

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

THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor.

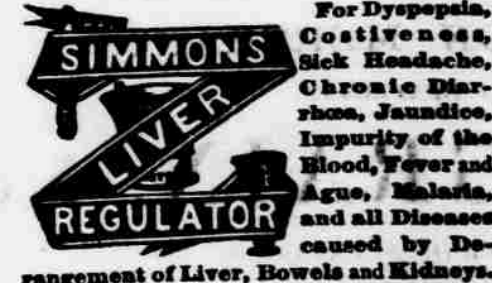
"THE LAND WE LOVE."

Terms: \$2 00 per year in Advance.

VOL. I.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1883.

NO. 47.



For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.
SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally constipated, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickling sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and although satisfied that the remedy is harmless and safe, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but none have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examining after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively diseased.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Travelling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe, purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. C. Giddens, Governor of Ala.
Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: "I have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial."

"The only thing that never fails to relieve," says Dr. W. M. Moore, "is Simmons' Liver Regulator. I have used it for many years, and it has cured me of all my ailments. It is a truly valuable medicine, and I would recommend it to all who are afflicted with any of the ailments it treats."

Dr. T. W. Moore, of N. C., writes: "I have used Simmons' Liver Regulator in my practice for many years, and I am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative and alterative."

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the Red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

SCOTLAND NECK.

Mayor—W. H. Shields.

Commissioners—Noah Biggs, M. Hoffman, R. M. Johnson, K. Allsbrook.

Meet first Tuesday in each month at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Chief of Police—R. J. White.

Assistant Policemen—C. W. Dunn, W. E. Whitmore, C. Speed, Sol. Alexander.

Treasurer—R. M. Johnson.

Clerk—K. Allsbrook.

CHURCHES:

Baptist—J. D. Huffman, D. D., Pastor.

Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and at 7 P. M. Also on Saturday before the first Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

Primitive Baptist—Eld. Andrew Moore, Pastor. Services every third Saturday and Sunday morning.

Methodist—Rev. C. W. Byrd, Pastor. Services at 3 o'clock, P. M. on the second and fourth Sundays. Sunday School on Sabbath 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.

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

Baptist—(colored.) George Norwood, Pastor. Services every second Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 P. M. Sunday School on Sabbath morning.

COUNTY.

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—John T. Gregory.

Inferior Court—Geo. T. Simmons.

Register of Deeds—J. M. Gizzard.

Solicitor—A. J. Burton.

Sheriff—R. J. Lewis.

Coroner—J. H. Jenkins.

Treasurer—E. D. Browning.

Co. Supt. Pub. Instruction—D. C. Clark.

Keeper of the Poor House—John Ponton.

Commissioners—Chairman, Aaron Prescott, Sterling Johnson, Dr. W. R. Wood, John A. Mordeet, and M. Whitehead.

Superior Court—Every third Monday in March and September.

Inferior Court—Every third Monday in February, May, August and November.

Judge of Inferior Court—T. N. Hill.

JUST THE PAPER THE PEOPLE WANT!

ED. OLDHAM'S

WESTERN SENTINEL!

(Established 1852.)

Should be Read at Every Fireside in Western North Carolina.

Full of News, Fun, General Information and Something to Interest Everybody.

SEND 50 CENTS AND TRY IT THREE MONTHS!

WINSTON, N. C.

NOTICE

WE have one hundred town lots for sale in this town. Some of them are very desirable. This is a rapidly growing town, and persons wishing to secure good places for residences and business stands, and to make good investments, will do well to call on us.

KITCHIN & DUNN.

July 24th, 1883.

PRESS CONVENTION POEM.

You have set me, gallant gentlemen,
A task beyond my powers—
My muse is just a butterfly
That sports thro' sunny hours.

Its fragile wings assay no flight
Beyond the rosy flush,
Where throbbing in warm golden light
The summer roses blush.

And reaching upward to the height
To which your aims aspire,
Would need an eagle's soaring flight,
An eagle's eye of fire.

No longer Pleasure's idle guest
Allures your eager feet,
As gathering from the east and west,
From north and south you meet.

Aroused at last you recognize,
And wiser grown, confess,
How high the calling that is yours,
How powerful the Press!

Your task it is to hold the gauge
That measures public right,
And for the people's good to wage
With wrong and endless fight.

No private gain, no selfish end
Must check the utterance strong,
With which the Right you'er defend,
Or boldly censure wrong.

No coward's heart, no fawning thrift,
No lust o' place, nor gold,
For tho' self-chosen, still it is
A public trust you hold.

Between the factions of the day,
That mean ignoble strife,
Men look to you to point the way
To a purer public life.

To lift the public standard up
To a higher, broader plane,
Where the country's good is sometimes
Sought,

Instead of private gain.
You spin the subtle threads that sway
The people in their choice,
The echo of your words it is
That swells the public voice.

By you in large degree is wrought
The country's weal or woe,
You start the springs of public thought
Whence public actions flow.

There was an old Egyptian law,
A strange majestic thing,
When death before the bar of God
Called him who was their king.

A herald summoned forth the dead,
Once more in royal state,
To take his place midst living men
And solemn trial wait.

While all the nobles of the land,
In grave tribunal then
Jugged all his life, the good, the ill,
That he had wrought for men.

Time changeth forms, altho' that court
Is held in every land,
No longer dead, but living men
At its tribunal stand.

And every editorial desk
Has a judgment seat been made,
Whereat the deeds of public men,
The good and ill are weighed.

Their actions scanned, their motives
Sought,
Whether for wrong or right,
And woe to him who falloffeth short
When weighed in public sight.

But the public mind is fair and true,
The public heart is kind,
Take heed no selfish motives tinge
The verdicts that you find.

For should the test of time disprove
The charges that you made,
The public scorn will shift to him
Who stabbed with treacherous blade.

And yet a higher trust you hold,
A trust both grave and great,
For those who train the children's mind
Make the future of the State.

Who fills a child's unreasoning mind
With tales of crime and vice,
Is planting there a scorpion's egg,
To bear a cockatrice.

From a fountain poisoned at the source
A poisoned stream must flow,
And the grain we reap at harvest
Springs from the seed we sow.

Then oh! take care my masters,
That you sow not hurtful seed
In the columns of the journals
That the little children read.

Let innocence still hold a veil,
Unrent before her eyes,
Nor barter harmless ignorance
For knowledge that is not wise.

God save you all, brave gentlemen,
And make you strong to raise
Your calling far above the snares
Of narrow, devious ways.

To be so brave, so just, so true,
That all men must confess
How noble is the work you do,
How mighty is the Press!

REBECCA CAMERON,
Hillsboro, N. C., July 4th, 1883.

ADVICE TO A BRIDEGROOM.

To become a husband is as serious
a matter to a man as it is for a woman
to become a wife. Marriage is
no child's play; it brings added
care, trial, perplexity, vexation, and
it requires a great deal of the hap-
piness which legitimately springs
out of it to make the balance heavy
in its favor. Very few people live
happily in marriage, and yet this is
not because unhappiness is german
to the relation, but because those
who enter it do not know, first, how
to get married, and, second, how to
live married happily. You have al-
ready made your choice—wisely, I
am bound to believe. Those quali-
ties of character which have attract-
ed you to choose as you have should
make your love grow daily while you
live together.

As to the second point: If you
wish to live in harmonious union
with your wife, start out with the
avowed recognition of the fact that
she is your companion and copartner.
Marriage usually makes the wife
neither of these. In many instances
she sees less of her husband than be-
fore she married him. He comes, he
goes, he reads, thinks, works, and
under the stimulus of business brings
all his powers and faculties to the
surface, and is developed there—not
always symmetrically, but vigorous-
ly—not always harmoniously, but
with increasing power. Married
men do not usually shrivel up nor
put on a look of premature age, but
women frequently do, and it is plain
to me why they do.

Married women are shut up in
houses, and their chief care is for
things that have no inspiring influ-
ence. Their time is taken up in
meeting the physical wants of their
families—cooking, washing dishes,
keeping the house in order, sewing,
receiving company—not one of which
has in it a tendency even to culture
and elevation. Married women are
devoted to the house, and this means
a life of vexation and pettiness. It
gives no sort of stimulus to the
spirit. So the husband, who is out
of doors, active, interested in mea-
sures which effect the public good,
coming into contact with men greater
than himself, who inspire him to bet-
ter purposes and nobler ends of
labor, develops into manly beauty
and grows in character, while his
wife at home, who has faithfully per-
formed her share of the work, with-
ers and decays prematurely.

Treat your wife exactly as your-
self would like to be treated if you
had to live under like circumstances,
and you will not go far wrong.

Do not entertain the silly notion
that because she is of a different
gender from your own that she is
therefore different in her wants, feel-
ings, qualities and powers. Do not
be the victim of social policy. Stand
up bravely for the right, give your
wife a chance to live, grow, and be
somebody and become something.

Try to be thoughtful, considerate
and forbearing. You will have new
duties, and they will bring new trials.
Take good care of your health and
hers. Be simple, both, in your hab-
its; be careful in your expenditures;
be industrious. If you keep good
health and are frugal, blessings will
come from your united love, and
you will grow happier and better
day by day as the years pass.—Dr.
James C. Jackson.

AN ALARMING DISEASE.

Worms Which Eat up People Alive in
Kansas.

A correspondent of the New York
Sun describes a new and horrible
disease, at first confined to Texas
cattle, but which has begun to attack
human beings in Kansas. On the
plains of Texas lives the screw worm
fly, the Texas cattle. A fight be-
tween Texas cattle usually ends in
one of them being wounded. The
smell of the blood drifts down the
wind, and the attracted screw flies
deposit their eggs in the wound. The
substance contains hundreds of
eggs, which hatch in twenty-four
hours, when the worms burrow into
the flesh and the animal is literally
devoured alive.

The screw worm is a little over
half an inch long. It is corrugated

and exceedingly hard. When put
under the point of a knife and pressed
upon the worm slips from under
the steel and flies through the air as
though made of rubber. Imagine a
white half inch screw having a point
ed black head instead of the usual
slotted one. That is a fair repre-
sentation of the screw worm.

The flies have been blown by
southwest winds into Kansas, where
they have attacked men and women.
One case, reported in a medical jour-
nal, is worthy of note. The patient
has long suffered from ozena. On
the evening of August 22, 1882, this
man complained of a tickling sensa-
tion at the base of the nose, that
was promptly followed by exhaustive
sneezing. This in its turn was fol-
lowed by intense pain in the region
of the eyes and cheeks. The physi-
cian in attendance mistakenly sup-
posed that the pain was the result
of ozena. The discharge from the
nostrils was purulent and tinged with
blood, and exceedingly offensive.

The breath of the patient was revolting.
It may be that his condition
was so extremely offensive that the
attending physician did not make an
examination that would have reveal-
ed the presence of the disturbing
cause. For two days the man suf-
fered intense pain. All remedies ad-
ministered failed to give relief. On
the evening of the 24th of August
there was a sudden and profuse dis-
charge from both of the nostrils and
the mouth. Instantly all pain ceased.
There was no longer any involuntary
discharge. The pus was with diffi-
culty expectorated. The soft palate
had been destroyed, and the tongue
could no longer be used in speech.

When this stage of the disease had
been reached a screw worm, much to
the astonishment of the attending
physician, fell from the mouth of the
dying man. One after another, in
obedience to the laws of their nature,
full grown screw worms, wriggled
from his nostrils and mouth until
360 of them crawled from the honey-
combed head and throat. The man
died. An examination showed that
the fleshy part of the interior of his
head had been almost devoured. By
throwing back his head and depress-
ing the swollen tongue, the vertebrae
were exposed to view.

There were other cases in which
the worms were removed by forceps,
and the patients, though disfigured,
recovered. All those attacked had
catarrh.—Ex.

SENATOR JONES' START IN CALIFORNIA.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, had gone
to California with thousands of oth-
ers when the wonderful discovery of
gold in that far-off land thrilled every
hamlet and village. Among those
who went to seek their fortunes there
was a man named Hayward, from
Vermont. Hayward had a claim on
the mountain-side that as yet had
shown no particular promise; still he
stuck to it. One hot summer day,
when the Red Hills were quivering
with heat, Howard came to see Jones.

Said he:
"Jones, I am very near the wonder-
ful vein. I know it; I feel it, but I
am flat broke. I want \$2,000; with
that I will make both our fortunes."

"Now, old fellow," said Jones, "I
have known just 1,000 men who were
in exactly your fix. They only need-
ed \$1,000, and sometimes \$100 to make
their eternal all." Finally Jones said:
"I will give you this money. I have
\$3,000 buried under the fire-place,
and when the fire goes out, I will get
it out for you, but don't ask me for
any more."

Hayward got the money; and said:
"When I strike it I will give you a
quarter interest."

One afternoon about a month after
this happened, Jones was sitting in
his cabin when Hayward suddenly
burst in as white as a sheet. "Jones,"
said he, "I have struck it!"

They went together to look at it,
and sure enough Hayward had struck
an immense bonanza, or "pocket," of
almost pure gold. Jones, with his ex-
perience, saw it was the richest mine
in California. Hayward sold to Wells,
Fargo and some others for \$5,000-
000, and the day the sale was made
he gave Jones \$1,250,000. Jones af-
terward married Hayward's daughter.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A CONTENTED JOURNALIST.

Farming is a slow way to make
money, but then there is a law of com-
pensation about every thing in this
life, and farming has its blessings
that other pursuits do not have. The
farmer belongs to nobody. He is the
freest man on earth and the most in-
dependent. He has a house in the
country, with plenty of pure air and
good water. If he makes but little
in the field, he has no occasion to
spend but little. He can raise his
own hogs and sheep and cattle and
chickens. His wood costs nothing,
and the luxury of big back logs and
blazing fires in an open fire place all
winter long is something that city
people long for, but cannot afford.

My own farm cost me \$7,000. I have
120 acres of open land in good con-
dition, and it yields me on an aver-
age \$5 an acre above all expenses.
Say 9 per cent. upon the investment.
Well that is mighty little, consider-
ing my own labor and supervision.
I've seen the time when I made five
times as much without any capital
except my head. But then we have
to keep a pair of horses to ride around
and they have to be fed from the
farm. There are little leaks all round,
but still we are happier on the farm
than we were in the town, and feel
more secure from the ills of life. We
fear no pestilence or disease, nor
burglars or thieves. We lock no doors,
and Mrs. Arp has quit looking under
the bed for a man. I love to hear the
churn dasher splashing in the butter
milk. I love to hear the roosters
crow and the peacock holler, and see
the martins sailing round the martin
gourds. I love to hear a neighbor
stop and talk about the growing
crops. I love to take the children
with me to the water mill and fish be-
low the dam amid the roar of falling
waters, or paddle around the pond in
an old leaky bateau. I love to wan-
der through the woods and glades,
and wear old clothes that can't get
no older or dirtier, and get caught
in a shower of rain if I want to. Old
man Horace remarked about 2,000
years ago that the town was the best
place for a rich man to live in, and
the country was the best place for a
poor man to die in, and inasmuch as
riches were uncertain and death was
sure, it becomes a prudent man to
move to the country as soon as he
can get there. Farmers have their
ups and downs, of course, but they
don't collapse and burst up like
tradesmen. They don't go down
under a panic.—Atlanta Constitution.

SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

In thinking of that instrument one
is apt to call before him an august as-
semblage gravely seated around a
table, with the Declaration spread
upon it, and each member of the Con-
tinental Congress in turn taking a
pen and with great dignity affixing
to it his name. Nothing, however,
can be further from that which actu-
ally took place. Very few of the del-
egates, if indeed any, signed the origi-
nal document on the 4th, and none
signed the present one now in Inde-
pendence Hall, for the very good rea-
son that it was not then in existence.

On July 19th Congress voted that
Declaration be engrossed on parch-
ment. Jefferson, however, says that
New York signed on July 15th. Con-
sequently, New York must have sign-
ed the original copy of the Declara-
tion before it had gone into the hands
of the engrosser. On what day the
work was done by the copyist is not
known. All that is certainly known
is that on the 2d of August Congress
had the document as engrossed. This
is the document in existence now in
Independence Hall. It is on parch-
ment, or something that he trade
calls parchment. On that day (Au-
gust 2) it was signed by all the mem-
bers present. The original Declara-
tion is lost, or rather was purposely
destroyed in Congress. All the sig-
natures were made anew. When the
business of signing was ended is not
known. One, Matthew Thornton, from
New Hampshire, signed it in Novem-
ber, when he became a member for
the first time; and Thomas McKean,
from Delaware, as he says himself,
did not sign until January, 1777. In-
deed, this signing was, in effect, what
at the present day would be called a
"test oath." The principles of many
of the new delegates coming into Con-
gress from the different States were
not known with certainty—some of
them might be Tories in disguise—
and thus each one was required on
first entering Congress to sign the
Declaration. In January, 1777, an
authentic copy, with the names of the
signers, was sent to each State for
signature—a fact which may have
put a stop to the business of signing.

It shows, however, the little impor-
tance that was attached to this cere-
mony, that Robert R. Livingston was
one of the committee of five that
reported the Declaration, and yet did
not sign it, unless his signature is
lost with the original document.

The truth is, the Declaration of In-
dependence was considered at that
time of much less importance than
now; nor did the signers dream of its
becoming a shrine almost of worship
at the present day.

YOUNG MEN.

The destiny of this world has been
largely determined by the energy and
resolution of young men. Alexander,
at thirty-three years of age, "wept for
want of more worlds to conquer."

Scipio Africanus had finished a "car-
reer of glory" before he was thirty-
one. Papius became an oracle of
Roman law at thirty-four. Charle-
magne had made himself master of
France and a part of Germany at
twenty-nine. Raphael was not thirty
when he began to be called "Divine."

Raphael, John Calviro, says Bancroft,
"secured an immortality of fame" be-
fore he was twenty-eight. Milton had
written his best miscellaneous poems
at twenty-six. Isaac Newton had
reached the pinnacle of his knowledge
and fame at thirty. Harvey discov-
ered the circulation of the blood be-
fore he was thirty-four. William Pitt,
the elder, waged war with Walpole at
thirty-seven. Napoleon achieved his
victories in Italy at twenty-eight, and
the imperial crown at thirty-five. By-
ron produced his most brilliant works
at thirty-four. Pollock, the author
of "The Course of Time," died at
twenty-eight. Mozart, the great Ger-
man musician, died at thirty-five. La-
fayette was but twenty-three at the
siege of Yorktown, and was comman-
der-in-chief of the French national
guards at thirty-two. Hamilton was
Secretary of the United States Treas-
ury at thirty-two. Sumnerfield was
only twenty-five at the period of his
greatest fame as a preacher.

Strawberry short cake is so called
because it is short of strawberries.

THE UNDULATORY THEORY OF LIGHT.

In the last of a series of lectures
just closed, by Professor Tyndall on
"Light and the Eye," he explained
why the undulatory theory had supplanted
the emission theory of light. The air,
which was the medium of conveying
sound, might, he said, be compared
with the luminiferous ether pervading
all space. The ether's movements
were undulatory, though the waves,
like those of water in the chaotic foam
of the Niagara Falls, might cross and
recross in every direction. Newton's
emission theory was first opposed by
the celebrated astronomer Huyghens,
and the no less famous mathematician
Euler, and no scientist of any repute
now upheld Newton's conception of
light as an infinite number of projec-
tiles impinging upon the eye. When
tested by the facts, that notion had
utterly broken down; whereas, not
one of the facts had been left unex-
plained by the undulatory theory. It
accounted for all the phenomena of
refraction; for all the phenomena of
polarization, single and double; for all
the phenomena of diffraction; for the
colors of thick plates and thin, as
well as for the colors of all natural
bodies. It accounted for all the phe-
nomena of polarization, for all those
chromatic splendors exhibited by
crystals in polarized light. Thou-
sands of isolated facts might be rang-
ed under each of these heads; the un-
dulatory theory accounted for them
all. It traced and illuminated paths
through what would be otherwise the
most hopeless jungle of phenomena
in which human thought could be en-
tangled.

This, said Professor Tyndall, was
why the foremost men of the age ac-
cepted the luminiferous ether, not as
a vague dream, but as a real entity—
a substance endowed with inertia,
and capable, in accordance with the
established laws of motion, of impart-
ing its thrill to other substances. It
was Dr. Thomas Young, his own pre-
decessor in the chair of Natural Phil-
osophy in the Royal Institution in
the first year of the present century,
who finally overthrew the emission
theory. Young never saw with his
eyes the waves of sound, but he had
the force of imagination to picture
them. And he rose from the investi-
gation of the unseen waves of air to
that of the unseen waves of ether, his
belief in the one being little, if at all,
inferior to his belief of the other.—Ex.

THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT OF THE
CONSTITUTION OF THE CONFEDER-
ATE STATES.—Almost any day one
may see in Union Square and among
the actors in the "Slave Market," or
in Wall street among the slave of
that mart, a small, elderly man who
carries, carefully wrapped and strap-
ped, a long tin case containing a
parchment which he will display on
the slightest provocation, accom-
panying its exhibition with a rambl-
ing account of its nature,
origin and exceeding great impor-
tance and value. He never offers it
for sale—in fact, he refuses to part
with it—and announces his intention
to present it on his death to some
historical society. He is a poor
man who ekes out his existence with
his pen. He will not part with the
parchment for money, but will dis-
play and discuss it over a glass of
wine or two hour after hour. On
such occasions he explains that the
document is the original Constitution
of the Confederate States, with the
signature of those delegates who
originally met at Milledgeville, Ga.,
for provisional organization. The
man was an aide-de-camp on the
staffs of Gens. Beauregard and Lee
while they commanded the Rebel
Army of Virginia.—N. Y. Tribune.

"Have you a card, sir?" asked the
door-keeper of the House. The man
looked a little surprised, and an-
swered, "Card? No, I don't carry a
pack." "Where are you from?" in-
quired the door-keeper. "Noth-
ing Carolina," was the reply. "What
do you do in North Carolina when
you go visiting? Don't you send in
a card to the man you want to see?"
The "tar-heel" laughed outright.
"Lor a massy!" he exclaimed.
"W'y, we ride up to a feller's fence
and holler to him to tie his dog, and
then 'light and go in."