

THE COMMONWEALTH. N. C. An uncompromising Democratic Journal. Published every Thursday morning. B. NEAL, Temporary Manager. Subscription Rates: 1 Year, \$2.00. 6 Months, \$1.00.

GENERAL DIRECTORY. SCOTLAND NECK. W. A. Dunn, Commissioner. Noah Biggs, J. R. Ballard, R. M. Johnson, J. Y. Savage. First Tuesday in each month at 4 o'clock, P. M. Police—C. W. Dunn. Station Policemen—A. David, W. D. Fields, C. F. Speed, S. O. Alexander. Surveyor—R. M. Johnson. Justice—J. Y. Savage.

CHURCHES. Methodist—W. A. Dunn, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M. and at 7 P. M. Also on Saturday the first Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday morning. Sunday School on Sabbath morning. Baptist—Eld. Andrew Moore. Services every third Saturday afternoon. Methodist—Rev. J. W. Byrd, Pastor. Services at 10 o'clock, P. M. on the second and fourth Sundays. Sunday School on the fourth morning. Episcopal—Rev. H. G. Hilton, Rector. Services every first, second and third Sundays at 10 o'clock, A. M. Sunday School every Sabbath morning. Protestant Episcopal—Rev. J. W. Byrd, Pastor. Services every fourth Sunday at 10 o'clock, A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

COUNTY. Court Clerk and Probate—John T. Gregory. County Court—J. P. Simmons, Clerk. Deeds—J. M. Grizzard, Auditor. A. J. Burton, Recorder. R. J. Lewis, Sheriff. E. P. Browning, Assessor. J. P. H. Jenkins, Tax Collector. Poor House—John P. Panton. Commissioners—Chairman, Aaron Presley; Secretary, Johnson; Dr. W. R. Goddard, John A. Morfitt, and M. H. Stead.

UNCLE SAM. This term is applied to America as John Bull is to England, and is about in this way: During the last war between England and America, a man named Albert Anderson contracted for provisions for the army, while an inspector named Uncle Sam, who was always with him, examined the provisions. Each box or cask, when sealed, was marked E. A.—U. S. initials of the contractor and the United States. The man who marked the casks was asked, at one time, at the letters meant, and being a fellow he said they stood for Albert Anderson and Uncle Sam. The name still clings to our government.

GAMBETTA. The death of Gambetta is an event of great importance for Europe and the world. He had the most fervid and persuasive eloquence probably any man in France, and, like Delescluse or Patriek Henry or Mirabeau or Napoleon, could sway a nation by his strong will and his appeals of tongue or pen. He was also that magnetism, or whatever it may be called, which leads men to a flock of sheep. Such a man is a mighty power for good or evil, and there was reason to fear from the one of his organ (every leader in France scrouls a newspaper) that he would do what he could to renew the old war spirit and thirst for glory which heretofore so strongly characterized France, and which enabled Louis XIV., the French Convention, Napoleon the Great and his nephew to undertake great wars at an enormous expense of blood and treasure to France and Europe. If, as appeared likely, Gambetta's purpose was to embroil France with Britain in an account of Egypt, the Congo and Madagascar, or Germany on account of Alsace-Lorraine, he is well away. There are some shadowy similarities between Dictator Gambetta and President Garfield. Each was eloquent and magnetic, each attained the highest position in his country's government and councils, each appeared to be in favor of a war-like policy, each died of a pistol-shot, and in each case the death was probably blood-poisoning caused by the festering wound. Gambetta, being a fast liver, died fast under these circumstances; and Garfield, being a temperate man, died very slowly. The great contrast between these two great men is that Gambetta was a haughty and pronounced enemy of all religions, whilst Garfield was a humble believer in the only true religion.—N. Y. W. Witness.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor. "THE LAND WE LOVE." Terms: \$2.00 per year in Advance. VOL. I. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1883. NO. 20.

"LIGHT." BY WILIAM PITT PALMER. [The following poem has been pronounced by English critics to be the finest production of its length in the language.] From the quickened womb of the primal gloom The sun rolled, black and bare, Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiopean breast. Of the threads of my golden hair; And when the broad tent of the firmament arose on its airy spars, I penciled the hue of its matchless blue, And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers, And their leaves of living green, And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes Of Eden's Virgin Queen; And when the fiend's art on the trustful heart Had fastened its mortal spell, In the silvery sphere of the first born tear To the trembling earth I fell. When the waves that burst o'er a world accused Their work of wrath had sped, And the Ark's lone few the tried and true, Came forth among the dead, With the wondrous gleams of the bridal beams, I bade their terrors cease, As I wrote on the roll of the storm's stars, God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest, on a senseless breast, Night's funeral shroud slept— Where shepherd swains on Bethlehem's plains, Their lonely vigils keep, When I issued on their sight the heralds bright Of heaven's redeeming plan, As they canted the morn, the Savior born— Joy, joy, to the outcast man. Equal favor I show to the lofty and low, On the just and the unjust I descend; For the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears, Feel my smile the blest smile of a ray, Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced. As the rose in the garden of kings At the chrysalis-bier of the worm I appear, And lo! the gay butterfly's wing, The desolate morn, like the mourner forlorn, Conceals all the pride of her charms, Till I bid the bright hours, chase the night from her bowers.

And lead the young day to her arms; And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover, And sinks to her balmy repose, I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west. In curtains of amber and rose. From my sentinel steep by the night-brood deep, I gaze with slumbering eye, When the cygnets star of the mariner are blotted from the sky, And when the mermaid through the mercies of the sea, Though sped by the hurricane's wings, His compassless, dark, lone, weltering bark, The heaven home safely he brings. I waken the flowers on the dew-spangled bowers, The birds in their chambers of green, And mountain and plain glow with beauty again, As they bask in their maternal sheen, O, if such the glad worth of my presence on earth, Though fitted and fleeting the while, What glories must rest on the home of the blessed Ever bright with the Deity's smile. —Gott. Less.

"For Better, For Worse" BY BELL BLOSSOM. "What am I to do with her, Arnold? The child will be a woman soon; what am I to do with her?" A shade of perplexity was in the speaker's tone, and his gaze rested not on the man beside him—a man his junior by not short a cycle of time for the difference—had left its outward impress—but beyond the room, and out through the open window on the lawn, where stood a girl caressing a superb stag-hound.

Unconsciously she made picture lovely enough to arrest any gaze; but the perplexity on Frederick Fabian's handsome face vanished in a moment, and his companion gave short, quick answer to his half-involuntary question, in these words: "Give her to me." For a moment astonishment rendered him dumb. "Give her to you?" he gasped, at last. "Why, Dick, old fellow, what would an old bachelor like you do with a girl like that? If you'd really like to adopt one of the children, I might turn one of the boys over to you; but, somehow, I don't quite think that I could spare May. And I'm not sure she'd accept another father, notwithstanding the manifold advantages which might accrue to her. Fortune's illy divided in this world, is it not? Here you are a bachelor, with a clear income of thirty thousand per annum; and here am I, the father of an interesting family of six, and your income divided by just about that number. No wonder I never can make both ends meet."

"I don't think you quite understood my proposition, Fred," responded the other, though a flush had risen to his usually pale face, and a scarcely perceptible tremor of excitement was in his voice. "It was natural, perhaps, that you should accept my meaning from a paternal standpoint; and I am well aware—believe me—of the slight difference in our respective ages. But I didn't wish to adopt May as my daughter, I love her, and would win her for my wife. "Your wife, man!" ejaculated Fabian, starting back in amazement. "Why, the child is scarcely out of the nursery, and you—you—why, we were college boys together, Arnold!" "I told you a moment since I was not forgetful of my age; but remember you married, Fred, when you were twenty. May is eighteen, and I am thirty-six—just double her age, but not too old to love her with a fervor a younger man might envy me. Fred, if I can gain her consent, I may have yours?" Mr. Fabian outstretched his hand, and grasped that of his friend. "I can't realize it all in a minute, my dear boy, but I know no man to whom I would as soon intrust my darling. But can it be that she loves you, and I have been so blind as never to suspect?" "I dare not believe she loves me, but I hope to win her love," answered Mr. Arnold, quietly, and then stepped out through the window in the lawn. A vivid blush overspread the girl's face as she approached. "Down, Carlo—down!" she commanded the dog, and advanced to meet him on the green, velvety sward. Was she prepared for the earnest words which told her of his hope, and the verdict rested with her? If so, she evinced no surprise, save that the color deepened in her cheek, and the low "Yes" which fell like a whisper from heaven on his ear, trembled in its utterance. Dick Arnold had won her promise to become his wife! Yet it seemed not yesterday that he had held her in his knee a little, prattling child, whose rosy fingers penetrated into hidden pockets for hidden sweets, even as she herself had penetrated into the innermost recesses of his heart. She was a child to him still. He would keep her a child always, he said to himself. Her path should be a bed of roses, and not a single thorn should pierce her little feet. It was a singular engagement. The lovers were rarely alone, and Mr. Arnold's footing had always been so loose and intimate—as one of the household—that there was little change. True, he never came now without some rare and beautiful gift for May, but latterly she received these with a sort of reticence, and tossed them, the next moment, carelessly aside. Once, just before her wedding-day she burst into a passion of tears; but she would give him no explanation of their cause. He remembered them, later, in connection with the arrival, that same afternoon, of a young soldier-cousin, who had been bitten to the wedding and had obtained special leave to be present. After dinner, May and this cousin—tall, slender, blue-looking young fellow—strolled together out upon the lawn. As once before, Arnold and her father stood watching her. "They look well together, do they not?" said the latter. "I used to fancy Will had a preference for May, but I don't think my opinion in such matters has proved itself very acute." And, with a light laugh, he turned away. But Arnold stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the two figures on the lawn. Standing there, he felt an old man in that moment, May's acceptance of him appeared a sacrifice, but to give her up now— He could not even carry out the thought. Pshaw! What brightness could this penniless suitor throw into her life? And her father had fancied only his preference for her, not hers for him. He made a gesture as if throwing off a burden, and walked out toward them. As he approached, the young lieutenant was speaking. "It's driving me to desperation, May!" were the words borne to his ear. And as May turned to greet him, glistening tears were in the azure eyes. Three days after, she became his wife, and when the solemn vows were spoken her voice was clearer, more distinct, than his. Lieutenant Crosby bore his share in the ceremonies well, too. But never did Dick Arnold's glance fall on him without a shuddering recollection of the words he had heard him utter on the lawn. But at last all was over, and May was his. How should he treat this beautiful, new-found treasure? No, sorrow, he swore to himself, should never cast its shadow on her path. She should be always what she was now, a beautiful, petted child. Once, a few months after their marriage, a letter reached him at the breakfast-table. He broke the

seal, to find it a communication from his business manager, with detailed account of the failure of a large firm, and their own heavy loss thereby. It would be necessary for him to give the matter at once his own personal attention. It looked, too, the letter said, as though a panic was imminent. Unconsciously he sighed deeply. In a moment, May had sprang from her chair, and was by his side. "What is it, Dick?" she asked. "Nothing, darling!" he answered, cheerily. "The lovely lips point!" "Show me the letter," she said, and he handed it to her hand. He shook his head. "It is business, dear," he exclaimed. "But it troubles you, Dick?" "Your imagination, May." She said no more, and the man was too absorbed by thought to note the look of almost anger in her eyes. Immediately after breakfast was ended, he ordered the dog cart to drive him to the station. They were spending the summer at his beautiful country residence. All day the young wife was left alone, and as evening, when Dick returned from the city, a worn, tired look, quite new to it, was on his face; but May asked him no more concerning it. The next morning, the single letter which the mail-bag held was addressed to her. She glanced up from its perusal with flushed cheeks. "Will Crosby has a six weeks' furlough!" she said, eagerly. "He writes that he is coming to spend part of it with us. You remember we invited him when we were married."

"Ah, I remember!" assented her husband—he had almost forgotten his old suspicion during these happy months—"I am glad, dear, that his visit is timed just now, for though I had intended to take a long summer holiday, business, I find, will demand my attention in the city." "Is anything wrong, Dick?" "Wrong? No, indeed, will! Don't get such ideas in your pretty little head. What could be wrong?" And rising, and kissing her as he passed, he went out of the room. A few days later the expected guest arrived. When Arnold returned one evening from the city, the two were standing together upon the lawn, and, as in a flash of lightning, his memory recalled to him the first time he had looked upon a similar picture. A new brightness, a new gladness, was in May's face, too, as she came eagerly forward to greet him. A sudden sense of pain and loneliness crept about his heart. The day in town had been an unusually perplexing one. A crisis was pending in the near business future—a crisis which bore fair to be a commercial whirlwind—but he could disclose his anxieties to none, and least of all most his child-wife suspect them. Yet, the effort to conceal them caused a strange constraint in all he said or did. He no longer sought to be alone with May, until one day it came upon him like an inspiration that she, too, no longer sought him. Lieutenant Crosby had been three weeks their guest, when the threatening storm burst. Arnold about him on every side, Mr. Arnold saw the houses, which he had deemed his own, totter and fall. Each fall bore with it a portion of his own fair edifice. How long might he hope to withstand this shock? It needed but one more blow, and on one August day the blow fell. Unless by the next morning, before noon, he could command a certain sum, he, too, would be swept away with the tide—a bankrupt. Just the amount needed represented his wife's private fortune, but to touch that never entered his mind. At least May was secured from future want, and he must leave her to build up his shattered fortunes in a new land. She had never loved him! He was sure of that; and latterly—latterly, he had begun to realize that he had had no right to tie her young life to his.

Worn and weary with those many thoughts, he returned to his home. May greeted him almost indifferently the next moment to turn to young Crosby with her most radiant smile. Arnold's face paled. Yet what right had he to murmur? He told himself. Had he not sworn to possess her at any cost? And was he not a ruined man? Crosby, the penniless subaltern, as he had called him, would have done better for her than that! When dinner was ended, he went into his library and closed the door. For a time he sat wrapped in thought. Perhaps an hour had passed, when solitude grew unbearable. He would rejoin his wife and their guest, he determined. To-morrow night—only to-morrow night—and May must know all. For the first time in his life he felt himself a coward! But to-night was yet his. To-night May neither knew nor suspected the truth! He rose and passed out into the

drawing-room, whose windows opened on the porch. His foot steps made no sound on the carpeted floor, and he had reached the window, when something like a sob arrested his steps. "May, I must speak!" said a voice he recognized as belonging to his guest. "Do you think I have been three weeks under this roof without discovering your secret? You are not happy. Your laughter, your gaiety, is forced. What is wrong? Do you fear to confide in me?" "Wrong?" she answered with tears in her voice. "All is wrong, Will. What am I to my husband but a spoiled and petted child? Look at him! Do you fail to see the change these last few weeks have wrought in him? Yet, each time that I have striven to gain his confidence, he has shut me out from it and his heart. He has sent me away from him as he would send a child to her dolls. He showers gifts upon me, and fancies thus he buys my happiness. Am I, indeed, so little a woman that thus he satisfies my woman's hunger, my woman's heart? And I love him so madly, Will, that to know I have no part in his real life is killing me! Always he has been my ideal, my hero! Do you think I could have sympathized in your trouble, Will, if I had had none of my own? Often—often have I wished that all this splendor in which I live might be wiped away, and that Dick and I shared a cottage, that I might prove to him I was not a child, with new toys ever needed to comfort me."

Arnold waited to hear no more. The scales had fallen from his eyes. Conscience stricken, he crept back to his library, where only two words burst from his lips. They were at once a thanksgiving and a prayer. "Thank God!" he murmured; and now the morrow mated him to him. A few moments later, he stepped out on the porch. "May," he said, "will Lieutenant Crosby pardon as I ask you to stroll down to the lake with me? I have something of importance to say to you." Instantly she rose, and slipped her hand within his arm. "My darling," he began—and then the history of all these weeks was poured out before her. "To-morrow may see me a ruined man, little wife," he concluded; "but I have no fear of the future now, May, for I realize the word 'wife' holds a hitherto unknown definition. It means helpmeet and comforter."

The tears fell freely now from the azure eyes, but they were tears of happiness, and her heart sang for very joy. "And has my money gone, Dick?" she asked, at last, when all was clear to her. "No, dear; of course not. That is a sacred fund, and must have no risk in its investment." "Yet to-morrow it will pay this debt," she said, and the man started at the clear decision and determination in her tone. "We will sink or swim together, Dick—you and I, Dick, darling," she added, persuasively, "you owe me some reparation; let this be your penance. And so she gained her way. "Then, after all, May, Crosby could not have won you from me in equal fight?" he asked, as they drew near the house. "Do you know, darling, my confession is not complete until I acknowledge the jealousy he has caused me?" "Will?" She laughed merrily now and the laugh was nowise forced. "He has been in love almost since he was in petticoats, with my dearest friend, and I have been the confident of both. Her parents have opposed, it because he is in the army; but I think they are being gradually converted to the cause." And so the last cloud vanished from the blue sky, and the commercial atmosphere cleared simultaneously. May's fortune saved the day, and Dick Arnold came out stronger and better for the battle.—Saturday Night.

SHAKESPEAR'S MOTHER. Little enough is known of Shakespeare's history. Still less of his father's and until recently scarcely anything of his mother's story. An English gentleman has through the kindness of Mrs. Lucy, of Charlotte Park—the park where it is said the deer theft took place—became the possessor of facts regarding Shakespeare's mother, hardly as yet promulgated to the reading world. This English gentleman has through the kindness of Mrs. Lucy, of Charlotte Park—the park where it is said the deer theft took place—became the possessor of facts regarding Shakespeare's mother, hardly as yet promulgated to the reading world. This English gentleman has through the kindness of Mrs. Lucy, of Charlotte Park—the park where it is said the deer theft took place—became the possessor of facts regarding Shakespeare's mother, hardly as yet promulgated to the reading world.

parish of Aston Cantlow. It was here that Shakespeare's mother was born, the youngest daughter of farmer Robert Arden. There are many reasons for the supposition that she was born in 1534, and the discoverer of the Lucy record seems satisfied that was the year of her birth. She was her father's favorite daughter, and when he died, in 1556, her name is the first one mentioned in his will. Old Robert left his child, the comely young Mary, (for she must have been beautiful), a portion of his property in land, and the crop then growing upon the ground at a place called Ashbies. He also mentions her in various other ways, evincing special regard and tenderness for Mary above any of her sisters. One item of his bequest to her orders the payment of a legacy of £6, 13s. 4d., to be paid before any division is made of his property. Mary is also named executrix of her father's estate, a proof of the parent's confidence in the child. One of Robert Arden's tenants happened to be Shakespeare's grandfather, and it is quite likely that he followed the body of Mary's father to his grave in the old burying-place of Wilmore. It is not unreasonable to suppose that John Shakespeare, his son, then a young tradesman of some twenty-four years, went to the funeral with his father. Perhaps he there saw pretty and gifted Mary Arden in tears bending over the coffin, and as pity is akin to love, then and there resolved to marry her. At any rate, John Shakespeare became the accepted lover of Mary Arden, and married her about the year 1557. The dignity of Burgess of the town of Stratford was conferred on Shakespeare's son, after his marriage with Miss Arden, who bringing him as her wedding portion twenty-two broad acres, and six pounds thirteen shillings in cash, added no small consideration to his start in life. John brought Mary at once to his house in Henly Street, some four miles from her cottage in the country. The house, greatly altered, of course, is the low dwelling shown to this day as Shakespeare's birth-place.

England in those days, as now, had a pleasant custom of putting flowers very profusely in the front windows even of the smallest houses, and we may be sure that the mother of him who knew so well every flower that bloomed, and who loved them all with a poet's tender enthusiasm, would bring a ready hand to the decoration of her new home. It was a sad time in her land when Mary Shakespeare came into Stratford as a young bride. The horrors of Smithfield were casting deep gloom all over England. Disasters were heaping up national misfortunes day by day, and no one knew how great a calamity might yet be in store for Britain. The Queen Mary was then just dead, and Elizabeth took the sceptre amid the acclamations of the land. On the 15th of September, 1558, John Shakespeare came up to the font in Stratford church and presented for baptism Mary's first child, a daughter whose name was called Joan. Then came in due order other children, Margaret dying a few months after her birth. In April, 1563, Mary's first-born son opened his eyes in the daylight of Stratford, and William Shakespeare began to live his life. His mother saw him grow into boyhood, watched his young powers ripen into genius, followed with keen maternal eyes his various fortunes, and no doubt welcomed him back to Stratford after all his trials. In 1608 Shakespeare saw his mother laid in Stratford church, and imagination pictures the "great heir of fame" looking down into her humble grave. Only in Shakespeare's own words the expression of Shakespeare's grief for his mother's death can be adequately mentioned. In Henry V. he put on immortal record these memorable lines: "A testament of noble-ending love, Those waters from me which I would have stopped; But I had not so much of man in me; And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gave me up to tears." —Youth's Companion.

NO DISH LIKE WORMS. There is, on the part of many, a prejudice against frog's legs, as an article of food, until they have been eaten in disguise and found to be as delightful as all persons of taste pronounce them to be. Grasshopper soup was pronounced delicious during the plague of those insects in Kansas and Nebraska, and, if they were always plentiful, would probably become a regular article of diet. Certain French epicures have discovered that the common earth worm has uses which Darwin, in his latest book on that subject, did not dream of. He is good for food, they put fifty of the worms in vinegar, then rolled them in butter, fried them, ate them and clamored for more. They declare that there is no dish like them.

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID. A Household Article for Universal Family Use. For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallow, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. Cases of Diphtheria yield to it. Fevers and Sick Persons refreshed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darby's Fluid. Impure Air made harmless and purified. For Sore Throat, it is a sure cure. Contagion destroyed. For Frosted Feet, Chills, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc. For Catarrhs of the Bladder, etc. To purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, and be surprised. Catarrh relieved and cured. Erysipelas cured. Burns relieved instantly. Scars prevented. Dysentery cured. Wounds healed rapidly. Scurvy cured. An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, etc. I used the Fluid during our present illness with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room. —Wm. F. SANDFORD, Eyrle, Ala. The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Darby's Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

Diphtheria Prevented. The physicians here used Darby's very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. A. STROUSWASSER, Greenboro, Ala. Tetters dried up. Cholera prevented. Ulcers purified and healed. In cases of Death it is indispensable to the sick-room. —Wm. F. SANDFORD, Eyrle, Ala. The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Darby's Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

Scarlet Fever Cured. Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and deodorant it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted. —N. L. LORSON, Prof. Chemistry, Lafayette, Columbia, Prof. University, S. C. Rev. A. J. BARTON, Prof. Mercer University, Rev. Geo. F. PRINCE, Bishop M. E. Church. INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME. Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast. The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors, J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

A NEW DEPARTURE, FROM THE SAME OLD STAND. "Competition is the Life of Trade." I TAKE this method of informing my Patrons, Present and Former, and the public generally, that I am still at the SAME OLD STAND at GREENWOOD, where I am still doing all kinds of work usually done in a Country Shop, and at as Low Figures as any Good Workman will do it. VEHICLES CONSTANTLY ON HAND, MADE TO ORDER, REPAIRING NEATLY, QUICKLY and CHEAPLY DONE. NICE PAINTING A SPECIALTY. UNDERTAKING AS LOW AS THE LOWEST. COTTON GINS REPAIRED, AND SAWS WHITTED AT BOTTOM PRICES. Fire Arms Neatly Repaired. Also Agent for the Excelsior Cook Stove. I mean business, if you don't believe me just call and see for yourself. Very respectfully, J. V. SAVAGE, Scotland Neck, N. C. W. H. KITCHIN & W. A. DUNN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW. (C O C) Office on 10th Street, first door above Main. E. T. BRANCH, DAVID BELL, BRANCH & BELL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, ENFIELD, N. C. Practice in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Claims collected in any part of the State. One of the firm will always be found in the office. DR. E. L. HUNTER, Surgeon Dentist, ENFIELD, N. C. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for PAINLESS Extracting always on hand. NEW RICH BLOOD! Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the circulation in three months. Any person who will take a pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Send me for 8 letter stamps, 10c, to J. W. BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Druggists.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the Machine for the Family. Agents wanted in E. C. and T. O. counties, in 25 counties. No one can buy a better machine for the work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the "T. O. Machine" Manufacturing Co., 402 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE COMMONWEALTH, N. C. Advertising Rates: 1 inch 1 week, \$1.00. 1 " 1 month, \$2.50. Contracts for any space or time may be made at the office of THE COMMONWEALTH. Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID. A Household Article for Universal Family Use. For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallow, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. Cases of Diphtheria yield to it. Fevers and Sick Persons refreshed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darby's Fluid. Impure Air made harmless and purified. For Sore Throat, it is a sure cure. Contagion destroyed. For Frosted Feet, Chills, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc. For Catarrhs of the Bladder, etc. To purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, and be surprised. Catarrh relieved and cured. Erysipelas cured. Burns relieved instantly. Scars prevented. Dysentery cured. Wounds healed rapidly. Scurvy cured. An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, etc. I used the Fluid during our present illness with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room. —Wm. F. SANDFORD, Eyrle, Ala. The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Darby's Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

Diphtheria Prevented. The physicians here used Darby's very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. A. STROUSWASSER, Greenboro, Ala. Tetters dried up. Cholera prevented. Ulcers purified and healed. In cases of Death it is indispensable to the sick-room. —Wm. F. SANDFORD, Eyrle, Ala. The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Darby's Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

Scarlet Fever Cured. Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and deodorant it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted. —N. L. LORSON, Prof. Chemistry, Lafayette, Columbia, Prof. University, S. C. Rev. A. J. BARTON, Prof. Mercer University, Rev. Geo. F. PRINCE, Bishop M. E. Church. INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME. Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast. The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors, J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

A NEW DEPARTURE, FROM THE SAME OLD STAND. "Competition is the Life of Trade." I TAKE this method of informing my Patrons, Present and Former, and the public generally, that I am still at the SAME OLD STAND at GREENWOOD, where I am still doing all kinds of work usually done in a Country Shop, and at as Low Figures as any Good Workman will do it. VEHICLES CONSTANTLY ON HAND, MADE TO ORDER, REPAIRING NEATLY, QUICKLY and CHEAPLY DONE. NICE PAINTING A SPECIALTY. UNDERTAKING AS LOW AS THE LOWEST. COTTON GINS REPAIRED, AND SAWS WHITTED AT BOTTOM PRICES. Fire Arms Neatly Repaired. Also Agent for the Excelsior Cook Stove. I mean business, if you don't believe me just call and see for yourself. Very respectfully, J. V. SAVAGE, Scotland Neck, N. C. W. H. KITCHIN & W. A. DUNN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW. (C O C) Office on 10th Street, first door above Main. E. T. BRANCH, DAVID BELL, BRANCH & BELL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, ENFIELD, N. C. Practice in the courts of Halifax and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Claims collected in any part of the State. One of the firm will always be found in the office. DR. E. L. HUNTER, Surgeon Dentist, ENFIELD, N. C. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas for PAINLESS Extracting always on hand. NEW RICH BLOOD! Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the circulation in three months. Any person who will take a pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Send me for 8 letter stamps, 10c, to J. W. BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Druggists.