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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, JUNE 2, 1898. NO. 23

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

There is marked improvement all through the State in agricultural interests. In many places farmers are using much more improved farm machinery than one supposes who does not go out into the country often. And with the use of better machinery the farmers are improving their lands to a high state of cultivation. And when the war with Spain is over and the Democratic party is reinstated into power, North Carolina will find herself moved up considerably in the march of progress.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," they say. The high price of wheat will be a means of convincing farmers this fall that they ought to raise their own wheat at home. In most parts of North Carolina wheat is already a bread crop; but in some parts of Eastern Carolina there is little or no wheat raised at all. In Halifax county the farmers as a rule pay very little attention to wheat raising. THE COMMONWEALTH believes, as it has said all the while, that there is no good reason why farmers here should not raise their own wheat.

Stand upon any vantage ground of observation you may and cast about for a view of the good and evil forces in our land, and when you have catalogued the forces, you can easily write it down that one stupendous evil which negatives many good influences is the awful curse of intemperance. It is the serpent of evil that injects poison into almost everything to which men turn their thoughts and hands. Oh, that American intelligence and manhood would rise in one mighty effort and stamp it out forever! It would move up the progress of this land a century in a day.

A few days ago at Wake Forest we saw a farmer taking in a check from a cotton buyer for about 25 bales of cotton. On investigation we found that the farmer was one of those wise tillers of the soil who always make home supplies, and are therefore independent. This wise farmer found it quite convenient to sell his cotton just when it suited him, and was not under the necessity of selling it at the first possible day to meet a mortgage.

If all the farmers in North Carolina would do likewise, the cry of hard times would not be so frequent or so loud.

This is the season when sweet girl graduates from the female colleges and masters and bachelors of arts from the male colleges, find themselves confronting perhaps the first question of real life. After years of toil and study they come to that period at which years ago they thought they would be fully panoplied for the fight of life. But now they realize that they have just begun the real preparation for life's great busy day ahead. They have simply been learning to prepare for work; and now they are to begin their work in earnest. The work of the first day is additional preparation for the next, and so as they advance into the maze of the years ahead they will find that they are to be learners always. The work of today is a lesson for tomorrow, and so on through the whole length of life.

May their present purity of life be the basis on which they shall build characters as pure as their young lives are sweet and guileless; and may their careers be as great as the prayers and hopes for them are earnest and strong.

Bad management keeps more people in poor circumstances than any other cause. To be successful one must look ahead and plan ahead so that when a favorable opportunity presents itself he is ready to take advantage of it. A little forethought will save much expense and valuable time. A prudent and careful man will keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, and Diarrhoea Remedy will wait until necessary. The shiftless fellow will ruin his best property by going to a doctor and have a big doctor bill to pay, besides; one pays out 25 cents, the other is out a hundred dollars, and then wonders why his neighbor is getting richer while he is getting poorer. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

ALL ARE SORRY.

BUT THE WAR MUST BE PUSHED.

Present-Day Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

(Copyrighted by Dowe & Tabor.)

There is a tendency among some thinkers to regard the present war as a terrible reversion to barbarism. They think of it as a turning of the back upon civilization. I will agree with them if they are speaking of Spain, but I will not agree with them if they are speaking of the United States. The arguments they advance are familiar enough and well understood—that war arouses the worst passion of men; that civilization gains more during the quiet times of peace than in the bustling hours of war; that the advancing thought of the world favors bloodless arbitration. We should be unprogressive indeed if we did not agree in a general way with all these statements for they are all true. They are untrue in relation to ourselves. This we can dare to say though fully aware that here and there in our forces are men of violent feeling who rejoice in killing; but these no more color the general character of our hosts than one blot of ink colors the great, rolling, health-giving sea.

First then; why are we fighting? Because the best impulses of a nation's heart have been stirred. Even in the excitement of actual warfare those same good impulses impel us. Like David's men of old we take our swords in our hands and we reckon our lives as little, if we may but be able to place a cup of cold water at parched lips. It is an heroic war; as we have nothing to gain except the doing of good, and everything to lose if the fortunes of war should turn against us. We did not seek the fight. Peace is attractive to our great commercial nation. But because we have feelings and because we ourselves have suffered from oppression, we from the highest motives stoop from our lofty estate to throttle the dogged blood-thirstiness of a dying nation. Right under the shadow of our noble land, this creation of the fifteenth century in agony of its own approaching dissolution was seeking to drag down to similar distress and destruction of thousands of harmless ones. What could we do? Speak against it? We did and failed to stop it. Then what? Argue with a man deaf to mercy, and make signs to a man blind with bloody hatred? No! we smote and shall smite, be the cost what it may, until this remnant of the dark ages learns that the policy of pirates does not pay at the end of the 19th century.

So far from it being true that we are hot to kill; I dare to affirm that there is in this country's great heart a feeling of real sympathy for rank and file of the Spanish navy. It is against the Spanish official system that we war, and we sorrow over the poor, conscripted boys who are made mere implements of murder in the hands of their superior officers. These poor fellows are utterly unlike our boys—who realize that they are "the people," that "the people" are the country and that when the country is at war "the people" are at war. But our ill-clad opponents, having no quarrel with Cuba and no reason to hate us, are forced into combat ill-fled, and heartlessly. What did the victory at Manila indicate, or the prompt dismantling of San Juan, or Cardenas, or Matanzas? That Spain was so unprogressive and so altogether unfit for rule that it became simply a murderer of its own people, by placing them in dangerous positions and yet leaving them absolutely unprepared for successful combat. Badly officered, and absolutely bereft of the feeling that makes the American soldier conscious of his oneness with his officer, they have been led out like sheep to the slaughter. They have been sacrificed by official neglect and official greed; for it is well understood that the money set aside by the Spanish government for food, for equipment, and for target practice has gone to line official pockets. If the brutality of Spain toward the reconquered were not sufficient to have filled up the vial of its doom, the criminal neglect of most ordinary training for its own defenders is enough to bring

Mr. John Bevins, editor of the Press, Anthon, Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family for fifteen years, have recommended it to hundreds of others, and have never known it to fail in a single instance. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co."

THE RAINY SEASON.

CUBA'S MOST CHARMING TIME.

Epidemics Due to Negligence.

N. Y. Dispatch.

Mr. William T. Hornaday, chief naturalist of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, has spent nearly ten years in East India, Borneo, and Sumatra jungles collecting rare animals, birds, insects, and serpents for the Smithsonian. He is the only white man who ever lived among the head hunters of Borneo.

"All this talk of the danger in Cuba of the rainy season, yellow fever, etc., is greatly exaggerated," Mr. Hornaday said recently. "Because the Spanish army has lost heavily, many uninformed persons fear that the country would be as fatal to newly arrived Americans as it was to green Spaniards. The Spanish troops I saw were wretchedly fed and clothed, and absolutely no heed is taken to enforce the most obvious sanitary regulations. Then the food, clothing, medicines, everything the men should have to live upon, is furnished by contractors, who stand in with the officers and simply starve the poor soldiers into disease and death. The Spanish women have a saying, 'When our sons go to Cuba or the Philippines they never return.' Many a Spanish mother, whose son is coming near the time when he must do service in the army is praying that Cuba and Porto Rico may be lost to Spain before her son goes away."

"After five years of living in the most miasmatic swamps, drinking swamp water, and often having to eat unaccustomed and badly cooked food, I never had but one touch of jungle fever, and that only laid me up six or seven days. I owe my excellent health to two or three precautions. I never slept on the bare ground nor in the rain, and always under shelter. I always wore light flannels next to the skin, and never slept in damp clothes. Whatever else I might have to do without, two changes of flannel underwear besides that I had on, were always at hand. Take from six to five grains of quinine every morning in a cup of hot coffee if you have it; if not, then in hot water. Have your shoes to fit you, even if you must buy them yourself, though the United States is furnishing its troops with an excellent marching shoe. With these precautions and a dose of some light laxative twice a week, there need be no more fear of fever in Cuba than there is in Missouri."

Mr. Morrillas, a Cuban born, and for some years an assistant surgeon in the United States navy, now in the Marine Hospital service in the tropics, said: "The rainy season, as it is called out of Cuba, is to Cubans the most charming season of the year. It begins generally about the middle of May and lasts to the middle of September. It usually rains in the afternoon, and sometimes the fall is very heavy and accompanied by such thunder and lightning as one never knows outside the tropics. It generally stops at sunset, which is simply unspeakably grand in its cloud effects. I rarely ever have known it to rain at night. It is this so-called rainy season that gives life and vigor to the growing vegetation and makes our sugar and tobacco crops what they are. By eating well-cooked food and eschewing over-indulgence in the fruits of the country, usually so tempting to strangers, always sleeping under some sort of shelter and not on the bare ground, the green Yankee from New Hampshire hills may laugh at the bog of the 'rainy season' and the yellow fever. It is well for the unaccustomed man the first three months of his stay to take from three to six grains of quinine every morning and a mild purgative, say twice a week. You may be as wet as possible if you are on the move, but when you stop change your wet clothes for dry ones, socks and 'all. You'll never have this fever if you follow these easily remembered rules."

Next year the nation followed where Mecklenburg had led, To all the world, with flag unfurled, her high resolve she read: "No more shall sons of freemen endure the tyrant's rod. This land shall be as Freedom free, or we forego it to God."

Through flaming broil of battle where Britain's bravest stood, On field and flood, by blade and blood, they made their pledges good. And now, where'er their banner floats o'er land and over sea, With grateful lays the people praise the men who made us free.

Then up with granite column, inscribed with lofty phrase, Let Mecklenburg's achievement re-sound through endless days; Her sons were first to utter the disencumbered word, Let men proclaim their deathless name till all the world has heard.

Total Abstinence at Sea.

Manor News. Whatever the deep-water sailor's inclinations and habits may be ashore, he gets no liquor to drink at sea, unless it comes from at and is dealt out to him. When the men that make up the crew go aboard, which they do just before the ship sails, their traps are searched, and if whiskey is found it goes usually over the side; sometimes the captain takes charge of it and deals it out to the men in bad weather. It might be possible for a sailor to smuggle aboard a little whiskey, enough to last for a day, but after that he would be most likely a total abstainer until the ship reached port.

A little boy asked for a bottle of "get up in the morning as fast as you can," the druggist recognized a household name for "DeWitt's Little Early Risers," and gave him a bottle of those famous blue pills for constipation, sick headache, liver and stomach troubles. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

Heroes of Engine Rooms.

Atlanta Constitution.

We agree with the New York Journal that the heroes of our modern battleships are not restricted to the men who upon the smoke-enshrouded deck, participate in the glorious excitement of the conflict.

Removed from the fiery play of shot and shell, from encompassed by dangers which are scarcely less imminent or real, the men who feed the engines in the close and sulphurous apartments of our modern battleship, without being permitted to see the sky above them or to know at what moment they shall sink forever, deserve to share the honors of the men who fight on deck; and in this impending conflict we should not forget the nameless and obscure heroes of the engine rooms.

Says the New York Journal: "The engines must keep moving and they must respond instantly to the will of ship's brain in coming tower or the battle is lost."

"And it is not alone the great machinery that turns the screws that have to be looked after. The whole ship is one maze of complicated engineering. It is steered by steam directly, or indirectly through electric, pneumatic or hydraulic power, its great guns are loaded by steam; it is lighted by electricity, which is supplied by dynamo run by steam; it is ventilated by steam—steam is the source of all its activities. "Let the engines cease to work and the ship would die. It would drift like a log on the water; its guns would be silent; its interior would be swathed in darkness, and suffocation would drive its crew from its lower compartments to the deck. But the machinist stands there—the grimy, faithful physician, with his hand on the ship's pulse to see that its heart does not stop beating. Down in his steel dungeon, with none of the inspiration of the battle, he listens for the signals—"Slow," "Half speed ahead," "Reverse," "Full speed astern"—and upon his vigilance depends the success or failure of the captain's plan of attack."

What fate awaits the heroes of the engine rooms we cannot say, but our prayer is that the glory of the stars and stripes may be maintained in battle without the loss of one brave fireman or engineer.

Care of the Eyes.

Harpur's Bazar. This is a day when the delusions to which one has held for years are gradually being swept away by those "who know." One such delusion in which we all once believed was that to read while in a recumbent position was injurious to the eyes. Oculists now tell us that if the light be good and the type of the printed page clear we may safely indulge in the luxury of lying down and reading at the same time. But while our oculists tell us this, he also warns us that we may not use our eyes, before breakfast, as the strain on the optic nerve will seriously affect the sight. So she who would read before she rises in the morning must have her cup of coffee and a roll or slice of toast brought to her bedside.

Unless one has unusually strong eyes one must not read when one is extremely weary. Exhaustion and fatigue affect all the nerves of the body and the optic nerve is so sensitive that it should receive particular consideration. Nor should one ever be guilty of the carelessness of writing or reading facing a window. This, too, is a cruel strain on the sight. Washing the eyes morning and night in water as hot as it can be borne is a wonderful tonic for those useful servants which are so easily injured. When we consider how we neglect their welfare by using them by leading daylight and insufficient artificial light by forcing them to do work when they are weary, and by denying them the rest for which they long, we have cause to wonder not that they sometimes become mutinous and refuse to fulfill our demands but that they are ever faithful in our service. They will, as a rule, be as good to us as we are to them.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Progressive Eucure.

This is what the Rev. Mr. Claggett, of Dallas, Texas, says about progressive eucure: "It is one of the cunningest schemes Satan ever invented to fill up his fiery dominion. It actually makes me blush to think that there is need to talk to Christians about the right or the wrong of this thing. It began as a fad, a makeshift of those who could find no other way of entertaining company. Now it is a curse—ordinary gambling."

A tripod 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.

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THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim, On a rich man's table rim to rim. One was ruddy and red as blood, And one was clear as the crystal flood. Said the glass of wine to his paler brother, "Let us tell tales of the past to each other. I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth, Where I was king and ruled in might And the proudest and grandest souls on earth. Fell under my touch as though struck with blight. From the heads of kings I have torn the crown, From the heights of fame I have hurled men down; I have blasted many an honored name; I have taken virtue and given shame; I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste, Which has made his future a barren waste. Far greater than any king am I, I have made the arm of the driver fall, And sent the train from its iron rail, I have made good ships go down at sea, And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me. For they said: 'Behold, how great you be! Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall, And your might and power are over all; Ho! Ho! pale brother,' laughed the wine, 'Can you boast of deeds as great as mine.' Said the water glass: 'I cannot boast Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host; But I can tell of hearts that were sad, By my crystal drops made light and glad; Of thirsts I have quenched, and brows I've laved; Of hands I have cooled, and souls I've saved. I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain, Slept in the sunshine and dripped from the fountain; I have burst my cloud fetters and dropped from the sky, And everywhere gladdened the landscape eye. I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain, I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain; I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill That ground out the flour and turned at my will; I can tell of manhood debased by you That I have uplifted and crowned anew. I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid, I gladden the heart of man and maid; I set the chained wine captive free, And all are better for knowing me.' These are the tales they told to each other, The glass of wine and its paler brother, As they sat together, filled to the brim, On a rich man's table rim to rim.

The Value of Persistence.

N. Y. Dispatch. "I'm lookin' for a job. I'm a good feller and I'll work cheap." This is the language in which an honest and rather simple looking man approached the head of a Chicago firm. "Sorry," smiled the proprietor, "but we have nothing to offer just now. Call 'round again." Jake, as he called himself, walked away a couple of blocks, and then faced about and returned to repeat his application. "I been here," he said, "for a job, and you told me to come again. I'm here."

The proprietor, being busy, did not recall the previous visit, and after informing Jake that there was nothing for him yet, asked him to come again. This time Jake made a round trip of about half a mile, and again dropped in offering his services as twice before. "Persistent and looks honest," said the proprietor to his book-keeper. "Wonder what he could do?"

"Might give him a chance to collect some of our impossible accounts," laughed the book-keeper. "He's the kind of a man to get pegging away, and even creditors can be worn out." Jake was given some of the worst old accounts that could be hunted up and started out. By making forty or fifty calls on the same man on the same day he began to make an impression, and the firm is now getting a good deal of money that had long since been charged to profit and loss.

"Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle."