

Economist.

Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment.—Hamlet.
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 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. 25.

Keep in the World

Keep informed of what is going on; read the papers and
magazines; save time from housework for
rest and reading by using



GOLD DUST

WASHING POWDER

It saves both time and labor
and gives results that please.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.
Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston. Philadelphia.

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.
E. F. & S. S. LAMB,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Office corner Pool and Matthews streets.
FRANK VAUGHAN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Collections faithfully made.

PRUDEN, & PRUDEN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Edenton, N. C.
Practice in Pasquotank, Perquimans
Chowan, Gates, Hertford, Washington
and Tyrrell counties, and in Supreme
Court of the State.

W. R. GORDON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Curtis, C. H., N. C.
Collection a specialty.
Practices in State and Federal Court.

C. M. FEREBEE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Office hours at Camden C. H. on
Mondays.
Collections a specialty.

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

J. H. WHITE, D. D. S.,
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Offers his profes-
sional services to
the public in all
the branches of DENTIS-
TRY. Can be found
at all times.
Office in Kramer block, on Main
Street, between Polk and Water.

E. F. MARTIN, D. D. S.,
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Offers his profes-
sional services to
the public in all
the branches of DENTIS-
TRY. Can be found
at all times.
Office on Water Street, over the Fair.

S. W. GREGORY, D. D. S.,
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Offers his profes-
sional services to
the public in all
the branches of DENTIS-
TRY. Crown and Bridge
work a specialty.
Time should be taken in season.
Office, Florida Building, Corner Main
and Water Sts.

DAVID COX, Jr., B. E.,
ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER,
HERTFORD, N. C.
Land surveying a specialty. Plans
furnished upon application.

Bay View House,
EDENTON, N. C.
New, Cleanly, Attentive Servants.
Near the Court House.

Columbia Hotel,
COLUMBIA, TYRRELL CO.
J. E. HUGHES, Proprietor.
Good Servants, good rooms, good
table. Ample stables and shelters. The
patronage of the public solicited and
satisfaction assured.
THE OLD CAPT. WALKER HOUSE.

Simmons' Hotel,
CURRITUCK C. H., N. C.
Terms: 50c per meal, or \$1.75 per day,
including lodging. The patronage of
the public solicited. Satisfaction assured.
GRIFIN BROS., Proprietors.

Tranquil House,
MANTEO, N. C.
A. V. EVANS, Proprietor.
First class in every particular. Table
supplied with every delicacy. Fish
and Game abundance in season.
Diseases of the Blood and Nerves.
No one need suffer with neuralgia. This
disease is quickly and permanently cured
by Brown's Iron Bitters. Every disease of
the blood, nerves and stomach, chronic
or otherwise, succumbs to Brown's Iron
Bitters. Known and used for nearly a
quarter of a century, it stands to-day fore-
most among our most valued remedies.
Brown's Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

ENEMIES OF MAN.

THE MISDEEDS AND THE DANGERS OF
MODERN LIFE.

Dr. Talmage's Plea For a Purer Life—God
Has Been the World's Best Leader—The
Sins of Blasphemy and Drunkenness.
The Day of Expiation.

(Copyright, 1898, by American Press Asso-
ciation.)
WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—This arous-
ing discourse by Dr. Talmage will ex-
cite interest by the manner in which it
assails some of the great evils now
abroad. The subject is "Enemies Over-
thrown," and the text Psalms lxxviii,
1, "Let God arise, let his enemies be
scattered."

A procession was formed to carry the
ark, or sacred box, which, though only
3 feet 9 inches in length and 4 feet 3
inches in height and depth, was the
symbol of God's presence. As the lead-
ers and the procession lifted this orna-
mented and brilliant box by two golden
poles—run through four golden rings
and started for Mount Zion all the peo-
ple chanted the battle hymn of my text,
"Let God arise, let his enemies be scat-
tered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, out-
raged by James I. who forced upon
them religious forms that were offensive,
and by the terrible persecution of
Drummond, Dalziel and Turner and by
the oppressive laws of Charles I. and
Charles II. were driven to proclaim war
against tyrants and went forth to fight
for religious liberty, and the mountain
heather became red with carnage and at
Bothwell bridge and Aird's Moss and
Drumlogie the battle hymn and the bat-
tle shout of those glorious old Scotch-
men was the text I have chosen, "Let
God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver
Cromwell, and how with his sol-
diers, named the "Ironsides," he went
from victory to victory! Opposing ene-
mies melted as he looked at them. He
dissembled parliament as easily as a
schoolmaster a school. He pointed his
finger at Berkeley castle, and it was
taken. He ordered Sir Ralph Hopton,
the general, to dismount, and he dis-
mounted. See Cromwell marching on
with his army and hear the battery of
the "Ironsides," loud as a storm and
solemn as a deathknell, standards going
before it and cavalry horses reeling
back on their haunches and arms at
Marston Moor, at Winoby Field, at
Naseby, at Bridgewater and Dart-
mouth—"Let God arise, let his enemies
be scattered!"

God, Not Man.
So you see my text is not like a com-
plimentary and tasseled sword that you
sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a
sword that was never in battle, and
is used to be used on general training day,
but more like some weapon carefully
hung up in your home, telling its story
of battles, for my text hangs in the
Scripture story, telling of the holy
wars of 8,000 years in which it has been
carried, but still as keen and mighty
as when David first unsheathed it. It
seems to me that in the church of God
and in all styles of reformatory work
what we most need now is a battery.

We raise our little standard and put on
it the name of some man who only a
few years ago began to live and in a
few years will cease to live. We go into
contest against the armies of iniquity,
depending too much on human agencies.
We use for a battery the name of some
brave Christian reformer, but after
while that reformer dies or gets old or
loses his courage, and then we take
another battery, and this time perhaps
we put the name of some one who bet-
rays the cause and sells out to the ene-
my. What we want for a battery is
the name of some leader who will never
betray us and will never surrender and
will never die.

All respects have I for brave men and
women, but if we are to get the victory
all along the line we must take the hint
of the Gideonites, who wiped out the
Bedonin Arabs, commonly called Mid-
ianites. These Gideonites had a glori-
ous leader in Gideon, but what was the
battery with which they flung their ene-
mies into the worst defeat into which
any army was ever tumbled? It was,
"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."
Put God first, wherever you put second.
If the army of the American Revolution
is to free America, it must be, "The
sword of the Lord and of Washington."
If the Germans want to win the day at
Sedan, it must be, "The sword of the
Lord and of Von Moltke." Waterloo was
won for the English because not only
the armed men at the front, but the
worshippers in the cathedrals at the rear,
were crying, "The sword of the Lord
and of Wellington."

Right Is Might.
The Methodists have gone in triumph
across nation after nation with the cry,
"The sword of the Lord and of Wes-
ley." The Presbyterians have gone from
victory to victory with the cry, "The
sword of the Lord and of John Knox."
The Baptists have conquered millions
after millions for Christ with the cry,
"The sword of the Lord and of Jud-
son." The American Episcopalians have
won their mighty way with the cry,
"The sword of the Lord and of Bishop
McLivaine." The victory is to those
who put God first. But as we want a
battery united to all sects of religion-
ists and to all lands I nominate as the
battery of Christendom in the ap-
proaching Armageddon the words of my
text, sounded before the ark as it was
carried to Mount Zion, "Let God arise,
let his enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge it
seems about time for God to rise. Does
it not seem to you that the abominations
of this earth have gone far enough?
Was there ever a time when sin was so
defiant? Were there ever before so many
fiats lifted toward God telling him to
come on if he dare? Look at the blas-
phemy abroad. What towering profan-
ity! Would it be possible for any one to
calculate the numbers of times that the
name of the Almighty God and of Jesus

Christ are every day taken irreverently
on the lips? Profane swearing is as
much forbidden by the law as theft or
arson or murder, yet who executes it?
Profanity is worse than theft or arson
or murder, for these crimes are attacks
on humanity—that is an attack on God.

This country is pre-eminent for blas-
phemy. A man traveling in Russia was
supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do
you take me to be a clergyman?" said
the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all
other Americans swear." The crime is
multiplying in intensity. God every-
ten shows what he thinks of it, but for
the most part the fatality is hushed up.
Among the Adirondacks I met the fun-
eral procession of a man who two days
before had fallen under a flash of light-
ning while boasting after a Sunday of
work in the fields that he had cheated
God out of one day anyhow, and the
man who worked with him on the same
Sabbath is still living, but a helpless
invalid, under the same flash.

God Rebukes.
Years ago, in a Pittsburg prison, two
men were talking about the Bible and
Christianity, and one of them Thomp-
son by name, applied to Jesus Christ a
very low and villainous epithet, and, as
he was uttering it, he fell. A physician
was called, but no help could be given.
After a day lying with distended pupils
and palsied tongue, he passed out of
this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan
county, in New York state, are eight
headstones in a line and all alike, and
these are the facts. In 1861 diphtheria
raged in the village, and a physician
was remarkably successful in curing
his patients. So confident did he become
that he boasted that no case of diph-
theria could stand before him and finally
defied Almighty God to produce a
case of diphtheria that he could not
cure. His youngest child soon after
took the disease and died, and one child
after another, until all the eight had
died of diphtheria. The blasphemer
challenged Almighty God, and God ac-
cepted the challenge. Do not think that
because God has been silent in your
case, O profane swearer, that he is dead.
Is there nothing now in the peculiar
feeling of your tongue or nothing in the
numbness of your brain, that indicates
that God may come to avenge your blas-
phemies or is already avenging them?
But these cases I have noticed, I believe,
are only a few cases where there are
hundreds. Families keep them quiet to
avoid the horrible complicity. Physi-
cians suppress them through profes-
sional confidence. It is a very, very
long roll that contains the names of
those who died with blasphemies on
their lips.

Still the crime rolls on, up through
parlors, up through chandeliers with
lights all ablaze, and through the pic-
tured corridors of clubrooms, out
through busy exchanges where oath
meets oath and down through all the
haunts of sin, mingling with the rat-
tling dice and cracking billiard balls,
and the laughter of her who hath for-
gotten the covenant of her God, and
round the city and round the continent
and round the earth a seething, boiling
surge flings its hot spray into the face
of a long suffering God. And the ship
captain curses his crew and the master
builder his men and the hack driver his
horse, and the traveler the stone that
bruises his foot or the mud that soils
his shoes or the defective timepiece that
gives him too late to the rail train. I ar-
range profane swearing and blasphemy
two names for the same thing, as being
one of the gigantic crimes of this land,
and for its extirpation it does seem as
if it were about time for God to arise.

Wine When Red.
Then look for a moment at the evil of
drunkenness. Whether you live in
Washington or New York or Chicago
or Cincinnati or Savannah or Boston or
in any of the cities of this land, count
up the saloons on that street as com-
pared with the saloons five years ago
and see they are growing far out of
proportion to the increase of the popu-
lation. You people who are so precise
and particular lest there should be some
imprudence and rashness in attacking
the rum traffic will have your son some
night pitched into your front door dead
drunk or your daughter will come home
with her children because her husband
has, by strong drink, been turned into a
demoniac. The drink fiend has despoiled
whole streets of good homes in all
our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons, on
the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten
tighter the victims! Stop up the flames!
Pile on the corpses! Mop men, women
and children for the sacrifice! Let us
have whole generations on fire of evil
habit, and at the sound of the cornet,
fife, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulci-
mer let all the people fall down and
worship King Alcohol, or you shall be
cast into the fiery furnace under some
political platform!

I hid not this evil as the regicide,
the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide,
the uxoricide, of the century. Yet under
what innocent and delusive and mirth-
ful names alcoholism deceives the peo-
ple! It is "cordial." It is "bitters."
It is an "eye opener." It is an "appet-
izer." It is a "digestor." It is an "in-
vigorator." It is a "settler." It is a
"nightcap." Why don't they put on
the right labels: "Essence of Perdition,"
"Conscience Strappener," "Five
Drams of Heartache," "Tears of Orphan-
age," "Blood of Souls," "Scabs of
an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of the
Worm That Never Dies!" Only once in
awhile is there anything in the title of
liquors to even hint their atrocity, as
in the case of "sour mash." That I see
advertised all over. It is an honest name
and any one can understand it. "Sour
mash!" That is, it makes a man's dis-
position sour, and his associations sour
and his prospects sour, and then it is
good to mash his body, and mash his
soul, and mash his business, and mash
his family. "Sour mash!" One honest
name at last for an intoxicant! But
through lying labels of many of the
apothecaries' shops, good people, who
are only a little undereven in health
and want some invigoration, have
unwittingly got on their tongue the

fangs of this cobra that stings to death
so large a ratio of the human race.

Others are ruined by the common and
ill destructive habit of treating custom-
ers. And it is a treat on their coming
to town, and a treat while the bargain-
ing progresses, and a treat when the
purchase is made, and a treat as he
leaves town. Others, to drown their
troubles, submerge themselves with this
worse trouble. Oh, the world is bat-
tered and bruised and blasted with this
growing evil. It is more and more in-
trenched and fortified. They have mil-
lions of dollars subscribed to marshal
and advance the alcoholic forces. They
I would utterly despair if we had noth-
ing else. But what cheers me is that
our best troops are yet to come. Our
chief artillery is in reserve. Our great-
est commander has not yet fully taken
the field. If all hell is on their side, all
heaven is on our side. Now, "Let God
arise and let his enemies be scattered."

Then look at the impurities of these
great cities. Ever and anon there are in
the newspapers explosions of social life
that make the story of Sodom quite re-
spectable, "for such things," Christ
said, "were more tolerable for Sodom
and Gomorrah" than for the Chorazans
and Bethsada of greater light. It is
no unusual thing in our cities to see
men in high positions with two or three
families, or refined ladies willing sol-
emly to marry the very swine of so-
ciety if they be wealthy. The Bible all
afame with denunciation against an
impure life, but many of the American
ministry know not one point blank
word against this iniquity lest some old
liberty throw up his church pew.
Machinery organized in all the cities
of the United States and Canada by which
to put yearly in the grinding mill of
this iniquity thousands of the unsus-
pecting of the country farmhouses, one
process confessing in the courts that
she had supplied the infernal market
with 150 victims in six months. Oh, for
500 newspapers in America to swing
open the door of this lazar house of
social corruption! Exposure must come
before extirpation!

The Social Sin.
While the city van carries the scum
of this sin from the prison to the police
court morning by morning it is full
time, if we do not want high American
life to become like that of the court of
Louis XV, to put millionaire Lotharios
and the Pompadours into a van of popular
indignation and drive them out of respect-
able associations. What prospect of social
purification can there be as long as at
summer watering places it is usual to
see a young woman of excellent rear-
ing stand and sipper and giggle and roll
up eyes sideways before one of those
first class satyrs of fashionable life and
on the ballroom floor join him in the
dance, the maternal chaperon mean-
while beaming from the window on the
scene? Matches are made in heaven,
they say. Not such matches, for the
brimstone indicates the opposite region.

The evil is overshadowing all our
cities. By some of the immoralities are
called peccadillos, galleoneries, eccen-
tricitates, and are relegated to the realms
of jocularity, and few efforts are being
made against them. God bless the
"White Cross" movement, as it is called—
an organization making a mighty
assault on this evil. God forward the
tracts on this subject distributed by the
religious tract societies of the land. God
help parents in the great work they are
doing in trying to give their children
with pure principles. God help all leg-
islators in their attempt to prohibit this
crime.

As Ye Reap.
But is this all? Then it is only a
question of time when the last vestige
of purity and home will vanish out
of sight. Human arms, human pens, hu-
man voices, human talents, are not suffi-
cient. I begin to look up. I listen for
artillery rumbling down the sphire
bowleaves of heaven. I watch to see
in the morning light there be not the
flash of descending solitaires. Oh, for
God! Does it not seem time for his ap-
pearance? Is it not time for all lands to
cry out, "Let God arise and let his ene-
mies be scattered?"

I got a letter asking me if I did not
think that the earthquake in one of our
cities was the divine chastisement on
that city for its sins. That letter I an-
swered by saying that if all our Ameri-
can cities got all the punishment they
deserve for their horrible impurities the
earth would long ago have cracked,
opening crevices anticontinental, and
taken down all our cities so far under
that the tip of our church spires would
be 600 feet below the surface. It is of
the Lord's mercies that we have not
been consumed.

Not only are the affairs of this world so
twisted, a-jangle and racked that there
seems a need of the divine appearance,
but there is another reason. Have you
not noticed that in the history of this
planet God turns a leaf about every
2,000 years? God turned a leaf, and this
world was fitted for human residence.
About 2,000 more years passed along,
and God turned another leaf, and it
was the deluge. About 2,000 more years
passed on, and it was the Nativity. Al-
most 2,000 more years passed by, and
he will probably soon turn another leaf.
What it shall be I cannot say. It may
be the demolition of all those monstrosi-
ties of turpitude and the establishment
of righteousness in all the earth. He
can do it, and he will do it. I am as
confident as if it were already accom-
plished. How easily he can do my
text suggests. It does not ask God to
hurl a great thunderbolt of his power,
but just to rise from the throne on

which he sits. Only that will be neces-
sary. "Let God arise."

The Coming of God.
It will be no exertion of omnipotence.
It will be no bending or bracing for a
mighty lift. It will be no sending down
the sky of the white horse cavalry of
heaven or rumbling war chariots. He
will only rise. Now he is sitting in the
majesty and patience of his reign. He
is from his throne watching the muster-
ing of all the forces of blasphemy and
drunkenness and impurity and fraud
and Sabbath breaking, and when they
have done their worst and are most
surely organized he will bestir himself
and say: "My enemies have denied me
long enough and their cup of iniquity is
full. I have given them all opportunity
for repentance. This disposition of pa-
tience is ended, and the faith of the
god shall be tried no longer." And
now God begins to rise, and what moun-
tains give way under his right foot, I
know not, but, standing in the full
radiance and grandeur of his nature, he
looks this way and that, and how his
enemies are scattered! Blasphemers,
white and dumb, reel down to their
doom, and those who have trafficked in
that which destroys the bodies and souls
of men and families will fly with cut
foot on the down grade of broken de-
centers, and the polluters of society
that did their bad work with large for-
tunes and high social sphere will over-
take in their descent the degraded rabble
of underground city life as they
tumble over the eternal precipices, and
the world shall be left clear and clean
for the friends of humanity and the
worshippers of Almighty God. The last
thorn plucked off, the world will be
left a blooming rose on the bosom of
that Christ who came to gardenize it.
The earth that stood snarling with its
tigerish passion, thrusting out its rag-
ged claws, shall lie down a lamb at the
feet of the Lamb of God, who took away
the sins of the world.

And now the best thing I can wish
for you and the best thing I can wish
for myself is that we may be found his
warm and undisguised enthusiastic
friends in that hour when God shall
rise and his enemies shall be scattered.

Prince Bismarck's Will.
The Dantzig Gazette says that it has
been Prince Bismarck's will. The late
chancellor bequeathed all his estates in
Pomerania to Count William, with the
exception of Rheinfeld in Rummel-
burg, which falls to Prince Herbert.

All the valuable consisting chiefly
of presents deposited by Bismarck at
Bleichroeder's bank in Berlin, are made
over to Prince Herbert. Their total
value is said to amount to 1,000,000
marks, and in consideration of their
worth Prince Herbert had to hand over
in money to Count William the sum of
300,000 marks. The daughters of Count
William, three in number, each inherits
100,000 marks, and the Countess Ran-
tan receives 300,000 marks. The value
of the property disposed of in the will
is said by the paper in question to have
been estimated at 8,000,000 marks at
the time the will was made, but the
late chancellor's real and personal es-
tate is now valued at 20,000,000 marks,
or £1,000,000.

Thus Prince Bismarck left £1,000,000
under a will made at a time when his
fortune was considerably less than that
sum. Those who hold that the laborer
is worthy of his hire will rejoice to
learn that he did not have to save his
country for nothing. As he reaped
Molke for avarice it is to be supposed
that he was himself able to lay by this
considerable sum without any infirmity
of that sort. His manner of living dur-
ing the later years of his life offered no
temptation to extravagance. He lived
on his own country estate like a glorified
squire and kept far from him the
inevitable unbusiness of the town and
the court.—London News.

Thanks, Mr. Labouchere.
The old world in its dealings with
the new assumes an attitude of conde-
scension which is as ridiculous as it is
unwarranted. When the Spanish-Ameri-
can war broke out, the Spaniards treat-
ed their American opponents with aris-
tocratic contempt, referred to them as
"filibustering vagabonds" and gener-
ally assumed an attitude of incompar-
able superiority. One of the salient
features of the late war, apart from the
ease with which the Spaniards were
overcome and the gross corruption that
has been shown to exist in official cir-
cles in Spain, is the manly, honest, gen-
erous and chivalrous conduct of the
United States government forces and
people from the beginning to the end
of the campaign. It is only just to give
expression to the general feeling of ad-
miration which the new chivalry has
created throughout Europe.—London
Truth.

Queen Victoria's Private Mail.
It is in her private sitting room that
Queen Victoria's private letters, which
comprise a daily epistle from each one
of her children and children-in-law, are
always opened and read by the recipient.
Each day his portion of the royal
mail bag is brought to the sitting room
in locked dispatch boxes. It is not gen-
erally known that every letter person-
ally read by the queen, whether of a pub-
lic or private nature, is not only filed,
but bound, and some years ago it was
compulsively easy for any visitor to
the castle to obtain access to these valu-
able and often private documents. Now,
however, these volumes are kept under
lock and key.

The Donkey Brigade.
The New Haven News says that a
Connecticut clergyman on a recent Sun-
day gave out the following notice: "The
regular session of the Donkey club will
be held, as usual, at the close of this
service. Members will line up just out-
side the church door, make remarks and
stare at the women who pass, as is their
custom. Any member known to escort
a young woman to a church like a man
and sit with her like a gentleman will
be promptly expelled from member-
ship."

Herr "Underwear."
A young German engineer whose
name is Herr "X" von der Werra had
an amusing incident happen to him on
a recent ocean voyage which will bear
repeating and which he narrates him-
self with much. On the steamer were
several English ladies who were devo-
ted to white and who frequently called
upon Herr X. to join them in a friendly
rubber. The young man does not care
particularly for the game; but, as the
ladies in question had several charming
girls under their wings, policy as well
as politeness bade him join in the daily
game. The young man suffered from a
severe cold, and, in order to protect
himself from the drafts, took occasion
to wear a couple of heavy bicycle sweat-
ers in addition to his ordinary clothing.
The ladies sympathized and frequent-
ly spoke to Herr X. "funderwear," as
they pronounced it, about his precau-
tions against additional cold. He was
not particularly well versed in English,
and the pronunciation of his name puzzled
him very much—in fact, he
thought they were referring to his
sweaters, so finally he blurted out:
"Ladies, why do you call me Mr. Un-
derwear?" It is because of these avatars
that the reply was lost to posterity in
the roar of laughter which caused the
windows of the saloon to rattle.—Phil-
adelphia Record.

Metallizing Wood.
A method of metallizing wood, one
by which it becomes very solid and re-
sistant and assumes the appearance of a
true metallic mirror, is described in the
Paris Moniteur with much detail. Briefly,
the wood is first immersed for three or
four days, as may be its degree of per-
meability, in a caustic alkaline lye, and
thence passed immediately into a bath
of hydrochloric acid, to which is added,
if added, after 24 or 36 hours, concen-
trated solution of sulphur in caustic
potash. The duration of this bath is
about 48 hours, and its temperature is
from 55 to 60 degrees. Finally the wood
is immersed for 30 or 40 hours in a
solution of acetate of lead. The wood
prepared in this manner and after hav-
ing undergone a proper drying at a
moderate temperature acquires under a
brusher of hard wood a polished sur-
face and exhibits a very brilliant metallic
lustre—a lustre still further increas-
ed in its attractiveness if the surface of
the wood be rubbed thoroughly, in the
first place, with a piece of lead, or
zinc and afterward be polished with a
glass or porcelain brusher.

A Misunderstood Jest.
Lord Lytton when viceroy of India
was seated one day at dinner next to a
lady whose name was Birch and who,
though very good looking, was not over-
intelligent. Said she to his excellency:
"Are you acquainted with any of the
Birches?"
"Oh, yes," replied Lord Lytton, "I
knew several of them most intimately
while at Eton—indeed more intimately
than I cared to."

"My lord," replied the lady, "you
forget, the Birches are relatives of
mine."
"And they are," said the viceroy,
"but," and he smiled his wonted smile,
"I have never felt more inclined to kiss
the rod than I do now."
Said to say, Mrs. Birch did not see
the point and told her husband his ex-
cellency had insulted her.—Exchange

While we are considering when to
begin it is often too late to act.—Quin-
tilian.

'Sure Cure for Colds

When the children get their
feet wet and take cold give them
a hot foot bath, a bowl of hot
drink, a dose of Ayer's Cherry
Pectoral, and put them to bed.
The chances are they will be
all right in the morning. Con-
tinue the Cherry Pectoral a few
days, until all cough has dis-
appeared.
Old coughs are also cured;
we mean the coughs of bron-
chitis, weak throats and irritable
lungs. Even the hard coughs
of consumption are always
made easy and frequently cured
by the continued use of

Ayer's
Cherry
Pectoral

Every doctor knows that wild
cherry bark is the best remedy
known to medical science for
soothing and healing inflamed
throats and lungs.
Put one of
Dr. Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral
Plasters
over your lungs

The Best Medical
Advice Free!

We now have some of the most em-
inent physicians in the United States.
Their opportunities and long expe-
rience eminently fit them for giving you
medical advice free of charge. Write
particulars in your case.
Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer,
Lowell, Mass.