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E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.
"Excelsior" is Our Motto.
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THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Observations of Passing Events.

Roosevelt and the South.

THE President seems to have impressed Joel Chandler Harris no little, on his recent visit to the White House; he is reported as having said later that if Mr. Roosevelt sees fit to run again he will surely get his vote, which would be a great feat for any man who has held a place on the staff of the Atlanta Constitution. New "Uncle Remus" declares the President is gaining ground in the South; and to-day there are few Southerners more popular in this part of the world than is this New Yorker. Little things show, George Breadhurst's play, "The Man of the Hour," has been touring the South, and it will be remembered that there is one line in that play which lauds the President's corporation policies. In several Southern cities the audience broke out into spontaneous three-minute demonstrations at the delivery of that line; demonstrations of a sort usually reserved until the band plays "Dixie." And probably ninety per cent of those who applauded would get a little nettled at you if you called them anything but Democrats. It looks as if John Temple Graves (who used to be a Prohibitionist, but has now become a Hearst Independent Leager) was right when he said that the Southern people admired Mr. Roosevelt because they thought he was the biggest Democrat in the country."

Coming Into Her Own.

VIRGINIA is at last willing to admit that North Carolina is her equal, and really worthy of her friendship. For years after the Civil War our brothers of the Commonwealth of Virginia assumed an air of superiority, and pretended to look upon our State and everything North Carolinian with condescension. Now that we have awakened, as with a bound, and are rapidly coming in to that prominence which we have all along deserved, Virginia is glad to meet us with a smile of welcome, and honor us whenever an occasion arises. Now, she is actually contending with South Carolina for an opportunity to receive us again. The Norfolk Landmark writes this: "Of course, the presentation of the silver service to the Battleship North Carolina should be made at this port, there being no harbor in North Carolina deep enough to accommodate the great ship with safety. Charleston is after the honor of entertaining the North Carolinians and their messmates in the Navy, but Norfolk and Portsmouth are nearer to North Carolina than Charleston is. Why, the very News and Courier which cries so lustily to have the ship brought to the South Carolina port has been systematically denying the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence and the Andrew Jackson birth claim for years. If North Carolina cannot herself entertain a monster battleship properly, owing to geographical peculiarities for which she is in no way responsible, the obvious thing is to have the entertainment at the house of her next best friend--and we are it."

A Steady Advance.

AND now we learn that Grifton has gone "dry" by a unanimous vote--40 to 0. It has often been asserted that Pitt County would never vote out its saloons. This does not seem true. Besides, what was true a year ago in nearly all of Eastern North Carolina is gradually changing. Prohibition is gaining ground here, and it is not long ere it will have swept this seeming-strong hold of the liquor forces. This marvelous advance is due to the tireless efforts of the women. While we do not approve of the extreme parts they have taken in these campaigns, we can but realize that the Southern women have had an inestimable influence in the making of this sentiment for prohibition. Collier's gives us food for thought in this paragraph: "The women of the South, even more than women elsewhere, have their hearts in the campaign against whiskey. In the election of October 28, in which Jefferson County, Alabama, went for prohibition, hundreds of women tramped all day through the streets singing hymns and waving banners which bore mottoes such as these: "Bread or Booze?" "Home or Hell?" "Wife or Whisky?" An almost religious fervor raged about the polls. Women knelt in the streets to pray with voters. Essentially these were the same women who used to work fourteen hours a day during the Civil War raveling out lint for the Southern hospitals. And, as we have before observed, this fervor is becoming more and more informed and guided by definite information and sound reasoning. We hear less of the sin of drinking and more of the social and political consequences of the saloon."

Back to the Farm.

WE would persuade no boy who is not fitted, both by inclination and ability, for the duties of the farm, to remain there. In fact a great number of the failures in farm life come, rather from natural unfitness of the individual, than from extraneous circumstances. A love for the farm, with executive ability and the application of business principles, ought to give any man success on the farm. Such a man would make a mistake to go elsewhere. God has fitted him for the work, and there he ought to stay; but if his inclinations and fitness are otherwise, and he slips into farming because nothing better presents itself, how can he expect success? Although our farmers are crying "hard times," and their sons are inclined to seek other callings, no greater opportunity presents itself, than the agricultural life in North Carolina to the right youth. The Southern Farm Magazine observes: "The marvelous expansion of manufacturing in this country during the past five or six years has tended to draw population to the great centres of industry, and the opportunities of the country for a comfortable living have thereby been somewhat obscured. Now that a period of comparative inactivity has set in, it is likely that thousands of men, many of them of farm origin, will be casting about for some occupation which, though offering not as many opportunities for the handling and accumulation of actual money as does work in cities and towns, certainly assures greater independence and regularity in living. Such an occupation is the tilling of one's own acres. As a matter of fact, about the most independent man in this day of shrinkage in the value of securities of various kinds, of retrenchment in manufacturing, sending thousands of workers into temporary inability to earn wages, about the most independent and happiest man in the world is the possessor of 10 acres of fertile and unincumbered soil with a house upon it and the usual outfit of stock and poultry. He may not handle much cash, but it depends upon himself largely whether the free coinage of eggs is to be suspended. He may believe that fier the free coinage of eggs is lower the prices of his products in the market, but he can certainly raise enough to feed himself and his family, and, if he doesn't make much difference whether or not he is obliged to make that it doesn't make much difference to him another season. There are hundreds of thousands of fertile 10 acres in the South waiting their men."

Odono Laxative Fruit Syrup, the most powerful laxative, but does not irritate. It is the best Laxative. Guaranteed your money back. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

ABANDONED.

(Grace Stone Field, in Youths' Companion.)
It stretches in untilled acres, ragged and ill to see;
Meadow and wood and pasture, stream and hillock and tree.
Grapes in the wild green swampland waste on the straggling vine,
And unpruned limbs in the orchard bear goblets of bitter wine.
The sweet spring bubbles untasted, the fish sport free in the pool,
Where, over the ripples wavering, lie shadows still and cool.
Deserted, pitiful farmhouse, and ruinous barns that fall--
How sad is the lichened hearthstone and the silence over it all!
Ah, you who seek in the city a fortune that ever evades
Your asking,--weary, despairing,--
Come home to the fields and glades!
Answer the tug at your heart-strings, the whisper that urges clear:
"Peaceful and sweet is the hillside farm, and treasure and health are here."

The Mystery of Fear.

(New Orleans Times-Democrat.)
It is said that Julius Caesar stopped an eagle-bearer in full flight and turned him gently around with the simple reproof: "You have mistaken the direction of the enemy," according to the annalist, the veteran at once regained his sang froid and soon after fell in the forefront of the battle.

The anecdote derives peculiar point from the fact that the mighty Roman's name has for ages been an accepted equivalent for serene and unflinching courage, while the race from which he sprang rose to imperial power by virtue of inexhaustible pluck. The legionary who had shown his heels was of the same breed as the sentinels who were found dead at their post in Pompeii. Why, then, did this humble Roman lose his birthright of valor for a moment? Why did the great captain assume that the guardian of the eagle had merely made a mistake of direction which might be rectified on the instant? These questions touch one of the deepest in psychology and upon the answer hinges the method by which masses of men are kept true in a crisis.

What is fear? Why does a man, or a people, face the direst perils undaunted and, again, flee from shadows which should not affright a child? The materialist will tell you that the secret lies in the physical status of the man, or the people--that cowardice comes from the nerves or the liver, from the stomach or the heart. But this explanation does not fit in with the typical instances of heroism or baseness, of which history is full. The garrison of Saragossa, though to the last degree hungry and wretched, fought to the end without counting the cost, while the gates of the other towns were flung open to the foe without firing a gun, though the arsenals and the commissariat were bursting.

From birth to death, we stand between two worlds--the one offering sure and immediate rewards, the other holding out guerdons which are impalpable and distant. As we rise to danger, or recoil from its approach, accordingly we retain, or lose, our grasp, on the eternal realities.

This unfolding moral issue is of peculiar moment to Americans just now, for the country is face to face with a peril which is, for the most part, a mere figment of the brain. Pessimism runs riot and confidence and the demand for products has seldom been so keen. Solvent banks find themselves impelled to certain payments, bring the whole superstructure of credit to the ground.

Europe frightens us and we frighten Europe in turn. Hypochondria is so fashionable that the stalwart is thought to be a freak. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there stalk specters which are such stuff as dreams are made on, and neither the captain of industry, nor the artisan, can find a pillow soft enough to bring sleep. Is there no personality strong enough to turn us about, as Caesar turned the fugitive of old? Certainly, the hour is ripe for the word fitly spoken which, as the Scripture says, is "an apple of gold in pictures of silver;" for we, too, have "mistaken the direction of the enemy," and need to be told that safety must be sought in resolute advance, not in craven retreat.

DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve--don't forget the name, and accept no substitute. Get DeWitt's. It's good for piles. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

PROSPERITY ON THE FARM.

Depends on Laying Wise Plans for the Expenditure of Surplus Money.

(Progressive Farmer.)
Now, when money is coming in by reason of farm products being marketed, it would be well if the farmer could bring himself to the point of laying out a plan whereby he can use his ready money to the best advantage. Possibly he has had it in mind for some time to buy a buggy or musical instrument, or something else that borders on the line of luxuries. Luxuries are all right in their way, and none are more deserving of them than the farmer; but the fact remains that if many farmers would use a little more deliberation about putting their ready money into luxuries, they would much sooner reach the point that luxuries could be afforded, even in large numbers.

That is certainly the point that every industrious, upright farmer is aiming for, a time when the prosperity of his family will be assured and when every member of the family can rightfully expect some of the things that are fitted more for giving pleasure than for making money. There is not enough pleasure in mere work that a man should expect either himself or his family to labor forever at grinding toil without anything in the line of luxuries to bring pleasure or joy into their lives. A constant grind week after week for years will make anybody think his lot is a hard one. It will drive the children from the farm to do odd jobs--anything they can get to do--around town. Our farm homes need the rising generation of farm-born youngsters.

Granting that the reasonable amount of pleasure for himself and his family should be the ultimate aim of every farmer, it is good business for him to figure out how he can use his present ready cash to make good times at his house constant, so that luxuries and minor pleasures will be the rule in future years.

Overlooking this very point keeps many a farmer's nose against the grindstone year after year. To secure these luxuries, it is necessary that he make his farming so successful that after a while he will have ready cash all the time. Any intelligent, healthy farmer can do this, barring unusual mishaps, if he will only make up his mind to do it, go in to win, stay by his job, and use his head. Using his head is the most important thing. He must cut down his expenses--that is, the unnecessary ones. Many times he will be a gainer by increasing his expenses. He will be the gainer when he increases his expenses to get better blood in his herds of sheep or hogs, or to get a start in either of these. He will be the gainer when he spends money for better seeds. He will be ahead when he spends money to get implements that will work his land better or more quickly. Better implements will enable him to raise better crops, or to raise crops equally as good as his present ones at less expense. That is making money right--saving it, keeping it at home, dropping it in his own pocket.

A Terrible Accusation.

(Our Home.)
A Criminal under death sentence is reported as having made this statement: "It wasn't drink that caused my downfall, not cigarettes or bad companions, either. It was just idleness. Idleness led me first to cigarettes, then to drink, then to bad companions--then to the gallows. And I blame my folks. If they had made me remain at work, work would have kept me too busy to have planned robbery and murder." "You ought to be a lesson to those fond parents who think their children are too good to work. If we had a 'youthful reformatory' to which courts might sentence youthful criminals to hard work, many of them could be reclaimed. Steady work and plenty of it will reform them if they can be reformed."

A REAL WONDERLAND.

South Dakota, with its rich silver mines, bonanza farms, wide ranges and strange natural formations, is a veritable wonderland. At Mount City, in the home of Mrs. E. D. Clapp, a wonderful case of healing has lately occurred. Her son seemed near death with lung and throat trouble. "Exhausting coughing spells occurred every five minutes," writes Mr. Clapp, "when I began giving Dr. King's New Discovery, the great medicine, that saved his life and completely cured him." Guaranteed for coughs and colds, throat and lung troubles, by E. T. Whitehead & Co., druggists. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Invitations.

(Youths' Companion.)
"Cliff, what made you scowl while I was putting that rose in Jim's buttonhole?" Stella Pierce demanded, as she ran down the steps from the porch and joined her brother. "We're not going to be late. They can't begin the play until I'm there, anyway. I'm to put on the make-up for them."

They had walked to the corner together before Cliff answered shortly, "No; I didn't think we'd be late." "What was it, then? Surely not because I gave him the rose--a boy I've known all my life?" "No. It wasn't the thing you did. But you took such a time about it, and held your face so close to his, and smiled up at him so. You'd have been mighty surprised, no doubt, if he had put his arms round you and given you a hug?"

Stella's head went up haughtily. "What a thing to say to me, Cliff Pierce! Jim wouldn't dare touch me. The boy's all know they can't take liberties with me." "All the same, your whole manner was an invitation. You needn't get angry, sis. I know you didn't mean anything by it, but girls don't understand how some things seem to boys, and I've noticed that way you have with the fellows before. It's just as if you dared them to come on. I tell you, you've got to look out. If one of 'em should take you up some day you'd have yourself to thank."

"I consider your remarks insulting," said Stella, in high disdain, and they walked in silence the rest of the way to the hall where the amateur theatricals were to be given.

Once in the midst of the exciting hurry behind the scenes, Stella forgot her grievance, and taking out rouge-pot, brushes and pencils began her work. "Who next?" she asked presently, as she was completing a pair of beautiful eyebrows for one of the girls.

"Take Mr. Atwater!" cried the busy "leading lady." "We shall want him first of all." "But I don't need any paint," objected the big handsome fellow as he dropped into the chair before Stella.

"Of course you do," she retorted, dimpling down at him. "You'd look like a ghost without it behind those footlights." Then the flurry about them went on, and Stella, recognizing a new dash of spice in her task, tried to seem unconscious while she worked of the black-eyed stare of admiration, which never wavered.

"Well, I'm reconciled to paint," young Atwater remarked, meaningly, as she put on the finishing touches. "My face is yours, to do anything you like with it."

"No, thank you," she answered, roughly. "Not with all that rouge on it." "Take some of it off," he challenged, and just then it happened that the leading lady hurried half a dozen performers to the stage, leaving the two by themselves for an instant.

"I--don't know where to begin," Stella flung back, still laughing. "Begin with my lips," he said, with a quick step forward, and ten seconds later Stella stood alone in the room, ready to stamp the floor in helpless rage.

"I hate him! I hate him!" she said aloud. "Impudent! Common! How dare he?" She was rubbing the smear of rouge from her own angry face, and as she did, so the details of her own part in the scene just past flashed before her. Like a judgment, she heard her brother's words, "Yourself to thank."

A WOMAN'S BACK.

The Aches and Pains Will Disappear if the Advice of Woman is Followed.

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