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NO. 10

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

Andrew Carnegie has been quoted recently as saying that "it is a sin for a man to die rich." He has been quite lavish in his gifts to libraries and other things for the benefit of the poor.

Rockefeller and Armour have also made some very liberal gifts recently. The world applauds these princes of fortune for their benevolence, and properly so; and their names will thus be linked with an ever-widening stream of good that is to flow from the wise use of their great fortunes.

Some day, perhaps, men will cease to regard all rich people as cheat-thieves and rascals.

The Philadelphia Record gives the following statistics showing that more than half the inhabitants of the earth are still heathen:

"According to the latest statistics, there are 143,000,000 Protestants, 98,000,000 followers of the Greek Church, 230,000,000 Roman Catholics and 176,000,000 Mohammedans. The population of the world is said to be in the neighborhood of 1,500,000,000. Counting the adherents of the four great religions of the world, and allowing 50,000,000 for the thousand and one beliefs with comparatively small followings, there is left a balance of 800,000,000 people who worship strange gods, or practice curious rites in lieu of religion; such people are as commonly called heathen, and for whose conversion thousands of dollars are collected each week among the churches of the civilized world.

Ex-Governor Philip Watkins McKinney died at his home in Farmville, Va., last week. He was greatly beloved by his people and made a clean record as Governor of "The Old Dominion." He loved his state intensely and gave his best thought and service for her interest.

The comments of the Richmond Dispatch on the great love he entertained for his state sets up the reflection that few people love their own land and country too well.

It means more to be born and reared on American soil than anywhere else in the world; and well may such men as the lamented McKinney love the state which gave him such great citizenship. Well may we of North Carolina love our state; for it is through her safeguards that so many things are possible for us as a compensation for honest toil and a reward for real merit.

Rev. John Watson (an McLaren), the noted Presbyterian and writer of Liverpool, at a banquet in Philadelphia a few nights ago made two statements that people of this country will regard with interest. He was speaking before the Presbyterian Social Union; and discussing the Church of England, he said that "a clergyman in England at the present time is called a priest. The ceremonies of the church are essentially Roman. The confessional is in full operation, and an effort is now being made to compel children to confess to priests, with absolution before sacrament, the same as in the Roman Catholic Church."

The following day Dr. Watson in addressing a body of ministers made pleasing reference to the attitude of the English people towards America in our late war crises. He said:

"Every one on the other side rejoiced during the recent war for a just cause that the flags of the two countries were so often displayed together. It is pleasurable to feel that in defense of the Anglo-Saxon race it is possible that the flags and the navies and the armies of America and Great Britain may be together for one cause."

I have been afflicted with rheumatism for fourteen years and nothing seemed to give any relief. I was able to be around all the time, but constantly suffering. I had tried everything I could hear of and at last was told to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I did, and was immediately relieved and in a short time cured. I am happy to say that it has not since returned.—
JOHN EDGAR, Germantown, Cal. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

PRESENT DAY THOUGHTS

Do Not Wait too Long Before Making Effort.

NO FIRST FLIGHT NO GRACE.

BY G. GROSVENOR DAWE.

Written for The Commonwealth.

To Self-doubters:—Much good remains unperformed in this world—whether it gets done in the next, who can tell?—because of self-doubtings. Good people, principally good women, because of lack of confidence make no attempt to utter the message that stirs within them; for fear forsooth that the utterance will be imperfect and their own delivery of it feeble.

Of course it will be. No great thought without either preliminary essayings and latter polishings, ever sprang full-armed for conquest from the head of any one. The effect of waiting until perfect work can be done by us who shrink from publicity for fear of imperfection or misjudgment, is that what we might do we shall still feel disinclined to do; for each year will see us with higher standards of perfection in our own work and therefore with just as much reason as ever for refraining from what we might do.

I met a few years back a middle-aged Ph. D. whose soul was swallowed up with purpose to help his day. For years he had gone seeking more and more perfection of outfit—two years there, four years here, etc., because he felt that such and such a place would give him exactly what he needed of knowledge. But the further he went the more the vista of things unattained before him, until, when I met him, he was very unhappy at the idea of never being quite ready to strike out and do something. His intellect was trying in the fat of his own richness, and he quite unaware of what ailed him. Misery was over his countenance and deep-rooted within him. What was the proper advice? Do something, say something, work somewhere, even if you are not quite ready. Three weeks ago I met him again. He was working in the humblest sort of way in one of the College Settlements that now begin to dot the great cities of the land. He fairly beamed with happiness. He was living out his message—having a very poor voice with a peculiarity to it that was unsympathetic—and bending his great intellect down to the needs of the poor and oppressed. The wider scope will come, as sure as the first wavering flight of the timorous fledgling leads to graceful glidings.

No first flight—no subsequent grace. That is the rule for birds, and it may be a true one also for heads and hearts. It is continued effort that leads to improvement over the quality of the first effort. But the first effort must be made, imperfect, crude, unsatisfactory though it may be. The fact that you doubt yourself is no real sign that your effort fails. Your message may be weak and your voice and heart so quivering that the great torrent-like stream of human life goes rushing by without paying any heed at all. Yet who are you to usurp the powers of omniscience and declare that your work fails? How do you know? Some creature weak and shrinking like you, may have heard while slowly circling in an eddy of inaction; and your words will have forced that one out into effort also. Who can measure results from exertion, no matter how apparently trifling. I love to think that just as matter never is destroyed in the economy of this great world, but simply changes its form; so thoughts and acts go on in their influences and never die. If this is wrong, one of the chief props of life is gone. If this is right, why do you stand there idling? Furthermore, as some human beings have greater powers than others, but none of them, if they are great-hearted, are content or able to keep their powers and results away from helping the great sum total of human achievement, it should be satisfaction enough for us who are weak, if we have had a share in thrusting out into effort some one who needed the encouragement of our own feeble beginnings in order to plume his own wings for glorious flight—we cannot by any possibility gather to ourselves all the results of what we do, nor even get credited with them; but be content, no genuine work perishes, and whether we are honored for doing it is unimportant beside the more important fact that we could do it and did it.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius. The druggist handed him a bottle of Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Closing up the Session's Work.

TIME IS OUT.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

SENATE.—Of bills passed by the Senate we note: To authorize Rocky Mount to issue bonds for water works. To enlarge the limits of Roxobel. To amend the charter of Hobgood. To enlarge the limits of Coleraine. To establish graded schools in the town of Washington. To allow Tarboro to issue bonds for water works.

HOUSE.—One of the main features before the House was the election law, which was passed.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1.

SENATE.—The separate car law passed the Senate with only one dissenting vote. That was Senator Hairston, who said he favored such a law but would rather have no law than the one passed by the House.

A sort of Pension Omnibus bill passed the House on its several readings.

It puts some two hundred old soldiers and soldiers' widows on the pension rolls. It was prepared by the Committee on Pensions.

Speaking to this bill, Mr. Thompson, of Onslow, said the committee had decided that it was better to pension the old veterans, and thus help a large number of ready people than to increase the appropriation to the Soldiers' Home to the same amount; that if this latter course were pursued, but few old soldiers could take advantage of it. But assisted by a small pension many of them can live comfortably at home or with their friends and relatives. All of them couldn't come to the Soldiers' Home, and he didn't want them to have to go to the poor house, hence the bill.

Mr. Williams, of Iredell, objected on the ground that the Veteran Association did not desire that this course be pursued. They wanted all pensions to come through the regular channels—to be passed upon by the Pension Board.

Mr. Carraway thought this method of putting old soldiers on the pension roll much better than having the regular board to do so.

"Why sir, I've known that board to put men on that pension roll that deserted in the face of the enemy."

Mr. McIntosh, of Alexander, suggested that the bill go over on the third reading for further examination.

The House didn't care to have any postponement, and so passed the bill. Another bill of the same kind was passed, putting about twenty old soldiers and widows, who are now paupers, on the pension rolls.

Of bills passed we note: To repeal Railroad Commission. Act to establish North Carolina Corporation Commission. Act to allow the people of Morganton to vote on a dispensary. Act to appropriate \$16,000 for maintenance of State Guard.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2.

SENATE.—The Senate passed the election law as passed by the House, which is printed on second page of this issue.

Private bills were passed in considerable numbers.

House.—The most interesting feature of the work of the House was the consideration of the case of the Wilsons, suspended railroad commissioners. It was a joint session between the Senate and House and lasted until 3 o'clock in the morning.

Maj. J. W. Wilson was reinstated by vote of 83 to 56 and S. Otho Wilson by 74 to 56.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3.

SENATE.—Along toward the quiet end of the afternoon when most of the bulky calendar had been disposed of, when the galleries were empty and only a working number of Senators were present, there was one of the most interesting half hour of the session, illustrating how tangible is the influence of the plainly great man who has lived, while he has lived, close to his people. The matter came up quite unexpectedly.

Senator Speight introduced a bill to appropriate \$3,000 toward a bronze statue of Zebulon B. Vance to be placed on capitol square. He said the Vance Memorial Association had already collected 2,000 for the purpose and asked the State to help in the memorial.

Senator Franks, who is usually

much more inclined to be humorous than otherwise, spoke first for the bill, his eyes filled with tears while he appealed to Senators to thus commemorate "the State's greatest citizen." He declared that he stood ready at all times to do anything to perpetuate the memory of Zebulon B. Vance. Vance had fed him when hungry and clothed him when a naked Confederate soldier. He was the greatest man North Carolina had ever produced. He wished the appropriation were \$10,000 instead of \$3,000.

Senator Speight asked that the bill be put on its immediate passage.

Senator Williams said, like the Senator from Swain, he was too full for utterance. The first vote he had ever cast was when he was 16 years old and it was for Zebulon B. Vance. No man should vote against the bill.

Senator Butler said it was always a pleasure to hear the name of Vance; he had always held up Zebulon B. Vance as an exemplar to the young.

Senator Coker said that no vote of his had been cast with more pleasure than the vote for a monument for Zebulon Vance, who lived to reflect honor on North Carolina. No man in North Carolina had done more for the interest of the commonality than Vance. Speaking through her representatives North Carolina would be ungrateful to his memory not to pass the bill.

Senator Hicks said that as Vance climbed higher and higher he held his place in the hearts of his people. He had asked that when he died he might be carried back to where he could overlook North Carolina.

Senator Glenn said he only regretted that the appropriation was not large enough. He had known Vance when he met an intellectual giant in the campaign of 1876. To North Carolina he had been true in days of war and in days of peace. North Carolina had never shown her loyalty to his memory by the erection of a monument to one of the greatest, truest and best of citizens.

Senator Smith said he was a member of the Legislature of 1895, when the vote was taken for the Confederate monument on capitol square. When a man did well it was right to honor him in life; when he had passed away it was a duty to preserve his memory to posterity. It was pitiful to see how little North Carolina had done for her great dead. It was fitting that the memory of the great commoner should be preserved, the man whose history for years was the history of his State.

Senator Bryan said no words could do justice to the memory of Vance. He rose to say that if a monument was to be built to such a man build a worthy one. He had asked that an amendment be sent up to raise the amount to \$5,000. Build a monument worthy of Vance and of the honor of the State.

Senator Fuller said he did not represent the wealth of North Carolina, but he represented the gratitude. Vance had passed the quivering bars of sunset. A monument should be built to him around whose base grateful hearts might gather.

The resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

HOUSE.—The school law was discussed at length without any final vote. The old law of 1893 seemed to be favored by some.

[Continued on second page.]

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HUMBLED.

The Charleston News & Courier gives the following:

Christian Science is again on trial in Washington, says Mr. W. E. Curtis, because of the death of the two children, aged 6 and 4, of William G. Grabbe, leader of a Christian science congregation. He discovered when it was too late that the Christian science method of treatment is not effective with diphtheria. The children died a few hours after a doctor was called by the distracted family, and the father is now in the hands of the police. He declares he no longer believes in the Christian science doctrine, that he has learned it will not heal such diseases and the only charge upon which he can be held is practicing medicine without a license.

J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., conductor on electric street car line, writes that his little daughter was very low with croup, and her life saved after all physicians had failed, only by using One Minute Cough Cure.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

A Success That Counts.

Exchange.

"I may not have achieved anything great in my life," said a woman, the other day; "but I have brought up two daughters who never talk about their pains and aches."

"May they haven't any," ventured a woman who enjoys poor health.

"Oh, I fancy they have their share," resumed the first woman, placidly.

"One has an enormous dentist's bill, and they are documentary evidence of a certain amount of suffering, don't you think? The other is anything but robust, constitutionally; but she is seldom ill, because she takes good care of her health, instead of talking about it. I don't think I have been an unsympathetic mother, and I fear I'm not made of Spartan material; but when my girls got old enough to talk about headaches and toothaches and ailments—real, exaggerated, or imaginary—I made up my mind to discourage it at once. I refused to listen to accounts of mysterious aches and sensations, when I had reason to believe they were the outcome of too much introspection and too little exercise. Fresh air and occupation were the prescription for headaches and bad temper, and a bread and milk supper and early to bed was the treatment for other ailments. Real illness seldom comes unheralded, and when eyes keep bright, pulses regular, and appetites good, there is scarcely anything that cannot be cured by witch-hazel or a good sleep. We are a busy family, and there was seldom an hour of dreaming for the girls. They had plenty of pleasure, but it was active and jolly, rather than leisurely. They never got into the summer-plaza complaining habit, because they were always playing tennis, or sailing boats, or reading books. I suppose their education has been sadly neglected as far as fancy work is concerned, but the hours that most women spend over fancy work are, in my idea, like those hours after dinner which Thackeray says women always spend in discussing their diseases."

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Forty Square Miles of Wheat.

N. Y. Dispatch.

What is said to be the largest wheat field in California, is now being planted in the grain that makes the staff of life. It covers over 25,000 acres, or forty square miles. This enormous field of grain is located on the banks of the San Joaquin river, in Madera county. The field is part in Fresno county and part in Madera county.

Clovis Cole is the man who is putting in this vast acreage, and he has undertaken one of the largest jobs that any man has yet done in California.

While it is true that larger acreages of wheat have been planted by certain ranchers in this state, there seems to be no record of an exact parallel to the present case. On the Miller & Lux ranch in Kern county, 50,000 acres were planted one year, but the fields were scattered about in different places. There was really a series of fields, located wherever there was a fertile spot. Few of the fields were 2000 acres, and in many instances there would be half a mile of bare land between them. The acreage planted could not be called a wheat field of 50,000 acres, any more than all the wheat fields in the state could be classed under one head.

The Clovis field, however, is an ideal wheat field. It is almost as flat as a floor, with a gentle slope toward the river. The other lines of the field make it almost a perfect square. Each side is a little over six miles, and if the day is clear every part of the field can be seen from any other part. It will be a beautiful sight worth seeing when all the grain is up and waves gently in the breezes of springtime. There are no roads through the clovis wheat field. It is to be one solid stretch of grain, and every square foot of land is to be utilized.

The grain will all mature at about the same time. Then will come the Herculean task of harvesting.

As the season of the year when pneumonia, la grippe, sore throat, coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis and lung troubles are to be guarded against, nothing "is a fine substitute," will "answer the purpose," or is "just as good" as One Minute Cough Cure. That is the one infallible remedy for all lung, throat or bronchial troubles. Insist vigorously upon having it if "something else" is offered you.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

From Observation.

Selected.

The talkative old man gave the young man the following advice:

"Once I was young and now I am old, and I've never seen a girl unfaithful to her mother that ever came to be worth a one-eye button to her husband. It isn't a guess. It isn't exactly written in the Bible, but it is written large and awful in the miserable life of a middle home. I'm talking for the boys this time. If one of you boys come across a girl with her face full of roses who says as you come to the door, 'I can't go for thirty minutes, for the dishes are not washed,' you wait for the girl; sit right down on the doorstep and wait for her. Because some other fellow may come along, and carry her away, and right there you have lost an angel."

For a quick remedy and one that is perfectly safe for children let us recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It is excellent for croup, hoarseness, tickling in the throat and coughs.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

He who depends upon the invitations of others for his meals dines very irregularly.

Americans are as particular about liberty as the woman are about virtue.

If you have a cough, throat irritation, weak lungs, pain in the chest, difficult breathing, croup or hoarseness, let us suggest One Minute Cough Cure. Always reliable and safe.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

Not one child dies where ten formerly died from croup. People have learned the value of One Minute Cough Cure and use it for severe lung and throat troubles. It immediately stops coughing. It never fails.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

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