

# THE COMMONWEALTH.

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### THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

**Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.**  
 The Norfolk Pilot said Friday that strawberries had been shown its representative and that from the Western Branch section of Norfolk county they are being shipped to New York.  
 These are the first reported from Virginia or North Carolina, perhaps, and it is certainly early for this climate.  
 There is a general good outlook for truckers this year.

Some editors sponge and some do not. We find an original paragraph clipped from this column of our issue of Feb. 24 repeated word for word in a neighboring contemporary of March 3, without any credit or quotation marks. We give our neighbor the benefit of the doubt as to whether or not it was an oversight; but such oversights are rather unsightly to the one who first scratches them down for print.  
 There was a sad sight before the Criminal court in Halifax last week. Half dozen youths, ranging in age from 17 to 20, were brought before the court to testify against a liquor dealer for selling them liquor, contrary to the law in this State. In giving evidence against him they made a sad confession against themselves, that they were under the influence of strong drink. And yet some people say that a law to put the evil out of reach would be an abridgement of personal rights!

Virginia wheel-men have some advantage over Tar Heel cyclists now. In North Carolina bicycles cannot be carried on railroad trains as baggage. The following from the Norfolk Pilot informs us that it is different in Virginia since the Legislature of that State adjourned:  
 "Delegat E. W. Saunders to day tested the law just passed by the Legislature requiring bicycles to be carried as baggage. When he left for his home in Franklin county to-day, via the Richmond and Petersburg railway, he presented his silent steed to be checked as baggage, and when the baggageman demurred he was informed that the Legislature had just passed a law covering the case. And the bike went into the baggage car."  
 Mr. J. R. Tillery, of Tillery, went down to Wilmington last week, and on his return he said that he was greatly surprised at the enterprise displayed along the Wilmington and Weldon railroad between Goldsboro and Wilmington. He says that every town shows enterprise and thrift in the new buildings and the outlying well cultivated fields. Mr. Tillery says that a few years ago no one would have dreamed that that waste-like section could become so prosperous in so short a time. All of which proves what THE COMMONWEALTH has long contended for, that the South is a great country and North Carolina is the best part of the South.  
 In this time of depression in agricultural pursuits there is more or less a tendency amongst people who live in the rural districts to move to towns. The small farmer seldom gets reported in the papers, it may be, for some special yield of corn, or cotton, or tobacco; and at last he concludes he is too obscure, and if he could get into town he would be compelled to move up a little in dress and style, and so feel better. While we are glad to see everybody make changes for the better, we do not like to see people move from the country into the towns unless they have some definite work to do. Many persons move to town under entirely wrong impressions, that town life is easier than country life. That greatly depends upon what one has to make life out of. Living in a town without money or employment is a hard job for honest people.  
 Baldness is either hereditary or caused by sickness, mental exhaustion, wearing tight-fitting hats, and by overwork and trouble. For sale E. T. Whitehead & Co.

### CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

**NO TWO CHILDREN ARE ALIKE.**  
**SOUND VIEW OF CHILD-STUDY.**  
**Some Rambling Thoughts.**  
 BY "NEMO."  
 (Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.)  
 As to Children's Rights—My childish soul was once deeply stirred by a foreign missionary, who told, in most glib manner, of India's Car of Juggernaut. This huge structure, jeweled and blood-stained, was, at certain seasons of the year, dragged hither and thither over the bodies of living people. And in my immature judgment I thought that such things could never be, save in the land of splendor and of plague. But Time changes us all! How clearly one now sees that these Juggernaut cars of prejudice have been in many places, and if not quite so tangible yet quite as real as the brutal car of India. What a Juggernaut has been Ecclesiasticism! During the darker ages of our world,—those ages that followed a time of great light,—it demanded from all men the giving up of private judgment, it tried to compel similarity of belief (of course, impossible) and in the compelling it killed. Thanks to enlightenment and charity of thought that car of human violence has wheels that now scarcely move. What a Juggernaut has been Education! With but few exceptions, until a few years ago, it demanded uniform treatment of all children. It has not crushed willing victims, but helpless little ones, who were cast in its insensate path by those so deluded that they verily thought they did righteous service to the race. No more than the winds can be reduced to a system, can one child be made exactly similar to another child by giving it similar training. It cannot be done and the attempt of it injures the child. Look on the Board School System of England as it was first organized and you will comprehend the automatic way in which little heads and hearts were ruined. Let your imagination run riot and understand all that it meant of routine when a French statesman exclaimed one day on looking at his watch: "I know what every child in France is doing at this moment." But happily, just as a better day has dawned for India and for religion, so there now grows into strong light a new day for education wherein the individuality of the child is to be respected instead of crushed and forced and warped as it was never intended to be.  
 Among children's rights, therefore, let us who want to be in the van of progress, reckon "Child Study" as it is called. How foolish the young farmer who strives to make his farm look just like his neighbor's. If he graded down this hill and plowed up that pasture, he might secure some similarity of appearance but he would destroy his own farm in the process. The way to get most out of his farm is to suit his treatment to its peculiarities, and those peculiarities cannot be learned over his neighbor's fence. Behold the farm is the child and its needs must be similar. How natural is the question, "What will it become?" when a smiling infant looks up in the face with all the beauty and freshness of a new-blown rose. The answer is not to be found by pouring knowledge in, but by drawing it out. In other words, the new education—the education that contains hope for the race and joy for suffering, immortal childhood—sits first at the feet of the child and learns from it the needs that it has, and then rises up to minister to the new individuality that has been discovered. Just as a great teacher once said regarding Sabbath observances, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." So says the new revelation of our later day, "Education is to be fitted to the child and not the child to Education."  
 The child has a right also to be well-born. To be well-bred is mere surface detail; but to be well-born affects every tissue, every thought, every impulse. But to make a declaration of rights (this has happened quite often in human history) by no means assures those rights save by long years, long centuries of strain to secure them. Thus does it happen that though we—a few—are coming more and more to a full understand-

standing of children's rights, the many still live without realizing the debt they owe to the future on behalf of their progeny. They snatch at Nature's pleasurable bait, trying every means to avoid the book, so that children receive a heritage of life that was unintended, and appear on the scene of their life unwelcomed. Is this their right? I seem to hear the voiceless ones, who are yet to live, pleading in tones of unuttered sadness for a share of life that is ungrudged and that deliberately represents the highest and the holiest and the best in those who give it. These little ones whose hands are to grapple with works that we shall not see, whose eyes are to behold the growing wonders and duties of a new century, whose minds are to be the inheritors of the wisdom of all the ages whose shoulders are to be clothed with majesty, dominion and might undreamed of,—what are they to us! Everything that is worth esteeming. The gentle spirit of a mother, purposely held in gentleness and in restraint, enters into and aids the child to a good and wholesome career. The self-conquest and self-denial of a father is a vantage point for the child that is yet to be. These are rights that are rights indeed and they outweigh all other rights even as the whole outweighs the part; for all other rights are involved in paying heed to the race that is yet to be.  
 Although the golden age is o'er,  
 As legend lore relates,  
 And angels dwell with men no more,  
 And closed are heaven's gates;  
 Yet music, flowers and children show  
 Some light on earth's dark way—  
 And still reflect an after glow  
 That bodes a brighter day.

### Butler's Charges Against Ewart.

A Washington Dispatch a few days ago said:  
 About twenty witnesses have been summoned from North Carolina by the Senate committee on Judiciary to testify in regard to the charges filed by Senator Butler against Hon. Hamilton G. Ewart, re-nominated to be judge of the Western District of North Carolina. The first of them will be heard by the sub-committee having the investigation in charge next Saturday. In his charges against Mr. Ewart, Senator Butler says that he has "neither the native ability, nor the legal acquirements to qualify him for a judicial position," and adds that "even if he had sufficient ability and legal learning, he is wanting in the equipoise of temperament to qualify him to fill this important life position." He says that Mr. Ewart is without experience as a lawyer, and in his specifications declares that he never argued a case before the Supreme Court of his State, nor before any court of appellate jurisdiction, Federal or State. He also alleges other disqualifications, and attacks Mr. Ewart's reputation as a public official, and also as a private individual. Among the other accusations, is one that while a member of Congress Mr. Ewart sold his public documents, and that while on the bench of the State courts of North Carolina he rode on railroad passes, notwithstanding there was a State law to the contrary, and at the same time accepted his \$250 annually appropriated by the State to pay his expenses of travel. Similar charges have also been filed by other persons. The sub-committee in charge of the investigation is composed of Senators Spooner, Thurston and Gray.  
 The New York Independent, in reminding its readers that Mr. Gladstone when he rounded his 87th year the other day, surpassed any of his predecessors in the premiership, speaks of it as a fact deserving to be chronicled. Yet it is noteworthy, as that sheet remarks, what a ripe age many of the British statesmen who have filled that position have attained in spite of its exhausting and tremendous responsibilities. Addington, Lord Sidmouth, reached the age of 86 before he died. Earl Russell died at 86, the Duke of Wellington at 82, Lord Palmerston and Earl Grey at 81. Of the other prime ministers of Queen Victoria who are dead, the Earl of Beaconsfield's age was 76, the Earl Aberdeen's 76, the Earl of Derby's 80, Viscount Melbourne's and Sir Robert Peel's 82.

### Instances of Longevity.

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### TALMAGE ON NEWSPAPERS.

**HE TELLS HOW HIS SERMONS ARE PUBLISHED.**  
**To be Given in Parts.**  
 I.

The sermon of Dr. Talmage sent out to the world last week is devoted especially to newspapers. We deem it worth printing—every line of it—but it is too long to print all at once in these columns; so THE COMMONWEALTH will print it in parts, and hopes that all our readers will be interested in the series:  
 For the first time Dr. Talmage in this discourse tells in what way his sermons have come to a multiplicity of publication such as has never in any other case been known since the art of printing was invented; text, Nahum ii, 4, "They shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."  
 Express, rail train and telegraphic communication are suggested if not foretold in this text, and from it I start to preach a sermon in gratitude to God and the newspaper press for the fact that I have had the opportunity of delivering through the newspaper press 2,000 sermons or religious addresses, so that I have for many years been allowed the privilege of preaching the gospel every week to every neighborhood in Christendom and in many lands outside of Christendom. Many have wondered at the process by which it has come to pass, and for the first time in public place I state the three causes. Many years ago a young man who has since become eminent in his profession was then studying law in a distant city. He came to me and said that for lack of funds he must stop his studying unless through stenography I would give him sketches of sermons, that he might by the sale of them secure means for the completion of his education. I positively declined, because it seemed to me an impossibility, but after some months had passed and I had reflected upon the great sadness for such a brilliant young man to be defeated in his ambition for the legal profession, I undertook to serve him—of course free of charge. Within three weeks there came a request for those stenographic reports from many parts of the continent.  
 Time passed on, and some gentlemen of my profession, evidently thinking that there was hardly room for them and for myself in this continent, began to assail me, and became so violent in their assault that the chief newspapers of America put special correspondents in my church Sabbath by Sabbath to take down such reply as I might make. I never made reply, except once for about three minutes, but those correspondents could not waste their time, and so they telegraphed the sermons to their particular papers.  
 ORGANIZATION OF THE SYNDICATE.  
 After awhile Dr. Louis Kiopseh of New York systematized the work into a syndicate until through that and other syndicates he has put the discourses week by week before more than 20,000,000 people on both sides the sea. There have been so many guesses on this subject, many of them inaccurate, that I now tell the true story. I have not improved the opportunity as I ought, but I feel the time has come when as a matter of common justice to the newspaper press I should make this statement in a sermon commemorative of the two thousandth full publication of sermons and religious addresses, saying nothing of fragmentary reports, which would run up into many thousands more.  
 There was one incident that I might mention in this connection showing how an insignificant event might influence us for a lifetime. Many years ago on a Sabbath morning on my way to church in Brooklyn a representative of a prominent newspaper met me and said, "Are you going to give us any points today?" I said, "What do you mean by 'points'?" He replied, "Anything we can remember." I said to myself, "We ought to be making 'points' all the time in our pulpits and not deal in platitudes and inanities." That one interrogation put to me that morning started in me the desire of making points all the time and nothing else.

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freedom of J. Peter Zenger's Gazette in America, and when Erskine made his great speech in behalf of the freedom to publish "Paine's Rights of Man" in England. Those were the Marathon and the Thermopylae where the battle was fought which decided the freedom of the press in England and America, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put upon the printing press the handcuffs and the hobbles of literary and political despotism.  
 It is remarkable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, also wrote these words, "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers and newspapers without a government, I would prefer the latter." Stung by some new fabrication in print, we come to write or speak about the "unfair printing press." Perhaps through our own indistinctness of utterance we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and there is a small riot of semi-colons and hypens and commas, and we come to write or talk about the "blundering printing press," or we take up a newspaper full of social scandal and of cases of divorce, and we write or talk about a "filthy, scurrilous printing press." But this morning I ask you to consider the immeasurable and everlasting blessing of a good newspaper.  
 I find no difficulty in accounting for the world's advance. What has made the change? "Books," you say. No, sir. The vast majority of citizens do not read books. Take this audience or any other promiscuous assemblage, and how many histories have they read? How many treatises on constitutional law, or political economy, or works of science? How many elaborate poems, or books of travel? Not many. In the United States the people would not average one such book a year for each individual. Whence then this intelligence, this capacity to talk about all themes, secular and religious; this acquaintance with science and art; this power to appreciate the beautiful and grand? Next to the Bible, the newspaper, swift-winged and everywhere present, flying over the fence, shoved under the door, tossed into the counting house, laid on the work bench, hawked through the car. All read it—white and black, German, Irishman, Swiss, Spaniard, American, old and young, good and bad, sick and well, before breakfast and after tea, Monday morning, Saturday night, Sunday and weekday. I now declare that I consider the newspaper to be the grand agency by which the gospel is to be preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, heaven rejoiced and God glorified. In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth, "Lazarus, come forth!" and to the retreating surges of darkness, "Let there be light!" In many of our city newspapers, professing no more than secular information, there have appeared during the past thirty years some of the grandest appeals in behalf of religion and some of the most effective interpretations of God's government amongst the nations.  
 To be continued next week.

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