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E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1898.

NO. 17

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

It is going the rounds that a Tennessee bank official says that nearly all the German farmers in the mountains have deposits in his institution ranging from small amounts to several thousand dollars. On an average once in two years each depositor draws his money out, and returns with it within a week or ten days. It is said that these farmers wish their families to know they have the money and take it home to prove it.

It is said that there are no orphan asylums in Australia, but every child who is not supported by parents becomes a ward of the Government. Such children are granted a pension and are placed in private families where board and clothes are provided for them.

Perhaps this is a more uniform system for the orphans, but we are of the opinion that the orphans who are cared for in our orphanages in North Carolina are in better shape at the age of 15 than the Australian orphans at the age of 21.

The newspapers that have been creating most excitement of late are now almost universally called "yellow journals." On the same principle the two congressmen who had that scrap in the House Wednesday of last week and created so much excitement there and all through the land may yet be called "yellow statesmen."

Call them what you may, the fact will still remain that it was a very disgraceful and shameful proceeding. The country is ashamed of them and it is to be hoped they are ashamed of themselves.

Perhaps the best known obscure man in the country is Noah Raby, a native of North Carolina. By reason of his great age his name has been printed perhaps thousands of times during the past few years.

The New York Dispatch recently said: "Noah Raby, an inmate of the Pisataway township almshouse, near New Brunswick, N. J., celebrated the anniversary of his birth to-day. He says he is 126 years old, and has been an inmate of the almshouse for forty years. 'He was born in Eatontown, Gates county, N. C., on April 1, 1772, he claims. His mother was a South Carolinian and his father a North American Indian. He has an excellent memory, but is partially blind. He sleeps well, is strong and enjoys a good health.'"

In Richmond recently some newly-elected policemen upon qualifying for their offices did some straight swearing, as given in the Dispatch. After promising support to the Constitution and laws of the United States and of the State, and recognizing the civil and political equality of all men before the law the oath added:

"I swear that I have not, while a citizen of this State, since the 1st day of May, 1882, fought a duel with a deadly weapon, sent or accepted a challenge to fight a duel with a deadly weapon, either within or beyond the boundaries of this State, or knowingly conveyed such challenge, or aided or assisted in any manner in fighting such duel; and that I will not fight a duel with a deadly weapon, or send or accept a challenge to fight a duel with a deadly weapon, either within or beyond the boundaries of this State, or knowingly convey such challenge, or aid or assist in any manner in fighting such duel during my continuance in office. 'So help me God.'"

\$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.

BROKEN PROMISES.

Brotherly Love the Basis of all Our Actions.

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.

BY "NEMO."

(Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.)

The surging waves, with might sufficient to crush leviathan ships, are turned into harmless ripples by the sands; they have to break before the force of little grains clinging close together.

The proud spirit of man vaunting itself to be something great, is brought to the dust by invisible creatures that permeate the system and gradually weaken the forces preparatory to the one great universal humbling. The unrighteous nation whose guide is passion, and whose god is gold, whose spirit setteth itself like a flint against mercy and tenderness, has its day. Its own willfulness prepares the way for its destruction. The small within it are used to confound the mighty.

To the sea, to the man, to the nation goes forth the fiat "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!"

Thunder is not the voice of God, neither is clamor the people. His is the still small voice—in audible to the world—that holds the planets in their silent orbits, and the seasons to their recurrence, that gives the dry-land its bounds, and to lives their sphere. The marshaled hosts of the night skies, and the dumb ache of the trial-perfected soul both unite to give tone to his voice.—The voice of the nation is heard in the majestic quiet, which, after much trial from evil, speaks in acts that break down resistance, or it may even be heard in the silent suffering that seems to pass unnoticed, save for the attentive ear of the one to whom the fall of a sparrow is known. But, sooner or later, the silence of effort or suffering becomes a noise of victory—the oppression ceases, and the voice of the people mingles with the voice of God.

Let us apply the thought. Haughty Spain is tottering to national doom. It has ever oppressed without wisdom, and slain without reason. Its hands have been imbrued in the blood of its finest children, from the persecution of the saints to the expelling of the Moors; from the confiscation of Jewish property to the gathering of wretched Cubans to starve. The dumb tongues have been gathering volume all these ages; they have cried out for vengeance, and they have been heard. The brutality to the helpless and harmless is the last drop in the brimming cup of wrath. The small and the oppressed are the chosen instruments of punishment; for it is these non-combatants who have aroused the thinking world, and a mighty neighbor. It is their feeble pipings, and the stern voice of those who would die for them that shout at last to proud Castile "Thus far and no farther!"

The great deeds of the past in which we profess to trace God's hand and interference in the affairs of men, have ever been wrought by men's hands. Miracles and men work together. Divine influence comes through human mediums, and thus now as we—a nation that hath itself been brought up through great tribulation—are spending our best, our blood, if need be ourselves for those too sunken to know scarcely what is being wrought for them—we, I say, are where the great unselfish ones have stood before us. Our deeds and our affections go out to the needy and oppressed, and we are nationally raised thereby. Every deed done to bless the unblest, or to save the lost, is an uplift to a nation that has been too material, and that now sees clearly that there be things more precious than gold, and that one of them is "Services to the Weak."

The great parable of brotherly love shows us that the neighbor of the nation that fell among thieves does not establish its neighborliness by being rich, or by being on the other side of a narrow highway, but by tenderly lifting up the wounded, and by fearlessly driving off the persecutors. Our attitude is the attitude of the Good Samaritan. Our justification for interfering with those who are not blood of our blood, nor flesh of our flesh is simply his justification—"I saw need and I met it, I saw suffering and I bent to relieve it; I saw evil treatment and I undid the work of the thieves." And the morning after the relief he went on his way. So shall we. We have neither part nor parcel in Cuba when the deed of merciful force is done. When the sick are

refreshed, and comfort is given, we have our duties here at home, and they their privileges at their home, and the two homes are not one. Thus just because no nation on earth can read selfishness into our majestic rebukings and our tender ministrations, no one has reason for putting restraint upon us.

We declare that nearness entails responsibility; for the strong one who can defend is the one who ought to defend the near one who is oppressed. We declare that force must be met by force; for savage beasts have no respect for gentle voices. A tightening grip upon the throat, and a belaboring cudgel are the only arguments for blood-bounds whose jaws drip with innocent blood.

We declare that the moderation of the stench of cruelty and of war beneath our very nostrils has been promised again and again, only each time, for the promise to be broken, and we therefore declare that Spain has neither power to put down the insurgent government nor set up the autonomous.

The voice of the people has spoken after silence too long, and hesitancy even fatal; but the quiet solemnity of its voice, the power and the volume of it, bespeak a national utterance from a national heart that pulsates with one mighty throbbing in unison with every deed of nobility ever done. Vox POPULI, VOX DEI!!

Sifts Mormonism.

Rev. R. E. Peel in N. C. Baptist.

Dear Bro.: While others are shooting the Spanish devil, I will take a crack at the foe in our midst, being as I am too old to go to Cuba.

Isms and schisms are the order of the day. There is a strange tendency to doubt what is established, and to swallow what is questionable. People are saying every day, "We can't believe your Bible or your Christ." Yet these same people have a wonderful capacity for believing anything that reflects on either. However, we can meet this sort of opposition. The issue is squarely drawn. But when a fellow comes clothed with the Bible and in the name of Jesus to elench it; I confess some confusion as to the best way of meeting him. One thought comforts me; the second coming of Christ will uncover them and put an end to their devilment. God hasten the time! Lord Jesus come!!

In this letter I shall pay my respects to Mormonism: First telling what it is; and second how to meet it. I. What it is. Mormonism is the devil's last miracle, rather lying wonder. It was conceived in avarice, born in fornication, and brought up in ignorance and fanaticism. Solomon Spalding was its real but accidental father; Joseph Smith its stepfather, Oliver Cowdrey, Sidney Rigdon, David Whitmer and Martin Harris its sponsors. Spalding was insane, Smith was deluded, and the others were impostors. Smith was of low and degraded origin, lower morals, with a shrewd and superstitious mind. His zeal, energy, courage, and enthusiasm argue that he was deluded; but his deceptive and fraudulent methods show that he was led captive willingly. He was very religious and very immoral at the same time. He believed in his own inspiration while he was using a lie to get others to believe it!

The strength of Mormonism is the absolute power of their President, the devotion and obedience of every member, the compactness and efficiency of the organization. Their worldly wisdom, their missionary zeal, their persistency, and their truth-washed creed. II. How to meet it. Not with persecution. This will only add fuel to the fire, and scatter the flame. Evil will never overcome evil. But how not is not now. How then are we to meet it?

1. With character. Let the churches be what they ought to be and Mormonism will not take root. It is want of character that makes a community a prey to this monstrosity.

2. Enlightenment. Give the people the truth in such a way that it becomes their life. Full of life and light error is crowded out and darkness is shined away.

3. Exposure. Tear off the angel livery of their leprous souls. Uncover the nakedness of their truth-washed creed. Thrust through their lie with the sword of the Spirit.

Fellow citizens of the Kingdom of God, beware of dogs! Watch the wolf in wool! Put on the whole armor of God! and stand for truth and righteousness and against the wiles of the devil.

R. E. PEELE.

M. L. Yocum, Cameron, Pa., says: "I was a sufferer for ten years, trying most all kinds of pile remedies, but without success. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was recommended to me. I used one box. It has affected a permanent cure." As a permanent cure for piles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

THE MAN OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Read This, Young Man.

The following from the N. Y. Evening Journal contains many points worthy of the careful consideration of every young man:

Dear young men, you are all ambitious in a vague sort of way. You would all like to be recognized as great and you would really do a good deal in the way of self-sacrifice to achieve fame. But do you know what the situation is?

In twenty years from now, or in thirty years, some man will be the big boss of this country. He will be in the white house, after a hard fight, and all the country will be looking at him in admiration and envy.

The individual is a young man now. Do you know where he is, what he is doing? He is out on a farm somewhere feeding pigs or building fires at four in the morning, or he is selling trash on a train, or working in a machine shop, or trying to learn law in some little one-horse town. Wherever he is, and whatever he is, he is living a life that prevents his wasting his vitality on nonsense. He is saving up his strength and growing all in one direction not dividing his fine energies between clothes, cigarettes, neckties, photographs of girls and looking glasses.

He is at the bottom of the ladder. He hasn't one-half your chance or advantages. He has perhaps a very imperfect education, and you would be shocked at his clothes and his coarseness if you could see him in his present crude condition. But he will be your uncle, and thirty years from now your boast will be that you slightly know the great So-and-So, and you will hang about telling how he used to feed pigs and is not too proud to admit it. And you will be asking the pig feeder for favors.

You all know that this is a fact, don't you? It ought to encourage and not discourage you. You ought to say to yourself:

"I'm ahead of that country Jake now, and I'll keep ahead. I know more than he does this minute, and I'll keep on studying, so that he cannot catch up with me. I shall give up the company of fools and cultivate men from whom I can learn something. I shall study events and not my growing mustache. I shall devote to books the time that my rival must devote to his pigs. I shall go to bed early and get up early. I have the start and I'll keep it."

The young men of the city are always beaten by the young men of the country in the race for life's big prizes, and simply because they fail to keep the start with which they begin life. It is time for them to realize that the country boy tortoise is racing against them while they sleep.

Murdered by Liquor.

N. C. Baptist.

Last week the startling news came to Fayetteville that a colored barber had been killed on the Atlantic Coast Line road near Wilson. His body was cut almost in two and mangled fearfully. Why? The poor fellow was a drink victim. He was under the influence of whiskey, lay down on the track and the thundering engine did its work. The engineer was not to blame. He did what he could, but the momentum of the train was too great to be overcome. And now there is a sad wife and fatherless children in Fayetteville—the victims of liquor. This barber was an expert in his trade and had for a number of years served the people of Fayetteville. Drink was silently doing its work. His associates in business warned him of the drunkard's grave; his white friends talked to him of his falling business and wrecked life, but he went on from bad to worse, until finally he left his native town for work. This man had served us. We had talked to him of his terrible enemy, but the liquor fiend had him in its grasp. From a moderate drinker he became a drunkard and went down to his death of horror. We do not write this to give publicity to the awful finale of the man but to warn others who may be in the same road to destruction. The work of whiskey is insidious—it steals in on the frail human, and if encouraged soon claims a victim. Every death like this is a warning in blood to those drinkers who think themselves safe.

M. L. Yocum, Cameron, Pa., says: "I was a sufferer for ten years, trying most all kinds of pile remedies, but without success. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was recommended to me. I used one box. It has affected a permanent cure." As a permanent cure for piles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

It is a great leap from the old fashioned doses of blue-mass and nauseous physics to the pleasant little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They cure constipation, sick headache and biliousness.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

A True Horse Story.

Chicago Herald.

On Madison street one day I paused to pat the nose of a beautiful horse which stood by the curb, and commiserate his misfortune, for this beautiful animal, though sleek of coat and shapely in body and limb, was apparently suffering excruciating torture. His head had been checked inhumanly high, and the cruel bit, drawing tightly in his mouth, disfigured an animal face of unusual charm and intelligence. I was just fancying that the horse had begun to understand and appreciate my words of sympathy, when the lady who sat in the carriage holding the reins fumbled in her pocket, produced a lump of white sugar, and asked me to give it to the horse.

"He is very fond of sugar," she explained, "and I have quite won his heart by feeding it to him. I always carry sugar in my pocket while out driving, and give him a lump at every opportunity. I never knew a horse to be so fond of sugar. Will you please give him another lump?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I see that you are quite as fond of the horse as he is of sweets."

"Yes, I think everything of him." "Then why do you torture him?" "Torture my Prince?"

"Yes, that is just what you are doing. Do you know that the poor animal suffers agony because his head is checked so unnaturally high? His neck is drawn out straight, producing a most ungraceful angle, he holds his head awkwardly, the bit is hurting his mouth, and that graceful curvature of neck and carriage of head which are in his nature are now entirely lost. Why do you check him so high?"

She didn't know. She was not aware that high checking was a source of pain to horses, nor that it destroyed their natural beauty. She was amazed at the discovery.

"May I trouble you to unloose his check?" she asked.

When the strap was unfastened the horse immediately lowered his head, straightened the cramps out of his handsome neck, shook himself to make sure that he had been actually released from bondage, and then looked round with such a grateful, delightful expression in his intelligent eyes that his mistress declared no more checking straps should be used upon him.

Gets \$20,000 Dollars Damage.

New & Observer 14th.

The largest personal damages judgment ever affirmed by the Supreme court of North Carolina, was that of Norton vs. North Carolina Railroad Company, affirmed Tuesday in a decision written by Judge Douglass. Mr. Norton sued for \$20,000 damages, for injuries received two years ago.

It will be remembered that at the March term, 1897, of Durham Superior court C. H. Norton, the Durham builder and architect, recovered judgment against the North Carolina Railroad Company for \$20,000 damages for personal injuries sustained by reason of a collision with a train of the defendant at a crossing in Durham. The railroad appealed, and the Supreme court has just affirmed the judgment.

Mr. Norton was riding in Durham on the morning of May 2nd, 1896 in a buggy with Mr. A. G. Bauer of this city, when the injury was sustained. Mr. Bauer was also badly hurt, but he compromised his case for \$2,500.

Mr. Norton had his jaw bone broken in two places and lost nearly all his teeth, together with the process by which they are held in his mouth, besides receiving other serious and permanent injuries.

He made seven trips to Baltimore and Philadelphia and was twice in a hospital in the former place. He expended more than \$2,000 in and about these visits. Mr. Norton is now in Baltimore undergoing treatment for his eyes.

This is the largest recovery ever sustained in a damage suit in this State. In James vs. Railroad \$15,000 was recovered and there have been several \$10,000 recoveries.

IN MISCHIEF.

My work-box! my work box! Oh, what shall I do? You mischievous kittens, I'm angry with you! You've tangled my knitting and broken my thread, And rolled up my silk for a soft little bed. This world may be all but a playground for you, But please to remember, I've something to do!

The farmer, the mechanic and the expected bicycle rider are liable to unexpected cuts and bruises. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the best thing to keep on hand. It heals quickly, and is a well known cure for piles.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

IF YOU ARE HUSTLER

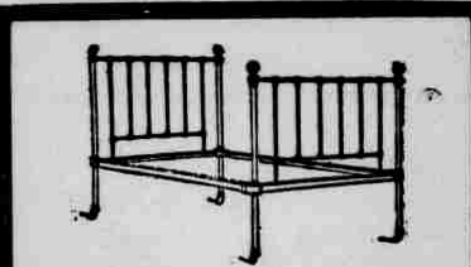
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Please mention this Paper.

LESSONS OF THE FLOWERS.

They are the Great Teachers, and Speak a Universal Language.

"Nothing teaches us so much in this world as flowers if we will only watch them, understand the messages they exhale, and profit by them," writes Edward W. Bok in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "I wish everybody on this earth might love flowers. Flowers can do so much for a man or a woman. No one can raise flowers, live among them, love them, and not be better for their influence. By their birth they show us how, out of things hard, out of disappointment and failure, by the overcoming of obstacles and the bending to difficult tasks, creep forth the most beautiful results. By their cultivation they show how different natures need different treatments. By the manner in which they refuse to thrive near weeds they teach the clearest lesson of human association, and show that sin is an intruder in this world. We learn the great lesson that while the most gorgeous flowers appeal to our admiration, we love the fragrant ones the best. Every lesson, every pleasure, we can learn and derive from these silent messengers of the earth. The flowers speak a universal language; they adapt themselves to grave or gay. A flower is never misunderstood. We associate flowers with all the joyous seasons of our lives as well. Flowers often speak to us when our own words seem powerless to express what we really mean. They are the daintiest bits of God's handiwork. They call to us to care for them, to love them, rewarding us with prodigality when we respond to their beckoning. Their message is Divine. Like an April day, 'shadow and sunshine is life.' But so the flowers grow, and 'we come to June by the way of March.'"

Vitality of the Wild Geese.

Chattanooga Enquirer.

Farmer H. N. Clement, of Lowell, Lake county, Ind., was running in the Kenkakee marsh. He came upon a flock of wild geese and bagged several of them, one of which astonished him by having as a breastpin an arrow nine inches long. That goose became the wonder of the neighborhood and the wonder of scientists, the only conclusion reached being that, wherever the wild bird came from there it got the arrow, so unique in formation that it could be assigned to no tribe of Indians in the United States or any known country. Finally, Professor O. T. Mason, of the National Museum, said the bird and arrow could have come from no other place on the globe than the Yukon Valley, for except in that region no such arrows are made.

Science does not pretend to say how long the goose had carried the arrow of a Yukon tribesman until it met his death from the shot of a civilized gunner down on an Indiana marsh. The bird disdained the weapon of a savage, but turned up its legs to the marksman of the Hoosier farmer years afterward and thousands of miles from its summer home in Arctic desolation as it was journeying southward.

PATERNITY.

Child, for thy love and for thy beauty's sake,
My heart opened warmer to the day;
Springs of new joy and deeper tears awake,
Whose wells were bored in the baser clay.
For thy sake nobler visions are unfurled,
Visions of tenderer humanity,
And all the little children of this world
Are dearer now to me.

Thousands of sufferers from gripple have been restored to health by One Minute Cough Cure. It quickly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, gripple, asthma, and all throat and lung diseases.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

WINE OF CARDUI

For Mothers!

This discolors and dangers of child-birth can be almost entirely avoided. Wine of Cardui relieves expectant mothers. It gives tone to the genital organs, and puts them in condition to do their work perfectly. That makes pregnancy less painful, shortens labor and hastens recovery after child-birth. It helps a woman bear strong healthy children.

McFEE'S Wine of Cardui

has also brought happiness to thousands of homes barren for years. A few doses often brings joy to loving hearts that long for a darling baby. No woman should neglect to try it for this trouble. It cures nine cases out of ten. All druggists sell Wine of Cardui. \$1.00 per bottle.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. LOUISA HALL, of Jefferson, Ga., says: "When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

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