THE COMMONWEALTH

Scotland Neck, - - - N. C.

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Episcopal—Rev. H. G. Hilton, Rector Services every first, second and third Sundays at 10½ o'clock, A. M. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

Meeting of Bible class on Thursday night at the residence of Mr. P. E. Smith.

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July 5th, 1882.

PAST AND PRESENT; OR, ROMANCE VERSUS REALITY.

A DUET.

HE (shutting his Froissart with a slap).

"Oh, for the days of olden time,
When, true to knightly duty,
The champion roved through every clime
To win the smile of Beauty!
'Neath moonlit skies his midnight spent,
In place of ballrooms choky,
And through triumphal arches went,
Instead of hoops at croquet!"

SHE (smiling maliciously).

"Ha, Ha! nice figure you'd have made
'Mid Syria's heat and slaughter,
Who growl at seventy in the shade,
And long for seltzer-water!
I think I hear you mutter, then,
While through the sand-heaps wading:
'Well, let me once get home again,
And deuce take all crusading!'"

HE.

"You heartless thing! but you have ne'er
Perused, like me, their story—
Who knew no task they would not dare,
No pain when crowned with glory;
And, glowing o'er those pages, dear,
I've wished, with heart o'erladen,
I were a Spanish cavalier
And you my chosen maiden!"

SHE.

"O Fred, you goose! I ne'er could bide
Unseen behind a grating,
Nor bear forever at my side
A prim duenna waiting.
And then this face you say you prize,
Some horrid Moor might eye it,
And whisk me off before your eyes—"

HE (fiercely).

"I'd like to see him try it!"

SHE.

"Then, too, in that stern age, you know,
No opera, ball, nor fashion,
No lovely sleighing in the snow,
No novels filled with passion.
In convent alone, or castle strong,
It must have been diverting
To stitch at tap'stry all day long,
With ne'er a chance at flirting!"

HE.

"Of course, that's the thing you require!
But men had then a chance, dear,
To win their spurs through gore and mire
In Palestine or France, dear:
And when the stubborn fray was done,
His lady crowned the winner,
And—"

SHE.

"Pawned the spurs his strife had won,
To buy their Sunday dinner!"

HE (angrily).

"Too bad, by Jove! of all I say
You will make fun—"

SHE.

"Poor fellow!
He sees en beau our fathers' day,
But ours in jaundiced yellow.
Your knights, good sir (whose spurs of gold
Where all the wealth they carried),
Oft found their 'chosen maidens' cold,
And lived (or died) unmarried!

"But never mind, dear Fred, for, though
I sometimes like to tease you,
I'd never say a word, you know,
That really could displease you;
And, though papa may fume and rage,
And vow he'll ne'er endure it,
Just wait until I come of age,
And then—"

HE (ecstatically).

"The ring and curate!"

LOUISVILLE LETTER.—NO. 5.

The Southern Exposition to be held in Louisville Ky., beginning August 1, and continuing through 100 days, is to be a big affair and no mistake. The buildings covering about 16 acres, are about finished, and everything will be in readiness at the appointed time. A force of seventy-five will go to work next week putting in the buildings 4,600 electric lamps, and exhibitors are already on hand attending to the arrangement of their exhibits. Happening to-day upon one of the Directors who has taken an active part in advancing the Exposition to its present enormous proportions, your correspondent learned several points from him with regard to it. In answer to the question as to how many people would come to see it he said: "There will be over a million by careful estimates. Col. Bennett H. Young, who recently travelled through your State (N. C.,) in attendance upon the commencement exercises of Davidson College, says there will be at least 25,000 people here from North Carolina alone."

"How about accommodating so many guests?"

"Oh, there will be no trouble about that. Five large new hotels have been built, and several others have been enlarged so as to almost double their capacity. That matter is all in the hands of a special committee, and they have systematized the matter so that there will be no trouble in connection with it whatever."

"What inducements have the Railroad men offered to get the people to come?"

"They have been very generous. They have reduced the fare on all roads in the South, east of the Mississippi, to one and one half cents per mile, and on Northern roads the round trip is offered at one and one third the regular fare. Arrangements are now pending for the Southwest It's about 650 miles from the centre of your State (N. C.,) isn't it? Well, people can come and go back home—make the round trip—for $19.50. That's little enough, isn't it?"

"Well, I should stutter. But what are you going to do to interest them after they get here?"

"They'll find enough in the Exposition; but if that doesn't, there will be no lack of amusement. Some of the leading theatrical and operatic stars of this country will be in Louisville at that time, and there will be a thousand things to amuse everybody."

"How about the music at the Exposition?"

"Well, sir, it's to be just as good as can be procured. The famous 7th Reg. Band of New York, and Gilmon's Orchestra of Boston, have both been secured—they charged us $35,000 too. Then we have had a grand organ built, which cost $10,000, and there will be a series of grand vocal concerts during the progress of the Exposition. There will be six hundred voices in the chorus."

"Are you going to have anything in the way of an Art Department?"

"We have sent out several committees for that very purpose, and their success has been astonishing. Yes, sir, we have built an Art Building separate from the others, in Central Park, and we expect to have it full. Gen. Grant has promised to lend us his famous collections, and several other magnificent collections have been placed at our disposal. It is intended that this shall be an especially attractive feature."

"Do you propose to have anything in the way of an Horticultural display?"

"There will be no special building for that purpose, but arrangements have been made to have a permanent exhibition of the rarest and most beautiful flowers and plants, and there will be every week, exhibition of cut flowers artistically arranged."

"What is to be the price of admission?"

"Fifty cents. Ten dollars for a Season ticket. Each entrance will be supplied with a patent registering turn stile like those at the Centennial, so that the number in attendance each day can be known exactly."

"And you think the Exposition will be a tremendous affair, do you, Judge——?"

"Yes, sir, I do most emphatically. It will beat the famous Centennial in many respects. Well, I have an appointment to meet the Machinery Committee at 11 o'clock—I'll have to leave you," and the Judge walked off, leaving your correspondent astonished at the magnitude of the proportions which the Exposition has assumed.

How many of the 25,000 North Carolinians will be from among the readers of THE COMMONWEALTH?

"N. C."

Saved By a Stocking.

A TRUE STORY.

"Father will have done the chimney to-night, won't he mother?" said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered his mother, "and that will be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys, it's so risky. Thy father is to be the last up."

"Eh, then I'll go and see him, and help 'em to give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued his mother, "if all goes right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and take our dinners and spend the day amongst the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his place of work with a can of milk in one hand and some bread and butter in the other. His mother stood in the door watching him as he went whistling down the street; and then she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart found its sure refuge, and she prayed God to protect and bless her dear treasures.

Tom with a light heart pursued his way to his father, leaving his breakfast went to his own work, which was some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went around to see how his father was getting on.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workingmen, had been building one of those great chimneys which, in manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of all other architectural beauty. This chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected; and Tom, shading his eyes from the rays of the slanting sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart sank within him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost down. The men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all around to see that everything was right; and then, waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud cheer, little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a different sound—a cry of alarm and horror from above.

"The rope!"

The men looked around, and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was removed should have been fastened to the chimney for Tom's father to come down by.

The scaffold had been taken down without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope high enough to reach the top of the chimney, or if they could, it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silence and dismay, unable to give any help or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked around and around the little circle: the dizzy height seemed every moment more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. He shut his eyes, and felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below. The day had passed industriously and swiftly as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband or children in some way or other; and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow.

She had just finished her preparations, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy home and for all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in. His face was white as ashes, and he could hardly get the words out:

"Mother! mother! he cannot get down!"

"Who, lad? Thy father?" asked his mother.

"They've forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak.

His mother started up horror-struck and stood a moment as if paralyzed. Then, pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the horrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected around the foot of the chimney, and stood there with faces full of sorrow.

"He says he will throw himself down," exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came up. "He is going to throw himself down,"

"Thee munna do that, lad?" cried the wife, with a clear, hopeful voice. "Thee munna do that. Wait a bit. Take off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me, Jem?"

The man gave a sign of assent, for it seemed as though he could not speak, and taking off his stocking, unraveled the worsted thread, row after row. The people stood around in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of mortar, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband.

The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind; but at last it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of twine, while his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread.

"Now pull it up slowly," cried she to her husband; and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted gently drew it up.

It stopped, the string had reached her husband.

"Now hold the string fast and pull it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull; for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it. They watched—watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top.

"Thank God! Thank God!" exclaimed the wife.

She hid her face in silent prayer, and tremblingly rejoiced. The rope was up. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right; but would her husband be able to make use of them? Would not the terror of the hour have so unnerved him as to prevent his taking the necessary measures for his safety? She did not see the magic influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him with—as if the little thread that carried him the rope of life once more had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her true heart.

There was a great shout.

"He's safe, mother, he's safe!" cried little Tom.

"Thou hast saved me, Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms. "But what ails thee? Thou seem'st more sorry than glad about it."

But Mary could not speak, and if the strong arms of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground. The sudden joy, after such great fear, had overcome her.

"Tom," said the father, "let thy mother lean upon thy shoulder, and we will take her home."

And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness, and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril that it had been in, and for the nearness that the danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day?—*The Examiner.*

PROSPECTS OF WOMANHOOD.

We observe a statement in a late number of *The Nation* (New York), that "women householders have *every* vote in Great Britain and Ireland, except the Parliamentary franchise, which, by the by they did *originally* possess. The agitation to regain this right is everywhere allowed to be increasing, and meetings grow more and more earnest every year. * * In local elections the proportion of women voters to names on the registers is usually as high as among men. Women sit as poor law guardians and as members of school boards. So highly are their services appreciated, and so judiciously have women candidates been chosen, that few fail of election while their re-election is practically certain." It is further stated that "the homes of ladies prominent in the movement" are specially "striking by the beauty of their family life." Such representations have been so uniform that we take it for granted they are facts universally acknowledged, and, if so, it would seem to be time for some persons amongst us to wake up sufficiently at least to suspect the wisdom of their opinions as to the woman's movement. As to the political status of women in America, we have no disposition to enter into the controversy. In our judgment, it stands apart from the real question at issue, and may be left to time for adjudication. What we do contend for is, that inside of this particular discussion as to political privileges a very broad space is open, clearly open, and that it is the interest of every man, not to hinder, but to help our women to occupy it to the full, and secure all its advantages.

No excuse exists for any other opinion than a favorable one on the point we have specified. Women have won their way to recognition as teachers, editors, writers, managers of business, conductors of large enterprises; and they continue to work on official positions, no less than in art and science, to the approval and even the admiration of all unbiased observers of their progress. Assuredly it is high time to accept these facts, unless stupidity be a virtue, and if such be the case, the old debate as to woman's fitness for higher occupations and a fair share of their immunities and benefits might be properly remanded to antiquarian solitude. Dead issues, however, are very fascinating to certain minds, owing perchance to the sympathy of their own deadness. Such people are peculiarly insensible to public opinion and its endorsement of anything, and their joy is—

"What care I how fair she be,
So she be not fair for me."

And, furthermore, in this self-secured progress of womanhood, we have learned that every interest of business, society, religion, she has touched has taken new life and purity and worth from her contact. This is perfectly certain. And, hence, it would seem reasonable to infer that continued advancement on her part would be a continued gain. On most subjects this reasoning would be valid, nor can we doubt that it would be admitted in the present instance if all our brains were large enough to accommodate a little of the present and the future as well as the much idolized past.

This sort of logic in acknowledgment of the vindicated claims of our new womanhood to sympathy and honor, would appear to be all the more rational since the progress itself has been singularly free from every sort of folly and extravagance to any extent obnoxious to criticism. A few of the "*strong-minded*" have shown an extra amount of antagonism, but the great majority of the progressive women have been marvelously quiet, modest, and lady-like in the whole affair. Bold women are impossible on any considerable scale. Nature forbids that, since Nature has given boldness as a monopoly to men. Our women have displayed courage, and courage is always the ally of beauty and delicate sensibilities Courage never hardens. Courage never lowers aims and aspirations. Courage is no brawler, and still less a bully. And, accordingly, our women have exhibited in this matter one of their finest qualities. viz: *the rejecting instinct of their nature*, by which, under all circumstances of enlightenment and culture, they refuse the coarser elements abounding in common life, while assimilating the better and the best.—*Ex.*

PETROLEUM.

The oil production of the United States is full of interest to every householder. The discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania some twenty-three years since has worked a wonderful change for the people. Prior to that time the well-to-do burned refined sperm oil, the product of the whale. The middle classes relied upon patent candles and "tallow-dips;" whilst the lower classes burned lightwood. All this has been changed by the Pennsylvanian discovery. Now all classes and conditions have their kerosene lamps, and oil can be bought at from 10 cents to 25 cents a gallon. Every home can have its bright light and the student is allured to read books by the soft light that falls upon the page. If kerosene light is not as cheap as sunlight it is next to it at present. The light of the future has not yet been perfected, but we may expect that before many years there will be light in the dwelling that will outrival in cheapness, safety and brilliancy our present light, as far as our best refined oils now surpass the tallow candles of war times when the writer was glad to get them at $10 a pound.

At present the civilized world is interested very greatly in the production of petroleum. If the wells were to cease to flow the price of oil would go up at a tremendous bound and in a little while we should have to fall back upon the poor lights of a quarter of a century ago. At present the production of petroleum is as great as it has ever been. Whilst thousands of wells have become exhausted there are at present 20,000 in operation. No one can pretend to say how long the supply will keep up. Thus far the discovery of new supplies has more than kept up with the exhaustion. There are sections in the oil region where there is now scarcely a vestige of it left.

The production of petroleum in 1882 was greater than ever before, and amounted to 31,398,750 barrels. The production in 1881 was very great but some less than it was in 1883. Of the 20,000 wells, 13,000 are in the Bradford district in Pennsylvania. The oil region is mainly in Pennsylvania, but it extends a little way into Southern New York. There is some oil obtained in Ohio and in West Virginia, and some in Europe, but the whole from these sources amounts to little when compared with the production of Pennsylvania. The oil region is about 150 miles in length and from 1 to 20 miles in width, and covers about 180,000 acres. It is not to be understood that petroleum is to be found throughout this region. It is only found here and there at intervals, and sometimes at long intervals. In fact the oil section covers but a small part of the area embraced within the limits given above. Until the "coming light" is in our possession we are all concerned in the productiveness of the Pennsylvanian oil region. When a barrel of the crude fetches $1 then the oil men are happy. It sometimes falls to 50 cents, and then there are long faces in the oil region.—*Morning Star.*

OUR TEACHERS.

The following handsome tribute to our teachers is an extract from a speech on June 4th, by Rev. J. S. Watkins, of Raleigh, in presenting Bibles to the young ladies graduating from Peace Institute:

"One of the greatest blessings to society is a faithful, successful teacher. Those who are charged with the mental and moral training of the young occupy a position of great responsibility. There is no secular profession more important than that of teacher. There is no calling which in the end yields a greater or more glorious reward. There are other callings attended by more showy and glittering honors, but none so rich in solid and permanent results. Our country owes as much to the teachers who have trained her youth and inspired them with right sentiments, as to her statesmen who have directed the affairs of the government. Many of these eminent men owe their greatness to those who trained their minds and hearts in early years. The future interests of the church and of the country depend upon the rising generation. The teachers who have them in hand, therefore, have much to do in determining the mental and moral status of society. The laborious, patient, faithful teacher is a very important factor in the civilization and elevation of the race, and is entitled to a larger measure of praise and esteem."—*The North Carolina Teacher.*

"I know where there is another arm just as pretty as this one," said a young fellow to his sweetheart, as he pinched her fair arm yesterday evening. The storm that quickly gathered upon the young lady's brow as quickly passed away when the young man pinched her other arm and said, "It is this one, now."