

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

**WINE OF CARDUI**  
**MONTHLY SUFFERING.**  
Thousands of women are troubled at monthly intervals with pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides, hips and limbs. But they need not suffer.  
These pains are symptoms of dangerous derangements that can be corrected. The menstrual action should operate painlessly.  
**ME LREE'S Wine of Cardui**  
makes menstruation painless, and regular. It puts the delicate menstrual organs in condition to do their work properly. And that stops all this pain. Why will any woman suffer month after month when Wine of Cardui will relieve her? It costs \$1.00 at the drug store. Why don't you get a bottle to-day?  
For advice, in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.  
Mrs. ROZENA LEWIS, of Greenville, Texas, says: "I was troubled at monthly intervals with terrible pains in my head and back, but have been entirely relieved by Wine of Cardui."  
**WINE OF CARDUI**  
**PROFESSIONAL.**

**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.  
SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

**W. A. DUNN,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.**  
SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.  
Practices wherever his services are required.

**W. H. DAY, DAVID BELL,**  
**DAY & BELL,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
ENFIELD, N. C.  
Practice in all the Courts of Halifax and adjoining counties and in the Supreme and Federal Courts. Claims collected in all parts of the State.

**R. W. J. WARD,**  
**Surgeon Dentist,**  
ENFIELD, N. C.  
Office over Harrison's Drug Store.

**EDWARD L. TRAVIS,**  
**Attorney and Counselor at Law,**  
HALIFAX, N. C.  
Money Loaned on Farm Lands.

**HOWARD ALSTON,**  
**Attorney-at-Law,**  
LITTLETON, N. C.

**M. C. M. FURGERSON,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
HALIFAX, N. C.

**PAUL V. MATTHEWS,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.**  
Collection of Claims a specialty.  
ENFIELD, N. C.

**R. C. A. WHITEHEAD,**  
**DENTAL Surgeon,**  
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.

# THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.  
"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO.  
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00.  
VOL. XIV. New Series--Vol. 2. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1898. NO. 18

## THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

### Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

Strange as it may seem to many who have an aversion to coming into close contact with the dead, there is a man in Philadelphia who makes his living as a pall-bearer at funerals. His name is John Fagen, and he is known as the "champion pall-bearer." He is said to be a natty dressed man of the stature of a Jap, and undertakers regard him as a most useful citizen.

Hon. Champ Clark, Representative in Congress from Missouri, made the following statement while discussing the Loud bill recently before Congress: "I serve notice on the House and country now that as soon as I get through writing three or four speeches that I am obliged to write to fill engagements, I intend to prepare a bill and introduce it here to abolish the Congressional Record. It is a nuisance and always was. Hundreds of speeches that are never delivered here at all—not a syllable of them—are franked out all over the country, and men are given a reputation for being orators who are as dumb as oysters. I am opposed to such an expensive and rearing farce."

A late number of the Baltimore Manufacturers' Record printed on its front page the following, taken from the Philadelphia Manufacturer:

"An equilibrium of interests will soon be established between the North and the South, and the two sections can never again drift apart by any chance of which we are now able to conceive. The establishment and acclimation of the cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving industry in the Southern States directly tributary to the cotton field is a development which is going on under our own eyes swiftly and surely. While the industry in the old New England centres is suffering sorely, the Southern mills are prospering wherever there is any pretence to good business management. Old mills are expanding, and new mills are being built, the productive capacity all the while increasing, while there is unceasing activity in the search for new markets."

A sort of skillful wonder has been reported from Lisbon, Ohio, through the Richmond Dispatch. A farmer named Vandergreen was making an excavation for the foundation of a barn, and dug up a rough-looking stone which did not attract his attention, although later high authority pronounced it a scientific gem.

It was a human-shaped head carved out of stone, and in building the barn it was cemented in the foundation, and remained there for years a target for boys with stones, slings and cross-bows. The features became badly defaced by the sport of the boys.

An antiquarian named Benner learned about the stone, reported it to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. It was at once recognized as a relic of great value, and was taken from the foundations of the barn and is now a valued relic of the art of sculpture among the aborigines of that region.

If Governor Russell continues his bounding after railroads he need not be surprised to find himself some of these days confronted with a writ of *injurando de lunatico*. Ever since his inauguration he has been cutting up antics about railroad matters that indicate his insanity, or, to say the least of it, that he is a monomaniac on the subject of railroads.

To be sure, railroads are not heavenly corporations any more than many other business interests and enterprises with which we have to do; but we see no more reason in trying to interfere with their business and rob and fleece them than there is in doing the same thing for other people.

Who knows but the next stroke of the Populist-Republic crowd will be an attempt to interfere with the price of almanacs? People are not bound to have almanacs; neither are all bound to ride on the railroads.

There is about as much reason in interfering with one as the other, especially so if we consider the animus and manner of proceeding.

A torpid liver robs you of ambition and ruins your health. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cleanse the liver, cure constipation and all stomach and liver troubles.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

## THE GRAND OLD MAN.

### Interesting Facts About Gladstone's Private Life.

#### HE IS A TREMENDOUS WORKER.

PROGRAMME OF HIS DAYS AND INCIDENTS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE VETERAN'S STALWART PERSONALITY—HE IS A VORACIOUS READER.

For the Richmond Dispatch.  
LONDON, April 1.—William Ewart Gladstone has been a favorite subject with the writers of newspaper and magazine articles, and an immense amount of trouble has been taken to make the reading public familiar with the habits and characteristics of England's Grand Old Man. It is not possible, however, to exhaust the subject when so interesting a personality as Gladstone's is in question, and so much remains to be told. Here for the first time are related many features of the personality of the old man that have so far escaped the searching attention of the literary fraternity, and which have been close to the veteran statesman's side during the declining years of his famous life.

When the wear and tear of a public life became too much for Gladstone, and he was forced to retire to the quietude of Hawarden Castle, it was not to be expected that active life would be changed at once for one of complete rest. Gladstone "resting" was an example to many men who would feel much offended if considered other than industrious.

Gladstone's hour for rising has always been half past seven, unless the doctor otherwise ordered, and in that event the Grand Old Man considered the edict of his physician that he must pass more time in bed, in the light of a hardship. He dressed, according to the assertion of Mrs. Gladstone, in five minutes, but this time was probably a statement prompted by the fact that Mrs. Gladstone always found her husband ahead of her at the breakfast table, no matter how much she hurried the arrangements of her own toilet.

While dressing it was the habit of Mr. Gladstone to read a book, and it is characteristic of the man that he thoroughly enjoyed the book perused under these odd circumstances. He would prop the volume up on the dressing table, and, while apparently engaged in his toilet, would be mechanically fixing his apparel with his eyes on the book instead of the mirror, and his busy mind grasping the details of both tasks in a manner that no other man could successfully accomplish.

GLADSTONE AND HIS LITTLE AXE.  
After breakfast, Mr. Gladstone has been accustomed to revel in what to him was keen enjoyment—his literary work. He did most of his writing between breakfast and luncheon. After luncheon, during the period when he was the hale old man that artists loved to depict clad in woodman's dress, he would sally forth, axe in hand, to cut down some giant of the Hawarden castle forest, that had threatened to trespass upon the light and air of trees that were worthy of more space. This trespasser he would attack with vigorous blows, and then there would gather around him the visitors who were always haunting the vicinity of Hawarden in hopes of being present at just such an expedition.

The ambition of the visitors was to secure some of the chips that flew before the axe of the distinguished woodman. As soon as Gladstone had retired, after the fall of the tree, there would be a rush of relic hunters, and the chips would be eagerly gathered up as mementoes of the occasion. These chips were always marketable relics. It is sad to reflect that so many homes in Merry England are adorned with sections of tree trunks, ticketed with a legend to the effect that they fell for the axe of William Ewart Gladstone, that never grew in the green forests of Hawarden, or a forest within a hundred miles of that picturesque spot.

Apart from his beloved axe, Gladstone had few fancies that were not of the most commonplace order. He loved the backgammon. In the opinion of the old man there was no game to equal it, and it was one of the chief delights of his life to play a quiet game in the retirement of his own room, when reading had become too great a strain for eyes that were fast failing.

#### A VERY PIOUS MAN.

There have been few more pious men in the world than Gladstone. When asked what was the most interesting study he had ever undertaken, he answered unhesitatingly: "Theology." His deep piety is shown by the following from his own pen regarding the observance of the Sabbath:

"The service of God in this world is an increasing service, without interval or suspense. But, under the conditions of our physical, intellectual, and social life, a large portion of that service is necessarily performed within the area which is occupied by this world and its concerns, and within which every Christian grace finds perpetual room for its exercise; but for its exercise under circumstances not allowing the ordinary man, unless in the rarest cases, that nearness to access to the things of God, that directness of assimilation to the divine life, which belongs to a day consecrated by spiritual service. So the grace and compassion of our Lord have rescued from the open ground of worldly life a portion of that area, and have made upon it a vineyard seated on a very fruitful hill, and have fenced it in with this privilege—that, whereas, for our six days' work the general rule of direct contact must for the mass of men be with secular affairs, within this happy precinct there is provided, even for that same mass of men, a chartered emancipation; and the general rule is reversed in favor of a direct contact with spiritual things."

#### "SEND ME THOSE."

Gladstone was a bonanza to the book men of his native land. It is a fact that one day he entered the establishment of a London dealer in second-hand books, and, when asked by the deferential store-keeper what books he would like to see, said with a sweep of the arm that took in the whole stock, "Send me those." He had bought the entire store. When his library became so overstocked that he found it necessary to weed out some volumes, it was Gladstone's custom to send the surplus to the second-hand dealers, from whom he frequently bought them back again at advanced prices, under the impression that he was obtaining volumes that had never lain on the shelves of the Hawarden library.

#### The Cost of A Boy.

Chicago Exchange.

It does not take as much money to live in the country, or in a small town, as it does to live in the city. I read the other day that it cost \$5,000 to bring up a city boy and educate him and dress him well. I said to myself: "That is because everything in the city has to be bought, and living is high." But I began to study the thing, and I found out that even a country boy costs his parents a good deal.

When you count what a boy eats, and what he wears, and the school books he has to have; and the doctor bills that have to be paid when he gets the measles or the scarlet fever, he will cost his folks at least \$100 a year. I guess if a boy is pretty bad to smash things, or to kick his shoes right out, he costs more than that. So when I am 21, I shall have cost father more than \$2,000.

Mother cooked my victuals, made my clothes and patched them, washed and ironed for me, took care of me when I was a little fellow, and whenever I got sick, and she never charged anything for that. If she were dead and father had to hire all that done, it would cost him another \$100 a year or more, and that's \$2,000 worth of work mother will have done for me by the time I am a man. Four thousand dollars for a boy! What do you think of that?

These are hard times. When parents put \$4,000 into a boy, what have they a right to expect of him? Is it fair for him to play ball, go in swimming, or hang around town all the time, when maybe his father's potatoes are not dug, nor the wood brought in for his mother. Is it fair for him to disappoint them by swearing, smoking and drinking?

Some of our parents have put about all the property they had into us boys and girls. If we make spittoons and whisky jugs of ourselves, they will be poor indeed. But if we make good citizens and substantial men, they will feel as if they had good pay for bringing us up.

#### \$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.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

## A FAILING EMPIRE.

### The Emperor an Imbecile and His Advisors Corrupt.

#### CHINA TOTTERING TO ITS FALL.

New York Sun.

PEKIN, February 15.—The situation here goes rapidly from bad to worse. The Imperial Government is drifting hopelessly to ruin. The Emperor, surrounded by eunuchs and concubines, if not a besotted imbecile, is a puppet in their hands. It is a case of ignorance teaching the ignorant, or the blind leading the blind, and so far as can be seen by even the wisest and most experienced observers, the end is not far off. The Japanese have a proverb which says: "There is no medicine for a fool," and every day's revelations in this capital of the far East show that the saying is as true of the Emperor as of his humblest subject, and that, even if the means of salvation for himself and his throne were offered him again, as it has been more than once in the last decade, there is not the slightest chance of his accepting it. Corruption, cowardice, and stubbornness all unite to place this country and its government in a helpless plight. Their only chance for the last quarter of century has been to call disinterested Americans to aid them in the work of regeneration and reorganization, and this has been shown to them repeatedly, but in vain. First, General Upton, then General Grant, and, finally, General Gordon, Wilson, and Foster, with more or less particularity, pointed out to the Chinese statesmen the road by which humiliation and ruin might be avoided, but they rejected all counsel and steadily held on to their corrupt methods, because they were sanctified by age and "custom." And now a new danger stares them in the face and paralyzes them with fear. The news has recently reached the capital that the Germans have struck the first open blow at the integrity of the country. Russia has long been advancing against the northern side of the empire, if not sapping and mining her vitals, while England and France have been over-throwing her outposts one after another in the South and West. Observant travellers and intelligent students of modern movements and possibilities have long looked upon the partition of China as near at hand, but to-day even the princes and members of the Tsung Li Yamen are forced to admit that it has become a leading feature in the plans of the Great European powers.

These purblind mandarins now see that in calling German officers to instruct their banners and still more ignorant sailors modern tactics, they have only exposed their own weakness and corruption to the curious eyes of men who are swift to make known their discoveries to their home government. The German Kaiser has not had his emissaries here for the purpose of teaching Chinamen how to make war, but for the purpose of gathering information useful to his own government when he shall be ready to reach out for his share of Asiatic plunder. The same may be said of England, when she sent Captain Lang to the Chinese Government to command its northern fleet. The fatuity of all this is almost incomprehensible, and appears absolutely so in view of the fact that American might have been had to do this work—men of superior ability whose country it was well known even to Chinamen, had no desire to acquire a foot of Chinese territory, or even to establish a "sphere of commercial influence" anywhere in Asia.

It is also becoming known here that China has ceded Kiaow Chou bay, with a zone of thirty miles around it, to Germany, thus giving the latter an area of some 1,500 square miles, equivalent to a new German State, ninth in size of those comprising the German empire. This grant carries with it valuable railway and mining rights in the province of Shantung, the control of coal-fields, and the privilege of connecting their railroads with any trunk lines which may be built within reach. While this is all based on a lease limited in terms to a period of ninety-nine years, it is certain that it will become a permanent occupation.

Under the secret treaty of alliance made by Li Hung Chang with Russia the latter promised to protect China from foreign aggression and spoliation; but, instead of doing so, has not only stood aloof while Germany has enforced her demands, but as plainly notified China that she will not tolerate the presence or even the influence of any other foreign Power within the limits of Northern Chih-hi or Manchuria. It is now leaving out that she went so far as to threaten China with an invading army if she presumed to accept the loan of \$16,000,000 offered by Eng-

land, while the latter, not a whit behind, threatened to compensate herself in the Valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang if China dared to accept the money needed from her great rival. So the helpless Chinese authorities were forced to promise each that they would not borrow from the other. Meanwhile, the Imperial Treasury is almost bankrupt; the next instalment of the Japanese war indemnity is due on the 8th of May, while a large amount is due for interest on the 8th of November following. Where all this money is to come from is a puzzle that no one here can solve. Belgium, Holland, and private syndicates have been applied to in vain. The revenues which have not been already pledged are insufficient. Robbery and speculation go on unabated, and the government in all departments is so inefficient and shaky, so close to its last financial ditch, that an utter breakdown may come at any time.

The desperate straits to which it has been brought by corruption and fear are well indicated by its negotiations with Yung Wing, an Americanized Chinaman from Hartford, Conn., who has been living here for several months trying to obtain a concession for a railroad from Peking to Chinkiang, the same to be paid for by American and Chinese capital. Curiously enough, this amiable gentleman, who never built a mile of railroad in his life, and who certainly cannot control capital enough either in America or Europe to build a line 700 miles long, has succeeded, by the promise of bribes to high officials, in securing favorable consideration of his project. Li Hung Chang, Prince Kung, and the Tsung Li Yamen have indorsed it; but the German Minister getting wind of the scheme, has notified the Tsung Li Yamen that Germany must, under its treaty in regard to Kiaow Chou, have contracts for furnishing all the men and materials for such railroads as traverse any part of the province of Shantung, and has followed it up by the declaration that if this is not at once conceded, he will lower his flag and leave Peking. This brought the pusillanimous government to terms. It has yielded abjectly to these new German demands, and this must establish German influence throughout Shantung, invite aggression from other Powers, and in the end result in the severance of that province from the empire. But this is not all. Sheng-tai, the Director-General of Imperial Railroads, engaged in the construction of the Hankow-Peking line, has also heard of the proposed concession to Yung Wing, and has protested to the Tsung Li Yamen that the new line, if built, will kill the old one, and if it is to be persisted in, he must have the right to build it instead of his own.

In addition, he proposes by way of compensation, that Yung Wing and his friends should be allowed to join him in building the Hankow-Canton Line, and, if this should be rejected, he declares he will resign his office. This seems to have brought Yung Wing and his missionary advisers to terms and they are now casting about to make their change a success. But the absurdity of it all does not appear to have struck any of the parties to the scramble. How any private individuals or syndicates can hope to get away with such vast concessions as these great railways would constitute is difficult to understand, and that American capitalists should seriously think of risking their money in the midst of such intrigue, or in face of the competition and rivalry of Russia, England, Germany, and France, is beyond belief.

If the Chinese Government is frightened out of its wits, and dare not stand up against the smallest demands of the least of these Powers, how can private American citizens, unbacked by their government, hope to receive the slightest recognition.

It should be clearly understood that China is not considered at all. Her wishes are not consulted. Her cowardice, and abject helplessness have cost her the last semblance of respect. The ministers of the European Powers simply tell the Tsung Li Yamen what they want, or have concluded to do, and refuse all discussion, and so the work of spoliation goes steadily forward, and this empire, hoary with age and rich in labor and natural resources, is tottering to its fall for the want of an honest and resolute government.

What will be the next seizure or who will make it any one may guess. But one thing seems to be certain, and that is, that Great Britain, which still controls nearly 70 per cent. of the foreign trade of China, does not mean to give it up or permit it to be seriously impaired without a struggle.

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

IF YOU ARE HUSTLER  
YOU WILL  
—ADVERTISE—  
YOUR  
Business.  
SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT IN NOW.

No. 083. Made in 54, 48, 42, 36 inch widths.  
\$2.25 buys this Brass-trimmed White Enamel Bedstead. In a stock in all widths: length, 75 inches. It has one-inch pillars, two-inch brass vases and caps. This bed retails at from \$5 to \$6 dollars.  
Buy of the maker and save the middleman's large profit. Our Catalogues are mailed for the asking. Complete lines of Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, Crochets, Pictures, Mirrors, Stoves, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, Lamps, Bedding, etc., are contained in these books. Our Lithographed Carpet Catalogue showing all goods in hand-painted colors is also free. Carpet Samples are wanted mail us in stamps. Drop a postal at once to the nearest Post Office and remember that we pay freight this month on purchases of Carpets, Lace Curtains, Portieres and Rugs amounting to \$5.00 and over.  
**Julius Hines & Son**  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
Please mention this Paper.

## BILLY IS IN TROUBLE.

Selected.  
I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out west, an' my ol' heart is as heavy as an anvil in my breast. To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly planned Should wander from the path o' right an' come to such an end! I told him when he left us only three short years ago, He'd find himself a plowin' in a mighty crooked row— He'd miss his father's counsel, an' his mother's prayers, too, But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

I know that's big temptation for a youngster in the west, But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist, And when he left I warned him o' the ever-walkin' snares That lie like hidden snarls in life's pathway everywhere. But Bill he promised faithful to be, keener, an' allowed He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud, But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind, An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very wuestest kind!

His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed That Billy was a trampin' on a mighty rocky road, But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame, An' in the dust o' daller his ol' daddy's honored name. He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short; I just can't tell his mother; it'll crush her poor ol' heart! An' so I reckon, parson, you might break the news to her— Bill's in the legislature, but he doesn't say what fur.

## Why the Hoeecake is Going.

Richmond Dispatch.

Most middle-aged persons remember well when cornbread was served upon nearly all tables in the South and West at least twice a day. Sometimes it appeared in the form of "hoeecake," or "butter bread," and again in "pones." It was par excellence the bread of the negro, and every man who served in the Confederate army was also full graduate in the use of it. Now the darkies eschew it where wheat bread is to be obtained, and upon the tables of thousands of Southern and Western whites it never appears at all, while others continue to use it only for dinner.

Now why is this? Surely corn-meal is as it ever was. Those who sincerely, but probably mistakenly, believe that "water-ground" meal is better than the product of mills turned by steam, can always find a supply of that in most cities, and it is common enough in the country. There is no trouble about the meal; but we doubt whether the art of cooking it has been preserved. The high-toned colored damsels who are turned out by the public schools are not the adepts that our old Aunt Dinahs and Aunt Peggys were. No self-respecting pan of dough would be conjured into shape by such unskilled hands. And then we may seriously doubt whether cornbread can be cooked in a stove as well as an open fireplace.

The Indians laid their dough cakes between layers of forest leaves or upon the hard ground, and cooked them in the hot ashes. Hence "ashcake," a very luscious product, indeed, when one has whetted his appetite for it by a long day's hunting. The hoeecake was so called because it was originally baked upon a hoe—that ever-ready and useful instrument of agriculture which is to be found upon every plantation. But later on cooking utensils were manufactured which took the place of the humble hoe. So, too, shingles were used whereupon to place the dough while it went through the process of becoming a well-done ashcake.

Thirty-five years make a nation. That is how long Adolph Fisher, of Zanesville, O., suffered from piles. He was cured by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.