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THE COMMONWEALTH

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor. "EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO. VOL. XIV. New Series--Vol. 2. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1898. NO. 6

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

Great Britain seems to be in danger of getting into trouble over the proposition to lend China \$60,000,000 to pay off the last instalment of the Chinese indemnity to Japan. Let us hope, in the cause of humanity and in the interest of universal peace, that there will be no war in the East.

The President and his Cabinet decided recently that this country shall be represented by a warship at Habana. For the first time since the insurrection broke out in Cuba some three years ago has this government a warship at the port of Habana. The steamship Maine has been sent there but it is claimed that the sending of the ship is in no way hostile but done through courteous relations.

There has been some advocacy of moving the United States Military Academy from Annapolis, Md., to Newport News, Va., which has led the Richmond Dispatch to suggest the necessity of a naval training school at Hampton Roads.

There is surmise that perhaps there may be needed an increase in the navy and in consideration of this possibility, the paper referred to thinks that we ought to have more trained men. A great naval training school so located that the men could be trained practically as well as theoretically, would seem an easy solution as to how to supply an increase of our naval forces that should be intelligent and capable.

It is a fact much to be regretted that many good people who are pretty well educated poorly show it in conversation. So many persons get into the habit of expressing themselves in a loose, ungrammatical way that you can with difficulty tell who is educated or who is not.

It is inexcusable in persons who know better to use "bad grammar," as it is incorrectly termed. If an expression or word is incorrect it ought not to be called grammar at all. It is just as easy to speak correctly as incorrectly, if one will be careful until the habit of correct speaking is formed. Many a tot learns from its educated mother to use incorrect words and phrases which perhaps eling it until the young man or young woman of after years shocks educated people by careless expressions.

Every age and generation ought to be an improvement on former ones, and it is as important to improve in speech as anything else. Let there be more care for correct language amongst those who know what is correct.

Negroes give trouble sometimes in elections by crossing state lines. The Washington Post recently said:

"Across the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina the tobacco working negroes pass back and forth, and thus cause trouble for Representative Swanson, of Virginia.

Mr. Swanson has a contested election case on his hands, and the negroes who wander in and out of his district are to blame. Four years ago they were in North Carolina, giving him 200 or 300 majority. The Democratic House decided that they belonged in North Carolina, and allowed Settle to keep his seat. Two years ago they were back in Virginia and Settle lost the district by the same narrow margin. Swanson got the certificate, despite the negroes, but now it is claimed that the majority was really against him. It is expected that the committee will decide that the negroes really belong in North Carolina, and if this course is taken, Mr. Swanson is safe in his seat. Even if they should be allowed a residence in Virginia, Mr. Swanson can show that a large proportion of them did not comply with the voting law—a number sufficiently large, it is said, to insure Mr. Swanson's retention of the seat if their illegal votes are thrown out."

OUR GRANDMOTHERS' REMEDY. Cough medicine will not cure consumption, but Dr. David's Cough Syrup will cure the cough which, if neglected, will end in consumption. Pure pine tar, bear-hound and wild cherry—Our

GREAT THOUGHT.

IT IS THE DRIVE-WHEEL OF THE WORLD.

MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

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A pimple by no means proclaims approaching death. One day it is visible; another day, and it is gone. Viewed with a microscope it is terrible enough, but looked at from a fitting distance it is lost to sight. Often it is solely a sign of unhealthy skin in one small spot, that is all. Thus also with the startling murders that reach our knowledge through a microscopic "press." Awful are their details and enormous seem their tendencies as they fill out columns of space to the exclusion from our vision of all those things that are progressive and healthy. Believe me, the powerful poisons in our National life are not to be found in these fierce blotches, unsightly though they may seem. There is more danger beneath the smooth skin of a false civilization, where selfishness rules employers, and, in turn, dominates the workers as well; where men lose sight of their obligations to one another; where purses breed pride and poverty breeds envy; where, beneath sanctimonious professions, lust rules rampant both within and without the household; where boys are not taught to reverence womanhood, and where girls are not taught to reverence themselves. Surface complaints show themselves and are treated; chronic diseases too often sap the strength until too late. Against these let us be watchful, instead of lifting up "holy" hands in horror at some wretched yielder to anger.

A sententious individual when asked the time-old question, "Is life worth living?" replied very aptly, "That depends on the liver." True enough! whether you have in mind a person or an organ of the body. So mark you, before we go any further, that in food there is both life and death. The very elements that strengthen us, and build our tissues, begin to poison us unless they are removed from the body as soon as their work is done, and in this labor of removal, the organ mentioned above does quiet, uncomplaining service under great aggravation from some of us, unholly eaters of complex dishes. So far as our bodily life is concerned, the world is nothing but a vast feeding-crib, whereat we must linger, if we would live, and whereby we are laying up painful burdens to ourselves unless we eat wisely and not too well. But just as the child is discontented with its creeping, after it once stands upright, so the joys of the world of thought make us sink to a secondary place in the joys of the world of food, and the "liver's" estimate of life and its worth is settled by the thoughts he has. If he is satisfied with the thoughts of others and lets them pass through his brain like water passes through an open sluice-way—leaving nothing behind except a high-water mark—it is not astonishing that he finds life empty. Thought, like food, must be made to surrender to us nourishment, which thereupon becomes part of ourselves.

If he takes hold of the thoughts of times past, holds on to them as though thought never moved, swears by the knowledge he gained years ago, closes his mind both against the gaining or giving of new, progressive, helpful ideas, little wonder that life seems like the mockery of daylight to a blind man. Thought like food must be constantly added to and never retained indefinitely without re-acting upon the world we live in,—or we stagnate in mind and become sluggish and ultimately useless.

Or if he holds himself ready to be stuffed with opinions quicker than he can digest them—like some unhappy turkeys that I remember in my childhood as being periodically forced gorged full of barley meal—it is not surpris-

LET US ALONE, PLEASE.

THE SOUTH CAN STAND NOW.

No More About Slaves.

Charlotte Observer.

The New England folks used to own negro slaves. New England is too cold for the negro blood. New England sold her slaves to the southern people, who lived in a climate that the negro thrived in. Then the New England and northern folks said it was wicked and naughty to own slaves, anyhow, and that the southern folks must abolish slavery. The South kicked against abolishing her property, much of which she had bought from the good Puritan people of the far Northeast. The two sections quarrelled and scrapped, and the South, along about the ninety-ninth round, was pushed to the ropes, fell down, and was put to sleep, with no more slaves and no money in their place. When she was rubbed down and got her eyes open and had her bruises plastered, the South quit farming with negroes and went to making cotton fabrics with white labor. Now the New England folks had been doing the cotton cloth making before and during the time that they were raising the racket for abolition. The southern negro slaves raised the raw cotton on white folks' plantations, it was sent to New England mills, made into cloth and shipped back for both the white folks and the black folks to wear. But when the South found her negroes free her houses burned, and her plantations devastated, she decided to diversify her long-continued occupation of agriculture. She grew cotton at her doors, she had water power to turn mill wheels, she had a contented Anglo-Saxon breed of white operatives, so she dotted her recent battle-grounds with mills, and went actively and earnestly into cotton manufacture, and she succeeded beyond her expectations. She discovered that she could successfully compete with the New England folks, who are far away from the mills, and have discontented, restless, foreign immigrants or their descendants for laborers. Now, in the course of some thirty-three years, the New England people find themselves hard pressed by the southern cotton-mills. They find that southern goods undersell their own goods, of similar grade. They come down to see us, we show them our mills, and how we run things, and they go back home, say it is our long hours and non-striking working people that give us the cinch, and forthwith reduce the wages of their hands 10 per cent. The southern folks have no kick to make about this. But when a New England congressman tries to secure congressional regulation of our southern working hours, we do kick. New England, led by Massachusetts, is responsible more than any other section of the north, perhaps, for weaning us from our peaceful, listless, easy-going, sun-kissed acres of cotton and corn, and impelling us to hustle and get a hump on us, to rance to the music of the spindle and to double-quick into prosperity to the rattle of the shuttle. Let New England move her mills down among us. We will welcome her. But she must not intermeddle. The Asheville Gazette hits it off right when it says: Now if some statesman whose patriotism covers this whole country like a blanket mortgage, will introduce a bill in Congress to do away with the "monopoly" of a temperate climate in the South, which works the disadvantage of New England, the hope may be entertained of eradicating the discriminating conditions "that are now cramping our manufacturing industries." Congressman Lovering's bill introduced in the House to place hours of labor under national regulation, in order to do away with discriminations in favor of the South, is altogether too conservative. It is merely temporizing with conditions that should be violently overthrown. No monopoly should be allowed to exist in this country. In Alaska miners should be debauched from

A MOTHER'S MEMORIES.

I have no royal store of wealth, My treasure fills but one small chest, Yet when I lift its lingering lid My soul is then with sweetness blest;

For there's a lock of silky hair Shining so bright with sunny gleams— More rich to me than all the gold That lies in beds of Afric's streams.

And there I see a single curl That round my very heart entwines— More precious than the dazzling gems That sparkle from the dusky mines.

And all around, the tiny clothes With colors faint and faded lie; Yet more to me than Orient stuffs Or richest hues from Syrian dye.

And underneath the broken toys Barefoot of all their pristine bloom, But valued more than curio quaint From antique shrine or rifled tomb.

For, oh! these trifles are to me Far more than any treasure train; Through them I waken memory And have my children back again.

The Salt Habit.

Journal of Hygiene.

The use of salt as a condiment is so general and so universally believed in as necessary that we rarely hear a word against its excessive use, but there are a multitude of persons who eat far too much salt—eat it on every thing, on meat, fish, potatoes, melons, in butter, on tomatoes, turnips and squash, in bread and on a host of foods too numerous to mention. To so great an extent is it used that no food is relished which has not a salty taste, and this hides more or less the real taste, which is often very delicate. Now, the amount of salt required in the system is comparatively small, and if the diet has been rightly compounded very little is necessary. Some go so far as to discard its use altogether, but whether this is wise or not we will not here consider. What are some of the evils of the excessive use of salt? They are to paralyze the nerves of taste, or to prevent them so they cannot enjoy anything which has not a salty flavor, and in addition there is a direct tax on both the skin and kidneys in removing it from the blood. Whether the skin is harmed by this tax we do not know. Possibly it is not greatly injured, yet we know that few people possess a healthy skin; but it is now pretty well settled that an excessive use of salt does overtax the kidneys in its removal, and that the great number of cases of derangement and disease of these organs is due to this use. It takes only a little time to learn to enjoy many kinds of food without salt, and we advise our readers and others to look into this matter and to try and diminish the use of this condiment so far as possible. We believe they will be better for it.

A few months ago, Mr. Bryon Every, of Woodstock, Mich., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. His right leg was swollen the full length, causing him great suffering. He was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The first bottle of it helped him considerably and the second bottle effected a cure. The 25 and 50 cent sizes are for

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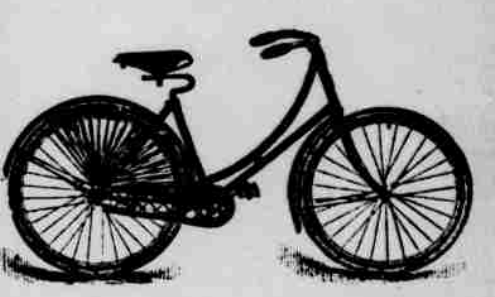
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THE PENNY IN CHURCH COLLECTIONS.

Such an Offering, Except From The Poor, is an Insult to God and His Church.

"The important part which the penny plays in the average church offering is known to every one who has ever been interested in church finances," writes Edward W. Bok in the February Ladies Home Journal. "And that it is a part entirely out of proportion to the necessities, is felt and realized by many a church treasurer. Scores of people who could afford to drop a nickel or a dime into the church offering, content themselves by giving a penny. The feeling is either that the smallest offering 'will do,' or the matter of church finances is not given any thought. There is a failure to realize that a church is the same as any other business institution, and it must have money for its maintenance. 'There is such a thing as too literal an interpretation of the phrase that 'religion is free.' Of course, it is free, and let us hope that it will always be so in this country. But to make religion free costs money—and this isn't an Irish bluntness. There are those to whom more than 'the widow's mite' given to the church would mean doing without some absolute necessity of life. The penny of such a one is the most welcome gift to any church, the most noble offering which any one can make. But from those who can give more than a penny, and who are giving only the penny, such an offering is an insult to God and to His church, and the sooner people see the matter in this hard, true light the better. I am almost tempted to say that the great majority of churches could, with perfect justice, rule out the penny from their offerings. Were this done the nickle would be the prevailing offering, and to how few persons, when one stops to consider the question, would such an offering be a hardship or an impossibility? A yearly offering of two dollars and sixty cents, calculating that one attended church once each Sunday, or twice, with one offering of five cents, would galvanize the church finances of this country."

"ARE WE DOING THE BEST THAT EVER WE CAN?"

In the trials that come to every one's door, Whether he's rich or whether he's poor, In the blessings that come through our Father's care, Which help us our burdens and sorrows bear, Whatever our lot, whether child or man, Are we doing the best that ever we can?

Oh! father as over life's paths you go, Whose eyes are on you, do you know? Why, that boy is watching whatever you do;

He knows if your life is false or true, To help that boy become a noble man, Are you doing the best that ever you can?

Oh! mother, you who in life's mad whirl, Such influence hath o'er your boy and girl, Whose every word after many a year, May come back to that child as a memory dear, When the girl's a woman, the boy a man— Are you doing the best that ever you can?

And children, you who in the future must take Your place in life's struggle and he; To make The world purer and better or deeper in sin, Which side will you help a victory win?

To grow up to be a pure woman or man— Are you doing the best that ever you can?

And, when at last holding our Father's hand We cross o'er the river at His command, And receive from our Saviour the plaudit, "Well done." The golden harp and the crown just won, Then we'll know that for us, poor fallen man, Jesus Christ is doing the best He can. —Mollie Roberson Wiltshire.

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