

THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 16

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THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.
The graduating of the class from Annapolis two months ahead of time and assigning them to places in the navy, was a confession of unreadiness on the part of the United States to go to war. No doubt already Spain has construed that to mean that the United States is badly scared.

The bill prohibiting false statements in advertisements passed both branches of the New York Legislature. Wonder how the officers of the law will find out whether advertisers have made misstatements or not? Such a law would not trouble many business men in some North Carolina towns we know; for they do not advertise at all.

North Carolina has not seen such a mammoth farce in many years as has been played on the railroad stage with Governor Russell as manager. It has been the biggest tempter in the smallest teapot that has ever been witnessed in the State. After all the stir and sputter over railroads and railroad passes and the like, the matter is about as it was when the fuss was commenced.

It has gone out to the world that at the last session of the North Carolina Legislature more money was paid to the employes of the Senate than to the members of that body themselves. This is credited to the Auditor's report; and some one has remarked that the members of the Senate were overpaid.

All of which means that the money consideration before that august body was about the first and last thought. One of the calamities of war, aside from the butchery of human beings, is the burdens that are heaped upon the spared in the matter of taxation. War excitement raises prices even before hostilities commence and the effect is felt long after they cease. The Philadelphia Record pertinently says:

"The war of the rebellion was terminated over thirty years ago; but the country is still paying direct war taxes to the amount of nearly \$200,000,000 per annum, and has not recovered from the calamitous consequences of war finance."

History is being made in this country at a rapid rate. The incidents of diplomacy and possibilities of war between the United States and Spain for the past few weeks have laid the outline for the work of the historian's pen years in the future. To those who note well the passing events of the times there will be an interest in all this history, as it shall be written in the future, that is little dreamed of now.

At the writing of this paragraph every thing is still unsettled and there is nothing certain as to what either country will do. President McKinley is still hoping and striving, it seems, to avert war; and may he succeed! But whether war comes from the present strained relations between the two countries in question, or whether the white-winged angels of peace shall fan away the war-clouds, it is all material for history of the future.

Young men who propose to keep abreast of the times will do well to note things as they pass. We do not in this advise them to talk too much. It is not always the man who comes nearest blowing the top of his head off by his loud and continued talk who really knows most about things. That's no sign of much knowledge.

\$100 Reward \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
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SWEET EASTER.

BUT WHAT OF THE SUFFERING? To Them it means Nothing.
BY "NEMO."
(Copyrighted by Dave & Tabor.)
Sweet Easter! Its music lingers in our ears and our hearts have happiness, for it bespeaks the triumph of the beautiful. We know that the time now is when the harsh outlines of the hills and the bare trees will be softened with delicate foliage, and the brown and darksome tints of the winter-bound landscape be transformed into every possible tint of green. Under the influence of this thought we feel raised up, we stand in the high places of joy, we are full to overflowing of the exhilaration that comes to the soul through eyes that see and understand.

But empty our larders and rob us of cloths, drive us together like beasts and shelter us worse, slash our trembling limbs with machetes—where then would be this bland sense of physical contentment? Surround us with all the glories of tropic verdure, let the sun rise in grandeur and shine undimmed, let it sink in the west and, in sinking, paint unspeakable wonders across one-half the heavens—how would this feast of the eye satisfy you when hunger was driving out all other feelings? Easter and its rebirth of beauty would be a mere wretched mockery of misery.

Sweet Easter! How gently have its associations, its flowers, its anthems, its words of confidence, made promise to our hearts that though dark the winter of life—existent whenever we are compassed by perplexities—the darkness will certainly sooner or later break into the glorious morning of revived hope. As we have sat and listened we have thought and believed and through all our pains and our sorrows—dreadfully petty and self-imposed, many of them—sweet peace has come. For within our own hearts happiness has its root, and it will but clear away the rubbish of trifling griefs and puerile complaints that now prevent its growing, it will spring upward into sight.

But let each day bring more of a haze into our minds, let each lurking shadow affront us with the fear that it means more cruelty from an enemy who will torture before he kills, let each hour with its benumbing hunger stupify still more our intellects—where then would there be room for confidence that "Joy cometh in the morning;" where indeed? There would be one hope of joy left, and that the wrenching apart of soul and body to leave behind a master that rejoices in cruelty and that finds it cheaper to bury than to feed. Hope after dejection? Neither hope nor dejection, for we should have reached while living that surcease of suffering when the heart refuses to quiver and the mind to record.

Sweet Easter! It sounds forth with thousand tongues that death once more is vanquished, that life triumphs. We hear again of the resistless rolling back of the gates of the nether world, of the sweeping aside of the mighty, oppressive stone of man's safe-guarding, and we are led to believe by every analogy that life here is a mere preliminary one to a grander. Thus as we have listened our fond hearts have thought of those whom we have loved and lost, and under the gentle influence of this gentle season we have contemplated with silent joy their lives, happily occupied somewhere in God's universe—where death hath no sting and grave no victory. And in the strength of this confidence we have cleansed our hearts of evil, as if their precious eyes were searching the recesses where lurk uncomely images of things that would shock their tenderly nurtured natures.

But if our crazed and fevered memory of a wife is that she was last seen being outraged by brutal soldiery; of a child, that its innocence was scorched out of it by direct suffering; of an infant that, before it should have known want, was its shadow, and that its little body bloated with dropsy while its limbs shrank from starvation; and ourselves, that we have walked in nakedness and shame before our fellows—they also staggering on like us—to helpless death; then to become full of ten the pickings for buzzards and vultures and carrion crows—if all this, what would Easter mean with its promise of a life of triumph to come? A fierce and wild demand that in that life to come should be a chance to revenge yourself in some way upon the bloody-minded, butchering men who had made the earth life for you and yours a howling waste. Can you imagine yourself under such pressure of unearned and undeserved sorrow, calmly contemplating a gentle gliding onward through

eternity? Nay, if naught else could be done you would raise your ghostly hand to strike, just for the satisfaction of making even a motion of protest.

Let us be done with self-deceiving and glib responses and smug piety and the contented lolling of fattened hands. There is a war against women and children and defenceless men (I am not writing of the insurgent. They are safe) near enough to our coast to be reached in four hours. This war in Cuba is being carried on by a nation that has been raised to the very heavens by its privileges, but that has dragged warfare back to the reckless, heartless slaughterings of the 19th Century. It must be rebuked. Its only dread is force. God will never perform miracles, while we fail to perform duties.

You sing of the "Sun of Righteousness" arising with healing in His wings. Your part is to see that the healing takes the form of food for the hungry, drugs for diseased, clothing for the naked, and warfare with the oppressor until the last of his slaughter ships disappears on the eastern horizon. Till then your holy Easter is a mockery.

Sampson County Fruit Grower.

T. A. Hobbs in Wilmington Messenger.
In the issue of your paper of last week I read an article from you on fruit culture, or rather growing apples in this state. Perhaps there are few who take the interest they should in growing fruit. My father, W. P. Hobbs, planted an orchard of about five acres of apple trees, and about five of peach, about fifty years ago. He, like most others, thought it too small a business to sell fruit. He died in September, 1885. After his death I got possession of the old homestead. I shipped apples from the orchard that sold for one dollar per bushel in northern markets, and summer apples, too. Such varieties as the Carolina June, Summer Rose, a most delicious apple, that ripens on July 1st; the well known Yellow Haas, which there is none better, except, perhaps, the Magnum Bonum, that ripens in August here. Then there is the Winesap, of which you spoke; the Ben Davis, as well as a splendid winter apple.

It may interest you to know that having been convinced that there was money in fruit growing right here in Sampson county, I set about to plant about all of my cleared land in fruit trees and vines, until now I have about 200 acres planted in fruit trees and vines, about 20,000 trees and vines; about 100 acres in apple trees, consisting of about sixty varieties of apples; peaches of almost every kind grown here; many kinds of grapes, about 500 peach trees, and some pears and other fruits.

This has not been done without energy and considerable outlay of money. There is more to do than to stick a tree in the ground and say, "Grow and some day satisfy my desires." It requires great care and attention to make a successful fruit grower.

Perhaps you may inquire what I will do with my fruit to make profit. I will utilize it in many ways. It may be shipped fresh when the market justifies, canned, evaporated and fed to stock of almost every kind, and especially hogs, which thrive on it when allowed plenty of fruit during summer. I have also thousands of plum trees that I failed to mention, consisting of Wild Goose, Abundant, Green Gage, Japan and many of the native or common varieties. I hope some day to realize full compensation for the labor expended in growing and cultivating this farm that has required my constant care.

Six Words.

A little Court scene in Tennessee is thus described by the Clarksville Leaf-Chronicle:
Aunt Cherry Mallory was recently put on the witness stand to tell what she knew about the amputation of a hog by a railway locomotive. After being sworn she was asked by the lawyer if she saw the train kill this hog. "Yes," she said, "I see it."
"Well," said the lawyer, "tell the Court in as few words as possible all you know about it."
"I kin do dat in a mighty few words," said Aunt Cherry, clearing her throat, and, with one eye on the Judge and one on the lawyer, she said: "Hit jus' tooted and tuck 'im."

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. T. WHITEHEAD & CO.

LINES FROM GREENSBORO.

HOME INDEPENDENCE BEST.
Various Observations.
(Correspondence to THE COMMONWEALTH.)
The spring season in these parts—Guilford, Randolph, Alamance—has been quite favorable for farmers as well as hopeful for fruit growers; but though no disaster has overtaken the fruit thus far, past experience has shown that late spring frosts often blast the fairest prospects of the fruit grower—so no one dare be confident of a full fruit crop as yet. The wheat prospect is fine, and complainers seem to be few. The past winter is regarded as having been exceedingly mild, though it gave us an occasional "snap" of cold, as at New Year's, and the last week in January, and even now, the 30th of March. The winds are so sharp as to portend danger of frost. Nor do I suppose that Halifax is necessarily beyond the reach of the same danger, though the fruit crop with you is so small in comparison with what it is here, that what would be a serious loss here is lessened very much when it falls upon the counties in the East. Since these notes were begun there have been two frosty mornings here—April 2nd and April 3rd—and the amount of damage done has not been reported as yet. That much of the crop has been killed here and there, there can be no doubt, though this does not plainly appear to one who is passing along the highways. Frost does far more damage to the orchards which are situated contiguous to low, damp places and water courses, compared with those on the higher grounds. And, perhaps mostly because so much of the timber has been felled in the clearing of farm lands, and the supply of the lumber demand, the winters have gradually become more severe than they were even thirty years ago. This is the testimony of some of the older inhabitants.

A few moments ago I accented a gentleman on his way to Greensboro with a load of hay for market, and to my question, "what is hay worth?" his answer was, "Forty cents a hundred." But it was hay of the lowest quality, containing broom straw, weeds, etc., in considerable proportion. Such hay, however, serves a good purpose as bedding for the stalled animals and adds much to the compost heap. Grass and clover have begun to grow in earnest, and the pasturage is good.
The public highways leading out of Greensboro in all directions have been greatly improved within the past few years out as far as to the boundary lines of the county, though it must be confessed that the work has not been perfected. What has been done already will doubtless be followed up by a more complete system. As to the improvements in the city—Greensboro—they are constantly going forward, in the shape of more streets, more paving, more and better sewerage, better lights and multiplied telephone connections. I say nothing of educational institutions, though Greensboro would seem to be well supplied in that line—graded schools for whites, also for the colored; the State Normal & Industrial College for girls (and women when there are any) Greensboro Female College, which includes girls, young ladies and young women; to these add Bennett College for colored youths of both sexes, and the State Agricultural and Mechanical College for the same race. Besides these there is a fine school of music (instrumental) which seems to flourish. The graded schools for the whites are represented by two large brick structures, one in North and the other in South Greensboro.

Just now an effort, which so far promises to be successful, is being made to create a Library for the city, and I think the sum of fifteen hundred dollars has already been pledged for the purpose. These, however, include only the fifty dollar pledges, one of which is made by the leading saloon keeper of the city. As the saloon already contributes no small part of the fund for our common schools, this man is still able to do more, and "chips in" to help on the public Library. If the cigarette manufacturer doesn't see his chance to put his name down next to that of the saloon keeper, then he can't appreciate the fitness of some things, and simply throws away an opportunity.

Traveling about has given me an opportunity to observe somewhat—I was in one neighborhood recently where the people have only partially changed the plans which governed their operations for some time before the war, and among this class I found unmistakable prosperity, not of that rapid and extensive sort, but well founded and gradually growing. Inquiring as closely as possible I found that they had never been in debt, never given a mortgage

never drank whiskey, never failed to raise their own supplies of bread and meat, never hired a substitute for themselves in the superintendence of their farms, produced largely of chickens, eggs, butter and vegetables for the markets, and spent part of each Sabbath in religious services, such as preaching and Sunday schools. These people were, to some extent, at least, the patrons of good schools and wholesome reading, though, almost as a matter of course, country neighborhoods in general, in North Carolina, are deplorably behind the times in education and literary attainments, and he is not a true patriot who will pretend to deny it.
And now out of respect for the patience of your readers, I am truly yours and theirs,
SAND & GRAVEL.

"Ten Picture of Mormonism."


Concord Times.
During my travels in Mississippi I met with Rev. M. L. Oswald, a former Mormon elder, but now a Baptist preacher. He married into a Mormon family in Mississippi when quite young. In 1879 he was induced to join their church without examining their doctrines. In 1880 he moved with a number of Mormon families from Mississippi to a Mormon settlement in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, 8,000 feet above sea level. Here he was made an elder. When he got hold of their book of "Doctrines and Covenants," his eyes were opened by its absurdities and blasphemies, taught as direct revelations from God to their successive prophets. Each successor of Joe Smith is believed to be a prophet, who receives special revelations from God for the guidance of the Latter-day Saints. Though it may contradict a former revelation, the last Bull issued by this prophet is binding on all Mormons as the latest decree of God. Hence you can never know into what absurdities Mormonism will run. It simply depends upon the will or whim of their prophet as to what Bull he may issue as the special decree of heaven.
Instead of the Paradise promised them by the Mormon elders who took them to the Rocky Mountains, they found it, as a wag described it, "nine months winter and three months late in the fall." Hence the Mississippi Mormons in a few years were disgusted and moved back to prevent starvation or freezing out.

By reading their book of "Doctrines and Covenants," Elder Oswald became satisfied that Mormonism was false. When he got back to his old home and friends he joined a Baptist church and was finally ordained to the ministry. He is now zealously preaching as pastor of several churches.
Elder Oswald showed me the book of "Doctrines and Covenants" and pointed out chapters and verses from which he had quoted in his pamphlet. On reading these I find the Mormons teach and believe in the transmigration of souls, just as do the Buddhists of China, and the evolutionists or advanced (?) thinkers, or backward thinkers of America.
Like some of the older heathens abroad, and some of the younger heathens in America, the Mormons teach the "eternity of matter." In connection with this, they teach that all spirit is matter. Here is Joe Smith's revelation on this point: "All spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure and can only be discerned by purer eyes." Doct. and Covenants, sec. 131, par. 7.

They even go so far as to teach mysteries in their temple service, that even their own members, who have never taken their temple degrees, know nothing about. This is like the Elysian mysteries of the ancient heathen Greeks. Mormons have a "sealing ceremony" in these mysteries, by which a man, though he have a wife or wives, can be sealed to another woman to be his wife in heaven. Hence they teach polygamy in heaven, just as do the Mohammedans. Like the Pope of Rome the Mormon president or prophet claims to hold the keys of the kingdom, and is more strictly obeyed than the Pope.
Here is what Elder Oswald says on this head: "While his laws cannot now be fully enforced, being in opposition to the laws of our government, yet they (their presidents) profess that the time will come when they will have full control of the government of the United States, and then they can carefully enforce their laws."

Like the Catholics, they teach that a good Mormon must not think for himself in matters of religion, but must implicitly obey their leader, who gets his orders direct from heaven. Like the Jews, they have adopted nothing of everything a man makes for the support of their elders and their mission work. They even go further, and in addition to one-tenth of their crops, they claim one-tenth of their time for church

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and mission work. Hence their elders say to one man, go and he goeth, or rather to two at a time, and they take the next train for any part of the earth he may designate. In power and discipline they excel even the Jesuits; and woe betide the land where the Mormons should ever become the dominant power.

Lincoln on Champagne.

Several times during his presidency, Abraham Lincoln had occasion to rebuke his governmental associates. One of the most effective of these, because administered in Lincoln's own inimitable, good-natured way, is recounted by Gen. Porter in a reminiscent article in the Century.
It was on a trip down the Potomac to visit Gen. Grant's army. Lincoln did not feel quite well. Perhaps he was a trifle seasick, and he said so. In Gen. Porter's words:
"An officer of the party now saw that an opportunity had arisen to make this the supreme moment of giving him a chance to soothe the digestive organs of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. He said: 'Try a glass of champagne, Mr. President. That is always a certain cure for seasickness.' Mr. Lincoln looked up at him for a moment, his face lighted up with a smile, and then remarked: 'No, my friend; I have seen too many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that very stuff.'
"This was a settler for the officer, and all present joined heartily in the laugh, at his expense."

Rose Tree 1,000 Years Old.

Full-Mall Gazette.
One of the most interesting curiosities in Germany is the rose tree at Hildesheim, which is more than 1,000 years old. Its existence can be traced back to the time of Charlemagne, and it is a fact that it was mentioned as a curiosity in old chronicles of the ninth century. It traces round a large part of the ancient Cathedral of Hildesheim near Brunswick, and with its countless blossoms presents in the season an entrancing spectacle. This venerable witness from bygone ages has been attacked by some insidious insect that threatens it with destruction. The Hildesheimers, to whom the roses are a sacred heirloom, have summoned the best authorities in arboriculture to their aid, but the fate of their tree fills them with anxiety.

Surprised at the Sun.

Newton Enterprise.
We are surprised that the New York Sun, a paper that hears and sees and knows everything, has not put the name of Rev. Elymus Cade, of North Carolina, on its list of celebrities. The Reverend Baylus has a great variety of talents. They first glittered in the pulpit, then as political editor of the State Alliance organ, next as a lawyer, then again in the pulpit, then as a Populist campaign orator, then as Chaplain of a Western penitentiary, and at present are shining as Secretary of the Railroad Department in Republican Governor Russell's office, under the title of Major. If the Sun is yet willing to do justice to its North Carolina constituency, it is reminded that the full name of our multi-talented citizen is Reverend Major Baylus Cade.

Two years ago R. J. Warren, a druggist at Pleasant Brook, N. Y., bought a small supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sums up the result as follows: "At that time the goods were unknown in this section; to-day Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a household word." It is the same in hundreds of communities. Where ever the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy become known the people will have nothing else. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.