

# THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO.

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NO. 42.

## THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS

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

The declaration of war between Great Britain and South Africa carries sadness to every truly philanthropic heart. "War is hell" as much for the people far away as it is for ourselves. It does seem that with all the enlightenment of the present age, and with the intelligence of ruling powers, all differences ought to be settled without a resort to war, which entails suffering, death and destruction everywhere in its trail.

The State Normal School at Greensboro is said to have had the finest opening this year of any college in the history of the State. There is a general awakening in educational matters in North Carolina, and the prospect is good for us in a few years to shake off the pall of ignorance for which our State has sometimes been condemned. North Carolina is to-day making as rapid progress in every particular, perhaps, as any state in the Union.

"I saw a horse to-day that ought to be shot," said a lady the other day when she came in from a walk down town.

"Why ought the horse to be shot?" asked another.

"Because," said the lady, "it is cruel for anyone to keep such a poor animal and compel him to work."

All the time, perhaps, the lady did not know she was pleading for the enforcement of the law on our statute books against cruelty to animals.

The system of working the public roads with jail convicts seems to be coming into favor almost throughout the State. Properly managed it is a good method, and it keeps at work many a strong and hearty fellow who would be in jail six months or a year without doing any labor at all. It is not only economy for the State but it is much better for the prisoners. It keeps them strong and active, whereas they would grow indolent and become weaklings by lying in jail too long.

At Barnwell, Ga., cotton mill hands have recently made a strike because a colored man was placed amongst them as an operator. Some wise-acre northern people will say this is prejudice inexcusable; but there has been more disturbance north of Mason and Dixon line about mixing of laborers than there has been south of that line. It is only in a few kinds of employment in the South where white people refuse to work elbow to elbow with the colored people. "They say" that in the North even white carpenters and hod carriers will not work with negroes.

There is nothing of which men are more prodigal than time. A minister said to us a few days ago that time is very valuable to him. Doubtless it is, but not more so with him than with any one else. The truth is some people do not regard other people's time and make nothing of it if they keep others waiting for them indefinitely. Just as well ask the use of a man's money for nothing as to ask him to let you use his time at your will without paying him for it. People who are willing to waste your time, for the most part, are those who take little note of their own.

"Print in THE COMMONWEALTH," said a gentleman coming out of church Sunday, "the interview which the News and Observer published the other day."

The interview in question was what the News and Observer printed about what a man said to the reporter concerning people who get a seat at the end of the bench in the church and grow to it, compelling everyone else who sits on the same seat to squeeze between their knees and the bench in front. It is a common practice by many thoughtless people. The polite thing to do is either to take a seat in the middle of the pew or slide down when some one else wishes to sit on the same seat.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP, the people's friend, has been in use over fifty years. It cures the severest affections of the throat and lungs; such as, bronchitis, grippe, laryngitis and incipient consumption. Price only 25c a bottle.

## "THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

### WRONG DOESERS DISPAIR.

#### Honest Toil's Reward.

BY G. GROSVENOR DAVE.

Written For The Commonwealth.

When Max Nordau issued his book on Degeneration, proving to "his own satisfaction" that most men are fools or worse, the sweeping way in which he wrote it carried with it a certain amount of conviction and many a good man began examining himself to see if in him were any signs of the lunacy that Nordau seemed to see everywhere. Those with good sound sense in them soon came to see that Nordau was simply making a problem—and a very large one—out of comparatively trifling circumstances. It reminds one of the gentleman farmer who gave much study to the subject of potato bugs and finally decided that a potato bug was not to be found on any other than a potato plant. Consequently when he crossed a ferry one day and saw a potato bug crawling on a man's coat, he made a big problem out of this little matter because it refuted his theory. Happy was he, however, that after all the man's name was Murphy.

We are all occasionally apt to take some little fact and so magnify it that for the time being it shuts out all the rest of the world with its truths and its falsehoods, its problems and its solutions. To this extent we become mono-maniacs such as Nordau delights to discover, but if given a little time most of us come back to a quiet recognition of the fact that one symptom does not make a disease and that one simple does not make a plague.

One is lead into this train of thought by the tremendous interest and sympathy that were expressed on first reading "The Man With the Hoe" by Edwin Markham. This poem regarding down-trodden labor swept everything before it in the way of argument from California to the East. The description of the man with the hoe horrified us and in our first horror we did not stop to think whether the description was correct or no.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans

Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground. The emptiness of ages in his face, And on his back the burden of the world.

Who made him dead to rapture and despair,

A thing that grieves not and never hopes,

Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?

Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?

Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?

Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Then as certainly as sunshine follows shower so certainly did hundreds and thousands, after the first excitement was past, fall to questioning themselves as to whether in all their lives they had met such a man as he described; or whether upon ourselves labor and lots of it had anything like the effect Markham said it had. If we had to admit that we had seen such a creature, we remembered that he had been called feeble-minded by his fellows, and that far from his being the product of modern day labor he was more likely the product of some modern day sin showing out in the son the ignorance or neglect of the parents.

A healthy revulsion has now set in regarding Markham's sad poem and on a side have there been efforts in both prose and poetry to refute his statements. The man with the hoe among us is the man with the power. His hoe may indeed bend his back, but at the end of the hoeing he can straighten up as well as any man, for he is the equal of any man. He may indeed have a hard task keeping down the weeds on the ground that he tills, but he it is who has brains enough also to attack with the clear vision of a free-born free-thinking American the weeds that occasionally grow up in our political fields. His open air life makes him strong to read brings to the door of his modest home all the news of the world and many of the great thoughts of the great men that have transformed a world of savagery into one of constant ascent and change, and constant change because of constant ascent.

Out upon us if we revel at labor. To live, in the best sense, is to labor.

**A Wonderful Discovery.**  
The last quarter of a century records many wonderful discoveries in medicine, but none that have accomplished more for humanity than that sterling old household remedy, Brown's Iron Bitters. It cures the most stubborn cases of general debility, contains the very elements of good health, and neither man, woman or child can take it without deriving the greatest benefit. Brown's Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

and in the narrowest sense we labor to live. Dull sloth will sooner droop our jaw and slant our forehead than will the hardest kind of toil. Toil is sanity and is sweetness; for after the toil comes rest and a well-earned rest is always sweet. The toiler in the open air is dead to despair indeed; he is too healthy for that. Despair is for the wrong-doers and the slaves of such an unnatural thing as indolence. The finest rapture, the rapture of conquest, the knowledge of something accomplished, something done is the rapture to which the toiler is never dead. He grieves not, for why should he? His hopes, his healthy hopes, are those of the leaves that fall—to do all that is called for by the place in which he finds himself, and then quietly, healthily, unquestioningly sink to the rest that remains for those who do what they can and ought, without ever dreaming wildly of doing every varying thing that all the varying men are called to do.

## Accidentally Killed.

Oxford, N. C., October 13.—The entire community was greatly shocked last night on hearing that Mr. John H. Meadows, a prominent tobaccoist, had accidentally killed himself while hunting. These are the facts:  
In the afternoon Mr. J. H. Meadows, accompanied by Colonel L. C. Edwards, left in a buggy to go hunting. About sunset, while on the Burwell plantation a few miles from town, as they were returning home, they discovered a covey of partridges. As Mr. Meadows, who was a noted shot, and fond of the sport, was getting out of the buggy, his gun was accidentally discharged by the hammer striking the step of the buggy, the load going through his arm and the elbow, then entering his neck and penetrating his brain, killing him instantly. On this fatal evening his beautiful young wife had delayed their evening meal that they might partake of it together, when the crushing tidings reached her.

Mr. Meadows was about 42 years old, a member of the Methodist church, was well known in Richmond and Danville, and universally popular.

## Corn Rubber.

Selected.  
Corn rubber is a new article which is substituted for pure rubber in certain lines of goods. This cheap substitute is mixed with equal parts of pure Para rubber. The corn part of the substitute is taken from the refuse of the glucose factory. About 5 per cent of the corn in making glucose could not formerly be utilized, and this waste seemed absolute. The new corn rubber is manufactured from this apparent waste, says the Scientific American, and when mixed with pure rubber it produces an especially valuable compound. Improvements in this rubber substitute are made each year, and it has to a certain extent supplanted Para rubber for many purposes. This imitation rubber is from 25 to 50 per cent cheaper than pure rubber, but it has not been sufficiently perfected entirely to displace the Para article. The oil which is found in corn gives a pliability to the rubber compound that prevents it from cracking and breaking as most cheap grades of rubber do. Moreover, the oil of corn tends to prevent the rubber from oxidizing, a fault common to most India rubber.

**TAKE DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP** for all those dangerous affections—severe colds, pleurisy and grippe,—which Fall and Winter bring along. It is the greatest cure for bronchitis and all throat and lung affections.

## Fewer Marriages.

Selected.  
The statistics issued by Secretary Kinney show general prosperity has not had much to do with the marriage industry in this State, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. For the year ended March 31, 1899, the marriages were about 1,000 less than for the preceding year. But it may be said that the wane of prosperity had not reached its height during that year and that a big increase will be observed in the present statistical year, ending next March. In this connection it is worth noting that the greatest number of marriages was in December. June has been called the month of roses and brides, but grim and gray December holds the blue ribbon. The Christmas season probably accounts for the odd condition of affairs.

## HE FOOLED THE SURGEONS.

All doctors told Benick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile remedy on earth, and the best Salve in the world. 25 cents a box. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Druggists.

## TAR HEEL BOYS' OBSERVATIONS.

### A Trip to New York's Chinatown.

Written for The Commonwealth.  
Recently a friend of mine asked me to take him through the Bowery and Chinatown, about which he had heard a great deal but knew practically nothing.

So one Saturday evening we got up a party of five and started out to see the sights. My friend had been living in New York quite a while but never had much chance for sight-seeing. He thought the Bowery a park! That illusion was dispelled, however, as soon as he yested some of the foul dens for which the street is famous.

We wandered around the Bowery until about midnight, when we started for Chinatown. The later the hour in that quarter, the better the time for sight-seeing.

As we turned from the Bowery into narrow and crooked Pell street it seemed as if we had been suddenly transported to Pekin. The street is lined with small Chinese signs of every description, which look as if a hen had walked up and down them before the paint was dry. The jabbering of the Chinese, with their pig-tails and Oriental dress, produced a picturesque effect.

We made our way to number fifteen Pell street, and climbed up a rickety flight of dark stairs to a regulation Chinese restaurant. As we entered the door a feeling much akin to sea-sickness suddenly attacked us. The sight was enough to turn the stomach of an ostrich. The whole place was filthy, and the circular board tables looked as if they had been doing sea-duty for a year on Spain's sub-marine fleet.

Seated all around were men and women busily engaged in eating the delectable (?) Oriental food before them.

As we sat down there was a slight commotion near the door-way, but no one seemed to notice it except ourselves—it was merely a drunken woman who had refused to pay her bill, being thrown out. When she was put out she tried to batter down the door with a cobbler-stone, but in this she was unsuccessful.

When quiet was restored the almond-eyed waiter came around for our orders. Four of the party took chop-suey, the celebrated Chinese dish, and the fifth ordered yackaman. We were a little curious to know what chop-suey was composed of, never having seen it before, but our curiosity still remains unsatisfied. If one were very anxious to know its contents he would need to have a chemist analyze it. Its visible ingredients are bits of celery and onion, grease and small strips of meat, probably rat's ham, fried brown. It looks extremely appetizing if one could forget his surroundings while eating it. With each order they serve a tiny dish of Chinese sauce. Each of our dishes was already full of sauce—evidence of the fact that those self-same dishes had been served to at least a half dozen people before us, who had only tasted them out of curiosity.

The yackaman was a little more palatable, being made of rice and stewed chicken.

With every meal they serve a pot of tea that is really excellent. The cups are the daintiest things imaginable—each one holds just one good swallow. But they give you no sugar. If you want that luxury you have to pay extra for it. The Chinese do not use it and probably think other people have the same taste.

We all ate very little except one of the boys, who, being a native New Yorker, an amateur sailor and hungry, managed to worry down two plates of chop-suey, a bowl of yackaman, a bowl of rice and seven cups of tea.

While he was doing this terrible execution we were enabled to get a better view of our surroundings. In the rear of the place was a laundry where a number of "chinks" were busily engaged in ironing shirts. Beyond the laundry we could get a glimpse of the kitchen where we could see long rows of chickens that seemed to be undergoing a drying-out process. They looked as if they might have been taken from the ruins of Pompeii.

At the table next ours sat a tough-looking individual who was eating with seemingly great relish a bowl of some endless stuff that resembled white ribbon. He made way with it by holding a handkerchief above his head and swallowing it by degrees.

**KIDNEY** is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. If you want quick results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists' in fifty cent and dollar size. Sample bottle by mail free also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney trouble. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

The place was filled with a motley crowd, although there were a few respectable people who had come to see how things are done by John Chinaman. The proprietor was not a Chinaman, as one would naturally suppose, but a Malay.

After our friend had finished his light repast we paid our bills and left. When we reached the street he showed us a small China spoon that he had pocketed for a souvenir, in spite of the vigilance of the waiters. They keep a sharp eye on all their customers for fear they will carry off their whole outfit for souvenirs.

We did not venture into an opium den, as they were a little too tough for us. In them many a young life is ruined by smoking one pipeful of opium "just for fun." Thousands of young men and women go there out of mere curiosity, try one bowl of opium, get intoxicated with its exhilarating stupor and go back for more. Of course each one thinks himself strong enough to resist it whenever he pleases. It takes but a short time for it to get a grip on a man, and then no human will is strong enough to combat it.

It is said that the feeling of one while under its effects is like a heavenly dream. Visions flit through the mind so beautiful that one would fain sleep on forever. But when the awakening comes it is like a hell on earth! Nausea, drowsiness, weakness and headache are but a few of its baneful effects. After smoking opium any length of time a person loses all self-respect, all decency, becomes an outcast. But one step more and he is in his grave!

## RETALW.

### Road Law Knocked Out.

Raleigh, N. C.  
Mr. T. M. Pittman arrived in the city yesterday from Tarboro en route to his home in Henderson. Mr. Pittman went to Tarboro to appear in an injunction case from Warren county, involving the constitutionality of the Carraway Road Law enacted by the General Assembly of 1899.

Judge Bowman, before whom the case was argued, held that the road law, which applies to a large number of counties in the State, is unconstitutional. The opinion of the court is that the road law denies a citizen his property without due process of law, in that it makes no provision for the compensation of land-owners whose property is condemned.

The facts in the case are that the road supervisor of Warren opened up a new road. The property owners objected and secured a temporary injunction. The injunction first came before Judge Bryan and was dissolved. Another restraining order was secured by property owners from Judge Bowman, and has been made permanent. An appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court.

During the winter of 1897 Mr. James Reed, one of the leading citizens and merchants of Clay, Clay Co., W. Va., struck his leg against a cake of ice in such a manner as to bruise it severely. It became very much swollen and pained him so badly that he could not walk without the aid of crutches. He was treated by physicians, also several kinds of liniment and two and a half gallons of whiskey in bathing it, but nothing gave any relief until he began using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This brought about a complete cure in a week's time and he believes that had he not used this remedy his leg would have had to be amputated. Pain Balm is unequalled for sprains, bruises and rheumatism. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

## The True Religion.

Winston Cor., Raleigh Post.  
During a revival in Dayle county, E. C. D. Pope was converted. He was the owner of a government distillery, and immediately after his conversion he went to his distillery and tore the stills from the furnace and destroyed what beer and mash there was in the tubs. What whiskey was on hand was in the government warehouse, and he had no right to trouble that without stamping it. He will have to account to the government for the beer as though he had converted it into whiskey, and this will cost him about \$32.

## HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props. Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walsing, Kinnun & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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AND ATLANTIC COAST LINE RAILROAD COMPANY OF SOUTH CAROLINA. CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

### TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATE	NO. 1	NO. 2	NO. 3	NO. 4	NO. 5	NO. 6	NO. 7	NO. 8	NO. 9	NO. 10
July 31, 1899.	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
Leave Weldon	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00
Ar. Rocky Mt.	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45
Leave Tarboro	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21
Ar. Rocky Mt.	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
Ar. Fayetteville	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48
Ar. Selma	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56
Ar. Fayetteville	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30
Ar. Florence	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20
Ar. Goldsboro	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50
Ar. Weldon	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00
Ar. Wilmington	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40

### TRAINS GOING NORTH.

DATE	NO. 1	NO. 2	NO. 3	NO. 4	NO. 5	NO. 6	NO. 7	NO. 8	NO. 9	NO. 10
July 31, 1899.	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
Ar. Weldon	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00
Ar. Rocky Mt.	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45	12:45
Ar. Tarboro	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21	12:21
Ar. Rocky Mt.	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
Ar. Fayetteville	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48	1:48
Ar. Selma	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56	2:56
Ar. Fayetteville	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30
Ar. Florence	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20
Ar. Goldsboro	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50
Ar. Weldon	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00
Ar. Wilmington	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40

### Daily except Monday. Daily except Sunday.

Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Yadkin Division Main Line—Train leaves Wilmington, 9:00 a. m., arrives Fayetteville 12:15 p. m., leaves Fayetteville 12:25 p. m., arrives Sanford 1:43 p. m., returning leaves Sanford 2:30 p. m., arrives Fayetteville 3:45 p. m., leaves Fayetteville 3:50 p. m., arrives Wilmington 6:50 p. m.

Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Bennettsville Branch—Train leaves Bennettsville 8:15 a. m., Maxton 9:20 a. m., Red Springs 9:55 a. m., Hope Mills 10:42 a. m., arrives Fayetteville 10:55 a. m., returning leaves Fayetteville 4:40 p. m., Hope Mills 4:55 p. m., Red Springs 5:35 p. m., Maxton 6:15 p. m., arrives Bennettsville 7:15 p. m. Connections at Fayetteville with train No. 78, at Maxton with the Carolina Central Railroad, at Red Springs with the Red Springs and Seaboard Railroad, at Sanford with the Seaboard Air Line and Southern Railway, at Gulf with the Durham and Charlotte Railroad.

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 8:10 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 7:30 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, 11:40 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., returning leaves Clinton at 7:00 a. m. and 2:30 p. 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.

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