America. It is very hard parting, but he comes, after awhile writing home as to what a good land it is. Another brother comes, a sister comes, and another, and after awhile the mother comes, and now they are all here, and they have a time of great congratulation and a very pleasant reunion.

For the Sorrowful.

But there are three or four considerations that I will bring to those who are sorrowful and distressed and that we can always bring to them, knowing that they will effect a cure. And the first consideration is that God sends our troubles in love. I often hear people in their troubles say, "Why, I wonder what God has against me?" They seem to think God has some grudge against them because trouble and misfortune

Well, it is just so with our families. They are emigrating toward a better land. Now one goes out. Oh, how hard it is to part with him. Another goes. Oh, how hard it is to part with her. And another and another, and we ourselves will after awhile go over, and then we will be together. Oh, what a reunion! Do you believe that? "Yes," you say. Oh, you do not. You do not believe it as you believe other things. If you do, and with the same emphasis, why it would take nine-tenths of your trouble off your heart. The fact is heaven to many of us is a great fog. It is away off somewhere, filled with an uncertain and indefinite population. That is the kind of heaven that many of us dream about, but it is the most tremendous fact in all this universe—this heaven of the gospel. Our departed friends are not absent. The residence in which you live is not so real as the residence in which they stay. You are absent—you who do not know in the morning what will happen before night. They are housed and safe forever. Do not, therefore, pity you can be to your friends who have died in Christ. They do not need any of your pity. You 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 shattered, not they. You do not dwell much with your families in this world. All day long you are off on business. Will it not be pleasant when you can be together 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 foolish 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 beautifully apparelled, and the grave is only the 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 home today. Aye, I shall more certainly see them. Eight or ten will come up 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, and 30 will come up from Greenwood, and I shall know them better than I ever knew them before the Resurrection.

And your friends—they may be across the sea, but the trumpet that sounds here will sound there. You will come up on just the same day. Some morning you have overslept yourself and you open your eyes and see that the sun is high in the heavens and you say, "I have overslept and I must be up and away." So you will open your eyes on the morning of the resurrection, in the full blaze of God's light, and you will say, "I must be up and away." Oh, yes, you will come up, and there will be a reunion, a reconstruction of your family! I like what Haliburton (I think it was)—good old Mr. Haliburton—said in his last moments: "I thank God that I ever lived and that I have a father in heaven and a mother in heaven and brothers in heaven and sisters in heaven, and I am now going up to see them."

I remark once more, our troubles in this world are preparative for glory. What a transition it was for Paul—from the slippery deck of a foundering ship to the calm presence of Jesus! What a transition it was for Luther—from 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 droopy 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? Here you light 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 throngs! No, ye who are sick now! No medicines to take there. One breath of the eternal hills will thrill you with immortal vigor. And ye who are lonesome now, there will be a million 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 bright with jewels and under skies roseate with gladness, arcoses of light going down the stream to the stroke of glittering harp and the song of angels! Not one sign in the wind; not one leaf mingling with the waters.

The Spanish Language.

Habla V. Espanol? Perhaps not. It is a very pretty tongue, however. There is Latin in it of course. Then there are Punic, Gothic and Arabic. In these elements reside its construction and its history. Spain means "hidden." A long time ago the Carthaginians discovered the country. When the Romans discovered it, too, they threw a toga over it. The Visigoths struck their gurgulars there. The Moors brought their filigrees and arabesques. Latin was beaten in with the hilt of the sword. Gothic, with a trowel and Arabic with a scimitar. 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 never 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 pursue Fame, that is care's embodiment, Or fortune, whose false face looks true, I am content with sweet content As all I ask for me and you. A humble home, where pigeons coo, Whose path leads under breezy eaves Of frosty berried cedars to A girl, one mass of trumpet vines, Is all I ask 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 homely scent, Is all I ask for me and you. An orchard that the pippins strew, From whose bruised gold the juice springs; A vineyard where the grapes hang blue, Fine big and ripe for vintage, Is all I ask for me and you. A lane that leads to some far view Of forest and of falling snow, Biomed over with rose 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, And every sunset sunset, And whippoorwill that haunts 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 life to end, 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 cars propelled by five different methods of propulsion—by steam, 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, 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 and turn into Grand street going west, returning around the same corner going down, are still drawn by horses, as are also nearly all the cars of the Grand street cross-town line, which crosses the Bowery going east and west. But there are four cars now running on the cross-town line that are run by power from a storage battery.—New York Globe.

The Star Was Lost.

The story is told of a green hand on board a coasting vessel who 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. "Aho! there at the wheel!" roared the excited captain. "Port your helm! What do you mean! Where's the star?" "It's awl right, captain," timidly replied the nervous helmsman. "I lost the star, but found another brighter and better than the one you showed me."—London Answers.

Appreciative.

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

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, 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.

His "New Scientific Treatment" has cured thousands permanently by its timely use, and he considers it a simple professional duty to suffering humanity to donate a trial of his infallible cure.

Science daily develops new wonders, and this great chemist, patiently experimenting for years, has produced results as beneficial to humanity as can be obtained 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 bronchial, chest and lung troubles lead to Consumption, which, uninterrupted, means speedy and certain death.

Simply write to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 95 Pine Street, New York, giving post-office and express address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Sufferers should take instant advantage of his generous proposition.

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

IS THIS YOUR STORY? "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 weak that I cannot get up. My arms and my nerves are all unstrung. I am getting pale and thin. I am as tired in the morning as at night." What does your doctor say? "You are suffering from impure blood." What is his remedy? Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You have no business to touch these bandages. That wound will never heal unless you leave 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? How did you feel when you found you were an orphan?" Tearing off the bandages here and pulling them off there, leaving a ghastly wound that the balm of God's grace had already begun to heal. Oh, let no loquacious people, with ever rattling tongues, go into the homes of the distressed! Weakness of Philosophy. Again, I remark that all those persons are incompetent to give any kind of comfort who see merely as worldly philosophers. They come in and say: "Why, this is what you ought to have expected. The laws of nature must have their way." And then they get eloquent over something they have seen in post mortem examinations. Now, away with all human philosophy at such a time!

DAVID COX, Jr., J. E., ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER, HERTFORD, N. C. Bay View House, EDMONTON, N. C. Columbia Hotel, COLUMBIA, VIRGIL CO. J. E. HUGHES, Proprietor. Simmons Hotel, CURRUCK CO. H. N. O. Terms: 50c per meal, or \$1.75 per day. Tranquil House, MANTEO, N. C. A. V. EVANS, Proprietor.