VOL. XXVIII.

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ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1899.

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NO. 22.

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ilealthiest Place in the State. Horses, Vehicles Guns, Dogs, Boats etc., supplied at short notice. If you want fun come and see us.



THE DRAMATIC EXIT OF OLD CAP FROM LIFE'S STAGE.

He Lived a Wild Life and Wanted a Wild Death, and He Summoned a Wild Audience to See Him Do His Final Wild Act.

"The longing for the center of the stage exists not only in the centers of civilization," said a man who had gone west, made his pile in mining and come back to enjoy himself. "You'll find it up in the Rockies among the hardest, toughest citizens that ever handled a pick or shot a bear. The melodramatic instinct is mighty strong in most men, and the glare of the calclum is eagerly sought after by many who won't admit it. I knew an old man out in Arizona some years ago who was one of this kind. He was about the most 'don't give a darn' cuss I ever knew. He lived up in the mountains, about ten miles back of Tucson, all by himself.

"How he managed to live I never knew, but he seemed contented. His evil deeds never seemed to worry him any, and the Lord knows his record was black enough. He had been a great gun fighter in his time, and even in the days I speak of it wouldn't do to tread on his toes. He loved to tell of his wild life, and the frankness with which he related his somewhat questo feel squeamish. Squeamishness isn't a common fault out that way, and everybody knew and liked Old Capthat's what they called him-except the few who had been in trouble with him at one time or another.

"Now, no one ever thought that Old Cap was spectacular. He was the last man on earth who would be thought likely to want the center of the stage for any of his stunts. But he did, and the climax of his life was more pyrotechnical than any man's I ever got mixed up with. He certainly did go out in a blaze of glory. It all happened about seven years ago. I was in Tucson. A lot of us boys were sitting around in front of a ginmill one after noon, just talking about things in general. Our horses were tied in the yard at the back. It was a mighty fine day, just warm enough for solid comfort out of doors, and with the sky as clear as absolute dryness could make it. It A Matter of Choice was one of these days, you know,

when you throw your chest out and congratulate yourself on being alive. "As I was saying, we all sat on easy wicker chairs, talking and whittling I reckon, when down the street came a 10-year-old boy riding a broncho. We recognized him as a youngster who lived a couple of miles this side of Old Cap's on the same trail. He rode right up to where we were sitting and rolled off his horse, with his eyes a-popping himself and swept them from his back, and his breath a-panting.

"'What's the matter, bub?' asked tall Texan, who was in the party. "'Old Cap says t' come right up t' his place right off an fetch all th' men yer kin git. Th' Injuns is comin!"

"The Indians were always liable to bust loose and do something nobody suspected, so we got our horses out in a jiffy and started up the trail to save Old Cap. There were about a dozen of us, and we had our Winchesters and six shooters with us. When we got near to Old Cap's we slowed up a bit and began to look pretty sharp for Indians, but not a sign of a redskin could we

"'We'll be in time, boys,' said the Texan, who was leading the band. 'Ef we get to Old Cap's cabin we kin stand off a pretty smart lot."

"Old Cap's cabin was situated in a clearing off the trail around a bend, with high rocks hiding it until you came out in the open. We reached the turn in safety and swept around it at full gallop. There we saw, first of all, the little cabin looking as snug as usual, and then we noticed Old Cap sitting astride a keg about ten feet in front of his door. His big, gray sombrero was cocked to one side, and the red scarf about his neck gave him the look of a stage hero of the plains. He had heard our horses' hoofs beating view, and he was ready for us. Waitof him, he lifted his hat and moved it | coolie, owing to the heat, had left his above his head with a hoarse, wild yell. As I think of it now it sounded like the cry of a madman. Then he reached into his pocket and drew forth a match. This he drew carefully across a rock which was within reach of the keg upon which he sat, and saving it from the breeze until it was safely lighted he opened his legs and dropped It between them.

"There was a yellow puff of smoke tinged with a flash of red, and then a terrific roar. Old Cap's body flew skyward, and when it came down it didn't look like a human being's. He had been sitting on a keg of powder and had deliberately blown himself up. Funny thing for a man te do, wasn't it? Old Cap apparently got tired of life and decided to kill himself. He wanted an audience. So he sent the kid out to drum one up. He got what he wanted, but it wasn't a very sympathetic one. Men don't go much on gush out there, and the Texan was a little bowlder and gazed at it. "'Well,' he said finally, 'he certainly

the rest of the gang guffawed loud enough to start the echoes down the valley. "But it was all pretty human when you come to think of it. Old Cap had the center of the stage when the curtain dropped, and his audience then proceeded to forget him."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

did give himself a good send off?' And

#### ANTS AS FIGHTERS.

THE TINY WARRIORS ARE FEROCIOUS IN BATTLE.

So Vicious Are They That Even the Largest Animals Dare Not Meet Them In Combat - A Man Whom Their Bites Made a Raving Maniac.

"I was one of six American miners who were routed from their camp by a Venezuelan ant army," said a mining expert who lately arrived from Venezuela, "We retreated before the invaders without making a fight, and for two good reasons. In the first place we would have got the worst of the encounter, and, secondly, we knew that if we let them alone they would do us a good service.

"Shortly after dawn one Sunday our native cook burst in upon us with the news that we were about to be attacked by an army of ants. We had heard enough about ant armies to know what to do. We arose hastily, and every ounce of provisions that was not sealed in cans or in jars was hurriedly piled on a table, the four legs of which were immersed in as many, basins of water. Every maneuver that is known may safely expect from an ant army, learned to swim. Our provisions thus protected, we left the camp to itself and went out to reconnoiter for the invaders and to watch their assault tionable escapades made him an excel- from a distance. The army was maklent entertainer if you didn't happen ing fair time. An irregular patch of none, she said. disturbed by our presence it was possible to approach its lines closely. There must have been millions upon millions of little soldiers marching hip to hip. At the head marched the leader. On went the army, up the posts

of the camp and then within. "Once within, the army spread itself in all directions, forming hundreds of little attacking parties. The camp was an old palm thatched affair and so infested with scorpions, centipeds and spiders that we had been on the point of destroying it. Now, however, the ants had come and would clean house for us, and therefore they were welcome. The ants swarmed up the joists and the dry leafy walls, and wherever there was a spider or a bug there was a brief tussle and a dead foe. But there was bigger game in store for the

"The star battle was with an immense centiped, one of the bluish gray kind, about seven inches long and as big around as your middle finger. He darted out of a hole like a blue streak, evidently trusting to his speed and superior strength to run through the enemy's ranks. But he didn't go three feet before he was stopped. Ants literally covered him. He turned on but before he had gone another three feet he was buried beneath another swarm of his plucky assailants. And then began a fight to the death. Again and again he swept his tormentors from his back while from all sides hurried streams of ants to take the place of fallen comrades. The wriggling of the big fellow became less violent as the fight progressed, and finally, after an effort, which I well knew was a desperate last one, he remained quiet while what little life was left in him was bitten out of him. Later, when the army had retreated and when we had swept up the centipeds and scorplons and lizards and a tarantula which the ant army had vanquished, we put the hero of the star battle under a quartz magnifying glass. The bodies of dead ants still clung to their foe. From his back, from his legs, from wherever there was a chance for a hold, the bodies of ants dangled, holding on, I suppose, by their teeth.

"Perhaps you wonder what would happen to a man who would undertake to fight an army of ants, assuming, of course, that the man relies on his natural means of defense-his hands and feet. I can best illustrate that by the rare story of an unfortunate who was brought to a hospital in Caracas shortly before my return home. The man was a coolie who had the rocky trail before we wheeled into worked on a cocoa plantation in a creek not far from Caracas. Following a fairly shook his fist in my face and ing until we had come within 75 yards habit of some of his countrymen, the camp and stretched himself on the ground to sleep outdoors. Exactly what followed no one can say with certainty. Presumably he was surrounded and covered by an army of ants before he awakened. At dawn the shrieks and cries of a man in agony aroused the inmates of the camp, who ran out to learn the cause.

"The man was gesticulating wildly and calling for help, whiled he squirmed and writhed and slapped his face and neck and chest and legs in a mad effort to slap himself all over at once. He was standing in the midst of an army of ants and was too distracted with pain to run away. Then he did exactly what a panther or leopard does when he is being overcome. The man threw himself to the ground to roll his tormentor to death. A single active white man could have saved the poor wretch, but the stupefied, barelegged coolies dared not, or thought not, of rescue, while the victim himself was sore about the trick we'd had played too crazed with agony to seek other on us. He helped to straighten out the than instant relief. From a slight percorpse, and then he sat down on a sonal experience I know the poor fellow was burning in a fire which would lake hours to kill him.

"Finally a bystander regained his wits and rushed into the midst of the army and dragged the man after him and threw him into the creek. The rescue came too late. The victim became unconscious. His velvety, brown skin was a pink mass of raw bites. When he came to the hospital, he was bound hand and foot, a maniac, whose continuous notion was that he was being eaten by ants."-New York Sun.

#### TRIALS OF A WOMAN.

SHE WHO TAKES THE TICKETS AT THE PICTURE SHOWS.

Her Task, While Nerve Racking, Invites a Study of Some of the Curious Phases of Human Nature That at Times Are on Dress Parade.

As a rule the young woman who takes tickets at the picture exhibition is an art student herself. The other girls trying to earn money envy her and think she has a "soft thing." It is apparently easy enough to be the ticket taker at a picture show. All there is to do, apparently, is to sit in a roomful of pictures, take people's tickets as they come in and sell cata-

"You would be surprised to see how much work it is," said a girl who takes tickets at one of the big exhibitions. "You have to keep your eyes open all the time, for there are a large number of people who try to run past without tickets. I have to go after people a dozen times a day, calling "Ticket, please,' and they turn on me with an indignant stare. Most of them then go and buy tickets. But one well dressed woman the other day to the armies of civilized humans you | took up her lorgnette, looked me over from head to foot, and said in an icy but the little black warriors have never | tone: 'Ticket! I have no ticket!' and proceeded calmly on her way. I ran after her again.

"'Madame,' I said, 'I shall have to trouble you for a ticket.' "'I have already told you I had

black 10 feet wide and double as long "T'm afraid you will have to get was swarming steadily toward our one, said I. I was beginning to be camp. As the army was in no way afraid I should have to get a 'bouncer' to put her out, for I was determined informs me that he is to take up the she should not go in without paying. study of Egyptian hieroglyphics next That is what I'm here for, and I am week, and papa refuses to let me begin conscientious. Well, at last she flounc- antil I am 5 years old .- San Francisco ed out to the ticket office, bought her granuper ticket and put it down on my desk,

"'What an imposition!' o deal with. Then the other is the happens: A threadbare old gentleman tials.-Sussex News.

comes to the desk: "'Do you know the price of pictures?' he asks.

"'Yes; would you like to know the price of any?' I reply. " 'There is one in the other room,' he

"'What is the number?' I ask.

"'I can't tell you the number, but it's in the other room.' "Then I have to send him for the

number. " 'No. 221.' " 'That is \$500.

"'Why?' asks my old gentleman. "If it's early in the afternoon, I explain to him that I suppose the artist | a rule, the players are fine looking men, thinks it worth that; that he is well and it is interesting to watch them known, or what not; later I say, 'I play. Why not hide some of the guests? don't know.' Not one person in 50 of They look worse than the estra. those who ask the price have the Atchison Globe. slightest idea of buying. Some will go through half an exhibition and insist on knowing the prices of all. I get so tired of being polite and affable to all these people that by the time I get out in the evening I am ready to insult my dearest friend for the sake of being rude to some one. It's so hopeless teiling the price of a picture over and over again and each time having the people exclaim, 'What an

awful price!" "A great many people hold me personally responsible for the pictures. Lots of people come and talk very disagreeably to me about them. 'What makes them have such bad shows?" they ask me. Young men come up and say, 'Isn't this awful trash?' in an accusing sort of way, as though I had done it all myself. And one man swindle!' he shouted at me. But it

really wasn't my fault. "At private exhibitions it's different. There people come up to me and say, What a privilege to sit among the works of the masters all day!' I don't tell them that if I sat among the works of the masters much longer I should go mad, but I would like to. "The other day a friend of mine took my place. A man came up to her and asked:

"'Miss, is your picture among these works of art?

"'Why, no,' she replied. "He stood off a little way and squinted at her. 'It should be-you are worthy of it. Did no one ever tell you you had a beautiful profile? "That was a little startling, coming

from an utter stranger. Later she learned that her admirer was -, the well known photographer. Of course he had been looking at her through an artist's eyes and from a purely artistle standpoint and had meant no offense. But it was trying."-New York Commercial Advertiser.

Fire at Weddings.

Fire is an essential in some wedding eclebrations. In Persia the service is read in front of a fire. In Nicaragua the priest, taking the couple each by the little finger, leads them to av apartment where a fire is lighted and there instructs the bride in her duties, extinguishing it by way of conclusion. In Jepan the woman kindles a torch, and the bridegroom lights one from it, the playthings of the wife being

#### Prevention

better than cure. Tutt's Liver Pills will not only cure, but if

Sick Headache, dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, liver and kindred diseases.

#### ABSOLUTELY CURE.

Taking No Chances. "Now." said the enterprising luterviewer, "please read this over and hold up your right hand." "But," said the public man, "this is

merely an interview." it would be a good thing to be appointed a notary public. We've had too many denials, and this article's going to be an affidavit before it gets into the paper."- Washington Star.

Sleep.

Some doctors believe that a man has just so many hours to be awake, and that the more of them he uses up in a day the shorter his life will be. A man might live to be 200 if he could sleep | boats drawing more than seven and a most of the time. The proper way to economize time, therefore, is to sleep when there is nothing better to do .-Cincinnati . Enquirer.

The Boston Boy's Grief. Mother-Why do you weep so, Emer-

Little Emerson-Because Waldo Smith

Music and Matrimony. Captain Becker, an official of the Kongo Free State, won the affection of "That is one sort of the people I have many of the natives in a very curious way. He bought a good loud playing kind who wish to borrow a catalogue barrel organ and allowed the natives for a minute and keep it the whole aft- to turn the handle. The captain was ernoon. I have to be very stern about very anxious that the people should catalogues. The best way is to polite- be married in accordance with the ly look up whatever picture is asked Christian religion, and when it was for and to absolutely refuse to let any known the organ would be played at one take a catalogue for a moment. all such marriages the increase in the One nice old lady took me at my word, number of Christian weddings was reand I really believe she asked me markable. Things were generally arevery single number in the room. I ranged so that one wedding took place did more than 25 cents' worth of work each day, in order that the organ for her, I can tell you. The worst is might be heard regularly. It turned SALE OF WEYMOUTH'S FISHtelling people the price of pictures. Aft- out afterward that several couples had ter about six weeks of it it grates on been married twice, in order that the one's nerves. This is what continually organ might be played at their nup-

Patal Hesitation, "It appears that Charlle asked her

to marry him." "And she hesitated before she said es. Then Charlie said, 'Take a lit-

tle time to think It over." "Well?" "And Charlle has never said anything more about it."-Cleveland Plain

A Case of Hiding. It is considered the thing to hide the orchestra at a party behind a screen of palms. Why hide the orchestra? As

# old she LOOKS

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it. Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look One thing does it and never fails.

It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

The Best Advice Free. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

The Lake Drummond Canal and taken in time will prevent Water Co. wish to give notice that the Old Dismal Swamp Canal route between Norfolk and Elizabeth City is now open for business; and that a constipation, jaundice, torpid tug boat will leave every other day except Sunday, commencing August 28th, making trips as follows: Leave TUTT'S Liver PILLS Norfolk Monday, Wednesday and Friday; returning leave Elizabeth City Tuesday, Thursday, and Satur-

The Canal Co. insures nine feet of water at present time between the locks, and in a few weeks they will have ten feet of water in the canal. The company has dredged fifteen feet in depth for a distance of three thousand feet below the lock at Deep "That's all it is now. But I thought | Creek. They have also made deep water below South Mills Lock, in the waters of the Pasquotank River. The canal company has dredged the old Turner's Cut to the depth of ten feet at low water. Thus far the canal company can insure a sufficient depth

The canal company, would not at present guarantee a safe passage between Norfolk and Elizabeth City for half feet of water, as the Pasquotank has one shoal place, and Deep Creek at low water has not more than seven and a half feet at the present time. The government has appropriated

noney to deepen and widen Deep reck, and also to deepen and raighten the waterway of the Pasuotank River. This work is to ommence at once. The company in he mean time intend to improve and widen the canal, and in the near future the canal company believe that ney will have a canal and waterway etween the points named that carot be excelled in this country.

J. S. SANFORD, V. P. Information as to where to leave or receive freights, and of the boat's landing place can be had at Hathavay Bros, corner Main and Water treets, Elizabeth City, N. C.

#### NOTICE!

ERY.

The Finest Fishery in the Albemarle Waters.

By virtne of a decree of the Superior Court of Dare county made in the cause of M. N. Sawyer, Admr. J. D. Weymouth, vs C. D. Weymouth and Willie Vey gouth, I shall offer for sale at public auction at the Court House Door in Elizabeth City, Pasq. Co., N. . on Saturday, Oct. 7th, 1899, at 12M. all that properly known as the "Weymouth Fishery," situated on Croatan Sound in Dare Co., together with all the adjacent lands owned by the said J. D. Weymouth at his death, in Dare Co. and consists of the said fishery and 250 acres of land surrounding the said fishery, which said land is specifically described in two certain deeds, one recorded in Deed Book "A"; page 619. the other in Deed Book "A", page 618 in the Office of Register of Deeds of Dare Co., which two said tracts and the Croatar Sound surround the said fishery, all of which property, the fishery and the two said tracts of land are ncluded in the Real Estate of the said J. D. Weymouth is Dare Co.

Said fishery and lands are sold to pay the debts of the said J D. Weymouth. deceased, and will be sold for one half cash, ballence in six months, with privilege to purchaser to-pay all cash, deferred payments to pear interest at 6 per cent. For further information apply to M. N. Sawyer or G. W. Ward, Elizal eth

City, N. C. M. N. SAWYER Admr. J. D. Weymouth, deceased. This Sept. 1st, 1899.



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is guaranteed to cure FILL end CONSTIPATION (bleeding, tiching, peetrach inward), whether of recent or long standing, or more refunded. It gives instant reflet, and effects a talk MARTIN BUDY, Reg. Pharmacist, Lancoster, Pa.

For Sale and guaranteed by Drs.W.W. GRIGOS & SON, Elizabeth City, N. C. and all Druggists,