

State Librarian

# THE COMMONWEALTH

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

"EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1901.

NO. 2.

IF YOU ARE A HUSTLER

YOU WILL  
—ADVERTISE—  
YOUR  
Business.

SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT IN NOW.

## THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

Half-cent coins will doubtless come into use, as the demand for them is growing. The Saturday Evening Post makes the following observation: "The profits of all business are now largely in small fractions. It is the volume multiplying these fractions which produces the great returns. So genuine and general is this tendency that a demand has arisen for the coinage of the half-cent. The conduct of business on the finest lines is even splitting the penny."

"One of the leading banking authorities puts it this way: 'To add the half-cent to our coins would increase the profits of small dealers and the possible economies to that class of people who are obliged to make small purchases. To save a cent each day amounts to \$3.65 a year.'"

"On the one side we have the half-cent and fractions of cents making millions, and on the other side we have the millions calling for the half-cent. Surely this is a great generation, and money is its profit."

"There might be some charity in such treatment, but is there any mercy?"

Such is the comment of the *Williamston Enterprise* on the condition of the county home, or poor house, of Martin county, and the treatment of the inmates. The statement is made that where the colored inmates are kept there are large cracks under the doors "where the cold, biting winds of the winter season can pour in on the occupants, subjecting them to rheumatism, pneumonia, and other fatal diseases, thereby causing more expense for the county."

"The bedding is not fit for use, and that the beds are scantily covered. The Enterprise makes a plea that the county ought at least furnish the aged, poor and infirm with as much comfort as the State provides for its criminals. The writer said that on his way to town he met the keeper of the house well loaded with his drams and in no condition to have charge of the poor people there."

Wherever there is neglect of such persons as the county assumes to care for, it ought to be remedied.

The Norfolk Landmark, in a single paragraph under the heading "North Carolina," says:

"The decrease in the volume of the liquor traffic in many sections of North Carolina is remarkably great."

And it is indeed a consummation greatly to be wished that the decrease in the traffic should grow and grow and grow, until the great and devastating cure should be unknown within our borders. Many people who formerly have been slow to speak with disfavor concerning the liquor business are gradually changing their attitude toward it; and would be glad to have it wiped out for good.

Only a few nights ago, since Christmas, details were being given to a company of several men in Scotland Neck concerning the killing of a man elsewhere in the State on Christmas day, when a gentleman of fine business capacity and who seldom remarks about what he does not feel concerns him, said, "No doubt whiskey had something to do with it." And so it has come to be regarded by most people. Whenever and wherever trouble occurs of foisting and shooting and the like, most people think at once that it grew out of liquor selling or drinking in some way. And in too many instances it is true.

Oh, that the blighting curse of the traffic were known in the good State of North Carolina no more!

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, O.

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 & TRACY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & 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.

## NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A GLIMPSE AT ITS WORK.

Wonderful Things Indeed.

Charlotte Observer.

Hand in hand, they die together—two aged beings, the Year and the Century; both venerable, but one immeasurably more time-worn than the other; the one the child, the other its great-grandfather. And with their death is born twin brothers, but one destined to far outlive the other—the New Year and the Twentieth Century.

A century—one hundred years—is a long period as man counts, but to God, Himself from Everlasting to Everlasting, and to Whom one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day, a century is but a small thimbleful dipped from the Ocean of Time.

But from our human point of view it is a century of wonderful progress. If there were a fair in honor of the Ages of Time, and the Centuries should come to it, exhibiting their jewels and crowning glories, the blue-ribbon should go to the Nineteenth (A. D.) next after the other—Century, indeed, that all others of time date forward to or back to, that Century of the Star and the "Wise Men," of the Shepherds and the Angel Song, of the Manger and the Cross; that heaven-kissed Century that gave an Ark to a six-wheeled world, a Redeemer to the planet Earth and its people.

Two nations which have made ladders of opportunity and climbed highest toward the pinnacle of progress are our own country in the Occident and Japan in the Orient. The United States in 1800 numbered 5,000,000 inhabitants; in 1900 they number 76,000,000—a gain of 71,000,000. In 1800 the United States occupied 827,844 square miles of territory; in 1900 they extend over an area of 3,537,000, not counting some islands of the sea, the title for rational possessions of which is yet in dispute. In 1826 there were four miles of railroad track in the United States; in 1900, 245,900 miles.

In 1800 the majority of the people of our country lived along the Atlantic seaboard within 50 miles of the coast. There were no great cities and the farmer and planter were the men of influence. There were a few country manions like George Washington's Mount Vernon and Thomas Jefferson's Monticello, but the average farm house had only one large room serving for kitchen, dining and sitting room. This room had a gaping mouth in the shape of a huge fireplace, which ate up wood by the cord. Over this the daily meals were cooked. The kettle hung from the great, smutty crane and sang to contented sleep the house cat that coiled upon the rag carpet woven by the thrifty housewife and her daughters. The wooden trencher was in evidence on the table, for china dishes were still scarce, and the napkin was a useful institution, because the folk had not come into general use. They ate breakfast at night, in those good old days of yore, by candle-light or fire-light, and dinner at 11—12 o'clock was a little late for the midday meal. A writer in *Everybody's Magazine* describes a good dinner at John Adams' New England home as consisting of a pudding of corn meal with molasses and butter, veal and bacon, and a neck of mutton with vegetables. Sugar, cut from a cake, was used when company was to dinner. Ordinarily a "long sweet" of molasses or honey sufficed. Cider was a universal drink. The women spun and wove, and clothed the household. Plant life furnished the needed dyes. The juice of the goldenrod, mixed with indigo and alum, made a brilliant green, the pokeberry yielded its crimson blood, and petals of the iris violet. The lighting plant of those pioneer days was the tall candle mould. A few have lapped over into the twentieth century and many of us have seen them keeping company in the garret with the discarded grandfather's clock and grandmother's spinning. Flint, steel and tinder made the fires; it was slow work to start a flame, and a family disaster if it ever went out. Matches came later. In 1800 families of from twelve to twenty children were common. The forefathers had enough arrows in the quiver to transfuse a whole troop of adversaries that might come in old age. The generally existing present dread of a large family came along with the rest of the progress of the century's end. Fashion, however, was a simpler, stranger and less fickle tyrant than today, and daughters were not so expensive as now. Only one boy out of a family went to college—the one of

stodious tastes who was cut out for a minister or lawyer—and boys were less expensive than in these days of the nation's luxury and comfort. In 1800 to go from a North Carolina village to Philadelphia or New York would be like a trip across Russia and Siberia or to the North Pole in 1900. Letters were written when somebody died or was born, as the lowest rate of postage under 40 miles was 8 cents and it took about a month to get from Maine to Georgia. The stage coach was the means of transportation and roads were bad, whenever there were any. It was a simple, isolated life the people lived then; but it was a beautiful idyllic, bucolic, pastoral life, enchanting to us in its dim distance down the colonnades of the past. With the advent of the railroad, which annihilates distance, and the telegraph and telephone, which annihilate time, there has been born in human kind a sad, serious tendency to flock together: The nineteenth century has been marked with an exodus from country to city, and it has not proved an exodus to a Promised Land. From the Bab el of Nimrod and the Babylon of Daniel, the Sodom of Lot, the Nineveh of Jonah, the Rome of Nero to the great municipalities of today, cities have been comfortable, convenient, convivial, affording the greater opportunities, producing wealth, but tending to be bad. And the worse they get the more they draw upon the ruddy, sturdy youth of the country to repair their depleted manhood, but these, too, or their children soon feel the effects of luxurious environment.

The century has been marked by wonderful strides in methods of transportation and in invention in general. In the last three-quarters of the century the globe has been girdled with an iron net work of 450,000 miles of track. The locomotive is the most magnificent engine of power. It is the realization in iron and steel of the fabled Pegasus of the Greeks and Romans. From Fulton's little Clermont has evolved the modern liner, the ocean greyhound, the Oceanic, the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, the Deutschland.

The inventions of the period are almost countless. Among the greater ones are the sewing machine, the Jacquard loom, the blast furnace, reaping, harvesting, binding and threshing machines, the Hoe perfecting press, the typewriter, the match, the Roentgen rays, a perfected telescope that brings the moon within one hundred miles and renders the discovery of a new star a marvel, celluloid, illuminating gas, electric lights, electric motor, aluminum, India rubber, the telegraph, the telephone, the stethoscope, the spectroscope, the car coupler with variations, the Zeppelin airship, the producer of this editorial—the linotype—etc., etc. Truly the nineteenth century must have been that time on which the vision of the ancient seer, overlapping centuries and millenniums, rested when he wrote: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

A hemisphere has been chopped in twain at Suez; a hole bored through the Alps with an auger at Mont Cenis and St. Gothard; the widest rivers crossed over with suspension bridges and under with tunnels; houses built 30 stories high—veritable modern Babels and their tops reached with elevators. Marvelous things for enormity of achievement have been accomplished by the activity of the human ants that swarm over the globe. But more wonderful still for marvel has been the search after the discovery of the little things. The science of bacteriology has been established. The microbes specific diseases have been found to exist in an army of hostile, amphibious germs, swimming in Red Seas of blood or crawling about on the dry land of muscle and tissue, bent on murder. By inoculation with antidotal lymph, another army of unseeable, infinitesimal germ-soldiers, is sent to the rescue, and awful Therompylases, Marathox, Sadowas, Waterloos, Gettysburgs and San Juans are fought all at once in the in'ards of folks, and yet the only way to see the raging battle is to glue one's eye to a 10,000 power magnifying microscope. Lister, Pasteur, Koch and their schools have become famous in medical science in the nineteenth century.

In 1800, atheism and infidelity were rampant and attacked the strongholds of religion. Christianity was of a rigid kind, the Puritan and the Presbyterian and the Wesleyan being some of the strongest types. The influence of the French Revolution led to much of the infidelity of this country, but this, during the one hundred years, gradually died out, and a new type of in-

fiduity usurped its place in 1900. External infidelity has given place to internal infidelity. Christendom is assailing its great Book, eliminating its inspiration, its infallibility, its supernaturalness. Faith's enemies are of its own household. But it still has its defenders, as in 1800 and in all ages of time, but their battle is a harder one as their foe is a subtler one.

We have barely touched the outer edge of the nineteenth century transactions and happenings in the above pen marks. It would take until the end of the twentieth, perhaps, to do full justice to the nineteenth. And as we make an ending here, we bid farewell to the old and hail the new. The King is dead; long live the King.

Danger From Overeating.

Physical Culture.

It is well known to few medical men that many cases of insanity are directly due to overeating and the consequent absorption into the circulation to toxic matters from the intestinal tract, and melancholia, whether in mild or severe form, is generally due to this cause. Violent paroxysms of temper, whether in children or adults, are often properly referable to a bad state of the blood from this auto toxemia, as are indeed the exceedingly exuberant spirits of old or young at times. Just as we observe in alcoholic poisoning, some individuals are made temporarily jolly and good natured; others are made ugly and unreasonably.

In view of this condition of affairs isn't it rather a wise plan for us all to consider rather the needs of the organism for food than the mere question of palate tickling, to aim to eat good instead of bad food and enough of it—that is, not too much—to have the conditions about right when we take our meals; in brief to try and treat our bodies decently even though we act from a purely sensual point of view? In no other way can we secure the highest possible degree of pleasure on the average, while by acting thus sensibly we may enjoy practical immunity from disease.

The more exercise we take under proper conditions, the more we are exposed to cold, and the clearer we keep from excess in clothing the more we may eat; hence, in order to enjoy the fullest measure of table pleasures, we must live actively, wear as little clothing as is consistent with comfort and do considerable "roughing"—sometimes called hardening. With all this we should take our meals at times when the body or brain is not overtired, and when we "have leisure to digest," and, of all things, we should never eat unless we are hungry. To eat without an appetite is self abuse of the most stupid sort, since it affords no pleasure and is productive of disease.

NIGHT WAS HER TERROR.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough freely and spit blood, but, when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at E. T. Whitehead & Co's drug store.

BEGINNING EARLY.

"Shall I have to get married when I grow up?" asked little Flossie one day of her mother.

"Just as you please, dear," answered her mother, with a smile. "Most women do however."

"Yes; I suppose so," continued the little girl musingly, "and I think I'd better start and look out for a husband now. They say that Aunt Jane has been at it for 20 years and hasn't caught one yet."—Exchange.

WORKING 24 HOURS A DAY.

There's no rest for those tireless little workers—Dr. King's New Life Pills. Millions are always busy, curing Tetter Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Fever and Ague. They banish Sick Headache, drive out Malaria, Never give or weaken. Small, taste nice, work wonders. Try them. 25c at E. T. Whitehead & Co's drug store.

The leyes of both sides of the Mississippi are of sufficient extent that if they were built in a single straight line they would be about 1,300 miles long or long enough to stretch the greater part of the distance between New Orleans and New York.

SAYS HE WAS TORTURED.

"I suffered such pain from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Hillsborough, Ills., "but Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured them." Acts like magic on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases and piles. Cure guaranteed by E. T. Whitehead & Co. 25c.

## STATE NEWS.

Happenings Noted In A Week.

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES.

The Southport Standard says that a Meuhaden factory will soon be operated there, employing 100 persons and that the enterprise will be valued at \$100,000. The Standard says: "The Meuhaden fish is commonly called 'fat back' in this locality, and is not considered good for food, but the product is oil, and the fish is manufactured for this product and the scrap which is ground into a fine fertilizer highly esteemed by farmers."

The Chatham Record, moralizing on Christmas excesses properly and pointedly says: "More crimes were committed and more casualties occurred last week than during any other week of the whole year. And such is the case during the Christmas holidays every year. It is so strange and so inconsistent that the week, during which is commemorated the nativity of the Prince of Peace, should be so desecrated. Many persons, who at other times are temperate, indulge at Christmas in excesses of which they should be and doubtless are ashamed."

A BOY ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

Henderson Herald: Mr. William Rowe, aged about 18 years, accidentally shot himself Saturday hunting near Louisburg. The load of shot passed into his head under the right jaw. He lived only a short while.

A YOUNG LADY SHOT BY ACCIDENT.

Union letter to Roanoke-Chowan Times: On the 20th of Dec. a very sad tragedy occurred near our little town—Miss Bessie Holloman, daughter of Mrs. Bettie Holloman was accidentally shot by Mr. Dot Hoggard while tampering with a pistol. After lingering a week she peacefully departed this life. The entire community extend their deepest sympathy to the bereaved mother and relatives.

COURTSHIP BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Graham Tribune: Last night Miss Sallie Ray left Graham for Bixbee, Arizona, to become the wife of Col. J. M. McCoy. Miss Ray had never met her intended, but through correspondence formed such a close attachment for her fiancé that she decided to heed his many callings and travel across a long geography lesson to enter a new home.

The exchange of photos just previous to Miss Ray's departure resulted in mutual favor, and her many friends here hope to learn of a happy union.

Col. McCoy is a prosperous railroad man.

PAID A SALARY TO WHISTLE.

Wilmington Star: Mr. J. Keener Westbrook, of this city, who is a marvel at whistling, has recently received a very flattering offer from Keith, the Boston theatrical manager, and will likely accept it, dividing his time with a chain of play-houses in the North and the Edison Phonograph Company, for which he will make records for reproduction on machines. Some time ago Mr. Westbrook whistled "The Mocking Bird" for one of the managers of the Edison Phonograph Company who was stopping for his health at Southern Pines, N. C., and recognition of Mr. Westbrook's talent led to the engagement noted above.

HISTORIC CHURCH.

Wilmington Star: A Star representative was told yesterday of the completion for the third time of a new house of worship for the congregation of Keith Presbyterian church, on Sampson road, in Pender county near the residence of Mr. A. C. Ward. The Church was established in 1817 and is one of the oldest in Pender county and this section of the State. A new house of worship was dedicated in the year of the founding of the church; another in 1848, and now still another at the beginning of the new year and century. Through the instrumentality of Mrs. R. W. Collins, of Burgaw, a new Cornish organ has been installed for use in the church and through her persistent work it has all been paid for. Rev. D. P. McGehee is pastor of the congregation.

A FIREMAN'S CLOSE CALL.

"I struck to my engine, although every joint ached and every nerve was racked with pain," writes C. W. Bellamy, a locomotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa, "I was weak and pale, without any appetite and all run down. As I was about to give up, I got a bottle of Electric Bitters and, after taking it, I felt as well as I ever did in my life." Weak, sickly, run down people always gain new life, strength and vigor from their use. Try them. Satisfaction guaranteed by E. T. Whitehead & Co. Price 50 cents.

FOR MALARIA

Use nothing but Macnamir's Blood and Liver Pills.

E. W. MACNAMIR, Tarboro, N. C. or E. T. WHITEHEAD & CO., 22 St.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

ADVERTISING BUSINESS—WHAT STAYS IS TO—Machinery, THAT GREAT PROPELLING POWER.

## TIME'S LIFE

The father? Gone for the doctor. The mother? Alone with her suffering child. Will the doctor never come? When there is croup in the house you can't get the doctor quick enough. It's too dangerous to wait. Don't make such a mistake again; it may cost a life. Always keep on hand a dollar bottle of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

It cures the croup at once. Then when any one in the family comes down with a hard cold or cough a few doses of the Pectoral will cut short the attack at once. A 25 cent bottle will cure a miserable cold; the 50c size is better for a cold that has been hanging on.

Keep the doctor always on hand. "About 25 years ago I came nearly dying with consumption, but was cured with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, since which time I have used Ayer's medicines in the house and recommend them to all my friends."

Write the doctor. If you have any cough, cold, croup, or any other ailment, write the doctor for a free trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

PROFESSIONAL.

R. A. G. LIVENON, Dentist.

Office—O The Station Building. Office hours from 9 to 1 o'clock; 2 to 4 o'clock, p. m.

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NERVITA PILLS

Restores Vitality, Lost Vigor and Manhood. Cure Impotency, Night Emissions, Loss of Memory, all wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse, nervous debility, indigestion, loss of nerve force, and all blood troubles. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00, with our bankable guarantee to cure or refund the money paid. Send for circular and copy of our bankable guarantee bond.

NERVITA TABLETS EXTRA STRENGTH

Immediate Results (GETLOW LASE). Positively guaranteed cure for Loss of Power, Varicocele, Underdeveloped or Shrunken Organs, Gleet, Locomotor Ataxia, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Fits, Tremors, Paralysis and the Results of Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor. By mail in plain package, \$1.00 a box, 6 for \$5.00 with our bankable guarantee bond to cure in 30 days or refund money paid. Address

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