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# THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor. "EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00.

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IF YOU ARE HUSTLER  
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**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 function should operate painlessly.  
These pains are symptoms of dangerous derangements that can be corrected. The menstrual function should operate painlessly.  
For advice, in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.  
Mrs. ROZEMA LEWIS, of Genoville, 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."  
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 TODAY?  
FOR ADVICE, IN CASES REQUIRING SPECIAL DIRECTIONS, ADDRESS, GIVING SYMPTOMS, "THE LADIES' ADVISORY DEPARTMENT," THE CHATTANOOGA MEDICINE CO., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

## THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

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

Senator Butler's effort at cheap notoriety by offering a resolution that Confederate soldiers be placed on the United States pension list with Union soldiers, has called forth a storm of indignation in many parts of the South. Many newspapers have denounced it, saying that the South does not wish the manhood of her citizens thus brought into question. Mr. Butler's stroke was a very unfortunate one.

Last Saturday at noon the Coleman cotton mill in Concord, owned and operated by colored people, was started as an experiment hitherto untried. It is said to be the only cotton mill in the world owned and operated by colored people. The capital stock is \$50,000, and the success or failure of the enterprise may mean much to the colored race. The people of North Carolina, and of other States as well, will watch with interest this lone experiment in cotton milling by the African race.

"Small pox follows war" has become to be a sort of aphorism that is borne out this winter by the prevalence of the disease in quite a number of places in North Carolina and elsewhere. Recently it was stated that there were cases near Marion and in Wilmington, and perhaps at some other points. Also it has been given out that the disease had made its appearance at Newport News. There are some palpable reasons why small pox should follow war. The mix and travel of soldiers and others to and from various points make it easy for the disease to be communicated.

Henry Ward Beecher once defined "bad luck" as a man standing on the street corner with his hands in his pockets waiting for something to turn up, and "good luck" as a man with his sleeves rolled up at work turning up something.

Doubtless many of us have thought with the close of the old year and the beginning of the new that we had had luck last year. We have come out behind, it may be, or we have failed to accomplish what we planned for a year ago, and now feel dispirited and half unwilling to start again. Let us roll up our sleeves and do our best to turn up something whether the wind and tide set with us or not. There is nothing half so helpful as a good resolution.

Despite the fact that Mr. Edward Bok and many others do not believe in New Year vows and resolutions, people have been so long in the habit of making them that the year 1899 was ushered in with the usual number of such avowals and resolutions. We have sometimes thought that the very thought and desire for reform which lift us high enough to cause us to make solemn vows for improvement make us that much better for the time, at least; and is it not better to be good one day and have an approving conscience once in a year than to have none at all? Yes, let us make strong vows for positive improvement and see to it, that by the help of the Great Helper, we keep them.

To those who live in communities where all can find employment all the time, it sometimes seems strange that people should anywhere be forced to beg for employment. And few of the persons in any community who find constant employment at the hands of others fully appreciate the fact that where they have a mind to labor they can do so and receive pay for it. In the large cities many persons who are cold and hungry in these winter days would be glad, indeed, to have the opportunity to labor every day for food and only a little more. The possibility of constant employment for those who are dependent on their labor, is a privilege which many laborers do not properly appreciate.

When you ask for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve don't accept a counterfeit or imitation. There are more cases of Piles being cured by this, than all others combined.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

## NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

### Let us Now Look Ahead for that Which is Best.

**BETTER WEAR THAN RUST.**  
BY G. GROSVENOR DAWE.  
Written for The Commonwealth.

Sense for the despondent.—Perhaps the backward glance along the path of eighteen ninety-eight is a very disquieting one—feebleness where there might have been strength, hesitancy in the place of perfect assurance, yielding when there should have been a proud resistance, obstinacy at a time more fit for cheerful surrender. Fear when there was the loudest call for bravery, bravado one day when there was nothing to make it good. Possibly we can even see our own great stogy footsteps across a quagmire we ought not to have traversed—and mud still clinging to feet that were created to tread clean highways.

All the innocent joy of the little ones who shout "Happy New Year" at us seems like a mockery. We say to ourselves "Happy! Indeed how can I be happy? Failure over everything until life itself seems a fraud played upon those who are unwilling to live." The cheerful need no cheering; it is the cheerless ones who should be called into a little glow of warmth; and then only by those who have known what cold is; for we often resist a pulpiter utterance when we feel that the speaker has no deep knowledge of life's hurly-burly.

Some time ago I read a poem by a Boston man. It was a stringed out lot of sentiment about "A Bird With a Broken Pinion." His argument, and a very self-evident one at that—was that the bird with broken wing could never soar so high as before the accident. Then he likened us who make failures to that same unhappy little creature. Surely he was far from being correct. It read to me like the nonsense of comparing two things that were utterly unlike, and then basing a sermon upon resemblances that did not, could not, and never would exist.

Truth is not in his idea. The simple was a false one, and life as it is lived by human beings—not birds—proves it so. The man who has learned by serious and humiliating bumps that he cannot stand upright unless he looks well to the way of his feet, will be a greater man, and a greater power than the one who never stumbles and therefore fails to understand how hard is the pathway of his fellows. Real leadership must have humility in it, and humility is hard to find among those who know neither testing nor tempting.

In other matters besides those of conduct mistakes play valuable parts. The progress of the world is based upon this or that theory—sworn to vehemently for a while—having been proved to be wrong. The importance to the world of making errors is ranked by another quality belonging to us complex creatures, the ability to see a mistake after we have made it, and to profit by it. In fact, to have done those things that we ought not to have done, seems to put us in the best frame of mind to attempt those things we ought to do.

Sense enough remains within you to make you despondent over your short-comings—be glad of that. You have not reached the stage of hoggish contentment with the mire of your own making. You have heart to yet believe that you are capable of better things than you have yet accomplished. So at this season when we are prone to look mainly backward, I summon you to a cheerful facing of the future. Stop moaning and repining over lost opportunities. Nothing will bring them back. But you live, and life means that other opportunities are yet to be placed before you.

Put courage in your heart for this two-fold reason—you know the worst that is in you and regret it, and you must believe in better things yet to be, or you would not long after them. Therefore I say, and with me speaks every soul that has triumphed over weakness and gone from strength to strength—let the time of fearful divergence from everything that makes for progress, be no longer remembered as

an active grief, but assume in your mind a dull, gray background that shall make the completed picture of your later life's work stand out more clearly.

After all there is usually a great deal of conceit in those who persist in being down-hearted. Examine yourself and see if it is not so. You sometimes think that you have been singled out for special affliction and misery. That heart within you is deceptive above all things and it would fain make you think the whole world is yellow just because your eye is jaundiced. Good sense besiege thee, sad friend! The universe is not to be jolted out of joint just because you are out of step. It is self-centred conceit that makes you think it so.

Scan the universe some clear night and then reflect on the thousand times ten thousand other creatures besides you who have hearts that can feel and needs that must be met. If your tiny agony within does not begin to shrink to its right proportions, you have no imagination at all. What business have you to be cuddling misery and asking to be excused for making the world a better place to live in? While we live we serve, or we are unworthy to live. While we selfishly and conceitedly mourn wasted chances no good at all can we do.

Take courage and be sensible. Turn your past irresolution into purpose, overcome some fatal weakness within, by becoming so much interested in the day you serve that you have no longer any time to yield to the tyrant evil you once worshipped. Not any two of us walk the same path, so I cannot tell you what you should do. The first need is that you should have the willing spirit—the way to serve will open up. Fight against any backward tendencies and you will prove yourself to be that which you sometimes want to be—a man of influence.

Real Culture.—Culture of the head alone is disastrous in its effects. If either makes a man a mere scrap-bag of odds and ends of knowledge, or a supercilious cur who looks down on the rest of us as Philistines and outcasts, or it turns a man into a ponderous nuisance who needs must at knowledge and awe listeners on every possible occasion. You know all three kinds—so do I. There is in my memory at this moment the picture of an awkward lout who by reason of college education knows the most extraordinary details about languages, ancient and modern, but cannot succeed in doing anything higher than write addresses for a pittance of less than \$8 per week. That other sort of fellow is in every town, a little more bookish than his neighbors, by reason perhaps of the short-sleeved father who spoiled a man and made a fool when he denied himself to give the lad a crust of education. Since the fatal day when the boy was led to think of himself as a little superior to the plow-boys he left behind, he has made culture an offense to the nostrils of those who have an infinitely better quality than miles of book knowledge—heart knowledge which goes so much further than dead languages in the storms and stress of trials of life. The noisy, positive, disputatious character who has read much, remembered much, learned little is also familiar to all of us. Real culture is of head and the heart together. So that the learned one has pity for those less favored, energy for making the best of his mental outfit, and the strain of consideration to him that characterized old Benjamin Franklin, who won his way by gentle courtesy and by diplomatic behavior towards those who differed from him. Useless knowledge furnishes no table, conceited knowledge makes no friends, overbearing knowledge follows no fields for future cultivation. Real culture carries a man above the pettiness, the jealousies and the disputings of lower planes of thought, and lifts him up to where the view is broad and where he can see that there are two side to things.

STANDARD OF MEASURE.—How full of splendid records this world would be if all were measured by their own inner feeling of worth and merit. But, alas! there are, as a humorous philosopher has expressed it, three John Smiths—John Smith as he thinks he is, John Smith as his neighbors think him to be, and John Smith as he really is. So it is not surprising that our

own self-estimate runs counter to the opinions formed about us. There comes the rub and many a good fellow—better even than he himself thinks—grows soured over misunderstandings by those who cannot see the workings of his heart. The trouble is that we make too much of being credited with all we think we are worth; and like the restless, eager child we constantly pull up our plantings to see if they grow, and consequently set back the crop of good results. We cannot make over the world, and the wise man has to reconcile himself to the fact that we are sized up more generally by our foolishness than by our wisdom, by our mistakes rather than by our successes. I know it seems brutally hard that a clerk after long service should be treated as though his whole career had been no better than the one careless mistake, just found out, would make him appear to be. But he is, after all, neither better nor worse off than the best of us. The only comforting thought is that our own overestimate and the world's underestimate do not in reality affect the permanent value of our work so long as we determinedly continue to do the best we can. To be really happy in work and to be most effective, which surely should be the ambition of all right-minded men—is to stop worrying about long-delayed pats of approval and to just keep on exerting ourselves in the way that lies open before us.

**Alphabetical Stages of Alcoholism.**  
Selected.  
Dr. Cyrus Edson, the well known physician of New York, recently contributed a paper to the North American Review on the question, "Is Drunkenness Curable?" and ended the article by reciting an alphabetical rhyme, describing all the stages of alcoholism, from the first to a drunkard's grave, which he learned from a patient, a young man of great ability and fine moral perceptions, who was an incurable inebriate. The doctor says that the young man's eyes would stream with tears, as he recited the following verses, describing his own case and career. It is the most truthful and graphic picture of the kind that has been printed:

- A stands for alcohol; deathlike its grip;
- B for beginner, who takes just a sip.
- C for companion, who urges him on;
- D for the demon of drink that was born;
- E for endeavor he makes to resist;
- F stands for friends who so fondly insist;
- G for the guilt that he afterwards feels;
- H for the horrors that hang at his heels;
- I his intention to not drink at all;
- J stands for jeering that follows his fall;
- K for his knowledge that he is a slave;
- L stands for the liquor his appetite craves;
- M for convivial meetings so gay;
- N stands for no that he tries hard to say;
- O for the orgies that then come to pass;
- P stands for pride, that he drowns in his glass;
- Q stands for quarrels that nightly abound;
- R stands for ruin that hovers around;
- S stands for sights which his vision bedims;
- T stands for trembling that seizes his limbs;
- U for his usefulness sunk in the slums.
- V stands for vagrant he quickly becomes;
- W for waning of life that's soon done;
- X for the exit regretted by none;
- Y outh of this nation, such weakness is crime;
- Z calously turn from the tempter in time.

**Norfolk Growing.**  
Virginia Pilot.

It is with commendable pride that we look about us at the rapid development of the cities of Norfolk, Portsmouth, Berkley and the surrounding section. The most sanguine, ten years ago, would not have anticipated what may to-day be seen, and we feel that in congratulating the community, the effect will be to cause the good people, who have done all this, to spur onward that this section may soon take its stand in the world's seaport cities, where it justly belongs.

Right in the heart of the city one may point with pride to the new magnificent and modern buildings, while in the suburbs no more beautiful section can be found than Ghent. Down in Atlantic City and Brambleton and in the vicinity of the city park the busy hand of the builder has done its work, and where a few years ago lay old fields, beautiful and happy homes now rear their heads. In Portsmouth and Berkley there is a corresponding improvement, while Lambert's Point is rapidly taking on the appearance of a town, with its manufactures and dwellings. This is no "boom" and craze has there been anything said in public print regarding it. There has been little advertising of the city or its advantages, except by personal and private effort. It is simply the outcome of location, climate and other natural advantages, coupled with the industry and enterprise of our people. The finest railroad systems in the world come to the city, as well as important steamboat lines and a transatlantic line. Besides, within the city, electric street cars, with a quick schedule and fast time, connect all parts and the suburbs within fifteen minutes.

Within the past year even, thousands of dollars of outside capital have been invested in the city and section, while arrangements are now being perfected to bring as much more.

**Jealousy's Penalty.**  
The following Raleigh correspondence to the Norfolk Virginia Pilot tells the result of an affair of jealousy: "W. H. Holleman, of Apex, the 16-year-old boy who intercepted the letters of a young lady whom he admired, plead guilty in the United States Court to the charge and was sentenced to sixty days confinement in the Wake county jail." "Young Holleman is the son of Postmaster Holleman at Apex. In addition to the prisoner's extreme youth, there are other extenuating circumstances connected with the case which prompted Judge Parnell to pronounce the minimum sentence. Last January the boy lost his arm in a new mill and it has been impossible for him to do any manual work since. His father is a poor man with a large family and his mother is unfortunate. Postmaster Holleman placed the management of the postoffice in the care of his son after the boy lost his arm. Curiosity, conceived by Cupid and nourished by jealousy, overcame the young man's judgment. He secretly admired Miss Willie Hicks, a young lady of Cary, and he saw with dismay that she was corresponding with a supposed rival, Mr. Arthur Edwards, of Holly Springs. He could not resist the temptation of prying into these letters as they passed through the office. Complaint reached the government and Inspector Gregory investigated the matter and established young Holleman's guilt."

**Social Life of Clerks.**  
The Keystone.  
Some people say that the private character of an employe should have no bearing upon his relations with his employer; that so long as he does his work satisfactorily it is nobody's business how he spends his time away from the store. This is a fallacious idea, however. In railroad, banks, and other lines of business there is strict watch kept upon the habits of employes, and if they are known to be spending their spare hours in dissipation, it is not long before they are dropped from their positions. Employers know that it is only a question of time when fast living means stealing.

**La Grippe Successfully Treated.**  
"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr. Jas. A. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexico, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against ten days for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being 'struck' with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down.'" For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT AND \$18.00 IS ALL IT COSTS.

This 5-piece parlor suit, rocker, divan, and sofa, and two matching chairs, highly polished frame, finished mahogany, and upholstered in velour or tapestry, largest size, and suitable for any parlor in the land, \$18.00 and freight paid anywhere on earth. Such a bargain as this you have never seen before. Matter how old you are, and never will again. Probably, if you reach the century mark, which we hope you will. Further comment is unnecessary, except that if you want to know more about our 5-piece parlor suit, send for our ten-cent lithographed catalogue, and what you'll find in these two books will teach you something that you'll want to remember for many a day. Remember, Christmas is coming, and sensible people give sensible gifts which sensible people most appreciate. Something for the home is the best of all presents, and our catalogues will suggest to you what is best. Address (exactly as below) to

**JULIUS HINKS & SON,**  
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All kinds of Sbin and Ankle Boots, Hobbie Harness, Racing Saddles, and all Race Track Furnishings.  
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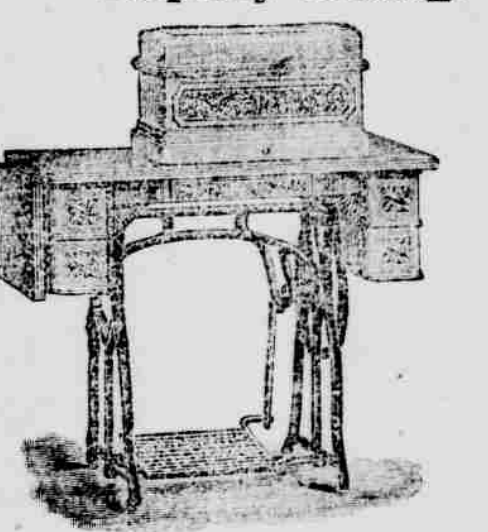
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Designs sent to any address free. In writing for them please give age of deceased and limit as to price.

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**WHEELER AND WILSON**  
Sold under a positive guarantee on easy terms for the money.

Also new machines exchanged for old machines of any make or for Hogs, Cattle or Sheep.  
C. T. LAWRENCE,  
Scotland Neck, N. C.  
E. P. GATLIN, Salesman. 22111.

**Notice.**  
By virtue of power conferred upon me by that deed of trust executed to me by Henry Arrington and his wife, Sally Arrington, on the 15th day of February, 1893, and by that deed of trust executed to me by said Arrington and his wife Sally, on the 3rd day of March, 1894, and by that deed of trust executed to me by said Arrington and his wife Sally, on the 2nd day of April, 1895, all duly recorded in the Register's office for said county, I shall sell for cash at auction, in Scotland Neck, on the 14th day of January, 1899, the following described land, lying, being and situated in said county, to-wit: That land bounded by the lands of Robert Strickland, Peter Hawkins, J. A. Perry, Mrs. Madry, mala run of Deep Creek, and Mrs. Thomas Strickland, and containing one hundred acres, more or less. This December 13th, 1898. 12-15-18. W. A. DUNN, Trustee.

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Two of either for 3.00 " "

It is our purpose to give good service, and to this end we ask all subscribers to report promptly any irregularities in the service.

Our signed contracts prohibit the use of phones except by subscribers, and we request that this rule be rigidly enforced.

Persons who purchase anything advertised in this paper will do a favor to both the advertiser and the editor by mentioning the fact that they saw the advertisement in The Commonwealth.

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