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WHAT STEAM IS TO
Machinery,
THAT GREAT PROPULSING POWER.
THAT CLASS OF READERS
THAT YOU
Wish your Advertisement
TO REACH
is the class who read this paper.

The Hit of the Season...
is made by
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Just at this season
when Spring
and its debili-
tating days
are with us,
there is noth-
ing like Ayer's
Sarsaparilla
to put new
life into the
system. It sweeps
away the dull-
ness, lack of
appetite, lan-
guidness, and
pain, as a
broom sweeps
away cob-
webs. It does
not brace up.
It builds up.
Its benefit is
lasting. Do
you feel run-
down? Take
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Send for "Curebook," 100 pages.
Free. J. C. Ayer Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.
Scotland Neck, N. C.

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D. A. C. LIVERMON,
DENTIST.
OFFICE—Over the Station Building.
Office hours from 9 to 1 o'clock; 2 to
4 o'clock, p. m.
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W. A. DUNN,
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Practices wherever his services are
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Attorney at Law.
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Practices in all the Courts of Hal-
fax and adjoining counties and in the
Supreme and Federal Courts. Claims
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Money Loaned on Farm Lands.

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Collection of Claims a specialty.
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DR. C. A. WHITEHEAD,
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TARBORO, N. C.

SPRING PARK HOTEL,
J. L. SHAW, Proprietor.
LITTLETON, N. C.
Good accommodations near Shaw's
All-Healing Springs at \$1.50 per day.
Sunday Rates \$1.00.

Subscribe to THE COMMONWEALTH.
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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, MARCH 24, 1898. NO. 13
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00.

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things
Present, Past and Future.

The Greenville Reflector says that
"the Physician's Black List for Pitt
county is undergoing revision, and this
is to give notice to all delinquents that
if their accounts are not settled by the
15th of April their names will appear
on the black list."

THE COMMONWEALTH thinks this is
a good idea. If any class of persons in
the land ought to be paid, it is the
faithful physicians.

It will be a long time before the
people of this country forget Charlie
Ross. There comes news of another
such abduction from Burlington, Ver-
mont. This time it is Earl Sheldon,
the son of wealthy Mr. F. M. Sheldon.
The missing boy is 8 years old and
disappeared from the front of his home
February 18th and has not been heard
from since.

His father has offered a large reward
to no purpose. Perhaps the kidnappers
are waiting for a larger reward.

A terrible conflagration in Chicago
last week in which a dozen lives were
lost and more than two dozen persons
were injured, makes one in the coun-
try feel safer than in the crowded city.
There were hundreds of persons in the
building as high as seven stories, and
when the alarm of fire was given there
was such a panic that a number were
hurt and killed. And indeed the escape
was soon cut off by the flames below.

Here in the country we seldom hear
of a life lost by fire; and after all there
are many advantages in country life
which country people are slow to recog-
nize. We ought to be more satisfied
with our rural surroundings when we
remember that "God made the country
and men made the town."

Despite a clear and explicit statute
in North Carolina against cruelty to
animals, there is a blindness and deaf-
ness to that crime that is almost start-
ling. Thousands of foolish and "smart
Alec" fellows have almost belittled
for the past few weeks for an opportu-
nity to fight Spain; but have not had the
manhood and courage to raise a single
protest against the inhuman-like prac-
tice of cruelty to animals that comes
daily before their observation. We
believe that men are more afraid of
each other in this one thing than
almost any other.

The merchant is afraid to protest before
the law against any one overloading
his team, lest he lose the sale of a pen-
ny's worth of goods. The professional
man is afraid to protest against any
practice of cruelty to dumb animals
lest he lose a little patronage.

And so it goes. But the unblushing
practice of such cruelties almost every
day before our eyes is a shame upon the
weak-kneedness of a so-called christian
community.

THOUGHTS ABOUT CUBA.

A PLEA FOR THE PACIFICOS.
Let it be "Cuba Libre."

BY "NEMO."

(Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.)
Three years and more have elapsed
since the present Cuban rebellion broke
out. It is probable that in history past
or to come no parallel to its conditions
will be found. The rulers of the island,
unable to defeat the insurgents, elusive
and triumphant and enduring beyond
usual measure in guerilla warfare, are
no nearer the actual accomplishment of
of their purpose than they were at the
outbreak of hostilities. Nature and her
ghastly hand maiden, Pestilence, have
fought for the insurgents; but Nature's
battlings have been balanced by new
arrivals of Spanish soldiers—men, some
of them; boys, many of them—forced
almost at bayonet point to take the
places of the diseased and the dead.
Against the doggedness of the insurgent
the pride of the ruler has been matched.
The insurgent can hold out indefinitely;
the Spaniard will.

While the stubborn warfare of these
unyielding forces has proceeded with
fluctuating results that in the long run
have practically balanced each other, a
third army of human beings has been
slowly ground to destruction. Of their
woes we must think and, having
thought, we must act. Though the
Spaniards have been chiefly confined
within the limit set up by themselves;
prisoners, in fact, within their own fort-
ifications, yet they have retained a fear-
compelling power over the teeming mudi-
of the children and the timorous natives
of both sexes who were afraid to fight
and did not dare to flee. These pacificos
quietly obeyed the government when
orders went forth through the country
regions to gather within town limits
and stay there. The expected freedom
to live in peace under the surveillance
of the Spanish army, changed at once
into death-dealing bondage. Unable to
cultivate land to any great extent, her-
ded together in huts unfit for swine, suf-
fering from lack of food rendered more
helpless and weak-spirited than before,
they have died like flies in autumn;
and in dying have suffered woes that
are unequalled even by the bloody suf-
ferings of the Armenians or the plague
ridden starvation of the Hindoos. The
language of a moderate woman like
Clara Barton, the famous Red Cross
heroine; and the stories pictured by the
truthful camera, more than justify
these comparisons. In one hospital
alone—a place where care and tender
oversight are expected—four hundred
of the pacificos have died of starvation.
The burdens of the insurgents, who, in
rebellious did so in full expectation of
the fortunes and misfortunes of war,
have been as naught beside the woes of
these unhappy non-combatants.
Where Spain has slain its hundreds by
fire and by sword, it has slain its hun-
dreds of thousands by hunger and by
neglect. This has taken place and is
still doing so within ninety miles of the
land that declares in favor of "life, lib-
erty and the pursuit of happiness."

This war-measure of Spain against
harmless ones will ever stand out pro-
minently in the annals of the brutal-
ties of which our race is capable.
This is not war with its glamour of ex-
citement and of chance, but relentless
murder without the shedding of blood.

When a man sees a weak one per-
secuted and refuses to side with the
weak he is no man. The rule for a
man is the rule for a nation. Murder
of women and children, helpless and
enfeebled and starving, is at our door,
at last we begin to appreciate it. Their
broken lives, their untimely deaths,
their rights to a happier condition are
making themselves slowly understood
among our people. Every stratum of
society is permeated. The great under-
lying love of fair-play is stirring this
nation North and South. And it is
girding it to PUNISH and not to wage
war.

Let us be careful that our motives are
pure and our minds unconfused. The
wild talk of a blundering official like
De Lome is nothing to our great con-
servative millions. War or even the
thought of war over such a matter is

I desire to attest to the merits of
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as one
of the most valuable and efficient pre-
parations on the market. It broke an
exceedingly dangerous cough for me in
24 hours, and in gratitude therefore, I
desire to inform you that I will never
be without it, and you should feel proud
of the high esteem in which your
Remedies are held by people in general.
It is the one remedy among ten thou-
sand. Success to it.—O. R. DOWNEY,
Editor Democrat, Albion, Ind. For
sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

unworthy our contemplation. It
would be an absolute reversion to the
barbaric intractability of olden times.
We have grown away from such
things.
The selfish motives of tobacco factors
and sugar gamblers in pointing out to
a great, fair minded country a chance
to flinch from Spain, because she is weak,
that which is hers as truly as New
England is ours, has moved us only to
condemn and not to approve. We re-
fuse to add to our racial problems at
the nod of self-seeking men. The
heart of the nation is unresponsive to
such temptation, and furthermore even
the terrible Maine disaster, with its sor-
row and its loss has grandly shown to
the world that we are slow to anger and
plenteous in conservatism. Despite all
guesses to the contrary, our people
have refused to believe that the Span-
ish government could be suicidal
enough to have direct connection with
the disaster. We believe that she
would foresee more damage to herself
than to us in this sudden and horrible
event. If this were all that had hap-
pened, an indemnity would be sufficient,
and a war be quite contrary to inter-
national precedents.

TALMAGE ON NEWSPAPERS.

POWER IN THE SECULAR PRESS.
Who Cares for Newspaper Men?

III.
Another trial of this profession is
the fact no one seems to care for their
souls. They feel bitterly about it,
though they laugh. People sometimes
laugh the loudest when they feel the
worst. They are expected to gather up
religious proceedings and to discuss
religious doctrines in the editorial col-
umns, but who expects them to be
saved by the sermons they stenograph
or by the doctrines they discuss in the
editorial columns? The world looks
upon them as professional. Who
preaches to reporters and editors?
Some of them came from religious
homes, and when they left the parental
roof, whoever regarded or disregarded,
they came off with a father's benedi-
ction and a mother's prayer. They
never think of those good old times
but tears come into the eyes, and they
move through these great cities home-
sick. Oh, if they only knew what a
helpful thing it is for a man to put his
weary head down on the bosom of a
sympathetic Christ! He knows how
nervous and tired you are. He has a
heart large enough to take in all your
interests for this world and the next.
Oh, men of the newspaper press, you
sometimes get sick of this world, it
seems too hollow and unsatisfying! If
there are any people in all the earth
that need God, you are the men, and
you shall have him, if only this day
you implore his mercy!

A man was found at the foot of canal
street, New York. As they picked him
up from the water and brought him to
the morgue they saw by the contour of
his forehead that he had great mental
capacity. He had entered the news-
paper profession. He had gone down in
health. He took to artificial stimulus.
He went down further and further, un-
till one summer day, hot and hungry
and sick and in despair, he flung him-
self off the dock. They found in his
pocket a reporter's pad, a lead pencil,
a photograph of some one who had loved
him long ago. Death as sometimes it
will, smoothed out all the wrinkles
that had gathered prematurely on his
brow, and as he lay there his face was
as far as when seven years before he
left his country home and they bade
him good-by forever. The world looked
through the window of the morgue and
said, "It's nothing but an outcast," but
God said it was a gigantic soul that
perished because the world gave him
no chance.

Let me ask all the men connected
with the printing press that they help
us more and more in the effort to make
the world better. I charge you in the
name of God, before whom you must
account for the tremendous influence
you hold in this country, to consecrate
yourselves to higher endeavors. You
are the men to fight back this invasion
of corrupt literature. Lift up your
right hand and swear new allegiance
to the cause of philanthropy and re-
ligion. And when at last, standing on
the plains of judgment, you look out
upon the unnumbered throngs over
whom you have had influence, may it
be found that you were among the
mighty energies that lifted men upon
the exalted pathway that leads to the
renown of heaven. Better than to
have sat in editorial chair, from which,
with the finger of type, you decided
them wrong, that you had been some
dungeoed exile who, by the light of
window iron grates, on scraps of a New
Testament leaf, picked up from the
earth, spelled out the story of him
who took away the sins of the world.
In eternity Dives is the beggar. Well,
my friends, we will all soon get through
writing and printing and proof-reading
and publishing. What then? Our
life is a book. Our years are the
chapters. Our months are the para-
graphs. Our days are the sentences.
Our doubts are the interrogation points,
our imitations of others the quotation
marks, our attempts at display a dash,
death the period, eternity the perora-
tion. O God, where will we spend it?
Have you heard the news, more
startling than any found in the journals
of last week is? It is the tidings
that man is lost. Have you heard the
news, the gladdest that was ever an-

AMERICA'S SUMMONS.

Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.
Stand fast America!
Troubles are falling;
Clouds cover Cuba's star,
Sad hearts are calling.
Strong sons of Liberty!
Mindful of others,
Not vain your natal cry—
"All men are brothers."
Soft have your slumbers been
Since your hard testing,
Shaded by laurels green,
Rightfully resting.
Now, when oppression's sting
Calls you to waken,
Rise, like the eagle king,
Night dews off-shaken.
Go not in anger forth,
Furied by faction;
"Noblesse oblige"—not wrath
Calls you to action.
Soon may war's cruel din
Hotly unfold you;
Yet when dark days begin
Truth shall uphold you.
Stand fast, America!
In the world's story,
All men shall praise a war
Waged not for glory.
FRANCIS H. TABOR.

Looks Squally.

Wilmington Star.
A Wilkes county sign reader has
settled the war question. We are go-
ing to have it sure enough, and a
three years war, too. The corn blades
in Wilkes have for some time been
split at the end into three sharp sword
shaped prongs. We are to have a
year's racket for each prong. The
same thing happened before the Revolution-
ary war, when the corn blades had
seven prongs, as attested by this sign
interpreter's grandmother. And the
roosters which used to behave them-
selves and do their crowing about day-
light now crow throughout the night.
And a seal has just been captured in
the Cape Fear river, and Consul Gen-
eral Lee has had his chin whippers
shaved off, and the Government is buy-
ing and distributing lots of shooting
stuff. When all these things are hitched
to the split corn blades it does look
squally.

It is, or should be, the highest aim
of every merchant to please his custom-
ers; and that the wide awake drug firm
of Meyers & Eshleman, Sterling, Ill., is
doing so, is proven by the following,
from Mr. Eshleman: "In my sixteen
years' experience in the drug business
I have never seen or sold or tried a
medicine that gave as good satisfaction
as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy. Sold by E. T.
Whitehead & Co.

WOODS SEEDS.

Good Seeds.

Wood's Seeds
PRIZE MEDAL
WOODS
TESTED SEEDS
ARE
Good Seeds

And now before I close this sermon,
thankfully commemorative of the "Two
Thousandth" publication, I wish more
fully to acknowledge the services
rendered by the secular press in the
matter of evangelization. All the
secular newspapers of the day—for I
am not speaking this morning of the
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discussed in the last ten years by the
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gather up all the news of all the
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then they scatter the news abroad
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be the right wing of the Apocalyptic
angel. The cylinder of the Christian-
ized printing press will be the front
wheel of the Lord's chariot. I take
the music of this day, and I do not
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week the printing press will take the
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When I see the printing press stand-
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race. An aged woman making her
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from the ball until she found in the
center of the ball there was an old
piece of newspaper. She opened it
and read an advertisement which an-
nounced that she had become heiress
to a large property, and that fragment
of a newspaper lifted her up from pau-
perism to affluence. And I do not
know but as the thread of time unrolls
and unwinds a little farther, through
the silent yet speaking newspaper may
be found the vast inheritance of the
world's redemption.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till seas shall rise and set no more.

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How to Get the System Ready for
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"I always dread the Spring," he said;
"it makes me feel so bad. I wake up
with a bad taste in my mouth and a
sense of goneness, and some days I can
hardly pull one foot after another."
Of course any man who does not
look after his system and starts into
the Spring without getting his blood
cleansed from the impurities that have
accumulated through the long winter
will have the same experience. The
thing to do is to begin early with a
bottle of David's Sarsaparilla and use it
faithfully until the entire system is
cleansed.

OLD NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.
40 cents per hundred.

R. E. L. PITT,

TARBORO, N. C.
BICYCLES OF ALL KINDS ON
HAND.



Iver Johnsons, \$100.
Pittsburg, \$75.

Specialty in repairing. All parts
furnished for any bicycle manufac-
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PLUMBING AND STEAM FITTING
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Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till seas shall rise and set no more.

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Of course any man who does not
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