

State Library

ADVERTISING

IS TO BUSINESS

WHAT STEAM IS TO

Machinery,

THE GREAT PROPELLING POWER.



Does your hair split at the end? Can you pull out a handful of hair by running your fingers through it? Does it seem dry and lifeless? Give your hair a chance. Feed it. The roots are not dead; they are weak because they are starved—that's all.

The best hair food is—

AYER'S Hair Vigor

If you don't want your hair to die use Ayer's Hair Vigor once a day. It makes the hair grow, stops falling, and cures dandruff.

It always restores color to gray or faded hair; it never fails.

One bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped my hair from falling out, and started it to grow again nicely.

March 28, 1899. CUNOVA, S. Dak.

AYER'S Hair Vigor completely cured me from dandruff, with which I was greatly afflicted. The growth of my hair since its use has been something wonderful.

LENA G. ORFENE, New York, N.Y.

It is not to be obtained at the drug stores, but only from the use of the Hair Vigor, which the Doctor about the world.

Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

PROFESSIONAL.

R. A. C. LIVERMON, DENTIST

DR. J. P. WIMBERLEY, OFFICE HOTEL LAWRENCE, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

R. JOHNSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WINDSOR, N. C.

DR. W. J. WARD, Surgeon Dentist, ENFIELD, N. C.

W. A. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

EDWARD L. TRAVIS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, HALIFAX, N. C.

PAUL V. MATTHEWS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Collection of Claims a specialty. WHTAKERS, N. C.

Scotland Neck Telephone Exchange

Cypress Shingles. I shall keep a nice lot of— Cypress Shingles all the year. Prices to suit purchaser. W. H. WHITE, Scotland Neck, N. C.

THE COMMONWEALTH

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor. "EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00. VOL. XVI, New Series--Vol. 4. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1900. NO. 28

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

One who can't live and do well in North Carolina would hardly be able to do well anywhere. This is the opinion of people outside of the State, as the following from the Youth's Companion shows: "The industrial progress of the South is finely indicated by some recently reported incidents in North Carolina. A man had been living on a small farm, almost crushed with debt, went into a cotton-mill with five of his children, and in five years earned and saved enough money to pay off all his debts and to buy another farm of eighty acres. Another poor farmer went into a cotton-mill with seven of his children, and in four years was able to pay off the mortgage that had burdened him, to buy another farm of a hundred acres, and still to have money left in the bank. A land in which such things are of common occurrence is on the high road to prosperity, and very near the goal."

China is the gaze of all the nations of the earth, and has been for some weeks. A writer in the Saturday Evening Post suggests that it is well to look at some things from the standpoint of the other man. For instance, what would the people of this country think and how would they meet the effort if the Chinese should send missionaries over here and undertake to teach us that we have all the while been worshipping a false god? What would be our attitude against the teaching that our religion is all false? How would we meet the attempt to have our churches torn down and their heathen gods set up for our worship instead of Jehovah whom we now worship? The Chinese call all missionaries "foreign devils," and so would we call them if they were attempting to urge their religion on us as we are ours upon them.

To be sure, we all feel commissioned of God to spread the gospel of His Son over all the world; but to consider matters from their standpoint a little will give us more patience with them. Says one authority, "In point of intellect, as in business and diplomacy, the Chinese are the equals of the ablest and most civilized nations of Christendom." Viewing them in this light it is not strange that they should resist such encroachments as are unpleasant to them.

The present "Boxer movement" in the great empire is something so new that it is said nothing can be learned of it in books. There are various interpretations of the term "Boxer." In Chinese it is "Yi Ho Chuan," which means, they say, "righteousness, harmony and hats." Society of the Great Strong Sword. Mr. F. M. Royall, a North Carolina missionary to China, who has just returned to this country, says that the Boxers there call themselves "The Great Knife Society." They are opposed to all foreigners who go amongst them.

It is generally thought from the present outlook in China that the great empire will go to pieces. Of the vastness of the empire the Saturday Evening Post says: "And yet with all this intelligence China has never had a census. That is why the figures you read about the population of the empire vary so wonderfully. Millions are handed in Chinese guesses as if they were the veriest trifles. You will read in one authority that the population is 350,000,000 and in another that it is over 400,000,000. Fifty million Chinese more or less do not seem to count. "The very latest figures that seem at all dependable—show some extraordinary totals. China proper—that is, Central China—has 1,322,841 square miles and 383,000,000 population. Manchuria—including what Russia has grabbed—has 362,310 square miles and 18,000,000 population. Mongolia has 1,288,000 square miles and 2,000,000 population. It, comprising several countries, has 579,750 square miles and 1,180,000 population; and Tibet has 362,310 square miles and 6,000,000 population. Add all these together and you will have what has been known as the Chinese Empire. "No nation in the world can produce such totals. No nation can adduce such a variety and wealth of natural products. China has a range of climate as great as that of the United States. In China proper every acre of land is cultivated—it is the most thoroughly cultivated country on the globe. It has all the cereals and all the fruits; it has both anthracite and bituminous coal, and it is rich in gold, silver, lead, tin, copper, petroleum and natural gas. Its great rivers—the Yangtze Kiang—is open to foreign trade for 1700 miles, 600 miles of which is navigable by the largest ocean-going ships and 500 miles more of which is navigable by steamers."

THE ONE DAY COLD CURE. Kermott's Chocolates Laxative Quinine, easy to take and quick to cure colds, influenza and sore throats.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE 4TH.

INTEMPERANCE IN THE HOME

Custom's Iron Rule.

Doubtless some Fourth of July observations moved a correspondent to write the following for the Norfolk Virginian Pilot for July 5th: "What the shell is to the fort, the tornado to the forest, the earthquake to the earth, that intemperance is to the home. The shell strikes the fort, and it is demolished, destroying the lives within; the tornado, the forest and it lies in a tangled mass of ruin; the earthquake rends the very earth, and then we fear to trust it. Intemperance in the home is all this and more. It blights the hope of beautiful lives; it wrecks the strong and the weak together; it shivers the very foundations of society, and leaves the individual afraid to trust the strong arms of those they love and upon whom they have been taught to lean for protection. Surely the picture is complete, and the ruin of intemperance in the home is fearful. It is amazing to observe how many are the ways in which strong drink moves upon the home to do its terrible work. Perhaps the mother of the home is a brave soul. She has said strong drink shall have no place there. To this brave stand the father has yielded and it looks as if that home is safe from the blighting curse, but it is not far from safety. Society has its peculiar ways of breaking down barriers and opening the way for the entrance of this monster. The home is not safe from its blighting touch, not even when father and mother both have agreed that it shall have no place there, for society will set up its demands in the face of the opposition of the heads of the household, and through the influence of these demands the entrance is effected, the barrier broken down and strong drink rages in the home where it was thought to have no rights. POWER OF CUSTOM. Custom is a terror to temperance. It is customary to have eggnog at Christmas time, and though the father and mother have no idea of having strong drink in their home, yet through this custom pressure is brought to bear, and many a father and mother have yielded to the demands of custom, just this once, only to see King Alcohol enthroned, first in their home and then in the lives of the father and the sons. It was only yielding to custom, but it meant ruin to the home. It was the shell from the enemies' gun, and it did its work most effectively. Again, there is the custom of wine served in the wedding supper, and society says it is the custom and you must not break it. The heads of the house yield to the demand, made, apparently in such innocence, and yet it means the wreck of one young man's life and the destruction of one young man's spirit, wrecked in time and for eternity, and it was only a little tribute to custom, the custom of a heartless society life. So far reaching is this power of custom that it avails itself of almost every event that is out of the usual order of daily life and makes an occasion thereof to drag into its unwholy power the homes of the best people, making havoc of the purity and happiness of the true and the brave. Through the conventionalities of society, strong drink gets into the homes of many of the leading people of our land, and then, once entrenched there in, it is bold to take our sons and our fathers and lead them down the broad and beaten way to hell. Thus many a home is wrecked and ruined for time and for eternity, and in it all there is no purpose served higher than to honor the most damnable tendencies and demands of a rotten society, the agent of the arch-enemy of man. These demands are not limited to the matter of strong drink, but almost every conceivable sin uses the same artful way to get an entrance into the hearts and lives and homes of the best people of our land, and the sad part about it comes in the fact that so few men and women are found who have the courage to stand against this drift of society. They could face a tornado, or a battlefield where shot and shell are slaying thousands, or they could meet an epidemic and nurse the sick and dying without fear for their own safety, but they cannot meet and boldly resist the power of this dreadful evil which we call the custom of society. Better were it rightly named and boldly called the devil's flank movement to entrap souls into his net

that he may give them a place in the bottomless pit. Some of these wily agents of his will laugh at me for the mention of the bottomless pit, but let them laugh, only let us pity them, for they laugh only as does the madman who is rushing on to throw himself into the flames of a burning building, vainly supposing that he is escaping the miseries of the life from which he is fleeing. Alas! how sad! Intemperance in the home is the curse of our land. If we had temperate fathers and mothers to govern our homes, we might escape much of the ruin which comes upon us, and the faithful training of our boys in the ways of temperance, no matter what the customs of society may demand, will pave the way to have temperate men in the halls of legislation, both State and national, and this is the sure way to a temperance nation, and a temperance nation means great prosperity temporarily, morally, socially and religiously. Surely temperance in the home is the high way to the land of plenty, flowing with milk and honey.

THE BORE WHO INTRODUCES SPEAKERS. Monroe Enquirer. Along in campaign time the fellow who could not get the front bench half full of men to hear him speak, occasionally gets an opportunity to bore a large crowd with his jingle jawed harangue on the issues of the day as he introduces some prominent speaker. If anything on earth makes us tired it is to hear a little rattle headed, leather lunged wind pumper tooting his little bazoo and consuming time in introducing a speaker who can speak and whom the audience wants to hear speak

Black and Green. A good story of college days is told of a negro gardener, a jelly fellow, with whom the boys used to have considerable sport. Sometimes he would floor them with his repartee. One day in spring Sambo had been burning the college green in order to get rid of the old withered grass. A freshman came along, and thinking to have some fun, shouted: "Say, there, Sambo, you ought not to burn that stuff."

"Why?" inquired Sambo. "Because," replied the freshman, "it'll make the grass as black as you are."

"Well, massa," retorted Sambo, "dat's all right. Never you fear; dat 'ere grass'll come up and be as green as you are."

Two of Life's Teachers. Life has two teachers—example and experience. Experience is a most excellent instructor, but, as has been said, his school fees are very high. Example gives his lessons in less notable and perhaps less effective ways, but he is more considerate of the welfare of his scholars. Experience throws us into a deep pool of water, and says: "Now swim." Example goes along beside us, puts his hand under our shoulder, and says: "This is the way to do it." Experience may be the teacher more to be trusted, but example is often the teacher to be the more desired. The bold man goes to the school of experience, and if, in the end he does not repent it, he at least appreciates his rashness. The wise man learns by example, and his wisdom is justified of her children—S. S. Times.

Say'd His Life. Some of the British troops in the Irish rebellion did not fight particularly well. A certain general at a lord lieutenant's party in Dublin was admonishing a begging woman to leave the place, when she said: "It is I that am proud to see your honor here in the red coat you wore the very day when you saved the life of my little boy, Mickie."

"Indeed," replied the general, not sorry to bear anything to his credit on such a distinguished occasion. "I had forgotten all about it. How did I save his life?" "Why, your honor, when the battle was at its hottest your honor was the first to run, and when me little Mickie saw the general run he ran, too, the Lord be praised."—The Interior.

F ROVER FIFTY YEARS. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer

ABOUT GREAT MEN.

GORDON AND OTHERS.

As Sam Jones Thinks of Them.

Atlanta Journal. I spent two hours very pleasantly with General Gordon last Monday on the sleeper from Nashville to Bowling Green, Ky. His bow seems to abide in strength. He looks well, talks cheerfully and hopefully. I looked at his gray hair, his battle-scarred face and felt that I was talking with the greatest living hero of the civil war, on either side. General Gordon is as lovable and tender as a mother, as brave as a lion and as true as steel. His lecture on "The Last Days of the Confederacy" has been delivered by him north, south, east and west over the United States, and always to the delight of the people. Healing wounds, crushing out sectionalism and bringing about thorough reconciliation of all warring elements, he is honored wherever he goes, cheered wherever he speaks and loved by all who know him. His presence is an inspiration to brotherhood. Long may he live and many more times may he deliver his masterful lecture on the "Last Days of the Confederacy!" I spent some hours with Henry Watterson some time ago on a B. & O. train between St. Louis and Louisville. He is the brainiest living editor on this continent. There have been six great editors in my day—Greely, Dana, McCullough, Medill, Grady and Watterson. The most brilliant of the six—Grady—was gifted, bright, and enthusiastic. His rhetoric had every color of the rainbow, the fragrance of a rose and the sparkle of the diamond. Poetry and pathos made his pen and tongue as magnetic as a loadstone. Watterson, brilliant, versatile, talks as lovingly as a mother in the nursery to-day, and tomorrow he writes as vicious as a viper bites. He will take you into the Eden of his better side to-day, then turn sides and swamp you like a cyclone from the earth tomorrow. His lecture on Abraham Lincoln is a masterpiece of eloquence and power. His editorials on the political situation in Kentucky are as full of venom as they are devoid of truth. Take Watterson out of partisan politics, you read him with delight, but when the light of his genius and the splendid power of his mind are employed for partisan ends and perverted for political ends, the orchestra is transformed into a jargon of tin pans in a Fourth of July procession. Socially, Watterson is genial, pleasant, entertaining. On the platform he is both orator and statesman; on Kentucky politics he is—we shall not see his like again.

Be Honest. Sit down and think about it, boys. Do you want to be honest men—men who can be trusted anywhere and with any amount of money? Then you begin being honest now. Never allow yourself take or retain a single penny that is not your own, taking nothing without leave or without giving in return. Pick no berries that are not on your side of the fence. Go in no orchard where you do not belong. Plunder no fruits from gardens nor cheat your playmates in any trade. God loves honest boys and he is a honest man. He says the man or boy who is faithful in a little will be faithful in much, and we know that none but the faithful ones will have a place in his Kingdom. You stifle the voice of conscience when you allow yourselves to take what does not belong to you. You scar or burn it with a hot iron so that it cannot feel, and keep on doing wrong; keep on being dishonest and you will not care at all and it will become, it may be, a robber and lose all the bright things God has promised to the good.

Hints For Girls. Some one has suggested seven things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following accomplishments are within everybody's reach: Shut the door, and shut it softly. Keep your own room in a tasteful order. Have an hour for rising, and rise. Learn to make bread as well as cake. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours. Always know where your things are. Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer

ABOUT GREAT MEN.

GORDON AND OTHERS.

As Sam Jones Thinks of Them.

Atlanta Journal. I spent two hours very pleasantly with General Gordon last Monday on the sleeper from Nashville to Bowling Green, Ky. His bow seems to abide in strength. He looks well, talks cheerfully and hopefully. I looked at his gray hair, his battle-scarred face and felt that I was talking with the greatest living hero of the civil war, on either side. General Gordon is as lovable and tender as a mother, as brave as a lion and as true as steel. His lecture on "The Last Days of the Confederacy" has been delivered by him north, south, east and west over the United States, and always to the delight of the people. Healing wounds, crushing out sectionalism and bringing about thorough reconciliation of all warring elements, he is honored wherever he goes, cheered wherever he speaks and loved by all who know him. His presence is an inspiration to brotherhood. Long may he live and many more times may he deliver his masterful lecture on the "Last Days of the Confederacy!" I spent some hours with Henry Watterson some time ago on a B. & O. train between St. Louis and Louisville. He is the brainiest living editor on this continent. There have been six great editors in my day—Greely, Dana, McCullough, Medill, Grady and Watterson. The most brilliant of the six—Grady—was gifted, bright, and enthusiastic. His rhetoric had every color of the rainbow, the fragrance of a rose and the sparkle of the diamond. Poetry and pathos made his pen and tongue as magnetic as a loadstone. Watterson, brilliant, versatile, talks as lovingly as a mother in the nursery to-day, and tomorrow he writes as vicious as a viper bites. He will take you into the Eden of his better side to-day, then turn sides and swamp you like a cyclone from the earth tomorrow. His lecture on Abraham Lincoln is a masterpiece of eloquence and power. His editorials on the political situation in Kentucky are as full of venom as they are devoid of truth. Take Watterson out of partisan politics, you read him with delight, but when the light of his genius and the splendid power of his mind are employed for partisan ends and perverted for political ends, the orchestra is transformed into a jargon of tin pans in a Fourth of July procession. Socially, Watterson is genial, pleasant, entertaining. On the platform he is both orator and statesman; on Kentucky politics he is—we shall not see his like again.

Be Honest. Sit down and think about it, boys. Do you want to be honest men—men who can be trusted anywhere and with any amount of money? Then you begin being honest now. Never allow yourself take or retain a single penny that is not your own, taking nothing without leave or without giving in return. Pick no berries that are not on your side of the fence. Go in no orchard where you do not belong. Plunder no fruits from gardens nor cheat your playmates in any trade. God loves honest boys and he is a honest man. He says the man or boy who is faithful in a little will be faithful in much, and we know that none but the faithful ones will have a place in his Kingdom. You stifle the voice of conscience when you allow yourselves to take what does not belong to you. You scar or burn it with a hot iron so that it cannot feel, and keep on doing wrong; keep on being dishonest and you will not care at all and it will become, it may be, a robber and lose all the bright things God has promised to the good.

Hints For Girls. Some one has suggested seven things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following accomplishments are within everybody's reach: Shut the door, and shut it softly. Keep your own room in a tasteful order. Have an hour for rising, and rise. Learn to make bread as well as cake. Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours. Always know where your things are. Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH

Pain-Killer.

A Medicine Chest in Itself. SIMPLE, SAFE AND QUICK CURE FOR Cramps, Diarrhoea, Colds, Coughs, Neuralgia, Rheumatism. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE. PERRY DAVIS'

"My dear brudders-an' sisters," remarked the venerable pastor of the only colored church in town, as he carefully cleared the broad table in front of him so that every nickel, cent, and button laid upon it would stand out in startling distinctness, "dere is some of de folks in dis chuch gives accawdin' to deir means, an' some accawdin' to deir meanness. Le's not have any of de secon' class heal dis mawin'!" After which the procession commenced, and everybody reached for his bottom dime.—Ex.

Cure Cold in Head. Kermott's Chocolates Laxative Quinine, easy to take and quick to cure colds, influenza and sore throats.

Let us help the fallen still, though they never pay us, and let us lend, without exacting the usury of gratitude.—Thackeray.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer

Lady—Some weeks ago I bought a plaster here to help me get rid of rheumatism. Druggist—Well, ma'am, I hope it did its work. Lady—Yes, but now I want something else to help me get rid of the plaster.

WELL, IT'S ALL OVER, said the father. "Yes; it's all over but the pain," said the small boy. "Humph! It's all over but the payin'," said the doctor.

Are You Weak? Weakness manifests itself in the loss of ambition and aching bones. The blood is watery; the tissues are wasting—the door is being opened for disease. A little of Brown's Iron Bitters taken in time will restore your strength, soothe your nerves, make your blood rich and red. Do you more good than any other special course of medicine. Brown's Iron Bitters is sold by all druggists.

The day after: First Parent—"Have you seen a stray thumb?" Second Parent—"No, but I have an ear here that doesn't belong to our family."

AN EPIDEMIC OF WHOOPING COUGH. Last winter during the epidemic of whooping cough my children contracted the disease, having severe coughing spells. We had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy very successfully for croup and naturally turned to it at that time and found it relieved the cough and effected a complete cure.—JOHN E. CLIFFORD, Proprietor Norwood House Norwood, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co. Druggist.

Wigwag—"I heard the Declaration of Independence yesterday." Henpeck—"Pooh! I hear that every day."

The One Day Cold Cure. Cold in head and sore throat cured by Kermott's Chocolates Laxative Quinine. Easy to take. Children cry for them.

It seems strange that in the game of life the man who is counted out is the one who is taken in.

Rocky River Springs. STANLY COUNTY, N. C.

Open June 1. Finest of Mineral Water. Table supplied with the best. Band of music. Daily mail. Phone connections with all adjoining towns. Tourists rates on Southern Railway and its branches and Atlantic Coast Line.

Rates For Board: Per day, \$1.50. Per week, \$5.00 to \$8.00. Per Month, \$18.00 to \$25.00. According to room, and etc. Children under 12 and servants half rates.

For further information, address R. B. Beckwith, M. D. SILVER, Stanly County, N. C.

FOR MALARIA Use nothing but Kacnar's Blood and Liver Pills. W. H. MACNAIR, Tarboro, N. C. or E. T. WHITEHEAD & CO., 922 ft. Scotland Neck, N. C.

For Drunkenness and Drug Using. Please write to Keeley Cure, 1100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE KEELY CURE

Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer

IF YOU ARE A HUSTLER YOU WILL ADVISE YOUR BUSINESS SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT NOW.

Southern Business UNIVERSITY

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

THIS MODERN SCHOOL of Short-Hand and Business Training ranks among the foremost educational institutions of its kind in America. It prepares young men and young women for business careers at a small cost, and places them in positions free. For further information send for our Illustrated Catalogue and new publication, entitled "Business Education." J. M. RESSLER, President.

WILMINGTON & WELDON R. R. AND BRANCHES.

AND ATLANTIC COAST LINE RAILROAD COMPANY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE. TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: DATED, Month, Day, No. of Train, Direction, Time.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: DATED, Month, Day, No. of Train, Direction, Time.

Daily except Monday. Daily except Sunday.

Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Yadkin Division Main Line—Train leaves Wilmington, 9:00 a. m., arrives Fayetteville 12:05 p. m., leaves Fayetteville 12:25 p. m., arrives Sanford 1:42 p. m., returning leaves Sanford 2:48 p. m., arrives Fayetteville 3:41 p. m., leaves Fayetteville 3:46 p. m., arrives Wilmington 6:40 p. m.

Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Bennettsville Branch—Train leaves Bennettsville 8:05 a. m., Maxton 9:10 a. m., Red Springs 9:40 a. m., Hope Mills 10:32 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 Bowmore 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 3:55 p. m., Halifax 4:17 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:08 p. m., Greenville 6:57 p. m., Kingston 7:55 p. m., returning leaves Kingston 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 Farme 9:10 a. m. and 4:30 p. m., returning leave Farme 9:30 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 5:20 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 10:10 a. m., 11:00 a. m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro daily, except Sunday, 5:30 a. m., arriving Smithfield 6:40 a. m., returning leaves Smithfield 7:35 a. m.; arrives at Goldsboro 9:00 a. m.

Trains on Nashville Branch leave Rocky Mount at 9:30 a. m., 3:40 p. m., arrive Nashville 10:20 a. m., 4:03 p. m., returning leave Spring Hope 11:20 a. m., 4:55 p. m., Nashville 11:45 a. m., 5:25 p. m., arrive at Rocky Mount 12:10 a. m., 6:00 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily, except Sunday, 7:45 a. m. and 4:25 p. m., returning leaves Clinton at 6:55 a. m. and 10:50 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.

FOR MALARIA Use nothing but Kacnar's Blood and Liver Pills. W. H. MACNAIR, Tarboro, N. C. or E. T. WHITEHEAD & CO., 922 ft. Scotland Neck, N. C.

For Drunkenness and Drug Using. Please write to Keeley Cure, 1100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE KEELY CURE

Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer