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THE COMMONWEALTH.

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NO. 85

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THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS

Points and Paragraphs of Things
Past, Present and Future.

The changed condition of the cotton crop in North Carolina for the past four or five weeks, is another illustration of how people can be easily deceived in their calculations. Six weeks ago the prospect was good for the finest cotton crop for years; but now the general estimate is for a half crop.

"Americanitis" is the new word to describe the rush and hustle and intense life of the American people as opposed to the easy and go-lucky gait of our English cousins. The nearest definition for "Americanitis" is the familiar phrase "get there." So if we wish to say that one is "getting there" in the sense of making any special hobby a success, we can just say he has "Americanitis" and it will be well understood.

There is every indication that the cotton crop will be short throughout the country, and it is hoped that the farmers will not be in a hurry to sell their cotton this season. It is quite reasonable that with a short crop if farmers will hold back any considerable quantity of it, they will stand a chance of getting better prices later on in the season. And every one ought to desire to see the farmers do well, both in the amount of products they raise and in the prices they get, for the country's prosperity rests upon the farmers, after all.

Some months ago there was much said in the papers about good roads. Recently not so much has been heard of the subject; but the discussion ought never cease in North Carolina until we get a better system of roads. It has been a dry summer and we have better roads any way in the summer and fall than in the winter and spring; so people have ceased to think and speak so much about the roads.

It will only be two or three months before the rains will commence to soften the roads and through the winter and spring we shall have bad roads again. In turn speakers and writers will again make proclamation for the need of good roads. Let us keep up the demand all the while, spring and summer fall and winter, until we get some improvement.

"Practice what you preach," is an injunction often given by those who seldom follow it themselves. For instance, almost any group of parents in conversation about their local school will readily agree that it is best never to pass criticism on a teacher before the pupils who are under the daily instruction of that teacher. And yet no sooner does the teacher do or say something which does not exactly suit any one of that group of parents in conversation, than that same parent will score the teacher roundly and will not be very particular whether the children hear it or not.

Or take the preacher—any sensible group of church members will agree that it is best never to criticize their preacher before worldly people. And yet as often as the preacher says or does something which they do not entirely approve of, they forget their own conclusions about not criticizing the preacher and proceed to say hasty things about him.

Better all learn truly to "practice what we preach."

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LITTLE SERMON ON BEAUTY.

THE PLAIN GIRL'S CHANCES.

Qualities for a Wife.

There are a few regular occasions on which every pretty girl feels inclined to give vent to her feelings by a "good cry," says a writer in the "Boston Journal." One is when her plain sister enters into the bonds of matrimony with an exceedingly good-looking young man.

It is very mortifying if you happen to be pretty, to be left out in the cold, and the pretty girl never has understood, and never will understand, how it is. And perhaps it is really a good thing for the beauty of the family that she is so ignorant of this matter. If she fully comprehended the brain workings of that strange creature, man, matrimony would lose its dearest charm.

The handsome marries the plain girl. Cry as we will, this is a fact, and one that we may test the actuality of every day we will.

Take up the question of forlorn beauty. Why is it? A man who is good-looking must admire beauty. He does admire it! He cannot help himself. Then why, the pretty girl inquires, does he marry her plain sister?

The answer may be best found in the letters of twelve intelligent men on the subject of choosing a wife. Each one stated seriously what qualities he would look for in a possible partner, and set them down in order, the most important first, the less important following.

Taking an average, their ideal was to be as follows: First, kindhearted; second, true and sympathetic; third, proud of herself for the sake of her friends; fourth, a good house-keeper and a busy bee; fifth, a graceful figure and beautiful; sixth, wealthy and clever.

The plain girl scores at once with her sympathy; it is her chief and most powerful weapon against a man. The girl with good looks has no need to find friends by being sympathetic, and it is doubtful if people would believe her sympathy to be genuine. At all social gatherings the plain girl is so much alone that her manner appears at once modest and retiring. Let a handsome man give her half an hour of his company and her whole mind is bent on being agreeable. But the pretty girl has a score of men to talk to, and falls into a habit of inattention. The pretty girl really has a harder time than the plain girl.

A Manly Man.

Success. It is said that all the world loves a true lover, and in much the same way everybody loves a manly man. There is nothing grander or sweeter in life, unless it be a womanly woman.

All like a transparent character, but no one likes things which are covered or concealed. People who are uncertain of themselves, who are not sure of their characters, are always throwing up a defense to protect themselves against the close scrutiny of the world.

Frank people fling the doors of their hearts wide open, for they have nothing to conceal. They are what they seem, flaws and all; but secretive people, whose histories have not been clear, who lack the self confidence of true manhood, open their inner doors very carefully, very guardedly, lest others get glimpses of their unholy selves.

There is nothing which will help a young person to succeed more than a reputation for a clean, transparent, manly, and honest straightforwardness. We are afraid of people who are always on their guard, who do not quite dare to trust you to look into their inmost selves.

The Biggest Not the Best.

A New York dealer who has handled shiploads of fruit said recently: "It is often amusing to see men, women and children picking out, as they believe, the choicest fruit at the market stands. If there are a half a dozen large oranges within sight, they will have them, even if it is necessary to overturn all the rest in the box or barrel, and this is true with most all other varieties that are sold by the piece or by the dozen. They invariably get the poorest specimen of the whole crop and yet are not aware of it. Very rarely you will find a person who is a good judge who will at once size up the heaviest oranges, lemons or bananas, regardless of size and they capture the choicest fruit."

Say Something Nice.

The Christian Endeavor World. Don't say it, neighbor, no. That angry word. Just let your grievance go—I'm sure 'twere better so—By all unheard.

'Twill not help him nor you! Less said, the less to rue. Yes, let it go unsaid; Take good advice; Don't speak to hurt; instead, Say something nice.

Don't, brothers, be like bears; It's all your loss, Smooth down your bristling hairs; Shake off your fighting airs; Be sweet, not cross, Far better, side by side In love and peace abide. Yes, boys, don't snarl or snap Don't once nor twice. Don't storm nor stamp nor slap; Say something nice.

Don't, bear me, man and wife— Scold, scold, and scold. Too short the days of life To spend so much in strife; Your temper hold. Speak words of love and praise; Recall your courting days; Mistakes and faults dismiss. Melt out the ice. And with a smacking kiss, Say something nice.

Don't, parents, chide and chide Those bairns so idle, Dear boys and girls bright-eyed, I know they are your pride; They love you, too, Don't speak so much of ill; Their young hearts so to chill. Much good they do; to more Kind words entice; Your help their hearts implore; Say something nice.

Don't, don't, O mortals blest, Of life complain. God gives us what is best, His gifts his love attest; From plaints refrain. No gift deserved, you know; Then, do not murmur so. Praise, praise for grace to-day Above all price; All walls and woes away, Say something nice.

Good Company.

Youth's Companion. It is good to live with fine old trees. They are the best of company to one who has learned their language. They listen or speak as one chooses—and they never tell secrets.

In the fair Kentish county of England there is a certain pair of English oaks standing sentinel before a peasant English country house. Their proportions are noble beyond praise. The great sweep of their branches has gone, for they are old—very old. But friendly ivy growing thick and lush about the limbs lopped by the hand of Time conceals the wounds.

Their gigantic trunks are three times the stretch of a man's arms. At night, sitting beneath them, one is surprised by a whisper of wings, and a ghostly company of white owls sail forth, noiseless and weird, seeking their meat while the world sleeps. They are the most timid of birds, but the old trees are their friends and protectors against intruding human curiosity. In the depths of their hollow arms the solitary birds are safe.

Five, six, seven hundred years these trees have stood, looking on the human life that has ebbed and flowed about their roots. What lovers' vows have they registered! What lovers' partings have they sheltered! What children's games have been played around them! What weddings and funerals have passed under their shadow! What bitter quarrels have they heard, and what lonely repentance have they sighed to see! What crimes have been desired or devised beneath their branches! What gentle deeds of mercy have been wrought within sound of their rustling leaves!

Gazing upon them now, there comes to the sensitive spirit a vision in which all ordinary human life has the firmness of a dream. Before the dignity, the silence, the age of these gigantic trees human discontent sinks away abashed, and one trusts, childlike, the power that has nourished through centuries these great oaks, and has kept them ever more beautiful from youth to age.

"Did he get married?" "Not yet," "was," she and her mother arranged it."—Detroit Free Press.

PISO'S CURE FOR
SICK HEADACHE
Cures all kinds of
Headache, Neuralgia,
Migraine, etc.

SERIOUS MISTAKE WHICH TOO MANY MAKE.

Not Doing Anything.

Selected.

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well son," he said, "how are you getting along?"
"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage, and patience, and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary" where the young man had an unalarmed position.

The father sat by, a silent, but an intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates relieved help. The doctor forgot his visitor, while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth: "I thought you told me you were not doing anything!" he thundered. "Not doing anything!" "By if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it though," exclaimed the son, somewhat abashed.
"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-man? Never mind the money you go right along with this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live."

"That speech," I said to a friend of mine, one who had spent many years as a conspicuously successful teacher "went into the bones of the young man's life, and strengthened him for a life of unselfish usefulness."

"Ah!" said the professor, "that one speech was worth years of textbook teaching! And yet it was made without an instant's preparation."

Col. Ingersol's Mistaken Prophecy.

Lutheran Monthly, Pittsboro, Pa.

Twenty-five years ago Robert Ingersol declared in a public lecture that the Bible was an exploded book; that its sales were falling off rapidly, and that within ten years it would not be read any more. But since then six Bible houses have been established and the sale of the Bible has been quadrupled. The American Bible Society alone issued more than 1,500,000 Bibles last year and the British Foreign Bible Society more than 5,000,000. Other Bible companies show correspondingly large outputs. The total number of Bibles in English alone, produced in a single year, is upwards of 10,000,000 copies.

The Oxford Press turns out 20,000 Bibles in a week. More than 40,000 sheets of gold are used in lettering the volumes, and the skins of 100,000 animals go into Oxford Bible covers each year.

The British and Foreign Bible Societies print the Bible in 400 languages. During the past year of America's rule in the Philippines, 10,700 Bibles were distributed there. Contrary to expectation, since the Boxer insurrection in China, the issue of Bibles for China last year was 428,000 copies.

The fact is, the Bible today is the most popular book in the world, and more copies are sold than of any hundred other books combined.

Beryl—Yes, when Jack married her he thought she was an angel, but it wasn't long before he found out his mistake. Sibly—Disappointed? "I should say not. He found she was a good cook."—Baltimore Herald.

TAKE CARE OF THE STOMACH.

The man or woman whose digestion is perfect and whose stomach performs its every function is never sick. Kodol cleanses, purifies and sweetens the stomach and cures positively and permanently all stomach troubles, indigestion and dyspepsia. It is the wonderful reconstructive tonic that is making so many sick people well and weak people strong by conveying to their bodies all of the nourishment in the food they eat. Rev. J. H. Holliday, of Holliday, Miss., writes: [Kodol has cured me. I consider it the best remedy I ever used for dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was given up by physicians. Kodol saved my life. Take it after meals.

Came Out Just Even.

Youth's Companion.

To illustrate how wrong one may go in trying to estimate the goods and fills in another man's life, a speaker at a recent public dinner told this story: Two good New Englanders met at a college reunion after twenty-five years. They had been close friends in the old days, but had lost track of each other since.

"Well, Bill?"
"Well, Charley?"
"Tell me about yourself. Where have you been, and what have you done? What has your life been all of this quarter of a century?"

"Well, Charley," said "Bill," reflectively and somewhat sadly; "I'm about where I was when I started out twenty-five years ago."
"That so?"
"Yes; just about in the same place."

"But something must have happened to you."
"Yes, I've been married."
"That's good."
"Well, I don't know. She turned out to be a terrible snore."
"That's bad."

"Well, I don't know. There was one compensation, she was rich."
"That's good."
"Well, I don't know. She was also stingy."
"That's bad."

"Well, I'm not so sure. She was always just."
"That's good."
"Well, yes, I suppose so. But she died."
"That's bad."

"Well, I don't know. She left a great deal of money."
"Of course. That was—well, money is an advantage."
"Yes, it certainly is; but she didn't leave me any."
"That's bad."

"Well, it might have been worse. She left me a fine house."
"That's good."
"Yes, that was good—while it lasted, but the house burned."
"That's too bad."

"Yes, that was bad. It wasn't insured either. So I'm just where I was when I started."

Edison's New Storage Battery.

Selected.

Thomas A. Edison, who has been working for a number of years on a new form of storage battery, now announces his belief that he has brought his form of battery to the highest possible degree of perfection. He has devised, he thinks, a perfectly reversible instrument, which takes in electricity and gives it out again without deterioration of its mechanism. The battery generally used consists of lead plates in an acid solution. Edison's new cell is made of plates of iron and a nickel compound in an alkaline liquid. The chemical reactions are simple and stable, and the weight is comparatively slight. The inventor thinks that the electric automobile, by the use of his battery, will become the vehicle of the future, and that, with an initial outlay of seven hundred dollars such a vehicle can be used at any desired intervals for about fifty cents a time. The motor car will be preferable of the French type, with heavy running gear and light top; it will be noiseless, can be stopped quickly, and will need no irresponsible chauffeur.

"How do you know the photograph flatters her? You haven't seen it, have you?" "Of course not, but didn't you hear her say she was greatly pleased with it?"

Where shall I educate my daughter?

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L. W. BAGLEY, Prin.
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DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA (TEETHING POWDERS)

Rev. J. W. Berry of Arkansas Methodist Conference, writes: "I have used your 'Teethina' for my children without it. The other day a lady in my congregation had a colic and she said she had used your 'Teethina' and she was cured. I have used it and every time I have used it I have found the children healthy. Other members of the family have used it and every time I have used it I have found the children healthy. Other members of the family have used it and every time I have used it I have found the children healthy."