

# Economist.

Take each man's censura but reserve thy judgment.—Hamlet.  
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1898.

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

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.

VOL. XXVII.

NO. 10

## SOMETHING NEW



Large packages of the world's best cleanser  
for a nickel, with greater economy in a pound  
package. All grocers. Made only by  
**THE N. K. FAIRBANKS COMPANY,**  
Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

### BLOOD ATONEMENT.

BY IT CHRIST DELIVERED ALL MEN  
FROM BONDAGE.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Clothes an Old Story In  
New Language—Sacrifice of the Defense-  
less Dove—Two Birds of Ancient Jerusa-  
lem.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—From a scene  
of old Dr. Talmage in this sermon pre-  
sents the old gospel under another  
phase; text, Leviticus xiv, 5-7: "And  
the priest shall command that one  
of the birds be killed in an earthen  
vessel, over running water. As for the  
living bird, he shall take it and the  
cedar wood, and the hyssop, and the  
hyssop shall dip both and the living  
bird in the blood of the bird that  
was killed over the running water and  
he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be  
cleansed from the leprosy seven times  
and shall pronounce him clean and shall  
let the living bird loose into the open  
field."

The Old Testament to very many  
people is a great slaughter house strewn  
with the blood and bones and horns and  
hoofs of butchered animals. It offends  
their sight; it disgusts their taste; it  
actually nauseates the stomach. But to  
the intelligent Christian the Old Testa-  
ment is a magnificent corridor through  
which Jesus advances. As he appears at  
the other end of the corridor we can  
only see the outlines of his character;  
coming nearer, we can discern the fea-  
tures. But when at last he steps upon  
the platform of the New Testament,  
amid the torches of evangelists and  
apostles, the orchestra of heaven an-  
nounce him with a blast of minstrelsy  
that wakes up Bethlehem at midnight.

There were a great many cages of  
birds brought down to Jerusalem for  
sacrifice—sparrows, pigeons and turtle-  
doves. I have seen them now, whistling,  
cooing and singing all around about  
the temple. When a leper was to be  
cleansed of his leprosy, in order to his  
cleansing two of these birds were taken.  
One of them was slain over an earthen  
vessel of running water—that is, clear,  
fresh water—and then the bird was kill-  
ed. Another bird was then taken, tied  
to a hyssop branch and plunged by the  
priest into the blood of the first bird,  
and then, with this hyssop branch, bird  
tipped, the priest would sprinkle the  
leper seven times, then untie the bird  
from the hyssop branch and it would go  
scattering into the heavens.

Now open your eyes wide, my dear  
brethren and sisters, and see that that  
first bird meant Jesus and that the second  
bird means your own soul.

There is nothing more suggestive than  
a caged bird. In the down of its breast  
you can see the glow of southern climes.  
In the sparkle of its eye you can see the  
flash of distant seas. In its voice you  
can hear the song of the water lily  
wood. It is caged in the sky in captivity.  
Now the dead bird of my text, cap-  
tured from the air, suggests the Lord  
Jesus, who came down from the realms  
of light and glory. He once stood in the  
sunlight of heaven. He was the favorite  
of the land. He was the King's Son.  
Whenever a victory was gained or a  
throne set up, he was the first to hear  
it. He could not walk incognito along  
the streets for all heaven knew him.  
For eternal ages he had dwelt amid the  
mighty populations of heaven. No hol-  
ier had ever dined on the city when he  
was absent. He was not like an earth-  
ly prince, occasionally issuing from a  
palace heralded by a troop of clanking  
horse guards. No. He was greeted ev-  
erywhere as a brother, and all heaven  
was perfectly at home with him.

The King's Son.  
But one day there came word to the  
palace that an insignificant island was  
in rebellion and was cutting itself to  
pieces with anarchy. I hear an angel  
say: "Let it perish. The King's realm  
is vast enough without the island. The  
King had ever dined on the city when he  
was absent. He was not like an earth-  
ly prince, occasionally issuing from a  
palace heralded by a troop of clanking  
horse guards. No. He was greeted ev-  
erywhere as a brother, and all heaven  
was perfectly at home with him.

Notice also in my text that the bird  
that was slain was a clean bird. The  
text demanded that it should be. The  
paven was never sacrificed, nor the cor-  
vid, nor the vulture. It must be a  
clean bird, says the text, and it suggests  
the pure and holy Jesus. Al-  
though he spent his boyhood in the  
worst village on earth, although blas-  
phemies were poured into his ear  
enough to have poisoned any one else,  
he stands before the world a perfect  
Christ. Herod was cruel, Henry VIII  
was unclean, William III was treach-  
erous, but point out a fault of our King.  
Answer me, ye boys who knew him on  
the streets of Nazareth! Answer me, ye  
men who saw him die! The skep-  
tical tailors have tried for 1,800 years  
to find one hole in this seamless  
garment, but they have not found it.  
The most ingenious and eloquent infidel  
of this day, in the last line of his book,  
all of which denounces Christ, says,  
"All ages must proclaim that among  
the sons of men there is none greater  
than Jesus." So let this bird of the text  
be clean—its feet fragrant with the dew  
that it pressed, its beak carrying sprig  
of thyme and frankincense, its feathers  
washed in summer showers. O thou  
spotless Son of God, impress us with  
thy innocence!

Thou lovely source of true delight,  
Whom I unseen adore,  
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee more.  
None to Help.

I remark also in regard to this first  
bird mentioned in the text that it was  
a defenseless bird. When the eagle is  
assaulted, with its iron beak it strikes  
like a bolt against its adversary. This  
was a dove or a sparrow, we do not  
know just which. Take the dove or pi-  
geon in your hand, and the pecking of  
its beak on your hand makes you laugh  
at the feebleness of its assault. The  
reindeer, after it is down, may feel you  
with its antlers. The ox, after you think  
it is dead, may break your leg in its  
death struggle. The harpooned whale,  
in its last agony, may crush you in the  
coil of the unwinding rope. But this  
was a dove or a sparrow—perfectly  
harmless, perfectly defenseless—type of  
him who said, "I have trod the wine  
press alone, and there was none to  
help. None to help! The murderers  
live it in their own way. Where was  
the soldier in the Roman regiment who  
swung his sword in the defense of the  
divine martyr? Did they put one drop  
of oil on his gashed feet? Was there one  
in all that crowd manly and generous  
enough to stand up for him? Were the  
miscreants at the cross any more inter-  
fered with in their work of spiking him  
fast than the carpenter in his shop driv-  
ing a nail through a pine board? The  
women cried, but there was no balm in  
their tears. None to help, none to help!  
O my Lord Jesus, none to help! The  
wave of anguish came up to the arch of  
his brow, rose to his chin, swept to  
his temples, yet none to help. Ten thou-  
sand times 10,000 angels in the sky,  
ready at command to plunge into the  
bloody fray and strike back the hosts  
of darkness, yet none to help, none to  
help!

Oh, this dove of the text, in its last  
moment, clutched not with angry talons.  
It plunged not a savage beak. It was a  
dove—helpless, defenseless. None to  
help! None to help!

As after a severe storm in the morning  
you go out and find birds dead on the  
ground, so this dead bird of the text  
makes me think of that awful storm  
that swept the earth on crucifixion day,  
when the wrath of God and the malice  
of man and the fury of devils wrestled  
beneath the three crosses. As we sang  
just now:

Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut his glories in;  
When Christ the Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.

But I come now to speak of this second  
bird of the text. We must not let  
that fly away until we have examined  
it. The priest took the second bird, tied  
it to the hyssop branch, and then plun-  
ged it in the blood of the first bird. Ah,  
that is my soul, plunged for cleansing in  
the Saviour's blood. There is not enough  
water in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans  
to wash away our smallest sin. Sin is  
such an outrage on God's universe that  
nothing but blood can atone for it. You  
know the life is in the blood, and as  
the life had been forfeited nothing  
could buy it back but blood. What was  
it that was sprinkled on the doorposts  
when the destroying angel went through  
the land? Blood. What was it that  
cleansed the leper? Blood. What was it  
that the priest carried into the holy of  
holies, making intercession for the peo-  
ple? Blood. What was it that Jesus  
sweat in the garden of Gethsemane?  
Great drops of blood. What does the  
wine in the sacramental cup signify?  
Blood. What makes the robes of the  
righteous in heaven so fair? They are  
washed in the blood of the Lamb. What  
is it that cleanses all our pollution?  
The blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth  
from all sin.

I hear somebody saying, "I do not  
like such sanguinary religion as that."  
Do you think it is very wise for the  
patient to tell the doctor, "I don't like  
the medicine you have given me?" If  
he wants to be cured, he had better take  
the medicine. My Lord God has offered  
us a balm, and it is very foolish for us  
to say, "I don't like that balm." We  
had better take it and be saved. But  
you do not oppose the shedding of blood  
in other directions and for other ends.  
If a hundred thousand men go out to  
battle for their lives for free institutions  
there is anything ignoble about that? No;  
you say, "glorious sacrifice rather." And  
is there anything ignoble in the shed-  
ding of the blood of Jesus Christ by the  
one and all lands and all ages from  
bondage, introducing men by millions  
and millions into the liberty of the sons  
of God? Is there anything ignoble about  
that?

As this second bird of the text was  
plunged in the blood of the first bird so  
we must be washed in the blood of  
Christ or go polluted forever.

Let the water and the blood,  
From thy side a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from earth and make me pure.

Sin is slavery.  
I notice now that as soon as this second  
bird was dipped in the blood of the first  
bird the priest unclosed it and it was free—  
free of wing and free of foot. It could  
what it pleased on any tree branch  
it chose. It could peck the grapes of  
any vineyard it chose. It was free—a  
type of our souls after we have washed  
in the blood of the Lamb. We can go  
where we will. We can do what we  
will. You say, "Had you not better  
qualify that? No, for I remember that  
the man will not will that which is  
wrong. There is no straitjacket in our  
religion. A state of sin is a state of slav-  
ery. A state of pardon is a state of  
emancipation. The hammer of God's  
grace knocks the hoppers from the feet,  
knocks the handcuffs from the wrist,  
opens the door into a landscape all  
assembler with fountains and bloom  
with gardens. It is freedom.

If a man has become a Christian, he  
is no more afraid of Sinai. The thun-  
ders of Sinai do not frighten him. You  
have, on some August day, seen two  
thunder showers meet. One cloud from  
this mountain and another cloud from  
that mountain, coming nearer and near-  
er together and responding to each other,  
crash to crash, thunder to thunder,  
boom, boom! And then the clouds break  
and the torrents pour, and they are em-  
braced perhaps into the very same stream  
that comes down so red to your feet that  
it seems as if all the carnage of the  
storm battle had been emptied into it.  
So in this Bible I see two storms gather,  
one above Sinai, the other above Cal-  
vary, and they respond one to the other  
—flash to flash, thunder to thunder,  
boom, boom! Sinai thunders, "The soul  
that sinneth, it shall die." Calvary re-  
sponds, "Save them from going down  
to the pit, for I have found a ransom."  
Sinai says, "Woe, woe!" Calvary an-  
swers, "Mercy, mercy!" And then the  
clouds burst and empty their treasures  
into one torrent, and it comes flowing  
to our feet, red with the carnage of one  
Lord, in which if thy soul be plunged,  
like the bird in the text, it shall go  
forth free—free! Oh, I wish all people  
to understand this, that when a man  
becomes a Christian he does not become  
a slave, but that he becomes a free man;  
that he has larger liberty after he be-  
comes a child of God than before he be-  
came a child of God. General Fisk said  
that he once stood at a slave block where  
an old Christian minister was being sold.  
The auctioneer said of him: "What bid  
do I hear for this man? He is a very  
good kind of a man; he is a minister."  
Somebody said "twenty dollars" (he  
was very old and not worth much);  
somebody else "twenty-five"—"thirty"  
—"thirty-five"—"forty." The aged  
Christian minister began to tremble. He  
had expected to be able to buy his own  
freedom, and he had just \$70 and ex-  
pected with the \$70 to get free. As the  
bids ran up the old man trembled more  
and more. "Forty"—"forty-five"—  
"fifty"—"fifty-five"—"sixty"—"sixty-  
five." The old man cried out "sev-  
enty." He was afraid they would out-  
bid him. The auctioneer was trans-  
fixed. Nobody dared bid, and the auc-  
tioneer struck him down to himself—  
done—done!

Purchased by Christ.  
But by reason of sin we are poorer  
than that African. We cannot buy our  
own deliverance. The voices of death  
are bidding for us, and they bid us in  
and they bid us down. But the Lord  
Jesus Christ comes and says: "I will  
buy that man. I bid for him my Bethle-  
hem manger; I bid for him my hunger on  
the mountain; I bid for him my aching  
head; I bid for him my fainting heart;  
I bid for him all my wounds." A voice  
from the throne of God says: "It is  
enough! Jesus has bought him." Bought  
with a price. The purchase  
complete. It is done.

The great transaction's done.  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine.  
He drew me from the world,  
Chained to confess the world divine.

Why, is not a man free when he gets  
rid of his sins? The sins of the tongue  
gone; the sins of action gone; the sins  
of the mind gone. All the transgressions  
of 30, 40, 50, 70 years gone—no more  
in the soul than the malaria that float-  
ed in the atmosphere 1,000 years ago;  
for when my Lord Jesus pardons a man  
he pardons him, and there is no half-  
work about it.

Here I see a beggar going along the  
turnpike road. He is worn out with dis-  
ease. He is stiff in the joints. He is  
clever all over. He has rheum in his  
eyes. He is sick and wasted. He is in  
rags. Every time he puts down his  
swollen feet he cries "Oh, the pain!"  
He sees a fountain by the roadside un-  
der a tree, and he crawls up to that  
fountain and says: "I must wash. Here  
I may cool my ulcers. Here I may get  
rested." He stoops down and scoops up  
in the palm of his hands enough water  
to slake his thirst, and that is all gone.  
Then he stoops down and begins to  
wash his eyes, and the rheum is all  
gone. Then he puts in his swollen feet,  
and the swelling is gone. Then, willing  
no longer to be only half cured, he  
plunges in, and his whole body is laved  
in the stream, and he gets upon the  
bank well. Meantime the owner of the  
mansion up yonder comes down, walk-  
ing through the sunny air with his only  
son, and he sees the beggar with his  
rags, and he says: "Whose rags are these?" A  
voice from the fountain says, "Those are  
my rags." Then says the master to his  
son, "Go up to the house and get the best  
new suit you can find and bring it  
down." And he brings down the clothes,  
and the beggar is clothed in them and  
he looks around and says: "I was filthy,  
but now I am clean. I was ragged, but  
now I am robed. I was blind, but now  
I see." Glory be to the owner of that  
mansion, and glory be to that son who  
brought me that sunny suit of clothes,  
and glory be to this fountain where I  
have washed and where all who will  
may wash and be clean! Where sin  
abounded, grace doth much more  
abound. The bird has been dipped; now  
let it fly away.

The Way Indicated.  
The next thing I notice about this  
bird when it was loosened—and this is  
the main idea—is that it flew away.  
Which way did it go? When you let a  
bird loose from your grasp, which way  
does it fly? Up. What are wings for?  
To fly with. Is there anything in the  
suggestion of the direction taken by that  
bird to indicate which way we ought to  
go?

There is one passage in the Bible which  
I quote oftener to myself than any other.  
"He knoweth our frame and he re-  
membereth that we are dust."  
There is a legend in Iceland which  
says that when Jesus was a boy, playing  
with his comrades one Sabbath day, he  
made birds of clay, and as these birds of  
clay were standing upon the ground an  
old Sadducee came along and he was  
disgusted at the sport and dashed the  
birds to pieces. But the legend says that  
Jesus waved his hand above the broken  
birds and they took wing and went sing-  
ing heavenward. Of course that is a  
fable among the Icelanders. But it is  
not a fable that we are dust, and that,  
the hand of divine grace waved over us  
once, we go singing toward the skies.  
I wish, my friends, that we could  
live in a higher atmosphere. If a man's  
whole life object is to make dollars, he  
will be running against those who are  
making dollars. If his whole object is  
to get applause, he will run against  
those who are seeking applause. But if  
he rises higher than that he will not be  
interrupted in his flight heavenward.  
Why does that flock of birds, floating  
up against the blue sky so high that you  
can hardly see them, not change its  
course for spire or tower? They are  
above all obstructions. So we would  
not have so often to change our Christ-  
ian course if we lived in a higher at-  
mosphere nearer Christ, nearer the  
throne of God.

Refuse Not.  
Oh, ye who have been washed in the  
blood of Christ, ye who have been loosed  
from the hyssop branch, start heav-  
enward. It may be to some of you a  
long flight. Temptations may dispute  
your way, storms of bereavement and  
trouble may strike your soul, but God  
will see you through. Build not on the  
earth. Set your affections on things in  
heaven, not on things on earth. This is  
a perishing world. Its flowers fade, its  
fountains dry up. Its promises cheat.  
Set your affections upon Christ and  
heaven. Rejoice, my dear brethren and  
sisters in Christ, that the flight will  
after awhile be ended. Not always going  
of the storm. Not always going on  
weary wings. There is a warm dovecot  
of eternal rest where we shall find a  
place of comfort, to the everlasting joy  
of our souls. Oh, they are going up all  
the time—going up from this church—  
going up from all the families and from  
all the churches of the land—the weary  
that in that good land we may all meet  
when our trials are over! We cannot  
get into the glorious presence of our de-  
parted ones unless we have been cleansed  
in the same blood that washed their  
sins away. I know this is true of all  
who have gone in, that they were  
plunged in the blood, that they were  
unloosed from the hyssop branch. Then  
they went singing into glory. See that  
ye refuse not him that speaketh for if  
they escaped not who refused him that  
spoke on earth how much more shall  
not we escape if we turn away from  
him that speaketh from heaven?

Evangeline's Query.  
Mrs. Baxstone is one of the busiest  
society women in town. She belongs to  
three afternoon whist clubs and two  
dancing clubs. She and her husband are  
members of several polo clubs, and she  
is invited to three times as many recep-  
tions and parties as it is possible for her  
to attend.

But it happened one day last week  
that Mrs. Baxstone didn't get ready to  
go anywhere after luncheon.  
This caused her little 3-year-old  
daughter to wonder. The child waited  
expectantly for awhile, and then in  
wide eyed amazement said:  
"Ain't you going away today, mam-  
ma?"  
"No, darling," said her mamma.  
"I'm going to be at home with you all  
this afternoon."

Little Evangeline was elated, and  
merrily danced about the house all  
the rest of the day, stopping every little  
while to tell her mamma that her mamma  
was not going out.

That evening after dinner Mr. and  
Mrs. Baxstone repaired to the library  
and sat down. Evangeline stood in sil-  
ence for a reasonable length of time,  
but at last she went up to her mamma  
and asked:  
"Are you and papa going to stay home  
this evening?"  
"Yes, dearest."  
Evangeline looked thoughtful for a  
moment, and then, in her sweet, inno-  
cent way, asked:  
"What's wrong?"—Cleveland Leader.

The Old Parish.  
The word "parish" indicated origi-  
nally the geographical area over which  
the jurisdiction of a bishop extended.  
It was not till a later time, and when  
that area had been subdivided into  
smaller areas, each of which was com-  
mitted to the oversight of a priest re-  
sponsible for such functions as only a  
priest could discharge, that the smaller  
area got to be called the parish, while  
the larger area, comprehending an ag-  
gregate of parishes, was called the bi-  
shop's diocese. As time went on, the bi-  
shop's diocese in language, of which abun-  
dant examples might be given, the  
name, which was strictly a designation  
of the geographical area, got to be ap-  
plied to the community inhabiting that  
area, and thus the word parish is, even  
in our own days, used sometimes to in-  
dicate the area inhabited by the com-  
munity and sometimes the community  
itself.

In the latter sense the parish was a  
purely religious organization, distinct  
from its origin, its working and its aims  
from the manner, the township or the  
county, though composed of the same  
personal, man for man. "The parish  
was the community of the township or  
organized for church purposes and subject  
to church discipline, with a constitu-  
tion which recognized the rights of the  
whole body as an aggregate and the  
right of every adult member, whether  
man or woman, to a voice in self gov-  
ernment.—Rev. Dr. Jessup in Nine-  
teenth Century.

Wine of Cardui  
The stock of Bank of England  
notes which are paid in five years  
fills 13,400 boxes, which, if placed  
side by side, would reach over two  
miles. If the notes themselves were  
placed in a pile, they would reach to  
a height of five miles. They weigh  
90 tons and represent £1,750,000,000.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE  
LUNG TROUBLES AND CONSUMPTION  
CAN BE CURED.  
An Emigrant New York Chemist and  
Scientist Makes a Free Offer  
to Our Readers.

The distinguished New York chemist,  
T. A. Slocum, demonstrating his  
discovery of a reliable and absolute  
cure for Consumption (Pulmonary  
Tuberculosis) and all bronchial, throat,  
lung and chest diseases, asthma,  
coughs, catarrhal affections, general  
debility 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 ex-  
perimenting for years, has produced  
results as beneficial to humanity  
as can be claimed by any modern  
genius. His assertion that lung  
troubles and consumption are  
curable in any climate is pro-  
ven by "heartfelt letters of grati-  
tude," filed in his American and Euro-  
pean laboratories in thousands from  
those cured in all parts of the world.

Medical experts concede that bron-  
chial, 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 instant advantage  
of his generous proposition.

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

WINE OF CARDUI  
THE NEW WAY.  
WOMEN used  
to think "fe-  
male diseases"  
could only be  
treated after  
a long exami-  
nation by phy-  
sicians. Dread  
of such treat-  
ment kept  
thousands of  
modest women  
silent about their  
suffering. The  
introduction of  
Wine of Cardui  
has now demon-  
strated that nine-tenths of all the  
cases of menstrual disorders do  
not require a physician's attention  
at all. The simple, pure  
McEwery  
Wine of Cardui

taken in the privacy of a woman's  
own home insures quick relief and  
speedy cure. Women need not  
hesitate now. Wine of Cardui  
requires no humiliating examina-  
tions for its adoption. It cures any  
disease that comes under the head  
of "female troubles"—disordered  
menstruation, falling of the womb,  
"whites," change of life. It makes  
women beautiful by making them  
well. It keeps them young by  
keeping them healthy. \$1.00 at the  
drug store.

For advice in cases requiring special  
directions, address, giving symptoms,  
The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chat-  
tanooga, Tenn.

W. L. ADDISON, M.D., Cary, Miss., says  
"I use Wine of Cardui extensively in  
my practice, and find it a most reliable  
preparation for female troubles."  
WINE OF CARDUI

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
—BY THE—  
**FALCON PUBLISHING CO.,**  
E. F. LAMB, Manager.  
R. B. CREECY, Editor.  
Subscription One Year, \$1.00

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. B. CREECY,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Elizabeth City, N. C.

LAMB & SKINNER,  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Elizabeth City, N. C.

FRANK VAUGHAN,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Elizabeth City, N. C.

PRUDEN & PRUDEN,  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Edenton, N. C.

W. R. GORDON,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Corrymeek, C. H., N. C.

C. M. FEREBEE,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Elizabeth City, N. C.

THOMAS G. SKINNER,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Hertford, N. C.

J. H. WHITE, D. D. S.,  
Elizabeth City, N. C.

E. F. MARTIN, D. D. S.,  
Elizabeth City, N. C.

S. W. GREGORY, D. D. S.,  
Elizabeth City, N. C.

DAVID COX, Jr., J. E.,  
ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER,  
HERTFORD, N. C.

BAY VIEW HOUSE,  
EDENTON, N. C.

COLUMBIA HOTEL,  
COLUMBIA, TYRELL CO.

SIMMONS HOTEL,  
Corrymeek, C. H., N. C.

TRANQUIL HOUSE,  
MANTEO, N. C.

Are You Weak?  
Weakness manifests itself in the loss of  
ambition and aching bones. The blood is  
withered; the tissues are wasting—the door is  
being opened for disease. A bottle of Brown's  
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.  
Brown's Iron Bitters is #1 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;  
Clerk—Chas. Guirkin; Treasurer—  
Wm. W. Griggs; Constable and Chief  
of Police—Wm. C. Brooks; Street Com-  
missioner—Reuben W. Berry; Fire  
Commissioner—Allen Kramer  
Collector of Customs—Dr. P. John.  
Postmaster—E. F. Lamb.  
Examining Surgeons of Pensions—  
Drs. J. E. Wood, W. W. Griggs and  
W. J. Lumsden. Meet on the 1st and  
3rd Wednesdays of each month at the  
corner of Road and Church Streets.

Churches.—Methodist, Rev. J. H. Hall,  
Pastor; services every Sunday at 11 a.  
m. and 7 p. m. Baptist, Rev. W. S.  
Ponick, D. D., pastor; services every  
Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Pres-  
byterian, Rev. F. H. Johnston, pastor;  
services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and  
7:15 p. m. Episcopal, Rev. L. J. Wil-  
liams, rector; services every Sunday at  
11 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Lodge—Masonic: Eureka Lodge No.  
317. G. W. Brothers, W. M.; J. B.  
Griggs, S. W.; A. L. Pendleton, J. W.;  
B. E. Spence, Treasurer; D. B. Bradford,  
Morgan; 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: Achore Lodge No. 14.  
M. Burgess, N. G.; W. H. Ballard,  
V. G. H. O. Hill, Fin. Secretary;  
Maurice Wescott; Treasurer. Meets  
every Friday at 7:30 p. m.

Royal Arcanum: Tiber Creek Coun-  
cil No. 1209. H. O. Hill, Regent; D. A.  
Morgan, Vice Regent; C. Guirkin,  
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, Dis-  
t. J. H. Hill, O. Hill, Regent; D. A.  
Morgan, Vice Regent; C. Guirkin,  
Orator; W. H. Zoeller, Secretary; F. M.  
Cook Jr., Collector; W. J. Woodley,  
Treasurer. Meets 1st and 4th Friday  
in each month.

Knights of the Tribe No. 8, I. O. R. M.  
W. H. Sanford, Prophet; Will Ander-  
son, Sachem; B. C. Lane Sr. Sagamore;  
J. S. Beasley, Jr. Saga more Jam;  
Spires, C. of R.; S. H. J. Urrick of W.  
Meets every Wednesday night.

County Officers.—Commissioners C. G.  
E. Kramer, Chairman; F. M. Godfrey,  
J. W. Williams, Sheriff; T. P. Wilcox,  
Superior Court Clerk, John P. Over-  
man; Register of Deeds, M. B. Cr. per-  
son; Treasurer, John S. Morris C. any  
Health Officers, Dr. J. E. Wood,  
Board of Education, J. T. Davis, J. D.  
Palmer, N. A. Jones.  
Superintendent I. N. Meekins

Keep Your Youth  
If you are young you naturally  
appear so.  
If you are old, why ap-  
pear so?  
Keep young inwardly, you  
will look after the out-  
wardly.  
You need not worry longer  
about those little streaks of  
gray; advance agents of age.

Ajer's  
Hair  
Vigor

will surely restore color to  
gray hair; and it will also  
give your hair all the wealth  
and gloss of early life.

Do not allow the falling of  
your hair to threaten you  
longer with baldness. Do not  
be annoyed with dandruff.

We will send you our book  
on the Hair and Scalp, free  
upon request.

Write to the Doctor.  
If you do not obtain all the benefits  
you expect from the use of  
Ajer's Hair Vigor, write the doctor about it.  
Probably there is some difficulty  
with your general system which  
may be easily removed.

Address, Dr. J. C. Ajer,  
Lowell, Mass.