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VOL. XXVIII.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1899.

NO. 1.

**PUBLISHED WEEKLY**  
—BY THE—  
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R. B. CREECY, Editor.  
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**LIFE IN GREAT CITIES**  
DR. TALMAGE TELLS OF ITS SPLENDOR AND ITS WOE.

The Pulpit Orator Draws Some Useful and Helpful Lessons From His Own Observations—The Voice of the Streets.  
[Copyright, 1899, by American Press Association.]  
WASHINGTON, March 19.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who has lived the most of his life in cities, draws practical lessons from his own observation; text, Proverbs 1, 20, "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets."

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the stars. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day and night to night and flower to flower and star to star in the great harmonies of the universe. The springtime is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love, and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—denouncing war against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature, but how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street! You go to your mechanism and to your work and to your merchandise, and you come back again, and often with how different a heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil and pain and pleasure, the slow tread of old age and the quick step of childhood? Are there great harvests to be reaped, and now I trust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets."

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By 10 o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smokestacks, and arush with traffickers. Once in awhile you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Out this ladder with a roll of bills, out this tray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoveling a horse, or building a book. Industry, with her thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet goes on singing her song of work, work, work, while the mills drum it and the steam whistles fife it. All this not because men love toil. Some one remarked, "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity with stern brow and with uplifted whip stands over you ready whenever you relax your toll to make your shoulders sting with the lash. "The World's Toil and Anxiety."

Can it be that passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business that you do not learn anything of the world's toil and anxiety and struggle? Oh, how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many expiations endured; what losses, what hunger, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid, tossed and turned aside, and dashed ahead, and driven back—beautiful in its confusion, and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God, but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man.

Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you to look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an all-sympathetic God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word, will rise up and call you blessed, and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven, saying, "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry and sick and wandering and lost and heartbroken. That is the man, that is the woman, and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: 'I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to these poor wails of the streets, ye did it to me.'"

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes cultivate a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sunburned

hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head, and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not to be. The astronomer must come down from his stary revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soil. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheels clash against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the pedler's pack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Impudence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh, that is what Solomon meant when he said, "The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the Maker of them all."

I like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs. Whatever position you have gained in society you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

To Keep His Heart Right.  
Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot! Amid so many opportunities, for overreaching what temptation to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurements to dissipation! In the maelstroms and hell gates of the street how many make quick and eternal shipwreck! A man—weak comes back from a battle and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the masthead. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through 30 years of the sharpshootings of business life and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh, how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as a patch of canvas to tell where they perished. They never had a peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of poor man's sweat. Oh, it is strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indigestion! All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him and the earthquakes to swallow him and the fires to consume him and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of heaven are distributed some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double-dealing, what two facedness! Do all people who wish you good morning really hope you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not a wretched stock of goods ready to be sold down the streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that society is hollow and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh, how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people who are natural and walk! While fops simper and fools chuckle and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh! The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem, but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehad comes pretending to pay his tax to king Eglon, and while he stands in front of the king, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Field For Christian Charity.  
Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering and want and wretchedness in the country, but these evils chiefly concentrate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a poor, old, and he stooped and said, "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer and the man asked the question twice and thrice. "Can you read and write?" And then the boy answered, with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance, "No, sir; I can't read nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he

take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him? And haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks? And didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read nor write, neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. Let us ministers not be afraid of soiling our black clothes while we go down that mission. While we are trying an elaborate knot in our cravat or while we are in the study rounding off some period rhetorically we might be saving a soul from death and hiding a multitude of sins. O Christian laymen, go out on this work! If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means, and if you are too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest, when Christ's chariot comes along the horses' hoofs trample you into the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city in the last great day rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. Down to work! Lift them up!

One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate, shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for, this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting—I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week, and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, dear; though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie; she said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." "Oh, yes, they are waiting for you. Men who have money, men who have influence, men of churches, men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish."

People Looking Forward.  
Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God makes us all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the streets, I hear the tramp of a great host, marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards, and the streets are arush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep, and they never toll. A river flows through that city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and the trees of life, laden with everlasting fruitage, bend their branches into the crystal.

No plumed harses rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein, they know not how to die. Those of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven, where our friends are! They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands. Millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh, start for it today. The gates are open. The sacrifice of the Son of God take up your march to heaven. "The spirit and the bride say, Come, and whosoever will, let him come and take the water of life freely." Join this great marching heavenly host. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

The Problem Solved.  
She has solved the problem, God bless her! Her name is Mrs. Mary Smith Roberts, and she is a professor in the Stanford university of California. She speaks with the language of prophecy and of mastery, and the gospel which she preaches will revolutionize the civilized world and settle the vexations of "servant girl problem" forever.  
"Give parties," says Mrs. Smith Roberts, "Give plenty of parties, and you will have plenty of good servants. I have made it a rule to allow my cook to give a large party each summer while I am away."—Mrs. Smith Roberts neglected to say that her cook would give it any way, whether she allowed it or no—"and when I am at home and the horse is not too tired I ask my servants out for a drive. I never have any trouble with them."

That is the Smith Roberts' recipe. It is as easy as lying, if you only know how.—New York World.  
A Fable Regarding Pride.  
Here the orator paused to give his words greater effect.  
"Where is your boasted prosperity? He demanded in a hoarse whisper. "Who is richer tonight because we are under the gold standard? How many men are there in this audience," he thundered, "who can show me a gold coin? Is there one?"  
"Yes, sir," replied a man near the door, rising up. "Here's a \$20 gold-piece."  
About two hours later, while on his way home, the man with the \$20 gold coin was robbed of it.  
Pride sometimes goes before a hold up.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Choate's Gout.  
Mr. Choate, our new ambassador from the United States, says that he never had gout and "never intends to." That may be so now, for Mr. Choate is young in diplomacy. Let him wait a few years until troublesome questions arise, and he will find intervals of diplomatic gout most useful. In statesmanship gout and greatness almost always go together.—London Globe.

**"THE BEST LAID PLANS."**

An American Torpedo Boat Kept in England During the War.  
Lieutenant Henry La Motte, under the easy title "How We Helped Uncle Sam Prepare For War," tells in St. Nicholas how he and the American naval attaché, Lieutenant Niblack, labored last March and April to get America in time to use the German torpedo boat which had been christened the Somers. After all preparations had been made I hastened to Hamburg, hoping to catch the Somers somewhere in the North sea canal, but on my arrival at Hamburg I found that she had passed through the canal early that morning and was now on the North sea on her way to England. It was not until more than a week later, when I sailed into the port of Weymouth, England, on board the United States steamer Topeka, that I succeeded in getting her signal flags aboard her. Captain Knapp told me that from the month of the Elbe to Weymouth he had had a very rough trip, but he had made it in three days, averaging 12 knots an hour, which was as much as any torpedo boat of her size could have made under similar circumstances.  
When he arrived in Weymouth, he caused an inspection to be made, which showed that the Somers had not leaked a drop, in spite of her rough handling, and, considering the weather she was out in, he believed her to be a very comfortable boat.

At Weymouth an English crew was put aboard the Somers, and Captain Knapp and the Germans were paid off and sent home.  
The Englishmen were evidently afraid of her, for every time they put to sea in her they declared that she was leaking. Twice she was put back into port on account of these reports, and each time little or nothing was found to be the matter. The third attempt to get her to sea in company with the Topeka succeeded in getting her as far as Falmouth, where we put in because the Somers had made signal that she was sinking. This report was found to be as groundless as the two previous ones. There was, however, a very slight leak about the submerged torpedo tube, and her crew, now thoroughly demoralized, absolutely refused to go to sea unless she was drydocked and inspected by an agent of Lloyd's.

It being utterly impossible to engage a new crew for her at Falmouth, Captain Knapp was obliged to yield to their demands and arranged to have her dry-docked.  
As she was being put into the docks—whether by accident or design cannot be proved—her sailing master ran her head on, into a stone pier, which caused such serious damage as without doubt to require her to remain in drydock for repairs at least ten days.

This was on April 19, and as we were sure that war would be declared in a few days at the farthest we in a obliged to sail away in the Topeka without her. The day after war was declared the English captain of the port called upon the officer in command of the Somers and told him that Great Britain, under her proclamation of neutrality, must request him to go to sea in 24 hours, and if he were unable to do so the English government would be obliged to detain the Somers in port during the continuance of the war.  
And so, after all our trouble and expense, one of our torpedo boats was left in Falmouth harbor, of no more use to us in our war with Spain than if she had remained No. 420 at the Schichau works in Elbing.

Bad Spelling in Harvard.  
The midyear examination in Fine Arts Three, which was held at Harvard on Feb. 4, uncovered these curiosities of spelling among other things almost as curious:  
Asppolo, alabaster, terriccito, ctoidal, inate, plar, jems (gems), statute (statue), preceeding, collum, entirely, phisique, renound, backwood (backward), scmlpters, athelete.  
Such errors were found distributed throughout the class and were not confined to a few notebooks. Several of those who misspelled athlete were especially prominent in athletic circles.  
This class in fine arts is among the largest in the university, having fully 300 members. It contains no freshmen, but is made up mostly of juniors and seniors. It is probably the most popular of the general culture courses and was under Professor Charles Eliot Norton until the present year. The course has been regarded as almost a liberal education in itself.—New York Sun.

Miss Wilkinson's Sword.  
Miss Angeline Cary Wilkinson, daughter of the late Major M. C. Wilkinson, and United States infantry, is desirous of obtaining Major Wilkinson's sword, which she inherited from her father. The sword was sent to Cuba with the baggage of the Third United States Infantry at Mobile. After the battle at Leech Lake, when the bodies of Major Wilkinson and others were taken back to Walker, M. A., General Bacon laid the sword before Major Wilkinson and Sergeant Butler and covered them with his coat. It was in that position when last seen, though it is hard to understand why any one would take it from there. It is of little value in itself as compared with the value it has to the family of Major Wilkinson. Any information concerning it will be thankfully received by Miss Angeline Cary Wilkinson, 1051 West Thirtieth Street, Los Angeles.—Army and Navy Journal.

Write to our Doctors.  
Perhaps you would like to consult some eminent physicians about your condition. Then write us freely of the particulars in your case. You will receive a personal reply without cost.  
Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

**A BROKEN PANE OF GLASS.**

One That Once Cost Citizen George Francis Train \$50,000.  
A broken window pane once cost George Francis Train more than \$50,000. It was this way: Citizen Train, "with the brains of 30 men in his head, all pulling different ways," went to Omaha in the spring of 1864. At that time he was the most talked of man in America. He had not a thing but money. He bought 5,000 city lots, and altogether spent several hundred thousand dollars. He boarded at the Herndon House, the best hotel in sight. The quixotic Train was regular in only one thing—his habits. He always occupied the same seat at the table. One morning a pane of glass was broken out of a window directly behind his chair. He protested and was advised to change his seat. He would not. Instead he paid a servant 10 cents a minute to stand between him and the draft. After breakfast he expostulated with the landlord, but received no satisfaction.  
"Never mind," said Train. "In 60 days I will build a hotel that will rain your business."

And he did. The contract was let that day. Scores of men were put to work. The site selected was Ninth and Harney streets, near the Missouri river. Citizen Train went to New York and engaged Colonel Cozens, a noted caterer of that city, as manager for his hotel. The building alone cost \$40,000. The furnishings cost \$20,000 more. In the basement was a gas plant—the only one west of St. Louis. The work was done on time, and true to his word, 60 days after he threatened the manager of the Herndon House George Francis Train, citizen of the earth, opened his hotel, which he called the Cozens House. The grand opening ball was attended by the governor of Nebraska and his staff, the mayor of Omaha and many notables from other states. The house was a blaze of glory and a scene of almost oriental magnificence. Just when the big reception was well on there was a sudden flash, a strange noise, and then—total darkness! The gas plant had collapsed.  
The Cozens House did a flourishing business for a year or two and the Herndon House was badly crippled. Finally Train fell out with his manager and the place was closed.

After the business part of Omaha moved back from the river the Herndon House declined and finally relapsed into a state of impotency and demerol. A few years later it became the property of the Union Pacific railroad and is still used as the headquarters of that company in Omaha.  
Dr. H. H. Hibbard, a St. Louis dentist, was the first clerk of the Cozens House.

Equally Cutting.  
"Your voice," said the commanding officer, "is decidedly inspiring."  
"Yes, sir," said the subordinate, "tending his last." "I have been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all morning."—Chicago Tribune.

Guilty Conscience.  
Miss Peerscecker—Oh, baron, I would so much like to hear you tell again about how King Ludwig presented you with a decoration when you were a mere little shaver, and—  
The Baron Barbarossa—A leech shaver. I did not shave any one ven I was leech. I did not learn my trade until—(recollecting himself)—dot—is I did not learn a trade at all.—Harlem Life.

**Aye Ever You Depressed?**

And is it not due to nervous exhaustion? Things always look so much brighter when we are in good health. How can you have courage when suffering with headache, nervous prostration and general physical weakness?  
Would you not like to be rid of this depression of spirits?  
How? By removing the cause. By taking  
**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
It gives activity to all parts that carry away useless and poisonous materials from your body. It removes the cause of your suffering, because it removes all impurities from your blood. Send for our book on Nervousness. To keep in good health you must have perfect action of the bowels. Ayer's Pills cure constipation and biliousness.  
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