

An uncompromising Democratic Journal. Published every Thursday morning. E. E. HILLIARD, Prop'r.

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Notice. BY VIRTUE of power in me vested by a decree of the Superior Court for Halifax county, I shall sell for cash in the town of Scotland Neck, on the 3rd day of September next, at 12 o'clock, one horse-power steam engine and fixtures used therewith, and one gin.

GENERAL DIRECTORY. Mayor—W. H. Shields.

CHURCHES: Baptist—J. D. Huffman, D. D., Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock.

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

Methodist—Rev. C. W. Byrd, Pastor. Services every first, second and third Sundays at 10 o'clock.

Episcopal—Rev. H. G. Hilton, Rector. Services every first, second and third Sundays at 10 o'clock.

Baptist—(colored.) George Norwood, Pastor. Services every second Sunday at 11 o'clock.

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

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

THE COMMONWEALTH.

GEO. M. CARR, Editor.

“THE LAND WE LOVE.”

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VOL. II. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1883. NO. 1.

From ‘Chamber’s Journal,’ CONSOLATION.

Through the village o’er the river, to the breezes gladness flinging. With the glory of their music, are the church bells sweetly ringing.

Only others, not the workers, hear the music of the strain; While we bless them, they must labor; theirs the labor; ours the gain.

Ye who live, who love, who labor, bearing, during all you can, So you may, by God’s good blessing, ease one suffering heart of man.

Help one brother to grow better; cause one sinful soul to see God’s great care and love and patience ever waiting ere we—

Love thou on in earnest working, and perchance thou yet mayest see That some hearts woe than thou hast solaced have been blessing God for thee.

A LEGEND OF LOVNEE’S LEAP.

In the days ‘Lang Syne’ when the Red Man hunted on our (2) mountains and fished in our (2) streams, dreaming neither of ‘posted’ lands, nor embargoes on Saturday shad catches; who no ‘election bosses,’ no civilization of any sort shaped their destinies contrary to their own rough hewing; the Choctaw was lord here now the steel of iron ‘flies’ fleet and far over the mountains.

Each year a grand trial of skill was made; warriors came from every nation to compete with this proud people, but never to win, and many paid hostages of youths and maidens. The conditions were, that three youths, the bravest, and three, maidens, the loveliest of their tribe, should be surrendered by the conquered to the victors.

The old chief, Lowneh, rested on the mountain-side with that complacency which tells of assured success. Near him stood his two sons, Katsieh and Elowweh, lads who yet were not deemed sufficiently skilled to join in the national games.

With a fury no one had yet seen, Lowneh sprang forward, crying: “And it is thou who hast brought defeat upon us!” He would have caught her, and in his wrath would have torn her, but the strong arm of Connaheet clasped her, and his feet foot bore her down to a strange, grave youth. He

appeared to regard the efforts of the contestants with a good-natured contempt. I admit that his patriotism should have compelled her to ignore one who ridiculed the prowess of her Country. Girls do not kindly regard such sneering strangers now. I know a girl who declared, during the last campaign, that no young man who voted against her father need ever call on her again.

A word passed between them, a look behind—the chieftain’s men were hard upon them. She altered her course. They turned to the brink of a mighty precipice. She stepped to the ground, wound her arms about his neck, and with a leap they were in the stream below.

“The Lover’s Leap” referred to is the one at Warm Springs Madison County. The arrival in the city yesterday morning of a young white girl, accompanied by a negro man who carried her bundles, put our people in mind of the Matthews Station case, reported in yesterday’s paper, and as soon as the girl was arrested and an investigation was held, it was found to be in truth a parallel case.

A wild yell rang through the forest, a cry which was never heard before, the signal of defeat. Connaheet stood alone, his arms folded on his breast, his lips parted in a smile for his glance rested on the lovely Aihnee. All saw this and a murmur ran through the assembly, for they guessed his thought. He heard the murmur, and as they had heard the murmur of his, so he now interpreted their unspoken dissent, and again to invite a combat, the victorious arm was raised. All was still a moment.

The following application for an appointment as Justice of the Peace, to fill a vacancy, Mr. S. VanAmringe, Clerk of the Superior Court, found on his table yesterday. We give it verbatim: WILMINGTON, N. C., August 18 83.

“I wish no lad, and but one maiden—she, only, who will offer herself,” he said. With timid step and downcast eye Aihnee came from her father’s tent, stood at Connaheet’s side and said: “I promised, father, he has won his wife.”

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reached the spot. Onward they sped, and onward ran the pursuers; but the light-footed Connaheet left them far behind, and his strong arm tightly held the precious burden.

“Over meadow, over mountain, Over river, hill and hollow,” he bore her. The foot and arm were weary, yet he slackened but a little. Slowly but inevitably the pursuers gained upon them. Aihnee knew every nook and bend among the mountains, and pointed to guide him.

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DR. CHARLES F. DEEMS. THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS—THE WORK OF A NORTH CAROLINIAN IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, August 18. The Church of the Strangers is located on Mercer street, between Seventh and Eighth. It is one block west of Broadway and not far from the New York hotel. The building is common and comely. It will seat about fifteen hundred persons.

The first thing he says on entering the pulpit is this: “The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.” Then there is a moment of silent prayer. Next a lesson is read from the Bible; then there is a hymn, then a recitation of the creed by the entire congregation and then a prayer.

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were \$11,011.90. Now, I am almost sorry that I have written about Dr. Deems for I know I have not said half enough, for my desire was to give the reader a rough sketch of a great and good man of whom his native State may well be proud. FLIP.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

We are too much inclined to treat the subject of educating the women of our country, in a light, thoughtless manner. This is one of the most important questions now before our people. Shall the young ladies grow up in ignorance, or shall they receive a liberal education? Why is it that the child of this country have to be taught to speak our own language correctly? It is for the want of the mother having a proper education and training. Educate the women and you educate the men. Educate them and there will be no use for grammar schools, for the child will naturally speak the language correctly.

A THOUSAND WIVES.

THE BAD BOY’S IDEAS REGARDING THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

“Sit down on the ice box,” said the boy to the grocery man. “What you need is rest. You are overworked. Your alleged brain is equal to witted lettuce, and it can devise means and ways to hide rotten peaches under good ones, so as to sell them to blind orphans, but when it comes to grasping great questions your small brain cannot comprehend them. Your brain may go on its knees to a great question, and I can grasp it, but I cannot surmount it and grasp it. That’s where you are deformed. Now it is different with me. I can raise brain to sell to you grocery man. Listen. This Solomon is credited with being the wisest man, and yet history says he had a thousand wives. Just think of it. You have got one wife and pa has got one, and all the neighbors have one, if they have had any kind of luck. Does not one wife make you pay attention? Wouldn’t two wives break you up? Wouldn’t three cause you to see stars? How would ten strike you? Why, man alive, you don’t grasp the magnitude of the statement that Solomon had a thousand wives. A thousand wives standing side by side, would reach about four blocks. Marching by fours it would take them twenty minutes to pass a given point. The largest summer resort hotel only holds about five hundred people, so Sol. would have had to hire two hotels if he took his wives out for a day in the country. If you would stop and think once in a while you would know more!”

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Advertising Rates: 1 inch 1 week, \$1.00. 1 inch 1 month, \$2.50.

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bill to stand it. Ma wears five-dollar silk stockings, and pa kicks awfully when the bill comes in. Imagine Solomon putting up for a few thousand and pair of silk stockings. I am glad you will sit down and reason with me in a rational way about some of these Bible stories that take my breath away. The minister stands me off when I try to talk with him about such things, and tells me to study the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the deacons tell me to go and soak my head. There is darn little encouragement for a boy to try and figure out things. How would you like to have a thousand red-headed wives come into the store this minute and tell you they wanted you to send carriages around to the house at 3 o’clock, so they could go for a drive? Or how would you like to have a hired girl come rushing in and tell you to send up six hundred doctors, because six hundred of your wives had been taken with cholera morbus? Or—

“O, don’t mention it,” said the grocery man with a shudder. “I wouldn’t take Solomon’s place and be the natural protector of a thousand wives if anybody would give me the earth. Think of getting up in a cold winter morning and building a thousand fires! I think of two thousand pair of hands in a fellow’s hair! Boy you have shown me that Solomon needed a guardian over him. He didn’t have sense!” “Yes,” said the boy; “and think of two thousand feet, each one as cold as a brick of chocolate ice-cream. A man would want a back as big as the fence to a fair ground. But I don’t want to harrow up your feelings. I must go and put some arnica on pa. He has got home, and says he has been to a summer resort on a vacation, and he is all covered with blotches. He says it is mosquito bites, but ma thinks he has been shot full of birdshot by some watermelon farmer. Ma hasn’t got any sympathy for pa because he didn’t take her along!”—Milwaukee Sun.

GENERAL NEWS.

Wilmington Star:—The following revivals are reported in Raleigh Recorder: Liberty Church Davidson county, 14 baptisms; Gum Spring, Anson, 12 baptisms; Hamck Spring, 9 baptisms; Rock Spring, 32 professions; Corinth, 30 professions; Hopkin’s Chapel 18 professions; Swift Creek, 25 additions; Salem, Pasquotank, 14 additions; Pantner Creek, 6 professions; Merry Oaks, Chatham, 13 professions; Mt. Vernon, 5 professions, Moore’s school house, 18 professions; Hopkin’s Chapel, 15 baptisms, Lower Creek, Caldwell, 14 for baptism; Olive Branch, 11 professions; Trading Ford, 9 additions.

Charlotte Journal-Observer: Benjamin Hahn, a young jeweler who will be remembered by our citizens as a former workman in Butler’s jewelry store, but who left here last winter to open business for himself in Laurinburg, died in a wagon while being conveyed from the woods, where he was found yesterday morning, to his home in the town. Young Hahn had been drinking hard, we learn, and had strayed to the woods where he was seized with fits. Being missed from the place, a party of friends set out to search for him and found him lying in the woods in a dying condition. A wagon being procured, he was placed therein, but died before he reached the town. Hahn was about 26 years old. He was a German and a splendid workman.

Anson Times: A little four year old son of Mr. J. A. Burns, near Cedar Hill had his right arm crushed badly in the cogs of a corn sheller last Saturday evening. The bones of his arm will be saved. It is supposed he fell against the cogs while running. The first bale of new cotton was brought here on Tuesday last by Mr. Thomas Ratcliff from Morven Township, and was sold to Messrs Leak & Wyatt for 9.12 cents. It weighed 440 and was classed as middling. The first bale last year was brought in on the 23rd of August. A Wisconsin man was killed by a cyclone because he wouldn’t go down in the cellar, but insisted on staying above ground to enjoy seeing his neighbor’s new barn blown to finders. Two or three weeks’ vacation spent at a farm house is a great thing for an overworked business man. It is so reconicible to his life in the city.