

THE COMMONWEALTH.

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It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use

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THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

Richmond now has a free house to house system of mail delivery. You mail your letters from your home, purchase stamps at home, and have all your mail brought to your front door. This is progress for this most enterprising and progressive Southern city.

Ben Tillman, the "pitchfork Senator" from South Carolina, may be rough, angular and all that, but he can deal some withering cuts in repartee. He may not lay claim to much polish but he has an originality all his own, and he uses it frequently with telling effect.

Trucking and berry interests in Eastern Carolina have been very satisfactory this season. A small farmer near Aurora is said to have made \$1,500 already on his truck farm. The truckers of this region are hampered by heavy freight rates. The competition in shipping is not sufficiently sharp. We need more competition—stronger competition at some points—and when we get it truckers will make more money and make a greater success of their business.

Perils at sea are much more trying than even the most horrible details can impress upon us. The case of the Aden off the island of Socotra near the eastern coast of Africa June 9th, is a remarkable one. For seventeen days those of the passengers and crew who were not washed overboard, waited and almost fasted the while in the cabin below before any assistance came. They were compelled to deal out their scanty rations carefully, and thought perhaps every day would be the last. Finally deliverance came through the Indian government steamer Mayo.

A certain district of Florida was swept by a destructive tornado last September, and the sad news has gone out recently that the inhabitants of that district are greatly suffering. They have been compelled to ask for outside aid.

North Carolina has been signally blessed all through her history. We do not remember ever to have heard of any region of the State asking for help from any cause, except that memorable meeting at Halifax a few years ago which wished the Governor to call a special session of Legislature to issue bonds for the county's relief. We never have felt proud of that proceeding. Wonder who in the county does now?

The news has gone out through the press of the State that the commissioners of Chatham have refused to grant liquor license to any one in the county. We have not seen any statement as to their authority for it. The average board of county commissioners is mighty shaky on the liquor question; so much so that only one or two such boards in the State have made any effort to test the matter as to whether or not they are compelled to grant licenses to all who apply with proper recommendation. But the action of the Chatham county board opens this question: If the commissioners of Chatham county may refuse to grant liquor license, why may not the commissioners in all the other counties of the State do likewise?

Charles Dickens, in his "American Notes," says some very pointed things about the spitting habit of Americans as he saw it when he visited this country. One is reminded of his strictures on the habit by the discussion in some of the papers about the laws enacted against it. In Philadelphia there is a prohibition against spitting on pavements, in street cars and public buildings. It is taking shape in Asheville, too, we believe.

Well, it seems to some like an infringement on personal privilege to say where a man shall or shall not spit; but there is room for some improvement. Men spit too much any way. If a man sees a woman constantly spitting he becomes disgusted. How about it when the woman sees a man doing the same thing constantly?

SPECKED APPLES.

SUCH ARE ALL LOAFERS.

POOR BEGGARS AND RICH IDLERS THE SAME.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

(Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.)
Like a specked apple in a barrel of good ones, is an idler in a community of workers;—powerful to produce a similar condition in others and that only. Loafers are enemies to society, for they do not suffer the loss of moral back-bone alone, but they flash the discovery before their fellows that it is possible to scramble through the world without much effort. As Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell says: "The world is divided into two great classes, not the rich and the poor, but the workers and the idlers." The frowsy beggar of sturdy frame whining at your door, and the child of the wealthy, killing time in every conceivable fashion, belong in the same class. Dirt and daintiness, rags and respectability blend in one common downfall of all that is best in human nature. The race has hitherto gained solely by the sweat of the brow in some form or another, and we who toil see no other way to assure further progress. But these easy-goers tell us, in effect, that we are fools; and they are always gaining fresh listeners. You who are halting between two opinions, strong in capacity but weak in will, undetermined whether to expend the minimum of effort in the world, or whether to give of your capacity in full measure, be the gain yours or not,—let a toiler speak to you out of a full heart.

May he be confounded who would persuade us away from work. It always has been a blessing in disguise, or, as Whittier says:
"The curse of earth's morning
Is the blessing of its noon."
To work is to discover the happy, the healthful, the hopeful way through life; for definite labor puts the nerves at rest and quiets the feverish heart. If bowed down with sorrow, stricken because a beloved voice in silence forevermore; Go, Work! and the motions of daily duty will solace your spirit. If bewildered at the apparent confusion in the world, misery where there should be joy, crops of disappointment from a generous seeding of hope; Go, Work! and the concentration of purpose needed by your duty will relieve your overstrained brain, and a clearer understanding of the laws of life will be yours. The balance of the wide world's brain is kept by toil. With nothing to do and boundless time for thinking and puzzling over the mysteries of our ending, we should become a universe of melancholic fatalists. But the rhythm of work constantly recurring keeps us wholesome-minded, just as the ebb and flow of the ocean purifies the world. Work is the antidote for suffering. It is the great sanity—idleness, the insanity—life.

How much we loved the wondrous wand
In childhood's story told,
Which, waved by the magician's hand
Turned everything to gold!
And changed the cottage mean and low
Into a palace great,
And made grimed Cinderella glow
In robes of royal state.

Yet we too have a magic wand,
Which stranger changes show,
And makes the dreary desert sand
To blossom like a rose.

So let us lift our power on high—
We may not, dare not shirk—
And move the very earth and sky,
By simple, honest work.

Let it not be supposed that riches bring happiness. The owners are only happy if they have some definite duty in life. Many of the wealthy toil away under responsibilities that would crush the inexperienced. But the indolent among them are most miserable: the men out-of-sorts with themselves and their comrades, following evil to drown reflection and being of such little importance to the world when they pass away—that they become nothing more than worthless names to occupy valuable space on a head-stone; the women, wrapped up in soul-shrinking ambitions and devoured by petty jealousies unworthy of humanity. They dress for dress' sake, having more worth without than there is within, and strut their little day like puppets on parade. No soul gets satisfaction from that sort of life, any more than the prodigal too, we believe.

With the blood full of humors, the heated term is all the more oppressive. Give the system a thorough cleansing with Ayer's Sarsaparilla and a dose or two of Ayer's Pills, and you will enjoy Summer as never before in your life. Just try this for once and you'll never repeat it. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

BROAD ASSERTIONS.

EXAGGERATED WORDS AND PHRASES.

All Too Meaningless.

The following clipped from the Biblical Recorder credited to Christian Neighbor, is a pretty true picture of many boys and girls as well as young men and young women:
"I'm almost dead! It is as hot as fire; I've been more than a dozen miles after that colt."
Andrew threw himself at full length on the lounge and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.
"Where did you go?" asked his father.
"I went over to Brigg's corner and back by the bridge."
"That is less than a mile and a half. Is it so very warm, Andy? It seems quite cool here."
"No, not so dreadful, I don't suppose if I'd take it moderate, but I ran like lightning and got heated up."
"You started about five o'clock, my son and now it lacks a quarter of six," said his father, consulting his watch.
"Yes, sir, just three-quarters of an hour," answered Andrew, innocently.
"Does it take lightning forty-five minutes to go a mile and a half?"
"I didn't exactly mean that, father, but I ran all the way because I expected the whole town would be here tonight to see my new velocipede," explained Andrew, reluctantly.
"Whom did you expect, Andy? What will you do with them all?"
"Jim, Eddy and Tom told me that they'd be around after school, and I wouldn't wonder if Ike came too; that's all."
"The population of the town is five thousand, and you expect three of them; well, as you are very sick, I am glad no more are coming. You could not play with them all."
"Sick!" cried Andrew, springing to his feet, "who says I am sick?"
"Why, Andrew, you said you were almost dead; doesn't that mean very sick?"
"You're so particular, father about my talking. I don't mean exactly what I say, of course. I wasn't nearly dead, to be sure, but I did some tall running you bet. There was more than fifty dogs after me, and I don't go much on dogs."
"Quite a band of them. Where did they all come from?"
"There was Mr. Wheeler's sheep dog, and Rush's store dog, and two or three more, and they all made for me, and so I ran as fast as I could."
"Five at the most are not fifty, Andy."
"There looked to be fifty, anyway," replied Andy, somewhat impatiently.
"Carter's ten acre lot was full of dogs making for me, and I guess you'd have thought there were fifty if it had been you."
"Ten acres of dogs would be a great many thousands; have you an idea how many?"
Andrew did not like to calculate, for it occurred to him what a small space ten or fifteen thousand sheep would occupy when camping, and ten acres of dogs would be past calculation.
"But," his father continued, "I know of no better way to break you of the foolish habit of exaggeration than to tell the children the trouble you had in going after the colt. You ran like lightning, encountered ten acres of dogs which would be hundreds of thousands, traveled more than a dozen miles to get one and a half miles in a straight line, and expected to find five thousand people here to examine your new velocipede and when you reached home was nearly dead."
"Please, don't, father; the boys and girls will all laugh themselves to death and I won't exaggerate again if I live to be as old as Methuselah."
"Laugh themselves to death at a simple story like this! I hope not. But it will rather set them to watching their own manner of telling stories, so as to be sure they do not greatly overstate things. Habit, my son, grows with years, and becomes, in time, so deeply rooted that it will be impossible for you, when you become a man, to relate plain, unvarnished facts, unless you check the foolish habit you indulge in every day of stretching simple incidents into the most marvelous tales."

Self Distrust and Failure.

Spectator.
Probably self-distrust is one of the readiest causes of failure. A man who however much he conceals the fact from observation, feels in his heart of hearts that he is not capable of doing the work that he has undertaken, is almost sure to fail. Ordinary diffidence as to one's powers is quite another matter, and by no means a necessary impediment to success. Such nervousness is often purely superficial, and merely means that the anxiety to succeed is so great that it causes a reaction. The dangerous self-distrust to which we are alluding is a much more negative quality, and generally has joined to it a strong strain of indifference. But when a man does not think he will succeed, and also is doubtful whether it is worth while to succeed, or rather whether it is not a matter of indifference whether he wins or loses, failure is almost certain.

This stultifying indifference to failure is much more widely spread than people generally imagine. Because failure seems to the average man so horrible, producing as it must, humiliations and miseries, remorseful feelings and regrets of every kind, the average man can not imagine any human being indifferent to it. Yet, as a matter of fact, there are men whose hearts become so indurated that they do not mind either failure or its consequences. They would endure anything rather than rouse themselves to the painful effort of resisting the march of what they call fate. They will float with the stream or tide, but, come what may, they will not row a stroke against either.

Burns.

Nothing is better for burns than the white of an egg. It excludes all air, thus easing the pain, and prevents inflammation. Several years since one of our children fell on his forehead against a very hot stove. The skin stuck to the stove, leaving a large, raw place, disfiguring him for life, as we supposed. We quickly broke an egg and applied the white of it several times to the burn, and soon he was playing as if nothing had happened. We used the egg occasionally for several days. The burn soon healed, leaving not the least sign of a scar. This has been used by us ever since, and we never tire of recommending it to others. Lined oil is the next best remedy that we know of, and one should never be without a bottle of it in the house, especially where there are children.

Something to Depend On.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Camden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at E. T. Whitehead & Co's. Drug Store.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alternative, and adds strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle at E. T. Whitehead & Co's. Drug Store.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand;
Two tender feet upon the untried borders
Of life's mysterious land.
Dimpled and soft and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?
These white, rose feet, along the doubtful future,
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road.
Love for a time will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth, and fair;
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.
But when a mother's watchful eye is shrouded
A way from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who will direct them then?
How will they be betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet?
Into what dreary mazes will they wander,
What dangers will they meet?
Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's fearful shade,
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
Whose sunlights never fade?
Will they go climbing up ambition's summit,
The common world above;
Or, in some nameless vale securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with love?
Some feet there are who walk this world untaught,
And find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there are to which this world is only
A round of happy days
But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without hope or friend,
Who find their pathway filled with pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.
How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose untaught feet the world's rude highway
Stretches far and wide?
But who may read the future for our darling?
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying raven
Will guide the baby's feet.
—J. M. S. in Richmond Dispatch.

Singular Railway Incident.

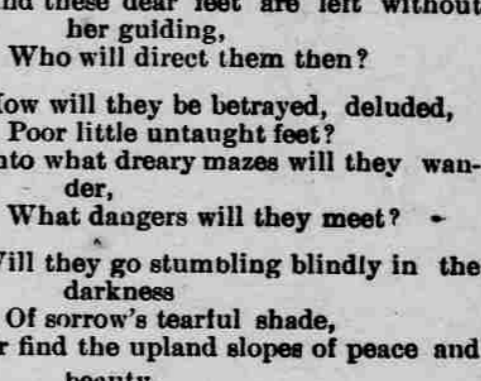
A singular incident that took place on the Central Vermont Railroad some time ago, says the New York Evening Post, shows how many conditions require to be observed in determining the existence of a very simple fact with scientific accuracy. One of the division superintendents of that road received repeated complaints that at a certain crossing the prescribed signals from the locomotive were omitted. The engineers were reproved and warned, although they all protested that they had never neglected their duty. Finally, since, of course, the matter might prove a serious one at any time for the railroad, the superintendent determined to get his own evidence, and, privily stationing himself in a suitable position, he saw a locomotive approach and pass without whistling or ringing the bell. On that locomotive, however, there happened to be one of the railroad detectives, who had made up his mind to look into the matter for himself, and who actually blew the whistle and rang the bell with his own hands. When the superintendent returned to write the discharge of the guilty engineer, he was confronted with the evidence of the detective. To end the matter, they both went to the spot and found that from a certain point they could see the puff of steam at the whistle and the bell in motion, but heard no sound from either. An expert was called in, who recommended the removal of a piece of forest, which, being done, the signals became audible at the crossing. Professor Henry long ago showed that sounds may be heard by a person at a distance when they are inaudible to one nearer, and it is evidently necessary for railroad officers to ascertain not only that signals are properly given, but that they are actually audible where they should be.

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When the World Will Be Full.

Selected.
When will the earth have all the people upon it that it can accommodate? Well, according to Mr. Ravenstein, a well-known statistician, who has estimated the matter, whereas the total population of the earth is now a little less than one billion five hundred millions, there is room on the earth for nearly six billion of inhabitants. That is to say when the space on the earth available for the support of human beings is fully occupied it will be found capable of maintaining four and a half billions more of people than it now contains, or four times as many people as there are now in the world. This seems at first glance to be very encouraging. But Mr. Ravenstein says it is not, because the human race is increasing in these days of civilization, peace and security, so much faster than it ever increased before, that the world will be full in a little over 180 years.



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