It goes into the homes of the peeple

telling the news with the voice of a

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

VOL. XXVIII.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1899.

NO. 7.

Tied down to housework, to the scrubbing brush and bucket, to the dish pan and housecloth, is the condition of the woman who still uses soap in ber cleaning. On the other hand the woman who uses Gold Dust **Washing Powder** has her work all done by noon, does as she pleases in the after-noon. With Gold Dust she does her cleaning with half the effort, in half the time and at half the cost as with soap or any other cleanser. For greatest economy buy our large package.

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PLAGUE OF ALCOHOL.

LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Good-A Call to Christians.

grading and brutalizing canteen in our him so long as his heart is pure and his military camps is gaining many sup- life is pure. All the powers of earth porters, this sermon by Dr. Talmage, and hell cannot take that Gibraltar. If dealing with the broader aspects of the a man is right, all the bombardment of throughout all the land of Egypt."

The destroying angel at midnight flaption and mourning and woe through all | What store wants him? What church Egypt. That destroying angel has fled of God wants him for a member? What the earth, but a far worse has come. dying man wants him for an executor? He sweeps through these cities. It is "He drinks!" I stand before hundreds late their number.

said, "I'll take charge of the dairy." great Sabara desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other in handsbake of fidelity, kissed each other goodby Engines, Boilers, their mission.

of the dead.

Laughter of the Fiend. Then the second fiend came into the attendant dangers, or with perfect grainfield. He waded chin deep amid the barley and therye. He heard all the grain talking about bread and prosperous husbandry and thrifty homes. He thrust his long arms into the grainfield, and be pulled up the grain and threw it into the water, and he made beneath it great fires-fires lighted with a spark from his own heart-and there were a grinding and a mashing and a stench, and the people came with their bottles, and they dipped up the fiery liquid, and they drank, and they blasphemed, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they murdered, and the fiend of the pit, the fiend of the anybody asking him for help but he there he sat by the door of the bunghole saying: "You are going too far in that laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harm-

The fiend of the dairy saw the cows afraid of me. I am my own master. I when desired. The fluest Hearse in this full uddered, and as the maid milked section. Reservoed, walnut, cloth-cov- he said, "I'll soon spoil all that mess; I'll add to it brandy, sugar and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink it and some of the temperance people will drink it, and | you will die. You had better stop." He if I can do them no more harm I'll give | said: "I can stop any time. I can stop them a headache, and then I'll hand now." He went on down. He is dead. them over to the more vigorous fiends | What slew him? Rum, rum! Among of the satanic delegation." And then the last things he said was that he the fiend of the dairy leaped upon the could stop any time. He could not stop. shelf and danced until the long row of

shining milkpans almost quaked. tomers. Finding few customers, he and the bugles called and the people all my fingers cut off, I would say, crowded in, and they swung around in Bring the hatchet and cut them off."

ped into hell. vineyard and of the grainfield and of glass of wine on the mouth of the canthe dairy and of the music hall-went | non, and I knew you would fire if off if back to their home, and they held high I approached, I would start to get that demons and all the sprites and all the but I can't stop now. Dead, but not and, having finished the mission in the and I like them so much better.—Chifiends filled their glasses and clicked buried; I am a walking corose. I am grogshop, should come back, taking on cago News.

uor traffic! Here's to woe and darkness against the wires of my cage on this make all through the world of the lost, REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCUSSES THE and nourder and death! Drink! Drink!" side and beats against the wires of my and, if that one drop of alcoholic bever-

The Plague of Drink. But whether by allegory or by ap-In an Eloquent Sermon He Depicts palling statistic this subject is presentthe Drunkard's Woe - The Rum ed you know as well as I that it is im-Fiend's Mission Is to Destroy All possible to exaggerate the evils of strong drink. A plague! A plague! In the first place the inebriate suffers from the loss WASHINGTON, April 30.—At this of a good name. God has so arranged it time, when the evils of the drink traffic by his own act. The world may assault are being widely discussed and the a man, and all the powers of darkness movement for the abolition of the de- may assault him-they cannot capture plague of intemperance, should cheer the world for 5, 10, 20, 40, years will and inspire the friends of temperance only strengthen him in his position. So everywhere. His text is Exodus xi, 6, that all you have to do is to keep your-'And there shall be a great cry self right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no This was the worst of the ten plagues. damage. But as soon as it is whispered, "He drinks," and it can be proved, he ped his wing over the land, and there begins to go down. What clerk can get was one dead in each house. Lamenta- a position with such a reputation? the destroying angel of strong drink. of young men-and I say it not in flat-Far worse devastation wrought by this tery-splendid young men who have second than by the first. The calamity | their reputation as their only capital. in America worse than the calamity in | Your father gave you a good education, Egpyt. Thousands of the slain, millions or as good an education as he could of the slain. No arithmetic can calcu- afford to give you. He started you in city life. He could furnish you no Once upon a time four fiends met in means, but he has surrounded you with the lost world. They resolved that the Christian influences and a good memory people of our earth were too happy, of the past. Now, young man, under and these four infernals came forth to God you are with your own right arm our earth on embassy of mischief. The to achieve your fortune, and as your vineyards." Another said, "I'll take bring upon it suspicion by going in and ical health. The older people in this auone fiend said, "I'll take charge of the reputation is your only capital do not charge of the grainfields." Another out of liquor establishments or by an dience can remember Dr. Sewell going the responsibility of their work and odor of your breath or by any glare of Another said, "I'll take charge of the your eye or by any unnatural flush on music." The four fiends met in the your cheeks. You lose your reputation and you lose your capital. The Inebriate's Degradation.

The inebriate suffers also in the fact with lip of blue flame and parted on that he loses his self respect, and when you destroy a man's self respect there The fiend of the vineyard came in one is not much left of him. Then a man bright morning amid the grapes and sat | will do things he would not do otherdown on a root of twisted grapevine in | wise, he will say things he would not sheer discouragement. The fiend knew say otherwise. The fact is, that man not how to damage the vineyard, or, cannot stop or he would stop now. He through it, how to damage the world. is bound hand and foot by the Philis-The grapes were so ripe and beautiful times, and they have shorn his locks and and luscious. They bewitched the air put his eyes out and made him grind with their sweetness. There seemed to in the mill of a great horror. After he be so much health in every bunch, and is three-fourths gone in this slavery the while the fiend sat there in utter indig- first thing he will be anxious to impress nation and disappointment he clutched you with is that he can stop at any a cluster and squeezed it in perfect time he wants to. His family become spite, and, lo! his hand was red with the alarmed in regard to him, and they blood of the vineyard, and the fiend say: "Now, do stop this. After awhile said: "That reminds me of the blood of | it will get the mastery of you." "Oh, broken hearts. I'll strip the vineyard, no!" he says. "I can stop at any time. and I'll squeeze out all the juice of the I can stop now. I can stop tomorrow." grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the His most confidential friends say: grapes to stand until they rot, and I'll "Why, I'm afraid you are losing your call the process fermentation." And balance with that habit. You are going there was a great vat prepared, and a little further than you can afford to people came with their cups and their go. You had better stop." "Oh, no!" pitchers, and they dipped up the blood he says. "I can stop at any time. I can of the grapes, and they drank and drank stop now." He goes on further and furand went away drinking, and they drank ther. He cannot stop. I will prove it. until they fell in long lines of death, so He loves himself, and he knows neverthat when the fiend of the vineyard theless that strong drink is depleting wanted to return to his home in the pit | him in body, mind and soul. He knows he stepped from carcass to carcass and he is going down; that he has less self walked down amid a great causeway control, less equipoise of temper, than he used to. Why does he not stop? Because he cannot stop. I will prove it by going still further. He loves his wife and children. He sees that his habits are bringing disgrace upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and disgrace his children. He sees all this, and he loves them. Why does he not stop? He cannot stop.

I had a very dear friend, generous to a fault. He had given thousands and tens of thousands of dollars to Bible societies, tract societies, missionary societies, asylums for the poor, the halt, the lame, the blind, the imbecile. I do not believe for 20 years anybody asked him for a dollar, \$50, or \$100 for charity but he gave it. I never heard of grainfield, was so pleased with their be- gave it. But he was under the power of havior that he changed his residence strong drink, and he went on down, from the pit to a whisky barrel, and down, down. His family implored him, habit. You had better stop." He replied: "I can stop any time. I am my less as the grain of the field he might own master. I can stop." He went on turn this world into a seeming pande- down, down. His friends advised and cantioned him. He said: "Don't be the delirium tremens. On down until he had the delirium tremens twice. After the second time the doctor said: "If you ever have an attack like this again, Power of the Rum Dragon.

Oh, my young friends, I want to tell The fiend of the music entered a you that there is a point in inebriation grogshop, and there were but few cus- beyond which if a man go he cannot stop! But sometimes a man will be more swept the circuit of the city, and he frank than that. A victim of strong gathered up the musical instruments drink said to a reformer: "It is imposand after nightfall he marshaled a sible for me to stop. I realize it. But if band, and the trombones blew and the you should tell me I couldn't have a cymbals clapped and the drums beat drink until tomorrow night unless I had merry dance, each one with a wineglass I had a very dear friend in Philadelphia in his hand, and the dance became whose nephew came to him and was wilder and stronger and rougher, until talking about his trouble and confessed the room shook and the glasses cracked it. He confessed he could not stop. My and the floor broke and the crowd drop- friend said, "You must stop." He said: "I can't stop. If there stood a cannon, Then the four fiends -- the fiend of the and it was loaded, and there was a carnival because their work had been glass of wine. I must have it. I can't so well done, and satan rose from his get rid of this habit. I can't get away throne and announced that there was from it." Oh, it is awful for a man to no danger of the earth's redemption so wake up and feel that he is a captive! I long as these four fiends could pay such hear him soliloquizing, saying: "I

them and cried: "Let us drink-drink an apparition of what I once was. I am the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic to the everlasting prosperity of the liq- a caged immortal and my soul beats beverage, what excitement it would cage on the other side until there is age should drop from the wing of the blood on the wires and blood on the fiend upon the tongue of the inebriate, soul, but I can't get out. Destroyed how he would spring up and cry:

of usefulness. Do you know some of the lost would echo with the cry: "Give it men who have fallen into the ditch to me! Rum! Rum!" Ah, my friends, were once in the front rank in churches | the inebriate's sorrow in the next world and in the front rank in reformatory | will not be the absence of God or holiinstitutions? Do you know they once ness or light; it will be the absence of knelt at the family altar and once car- rum. "Look not upon the wine when ried the chalice of the holy communion | it is red, when it moveth itself aright on sacramental days? Do you know in the cup, for at the last it biteth like they once stood in the pulpit and preach- a serpent, and it stingeth like an aded the gospel of the Son of God? We der." will not forget the scene witnessed some years ago in my Brooklyn church when a man rose in the midst of the audience, sweeping across our great cities, I am stepped into the aisle and walked up sometimes indignant and sometimes huand down. Everybody saw that he was | miliated. When a man asks me, "What intoxicated. The ushers led him out, are you in favor of for the subjugation and his poor wife took his hat and over- of this evil?" I answer, "I am ready coat and followed him to the door. Who for anything that is reasonable." You was he? He had once been a mighty ask me, "Are you in favor of Sons of minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ Temperance?" Yes. "Are you in favor in a sister denomination, had often of good Samaritans?" Yes. "Are you in preached in this very city. What slew favor of Good Templars?" Yes. "Are him? Strong drink! Oh, what must be | you in favor of prohibitory law?" Yes. the feeling of a man who has destroyed his capacity for usefulness! Do not be Combine all the influences, O Christian angry with that man. Do not lose your reformers and philanthropists! Compatience with him. Do not wonder if he | bine them all for the extirpation of this says strange things and gets irritated | evil. easily in the family. He has the Pyrenees and the Andes and the Alps on him. Do not try to persuade him that there is no future punishment. Do not go into any argument to prove to him that there is no hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

Horrors of Alcoholism. But he suffers also in the loss of physthe effect of strong drink upon the human stomach. I am told he had eight I must come to specifics. Are you or ten diagrams which he presented to astray? If there is any sermon I disthe people, showing the different stages like, it is a sermon on generalities. I in the progress of the disease, and I am want personalties. Are you astray? told tens of thousands of people turned | Have you gone so far you think you canback from that ulcerous sketch and not get back? Did I say a few moments swore eternal abstinence from all intox- ago that a man might go to a point icants. God only knows what the in inebriation where he could not stop? drunkard suffers. Pain files on every Yes, I said it, and I reiterate it. But I nerve and travels every muscle and want you also to understand that while gnaws on every bone and stings with the man himself, of his own strength, every poison and pulls with every tor- cannot stop, God can stop any man. ture. What reptiles crawl over his shiv- You have only to lay hold of the strong ering limbs! What specters stand by arm of the Lord God Almighty. He can funeral pyre, talk of the Juggernaut- ing-our church not yet being open for he suffers them all at once.

it. The keepers come through it and heard a revelation that night that I had say: "Hush up, now! Stop making this never heard before-15 or 20 men standnoise! Be still! You are disturbing all ing up and giving testimony such as I handful, and they bite their nails into strong drink." the quick. This is no fancy picture. It is transpiring in a hospital at this moment. It went on last night while you slept, and, more than that, that is the death some of you will die unless you stop. I see it coming. God help you to stop before you go so far that you can-

Despoiler of Homes. But it plagues a man also in the loss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this habit gets the mastery over him he will do the most outrageous things. If need be, in order to get strong drink he would sell them all into everlasting captivity. There are hundreds and thousands of homes that have been utterly blasted of it. I am speaking of no abstraction. Is there anything so disastrous to a man for this life and for the life to come? Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? There are little children in the streets today, barefooted, unkempt, uncombed, want written on coming home from the pasture field, can stop now. I know what I am doevery wrinkle of their prematurely old countenance, who would have been in the house of God this morning as well clad as you had it not been that strong drink drove their parents down into penury and then down into the grave. Oh, rum, rum, thou despoiler of homes, thou foe of God, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone when it tells you that the inebriate suffers the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that if we go into the future world unforgiven the appetites and passions which were regnant here will torment us there. I suppose when the inebriate wakes up in the lost world there will be an infinite thirst clawing upon him. In this world he could get strong drink. However poor he was in this world, he could beg or he could steal 5 cents to get a drink that would for a little while slake his thirst, but in eternity where will the rum come from? Dives wanted one drop of water, but could not get it. Where will the inebriate get the draft he so much requires, so much demands? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds now for the dregs that were thrown on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind flung out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives called for water. The inebriate calls for rum.

Look Not Upon the Wine.

"That's it! That's it! Rum! Rum! Again, the man suffers from the loss | That's it!" And all the caverns of the

When I see this plague in the land, and when I see this destroying angel "Are you in favor of the pledge?" Yes.

Thirst May Be Quenched.

Thirty women in one of the western states banded together and with an especial ordination from God they went forth to the work and shut up all the grogshops of a large village. Thirty women, with their song and with their prayer, and if 1,000 or 2,000 Christian men and women with an especial ordiaudiences by demonstrating to them in any city shut up all the grogshops. But I must not dwell on generalities;

his midnight pillows! What groans tear stop you. Many summers ago I went the air! Talk of the rack, talk of the over to New York one Sabbath eventhe autumnal services. I went into a See the attendants stand back from room in the Fourth ward, New York, that ward in the hospital where the in- where a religious service was being ebriates are dying. They cannot stand held for reformed drunkards, and I the other patients. Keep still now!" had never heard given. They not only Then the keepers pass on, and after testified that their hearts had been they get past then the poor creatures changed by the grace of God, but that wring their hands and say: "O God! the grace of God had extinguished Help, help! Give me rum, give me their thirst. They went on to say that rum! O God! Help! Take the devils off they had reformed at different times of me! O God! O God!" And they before, but immediately fallen, because shriek and they blaspheme and they cry they were doing the whole work in for help and then they ask the keepers | their own strength. "But as soon as to slay them, saying: "Stab me, stran- we gave our hearts to God," they said, gle me, smother me! O God! Help, "and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ help! Rum! Give me rum! O God! has come into our soul the thirst has all Help!" They tear out their hair by the gone. We have no more disposition for

Warning to Drunkards. It was a new revelation to me, and I

have proclaimed it again and again in the hearing of those who have far gone astray and I stand here today to tell you that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ cannot only save your soul, but save your body. I look off today upon the desolation. Some of you are so far on in this habit, although there may be no outward indications of it-you never have staggered along the streetthe vast majority of people do not know that you stimulate, but God knows, and you know, and by human calculation there is not one chance out of five thousand that you will ever be stopped. Beware! There are some of you who are my warm personal friends to whom I must say that unless you quit this evil habit within ten years, as to your body, you will lie down in a drunkard's grave and, as to your immortal soul, you will lie down in a drunkard's hell! It is a hard thing to say, but it is true, and I utter the warning lest I have your blood upon my soul. Beware! As today you open the door of your wine closet let the decanter flash that word upon your soul, "Beware!" As you pour out the beverage let the foam at the top spell out the word, "Beware!" In the great day of God's judgment when a handred million drunkards shall come up to get their doom, I want you to testify that this day, in love of your soul and in fear of God, I gave you warning in regard to that influence which has already been felt in your home, blowing out some of its lightspremonition of the blackness of dark-

ness forever .. Oh, if you could only hear intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask the "Dead March" of immortal souls, you would go home and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should ever become the victims of this evil habit you might carry them out to the cemetery and put them down in the last slumber, waiting for the flowers of spring to come over the grave-sweet prophecies of the resurrection! God hath a balm for such a wound, but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulcher?

Waiting For Papa to Decide. Miriam-Where do you expect to go this summer-to the mountains or the

seashore? Fannie-We haven't decided yet. It will depend on which papa selects. I do If a fiend from the lost world should hope he will say the seashore. That will come up on a mission to a grogshop make mamma take to the mountains,

THE DYING SUN.

When Its Heat Becomes Extinct, the Earth Will Freeze Solid.

Our sun is now a yellow star similar to Capella, and hence it will eventually become bluish white like Sirius and Vega, says Professor T. J. J. See in The Atlantic. The secular shrinkage of the sun's radius will cause a steady rise in its temperature, and when the body has reached the stage of Sirius, where the temperature is perhaps doubled, the light emitted will become intensely blue. The temperature may be expected to go on rising till a small radius is attained, and finally, when the dense mass, intensely hot, becomes incapable of further shrinkage, on account of increase in the molecular forces resisting condensation, a cooling will gradually ensue, after which the body will liquefy and then rapidly decline in splendor. The sun will thenceforth be wrapped in everlasting darkness, and the chill of death will overtake the planetary system. A condition of darkness thus follows close upon a period of intense brilliancy, and hence the obscurity of such bodies as the companions of Sirius, Procyon and Algol. The most obscure satellites are thus associated with some of the brightest and most intensely luminous stars in our sky, and here the smaller of the two masses, as in the case of the planets of the solar system, have developed most rapidly.

In view of this approaching extinction of the sun's activity it becomes a matter of interest to inquire how long its heat will sustain life upon the earth. Though it is difficult to submit the subject to accurate computation, it is easy to see that the exhaustion of the sun's light and heat, certainly will-not occur for several hundred thousand, and perhaps not for several million years. Thus the ultimate doom of our system need occasion no anxiety among those now living, but the result is philosophically interesting to those who look several million years into the future.

As experiment has shown that the sun's vertical rays falling continuously upon terrestrial ice would melt a layer three centimeters in thickness per day, it follows that a similar shell of ice would form over the earth in case the sun's light and heat were cut off. Thus in a month the whole earth would be frezen like the polar regions, and only the deeper bodies of water, containing a great amount of beat, would remain in a liquid state. The oceans themselves would freeze over within a few years at the latest, and the winds and even the tides would cease to agitate the terrestrial globe, which would henceforth spin in its crhit as a rigid, lifeless mass. Chimney (Hunte,"

"Chimney climate" is the latest for the climate that is to be found in all large cities Ita characteristics, says a man of learning, are mildness, absence of rain and frequency of fog as compared with surraunding rural districts. And he gives a very clever explanation of the presence of the fog. It is actually manufactured right under our eyes. You know if you look crosswise at a sunbeam you see in it a myriad of very small particles of dust, so densely crowded together that some scientists even attribute to them the color of the sky. And there is also about us an invisible vapor and this combines with the particies to give us fog It may be so It sounds reasonable enough when one takes into consideration the fact that fogs are more frequent in large manufacturing cities than elsewhere. But if it be so, what are men of science about that they don't find an antidor for

A Banasa - Parameter In the Back? Then probably the kidneys. In the Chest?

Then probably the lungs. In the Joints? Then probably rheumatism.

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