

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.

# Economist.

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

VOL. XXVIII.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1899.

NO. 26.

Woman's Best Friend  
Dirt's Worst Enemy



PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
—BY THE—  
**FALCON PUB. 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 Mathews streets

F. FRANK VAUGHAN,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Elizabeth City, N. C.  
Collections faithfully made.

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

S. S. MANN,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Swan Quarter, N. C.  
Practice in State and Federal Courts. Collections faithfully made.

P. PERCY WOOD McMULLEN,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Elizabeth City, N. C.  
REFERENCE:—Citizens' Bank of this city.

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

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

DENTISTRY in all its branches. Can be found at all times. Office Bradford building Rooms 1, 2, 3, and 4 Corner Main and Water Streets

E. F. MARTIN, D. D. S.,  
Elizabeth City, N. C.  
Offers his professional services to the public in all the branches of DENTISTRY. Can be found at all times. At the Citizens' Bank Corner Poindexter and Fearing.

S. W. GREGORY, D. D. S.,  
Elizabeth City, N. C.  
Offers his professional services to the public in all the branches of DENTISTRY. Crown and Bridge work a specialty. Office hours, 8 to 12 and 1 to 6, or any time should special occasion require. Office, Flora Building, Corner Main and Water Streets.

DAVID COX, Jr., C. E.,  
ARCHITECT AND SURVEYOR,  
HERTFORD, N. C.  
Plans furnished upon application. Official surveyor for Perquimans county.

HOTELS.

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

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

SWINDELL HOTEL,  
SWAN QUARTER, N. C.  
The Hunter's Home. The Drummer's Delight. The Fisherman's Feast. The Pleasure Feeder's Paradise.

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

THE TRAEQUIL HOUSE,  
MANTEO, N. C.  
A. V. EVANS, Proprietor  
First class in every particular. Table supplied with every delicacy. Fish oysters and Game abundance in season.

## THE WATER BROOKS.

DR. TALMAGE TELLS OF GOSPEL REFRESHMENT.

Shows How We May Elude the Pursuing Hounds of Trouble and Safely Reach the Lake of Divine Solace and Rescue.

[Copyright, Louis Klopach, 1896.]  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—The gospel as a great refreshment is here set forth by Dr. Talmage, under a figure which will be found particularly graphic by those who have gone out as hunters to find game in the mountains; text, Psalm xlii, 1, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks."

David, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal, called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria in Bible times there were whole pastures fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the deers, the showers, the lakes, washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The stouthead man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged on the banks of a pond or river, heard a pack of hounds in pursuit. The sound of the previous strains of the forest the clangor starts him, and he says to himself, "I wonder what those dogs are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize it plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its throat and at the same time, by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming barriers.

True to Nature.  
David says to himself: "Aha! That is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me. I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there!" says David. "That hunted deer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Little for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

Some of you have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on you. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Once while there talking with a hunter I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer I said to the hunter in rough corduroy, "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister! You see, they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and sniff the breeze and start for Raquette or Loon or Saranac, and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the runway with rifle loaded ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much. Its allusions are so true to nature. Its parables are real parables, its ostriches real ostriches and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken, to say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow strings, its antlers put into handles on cutlery and the shavings of its horns used as a restorative, its name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. Its usefulness and its usefulness in this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems done, ascending into other projections of exquisite-ness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride or swung down for awful combat! It is in velocity embodied, timidity impregnated, the enchantment of the woods, eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death, the splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle and bone and color and attitude and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows or a living bolt shot through the forest or turning at bay to attack the hounds or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper.

It is a splendid appearance, that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlocks at the foot of St. Regis is

able to picture. When, 20 miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily-pads, and, with its sharp edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from cliff to cliff into Upper Saranac can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have come after them the lean hounds of poverty or the black hounds of persecution or the spotted hounds of vicissitude or the pale hounds of death or who are in any wise pursued run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happen to know, at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, and the muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them. They depreciated you, and you depreciated them, or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them. Or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive you are fighting that bereavement. You charge on the doctors who have failed to effect a cure, or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred. Or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuralgia or the angitis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the gospel and swimming away into the mighty deep of God's love, you are fighting a whole pack of hounds.

Some time ago I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get the road, and the accident occurred. Or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuralgia or the angitis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the gospel and swimming away into the mighty deep of God's love, you are fighting a whole pack of hounds.

Yes, for some people in this world there seem to be no let up. They are pursued from youth to manhood and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds and the Earl of Yarborough's hounds and all of them put together do not equal, in number or speed or power to hunt down, the great kennel of hounds of which Sin and Trouble are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all those pursued of trouble and annoyance and pain and bereavement? My text gives to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yes, a chain of three lakes—G-o-d, the one for whom David longed and the one whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Schroon Lake and try to cool its protesting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep and high and broad and immense and infinite and eternal than God. His comfort—why, it embosoms all distress. His arm—it wrenches off all bondage. His hand—it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement—it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future, and all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever.

Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons: "Here are three vases, and one is of clay, another of amber and another of gold. Choose now which you will have." The eldest son, having the first choice, chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "Empire," and when opened it was found to contain human blood. The second son, making the second choice, chose the vase of amber, in which was written the word "Glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the vase of clay and, opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed the name of God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers which vase they thought weighed the most. The avaricious men of his court said the vase of gold, the poets said the one of amber, but the wisest man said the empty vase, because one letter of the name of God outweighs a universe.

For him I thirst, for his grace I beg, on his promise I build my all. Without him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far as it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men, in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my

health, blessed in my fields of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever present help I should be wretched and terror struck. But I want more of him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul I can cry out, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

Through Jesus Christ make this God your God, and you can withstand anything and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you—as in time of earthquake, when an old Christian woman, asked whether she was scared, answered, "No; I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world," or as in a financial panic, when a Christian merchant, asked if he did not fear he would break, answered, "Yes, I shall break when the Fifth Psalm breaks in the fifteenth verse, 'Call upon me in the day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'" O Christian men and women, pursued of annoyances and exasperations, remember that this hunt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in full cry, will soon be over. If ever a whelp looks ashamed and ready to sink out of sight, it is when in the Adirondacks a deer by one long, tremendous plunge into big Tupper lake gets away from him. The disappointed canine swims in a little way, but, defeated, swims out again and cringes with humiliating yawn at the feet of his master. And how abashed he looks when you have dashed into the lake and taken the dog by the collar and thrown him out of the water!

Without are dogs, by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in a deer, his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles in this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs," I have seen dogs and owned dogs that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watchdogs who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places and for years have been the only protection of wife and child, some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flock from going too near the precipice and some of the dogs whose neck and collar Landseer the painter has made immortal would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon, lest, in removing the cancer, he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect, and dogs that we cared in our childhood days, or that in later time lay down on the rug in some sympathetic when our homes were desolated—I say if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in it would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world—yes, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces—shall be prohibited. "Without are dogs." No place there for harsh critics or backbiters or despisers of the reputation of others. Down with you to the kennels of darkness and despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting of the long chase is quieted in still pastures, and "there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount."

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when he was pushing his canoe far up north in the winter and amid the ice floes and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human being. He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked his rifle, ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his arms and kindling fires to warm him, he sheltered him, found out where he had lived and took him to his home as a reward for the things he had done.

Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the leaguers, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kisses, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of heaven to spread the banquet and the bellmen to lay hold of the rope in the lower, and while the chalice click at the feast and the bells clang from the towers it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. And now do you not think the prayer in Solomon's Song where he compared Christ to a reindeer in the night would make an exquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethor?"

## MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES.

Our Illustrated Catalogue, No. 10, which we mail free, contains a variety of designs of marble and granite memorials, and will help you in making a proper selection. Write for it; we will satisfy you as to prices.

LARGEST STOCK IN THE SOUTH  
THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS,  
(Established 60 Years)  
159-163 Bank St., Norfolk, Va.

## THE ELIZABETH IRON WORKS,

CHAS. W. PETTIT, Proprietor,  
200 to 206 WATER STREET, Norfolk, Va.  
MANUFACTURERS OF

## Engines, Boilers, FORGINGS and CASTINGS.

Machine and Mill Supplies at lowest prices.  
Workmen sent out on application for repairs.  
Special Sales Agent for Merchant Rabbit Metal

ESTABLISHED 1870.

## A Matter of Choice



Whether you have your teeth extracted the old way, with pain, or use Gas, Vitalized Air, Cocaine, and all their attendant dangers, or with perfect safety, without pain or sleep at N. Y. DENTAL ROOMS ONLY, 324 Cor Main and Talbot streets, Norfolk, Va. Office hours: 8 to 6; Sundays 10 to 1

## ENNES, Dentist.

A 60 Saw Brown Cotton Gin, cheap. Used very little, apply to DAVID COX, Hertford, N. C.

## FOWLER & CO.

The Right Place to BUY DRY GOODS AND SHOES

FOR Fall and Winter, At The Right Place is FOWLER & CO.

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in DRY GOODS and SHOES

FOWLER & CO

FOWLER & CO

FOWLER & CO

FOWLER & CO

FOWLER & CO

FOWLER & CO

## FIFTY YEARS OLD

Why let your neighbors know it? And why give them a chance to guess you are even five or ten years more? Better give them good reasons for guessing the other way. It is very easy; for nothing tells of age so quickly as gray hair.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

is a youth-renewer. It hides the age under a luxuriant growth of hair the color of youth. It never fails to restore color to gray hair. It will stop the hair from coming out also. It feeds the hair bulbs. Thin hair becomes thick hair, and short hair becomes long hair. It cleanses the scalp; removes all dandruff, and prevents its formation. It keeps the hair soft and pliant. It is a youth-renewer. It hides the age under a luxuriant growth of hair the color of youth. It never fails to restore color to gray hair. It will stop the hair from coming out also. It feeds the hair bulbs. Thin hair becomes thick hair, and short hair becomes long hair. It cleanses the scalp; removes all dandruff, and prevents its formation. It keeps the hair soft and pliant. It is a youth-renewer.

## NOTICE!

SALE OF WEYMOUTH'S FISHERY.

The Finest Fishery in the Albemarle Waters. By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Dare county made in the cause of M. N. Sawyer, Adm'r. J. D. Weymouth, vs. C. D. Weymouth and Willie A. Weymouth, I shall offer for sale at public auction at the Court House Door in Elizabeth City, Pasco Co., N. C., on Saturday, Oct. 24th, 1899, at 12 M., all that property 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 919, the other in Deed Book "A", page 918 in the Office of Register of Deeds of Dare Co., which two said tracts and the Croatan Sound surround the said fishery, all of which property, the fishery and the two said tracts of land are included in the Real Estate of the said J. D. Weymouth in 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, balance in six months, with privilege to purchaser to pay all cash, deferred payments to bear interest at 6 per cent. For further information apply to M. N. Sawyer or G. W. Ward, Elizabeth City, N. C. M. N. SAWYER, Adm'r. J. D. Weymouth, deceased. This Sept. 1st, 1899.

## ROBERTS' GUINER'S



IS A SYSTEM BUILDER'S APPETITE & CORRECTS THE LIVER. ROBERTS' GUINER'S IS A SYSTEM BUILDER'S APPETITE & CORRECTS THE LIVER. ROBERTS' GUINER'S IS A SYSTEM BUILDER'S APPETITE & CORRECTS THE LIVER. ROBERTS' GUINER'S IS A SYSTEM BUILDER'S APPETITE & CORRECTS THE LIVER.

## PILES RUDY'S Suppository

and CONSTIPATION is guaranteed to cure PILES, Hemorrhoids, itching, burning, protruding, swollen, whether of recent or long standing, or many years' duration. No surgical operation required. Try it and you will be satisfied. Send for list of retail dealers and free samples. Only 25c a box. For sale by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. MARTIN RUDY, Reg. Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. For Sale and guaranteed by Drs. W. W. GRIGGS & SON, Elizabeth City, N. C., and all Druggists