

DAILY ECONOMIST
 EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT
 SUNDAY BY
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 ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.
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**Trial Of Third
 Mutineer Begun**

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 8.—The trial of Robert Scott, the third of the alleged mutineers from the schooner Harry A. Berwind, was resumed in the Federal Court today, the jury panel having been completed of townspeople summoned as talesmen. The witnesses today were Captain Stetson, the Berwind's ship broker, of Philadelphia; Captain J. W. Taylor, master, and Theodore Simon, mate of the schooner Blanche H. King, which took the mutinous crew from the Berwind. Arthur Adams, one of the two mutineers previously convicted, and several witnesses from Southport, who testified as to conditions aboard the abandoned ship when she was towed in there. The statement of Adams did not materially differ from that he made in his own behalf, placing the entire responsibility on Scott when Adams and Sawyer were both on trial earlier in the week. Sentence has not yet been passed upon the prisoner will not be until they have testified in the trial of Scott, now in progress.

Where th' Brook Is Deep
 I like t' git away from town
 These muggy summer days,
 T' break away from business cares,
 Forgettin' city ways,
 An' wander out among th' trees
 T' where th' brook is deep
 When th' day is dyin' in th' west
 An' th' birds are goin' t' sleep,
 When th' cricket chirps t' th' katydid
 An' th' turtle joins its voice,
 T' th' choir that makes a fellow feel
 'S if he always would rejoice
 Becus he's had a chance t' be
 Where God has done his best
 T' cheer th' heart an' mind an' soul
 An' give th' weary rest.

I like t' git down in th' brook,
 Where th' water's runnin' deep,
 An' stretch myself as a freeman should
 An' dive an' duck an' leap
 Jest as I did in boyhood days,
 When all th' world was gay,
 When there wa'n't no cloudy days an' I
 Had nuthin' t' do but play.
 I can hear th' brook a-laughin'
 In th' shadow of th' trees;
 I can see th' grasses noddin'
 An' a-dancin' in th' breeze,
 An' somewhere up above me,
 Between th' trees an' sky,
 I hear th' restless night hawk's
 Sharp an' raspin' cry.
 I hug th' water to me,
 An' I kick it into foam;
 I turn upon my back an' float,
 With not a thought of home;
 I dive down t' th' bottom
 An' feel round for a stun;
 Next I'm treadin' water,
 An' t' help along th' fun
 I try my hand at "dog paw"
 An' th' long an' steady stroke
 Which years ago in th' mill pond
 Many a swimmin' record broke.

My hair hasn't what it used t' be;
 What's left is streaked with gray.
 I'm gettin' old, but I have a hope
 That I'll never see th' day
 That I can't go out among th' trees
 T' where th' brook is deep,
 When th' day is dyin' in th' west
 An' th' birds are goin' t' sleep,
 An' take a good old fashioned swim,
 As I did when th' world was gay,
 When there wa'n't no cloudy days an' I
 Had nuthin' t' do but play.
 —Thomas Holmes.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Deathbed.
 We watched her breathing through the
 night,
 Her breathing, soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.
 So silently we seemed to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.
 Our very hope belied our fears;
 Our fears our hopes belied,
 We thought her dying when she slept
 And sleeping when she died.
 For when the morn came dim and sad
 And chill with early showers
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
 Another morn than ours.
 —Thomas Hood.

The Horrors of the Second Death.
 Oh, where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to
 sound
 Or pierce to either pole.
 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live
 Nor all of death to die.
 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.

There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath—
 Oh, what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!

Thou God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Let us be banished from thy face,
 Forevermore undone!
 —Montgomery.

Against Quarreling and Fighting.
 Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God hath made them so;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For 'tis their nature too.
 But, children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run
 And all your words be mild;
 Live like the Blessed Virgin's Son,
 That sweet and lovely child.
 His soul was gentle as a lamb,
 And as his stature grew
 He grew in favor both with man
 And God his Father too.
 —Isaac Watt.

All things must change
 To something new, to something strange;
 Nothing that is can pause or stay;
 The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
 The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
 The rain to mist and cloud again,
 Tomorrow be today.
 —Longfellow.

**Be sure to use a
 Cream of Tartar
 Baking Powder**

**ROYAL Baking Powder is Made of Cream of Tartar
 and is Free From Alum or Phosphatic Acid**

Royal Baking Powder is pure and wholesome beyond question. There is never any doubt of the healthfulness nor of the superiority of the food it leavens.

Consumers are sometimes solicited to buy baking powders other than Royal because they cost less. It is evident to cost less they must be made of inferior ingredients.

**Low-priced baking powders — 10c., 20c., 25c., etc., —
 are made from alum, phosphate or other harsh acid**

At most, an alum powder would not lessen the cost of a cake or batch of biscuit more than the fraction of a cent. But can you afford for any sum to endanger your health by making your food with a dangerous baking powder?

"I regard the use of alum baking powders as highly injurious to the health of the community, and believe that their sale should be forbidden by law."—Geo. F. BARKER, M.D., University of Pennsylvania.

ANOTHER SUICIDE IN JAIL.

Wife Murderer Boyer Follows Example Set by Darwin.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 8.—Following closely upon the suicide of Albert H. Darwin in the county jail yesterday, Adam Boyer, a prisoner charged with the murder of his wife, ended his life early today by hanging himself from a water pipe in his cell.

In the same cell with Boyer were two prison trustees. So quietly did Boyer do his work, however, that neither of the men knew that he was dead until they awakened this morning.

Boyer shot and killed his wife in Berea several weeks ago, and a posse searched unsuccessfully for him for two or three days. Later Boyer gave himself up to the Cleveland police.

**Cashier Dewey
 Serving Sentence**

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 8.—Thomas W. Dewey, cashier of the defunct bank at Newbern, came here this morning, unaccompanied, and voluntarily began his six years' term in the penitentiary. Sheriff Biddle, of Newbern, arrived this afternoon and went to the prison and secured a receipt for his prisoner, who had spent the day inspecting his new quarters.

ATTENTION.

Saturday, November 11, 1905, at 12 o'clock m., I will sell at court house door house and lot situated corner Dyer and Cedar streets. House is two stories, 7-foot hall, 8 rooms 14x16 each, in good repair and situated on a lot of ground measuring about 100 x85 feet. Room for two additional houses. Rents for \$1.50 week as now stands. Terms cash or one-third cash, balance in one and two years.
 nov 9-2t I. M. MEEKINS.

For \$3.00
Zoeller's Special
 for Xmas.
One Half Dozen
Gabinet Oval
Photographs
 and a
Life size Crayon
 for \$3.00

the Crayon alone is worth the money. Give me your order now for Xmas delivery.
 Cor. Main and Poindexter St.

No money comes easier than interest money, when you have once made a start. It does not require a large amount to begin with. We will pay three per cent interest upon amounts of five dollars and upwards. There are no vacation periods with interest, it keeps right on working for you days, nights, Sundays, and holidays. Better begin now; deposit whatever you can spare, add to it whenever possible, and in time your success is assured. One dollar is all that is necessary to open an account. We will welcome you, whether your account be large or small.

Savings Bank & Trust Co.

Elizabeth City, N. C.

**Cut Glass
 Fancy China
 Baick-a-Brac**

We have rushed the opening of some lots to supply the demand for artistic goods at fair prices.
 An early call will insure you just the thing you want.

P. W. MELICK CO

**A
 DELICIOUS
 Breakfast**

Is assured when you have
**Hecker's New
 Buckwheat
 AND
 Our Special Brand
 of Maple Syrup**

TOXEY & GALLOP

LOST—White package containing 1-2 dozen silver spoons and card bearing name of Mrs. W.H. Hunt, between home of Capt. Outlaw and Main St. Finder please return to this office.



**THE WISE
 MERCHANT
 OWNS HIS
 OWN
 STORE,**

Puts the money paid for rent in his own pocket.
 You can buy one of these Davis lots 20X147 feet.
 Bear in mind the size 20X147 feet, with the privilege of building out 50 feet further, making a total of 190 feet deep, for \$3250.
 Don't compare this with your 60 and 75 feet deep lots, as is the average in Elizabeth City stores. Buy one of these Davis lots at \$3250, put a \$2000 brick building on it, total \$5250.
 A store so located will easily bring the first year \$30 per month, which is good interest.
 Instead of paying this to the landlord you put in your own pocket, then as the property grows more valuable your rent expenses remain the same.
 You can always do business at the same old stand; while the rent payer has to pay more rent or move.
 Better buy a Davis lot at once, then build your own store. See A. C. Hathaway at once.

PROMPTNESS THE MOTTO

L. D. Giddens, Jr.,
 WATCH MAKER,
 JEWELER,
 ENGRAVER.

Nice Work and Prices Right
 Graduate 1891, Parsons' Horological College.
Next To Post Office
 For past year with Louis Selig
 PROMPTNESS THE MOTTO

Commercial Job Printing
 OF
Every Description Our Specialty. TRY IT
 THE CAROLINA PUBLISHING COMPANY,
 Telephones No. 58 and 258 Cor. Water and Fearing Sts.

Don't miss the chances for this fall. Which lasts before your hand for you to pick up. If you only go to the right place to look through out line of goods, which you wont help from not buying, as we are selling our goods special this fall at real low wholesale prices. Our stock consists of a big line of boy's suits, a big line of youth's suits, and also a big line of men's suits, and ladies and children shoes. A big line of ladies cloaks and skirts and furs. We have a special sale for this Saturday only on mens' pants. On account we want to make room for some new goods. The special sale will also consist of a big line of comforts and blankets. We would have mentioned all the articles we have in the store, but it is impossible. Remember the place 14 Poindexter street acrossed the street from W. T. Love's meat market. Don't fail to come and examine our goods.

ABE COHEN, Prop.
 14 Poindexter St. Elizabeth City, N. C.

Hell O Bill good morning John, how do you feel? I feel like a sixteen year old, how are you, why I dont feel good this morning my breakfast did not agree with me, what did you have? I had Oat Meal, biscuits and steak, you did not have the wright kind, what kind do you use John? I use H. O. that is the best, Bill you ought to of had a breakfast like mine; that would of made you felt better, what was that? I had H. O. Oat Meal whole wheat flour biscuits and buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, country sausages, where did you get them? I got it at the

Olive Grocery,
 they always keep the best of every thing, where is that place
115 Poindexter Street,
 now be sure you get in the right place, it is the largest grocery in town and they have the largest stock, you ask him to show you that Mocha and Java coffee they have, it is the finest you have ever drank, try a pound. Ask for
H. O. Oat Meal
 and dont let anyone give you something instead. If they have not got that, you know you are in the wrong store then push on until you find it.

OLIVE GROCERY
 115 Poindexter Street.