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| TEE EDITOB'S LEISURE Houks. | Points and Paragraphs of Things} Present, Past and Future.

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# The Commonwealth 

NO. 35

| LADS IN LOVE. <br> NBMO'S SECOND LETIVGR. <br> STEP CAUTIOUSLY, LADS. <br> Some Rambling Thoughts. <br> BY "NEMO." <br> (Copyrighted by Dawe \& Tabor.) <br> To young men ix love-Admitting the truth of all I said to you last week about the compelling force of love and its moulding influence, so strange that punfied thought has forced out grossness, so transforming that music is in your soul and poetry on your tongue, so volcanis that the crust of selfishness thick over your heart is rent asunder and a stream of thoughtfulness for another gushes forth-admitting this, I say, you must concede another fact that exists in every Christian civilization. Every young fellow, no matter how lowly or lofty, no matter how uneducated or learned, no matter how badly or well brought up, gains from his feeling of devotion to one dear woman-choice of his heart-a glimpse at least of the real grandeur of living and a ray at least of the sunshine of life possible to all of us forever and ever through woman, the weak-strong complement ot man. This gift of better understanding of the responsibility of existence comes to all who truly love; with some it lingers for aye, with others it vanishes like the dew on a summer morning. But to all it comes, whether treasured or disregarded. <br> Please now-for here my heartfelt appeal to you whose steps are springy with hope must begin-look around you. Look well at many of those who having loved each other and truly, years ago passed into marriage, a state which in your present feeling seems the one thing above all others to be desired. Study them closely, for mayhap you are looking in a prophetic mirror! The youth of ten summers ago goes to his daily duties now like a machine, and like a mere machina he turns homeward at night. Buoyancy has disappeared. He plods much like a horse plods, with no motion taken unless forced to it by external necess1ty. Where he once obeyed a gentle volce with alacrity, glorying in sacrifice, leaping to her tasks, (he was just as sincere as you are) he is apt now to grumble at even the harnessing of the horse for her to drive. He approaches | have become for awhile more real touches of Divine wisdom than you think you ever heard betore. Of course she is not the wisest mortal, but the effect on you is just as good as it she were; for it draws you to her side and you both rejoice in being together. If this feeling can be made to last, your future will be one of beautiful growth in wisdom and happiness. <br> To avord the misery I depict, bear in mind that fire is a good seryant but a frightful master; that the added freedom of marrlage will have a tendency to confnge your thought so that the minor function-a function whose gratification has not hitherto been essential to your happy communion with her-is in danger of becoming the major feature of the united life. Instead of being a subordinate enjoyment, merely added that the mental and spiritual attachment may be more firmly welded, it will, like a cuckoo in the home nest, grow and fight for the mastery of all and will succeed unless you watch. The dividing line between love and lust is easily crossed, and then, like a paraiysed king in the lower floor ot his three-storied palace, it will be hard to reach the higher stories of her mind and spirit, in whose beauties you once gloried. Where there is a complete surrender of the best of each to each, there will neyer be contentment with grossness ; the completion of love will remain lotty and sanctified. But where the act degenerates into lust, it becomes as unlovely as the satisfied grunting of breeding swine. Then our little Eden will become closed to us by the flaming sword of the outraged higher qualities. <br> When cultured Athens, art's historic flower, <br> Too softly nurtured to retain her power, Yielded her treasurers to barbaric <br> Like $\begin{aligned} & \text { war ; } \\ & \text { gilded } \\ & \text { galleon reft on rocky }\end{aligned}$ <br> shore ;- <br> Rude Roman soldiers spoiled her sacred shrines <br> And drained from priceless cups their common wines. <br> Over her cholcest gems quarrelled and <br> fought, <br> And found in purest art but sensual <br> thought. <br> Thus ever will the coarse, untutored mind <br> Degrade God's saintliest gitts, to beauty blind, <br> Drag from their holy haunts things pure and chaste, <br> And all the wealth of garnered wisdom waste, <br> And even stain where high it shines above <br> The lofty lustre of ennobling love. | THE RED MEN. <br> INDIANS AT SOEOOL. <br> They Are Natural Musicians, Fond of Buglish Names and Good Clothes. <br> St. Louis Globe-Democrat. <br> A recent visit to the Phoenix Indian school, California, was a revelation in some respects. The writer has known the Pima Indians on their reservation as a fierce, sullen, obstinate and cruel lot of savages, with a record second to not even the Apaches for horrible butcheries of white settlers, and unspeakable barbarities upon their enemies in warfare. It was, therefore, a surprise to see over 150 of the boys and girls of these desert sayages come marching into the chapel with military precision, dressed in handsome, neat-fitting garments, wearing linen shirts, and with their hair brushed with as much nicety as that of a city dude. <br> But the surprise did not end there. When the opening hymn was announced, one of the Apache Indian girls that ten months before was running wild on the desert south of the Gila, readily turned to the number, and, handing the writer the book, asked in good English if he would not take part with them. Some of them sing splendidly, and Professor Hall, the superintendent of the school, says they are natural musicians. Several of the younger ones have learned to play the organ, and with the French harp they will make an average city gamin ashamed of himself. Hugh Patton, one of the monitors, plays the piano very well, having picked the accomplishment up without any instruction. This Indian is a peculiarity in Indian life. Some years ago he had learned the English language and acted as an interpreter from that time till the opening of the school, which he entered, where he has since remained. He discarded his Indian name and assumed an English one, and in the three years has acquired a good English education. He is of medium size, rather dark, but with the appearance of a student. He has done much to induce his people to adopt civilization, and is, of course, a warm triend of the school. <br> An advantage here is that the boys and girls are in close proximity to their relatives and friends, and are allowed to visit back and forth, which could not be the case in a foreign school. This is of double advantage, for the | A Morohead Adventure. <br> N. Y. Dispatch. <br> Fishermen from the shore in the vicinity of Morehead city,.N. C., tell of a thrilling adventure of one of their comrades, W. L. Kennedy, who was towed in his little boat for miles at sea by a mammoth shark or some other great fish. <br> Kennedy was fishing in the sound for drum with hook and line, and had been out in his boat all the morning. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon he drew in his line and moved on up the sound for a few hundred yards to a little inlet where he hoped to find better luck. Arriving at the inlet Kennedy threw his line, a very large, strong cord, overboard, and made the end fast to the painter on the boat. <br> In a few moments the boat gave a sudden lurch and immediately shot forward for the open sea as though propelled by steam. The seas were rolling high, Kennedy says, and he expected every minute to be his last. Kennedy soon realized that he was being towed by some big fish, and, despite his tireless efforts to keep the boat straight and pull against bis rushing tug, the chopping seas soon swamped his little craft. <br> For more than three hours Kennedy and his waterlogged boat were towed to sea, and would have been lost had not the line chafed and parted near the fish's mouth. The boat's painter was a fith staples under the chain tastened with staples under the cap of the boat, and the ffishing line was made fast to the end of the chain, so that Kennedy was prevented from using his knife to sever the twine. <br> Clipping <br> Washing. $\qquad$ <br> We are prepared to clip your horse or wash your buggy at the following prices: <br> Clipping Horse entire,............ $\$ 2.50$ <br> Clipping Mane and Legs, <br> Washing Horse entire,.............. . 50 <br> Washing Buggy,.................. ${ }_{25}^{25}$ <br> Washing and Oiling Harness,.... 25 <br> Good work guaranteed. <br> 715 tf . <br> PITTMAN \& GRAY, Liverymen, <br> Scotland Neck, N. C. |
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