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THE COMMONWEALTH

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THE EDITORS' LEISURE HOURS Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future. Advocates of temperance, who are the real lovers of humanity and human good, are always glad to note any improvement in the condition of the temperance cause; and so we gladly reprint the following pleasing observation by the Littleton News Reporter: "During the last decade drunkenness has greatly decreased. The noisier drunk is more intolerable than otherwise in all public gatherings. He is becoming an unknown and unwelcome member at any public gathering. Public sentiment no longer smiles favorably upon him who lingers at the wine cup. Business interests no longer furnish employment to men who frequent liquor houses. The day is not far distant when the occasional drunkard will find employment out of his reach."

The State Board of Agriculture has out down the appropriation to the State Fair from \$1,600 to \$750. Of this action the Raleigh Times speaks with regrets and adds: "Agricultural Fairs are educational institutions. Perhaps this is not realized readily by those who take extended trips and visit our great expositions but it should be remembered that a trip to the State Fair is a greater education to some North Carolinians than a week's stay at the Paris exposition would be to some of the favored few. Whatever tends to enlarge one's view, to lift him out of the limits of his home or farm, and bring him in touch, even in a small measure, with the great outer world and its progress, educates. The agricultural board can not find a better use for its money than in liberally aiding the State Fair."

At Butler College, Ind., in a joint debate between the boys and girls recently, the following question was discussed: "Resolved, That pie is of greater service to manhood than ice cream." Butler College is a co-educational institution and of course the female representatives stood for ice cream while the boys, as boys always have and always will, stood for pie. Through weakness of judgment, extreme modesty or some other false reasoning, the judges decided the contest in favor of ice cream. It should have been decided in favor of pie. No matter what the arguments on either side pie ought to have had it; for to any one with common sense just a plate of pie by the side of a saucer of ice cream, with never a word spoken, should have carried the question.

Ex-Congressman John W. Atwater has announced himself an independent candidate for Congress in the Fourth district. In 1900 Mr. Atwater stood for nomination by the Democratic party, claiming to be a Democrat, true as anybody. He had been nominated and elected by the Democrats, he would not be an independent candidate for the same party and would doubtless denounce any one who might be pursuing the course which he himself is now pursuing. His reason for his independent candidacy now is, that he deserved but did not receive the nomination by Democrats two years ago.

The Chatham Record pointedly says: "By his candidacy he is asking the Democrats of this district now to treat Mr. Pou just as he blames them for treating him in 1900. He claimed then that he ought to be nominated because he served faithfully one term, and yet now opposes Hon. E. W. Pou who is serving his first term with such honor to himself and to his State. If it was wrong, as Mr. Atwater claims, for the Democrats not to nominate him in 1900, it is certainly just as wrong for them now not to nominate Mr. Pou, and two wrongs cannot make a right."

WHEN YOU MEET A BEAR. A Bear up a Tree. HOW HE FALLS. "There are always two surprises when you meet a bear," says Mr. William J. Long, the popular writer of animal stories, in an article with the title above given, which we find in The Outlook's Annual Recreation Number, just published. "You have one and he has the other." In all the special circumstances under which the meeting may occur, the bear seems to know what he must do and usually is much quicker in decision than the man. For instance: Once in a lifetime, as you steal through the autumn woods or hurry over the trail, you may hear sudden loud rustlings and shakings on the hardwood ridge above you, as if a small cyclone were perched there for awhile, amusing itself among the leaves before blowing on. Then, if you steal up toward the sound, you will find Mooween standing on a big limb of a beech-tree, grasping the narrowing trunk above with his powerful forearms, tugging and pushing mightily to shake down the ripe beechnuts. The rattle and dash of the falling fruit are such music to Mooween's ears that he will not hear the rustle of your approach, nor the twig that snaps under your careless foot. If you cry aloud now, under the hilarious impression that you have him sure, at last, there is another surprise awaiting you. And that suggests a bit of advice, which is most pertinent: don't stand under the bear when you cry out. If he is a little fellow he will shoot up the tree, faster than ever a jumping-jack went up his stick, and hide in a cluster of leaves, as near the top as he can get. But if he is a big bear, he will tumble down on you before you know what has happened. No slow climbing for him; none of the halting and looking and searching of the rough bark with his claws for a better grip, which mark his usual cautious descent. He just lets go and comes down by gravitation. As Uncle Remus says—who has some keen knowledge of animal ways under his story-telling humor—"Brer B'ar, he scrambled 'bout half-way down de beech tree, en den he turn ev'rything loose en hit de groun' korbiff! Look like 'twuz nuffter jolt de life out'n 'im."

Something it never does jolt the life out of him, notwithstanding his great weight; nor does it interfere in any way with his speed of action, which is like lightning, the instant he touches the ground. Like the coon, who can fall from an incredible distance without hurting himself, Mooween comes down perfectly limp, falling on himself like a great cushion; but the moment he strikes, all his muscles seem to contract at once, and he bounds off like a rubber ball into the densest bit of cover at hand. Twice have I seen him come down in this way. The first time there were two cubs, nearly full-grown, in a tree. One went up at our shout; the other came down with such startling suddenness that the man who stood ready with his rifle to shoot the bear jumped for his life to get out of the way; and before he had blinked the astonishment out of his eyes Mooween was gone, leaving only a violent nodding of the ground-spruces to tell what had become of him.

VIRULENT CANCER CURED. Startling proof of a wonderful advance in medicine is given by druggist G. W. Roberts of Elizabeth, W. Va. An old man there had long suffered with what good doctors pronounced incurable cancer. They believed his case hopeless till he used Electric Bitters and applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which treatment completely cured him. When Electric Bitters are used to expel bilious, kidney and microbe poisons at the same time this salve exerts its matchless healing power, blood diseases, skin eruptions, ulcers and sores vanish. Bitters 50c, Salve 25c at E. T. Whitehead & Co's.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. BY AUGUSTA W. COOKE. (From The Outlook.) The blackbirds call in the lindens That shade the fallen rafter, And close beside the ruined mill Is heard the brook's soft laughter. From a tangle by the crumbling wall A gush of music swelling Shows where, deep in the lilac's shade, The wood-thrush hides his dwelling. Joint owners they—the brook, the trees, The birds on airy pinion, The flowers which breathe their fragrant lives, In this most fair dominion.

An Object Lesson. Salisbury Sun. The entire South owes a debt of gratitude to Representative Thompson, who has just returned to Washington with a party of Northern and Western congressmen whom he took on a tour through the South at his own expense in order that they might better understand the relations existing between the whites and blacks. The impressions produced on these gentlemen is voiced by Representative Parrough, of Michigan, who stated to a Sun reporter that he sees no reason for interference on the part of congress in Southern affairs. These gentlemen return to their congressional duties with a broader vision and a clearer knowledge in regard to actual conditions. Such information as they possess will clear away many a fog and erroneous idea that they have heretofore had. They will be better able to handle problems affecting the South in an impartial, passionless manner. We are glad that the trip of these gentlemen proved so pleasant and that they saw something of genuine Southern hospitality.

Injured by Violin Playing. Youth's Companion. "What force least expected does the greatest damage to buildings?" was a question which a representative of the Indianapolis News asked a well known architect. The architect's answer may be a surprise to those who do not understand that it is the regularity of vibration that makes it powerful. It is difficult to tell, replied the architect, but I will venture to say that you would never expect violin-playing to injure the walls of a building. Yet it certainly does. There have been instances when the walls of stone and brick structures have been seriously damaged by the vibrations from a violin. Of course these cases are unusual, but the facts are established. The vibrations of a violin are really serious in their unseemly, unbounded force, and when they come with regularity they exercise an influence upon structures of brick, stone or iron. Of course it takes continuous playing for many years to loosen masonry or to make iron brittle, but it will do it in time. I have often thought of what the result might be if a man would stand at the bottom of a nineteen story light well, on the first floor of the great Masonic Temple, in Chicago, and play there continuously. The result could be more easily seen there than almost anywhere else, because the vibration gathers force as it sweeps upward. A man can feel the vibrations of a violin on an iron-clad ocean vessel, and at the same time be unable to hear the music. It is the regularity which means so much. Like the constant dripping of water which wears away a stone, the incessant vibration of the violin makes its way to the walls, and attacks their solidity.

THE GREATEST OF AMERICA'S SANITARIUMS. The principal remedy he relies upon in such cases is Peruna, which every woman should have, who has any affection of this kind. In view of the great multitude of women suffering from some kind of female disease, and yet unable to find any cure, Dr. Hartman, the renowned gynecologist, has announced his willingness to direct the treatment of as many cases as may make application to him during the summer months without charge. The treatment will be conducted by correspondence. The doctor will prescribe all medicines, applications, hygienic and dietary regulations necessary to complete a cure. The medicines prescribed can be obtained at all drug stores. This offer will prevail during the summer months. Any woman can become a regular patient by sending a written statement of her age, condition of life, history and symptoms of her derangements. All cases of female diseases, including menstrual irregularities, displacements, ulcerations, inflammations, discharges, irritation of the ovaries, tumors and dropsy of the abdomen, should apply at once and become registered as regular patients.

As is well known, Dr. Hartman is the president of the Hartman Sanitarium, an institution which has a department devoted exclusively to the treatment of female diseases. He is thus brought to see thousands of such cases every year, the most of whom return to their homes to be treated by correspondence. No one knows better than Dr. Hartman how much the women suffer with diseases peculiar to their sex. No one knows better than he does how many of them suffer with such diseases. Patiently, helpfully, yearly, and often silently, they die out a miserable existence year after year. A woman confined to the house several years with a chronic female derangement had finally given up all hope of being cured. She had tried physician after physician, and merely after remedy, without any permanent improvement. Her treatment cost her husband, who was a poor man, hundreds of dollars. They had been obliged to deny themselves many comforts of life in order to get money enough to pay the physicians. Picking up the paper one day she happened to read an item which contained the news that Dr. Hartman would treat such cases free of charge by letter. She immediately wrote the doctor, describing her case, and giving him all her symptoms. She soon received a letter telling her exactly what to do and what medicines and appliances to get. She began the treatment (the principal remedy being Peruna) at once, and in a few weeks was well and strong again and able to do her own work.

WORDS TO LIVE. LET PARENTS ALL READ. Mr. Morton's Talk to His Boys. Charlotte Observer. This, relating J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture in Cleveland's last cabinet, and at the time of his death editor of The Conservative, of Nebraska City, Neb., was found in an exchange yesterday: When his wife died the late J. Sterling Morton had erected over her grave a tombstone bearing this inscription: "Caroline French, wife of J. Sterling Morton and mother of Joy, Paul, Carl and Mark Morton." "Why did you put the boys' names in?" inquired a friend of him one day. "I took my boys out to the cemetery," said Mr. Morton, "and showed them their mother's grave. 'Boys,' I said, 'your mother is buried here. If one of you does anything dishonorable or anything of which she would be ashamed if she were alive, I will chisel your name from her tombstone.'"

Mr. Morton was an extraordinary man—remarkable for his ability, his originality of thought and method. The incident above narrated of him was characteristic, in that the manner of imparting a lesson to his boys was so original. Than this there could have been no more impressive warning against staining their souls with dishonor, no higher incentive to correct living. The story is one which deserves to be read in the schools and which parents everywhere might well bring to attention of their children.

FILTHY TEMPLES IN INDIA. Sacred cows often defile Indian temples, but worse yet is a body that's polluted by constipation. Don't permit it. Cleanse your system with Dr. King's New Life Pills and avoid untold misery. They give lively liver, active bowels, good digestion, fine appetite. Only 25c at E. T. Whitehead & Co's drug store.

HAPPY TIME IN OLD TOWN. "We felt very happy," writes E. N. Bayhill, Old Town, Va., "when Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured our daughter of a bad case of scald head." It delights all who use it for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Boils, Eruptions, Infallible for Piles. Only 25c at E. T. Whitehead & Co's drug store.

The Home of Peruna. The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio. As is well known, Dr. Hartman is the president of the Hartman Sanitarium, an institution which has a department devoted exclusively to the treatment of female diseases. He is thus brought to see thousands of such cases every year, the most of whom return to their homes to be treated by correspondence. No one knows better than Dr. Hartman how much the women suffer with diseases peculiar to their sex. No one knows better than he does how many of them suffer with such diseases. Patiently, helpfully, yearly, and often silently, they die out a miserable existence year after year. A woman confined to the house several years with a chronic female derangement had finally given up all hope of being cured. She had tried physician after physician, and merely after remedy, without any permanent improvement. Her treatment cost her husband, who was a poor man, hundreds of dollars. They had been obliged to deny themselves many comforts of life in order to get money enough to pay the physicians. Picking up the paper one day she happened to read an item which contained the news that Dr. Hartman would treat such cases free of charge by letter. She immediately wrote the doctor, describing her case, and giving him all her symptoms. She soon received a letter telling her exactly what to do and what medicines and appliances to get. She began the treatment (the principal remedy being Peruna) at once, and in a few weeks was well and strong again and able to do her own work.

Another woman who used Peruna without becoming one of Dr. Hartman's regular patients had the following experience: Miss Ida Green writes from Baldwinville, Ga.: "Peruna is wonderful and good, and a certain cure for female weakness. I have been ill and have been taking doctor's medicine for several years, and found that none did me any good. "Every day it was a worry. I was always sick. I had come to the conclusion to give up, and not use any more medicine. I was sick indeed for the past two years. Just before I began to take Peruna I was very weak, besides I was bilious and constipated. "I had pains in my back and side and falling of the womb, with bearing down pains. "One day while reading my newspaper, I came across an ad. read of the book for women entitled, "Health and Beauty," and sent for it. Then I began to use Peruna. After using several bottles I am now thoroughly cured." MISS IDA GREEN. Mrs. Theresa Keller, of Fremont, Wash., writes: "Peruna not only cured me of female trouble but prevents me catching any cold, and as long as I have a bottle in the house my family needs no doctor." —Mrs. Theresa Keller. Send for free book entitled, "Health and Beauty." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

Metacrite Fell in His Yard. New York Correspondence Baltimore Sun. Out of a clear sky at 1 p. m. came a meteorite crashing on the lawn in front of Henry Miller's house, at Hollis, near Jamaica, L. I. It sank into the lawn like a cannon ball, making an oval-shaped hole three feet long and wide and deep enough for a hog-head. It took the efforts of three strong men to lift the mass of metal from the hole into which it had sunk and carry it to the kitchen. Mr. Miller's neighbors for many miles around examined the visitor from the skies. Some think it is a simple meteorite, but Mr. Miller and some of his friends hold to the theory that it came from Mount Pelee. When the metallic mass was first found it was smooth and glistening like polished copper. Miller threw himself on the ground and put his hand down to the big, peculiar egg-shaped mass. He did not touch it, for it was evidently almost red hot. Other neighbors joined the group and a bucket brigade was formed. Water was thrown into the hole, and as it struck the hot metal a vapor that smelled strongly of sulphur was driven off.

"Eating Crow." Selected. The term "eating crow" comes from an ante Revolutionary story. A soldier of an English regiment stationed in Virginia shot a pet crow belonging to a farmer. The latter entered a complaint with the colonel, who sentenced the soldier to eat the crow. The farmer was left alone with the soldier to see that he did it. After the soldier had consumed a portion of the bird he took his gun, presented it to the farmer and told him to eat the remainder of the crow or he would shoot him. This was the origin of the eating crow story.

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