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VOL. XXVIII.

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NO. 29

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HEAVENLY WORLD.

God's Homestead, Builded on the Hills of Heaven, Provides Rooms For All-Vivid Picture of the Heavenly Home.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1809.] WASHINGTON, Nov. 5 .- In a unique way the heavenly world is discoursed upon by Dr. Talmage in this sermon under the figure of a home; text, John xiv, 2, "In my Father's house are many

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were ead, and Christ offered heaven as an alterative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that, though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or charlot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two "house not made with bands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says, "In

my Father's house are many rooms." large accommodations I propose to car- their sicknesses or their troubles. See ry out. In some healthy neighborhood | what heaven has done for them-so a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all lovely! They call you by name. They his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room, cupied. But time goes by, and the sons | reception room of the old homestead. go out into the world and build their You see, they will know you are commarried or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After awhile the father and like lightning. They will be there in house, and, seated by the evening other world on errand from God, a stand, they say, "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together 40 years ago." But time goes still farther by, and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the

the house is full. God Built on the Hills. Millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelie. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacant. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house. As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a di-

feet, and then, reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the

ther's house are many rooms." A Majestic Homestead. bolism of the text, let us foin hands dress of a peasant woman seeking the and go up to this majestic homestead prophet for her child's cure, but it will and see for ourselves. As we ascend be found out after awhile who we are

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE man swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON THE reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world-what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, plous Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greets all newcomers. He redeemed them, and he has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about him or talked about him or sang about him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime will it be, just for one second, to see him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio is a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of his appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other. Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggar all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal historyyears in Italy, speaks of heaven as a the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul! The soul and Jesus!

Life In Heaven.

pour the glorified kinsfolk, enough of This divinely authorized comparison earthly retention to let you know radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! that is George's room, that is Henry's | Mother! There is your child. Sisters! room, that is Flora's room, that is Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. Mary's room, and the house is all oc- For years apart, together again in the own homes, and the daughters are ing. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies mother are almost alone in the big an instant. Though they were in some signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their ancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang supernal splendor, all that feeling will of "Greenland's icy mountains and Inbe gone at their first touch of heavenly | dia's coral strand," and Dr. Raffles, salutation, and we will say: "Oh, my grandchildren come with them and lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" perhaps great-grandchildren, and again "Oh, my lost friend! Are we here to to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife gether?" What scenes in that recep- for a week, but proved himself so tion room of the old homestead have agreeable a guest that they made him been witnessed! There met Joseph stay 36 years, and side by side Auand Jacob, finding it a brighter room | gustus Toplady, who has got over his than anything they saw in Pharaoh's | dislike for Methodists, and Charles palace; David and the little child for | Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calwhom he once fasted and wept; Mary | vinists, and George W. Bethune, as and Lazarus after the heartbreak of | sweet as a songmaker as he was great Bethany; Timothy and grandmother as a preacher and the author of "The son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized, and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth, but gloriously met in beaven.

Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many rooms." The Throneroom. Another room in our Father's house is the throneroom. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throneroom. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. vergent temperament. We would like During the Franco-German war, one to meet with them on the golden eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood streets and worship with them in the studying the exquisite sculpturing of temple and walk with them on the the gate of the Tulleries, Paris. Lost river banks, but I am glad to say that in admiration of the wonderful art of we shall live in different apartments. that gate, I knew not that I was ex-"In my Father's house are many citing suspicion. Lowering my eyes you know, that is the place we now rooms." You see, heaven will be so to the crowds of people, I found my- meet. Though every member of the large that if one wants an entire room | self being closely inspected by the gov- | household have a separate room, in to himself or berself it can be af- ernmental officials, who, from my com- the family room they all gather, and An ingenious statistician, taking the and that for some belligerent purpose all styles are there rehearsed. Sastatement made in Revelation, twenty- I might be examining the gates of the first chapter, that the heavenly Jeru- palace. My explanation in very poor salem was measured and found to be French did not satisfy them, and they divans and books in Russian lids 12,000 furlongs and that the length followed me long distances until I standing in mahogany case or there and height and breadth of it are equal, reached my hotel and were not satis- be only a few plain chairs and a crasays that would make heaven in size fied until from my landlerd they die. So the family room on high will 948 sextillion 988 quintillion cubic found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and if so, streets and estimating that the world bow much more the thronercom! A may last a hundred thousand years, dazzling place is it for mirrors and he ciphers out that there are over all costly art. No one who ever saw 5,000,000,000,000 rooms, each room 17 the throneroom of the first and only feet long, 10 feet wide, 15 feet high. Napoleon will ever forget the letter N But I have no faith in the accuracy embroidered in purple and gold on the of that calculation. He makes the upholstery of chair and window, the rooms too small. - From all I can read letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N the rooms will be palatial, and those chased on the chalices, the letter N who have not had enough room in this flaming from the ceiling. What a conworld will have plenty of room at the flagration of brilliance the throneroom

last. The fact is that most people in of Charles Immanuel of Sardinia, of this world are crowded, and, though Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of out on a vast prairie or in a mountain England, of Boniface of Italy! But district people may have more room the thronercom of our Father's house than they want, in most cases it is hath a glory eclipsing all the thronehouse built close to house, and the rooms that ever saw scepter wave or streets are crowded, and the cradle is crown glitter or foreign embassador crowded by other cradles, and the bow, for our Father's throne is a graves crowded in the cemetery by throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a other graves, and one of the richest throne of holiness, a throne of justice, luxuries of many people in getting a throne of universal dominion. We out of this world will be the gaining of need not stand shivering and cowerunhindered and uncramped room. And ing before it, for our Father says we I should not wonder if instead of the may yet one day come up and sit on room that the statistician ciphered out it beside him. To him that overcomas only 17 feet by 16, it should be lar- eth will I grant to sit with me in my ger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. throne." You see, we are princes and James or Winter palace. "In my Fa- princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Am-Carrying out still further the sym- sterdam or as Queen Tirzah in the us? Did you know we had that awful

when we get into the throneroom. the golden steps an invisible guards | Aye, we need not wait until then. We sickness? Were you hovering anyuplifting this moment enter the throneroom. O King, live forever! We touch the scepter and prostrate our-

selves at thy feet. ly young in Berlin who have seen the crown on three emperors. But wherever the coronets of this world rise or fall they are destined to meet in one place. And I look and see them coming from north and south and east and under the great archivolt of heavenand while I watch and wonder they are all flung in rain of diamonds around the pierced feet.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run, His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till sun shall rise and set no more. Oh that throneroom of Christ! "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Music of Heaven. Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key; but, if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and must be for them some place of espein the land of complete harmony? 1 cannot give you the notes of the first else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller, dying at Beaufort, S. C., said: "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the windows!"

In that music room of our Father's house you will some day meet the old masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose, and James Montgomery and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melwho wrote of "High in yonder realms of light," and Isaac Watts, who went Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor | Village Hymns," and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle, and many who were passionately fond of music, but could make none themselves, the poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead! "In my Fa-

ther's house are many rooms." Joyful Reunions. Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may corre | Come now! Put your weary but spond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, plexion, judged me to be a German loys and sorrows and experiences of er it be luxurious with ottomans and be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burtals, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no! Everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian, and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth, we would consider it a domestic disaster if they staid children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured, while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If 40 or 45 or 50 years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that, and the heavenly old age will retreat to that. When we join them in that family room, we shall have much to tell them. We shall want to know of them, right away, such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we firma." lost our property and sympathize with

may by prayer and song and spiritual where around us when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our backsliding? Did you know of that moral victory? Were you pleased when we started for The crowns of the royal family of heaven? Did you celebrate the bour this world are tossed about from gen of our conversion? And then, whetheration to generation and from family | er they know it or not, we will tell to family. There are men comparative | them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them. Ten years on earth may be very

eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in heaven? They will have to tell us the story of coronations, story of news from all immensity, stowest, the Spanish crown, the Italian ry of conquerors and hierarchs, story ary. crown, the English crown, the Turk- of wrecked or ransomed planets, sto ish crown, the Russian crown, the Per- ry of angelic victory over diabolic resian crown-aye, all the crowns from volts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire, and story of Jehovah's majestic reign. If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have test, although she was much heavier passed through since we parted, how much more thrilling and arousing that which they have to tell us of what they have passed through since we parted! Surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our hurry! "Let me open a window," said a humble Christian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of in the boxes looking with dull unconher child, had shut herself up in a cern at the frail vocalists who weighed dark room and refused to see any one. less than 300, now straightened up and "You have been many days in this chapped their hands," dark room. Are you not ashamed to Christian organists and Christian grieve in this manner when you ought. choristers and Christian hymnologists to be thanking God for having given that have gone up from earth, there | you the most beautiful child that ever cial delectation. Shall we have music in this world till he should be worn different lines, as well as in the size of heaven to a great homestead of them, but without their wounds or in this world of discords and no music with trouble, has not God taken him and quality of timber. Thus, accordto heaven in all his beauty? Leave off ing to the construction details of the weeping and let me open a window." New York, New Haven and Hartford bar of the new song that is sung in | So today I am trying to open upon the | railway, the number of ties used on heaven. I cannot imagine either the darkness of earthly separation the win- that line is 2,800 to the mile, threesolo or the doxology. But heaven dows and doors and rooms of the quarters of these being chestnut and means music, and can mean nothing heavenly homestead. "In my Father's one-quarter oak, while some roads use house are many rooms." Rooms For All.

How would it do for my sermon to leave you in that family room today? rest 81/2 feet long; the nine foot ties are I am sure there is no room in which used chiefly by the southern and guif you would rather stay than in the ep- group of railroads, where pine timber raptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit oth- England roads have their ties cut from er rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture galleries penciled not with earthly art, but by some process | en inch ties; the width of the ties likeunknown in this world, preserving for | wise varies from five to six inches in the next world the brightest and most New England to eight inches in the stupendous scenes of human history, central northern and the southern and there may be lines and forms of | roads.-New York Sun. earthly beauty preserved for heavenly inspection in something whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought-rooms beside businesslike young preacher, pocketing rooms, rooms over rooms, large rooms, the wedding fee and turning again to majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, the bridegroom, "let me ask if you are amethystine rooms. "In my Father's carrying any life insurance?" house are many rooms."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a the door, and we must start in time, 'Here are the figures showing," etc. and the only hour you are sure of is the | And he got the young husband's aphour the clock now strikes, and the plication. There is nothing like finishonly second the one your watch is now ing a job thoroughly while you are ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of about it.-Chicago Tribune. letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysoprasus is nothing, illumined panels of sunrise and sunset nothing, the aurora of the northern heavens nothing, compared with the splendor with which I have garnitured them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hilltops the old family homestead?" "In my Father's bouse are many rooms."

Foreman Sanders' Erros.

James Sanders, foreman of the dry Racket, was the victim of a pretty good joke the other day. A lady while in the store trading lost a veil, which be carefully laid ap until it should be called for. Soon afterward a lady called and said to one of the clerks she had lost her baby. Mr Sanders, being in the rear of the store and not bearing distinctly, thought who said veil, as he had that in mind, and rushed forward and asked her if it was a white or a black one. When he found out it was a baby she had lost the retreated in a collapsed condition -Chanute Tribune

Pride's Fall. "Winded, eb?" speered the automobile as it bowled past the old gray mare which had stopped to get her

But almost simultaneously with the unkind words one of the puffed up tires of the automobile was punctured by a discarded hatpin that lay in the

Whereupon the old gray mare smiled and spared enough breath to gasp mockingly, "Winded, eb?" Which story is told to show that even automobiles may live in glass houses and throw stones.-Brooklyn

De Meant It. "Jim is an ingenious fellow. He spent half the summer building a cottage on his new lake shore tract. It is a pretty cottage too. He's covered the outside of the ground story with terrs

"You mean terra cotta." "I don't. I mean mud."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Beefy Beauties.

"In Turkey the most beautiful and desirable woman is the one who weighs the most," writes an American who has been sofourning in the sultan's domain. "A thin and willowy creature would have no social standing in Turkey and would be a total failure on the stage in Constantinople. Unless a woman is fat she cannot secure an engagement in a musical hall, and the fatter she is the more enthusiasm she arouses and the larger is her sal-

"On the evening after my arrival in Constantinople I went to the Concordia Music hall, and there I saw more feminine breadth, depth, thickness, heft and circumference than I had ever before seen under one roof. The first woman who sang was fat; the second was fatter; the third was-no, not fatthan No. 2. She was merely the promise of what was yet to come. They were holding back the really big art-

ists for the finale. "At last these two came on. They were 'sisters' and they made a large Father's house. What long lingering family by themselves. The house arose there, for we shall never again be in a | in joy as the two vast, egg shaped objects appeared on the stage. The Turks, who had been sitting stolidly

Railroad Ties.

A fact of some interest in railroad the number of ties used to the mile on 2,000 only, or 2,500 to the mile. More than 60 per cent of the ties are cut 8 feet long, 12 per cent 9 feet and the is very abundant and cheap. The New five to six inches in thickness, while the southern roads seem to prefer sev-

A Hustler.

"Now, then, my friend," said the "No, sir," replied the newly made

benedict, "Not yet."

"Well, the most sacred duty resting room for us if we will go and take it, upon you now is to take out a liberal but in order to reach it it is absolutely | policy for the benefit of this young wonecessary that we take the right way, man, who is dependent upon you hereand Christ is the way, and we must after. I represent one of the strongest enter at the right door, and Christ is and best companies in this country.

An excited man gives himself away. It is notorious that human nature is most easily read when it is turned up side down Detroit Journal.



increases the circulation in the scalp, gives more power to the nerves, supplies missing elements to the hair

Used according to direc-tions, gray hair begins to show color in a few days. Soon it has all the softness and richness of youth and the color of early life returns. Would you like our book on the Hair? We will gladly send it to you.

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