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E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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# THE COMMONWEALTH.

"Excelsior" is Our Motto.

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NUMBER 22.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1907.

## DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the news-  
papers is sure to know of the wonderful  
cures made by Dr. Kilmner's Swamp-Root,  
the great kidney, liver and bladder  
remedy.

It is the great medi-  
cal triumph of the nine-  
teenth century; dis-  
covered after years of  
scientific research by  
Dr. Kilmner, the emi-  
nent kidney and blad-  
der specialist, and is  
so successfully in promptly curing  
back, kidney, bladder, uric acid trou-  
ble, Bright's Disease, which is the worst  
of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmner's Swamp-Root is not rec-  
ommended for everything but if you have kid-  
ney or bladder trouble it will be found  
exactly what you need. It has been tested  
in every way, in hospital work, in private  
cases among the helpless too poor to pur-  
chase relief and has proved so successful in  
curing that a special arrangement has  
been made by which all readers of this paper  
who have not already tried it, may have a  
bottle sent free by mail, also a book  
describing the helplessness too poor to pur-  
chase relief and how to cure it if you have kidney or bladder trouble.

By sending mention reading this generous  
offer in this paper and  
giving your address to  
Dr. Kilmner & Co., Bing-  
hamton, N. Y. The  
bottle and book are  
sent free to all good druggists.

Don't make any mistake, but re-  
member the name, Swamp Root, Dr.  
Kilmner's Swamp Root, and the address  
Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
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Office in the New Bank Building.

DR. J. P. WIMBERLEY,  
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Office on Depot Street.

DR. A. C. LIVERMON,  
DENTIST,  
Office up stairs in White-  
head Building.

Office hours from 9 to 1 o'clock  
and 2 to 5 o'clock.

H. W. NIXON,  
REFRACTING OPTICIAN,  
Watch Maker, Jeweler, En-  
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PARKER'S  
HAIR BALM  
Cures itching and restores the hair  
to its natural color. Gray  
hair turns to its youthful color.  
Cures scalp diseases, hair falling  
out, and all other troubles of the  
hair.

Day & Hedges,  
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Tarboro, North Carolina

Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets  
A Pure Medicine for Busy People.  
Keeps the System Clean and Refreshed.  
Prevents Constipation, Indigestion, Liver  
Trouble, Headache, Migraine, Eczema, Pimples,  
and all other troubles of the system. Healthful  
and Pleasant. The Rocky Mountain Tea in Tal-  
lets is a new discovery. Genuine made by  
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ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA NUGGETS FOR SALLON PEOPLE

KILL THE COUGH  
AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH  
Dr. King's  
New Discovery

FOR BRONCHITIS  
CROUPS and  
CROUPS

Guaranteed for all THROAT and  
LUNGS TROUBLES, or MONEY  
REFUNDED.

Price  
50c & \$1.00  
Free Trial.

When you feel the need of a pill take  
a DeWitt's Little Early Riser. Small  
pill, safe pill, sure pill. Easy to take  
Tea. Her complexion is fine. She is  
pleasant and handsome; in fact  
she is young again. 35 cents, Tea or  
Tablets. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

## THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Observations of Passing Events.

THOSE gentlemen who have announced themselves candidates for Governor of North Carolina will doubtless find it rather a wearing campaign. The matter is all theirs, of course, but if they had waited until about next January to announce their candidacy the season for their anxiety would not have been so long.

Now and then some one springs the question as to whether the oratory of the American people is waning. They say that there are no such speakers now as Clay and Webster and Cahoun and Henry. We are not going to discuss the matter, but just rise to remark that this is a day of great speakers. One has only to read the speeches and addresses made before the great conventions of the day to be convinced that we have men in this country who know much to say and know how to say it well.

ON Patrick Henry day at the Jamestown Exposition last week, Mr. William Jennings Bryan made a great speech, in which he said that he had enjoyed the singing of "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" by the school children. He said that they are the Southern and Northern airs which make a sort of double standard to our music. And it is quite true that the people of this country are glad to hear these two great airs at any time or in any place.

Whenever and wherever they are heard they call forth applause, and the people of the North delight to hear "Dixie" just as the people of the South delight to hear "Yankee Doodle." No one can forecast the time when they will be forgotten, or predict a cause why the people of this nation should cease to love these stirring airs.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT made a telling speech at Lansing, Michigan, some days ago. His subject was "The man that labors." He spoke of industrialism through personal labor, which includes every kind of manual labor. Concerning the farm and the work that must be done to make it what it should be, we may well give heed. It might as well be understood once for all that the farm life of this country must in some way be revolutionized. Much is said in newspapers and magazines against boys and young men going from the farm to the towns and cities. To make such admonition effective there must be something more than the utterance. Farm homes must be made attractive, certainly to a reasonable degree, or the boys and young men will continue to leave them for towns and cities.

EVERYTHING in the cotton interest of the South points to the possibility and the probability of high prices the next season. The weather conditions have been unfavorable through the cotton belt, the crops are badly behind and in many places they have had to be replanted. The prospects now are not favorable for a large crop even if it shall be found that the acreage has been increased; for it seems in this region altogether improbable that there will be an average crop. Then the demands for cotton will doubtless be larger next season than ever before. The uses for cotton are constantly multiplying and the demands grow greater all the while. Then, too, the farmers have learned something more about what it costs to raise cotton and they will be slow to let it go below cost, as they have been doing.

THE practice of economy is always in order and is always commendable and wise. There seems to be indication that it will be more necessary to practice economy this year than usual. The crop prospect in the South is certainly poor for this season. This is especially true in North Carolina, and it is concerning the necessity of economy in North Carolina and Halifax county that we write now. If crops come in short money will certainly come in short, and it goes without saying that the less money one has the more he must economize. But perhaps some one will say that with a generally poor crop, especially of cotton, the price will be much higher and we can all come out as well as if there should be a good crop. This would be a case of counting the chickens before the eggs are hatched, which is always an uncertain and unsafe business.

LAST week the United Confederate Veterans held their twelfth reunion in Richmond, and it was reported to be the largest reunion since the Civil War. They came from all parts of the country, and when they arrived in Richmond they found the gates of the city wide open to them and the welcome all they could ask. The people of Richmond had done much to make the occasion a great and pleasant one. It was fitting that such a welcome should be given to the heroes of the sixties who, as Mayor McCarthy said in his address of welcome, "forty-five years ago defended the city against the armies of Burnside, Pope, McClellan, Sheridan and Grant." The ranks of the veterans are fast thinning and by the time they have held a dozen more annual reunions there will scarcely be enough left to maintain the organization. But their sons and grand-sons will hold green their memory.

WATCHING the movements of the precentor of a great band and noting his perfect familiarity with every swell and soft note of the music, we thought that he must be perfectly familiar with every instrument in use. Doubtless he could have taken the place and part of each one in the great band with the ease that marked his leadership. And this led us to the contemplation of the requisites to success in anything. One of the chief requisites for success is a thorough knowledge of what is to be done. To be sure, such perfect knowledge and familiarity do not come in an hour or a day, and one need not expect them except through application and practice; but they do come with the proper persistence in the work at hand. Many a man has met failure in some honorable and honored enterprise simply because he did not give attention enough to details. It is the man who has patience and persistence to stick to a thing until the details have been mastered, who finally makes the most signal success in the thing which he undertakes.

When you feel the need of a pill take a DeWitt's Little Early Riser. Small pill, safe pill, sure pill. Easy to take Tea. Her complexion is fine. She is pleasant and handsome; in fact she is young again. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

## CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

True Story Told Regarding Frequently Misstated Facts.

(Macon Telegraph.)

The story of the capture of Jefferson Davis has been told many times, but not always correctly. Formerly, in fact, the chief feature of the tale was a deliberate fabrication, the result of a malicious desire to heap obloquy upon a great but fallen man. But in later years the true story has now and then been told in the North. A truthful account appeared in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, of May 10, which printed an interview with a local resident, Casper Knobel, a former member of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry. Knobel, then only a lad of 18, was with the party that captured the President of the Confederacy. He is thus quoted:

"I left Macon, Ga., at 8 o'clock on the morning of May 7, 1865, together with 419 men and twenty officers of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, who were sent out to effect the capture of Davis. After a lot of hard riding and no rest we reached Abbeville on the night of May 9. The next morning at 1 o'clock we learned from a Confederate to whom we represented ourselves as a part of the Confederate Army, that a party had camped the previous evening about a mile and a half from Abbeville. We knew at once that it was Jefferson Davis. We then separated in detachments of fourteen each, the one I was in continuing on the road we had been traveling.

"We soon found the embers of a dying camp fire. This made us feel sure that we were near the party. It was then about 4 o'clock in the morning and still dark. A thrill went through the company now as some one had to be selected to go in advance. We knew the camp was guarded. It seemed almost certain death to go ahead. At last some one said, 'let the Dutchman go.' I could not understand what was said, but anyhow, Rinke, the horseshoer of the company, told me.

"Rinke went with me. We rode along quietly in the darkness until we saw the tents. A colored man left in front of the tent to guard it was sound asleep. Rinke and I discharged our guns and our waiting comrades made a dash for the place. Rinke held my horse while I went up to the tent. I lifted up the flap of the first tent as something told me Jefferson Davis was in there. Sure enough he was.

"While the men were making their search Mrs. Davis threw a shawl over the shoulders of her husband to protect him from the raw morning air. From this incident arose the oft-told tale of Davis' attempt to flee from the tent in woman's clothes."

Knobel might well have added that the seldom-told truth will not likely overtake and displace the "oft-told" lie, where Northern men and women of the older generation are concerned. They recall too vividly the pictures of Jefferson Davis in hoop skirts and the alleged assertions of high army officers that he was thus clothed when captured. Even so fair-minded a man as Horace Greeley gave space to the story in his "American Conflict," and though he did not affirm it positively, admitting that it was denied, was evidently disposed to believe it, for he remarked that if Davis had succeeded in escaping and the Confederacy had rallied and finally secured independence, the Southern people would have honored their chief for his daring and resource in employing such a disguise. Neither Mr. Davis nor the proud and humiliated people whom he represented would have been disposed to assent to this.

It is well that sufficient Northern testimony has been brought forward in recent years to give the lie to a calumny which no one now has a right to believe and which will still be believed only by narrow partisans.

The medicine that sets the whole world thinking, The remedy on which all doctors agree, The prescriptions which your friends are taking is Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

A man likes to be called knightly, although the knights used to go around wearing visors or masks so no one could tell who they are. A lucky man always points with pride to his good judgment.

A Fortunate Texan.

Mr. E. W. Goodloe, of 108 St. Louis St., Dallas, Tex., says: "In the past year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and no laxative I ever before tried so effectually dispenses of malaria and biliousness." They don't grind nor gripe. 25c. at E. T. Whitehead & Co.'s drug store.

## Castle Free From Care.

(National Magazine for June.)

In the happy Land of Childhood, travel-worn from pattering feet, Is the Valley of Contentment, where the brook and river meet, Where the yellow haze of spring-time always fills the misty air, And where in its golden glory, stands the Castle Free From Care.

There the flowers are always blooming, there the birds sing every day; For children never fret or worry, smiles soon chase their tears away.

With joyous shouts and bursts of laughter, they are skipping every-where, Only merry voices echo, in the Castle Free From Care.

All these happy little dwellers, in this wondrous Land of Youth; Teach a lesson to their elders that is filled with love and truth. They can't look beyond the portals, even should they stand and stare,

Yet we hear no groans of anguish, in their Castle Free From Care.

Why should we on Life's great journey, fret so many hours away, Shall the ghost of dead years wander through our Castle halls today?

Let us build a glorious future, filled with trust and rose tints fair, Let us like the happy children, have our Castle Free From Care.

Doing Our Utmost.

The press dispatches recently stated that just before the great naval battle of the Korean Sifaits, Admiral Togo signalled this message to his fleet: "You are all expected to do your utmost." That the spirit of call filled the hearts of the Japanese sailors is evidenced by the results. The Russian fleet was overwhelmed, annihilated, and the explanation is not in the superiority of the Japanese in armament, or in numbers, but because every man did his best.

The lesson is so evident that it hardly needs enlargement or emphasis. That which is true in battle, when nations content for supremacy, is true in business, in school life, in the church, everywhere. The employer seeks men who will do their best. The scholar who wins honors in his class is the one who does his utmost. The farmer who brings to his tasks all that he has to give, who is industrious, studious, persistent, is the one for whom the earth yields her bounties lavishly. When we come to the church and the kingdom of God on earth the same principle holds good, and where Christian men do with their might that which their hands find to do, the army of God wins victories, and the cause of Christ goes forward.

It Was His Dog.

An automobile dashed along the country road. Turning a curve, it came suddenly upon a man with a gun on his shoulder and a weak, sick-looking old dog beside him. The dog was directly in the path of the motor-car. The chauffeur sounded his horn, but the dog did not move until he was struck. After that he did not move.

The automobile stopped and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer ten dollars for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?" "Yes."

"You own him?" "Yes."

"Looks as if we'd killed him." "Certainly looks so."

"Very valuable dog?" "Well, not so very."

"Will five dollars satisfy you?" "Yes."

"Well, then, here you are." He handed a five-dollar bill to the man with the gun, and added, pleasantly, "I'm sorry to have broken up you hunt."

"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other, as he pocketed the bill. "Not going hunting. Then what were you doing with the dog and gun?"

"Going down to the woods to shoot the dog."—Youth's Companion.

For scratches, burns, cuts, insect bites and the many little hurts common to every family, DeWitt's Colored Witch Hazel Salve is the best remedy. It is soothing, cooling, clean and healing. Be sure you get DeWitt's. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

## Water as a Beverage.

(Brooklyn Citizen.)

Flattest After an Apple and Coolest After a Peppermint Drop.

"Water is the finest drink in the world," said the epicure in little things, "but not every one knows how to get the most enjoyment out of drinking it.

"For instance, water should never be drunk immediately after an apple has been eaten, for as a beverage it then has a taste more flat and insipid than if it had been taken from a cold teakettle.

"On the other hand, there is nothing to my mind that flakes water taste more cool and refreshing (not counting actual thirst) than to eat a peppermint drop before taking a drink of it.

"And, while peppermint stands at the head, a drink of water is particularly and noticeably good after any water or lozenge. Popcorn, on the other hand, takes all the animation of a subsequent swallow of water.

"Nor do bread and water go well together. The water takes the sweetness out of the bread, and the bread takes the liveliness out of the water and makes it flat beyond degree.

"The tyrant who first hit upon bread and water as a prison fare of punishment knew his business.

"The enjoyment of a drink of water varies, too, with what you drink it from. You would not offer a sick person a drink of water in a cup, but rather in a glass, the thinner the better. The fact that the water itself in all its limpid clearness is present to the sense of sight stimulates an expectation that is gratified along with the sense of taste.

"I have frequently observed men about to drink some other beverage than water, and it appears to be a very common habit with them to regard the liquid steadily for some seconds before swallowing it, often holding it on a level with their eyes in order to see it as clearly as possible.

"Surely this lesson should not be lost upon the man who knows that there is no drink like water. While you are drinking it enjoy it.

"For my own part, I like water from a big tin dipper even better than from a thin tumbler, but best of all drinking dishes for me is a newly made birch bark dipper, all the better if I have made it myself.

"Dip a full dipper from the center of the bubbling spring, take a look to see how limpid it is against the clean yellow freshness of the dripping dipper, put your lips to the water itself and then take one of the sweetest gifts the gods provide."

Bill Arp on Newspapers.

(Selected.)

I never took a paper that didn't pay me more than I paid for it. One time an old friend of mine started a paper way down South and sent a copy to me and I subscribed just to encourage it and after a while it published an order to sell a lot at public auction. So I enquired about the lot and told a friend to run it up to \$50. He bid off the lot at \$38 and sold it in less than a month for \$100, so I made \$26 clear, by taking that paper. My father told me that when he was a young man he saw a notice in a paper that a school teacher was wanted away off in a distant county, and he went and got the situation. A little girl was sent to him, and after a while she grew up sweet and beautiful and he married her. Now, if he had not taken that paper what do you suppose would have become of me? I would have been some other fellow, or maybe I would not have been at all. Do you take a paper? If not you'd better hustle and get one at once.

He Fired the Stick.

"I have fired the walking-stick I've carried over 40 years, on account of a sore that resisted every kind of treatment, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; that has healed the sore and made me a happy man," writes John Garrett, of North Mills, N. C., Guaranteed for Piles Burns, etc., by E. T. Whitehead & Co., druggists, 25.

Mr. Borem—My father was a great breeder of hogs. Miss Cuttings—Ah! There must have been a large family of you.

The Magic No. 3.

Number three is a wonderful mascot for Geo. H. Parris, of Cedar Grove, Me., according to a letter which reads: "After suffering much with liver and kidney trouble, and becoming greatly discouraged by the failure to find relief, I tried Electric Bitters, and as a result I am a well man to-day. The first bottle relieved and three bottles completed the cure." Guaranteed best on earth for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by E. T. Whitehead & Co., druggists, 50.

Some men worth a million dollars would not be worth anything if they did not have any money.

No greater mistake can be made than to consider lightly the evidence of disease in your system. Don't take desperate chances on ordinary medicine. Use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

## A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

The best kind of a testimonial—Sold for over sixty years.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured at SAKAPARILLA, PHILS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Ayer's

Southerners and Civil Service.

(Southern Farm Magazine.)

In some quarters there seems to be unaccountable distress over the backwardness of Southerners in coming forward for places in the national civil service. The national civil service has just about twice as many places as are necessary for the safe and businesslike conduct of the legitimate affairs of the National Government. Any large business undertaking conducted with the same spirit of liberality as to the number of employes would be driven into bankruptcy within six months. But there must be presumably a refuge for human derelicts and in this day of paternalism, perhaps the national civil service is about the best refuge that could be invented, though the system thus inaugurated involves regrettable hardships upon the competitors needed in the conduct of public affairs who, in the common consciousness, may be confused with the individuals, inutile and invertebrate, for whom provision of some sort or other must be made. About half of the places in the civil service cannot possibly appeal to individuals having any initiative, ambition or vigor about them. For instance, the United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination for this month "to secure eligibles for which to make certification to fill a vacancy in the position of preparator (experienced in marking and cataloguing human crania and skeletons), \$50 per month, in the National Museum, and similar vacancies as they may occur." Men only will be admitted to this examination. Imagine a man, that is, a sure-enough man, and not a mere being erect upon his hind legs and with pants on, willing, for the munificent sum of \$50 a month, or \$600 a year, to spend his days in the National Museum as a preparator revealing his ability in marking and cataloguing human crania and skeletons! For the land's sake, how many human crania and skeletons has the National Museum in stock and why does it keep them in stock? Is it possible that the reason for their preservation is that they are the sole surviving fragments of individuals who, in this age and country of doing things, of productive labor, were persuaded to take examinations for appointment to unnecessary places in the civil service? Or, is the stupendous amount of \$50 a month to be paid to some one who will be one of the exhibits, one of the living pictures, in the National Museum? It might be worth the job, at that, to pose in the position of preparator experienced in marking and cataloguing human skulls and cross-bones. But really, the average Southerner who can make at least \$2 a day 365 days in the year at doing something must not be blamed for resisting such fascinating offers of ease and emolument in the division of physical anthropology in the National Museum, or in any other of the many growths upon the National Government at Washington equally anthropological for the student of human nature and equally paralyzing of human energy and aspiration.

In India there is a tall bird of the stork species, known as the adjutant, or marabout, which will swallow a hare or cat whole. It stands five feet high and the expanse of its wings is about fifteen feet.

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