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THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. XIV. New Series--Vol. 3.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1898.

NO. 47

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

"Passing events" have been such and so rapid that we have let them slip for two weeks, but we shall now try to take them up for this column again.

THE COMMONWEALTH feels glad with all the State that the crisis has been passed and all can now set face to the future and "redeem the time."

Let us go to work with a will and set every energy to build up our waste places and make good the promises that our commonwealth will yet flourish.

The sudden transformation of government in Wilmington has no parallel, perhaps, in the history of any city in the country. A complete change in a day, at a time well removed from a regular election, showed what was the almost universal sentiment concerning the existing government, and proved all too well the incompetency of the officers in charge of the city.

It was a vigorous illustration of revolution in a day, and will go down as one of the notable events in North Carolina history.

North Carolina has just passed through one of the most trying crises in her history. Perhaps the tension on all minds was never more intense than it has been for thirty or sixty days; and the feeling of rest that has come over the people of the entire State is such as to give relief to many of those who wrought "on the other side."

And truly should it be a matter of thanksgiving on the part of all that the crisis has been passed and that with so little real trouble. The Democrats gained a great and signal victory; but the Republicans are as glad at heart that it is all over as are those who gained the victory.

Those who have made observations recently have not been slow to arrive at the conclusion that profanity seems to be more common than for some time past. Those inclined to swear have doubtless felt that some things connected with the crisis just passed almost justified the profanity which has been more or less common. But such conclusions are erroneous. Bad words are never justifiable, no matter how urgent the necessity for emphatic speech and action. We have noted that some of the most active workers in the late political campaign were remarkably free from profanity of any kind, and their influence was just as pronounced as if they had endeavored to emphasize their language with profanity.

Let not our farmers forget to sow some wheat. Flour is a large part of the breadstuff of this community, and farmers cannot afford to sell cotton at 4 1/2 cents and pay 3 cents for flour. Home supplies raised at home will make farmers at least independent whether they make money or not. This is the season for sowing wheat and THE COMMONWEALTH hopes to see a large acreage in this time.

Passing through some of the upper counties two weeks ago we were pleased to note that many people had already planted wheat. Upon inquiry we learned that more had been planted than usual, and that the tendency to raise larger quantities, is growing.

It is not too late now, and THE COMMONWEALTH would be glad to see the farmers of this section plant wheat enough to make their own flour. It will be a means of much greater home-independence.

A Sure Sign of Croup.
Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croup cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who prevent croup children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

FRENCH DECADENCE.

LIKE AN AGED INFIDEL.

Present Day Thoughts.

By G. Grosvenor Daves.

(Written for The Commonwealth)

As to France: It would be very easy indeed to write of France in light, sarcastic vein, because of a great many of her opera bouffe performances in both recent and historic times. The impulse must be somewhat curbed, however, for fickle and almost amusing though France may be, her own great national destinies and the individual destinies of her millions are involved in the outcome of policies that may be and are flippantly entered upon.

I doubt not, however, that when history is written a hundred years from now, the "Fashoda incident," with its outcome of hostility towards England, will be found to be—though apparently the most—yet in fact, the least fickle of France's recent acts. Viewed in one way, it reminds one of Dr. Talmadge's dog and his experiences with the ice cream freezer. This unhappy canine finding cream in a freezer, inserted his head and lapped it all up. Then, alarmed by a shout, instead of having sense enough to draw his head out quietly, pushed it in further and so ran blindly hither and thither about the yard. Talmadge wisely remarks on the brevity of the dog's pleasure, and the length of his subsequent agony and humiliation. This much ought to be said for the dog—whatever he afterward suffered, he still had the cream. There in the illustration fails to fit the case of France. As I have intimated in previous lines, it will some day be seen that notwithstanding the nonsensical claims of France to have possessions on Egyptian soil, just because Kitchener whipped the Khalifa in time to prevent his swallowing Marchand, like the sparrow that flew higher than an eagle, just because it hid in the eagle's wing—yet the willingness of French statesmen to risk a disastrous and possibly fatal war was a wise move, if results had justified it. They regarded the "Fashoda incident" as a splendid means of diverting the attention of the home populace from the rotten travesty upon democracy which the French people have to endure.

France is like the average human heart; it has far less to fear from enemies without—though they destroy it—than from self-treachery within. In fact, the strength of the enemy without will be increased by the weakness and irresolution within. The Third Republic is not yet thirty years old, yet no one can see in it any other than signs of decay and premature senility. The rosy light of exuberant youth, proud of "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," has faded entirely away, till these words are uttered—instead of with faith and feeling—with the quavering voice of an aged infidel, who believes nothing, hopes nothing, and whose age does not save from foolishness. It is a sad commentary upon the men who have mismanaged France, and upon the populace who have permitted mismanagement. It shows that a broad comprehension of human rights and human trustworthiness is still far from this semi-Latin race.

France has been blessed by a few unselfish men like Thiers, but these have not been in sufficient numbers to keep down the aspirations of designing men, and—those who are equally fatal to a Republic—whimsical men. Watch the next game where twenty-five or more boys are gathered together, and you will get a fair picture of France's legislative proceedings. There is lacking the wisdom for many men of many minds to work together in unity; but there is no lack of an insistent individuality that is content with drowning the voice of the opponent, with greater noise, indifferent as to whether he is convinced or not. This noisy and disjointed way of conducting affairs is not a recent development, but will be found throughout the history of the present Republic; changing the calm, judicial atmosphere of thought into the hot, passion-scented air of the gladiatorial arena. It is this love for personal triumph; this "rule or ruin" feeling of the average French lawmaker; this passion for dramatic situations though France perish, that makes thinkers feel alarmed for the future of

Late to bed and early to rise, prepares a man for his home in the skies. But early to bed and a Little Early Riser, the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

a country of magnificent resources. Possibly a strong figurative presentation of it can be found in imagining a mutinous crew, bickering among themselves while a hurricane is threatening not only the unworthy sailors, but the ship beneath their feet, and its priceless cargo, as well. We cannot deny French impetuosity and courage, but it is not the courage of the British hollow square, where every man stands or falls by every other man, but rather the courage of the Homeric individual combat. And these two forms of courage are the marks that show one nation to be in step with the civilization that magnifies the rights of others; and the other nation, beneath all its glorious trappings of art, literature, courtesy and what not, to be barbaric, still.

Whether France will ever learn to carry liberty with dignity, instead of turning it into license, for those who have power, and oppression for those who are without power, it would need a prophetic pen to state. Whether she will ever rise to comprehend that fraternity is not a mere word, and that as a word it is naught, but as a spirit it is everything, no one can tell. This however, seems true—that she would better wipe it off her escutcheon than have it remain there a lie. Whether her denial of Equality, by her horrible injustice in the Dreyfus case, is a mere temporary impulse or a permanent national illiberality, time alone will tell. The latter seems the truth, alas! Whether she will dare at the dawn of a new century, and after a century of apparent strugglings towards light, to declare that the civil power of a republic ought to be and is subordinate to the military power, some sad pages of her future history will be needed to record. All these doubts about her future are not alone doubts, but actual questions. Whether she loses an African outpost, or in fact all her colonial possessions, is unimportant in comparison with her retaining in her hopes a genuine embodiment of the real hopes of the great common people.

Price of Peace in Africa.

"Suddenly looking around we saw with dismay about a hundred natives in war costume standing in a mass not far from our camp," writes Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, in the November Ladies' Home Journal, descriptive of an encounter with the savages during one of his early trips into Africa. "Each head was crowned with tall plumes of eagle and kite, or with manes of zebra and giraffe. We felt that in some way we were the object of their gathering. Even while we gazed their warriors arrayed for battle came streaming along.

"My men instinctively buckled on their accoutrements and prepared their weapons, and I sent two guides out to the natives to parley quietly with them, and to ascertain whether they had armed against us, and while the interview lasted I found the necessary time to make a few preparations to meet any unreasonableness.

"The guides on returning to us reported that the gathering was hostile because one of our men, it was said, had stolen a calabash of milk and some butter and they insisted on payment. The price was four yards of sheeting! One felt tempted to laugh that such a small matter should wear so serious an aspect. The cloth was measured, and handed to the guides with the injunction to present it without any offensive remark, and I had the impression that the affair would soon be settled. It was confirmed at seeing them accept the cloth and prepare to depart. But the number of the natives had increased enormously. Each fresh squad had brought its own leader, and these new leaders, greedy or envious, demanded satisfaction. They halted those who held the cloth and clamorously wrangled with them. From their fierce gestures I judged their predatory instincts were fully aroused, and that the hot dispute would end in mutual slaughter, but presently the mass aligned itself at a bow-shot from the camp, while a body of about two hundred natives started off on a dog-trot toward a thick bush behind the camp. Efforts to avoid a fight eventually failed."

There is a Baptist preacher in Georgia named Blizzard, but it is said that he frequently preaches warm sermons, all of which prove that there is not much in a name, after all.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUST worthy persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight \$900 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly \$75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Pres., Dept. M., Chicago.

WHEN WE ARE NOT STRONG.

FACING TEMPTATIONS OF SUCCESS.

The Dark Valley of Prosperity.

(Saturday Evening Post.)

The great test of the individual is not poverty, it is wealth; it is not failure, it is success; it is not struggle, it is attainment.

In days of battle against adverse conditions, man has his mental faculties unified, consecrated and focused on the conquest of his environment, on placing himself on a higher plane. He bears the trials of daily life and its discouragements as bravely as he can, because the Angel of Hope points out to him the light shining through the clouds; shows him the green fields and restful pastures just beyond; whispers to him heartening words of sweet assurance of happier days to come—the days when his dreams shall all come true.

But when the strain and pressure of anxiety is lightened, when the mists of doubt and hope deferred melt into the dawn of realization, when the future seems assured—then comes the relentless test of success.

The American nation is to-day facing the temptations of success. We have defeated a third-rate Power of the earth; we have surprised and startled Europe with the force of our arms and the bravery and skill of our soldiers; we have risen like a modern Colossus of Rhodes and straddled two hemispheres. We have been victorious in the first "war of humanity" in history.

But let us be great enough, as a people, not to be carried away by our success. We have rescued Cuba and the Cubans from the hands of tyranny, and now it is our duty to prove to ourselves and to the world that our cause was just and our spirit true, by providing, at the earliest possible moment a proper Government for these new wards of the nation.

There is danger that our success will make us unduly vain, arrogant and assertive; that we shall feel we can override the whole world. Our dream of territorial expansion may sweep us into channels of new danger. Let us beware of the treacherous phases of success, the subtle tests that will bring to the surface national weakness, unnoted or undeveloped in our days of struggle. The man who picks his steps carefully on a rough road is less liable to fall than the self-confident vain man wrapped up in the mantle of his own infallibility and so sure of his path that he need not watch his steps.

As a nation, we should accept our successes with modesty, with calmness, and with dignity. We should see that there has been much in the war of which we have no right to be proud. We started into fight with a criminal lack of preparation, and more of our soldiers perished by Government neglect than fell before the shot and shell of the Spaniards. Let the measure of our success give us new courage, new confidence, new faith; but let the elements of our weakness make us more watchful, more humble, nobler and stronger to wield our new power for the best good of ourselves and the world.

What is true of the nation is equally true of individuals. Our soldiers and sailors have been brave and heroic; they have faced danger undaunted; they have been equal to their opportunity. The people are lauding the Admirals who led our ships to victory at Manila and Santiago. The Generals who led the invasion of a tropic island, fighting the horrors of war in its worst phases, and the more dangerous ambush and fever and pestilence, are justly honored by the nation. But these leaders must not become intoxicated by the spirit of their success. They should feel the just pride of having done their duty, not the petty vanity of posing as heroes.

But some of them are showing as much eagerness to face the camera as they did to face the cannon. When a new picture of one of our newly successful Generals comes out every day, when he appears in full uniform in a hundred picturesque poses, that show self-consciousness in every move—then there is danger of such a man being unable to stand his success.

Many a household is saddened by death because of the failure to keep on hand a safe and absolutely certain cure for croup such as one Minute Cough Cure. See that your little ones are protected against emergency.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

When the Rough Riders invade New York, and carry things with a high hand, swaggering under their weight of glory, posing theatrically in public places, trading on their new-found honors, and boasting of their own bravery—then it is but fair to say that they are in danger of not being equal to the supreme test of success. This is true of some, but not of all.

Many of these brave men have had the courage of simplicity, of true and manly simplicity. They have avoided the centre of the stage, and, while having the consciousness and satisfaction of brave deeds nobly done, they do not court the calcium light of public approbation; they do not hunger for the public kisses of silly girls. They do not arrange the leaves of their laurel wreath in the streets; they do not stand in the market-place polishing their own halos.

The testing power of success and prosperity is shown in a large picturesque way in the nation to-day, with its stage still occupied by the brave defenders of the nation, while the scenery and setting of war are being packed away for future need.

But this testing by success is a process going on among us every moment. It touches every phase of life. It reveals many weaknesses besides vanity.

There is the man whom poverty found generous, charitable, helpful in thought and act, planning the good he would do when wealth came to his hands. Too often, when prosperity does come, that man is transformed into a selfish, grasping member of society, hard and penurious to his employees, forgetful of old associates, arrogant and assertive to his subordinates.

There are some men who, having attained some position of prominence, vitalized some great opportunity, made a success that a thousand others could equal had they the chance, stand aloof in their assumption of uniqueness and exact tribute from all contemporaries. Like Gesler of Austria, they place their hat on a pole in the public square and demand that all men should bow to it. Their natural voice becomes deeper and orotund, they have an over-weening sense of their own importance, they have an air of constantly thinking and acting the thought—"It is I, even I, who have done this mighty thing.

The world is so small and eternity so great, the acts of any individual so trifling when compared to the sum of all thought, the success of any individual so dependent on the co-operation, sympathy and help of those around him, that no one man can do any act that justifies his being carried away by his success.

A man who has accomplished ought of real worth in life has a right to feel genuine pleasure in it, but he must feel that his new power ever open to him new responsibilities, new duties. His should be the genuine thankfulness for being equal to his opportunities, for being able to make full use of the talents committed to his care. His should be the noble pride of trusteeship, not the empty vanity of proprietorship.

As we walk through the dark valley of prosperity, let our constant wish and prayer be: "Oh, that my heart and life may ever be simple, true and humble, that I may not exchange all that is best in me for a petty triumph that can last but a little!"

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