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Business Phones, \$2.00 per month.

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# THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor. "EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00. VOL. XIV. New Series--Vol. 3. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1898. NO. 37

## THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

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

The Spaniards are making some talk about disturbing the dust of Columbus—removing it to Spain and have imposing ceremonies. While Spain has not asked our counsel in the matter, we are of the opinion that to bother about trying to find Columbus' dust now will be lost energy.

The following is at least a little amusing if not witty:

On the morning after his recent appointment as Honorary Physician to the Queen, Professor Wilson, of the University of Edinburgh, conveyed the glad tidings of his glory to the pupils in his classes by writing on the blackboard in his laboratory the following simple statement: "Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed Honorary Physician to the Queen." In the course of the morning he had occasion to leave the room, and on his return he found that one of the young men had added to the announcement the line, "God save the Queen!"

Like so many other things that silly people begin, that kissing business has been "run into the ground," to use a slang expression. We thought the papers hard up for news when they said so much about that silly woman kissing Hobson; but the following from a report of Admiral Schley's visit to Washington last week is nauseating and sweeps over the line of modesty and decency, we think.

Here is the item:

"The officers and clerks from the Navy, State, and War departments crowded the corridors leading up to the Navy Department, until it was impossible to pass through. They crowded around the Admiral, eagerly reaching forward to shake his hand. The lady clerks were even more demonstrative, and the Admiral was kissed by old and young, without discrimination."

Mr. Richard H. Edmunds, the versatile editor of the Manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, was interviewed in New York a few days ago as to the effect the war with Spain will have on Southern progress, if any. Mr. Edmunds, true to his mission, the up-building of all worthy Southern enterprise, readily expressed himself.

Of the entire nation he said that the war "has forced upon America the searching eyes of wide awake men looking for fields for enterprise and investment, fields in which the rights and possessions of the individual are safe guarded to the utmost, and where social, industrial and commercial possibilities exist in the greatest numbers." Mr. Edmunds talked hopefully of every section of the United States, and especially the South. His interview concluded with the following paragraph:

"And so, taking into consideration the new impetus that will be given to Southern development, I am inclined to think that if Judge Kelly of Pennsylvania were now alive instead of saying, as he did, shortly before his death, that the South afforded the most inviting field for the enormous energies and surplus accumulation of the North, he would say with truth that the South to-day constitutes the focal spot of opportunity for the energies and capital of the world. My own faith in the early and rapid progress of the South, based upon the admirable characteristics of the controlling population, the assurances of the decline of populistic agitation and a growing realization on the part of the whole world of its natural endowments in most of those things which underlie successful human endeavor, has been greatly strengthened by a study of the benefits which it will derive from the recent world-wide advertisement of the United States, and likewise by the contemplation of the mighty tidal wave of prosperity whose inflow is even now upon this nation."

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

## A COMMON TONGUE.

### TIME WILL COME WHEN ALL SHALL SPEAK ONE LANGUAGE.

#### Holiness and Righteousness the Medium.

(Observations of a Philosophical Friend in Richmond Dispatch.)

"Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar."—Polonius.

"Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus."

The best water and the purest air is that which has no special flavor or odor about it. Anything that is not of the very nature of the thing itself, that is foreign, suggests, or is itself, an imperfection or a fault. It is so in the dress of a lady or gentleman. It does not draw attention to itself by any ambitious ornament or special display. It is simple, neat, seemly; does not ask for admiration, but gently commands respect, and exercises a pleasant, but indefinable, influence. And so it is in manners and conversation. In very truth, essential virtue and goodness is a spirit that, in a thousand ways and forms, makes itself manifest. Like the ointment of the right hand, it betrays itself.

The whole world aspires to, and hopes for, a common tongue. Universal weights and measures, a currency that shall be good everywhere, and be a just and safe measure and vehicle of value. Being of one blood and family, members one of another, and mutually dependent, we may look for means of intercommunication and interchange of commerce. We have common water, common air, and common blood, and we may well look for those other things that facilitate and promote commerce and healthy and happy association.

The time will come when the whole world shall be of one language, as in the beginning; when we shall all gather in the unity of the spirit, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, and shall all be conformed to His image, in the worship and service of the Almighty. The harmony of the Christian world is not to come of the settlement of theological controversies and disputes, or the adjustment of ecclesiastical dignities and titles and governments, or a conformity of rituals, but of a single heart, and an eye singly and simply set on the Saviour as He is manifested in the Gospels, and as He manifests Himself to the devout soul.

The diffusion of the light and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures prepares the way for the universal language and common tongue. The best currency, the standard and measure of value, everlasting truth, absorbs, swallows up, digests all that is good and true and valuable, and establishes itself. So the universal language and common tongue will come—made up of all that is best in every language.

Meantime, in all the diversities of interests, and principles and thoughts, and desires and pursuits, and conditions in nations and communities and individuals, there are multitudinous languages and tongues and dialects and vocabularies. And almost every man has a language of his own, and his own way of interpreting things.

A common language comes of common natures, common experiences, common associations, common feelings, common ideas. No doubt, every living thing has a language belonging to its kind—animals and insects.

Communities and social circles have their special languages and dialects. The purity, dignity, and delight of their language depend on the purity, dignity, and pleasantness of the thoughts and feelings and ideas that they represent. By their words they are justified, and by their words they are condemned. And on the other hand a common, vulgar, low-graded soul will display itself in vulgarisms—like the troubled sea casting up mire and dirt.

Our democratic age, that is busy to level downwards, will give us a common language indeed. Its ideal of sincerity and frankness and honesty wears the lining of commonness and ignorance and ill-breeding. The restraints of decency, modesty, and good breeding are despised and cast aside as hypocritical, and only the low is honest. At least, it is honest to show ourselves just as we are, however discredit our display. A madcap ruffian and a swaggering Jack, and his counterpart of the other sex, in her way will boldly face down all propriety and count out decency.

Leveling downwards and social radicalism will not give us a common tongue; only a sealawag common gabble the freedom of bear play. The general diffusion of intelligence and virtue, and the common worship of one God in His holiness and righteousness in the condition of the unity of the human race, and of one common tongue for all.

## Pete Vincent's Luck.

### Fire and Gem.

Of the stories of the Overland Pony Express this, as illustrative of the nerve of the riders, is characteristic:

Peter Vincent, who was a rider for the fast pony express through the sage brush desert of Nevada, is now a ranchman in Pomona Valley.

"I guess I remember the days when we riders had to keep at work in the region where the Piutes were out for human white game. I'll never forget those times, 'When you see an Indian close enough, shoot him.' One of our riders, a Mexican, rode into the station with a hole clean through him. He only lived long enough to tell us an Indian shot him as he came through a quakenasp thicket about three miles back on the trail. Some of us used to strap ourselves to the saddles of our horses, so that if we were shot and mortally wounded there might be some show for us to stay on our broncos and get away from the scalping knives of the Indians. The Mexican was so strapped.

"Well, some two days later I had to come through the same quakenasp thicket. It was a narrow trail, just wide enough to allow a horse and rider to pass. The trail was crooked, and the brush was higher than the head of a man on horseback, and it shut off all view.

"With my heart bounding against the roof of my mouth, I put my rifle at full cock, dropped the reins on the neck of my pony, put both my spurs into his flanks, and went through the thicket like a streak of greased lightning. At the top of the hill overlooking the thicket I stopped, and while the pony got breath I watched the thicket. I noted a shaking of the bushes in several places, and as there was neither cattle, horses, nor large game in the neighborhood that might account for the movement of the bushes, I concluded there were Piutes in the thicket, but I had come through with such a rush that they failed to get a shot at me. I opened fire on the spots where the bushes moved. They ceased to shake, and I was more than ever convinced that I had run an ambush. A few days afterward two men were killed by skulking warriors in this thicket.

"I never met the Piutes face to face but once. Rounding the sharp shoulder of a hill I was right in a camp of them before I had noted a sign of Indians or they had seen me. Buffalo Jim, the chief, came toward me alone. I stopped my pony, and when Jim got where I thought it was best to halt him, I shouted, 'Stop.' He halted, and said in broken English, 'Give me tobacco.' I cut my plug in half and tossed one piece to him whereupon he said:

"'I want more tobacco.'"

"'Refused. Then he said, as he started toward me:

"'Jim wants to see white man's gun.'"

"I pulled the gun in a position where I could use it quickly, and again said, 'Stop.' He looked at me a few seconds, then grunted in guttural that are a feature of the Indian language:

"'All right; you pooty good boy, you go.'"

"And I went, keeping a sharp lookout and my gun in position until I was at a safe distance. When I think of those days, I wonder that any of us escaped with our lives."

## Big Guns at the Fort.

### Southport Standard.

Since our last issue the two twelve inch disappearing rifle guns, which have been in Wilmington for the past few weeks awaiting transportation, have been brought down the river and safely landed on the specially built dock at Fort Caswell. These big guns will probably be temporarily mounted without the disappearing arrangement which will be perfected later.

Making the emplacements for these two guns has been the principal work at the fort for the past two months. It is probable that it will be several weeks more before the battery of these two big guns may be added to the strength of the four eight inch rifles already mounted.

Considerable more difficulty has been experienced in handling these huge guns than with the eight inch guns, the difference in the weight being very great; the eight inch guns weigh only 16 tons, while the gun proper of the twelve inch guns weighs 52 tons. With these mounted, two of which will be added to a mortar battery, the work on which has already begun, the fortification will be one of considerable strength and will be made a permanent army post by the government.

A stubborn cough or tickling in the throat yields to One Minute Cough Cure. Harmless in effect, touches the right spot, reliable and just what is wanted. It acts at once.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

## A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

### Must be Willing to Hazard Something to Win Success.

#### EXAMPLES OF SUCCESS AND FAILURE THAT POINT A WHOLESOME LESSON.

The Outlook.

We have the right to expect of young men the high ideal, the hopeful aspiration transmuted into action by high and strong and strenuous endeavor. And yet all this will go for nothing without a true and noble consecration. The man who succeeds is the man who ventures.

"Nothing venture, nothing win" is a wise motto, though the gamblers have misused it. The man who succeeds is the man who is willing to hazard something for success, and the man who is never willing to hazard anything for success remains on the dead level of mediocrity. When Luther went outside the walls of Nuremberg and burned the Papal Bull, he knew that up to that time every man who had defied the Pope of Rome had paid the penalty with his life and all his friends and followers had suffered with him; but yet he risked, not only his life, but the peace of Germany and the welfare of those who gathered about him; and nothing less than that would have aroused Europe from its long sleep. McClellan was a great engineer, a great captain, a great organizer, but he was not a great soldier, because he was never willing to fight until there were no hazards to be taken; while Grant ran by the batteries of Vicksburg, cut himself off from his own supplies, put himself between two armies, ran the risk of being ground between the upper and nether millstones and won the great battle which cut the Confederacy in two, because he had the kind of consecration of one who is willing to hazard a great failure in order that he may win a great success. Audiences think oratory very easy. It is nothing but talking. But the man who really holds the attention of his audience always goes upon the platform with a tremulous heart, and always is willing to fail if need be, in order that he may succeed if he can.

The great achievements of history have been wrought by men who were willing to lay down their own lives that they might win life for others. Courage, enterprise, force, the quality that make a forlorn hope, is what we want in young men. The other day a steamer was crossing the Atlantic Ocean; they came upon a wreck with some men on board; the waves were running so high that it was doubtful whether any boat could live in the sea; the captain would not order any one into a boat to rescue those upon the wreck, but he called for volunteers, and the boat was instantly filled by sailors who were willing to be drowned if they might save others. That is the spirit that dares hazard itself for the sake of a high service. Moses has been the statesman and the leader of the Children of Israel, the time of his service expires; he dies; and the voice of God—I know not whether interpreted in any other way than the voice of God may be interpreted to you or to me—calls on the servant who has been attending him to take up the banner which Moses has laid down, assume the responsibility that has been taken by death from Moses, and become the commander-in-chief of this wandering people; and the servant takes the responsibility and runs the hazard of an awful failure that he may achieve a great success.

This is courage; a high ideal, a hope that the ideal may be realized, a strong resolve to enter upon it, and a resolve so strong, so intense, so deep, so earnest, so thorough, that I am willing to fall if need be, and let some one else carry out what I have tried to do.

Courage may be variously fed. It may be the rashness or mere ignorance, or the audacity of a great self conceit, or the recklessness of mere physical strength, like that of Sampson. But the great leaders of mankind have drawn their courage from an infinite reservoir; they have lived in the atmosphere of the invisible and the eternal. Mohammed believed in his destiny; Napoleon in his star; William of Orange, Cromwell, Washington, Grant, in their God. The courage that carries men through the perils and perplexities of life is the courage of the man who says, "I am an instrument in the hands of one higher than myself. If he wants success, he will give it to me; if he puts me in the front of the battle, that I may die and that others may win their success over my corpse, I will be in the forlorn hope willingly."

When you call for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve the great pile cure, don't accept anything else. Don't be talked into accepting a substitute, for piles, for sores, for burns.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

## Blessings of a Republic.

### Charity and Children.

Thoughtless people sometimes underestimate the blessings of a Republican form of government. We ought to thank God daily, and teach our children to thank Him, that we live in this age and in this country. It is the best age and the best country the world ever saw. While we sometimes allow our liberty to run into license, and often abuse the blessed privileges we enjoy, still this is not the fault of our system of government, but it is because of our own blindness or prejudice or stupidity or down-right meanness! Here in North Carolina, for instance, we have a class who would be delighted to muzzle the mouths and tie the hands of another class, and who in days that are past did that very thing. But the sun of civilization rose higher and higher in our firmament, until now, one man has precisely as good a chance as another. The day of caste and rank is gone. The folks who once banked on the influence of family name and prestige are now silly snobs; the strenuous idea of the equality of men has become dominant. The fittest has survived, and men of merit rather than men of money are in the lead. So it has come to pass that a blacksmith may have and express an opinion as well as a lawyer; and whether or not that opinion carries any weight depends not at all on what its holder does or wears, but upon how much there is in it for the good of the community.

All this is the direct result of that glorious doctrine so happily expressed in our Declaration of Independence. Where else under heaven but in America can we hope for this ideal state of things? Even in our late civil war, men were promoted too often because of their descent—now the matter of descent cuts a much larger figure. It is true in one or two instances the sons of big men were allowed to be figure-heads, but for posts of importance men of personal merit were selected. Sampson was the son of a day laborer.

## Use of Birds in Millinery.

In an article on the use of birds in millinery, in the September Ladies' Home Journal, Edward Bok says: "It is the same way with the bird-millinery question. The agitation of this subject is both timely and wise, and the support of every man and woman having a spark of humanity can be relied upon so long as radical measures are not resorted to as an end. The common sense and humane feeling of women must be appealed to and reached. The tenderness of a woman is unfailing, and once the American women fully realize the barbaric tortures which the wearing of bird plumage on their hats mean to the birds, they will, of their own free will and accord, and by the use of their own common-sense, and a humanity which never fails the normal woman, stamp out the outrages which are committed so that their headgear may receive ornamentation. But to insult a woman's intelligence and freedom of action by passing laws prohibiting her from wearing bird millinery cannot be otherwise than ineffective. The American woman cannot be told by law what she shall wear on her hat, any more than can the American man be told by law, with any degree of effectiveness, what kind of beverages he shall put into his mouth. In effecting reforms it is always well not to trample upon the freedom of people, and of all people the American public is the last upon which to practice such measures. The common-sense of the American public can always be trusted if the right means are employed to win its attention. But the means must be tempered with moderation. Something must be left for people to supply themselves."

## A Boy's Wonderful Memory.

Johnny O'Hara, a 16-year-old boy, of Columbus, says a dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer, has proved himself a war time wonder. His age and slight figure prevented him being taken as a recruit, but his enthusiasm did not abate. He knows the history of every battle of the war, who commanded on either side, the number of troops engaged, casualties and deaths, and is in other ways packed with information upon the war. He can repeat the name of almost every officer who has been mentioned on either side since the war began, the names of the 266 martyrs of the Maine, and can repeat verbatim the important passages in every State paper bearing on the war, including the recent reports of the officers of the navy at Santiago.

He knows the names and location of every American war vessel and their officers, and can relate the naval movements of the war. In disputes upon such matters his statement is taken as authoritative.

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NOTICE.  
State of North Carolina, } Halifax Co.,  
Superior Court, } May Term,  
1898.  
Edward Shields,  
VS.  
Geo. W. Daniel and wife, Mary E. Daniel.  
By virtue of power conferred upon  
me by a decree entered in this action,  
I shall sell for cash at auction, in Scot-  
land Neck, on the 10th day of Septem-  
ber, 1898, the following described land:  
Beginning on 12th Street on  
railroad in Scotland Neck, thence East  
towards the dwelling of L. L. Kitchin  
170 feet, thence a straight line towards  
13th Street and parallel with Green-  
wood Street 200 feet, thence a  
straight line parallel with 12th  
Street 170 feet, thence 200 feet to the  
beginning, being the same land con-  
veyed by L. L. Kitchin to Mary E.  
Daniel on the 22nd day of May, 1893.  
This August 5th, 1898.  
W. A. DUNN,  
Commissioner.  
8-11-4

SALE OF FARM  
NEAR SCOTLAND NECK.  
By virtue of power in me vested by  
that deed of trust executed to me by  
Thos. H. Peters and his wife Susan A.  
Peters, on the 14th day of February,  
1883, I shall sell for cash at auction in  
Scotland Neck, on the 10th day of  
September, 1898, the land therein de-  
scribed, being a tract of land about  
three miles from Scotland Neck,  
bounded by the lands of Mrs. J. N.  
Smith, W. H. Kitchin, R. E. Hancock,  
and others, containing two hundred  
and eighty acres, more or less. This is  
the same tract of land which was con-  
veyed to Susan A. Peters by John I.  
Hyman by deed duly recorded in the  
register's office for Halifax county, in  
book 36, on page 716, to which refer-  
ence is made.  
This August 9th, 1898.  
W. A. DUNN,  
Trustee.  
8-18-31

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prettiest designs, at astonishingly low  
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exchange of an old  
machine of any  
make for a  
new  
Wheeler & Wilson  
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and on easy terms.  
C. T. LAWRENCE,  
Scotland Neck, N. C.  
E. P. GATLIN, Salesman. 2-24-11

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