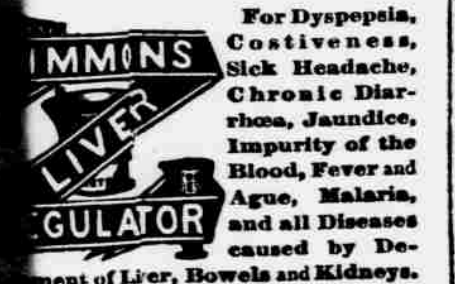


COMMONWEALTH.
and Neck. N. C.
uncompromising Democratic Jour-
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For Dyspepsia,
Costiveness,
Sick Headache,
Chronic Diar-
rhoea, Flatu-
lence, Impu-
rity of the
Blood, Fever and
Ague, Malaria,
and all Diseases
caused by De-
ment of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

For a DISEASED LIVER,
Biliousness, Headache,
Sick Headache, indigestion,
loss of appetite, Bowels
constipated, sometimes alternating with
loose stools, is dull and heavy
feeling, loss of memory, accompanied
by a feeling of fatigue, and a
tendency to become drowsy, a slight
redness of the face, sometimes attended
with a feeling of heat, the patient
feels nervous, easily startled,
and sometimes a prickling sensation
across the chest, and low and
depressed spirits, and a general
feeling of uneasiness. Several
patients attended by me, but cases
occurred when few of them existed, yet
soon after death has shown the Liver to
be diseased.

It is used by all persons, old and
young, whenever any of the above
symptoms appear.
Travelling or Living in Un-
healthy Localities, by taking a dose occasion-
ally in health, will avoid
Bilious attacks, Dyspepsia, Nervi-
ness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It
is a glass of wine, but is no in-
terfering beverage.
I have eaten anything hard of
digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleep-
less, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Doctors' Bills will be saved
by keeping the Regulator
in the House!
The Regulator is a thoroughly
reliable, alternative and safe cathartic
in all cases. The Regulator is harm-
less and does not interfere with business or
pleasure.
IS PURELY VEGETABLE,
and the power and efficacy of Colonic
regulation without any of the dangerous
effects of other cathartics.
For the Regulator's testimony,
see the following names:
J. H. ZILMAN, M. D., of
New York, writes: "I have used the
Regulator for many years, and it is
a most reliable and safe cathartic."
J. G. SWANSON, Governor of Ala.,
writes: "I have used the Regulator for
many years, and it is a most reliable
and safe cathartic."
W. W. MASON, writes: "From actual
experience of the Regulator in
cases of Biliousness, Dyspepsia,
and all the ailments which it
is designed to cure, I can say that
it is a most reliable and safe
cathartic."
Take only the Genuine, which always
has the name of J. H. ZILMAN, M. D.,
and the name of THE REGULATOR
on the wrapper. Sold by all Druggists.

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W. A. Dunn.
Professors—Noah Biggs, J. R. Bal-
l, M. Johnson, J. Y. Savage.
Meeting Tuesday in each month at 4
o'clock, P. M.
Police—C. W. Dunn.
Sergeants—A. David, W. D.
C. F. Speed, Sol. Alexander.
Fire—R. M. Johnson.
J. Y. Savage.

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every Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M.
at 7 P. M. Also on Saturday
the first Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M.
every meeting every Wednesday
Sunday School on Sabbath morn-
ing.
Evangelist—Eld. Andrew Moore,
Services every third Saturday
morning.
Pastor—Rev. C. W. Byrd, Pastor,
at 3 o'clock, P. M. on the second
and fourth Sundays. Sunday School on
the first morning.
Evangelist—Rev. H. G. Hilton, Pastor,
every first, second and third
Sundays at 10 o'clock, A. M. Sunday
every Sabbath morning.
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at the residence of Mr. P. E. Smith.
Pastor—(colored) George Norwood,
Services every second Sunday
at 3 o'clock, A. M. and 7 P. M. Sun-
day School on Sabbath morning.

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PUBLIC LAND SALE!
By virtue of a decree of the Superior
Court for Halifax County, granted
the 12th day of February 1883, in the
case of C. W. Dunn, administrator of
ophthalmus Bland, against Elizabeth
and others, I shall sell for cash
at the town of Scotland Neck, on the 10th
day of March 1883, at 12 o'clock, a par-
cel of land near Hobgood's Fork in said
county. Beginning at the mouth of Mill
creek, thence up said branch 108 poles
to the corner, thence 125 poles to the
line, thence North 75 West 68 poles to the
line, and containing sixty-one and
half acres.
One-half cash, balance in
three months after day of sale with in-
terest reserved.
C. W. DUNN, Adm'r of
Theo. Bland,
Att'y.

1 week in your own town. Terms
\$5 and 50 cents free. Address H.
B. & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

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VOL. I. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1883. NO. 27.

The Sort of People That One Meets at
Dances.
The Debutante,
Who thinks the world all roses,
Who loves at sight the first man who
proposes;
Believes that each admirer is sincere,
And cannot bear that men at love
should sneer.

The Neat Young Man,
With high well-starched collar,
And expectations! Ready cash, a dollar;
Who dances like a well-made dance-
machine,
And wears a most depressed indifferent
mien.

The Knowing Girl,
Who's waltzed through several seasons,
Not married yet! But then she has her
reasons;
Who's always dressed with chic that
makes girls jealous;
To please her partners this one most
zealous.

The Man of Years,
No longer pleased with folly,
Who thinks that dancing's good, but
supper's jolly;
Prefers to spend his time in conversa-
tion,
With perhaps, to sweeten it, the least
flirtation.

The Clever Girl,
Who's great on education,
Who's talk is lofty and of long dura-
tion,
Who scorns frivolity, neglects her
clothing,
Loves Woman's Rights, and looks on
men with loathing.

The Nervous Man,
Who stands up in a corner
The very image of a new Jack Horner,
The sort of man who asks, (whistling slyly
glancing
At his fair partner,) "Are you fond of
dancing?"

The Pretty Girl,
Of whom men ask, "Who is she?"
And women murmur that she's far too
gushy,
Of whom few guess, who meet her win-
some glances,
She has a heart, a thing apart—from
dances.

The Tame Young Man,
Who talks about the weather,
And hopes your step and his go well
together,
Agrees to every single word you utter,
Can't dance a bit, and then begins to
stutter.

The Anxious Girl,
"Not been out much before."
But very willing to go out much more,
Who, when she's asked to dance, looks
very grateful,
Likes grown-up men, and thinks that
boys are hateful.

The Flirting Man,
Who falls in attitudes,
Talks to each girl of love—in platitudes,
Looks lingering looks, which seem to
breathe devotion,
And doesn't feel, himself, the least
emotion.

The Fast Young Man,
Who drops in for an hour,
Who generally wears some large white
flower,
Who beams from comic songs, and
smoking,
And has a great propensity for joking.

The Chaperon,
Who sits with smile so weary,
To her a dance must be a thing right
drearly,
Who beams upon young men with lots
of money,
For poor young men her looks are not
so sunny.

The General Crowd,
The average man and maiden,
With never too much brain or beauty
laden,
But he will see, who at these lines once
glances,
The sort of people that one meets at
dances.

A Belle's Wrecked Life.

Ten years ago no more beautiful
woman walked the fashionable prom-
enades of Baltimore than Miss Nan-
nie G. Lynn. She was a true repre-
sentative of that fascinating type of
female beauty that appears to be the
order of the day in that section of
the United States. Blonde, bewitch-
ing, tall, of rather commanding ap-
pearance, with form developed to
just the right degree of maidenly
perfection, her personal appearance
was such that she could uncrown a
king or make a stoic bow at will. As
may be safely surmised, she number-
ed her anxious, eager suitors by the
score. In the latter part of May,
1874, this priceless gem in the mat-
rimonial department of life was led
to the hymeneal altar by a promi-
nent young merchant of Baltimore,
Colonel N. G. Pison. He possessed
a sufficient amount of currency of the
realm to support her in elegant style,
and after the ceremony the loving
and happy couple took a wedding
trip to Europe, and then began
housekeeping in a grand style on
Madison avenue—the most
aristocratic sections of that city.
Here for a time peace seemed to
reign supreme and happiness to have
found her throne. But before a year
had been numbered with the in-
numerable throng which had come and
gone the husband discovered a ter-

rible secret. He had daily the most
undoubted evidence that his beautiful
wife was a slave to the terrible opium
habit. It seemed that a short time
before her marriage she was afflicted
with a very painful illness. To quiet
her and soothe her sufferings her
physician, one of the leading medical
lights of Maryland, had given her
morphine. When she recovered her
usual health, which she did in the
course of a few weeks, the cravings
for the drug still continued, as is
often the case, and she became in the
habit of buying it at various drug
stores. The fatal appetite rapidly
grew and the happy husband had not
had what he supposed to be a price-
less treasure a year before he dis-
covered the awful truth. Then com-
menced his part a long series of
fruitless efforts to conceal the terrible
fact from the argus eyes of the
world and to wean her from her
powerful and perverted appetite.
Earnest reason, logical expostulation
and loving entreaty were first tried.
All, all in vain. She would promise
reformation, but would soon again
take the temporarily entrancing drug.
Then the husband sent her to a promi-
nent institution in a Northern city
where they profess to cure this awful
disease. He kept her there nearly a
year and spent money in his efforts
in this direction with lavish hand.
She returned home at the expiration
of that time apparently cured. For
a few months happiness once more
reigned supreme in that household,
when suddenly one day the husband
was horrified at finding a bottle of
morphine in one of the private draw-
ers of the bureau in his wife's room.
For several days prior to this time
he thought she acted strangely, but
attributed it to temporary nervous-
ness. When charged with again
using the drug she weepingly con-
fessed that it was so, and with loving
arms entwined around his neck, and
her still beautiful face pressed close
to his, begged his forgiveness, prom-
ising him that it would never occur
again, and he did as she wished.
But, as may be imagined, she did not
keep her earnest promises. She still
continued taking the drug. Matters
went from bad to worse. It began
to be noised about among their
numerous mutual friends that she
did as she did. One night, when she
was out on the street, she be-
came so much affected by the now
larger doses of morphine which she
had taken that day, that she was
actually arrested by an officer under
the mistaken supposition that she
was intoxicated. She spent that
night within the dirty and gloomy
confines of the station-house cell.
Her behavior and appearance next
morning before the police magistrate
was such that she attracted the atten-
tion of the city reporters, and the de-
tails of the whole sad case were speed-
ily glowing in English rhetoric and
casted significant adjectives in the local
papers.
This sad blow almost broke the
loving husband's heart. A year
after this sad event, and five years
after their marriage, a more terrible
calamity occurred, which was the
final drop that filled the poor fellow's
cup of woe to overflowing. Their
only child, a bright little girl aged
two years, was scalded so badly that
she died in a few hours. After this
sad event, and finding that it was ut-
terly impossible to free his wife from
the terrible malady which was the
bane of her life, the husband lost all
hope, and to quench his domestic
anguish sought the aid of King Al-
cohol. The usual results followed
with speedy and destructive steps.
He soon lost his wealth, and his
business became so involved that he
made a heavy mercantile failure.
This once blessed and happy couple
sank lower and lower in the scale of
degradation. In September 1881,
the poor fellow one day blew his
brains out, leaving the following pa-
thetic note:
"Opium has directly ruined my
wife. I have done everything that
mortal man could do to save her, but
all in vain. Opium has indirectly
ruined me. Had it not been for the
fatal appetite, I could have saved
her. I would never have tasted
whiskey and had I never drunk I
would not be where I am, nor fill a
nameless suicide's grave. I love her
yet, devotedly and passionately.
May God in His infinite love bless
her, and may we meet where there
is no tears, where there is no sor-
row. For without her there would
be no Heaven for me in whatever
world I come to in that life into which
in a few minutes I shall usher my soul."
The young widow made another at-
tempt to slay the terrible appetite
after the tragic death of her husband.
Kind friends rallied around her and
assisted her, and for a time it really
seemed as if she had actually con-
quered the fiend. However, six months
after his funeral she was discovered
one day in her poorly furnished rooms
almost unconscious from the effects
of opium, and several large pieces of
the crude article were found upon a
table beside her. When this became
known among the kind friends who
were helping her, they without excep-
tion at once deserted her, and in a
few days she stood upon the tres-

hold of extreme penury—upon the
brink of actual starvation. At this
particular crisis in her life a wealthy
young married lady of Baltimore
heard of her pitiable condition. This
lady had been a school companion of
the morphine-eater when both were
young misses at a fashionable board-
ing school for young ladies at Bur-
lington, N. J. She had lost sight of
her for a number of years, but when
she found her in her utter destitute
and sad plight she remembered the
many happy hours they had spent
together during the joyous days of
their girlhood, and at once took the
poor sufferer to her own luxuriously
furnished home on her carriage. Here
she was surrounded by every comfort
imaginable, and nothing she desired
was denied her except the one fatal
curse. This kind-hearted, wealthy
young lady, kept the victim of opium
fastened in a handsomely furnished
room in her house for three months,
and had strong hopes of effecting a
permanent cure when, one day, the
young widow was found in a helpless
condition on the floor of the apart-
ment. The family physician pro-
nounced the cause of the mysterious
illness to be solely morphine. How
she succeeded in obtaining the drug
will never be known, as she refused
to tell, but it is supposed some of
the colored servants to whom she
was very kind, moved to compassion
by her earnest entreaties, secretly
procured the opium in one of its
many forms for her. After several
exhibitions of this kind, and many
broken reformation promises on the
part of the now wretched woman, the
husband of the kindly disposed wo-
man turned the once beautiful blonde
belle out of the house, and she had
no where to seek shelter except the
resorts of the depraved. To one of
these places she went, and a brief
sojourn there, on account of her loss
of beauty and attractiveness, she was
again turned into the street. Nothing
now remained for the forsaken
creature but a charitable home, and
after being almost starved for the
lack of food and almost frozen by
being without shelter, on last Christ-
mas day—when it seemed as if all
the world was filled with holiday joys,
and mirth held high carnival even in
the remotest corners of the earth—
she was admitted to an institution of
this kind. The once lovely face had
so changed that there was now not
even the shadow of a resemblance
between its now hideous distortions
and contractions and the lily and
roses commingled, and the beaming
blue eyes which charmed all behold-
ers only ten brief years ago. And the
stately, graceful figure, once so en-
vied by every woman who saw it,
had now shrunk into a miserable bur-
lesque upon what it once had been.
In a few weeks this sorrowful and
eventful life was brought to a close
by the advent of the king of terrors.
A few hours before her death she
feebly wrote the following sorrowful
note, which shows that she was only
too glad to escape from the woes of
her life and the anguish of her ex-
istence:
"I have not only ruined my life,
but I have ruined that of my loving
husband, and am truly his murderer;
just as much so as if I had person-
ally dealt him a death blow; I had killed
him with my own hand. I am going
to die in a very few hours, and am
thankful to God that the end to my
wretched, weary existence has come
at last. My only hope now is that
I will meet my dear husband in the
next world, whatever that may be for
me. Opium ruined me, and by de-
stroying me killed him. After ac-
quiring the fatal appetite for that
damnable drug I could not resist its
terrible seductions. Great God, how
I have suffered; how I have wildly
fought, but in all in vain! See what I
am, how I die, and what I might be
and my dear loving husband might
be, too, had it not been for that
awful appetite. I do not fear the hell
ministers talk about in the next
world—the world I very soon shall
be in—for even in its worst aspect it
cannot be a more terrible hell than I
have suffered here for five years past.
Oh, if this is made public, if it should
happen to get into the papers, girls,
women, of your own sex who read
it, I beseech you never touch opium
in any one of its many seductive
forms. No matter what your family
doctor may say, never, never think—"
Here the note came to an abrupt
termination. The wretched sufferer's
strength had evidently failed her at
this moment and she could write no
more. Her hand was stilled forever
by the icy touch of death. She was
quietly buried by the authorities, and
the once beautiful blonde Baltimore
belle, of only ten years ago, now
rests beyond all the cares and sor-
rows of her bitter life of anguish in a
nameless pauper's grave.

WHAT DR. DEEMS HAS TO SAY OF AN ENEMY.

An Enemy is Not Partial.
ENEMIES WELL DESCRIBED.

Remark the uses of an enemy. A
brisk, hearty, active enemy—
1. The having one is proof that
you are somebody. Wishywashy,
empty, worthless people, never have
enemies. Men who never move
never run against anything; and
when a man is thoroughly dealt an
utterly buried, nothing ever runs
against him. To be run against, is
proof of existence and position; is
run against something, is proof of
motion.
2. An enemy is, to say the least,
not partial to you. He will not flatter
you. He will not exaggerate your
virtues. It is very probable that he
will do this magnificently for you.
The benefit of this is twofold. It
permits you to know that you have
faults; it makes them visible and so
manageable. Of course, if you have
a fault, you desire to correct it.
Your enemy does for you this valua-
ble work which your friend cannot
perform.
3. In addition, your enemy keeps
you wide awake. He does not let
you sleep at your post. There are
two that always keep watch—name-
ly, the lover and the hater. Your
lover watches that you may sleep.
He keeps off noises, excludes light,
adjusts surroundings, that nothing
may disturb you. Your hater
watches that you may not sleep.
He stirs you up when you are nap-
ping. He keeps your faculties on
the alert. Even when he does noth-
ing, he will have put you in such
a state of mind that you cannot tell
what he will do next, and his mental
qui vive must be worth something.
4. He is a detective among your
friends. You need to know who
your friends are, and who are not,
and who are your enemies. The
last of these three will discriminate
the other two. When your enemy
goes to one who is neither friend
nor enemy, and assails you, the in-
different one will have nothing to
say or chime in, not because he is
your enemy, but because it is so
much easier to assent than to op-
pose and especially than to refute.
But your friend will take up cud-
gels for you on the instant. He will
deny everything and insist on proof,
and proving is very hard work.
Your friend will call your enemy to
the proof, and if the indifferent per-
son, through carelessness, repeats the
assertions of your enemy, he is soon
made to feel the inconvenience
thereof by the zeal your friend man-
ifests. Follow your enemy and you
will find your friends, for he will
have developed them so that they
cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to having a
hundred real friends, is to have one
open enemy.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.

The following beautiful description
of our Lord was found in an ancient
manuscript, sent by P. Lucius Lema-
lus, president of Julien, to the senate
of Rome:
"There lives at this time in Judea,
a man of singular character, whose
name is Jesus Christ. The barba-
rians esteem him a prophet; but his
followers adore him as the immediate
offspring of the immortal God. He
is endowed with such unparalleled
virtue as to call back the dead from
their graves, and to heal every kind
of disease with a word or a touch.
His person is tall and elegantly
shaped, his aspect amiable. His hair
flows in those beautiful shades, which
no united colors can match, falling
into graceful curls before his ears, agree-
ably curving his shoulders, and parting
on the crown of his head like the
head dress of the sect of the Nazare-
nes. His forehead is a smooth and
large; his cheeks without spot, save
that of a lovely red; his nose and
mouth are formed with perfect ac-
curacy; his beard is thick and suited
to the hair of his head, reaching a lit-
tle below his chin, parting in the middle
like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear
and serene. He reissues with majesty,
counsel with mildness, and invites
presence with the most tender and persuasive
language, his whole address whether
in word or deed being elegant, grave
and characteristic of so exalted a
being. No man has seen him laugh,
but the whole world beholds him
weep frequently, and so persuasive
are his tears that the multitude can-
not withhold their tears from joining
in sympathy with him. He is very
temperate, modest and wise. In
short, whatever this phenomenon may
turn out in the end, he seems at
present a man, for excellent beauty
and perfections, every way surpass-
ing the children of men."

TWO NOTEWORTHY EVENTS OF 1882.

The first was the English victory
in Egypt, which marks the end of
the Ottoman power. The credit of
Turkey failed years ago, and now its
character is likewise gone. England
has, no doubt, learned, as she never
knew it before, the hollowness and
hypocrisy of "the sick man," whose
presence in European politics has
so long been a stumbling-block.
The mutual jealousy of rival powers,
the disunion manifested by all
the governments of the West to let
Turkey die, because of the trouble
there would be in dividing up its
possessions, will never again have
the influence which the Sultan has
so craftily and successfully used for
his own protection. And *propos* of
this, it may be said that an English
writer—a prominent clergyman—has
called attention to the fact that, from
the rise of the Mohammedan power
to the date of Lord Dufferin's dis-
patch to the English Premier announc-
ing the fall of Alexandria, was 1,260
years to a day.

The second is the passing away
of the last vestige of the Pope's Tem-
poral Power, its final and complete
obliteration. The highest Italian
court—from the verdict of which
there is no appeal—has recently de-

MERITS OF THE MULE.

We regard the mule as an animal
of such value as to be entitled to
greater consideration than it gener-
ally receives. In economical point of
view its merits are conspicuous. To
say that the animal is tough expres-
ses a prominent characteristic most
fully. It will live and work under
positive abuse, and while it certain-
ly does die, it seems to die as seldom,
as anything we know of. The very
appearance of the mule shows it to
be possessed of staying qualities, and
it does stay wherever and at whatever
it does choose to put it. It eats less
and does more work proportionately than
a horse will do. Of course there is
difference in mules, as there is a dif-
ference in horses. We have seen
mules that were of weak constitution
and could stand but little, but we
never saw many such. We have seen
those, too, that would eat more than
a large horse, but they were excep-
tions to the rule. Our observation,
and what little experience we have
had with the animal, leads us to very
different conclusions to those which
most people arrive at. The general
opinion is that the mule is a stubborn,
ill-natured, spiteful creature that
kicks for the fun of the thing, and
usually prefers going backward to
going forward when the driver is in
a special hurry. On the contrary we
have found the animal to be patient
and willing, and not half so inclined
to kick as it is given credit for. It is
rather slow in its movements, but it
is quite as rapid as hundreds of our
farm horses are. It is devoid of beau-
ty, but that same indolence can be
made against entirely too many of
our horses. We have not arrived at
that point where we can say with
truth that beauty is very much of a
general consideration in selecting
our horses. It ought to be a great
consideration. There is no use in
having a horse so ugly that he is "a
sight to behold," when by the exer-
cise of a little care we can have good
looking stock. But the mule makes
up in other qualities what he lacks in
beauty, and if we have him at all we
must take him as he is. There is no
much opportunity to improve his
looks. He will always be a mule.

We do believe, however, that its
manners can be considerably improv-
ed, when they need improving. Like
the naive cow and hog the mule has
not had much inducement to be dif-
ferent from what it is. It receives
no special training and there is not
much kindness wasted upon it. It is
oftener struck than it is petted, and
we have known some naturally excel-
lent mules to be spoiled in handling,
especially at time of breaking. We
recall to mind a mule that was made
a most wicked kicker through bad
management, but the owner thought
it was the result of natural malice-
ness. Generation after generation
of bad management and positive
abuse, will leave its marks upon the
character of any animal; and we
once knew of a mule that by judicious
handling—such handling as would
be given to a vicious horse—was
made as gentle as could be desired,
although originally very vicious.

The freedom of the mule from
disease is one thing that strongly
recommends it. It is very seldom
sick, and has proved invincible to
some of the worst epidemics that we
have ever had. In fact and in short,
the mule is usually ready for service
at all times, will do its work well,
and with much less care than a horse
will do it. It is not well in selecting
a team of mules to get those which
are too small. A small mule will
eat as much as a large one, and is
not the equal of the latter in heavy
work. While they will do all they
can, they cannot be expected to
perform impossibilities, and to expect
them to do more than they have
strength to do, is expecting an impos-
sibility.—Western Rural.

A MATTER OF SYNTAX.

"Which an de properest way to
suppress one-self; does yer say, 'We
eated at de table,' or, 'We had done
ate at de table?'" asked one Austin
darker of another, they being engaged
in a grammatical discussion. As
they could not agree, the question
was referred to Uncle Mose for his
decision, which was: "In de case
ob you two niggahs none ob you an
right." What an de proper way, to
say, "We eated at de table," Uncle
Mose?" "De properest way for such
cattle as you two, an to say: 'We
eat at de troff.'"

Wilmington Star, speaking of the
health and death rate of Wilmington,
says:
"That the deaths among the whites
in this city are as few to the 1,000 as
in any town or city from New York
to the Gulf of Mexico we have no
doubt. Wilmington ought to be a
favorite Winter and Summer resort
and if the proper enterprise obtained
it would be made such."

A man in Goldsboro was recently
brought before the mayor's court for
cruelly beating a mule. The mayor
bought him in the sun of one hun-
dred dollars for his appearance at the
Spring term of the court.

The first appearance of cotton as
an article of commerce was a ship-
ment of seven bales from a Charles-
town in 1757. In 1830-'81 the crop
was 6,600,000 bales.

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decided that the Vatican lies within
the jurisdiction of the State. The
narrow precinct to which the Pope's
sovereignty, once universal, had
been gradually reduced, has now
entirely disappeared. His suprema-
cy, by virtue of which kings and
emperors were for centuries but the
vassals of Rome's bishop, cannot
now legally awe even a sheriff or a
policeman who holds a commission
from the State to enter the papal
residence. This decision was quiet-
ly announced. It was, moreover, in
violation of pledges made by the
civil government, and therefore it
is all the more surprising. It looks
like the shadow of an inevitable de-

And thus it has come to pass that
the two great institutions, namely,
Mohammedanism and the Temporal
Power of the Papacy, which rose al-
most simultaneously, and which grew
so such marvellous size, have fallen
together. The same year has wit-
nessed the downfall of both.—The
Churchman.

A GOOD NAME EASIER KEPT THAN
REGAINED.—Bishop Sanderson says,
quaintly and well: "A good name
is far easier kept than recovered.
Men that have had losses in sundry
kinds have in time had some repen-
tion. Samson's locks were shorn off,
but they grew again; Job's goods
and cattle were driven off, but restored
again; but the good name once
lost, the loss is little better than de-
perate. The shipwreck of a good
name, though in the most consider-
able respects it be incomparably less,
yet in this one respect it is in some
sort even greater than the loss of a
good conscience. And the reason
is this, that when we have made
shipwreck of our conscience, we fall
into the hands of God, whose mercies
are great, and whose compassions
fail not, but when we make shipwreck
of our good name, we fall into the
hands of men, whose bowels are nar-
row, and whose tender mercies are
cruel, and their charity too weak to
raise up our credit again when it is
once ruined. I have sometimes
likened a flaw in the conscience and
a flaw in the good name to the break-
ing of a crystal glass or a china dish
at table. In the mischance there is
comparison. A man had better
break twenty glasses or dishes at
table than one one in his body;
and so a man had better receive
twenty wounds in his good name
than a single raze in his conscience.
But a broken bone, if it be skillfully
handled in the setting, may in a
short time knit again as firm as ever
it was; yea, and it is said, firmer
than ever. But as for the shivers of
a broken glass, no art can piece them
together, so as to be sightly or
serviceable; they will not abide the
file or the hammer; neither solder
nor glue, nor other cement can
fasten them handsomely together.
If Simon be once a leper, let him be
cleansed from his leprosy never so
perfectly, yet he will be called by the
name of Simon the leper till his
dying day."

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