THE COMMONWEALTH.

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THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

Georgia has its attractions all the time. The latest is that Dr. H. S. Tanner, who fasted forty days in 1880 and thereby became famous, has gone to Georgia to wait for watermelons to ripen. He is said to be very fond of watermelons, and we believe it has been stated that he broke his celebrated fast by eating a forty-pound watermelon. He passed through Petersburg a few days ago, stopping over sometime on his trip to Georgia.

President McKinley's recent trip to Hot Springs is said to have been taken to get rid of nicotine which had poisoned his system from smoking. His signature before his system became nervous from smoking does not favor his signature since he has been so seriously affected by it. He is said to have smoked 18 cigars a day for quite a long time, but his physicians have cut him down to four a day. Mr. McKinley's weakness seems to be developing in more ways than one.

A good deal is being said about the proposed amendment to our State constitution as it relates to the franchise of the colored people. There is no need of trying to dodge the fact that if the amendment is carried it will disfranchise many colored voters. But the disfranchisement coming through the amendment will not be because of the race, but it will be a result of incompetency. Settle this question, and it will settle the race franchise question: Will a single colored man in North Carolina be able to vote under the amendment? If so, then it can no longer be called a race issue purely, for if it were the whole race would be shut out alike.

Virginia is taking positive position for election of United States senators by direct vote of the people, and a convention will soon be called to make sure preparation for it. From the tone of the press it looks like North Carolina is getting ready for the same thing. There is no doubt that it would be much nearer the expression of the real will of the people, and every man would feel sure that his personal preference for such officer was registered in his vote cast by himself.

THE COMMONWEALTH believes the time has come for this change, and we shall soon see it.

A Louisville Baptist church recently passed resolutions against retaining in its fellowship any persons engaged in the liquor traffic. The Southern Baptist convention which met in Louisville two weeks ago, has been hostile to the liquor business for some time. More than once that body has taken high ground against it; and upholding the Louisville church in question, the convention at its late session entertained a resolution against any Baptist church allowing a liquor dealer in its membership. It seems that the resolution did not pass just in that form, but after being amended so as to include only those who deal in liquor "as a beverage," it passed. Now, we may not clearly understand this "beverage" idea; but if the resolution means to exclude retail dealers and allow wholesale dealers a chance of remaining in the church, as some have construed it, we think the great Baptist convention made a mistake. Traffic in liquor is traffic in liquor, whether by wholesale or retail; and the wholesale liquor dealer's business is just as hurtful to society and just as immoral as is the business of the retail liquor dealer, or even the manufacturer. We believe in standing for a thing flat-footed or against a thing flat-footed. The liquor business, apart from its consideration as medicine, is just as objectionable to God and heliness in one capacity as another. It is only a question of distance from the point of contact.

PRESENT DAY THOUGHTS

Tending the Graves of the Dead.

SOME ARE OLD, SOME ARE NEW.

BY G. GROSVENOR DAWE.

Written for The Commonwealth.

Though one day is just as important as another with those to whom all of life is important, and though the memory of the past deeds of those we love should be ever with us as a daily benison; yet it is so natural a thing for human beings to set aside times and seasons for performing certain acts, that we cannot be blamed for having one day of the year for special decoration of the graves of our soldier dead. Once more, therefore, with a joy that comes from realizing an increasing unity in a country once almost rent asunder, and with a new solemnity because many of the new graves of the past year are graves of those who were young and strong, we approach this season.

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The years that have passed have seen our women tenderly decorating in honor of a former generation; this year sees us bending low over the green mounds that cover the manhood of today. Thus one touch of common sorrow unites the past and the present.

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For what have these dead died? The earlier generation—perhaps blindly at times, but nevertheless effectually—on behalf of a nation that was, that is and that ever will be—please God—one and indivisible. With all sorts of motives, quite beyond our ken and certainly beyond our criticism these forms of dust worked out even a greater purpose than they knew of national perpetuity. Many of them were uncontrolled in passion, many of them were wayward and heedless, and many of them, perhaps, need never to have perished as they did and when they did. But they now rest from their labors. And the work they did partial and complete as to each individual, but grand in its totality of influence, is ours by inheritance, so that we indeed do reap where we have not sowed. Their ancestors before them died to make a nation, these dead died to save it.

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The new generation heard from West to East and from North to South the sad cry of the Queen of the Antilles. Women and men alike were thrilled with horror at the ravages doné by a dying monarchy and a waning power. So from the mountains of the South, from the prairies, from the mine, and from the busy marts, our boys—some of them lying dead beneath our feet—went forth to scourge a scourge, and to smite a beast. So fragile was his fury, so puerile was his defense, that thousands of them never tested strength; but the knowledge that they were ready to do so gave strength to those who were in the front and melted into weakness the strength of a nation that was strong only in tyranny. Some of our new dead died bravely facing the foe; more, alas, died because the sudden expansion of our forces found us unprepared to take proper care of them; but even they in their dying have taught us a national lesson and hardened up a national purpose to run no such risks in future.

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This day of decoration we will honor those who fought, those who fell by the way side, and those who at mercy's call faced the dangers of the camp. Likewise will we honor the women who bore them and the women who nursed them. Just as in the Civil War when the unit soldier was only partially aware of the great purpose that he was working out so these, our recent dead, mark a year that has summoned a nation begotten in riot, born in revolution, nurtured in separation and grown to manhood in aloofness—summoned, I say, this nation of power into actual membership among the groups of nations that make this great sensitive world. It is but another illustration of the truth that a duty done is almost certain to reveal a still wider duty to be done; much as it is with the mountain climber whose every step upward serves to show him a wider view.

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We have smitten the shackles from Cuba and thereby have opened before ourselves a way that shows us the need of teaching the Cubans how to govern themselves. We have freed Porto Rico from the power of the Don only to find our past experience and our own high grade of progress summoned at every point—governmental, financial, educational and religious—to bring better things to pass than these island-dwellers have ever yet known. Southward therefore has the year thrust our influence, making American theories and American standards leap to points that we did not reckon on when our errand was first undertaken. Also far out over the Pacific ocean westward have the American stars been placed in a firmament to be seen of all men where they were scarcely known before. The islands of the great King Kamehameha are ours; Guam is ours; the Philippines are ours. It has been a strange year, a fateful year, a great year; one whose every solemn minute summons all of us who believe in America and its future to the unavoidable conviction that in the affairs of this great round world, in addition to Russia, to Germany and to England there is one other great nation, the fourth of the big four, by whom all other nations whatsoever of the earth are to be controlled, or guided, or governed. The hands on the dial of destiny never turn back; they move forward with the precision of the universe. In the minutes, or the years, or the centuries, or the millenia that they record, the weighing of nations is going on. Judging by our past, dare any man predict that in the sudden and unexpected revelation to ourselves of the truth that no nation liveth to itself, America shall be found wanting?

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The deeds of the dead leave a duty for the living; and so as we rise with sobs from bending over those who breathe no more, may there come to each American soul the determination that though partisanship be sunk, that though personal triumph be considered of small moment, that though the individual by himself be small and of light influence, yet there shall be in this time of our great testing so great a rebirth of intelligent purpose and of national unity that we shall shine in the marveling eyes of other powers and demonstrate once more that the nation of the fathers is not mere tradition, but a living being that goes forth at the call of destiny to make lighter burdens for weary shoulders and a lighter influence in the dark places of the earth.

No Excuse Allowed.

Country Gentleman.

A successful business man told me there were two things he learned when he was eighteen years old, which were ever afterwards of great use to him—namely, "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose that I should happen to lose it—what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it," said the lawyer, frowning.

"I don't mean to," said the young man; "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurence; you must not lose it."

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing, he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay. He used to say: "When a man tells me that he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said, 'I do not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think of it again.' I once had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting an important task to say, 'I forgot.' I told him that would not answer; if he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, was a lazy and careless habit of the mind, which he cured.

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL.

New York's Great Fight.

APPLIES TO ALL THE LAND.

The New York Weekly Witness recently reported the proceedings of a meeting of the "Prohibition Union of Christian Men," held in that city, of which Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of Hanson Place Baptist church, Brooklyn, is president. Among the speakers was Mr. M. C. Howard, of Rochester, organizer of the Union. His speech in part closed as follows:—

Men of New York, hear me! If the Devil keeps on inventing machines of damnation and we continue to go in partnership with him for a division of the plunder, in another generation our great cities will reap a harvest of licentiousness and debauchery that will outrival Pompeii and Sodom.

The Devil has fused the saloon and the brothel into one colossal machine to attack the great centres of modern civilization, and unless we can fuse the patriotic, law abiding, God-serving citizens of the country, and meet organized iniquity with organized righteousness, the situation is without hope.

One cannot look into the conditions that prevail here at the present time without being reminded of the two colored boys who had began the study of the catechism together.

One asked the other, "How far are you, Jack?"

"Oh, I'm just in original sin; How far are you, Sam?"

"I am far beyond that; I am past redemption."

Well, it was probably not true of Sam, and it is not true of New York. But the situation in this city; its depth of depravity, its open disregard for law and the wide-spread indifference of its citizens is positively alarming. It does not concern New York only. It concerns the whole nation.

Our Civil Service is becoming the favored roost for incapables, thieves and plunderers. It has become almost impossible to carry on any public work that does not result in a raid on the Treasury.

Once confined to our cities, to-day the corruption lays its leprous hand on the State and nation.

Canal scandal in New York; capital scandal in Pennsylvania; Allen law scandal in Illinois; City Hall scandal; gas plant scandal; street paving scandal; public franchise scandal; Grand Jury scandal; Sentorial scandal; war scandal. This wholesale debauchery is perforating the entire fabric of our civic life.

How long is our commercial life to be spared? When the political field is filled up, what next?

According to the commercial reports an army of men went astray as embezzlers in recent years, and robbed their employers of over twenty-six millions of dollars.

Gentlemen, there is danger ahead if we do not stop this wholesale public debauchery. It is high time for the decent citizens of America to wake up and organize with no less an aim than to clean up house—to retire to private life some of the scarred rulers of our great municipalities; to demand for public officials a brand of men who would rather fill a hole in the Potter's Field than to fill a public office by licking the dirty boots of the rum power, and to close up the dens of infamy that are rotting the civic fabric of our cities and debauching our young men and young women by the tens of thousands every year.

We have fought one holy war to throw off the yoke and Spanish misrule in Cuba. I go in for another holy war to throw off the yoke of barroom misrule in America.

Oh, ye reformers of New York, stop your child's play, cork your squirt guns, and help the Prohibition Union of Christian Men to turn on the hose. I go in for cleaning out the whole iniquitous system.

Do you say that it is impracticable and impossible? Nothing is impossible that is right. Nothing that is right is impracticable.

You say that I do not know New York; that a fight like that would result in wholesale butchery; that assassination would lurk in every dark hallway and alley. Well, the meanest coward that walks the earth can die a natural death. It takes a man to face death for a noble cause.

I believe that New York would be better off if some of you gentlemen were in Heaven to-night. It might be pretty hard on Heaven, but if you died in the fight it would wake up the rest of the country to the fact that the question now facing it is whether we shall suppress this iniquity or be oppressed by it.

The potato crop may survive the dry rot. This republic cannot live on indefinitely and endure the wet rot.

In a speech before a club in London, Lord Roseberry called attention to the liquor traffic on the institutions of England and said it is a political ring which threatens to throttle and control the commonwealth itself.

If that is true of England, it is doubly true of the United States, where every man, without regard to what he has, what he is, or to what he knows, has an equal voice in deciding how and by whom we shall be governed.

And if America's experiment of popular government ever fails—in the words of Wendell Philips—"it will not be incapable Civil Service, nor an ambitious soldier, nor venal legislation, nor the greed of wealth that will put universal suffrage into eclipse: it will be rum, entrenched in our great cities, making popular suffrage a failure and a curse."

If the wages of sin is death for the individual, the wages of wide-spread national sin will be death to democracy; for you cannot have a live democracy out of dead individuals.

Whatsoever a man soweth, and whatsoever a nation soweth, that shall it also reap.

In 1873, the Virginius, an American ship manned by American sailors, sailed for the coast of Cuba with Joseph Fry, of Tampa, Florida, as captain. She was captured by the Spanish warship Tornado, towed into the harbor of Santiago, and Captain Fry, of Tampa, and fifty-three of his men were led outside of the walls and shot down like dogs. Then the Spanish soldiers thrust their bayonets in the mouths of the dying Americans; then came a division of calvary and rode their horses over the dead bodies, mangling them beyond recogaition.

Thus died brave Captain Fry and his men, at Santiago in 1873.

Twenty-five years have gone, and a few months ago there sailed from the home of Captain Fry a fleet of warships and transports carrying the American army, which in less than one hundred days swept the Spanish navy from the sea, and captured the Spanish army, and the flag that the Spanish tore down from the mast-head of the Virginius was raised over the governor's palace at Santiago.

Whatsoever a nation soweth, that shall it also reap.

Nor is that all. Hamilton Fish was Secretary of State. To his shame, Spain was never called to account for that outrage, and the first American boy to be killed by a Spanish bullet in the fall of Santiago was Hamilton Fish, Jr., the grandson of the Secretary of State. Whatsoever a nation soweth that shall it also reap.

To-day, I appeal to you by all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame; by all the warning words of truth which all the prophets have spoken; by the future that awaits us; by all the hopes that cast their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the past; and by the blessed thought of Him who for earth's freedom died—strike quick; strike hard; strike now—on God Almighty's side."

Sense and Sentiment.

Congregationalist.

When I was a boy, my mother said to me: "Never look for a wife, my son. When the time comes for you to be married, you will find the right one." I have watched my friends, and have found that those who took up the duties of every-day life and thought nothing about their matrimonial future were the ones best prepared to meet it when it came.

When a young man is attracted to a lady, his first thought should be: "Does she satisfy all the higher elements of my nature?" When he is certain that she fills a place in his life that no one else does, giving him hopes, aspirations, and desires that are unselfish, he can feel sure that he is justified in availing himself of her society, until marriage seems the consummation of their happiness. He who depends on God for aid and direction in all other affairs of life is not warranted in neglecting him in considering that sacred union which not only affects his own happiness, but that of many others. I think there would be more happy marriages, if the following saying of the old Greek philosopher were adopted: "God is ever drawing like to like, and it is he who gives to those whom he intends should be friends letters of introduction."

WILMINGTON & WELDON R. R.

AND BRANCHES.

AND ATLANTIC COAST LINE RAILROAD COMPANY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED May 5, 1899.	No. 23 Daily.	No. 35 Daily.	No. 103, daily ex Sunday	No. 41, Daily.	No. 48, Daily.
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Weldon	11 50	9 43			
Ar. Rocky Mt.	12 55	10 36			
Leave Tarboro	12 21		6 00		
	1 00				
Lv. Rocky Mt.	1 58	10 36	6 45	5 40	12 53
Leave Wilson	2 55	11 14	7 10	6 20	2 40
Leave Selma	4 30	11 57			
Lv. Fayetteville	7 25	1 10			
Ar. Florence		3 15			
	P. M.	A. M.			
Ar. Goldsboro			7 50		
Lv. Goldsboro				7 01	3 21
Lv. Magnolia				8 09	4 25
Ar. Wilmington				9 45	5 50
			P. M.	A. M.	P. M.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No. 78, Daily.	No. 102, daily ex Sunday	No. 32, Daily.	No. 40, Daily.	No. 48, Daily.
	A. M.		P. M.		
Lv. Florence	9 40		7 40		
Lv. Fayetteville	12 20		9 43		
Leave Selma	1 50		10 52		
Arrive Wilson	2 35		11 31		
		A. M.		P. M.	A. M.
Lv. Wilmington				7 00	9 05
Lv. Magnolia				8 34	10 53
Lv. Goldsboro		5 15		9 45	12 30
	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave Wilson	2 55	5 43	11 31	10 38	1 16
Ar. Rocky Mt.	3 30	6 15	12 07	11 35	1 53
Arrive Tarboro		7 04			
Leave Tarboro	12 21				
Lv. Rocky Mt.	3 30		12 09		
Ar. Weldon	4 32		1 00		
	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.	

†Daily except Monday. ‡Daily except Sunday.

Train on the Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon 3:35 p m., Halifax 4:15 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:08 p. m., Greenville 6:57 p. m., Kinston 7:55 p. m. Returning leaves Kinston 7:50 a. m., Greenville 8:52 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:18 a. m., Weldon 11:33 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 8:20 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., arrive Parmele 9:10 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., returning leave Parmele 9:35 a. m. and 6:30 p. m., arrive Washington 11:00 a. m. and 7:20 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily except Sunday 5:30 p. m., Sunday, 4:15 p. m., arrives Plymouth 7:40 p. m., 6:10 p. m., Returning, leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday, 7:50 a. m., and Sunday 9:00 a. m., arrives Tarboro 10:05 a. m., 11:00 a. m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro daily, except Sunday, 7:05 a. m., arriving Smithfield 8:10 a. m. Returning leaves Smithfield 9:00 a. m.; arrives at Goldsboro 10:25 a. m.

Trains on Nashville Branch leave Rocky Mount at 9:30 a. m., 3:40 p. m., arrive Nashville 10:10 a m., 4:03 p.m., Spring Hope 10:40 a. m., 4:25 p. m. Returning leave Spring Hope 11:00 a. m., 4:55 p. m., Nashville 11:22 a. m., 5:25 p. m., arrive at Rocky Mount 11:45 a. m., 6:00 p. m., daily except Sunday,

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily, except Sunday, 8:10 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. Returning leaves Clinton at 7:00 a. m. and 10:00 a. m.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily, all rail via Richmond.

H. M. EMERSON,
Gen'l Pass. Agent.
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.