

THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

The Salisbury World says that Senator Ransom will doubtless be in the next campaign. Mr. Ransom went up to Blowing Rock a few days ago and the World reviewed him, and was impressed to say that he will go into the campaign, and adds that those who know him predict that it will be the greatest campaign of his life.

That was a most generous act of Mr. Dennis Simmons of Williamston in purchasing clothes and shoes for all the inmates of the Nursery at the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville. When people do wicked deeds much is written and said about it, and we ought to be as free in commending good deeds, especially when done for the poor and needy.

Mr. Simmons' example in helping take care of these unfortunate children might well be followed by other men of means in the land.

"Booms" in business seldom ever result as they promise. What is known as a "boom town" soon becomes to be practically no town at all. A mushroom growth in any thing is not permanent. One sudden bound in the life of a man who has no well-wrought foundation on which to stand, seldom is maintained to the end. One sudden bound to fortune by one who has not had experience and toll and responsibility, seldom lasts the man through his life time.

So with business--so with anything. It seems to be a law with the Great Builder that what is to be enduring must attain unto greatness, if ever it is reached, through gradations of development.

Mr. Thomas A. Jackson, a cotton farmer near Atlanta, has a stock of cotton that promises to revolutionize cotton farming in this country.

According to the Atlanta Constitution the cotton is limbless, having no branches at all, the bolls growing on short stems from the stalk. Instead of making a bale to the acre, as the best cotton makes here, it will easily make four. Having no limbs, the stalks can be grown very close together; and as it grows very high every stalk will produce four times as much as the ordinary cotton. Those who have counted the bolls on a number of stalks say that the average is over 50 bolls to the stalk.

Mr. Jackson had only a few stalks in 1895, last year half an acre, and this year 6 acres. The cotton brought 15 cents a pound last year.

While the great rush to the schools and colleges is a hopeful sign for the future good of the State, there is danger of young men and young women making a mistake in the ends sought through an education.

To be sure, the educated man has greatly the advantage over the uneducated man in matters of business, money-making, and position in the world; but this is the lowest estimate that can be put upon education. The chief end in education is the uplift which it gives to our lives in making us better and broader in our sympathies. Its design of God is to make us more like himself and the better prepare us for the great out-stretching future of immortality for which this life, with its varied experiences, is only a preparatory school. Let the young men of the land, as they seek to develop their minds, seek also to broaden their sympathies; and thus every truth which they grasp will not only make greater possibilities for them, but will give them a greater moral leverage with which to help lift others upon a higher plane of life.

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UNFEATHERED OSTRICHES.

DENIALS NOT ALWAYS FACT.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

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TO ALL ABOUT OSTRICHES.—We can not know what this gawky bird, with its hap-hazard feathers, actually has in its mind unless we be ostriches ourselves; but we may attempt to think its thoughts by reason of watching its actions, and actions speak louder than words; which is desperately true of other two-legged creatures besides ostriches. Now, according to the accounts of travelers, this bird when alarmed has a way of hiding its head; the idea seeming to be that if it cannot see the pursuer, the pursuer cannot see it. If closing the eyes really stopped pursuit, what a pleasantly easy time this sufferer from woman's whims would have. But troubles do not vanish thus easily, and we laugh at the poor dunce of a bird, who dreams that he has blotted out the world and its miseries just by refusing to see them; yet, there are other dunces with the same number of feet, and they do not all wear feathers.

Once upon a time, as the fairy tales express it, some hunted ostriches put their heads together—they would better have been scurrying over the sands—and when they were huddled like boys in a foot-ball scrimmage, one of them suddenly exclaimed "I cannot see any hunter; there is none," and so said they all; but they lost their feathers just the same.

On another occasion an ostrich thrust his head into a narrow hole. He had a moment before been in the full glare of the sun, but in the darkness he saw nothing, so he commended with himself, "I see no sun, I see nothing; therefore, there is no sun, no nothing. Up to this time I have been dreaming." But the herbage kept on growing, and the ardent sun looked after the neglected eggs and gave the final warming influence to hatch out another generation of dunces.

There are people in the world who profess to be good, they bend the knee in the sanctuary, they give freely of their money, they shout loud "Amen's"; until some fateful day they come tumbling down in local esteem; for that Sunday-school superintendent or that deacon has robbed a bank or wronged a woman or any one of a long list of things that ruin life and bring disgrace on fair careers. Then is the favorable time for the humbug ostrich to come along in the form of a young man, full of questionings in his mind, and full of conceit when his mind, on little evidence or much, is once made up. He argues thus to himself: "What did he do? So profess? Christliness. What did he do? Stole even a poor widow's mite. On what did he base his religion? The Bible. Who is supposed to give authority to the Bible? God. Therefore, I will not believe in God nor the Bible nor religion."

I am not intending to argue here what things are true and what are untrue, but I want you to see the charming duncery of your logic. Let me show you your own ostrich way, as in a mirror. All the ancients were prepared to swear that the earth was flat and the sun its attendant satellite. They were even prepared to kill those who would testify differently. But while they were professing to run the universe to suit their narrow minds, what was the truth? The earth was globular, and its orbit around the sun had been practically unchanged for ages. Now it is evident that all these millions, ignorant of the truth, believed in untruth, and yet all their myriad minds did neither affect nor hinder the planets in their appointed journeys.

Again, suppose we all with one accord should deny the existence of the sun, we should merely proclaim our own blindness and the sun would not be affected a particle. It would be still there, hanging hotly above us, our denials of its existence would be indescribable nothings.

Now, supposing God to exist; the Sacred Books of any number of different religions with any number of different inaccuracies lived forth by any number of frightful frauds—lakers of Hindustan or evil men and thieves in Christian churches—do not affect His

Some days nothing "will come out right," from the time you rise until you retire. Ten to one, the trouble is in yourself. Your blood is in bad condition, and every organ suffers in consequence. What you need is the cleansing, invigorating influence of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

existence or put Him aside. If He exist, a million denials of His existence amount to nothing more than did ages of ignorance in relation to the power that kept our globe circling.

If a basic fact of the universe be true, it has been true always and always will be true, even if never discovered. Think of the modern chaining of electricity and you will see what I mean. The wondrous power we now control to pull our trains, light our rooms, cook our meals, has been here as long as the world has existed. It is a truth of nature and still would be, even though we never had wrenched its secret forward into light.

Ever the sun shines. Though the night brings darkness, yet, not vanished quite,

Our faith is helped, by mirrors dim—The misty stars, the moon's cold rim—Or, when the cloudy veil hangs low, Some shrouding fleece with gold will glow, And bid us hope. E'en the sad soul Who dwells where months of darkness roll May find his infidelity Rebuked by some pale star's firm eye. And still, through questionings and doubts, And ridicule and mocking shouts, Though all men say no sun exists And each one argues as he lists; And, though the planets all combine To hide his face, still doth he shine!

Some day no cloud shall cloak the hill, No mist the gloomy valley fill; But every shadow flies away Out driven by the perfect day.

My brother ostrich, let us think further one step of the one whose failures have made you hide your head. I reckon you would regard him as inexpressibly stupid who tried to picture to himself the Grant or Washington monument, with nothing before him but a sharp edged chip. Its rough appearance, its dangerous points, its unfinished and unpolished sides are not the right things by which to estimate the original of which it is a memento. Think now if you please of those wretched failures among men and women of good profession, and learn what I would argue concerning them. Mere fragments are they, and bear no resemblance to the grand block of which they were once a part. They have caused you heretofore to bury your head from the sunlight of day. Open your eyes now and a wholesome world growing more and more full of great things, learned to be true, is yours to look upon and disport yourself in for your little day.

Birds Which Build Houses.

N. Y. Journal.

There has just been discovered by a Government ornithologist a tribe of birds in the Island of New Guinea which show themselves excellent architects by building each for himself a little house on the ground.

Of course, the house that the bird builds is not an elaborate pile of brown-stone or even bricks. It is made merely of twigs and pebbles, kept together by the interweaving of the tall dried grass peculiar to the wild fields of New Guinea. But it answers its purpose just as well in keeping off the rain and sun, and no wind can knock down the house, owing to the ingenious manner in which the bird selects a site.

The birds have received the temporary name of garden birds, owing to the fact that they fence in a little plot around their houses, for no other apparent reason than to let other birds know that the enclosed plot is private property.

When the male garden bird takes a mate he selects some level spot in the fields where he finds a tree not more than two inches in thickness at the base. With this tree as a centre pole the bird builds his house of twigs, leaves, pebbles and grass and when finished it is a cunningly wrought mansion, shaped like a bell, and with two stories. In the upper story several small openings are left to act as windows, and the ground floor has one large opening which serves for entrance as well as to let in the light.

When the house is finished the bird erects a circular fence, two inches in height, around his house, and thus encloses a plot three feet distant from it at every point.

The interior of each house is decorated with fresh leaves, the wings of beautiful insects, pretty feathers which other birds may have shed, gayly-colored berries, and even the bleached skulls of birds that have died in the fields long before.

The gardens of the birds are strewn with wild blossoms, and when these wither they are carefully replaced.

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STILL A REBEL.

KNITS UNDER A REBEL FLAG.

A Southern Woman who Has Not been Down Town Since the war.

Charleston (S. C.) Post.

There is an old woman in Charleston who has not been on the Battery since the war and has not been on King street in three years. This may seem like a fairy tale to many, but it is a true statement. She is not a cripple, either, but is as well and strong as a woman could expect to be who had reached the age of 74 years. She lives in the western part of the city within a few squares of King street and near the Rutledge-avenue street-car line.

Another remarkable thing about this old lady is that she has never seen the electric-cars and has no desire to see them, so she says. She was asked the other day by a friend of hers to join her in a trolley-ride, but she declined with thanks saying she did not care to ride on anything that was propelled by unsexen power. "Law me," said she, when asked to take a trolley-ride, "do you think I'd get on one of those cars that are run by electricity? I could not be induced to take one of those electric rides. You are fooling with something you can't see."

As before stated, the old lady has not been on the Battery since the war. Notwithstanding repeated efforts have been made by friends and relatives to get her to visit this beautiful place, all appeals fell on deaf ears. She would reply when asked: "Thank you, I do not care to go."

Other than this no excuse was ever offered. Oftentimes she has been asked by her friends why she did not care to go on the Battery, or why she had not been there since the war, but never a reason did she give. The old lady is a genuine rebel, and says she has never surrendered and never will. In her house is a large Confederate flag suspended from the wall in her room, and it is said she sits under it hours at a time and knits stockings.

Finances in the Home.

Dixie Farmer.

A lack of sound business understanding between husband and wife has been the ruin of more homes than poverty. When a man and woman enter into a marriage—that most important partnership in life—both members in the new firm should have a distinct appreciation of the financial situation, and, as the years pass, the firm's profits and losses should come within the equal knowledge of both.

So would be avoided much of the unhappiness that arises from the husband's thinking his wife extravagant, or the wife's thinking her husband stingy. Nothing is more discouraging to man than to see his hard earned money thrown recklessly away on luxuries he feels that only the families of richer men can afford, but often this expenditure is due not to the willfulness of the wife's part, but to simply not knowing how much her husband can afford to have her spend. He is often over indulgent. She tells him of two bonnets; one is five dollars more than the other, and she doesn't know whether she ought to get it—"but it is a dear of a bonnet," she adds, and he, too weakly loving, tells her "to buy it and look pretty," and then when the bill comes in, he broods over his expenses.

"At another time she asks for money to buy a certain piece of bric-a-brac, and meets with a refusal, and, at a loss to reconcile her husband's former generosity with the present denial, inwardly decides that he is "close."

Both of these misunderstandings are due to a want of mutual advice and confidence concerning the household treasury. The way to avoid the unhappiness that such misunderstandings invariably bring about, is for the wife to have an allowance for household expenses, knowing exactly what ratio this allowance bears to her husband's whole income. Whether the allowance be large or small will really matter very little in a home that is established on the above sound money basis.

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 alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding 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 fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle at E. T. Whitehead & Co's Drug Store.



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Notice.

Having qualified as administrator, cum testamento annexo, of the estate of the late Frances M. Mizell, I hereby notify all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me on or before September 8, 1898. This Sept. 1, 1897. F. M. MIBELL, Adm'r. C. T. A. By Claude Kitchin, Atty.

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