

THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1903.

NO. 18

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IF YOU ARE A HUSTLER

YOU WILL
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Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well."—Mrs. N. S. Swinney, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you go to bed, tired when you get up, tired all the time. Why? Your blood is impure, that's the reason. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and be quickly cured.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

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Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. Is unequalled for the stomach. Children with weak stomachs thrive on it. First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary.

Cures all stomach troubles. Prepared only by E. C. DEWITT & CO., Chicago. The 51c bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 25c. size. E. T. WHITEHEAD & CO.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Clears and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never falls out. Restores color. Hair to its youthful color. Cleans scalp. Dandruff. Itching. Itches and itching. 25c. and 50c. bottles.

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Monuments, Tombs, Cemetery Curb

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I ALSO FURNISH IRON

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Designs sent to any address free. In writing for them please give age of deceased and limit as to price.

I Prepay Freight on all Work. Compare our Work with that of our Competitors.

EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

OBSERVATIONS OF PASSING EVENTS.

In a dinner speech before the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association at Washington, April 13th, Mr. William Jennings Bryan said some pleasing things concerning Jefferson and the press. He recited Jefferson's high regard for the press and his confidence in the press to give the truth. Mr. Bryan said: "So great was his (Jefferson's) faith in the triumph of truth, and so willing was he to have error presented if truth could only be left free to combat it, that he was opposed to censorship of the press, and I believe he gave expression to the strongest eulogy of the press that any statesman has ever uttered, when he said that if he must choose between a government without newspapers and newspapers without a government, he would prefer to risk the newspapers without a government. He said that public opinion would measurably correct things if public opinion was left free; but that a government without the free expression of public opinion would soon become a despotism."

The bank official Sims, who stole \$94,000 from an Atlanta bank with which to keep up his fine dairy farm has been sentenced to six years in the penitentiary. Here's a little spat about the matter between the Raleigh Times and the Greenville Reflector: The Times says: "The State of Georgia, like the State of North Carolina, has a governor, with a good heart, as well as a big brain. He is capable of making just discrimination in the matter of pardons, as well as in other things, and so we feel sure this young man will receive just treatment on the part of Governor Terrell and the pardoning board of Georgia." The Greenville Reflector replies to the Times as follows: "Just treatment in this case can be nothing else than a full sentence being served by this young criminal. The people he robbed may not be 'well bred,' as the Times says Sims is, but they didn't steal their savings. To suggest that Sims be pardoned, even after serving all but one hour of his sentence, is maudlin sentiment, and nothing else."

Seldom does one read of a more appalling disaster than that which occurred a week ago at Turtle Mountain, near Frank in British Columbia.

A Great Disaster. At 4 o'clock in the morning the top of the mountain which hung over the town was blown off by some volcanic eruption, and over a hundred persons were instantly killed. Tons of rock were hurled down upon houses which were crushed like eggshells. The debris dammed Old Man river which runs through the town and closed the mouth of a mine in which there was a number of miners at work. The Charlotte Observer paraphrased on the disaster as follows: "Was there ever in the past history of horrors such an accident as that at the little village of Frank in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies? At a midnight hour thousands of tons of rock—caused by a fissure in an overhanging mountain—are hurled upon the town, crushing houses like eggshells and grinding to powder their sleeping inmates. Not content with this havoc, the accident is intensified by the damming up of the river that flowed through the town, thus placed in jeopardy of a Johnstown disaster. And yet again, part of the mass of earth from the mountain top fell upon the mouth of the shaft of a mine, entombing a number of miners who had to dig their way out, which they were fortunately able to do, for aid could not reach them from the surface. Rock-slide, flood, mine-entombment—all in one! A triple disaster that breaks the record."

The Commoner gives a sketch of Chief Justice Walter Clark and of his literary work it says: "Judge Clark has written or edited over six volumes, most of them since he has been on the Supreme Court bench. Of law books, he has issued 'Clark's Annotated Code,' which has gone through three editions, each time enlarged. Also 'Laws for Business Men,' 'Clark's Overruled Cases,' and an article of 1,100 pages 'Appeal and Error' in the Cyclopaedia of Law which Northern law journals have pronounced the most complete treatise ever written on that subject. Besides he has annotated 32 volumes of the Supreme Court reports, which have been issued by the State, thus bringing each case down to date. This has been an invaluable work, especially to the young lawyers who otherwise could not have obtained these reports which were out of print. He also compiled the legal history of the two railroads of which he was counsel and director. His share in the Supreme Court reports since he has been on the bench would fill seven or eight volumes alone. He has translated out of the French 'Constant's Private Memoirs of Napoleon,' three volumes (illustrated). As is well known he has edited without compensation of any kind five volumes 'Regimental Histories of North Carolina,' and eleven volumes of 'State Records,' and has two more volumes of the latter in press or preparation. He has been a contributor to Harper's, North American Review, Arena and other leading magazines. His magazine articles and published speeches would fill two or three large volumes. He has addressed the State Bar Association of Tennessee, the National Association of Railroad Commissioners at Denver, Col., and the State Bar Association at Topeka, Kan.

A SURE THING.

It is said that nothing is sure except death and taxes, but that is not altogether true. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is a sure cure for all throat and lung troubles. Thousands can testify to that. Mrs. C. B. VanMitre, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., says, "I had a severe attack of Bronchitis and for a year tried everything I heard of, but got no relief. One bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery then cured me absolutely." It's infallible for Croup, Whooping Cough, Grip, Pneumonia and Consumption. Try it. It's guaranteed by E. T. Whitehead & Co., druggists. Trial bottles free. Regular bottles 50c and \$1.00.

When you want a pleasant phytic Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Scotland Neck, and Leggett's drug store, Hobgood.

Judge; Officer, what is this prisoner charged with? Officer; Electricity, Your Honor. I caught him stealing trolley wire.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

QUICK ARREST.

J. A. Gullege, of Verbena, Ala., was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles causing 24 tumors. After doctors and all remedies failed, Buckle's Arnica Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It conquers sores and kills pain. 25c. at E. T. Whitehead & Co., druggists.

Advantage of Country Training for Boys.

President Elliot. When a child grows up in the country, it gets a natural training in accurate observation. It wants to find a four leaf clover; it runs to see where the green snake went to; tracks the wood-chuck to its hole and gets it out; it learns the songs of the birds, and when the smelts run up the brooks and when the twilight is just right for finding the partridges. In short, the country child gets naturally a broad training in observation. It also has the farm as an admirable training in manual labor. From an early age it can actually contribute to the care of animals, the successful conduct of the household, and the general welfare of the family. In the city all this natural training is lacking, and substitutes for it have to be artificially provided. This necessity has brought into our schools natural-study and manual training, to teach the child to use its eyes and its hands, and to develop its senses and its muscular powers; and these new beneficent agencies in education, already well in play, are in the near future to go far beyond any stage at present reached. We do not yet see how to replace in urban education the training which the farmer's boy or the seacoast boy gets from his habitual contact with the adverse forces of nature. The Gotta Island boy, on the coast of Maine, goes out with his father in the early winter morning in a half-open sailboat to visit their lobster traps and bring home the entrapped lobsters. They start with a gentle breeze and a quiet sea, though the temperature is low. The boy knows how to steer the boat five or six miles to sea, where the traps are sunk on some rocky spot which the lobsters love. The father is busy pulling the traps. The boy watches the weather, and suddenly he says, "Father, there is a northwester coming. See the clouds driving this way over the hills." The boy knows just as well as the father what that means. It means a fearful beat of windward to get home, facing a savage wind and a falling temperature, the spray dashing over the vessel, and freezing to the sails and ropes and loading down the bow with ice. It means a life-and-death struggle for hours, the question being, shall we get into harbor or not before we sink? Now, that is a magnificent training for a boy, and the sheltered city offers nothing like it. The adverse forces of nature, if not so formidable that men cannot cope with them, are strenuous teachers; but in modern cities we hardly know that the wind blows, or that the flood is coming, or that bitter cold is imperiling all animal life.

The Fomtion of a College President. From "Making a Choice of a Profession," in the May Cosmopolitan. A successful college president to-day occupies one of the most enviable positions in American society. A trusted specialist in an American college is not only assured of a respectful hearing when he writes or speaks, but he is frequently called to the seat of the state and national government for advice by governor, legislative or congressional committee, and also by the President of the United States. During the past twenty-five years, the salary of superior teachers in the service of the state has been nearly doubled. In the case of the higher positions in many of our municipalities, practically a life-tenure has been established. The salaries of not a few secondary-school masters now equal, and in many cases exceed, those of the judges of our state and federal courts. The supremely desirable college professorships carry incomes equal to, and exceeding those of, a large proportion of the members of the medical and legal professions. Presidential salaries in our colleges and universities have been advanced to as much as fifteen thousand dollars a year. Looking at the remaining consideration, it may be said that the social standing and influence of members of the teaching-profession have advanced more rapidly than has been the case in any of the other careers to which educated men devote themselves. Reflection and observation along this line present facts suggestive of a revolution not only in our social life but also in our religious life.

THE SMELL OF FLOWERS JUST WHAT SHE NEEDED. In the Nick of Time. Youth's Companion. Mary Searle was, as she would have said, "at the end of the rope." It was May on the Western ranch. It had been a long, hard winter. Mary's three babies had been happy and well, but what active feet and hands and tongues they had, and how "mother" was called on every waking minute, no one but "mother" knew. Now, with the coming of spring, she had been seized with that desperate homesickness which comes to the New England girl on the vast prairies. She loathed the flat expanse of treeless plain. She hated the thought of the great droves of cattle. She dreaded the faces of the rough ranchmen who must be fed and housed for the work of the great farm. With a hungry longing she longed for the sight of mountains, of pines, of flowing water and of the little village street; for the sound of women's voices, and for all the pleasant social interests in life in the home of her childhood. She had ceased to sleep well. Every bit of her will-power was needed to restrain her from some wild and desperate deed—she scarcely knew what. Of course a good cry would do her good, but she seemed to have forgotten how to cry. Then Tom was too busy even to know that anything was the matter. Would he care, if he did know? Was he not all wrapped up in the spring work and the prospect of making "big money" this year? This was the situation on Saturday, the first day of May—and it was full of peril, as any doctor would have known if he had looked at Mary Searle's tense face, and the dilated pupils of her eyes, and heard the strained tones of her voice. When Tom came home that night he brought a packet of mail. He believed in keeping up with the times, and there were papers and magazines, and there were sure to be letters from the old home. Mary took up the bundle indifferently. Her mother's letter lay on top, and she opened it. She glanced over the pages of family news, hardly knowing what she read. She came to the last leaf. "I am sending you," she read, "by this mail a little box of arbutus. I hope it will do you good, dear. I'm sure it will. How I wished you were with me as I picked the blossoms this afternoon! Not a glimmer of sunshine had they ever seen till I lifted them out of their gloomy, chilly caverns of snow and dead leaves. I never gather them without wondering if the Pilgrims found them at Plymouth in the spring after that terrible winter, and if they plucked heart and courage with the fragrant blossoms. They are the very flowers for the pioneer; and I am sending them to you, my daughter, with a prayer that you may not falter, as you do in your own place the same pioneer work to which the early settlers in New England were called."

DR. WIMBERLEY'S CERTIFICATE. This is to certify that I have used Hancock's Liquid Sulphur in my practice and have tested it sufficiently to know it to be a remedy of great merit. Have used it with curative results in cases that nothing else would benefit. J. P. WIMBERLEY, M. D. Scotland Neck, N. C., Oct. 27, 1902.

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Bennis—Pa, what is a preferred creditor, my son? Pa—A preferred creditor, my son, is one who doesn't bother us much with his bill.—Philadelphia Press.

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THE TROMBONE FIEND. Henry Edward Warner, in The Baltimore News. Tooty-toot-toot! Rooty-toot-toot! Umph! OOMPH! Umphlety-oot! Oh! what a grinding of agony that! The man with the horn in the next-door flat!

He starts at the end of the horn with a wall And groans, grunts and shrieks to the top of the scale. And wiggles and snorts, And romps and cavorts, And angrily shrieks, And murmurs and sighs, And giggles and cries, And stutters and squeals, And madly appeals, And pleads and implores, And bellows and roars, And fiendishly howls, And savagely growls, And calls and commands, And shouts and demands, And swears all the cuticle off of his hands. As he howls, growls, whines, pines, tears, swears, moans, groans, leaps, weeps, bawls, calls, And sends a grim echo to shatter the halls, As he sweeps his trombone to the end of the scale And winds up the feat with a harrowing wail! Tooty-toot-toot! Rooty-toot-toot! Umph! OOMPH! Umphlety-oot! Oh! what a grinding of agony that! The man with the horn in the next-door flat!

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A Tribute to "Dad."

Kansas City Journal. The editor of the Stevens County Reveille has got tired of hearing mother praised and dad neglected, and has scratched off a few lines of glowing tribute to dad. "We happened in a home the other night," he says, "and saw the legend worked in letters of red, 'What is home without a mother?' Across the room was another brief, 'God bless our home.'"

He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, grabs his dinner pail and wipes off the dew of the dawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly hand-out for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands off the balliff and keeps the rent paid up.

"If there is a noise during the night dad is kicked in the back and made to go down stairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but dad bought the socks in the first place and the needles and the yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit; well, dad bought it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief. Dad buys chickens for Sunday dinner, carves them himself and draws the neck from the ruins after everyone else is served. 'What is home without a mother?' Yes, that is all right, but what is home without a father? Ten chances to one it is a boarding house, father is under the slab and the landlady is the widow. Dad, here's to you; you've got your faults—you may have lots of 'em—but you're all right, and we will miss you when you're gone."

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BUSY HOUSEWIVES.

Pe-ru-na a Prompt and Permanent Cure for Nervousness.



MRS. LULU LARMER.

Mrs. Lulu Larmer, Stoughton, Wis., says: "For two years I suffered with nervous trouble and stomach disorders until it seemed that there was nothing to me but a bundle of nerves. I was very irritable, could not sleep, rest or compose myself, and was certainly unfit to take care of a household. I took nerve tonics and pills without benefit. When I began taking Peruna I grew steadily better, my nerves grew stronger, my rest was no longer fitful and to-day I consider myself in perfect health and strength. My recovery was slow but sure, but persevered and was rewarded by perfect health."—Mrs. Lulu Larmer.

Mrs. Anna B. Flechary, recent Superintendent of the W. C. T. U., headquarters, at Galesburg, Ill., was for ten years one of the leading women there. Her husband, when living, was first President of the Nebraska Wesleyan University at Lincoln, Neb.

In a letter written from 401 Sixty seventh street, W., Chicago, Ill., she says: "I would not be without Peruna for ten times its cost."—Mrs. Anna B. Flechary. "Summer Catarrh," a book written by Dr. Hartman on the subject of the nervous disturbances peculiar to summer, sent free to any address by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Have You a Boy to Spare?

Exchange. The saloon must have boys, says the man who furnishes it. It is a great factory, and unless it can get two millions from each generation for raw material some of these factories must close out, and its operations must be thrown on a cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle. "Wanted, 2,000,000 boys!" the notice. One family out of every five must furnish it or to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will it be? The Minotaur of Crete had to have a trireme full of fair maidens each year, but the Minotaur of America demands a city full of boys each year. Are you a father? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you not selfish, voting to keep the saloons open to grind up the boys, and then doing nothing to keep up the supply?

Our boys as well as their fathers and mothers, may well give serious thoughts to the question asked on a placard posted among the advertisements in some street cars. The placard reads as follows: "A saloon can no more be run without using up boys than a flouring mill without wheat or a saw mill without logs. The only question is: Whose boys? Yours or mine? Our boys or our neighbors?"

A part of the responsibility of answering that question falls on the boys themselves. Are they willing to ruin themselves to help support a saloon keeper? Think of it, boys, and let it not be you or your friends who furnish the material on which the saloon keeper prospers.

Everyone needs a good blood purifier in the spring. Rheumacide is recognized as the best wherever known. Retuse all substitutes. Does not injure the digestive organs. A superb laxative and tonic. At druggists.

Managing Editor—Well, what's the trouble? Assistant—The beauty editor is away, and a woman writes to know what to do with a wrinkle in her forehead. Managing Editor—Tell her to putty it up and forget it.—Inland Printer.

HOW TO WARD OFF AN ATTACK OF RHEUMATISM. "For years when spring time came on and I went into gardening, I was sure to have an attack of rheumatism and every attack was more severe than the preceding one," says Josie McDonald, of Man, Logan county, West Va. "I tried everything with no relief whatever, until I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and the first application gave me ease, and before the first bottle was used I felt like a new person. Now that I feel that I am cured, but I always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the house, and when I feel any symptoms of a return I soon drive it away with one or two applications of this liniment." For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co., Scotland Neck, and Leggett's Drug Store, Hobgood.