

# SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson for October 12. (Esa 1:1-11).

## THE RETURN FROM THE CAPTIVITY

The Jews had lived in Babylon for two generations. The captivity had accomplished its purpose. It had been an uplifting influence in the lives of the captives. It had put the Israelites themselves to severe test and a remnant stood out purified and purified and strong. It had given to this remnant a new and holier conception of God, a more spiritual religious ideal, a greater respect for and confidence in humanity, a greater sense of responsibility, and a new understanding of service. And now lest any part of the lesson should remain unlearned they were given for a deliverer, and as the Shepherd of Israel, even his appointed, one who was a pagan. Surely now the last vestige of belief in Jehovah as the peculiar possession of the Hebrew must have disappeared.

The Jews had wept bitterly over the captivity. It had humiliated and grieved them beyond expression. And their yearning hearts found consolation and hope only in the promises of restoration and return. But years passed and with them the older captives, and many who had been young when they came over. Their children now took their places. Men who hardly remembered or perhaps never saw the land of their fathers. They were kindly treated where they were. They were prosperous. Going away meant breaking up old homes and all of toil and struggle that is involved in beginning life over. The wonder to me is, not that some preferred to remain where they were, but that so many went back to Jerusalem. Why did they do it? The word says: God stirred their spirits to go. I believe that this means that they were stirred with the consciousness of a mission nor one nation's thwarts his purpose; God was with them to insure success.

To stop and ask the question, what if there had been no return, should thrill us, even with the thought that the earth is our Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein; that His hand shapes the history of the nations as well as the individual life; that neither one man's failure nor one nation's thwarts his purpose; for his purposes are sure and His will steadfast.

### CARD OF THANKS

Captain Thomas Guard and family desire to extend their sincere thanks to all those who so kindly assisted them in the sickness and death of Mrs. Guard. During her long illness the family were the recipients of many kind attentions and services. For these the family is profoundly thankful. Also thanks are extended for the beautiful floral tributes donated by friends in this city and in Norfolk.

### IN LOVING MEMORY

The Death Angel of Heaven visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Williams from the Newland section, and took their only dear little girl, Welma Francis, who was just thirteen months and a few days old. She was a kind and loving child. She was sick only a few days but her suffering was intense during her illness. Why weepst thou dear mama and papa, for little Welma is only sleeping and she will meet us again in that great beyond where there will be no more parting. We give the kindest sympathy to the bereaved family, loving relatives and friends.

### A FRIEND.

**AGED COLORED WOMAN DEAD**  
Elizabeth Flemings, an old colored woman highly respected in this community, died last Friday, age 72 years.

She is survived by several children, among whom is Joshua Flemings, one of the city mail carriers.

### SAWYER-GRAVES

Marriage license were secured last Monday morning for the marriage of Mr. John E. Sawyer and Miss Sadie Graves, both residents of Camden County.

It was stated at the time the license were issued that the marriage would take place Wednesday at the residence of Rev. W. W. Sisk in this city.

**HOW TAFT COULD RECOVER**  
Send some guilty trust magistrates to jail.—New York World.

## TO HER WHO WAITS

More Came to Molly Than She Really Expected.

By BEATRICE STURGES.

"Nothing ever happens in this family," grumbled Molly Evans as she sat by the open window and watched an automobile disappear in a cloud of dust. She knew the girls who had just passed in the machine. They had waved their hands gayly at her, but she wished they hadn't. She wished she hadn't seen them. It was no fun to watch other people enjoy themselves.

"You expect too much," replied her sister Kate, who sat near by trying to make a last season's dress look like new. "There are lots of things that might happen that you wouldn't like at all."

Kate was older than Molly and had managed to evolve for herself a philosophy that made life easier for her than for her restless sister.

"Just give up and stop expecting things and they will come to you without any trouble," she added, with a serenity which, it must be confessed, scarcely matched her inmost feelings at that moment, for it is not the easiest thing in the world to make a last year's sleeve appear as the latest fashion model.

"Oh, that's all very well to talk, Kate," burst in Molly, "but what good has it ever done? Here we are grubbing along in the same old humdrum way. You've always been an angel and given up to other people, but you're not any nearer your ambition than ever, and just look at me!"

Kate did look at her affectionately. Molly was nineteen and Kate two years older. They had taken care of themselves for four years, Molly by teaching music and a class of little children, as their town had no kindergarten, and Kate by the sewing and embroidery. The latter's ambition was to be a trained nurse, but that took so much time, and she could not afford to give up her present income even for the prospect of a better one in years to come. She was always called upon when there was sickness and responded cheerfully, though usually her compensation consisted solely of thanks verbally expressed.

"Never mind, dear," replied the optimistic Kate. "Something will happen before you think—maybe today. Everything comes to her who waits. Suppose you walk over to Ferncliff and take this waist to Mrs. Dean. I promised it to her today, and it's all done up ready to go."

Molly arose and shook her curly brown hair, smoothed out her pink frock and took the package. She kissed Kate before she started out, but there wasn't much animation in her walk.

"Something nice is on the way," said Kate. "I feel it in my bones." Molly laughed and ran down the steps. She broke off a big spray of lilac as she passed the bush by the gate and carried it along with her. The scent of the blossom brought memories that were both sweet and sad. A year ago, leaning over the gate in the moonlight by that same lilac bush, Dick Foster had first said, "Molly, I love you," and a new world of sweetness and life had been opened for her. Two months ago they had quarreled and separated. Why? Why do lovers ever quarrel? Do they know? Does anybody know? The most foolish and futile reasons on earth—jealousy, false pride and sometimes a tentative desire to gain the mastery. With Molly and Dick it was mostly jealousy, with hardly any foundation, and after that a foolish resolve on the part of each not to give in.

"I will come back when you send for me," announced Dick.

"I will never send for you," declared Molly.

And that was the situation, and that was why Mollie Evans, young and pretty and healthy, with every right to be happy, was taking a lonely walk and feeling herself the most abused girl in the world.

"Maybe Kate is right," she thought to herself. "I'll do things for other people and try to forget myself. I think I'd like to be a nun anyway. I love those white caps."

A tired looking woman passed her just then, and a sudden impulse made Molly hand the lilac spray to her. The woman looked surprised, but Molly hurried on without waiting for thanks. As she approached a little cottage that stood near the road she heard a child's screams, and the same impulse made her rush around the house in the direction of the noise. There in the kitchen stood a terrified little girl trying to put out a fire which had started from some burning oil and which had just leaped to the child's dress as Molly burst in the door. To snatch a rug from the floor and put out the latter was the work of an instant, and in a few moments more the other flames were quenched. After it was all over the neighbors rushed in and explained that the little girl kept house while her mother went out to work. The damage was slight, and neither Molly nor the child was hurt, but when Miss Evans started out again she was a bit pale and shaky.

"Well, something happened, anyway," she told herself as she went

along. She left the package at Ferncliff, which was the finest estate in the neighborhood and stood not far from Dick Foster's home. She decided to walk through the village on the way back and had passed the postoffice, the drug store, of which the town had but one, and had stopped to look in the window of the little bookshop, where some new music was displayed, when she heard a commotion and turned around to see people hurrying in all directions.

"A runaway," was her first thought, and she started to step into the store for safety when she noticed a big black dog approaching and heard people excitedly exclaim, "He's mad!"

And so he was. Yelping, snapping at everything, frothing at the mouth, down the street he came. Directly across from where Molly stood was an open grass square where a dozen little children, some hardly more than babies, were playing. Toward them he came, and Molly's heart grew cold within her. Not a man moved except to throw a stone at the mad beast, and even the little ones seemed oblivious of the danger that threatened them.

Leaping, the dog gained the square, and the next instant the maddened mouth would have snapped at some helpless child, and Molly was there as soon as he was. Fear had lent wings to her feet, and she stood directly in his path, stooped down, caught his head in her dress skirt and fell upon her knees, holding him down while she screamed for help. Scores of people rushed up then. Some snatched the children, some picked up Molly, others stood and looked, while one man dispatched the dog with a revolver. A chorus of grateful mothers assailed her ears, but she was so faint and weak she felt only a desire to get home and weep on Kate's sympathetic neck. Just then the 5:30 train from New York pulled in, and the passengers promptly stepped across the tracks to the square to see the excitement. One young man shouldered his way through the crowd and caught her by the hand.

"Oh, Dick!" she exclaimed, "I'm so glad you're here!" and then fell limply into his outstretched arms before them all.

He drove her home very slowly, for they had a great deal to say, and, of course, Dick had to bring out the ring again from his pocket and put it on Molly's finger, and Molly had to tell him how silly and unhappy she had been, and Dick had to tell her something to the same effect about himself, and all that took considerable time.

Kate was waiting by the gate for her, but all clouds of anxiety vanished from her face when she saw Dick and looked in Molly's contented and shining eyes. "Didn't I tell you?" she whispered.

"Yes, you dear old prophet, you did," replied Molly, kissing her, "and it will come to you, too, for when Dick and I are married next month you can go and study and nurse to your heart's content."

### The Cult of the Sea.

The worship of the sea appears to be pretty general throughout Melanesia. In some of the Fiji islands, for example, the natives attempt to propitiate the sea by building a small house in a retired spot near it, in which they set out a table with ready cooked yams and painted coconuts. They then drum with short bamboos morning and evening for several successive weeks in order to surmount the love nil wai, or children of the waters, to the feast thus provided. They build a jetty to facilitate the ascent of the sea spirits from the water to the house and plant flags at certain points to prevent them from wandering inland. Finally, the worshippers call and whistle to the deities to encourage them to enter, and when they imagine this has been done, they eat the feast themselves. The inhabitants of the Banks islands also pray to a being named Qat, who either controls or represents the sea, as he invoked thus: "Smooth the sea that I may go safely. Beat down the crests of the tides. Beat down the level that I may come to a quiet landing place!"

### Metric System Suggestions.

Upon the theory that the metric system can only be made popular in this country by adopting its decimal plan, while changing the present names of familiar weights and measures as little as possible, the following changes have been suggested: Let the yard be made equal to the meter; let the foot be made the fourth instead of the third part of a yard and let it have ten instead of twelve inches; let the pound be made equal to half a kilogram; let the quart equal the liter; let the ton be 1,000 kilograms; let the pint, gallon, peck and bushel be defined in terms of the quart. In this way, it is pointed out, the inch would be shortened less than 2 per cent, but it is admitted that even this slight change would inconvenience mechanical engineers and machine manufacturers.—Exchange.

### THE VOICE OF MORGAN

"Investigations hurt business," hurls the New York Sun. "Let business proceed unhampered," is its cry. The Sun is now the organ of J. Pierpont Morgan et al., and it is entirely possible that its wailing means nothing more than that Morgan and his gang hate to be disturbed in their pillage of the people.

### LAYING OF CORNER STONE AT KNOTTS ISLAND

(Written for last week.)

On September 20th the corner stone of the new Methodist Episcopal church at Knotts Island was laid with Masonic ceremonies.

At about nine o'clock in the morning the crowd had begun to gather, and before noon there were two thousand people on the ground to participate in and to enjoy the day's proceedings. At ten o'clock the Elizabeth City band arrived and throughout the day provided the crowd with music of a high order.

At noon the corner stone was laid after which the dinner was served to the crowd. Enough had been prepared to serve three or four thousand people, and though the two thousand present made a heroic attack upon the good things spread before them, much of the bounty was left untouched.

After the dinner there were addresses by the pastor of the church, and by Judge Keeling from the city of Norfolk. Both addresses were heartily enjoyed by all.

The Sunday school enrollment is now nearing the three hundred mark, and the church, it is hoped, is on the eve of a great growth and development.

There appeared an article recently in the Princess Ann Review saying that the laying of the corner stone was a disappointment. We know of no ground for such a statement. The stone was laid, the ceremonies connected with its laying were most appropriate, and the work will stand for generations to come.

### LINEN SHOWER FOR MISS BAILEY

Mrs. Mullen Weeks entertained last Friday evening at her home in Riverside avenue in honor of the approaching marriage of Miss Hattie Bailey, of this city, to Mr. William F. Dowdy, of Newbern, N. C., which event was solemnized last Wednesday at noon at the bride's home in this city.

The home was decorated in a color scheme of green and white. Mrs. J. L. Pritchard and Mrs. R. C. Abbott received.

A very interesting guessing contest was engaged in. Miss Irene Etheridge won the prize. A bride's book of souvenirs, which she presented to the bride-to-be, Miss Bailey.

Miss Lizzie Segwick and Emma Fearing brought into the room a centre table with an imitation cake upon it. Miss Bailey was requested to cut the cake and when she cut the tissue paper top she found that it was filled with many beautiful and useful presents of linen. The cutting of the bride's cake was one of the most interesting features of the evening's entertainment. The cake had a funnel constructed in the top of it, from which there was as may streamers of ribbon as there were guests. Each piece of ribbon had a heart attached to the end of it. Four pieces of ribbon had the piece of money, the button and the thimble and the ring concealed in them. Miss Emma Fearing drew the ring; Miss Abbot drew the thimble, Mrs. Pritchard drew the button, and Miss Mary Bell drew the money. The cake was cut and distributed among the guests.

Refreshments consisting of ices and cakes in the shape of hearts, salted peanuts and baby mints were served. Those present were: Mrs. R. C. Abbott, Mrs. Will Twiddy, Mrs. George Twiddy, Mrs. Pat Twiddy, Misses Irene Etheridge, Miss Emma Fearing, Lucy Gregory, Mary Bell, Lizzie Sedgwick and Mildred Spence.

### Is the World Growing better?

Many things go to prove that it is. The way thousands are trying to help others is proof. Among them is Mrs. W. W. Gould, of Pittsfield, N. H. Finding good health by taking Electric Bitters, she now advises other sufferers, everywhere, to take them. "For years I have suffered with stomach and kidney trouble," she writes. "Every medicine I used failed until I took Electric Bitters. But this great remedy helped me wonderfully." They'll help any woman. They are the best tonic and finest liver and kidney remedy that's made. Try them. You'll see. 50c at the Standard Pharmacy.

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