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E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE COMMONWEALTH.

"Excelsior" is Our Motto.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1908.

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NUMBER 43.

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FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

COL. R. B. CREECY.

He Was The Nestor of North Carolina Journalism.

USEFUL LIFE ENDED IN RIPE OLD AGE.

Col. Richard Benbury Creecy, of Elizabeth City, long known as the Nestor of North Carolina journalism, died October 22, in the 95th year of his age. The following concerning his death and his long and useful life appeared in the News and Observer of the 23rd:

Elizabeth City, N. C., Oct. 22.—Deepest gloom is cast over the city in the death this morning at nine o'clock of her oldest and most honored and revered citizen, Col. Richard Benbury Creecy. Col. Creecy, while always bright, had been gradually fading away for months and his death was not unexpected. He was entering into his 95th year, and would have celebrated the occasion on the 19th day of December.

Col. Creecy was one of the State's most learned and beloved sons and had the distinction of being the oldest living editor in the world. He was also the oldest living alumnus of the University of North Carolina. Col. Creecy was born at Greenfield, Chowan county, and was reared in Edenton. He moved to Elizabeth City in 1843, and began the practice of law. The year following he married Miss Perkins, daughter of one of the largest planters and slave-owners in this county. Col. Creecy won reputation as a writer by correspondence to different leading newspapers, and during Reconstruction days the need for a strong newspaper was most apparent, and Col. Martin, of this city; Edward Wood, of Edenton, and T. J. Jarvis, then of Tyrrell county, established the Weekly Economist, and elected Col. Creecy as editor-in-chief.

The great power and influence wielded by the brilliant writer's pen is now a matter of history. No man in the State did more for the South's cause and no man was hated and feared more by the carpet-baggers and scalawags of that day than he.

His mighty pen wielded a powerful influence also during the dark days of Russelism, and he was considered one of Democracy's mightiest champions in restoring the State into the hands of the white man. The grand old man's writings even up to the last never lost any of the strength or brilliancy, and beside him now on his death-bed lies an unfinished editorial.

His last request was that Governor Jarvis should write a history of Reconstruction days and Sheriff Fred Cahoon was entrusted with the message.

In early youth the physical condition of the deceased journalist was frail and unpromising, but he overcame these early vicissitudes and succeeded in reaching a point of life attained only by a few. In youth he was studious and fond of reading. He was a student of Edenton Academy, where so many men and women of the first circles have been educated.

Afterwards he received at Warrenton private instruction from Rev. J. H. Saunders; in 1831 he entered the University of North Carolina, graduating in 1835. He studied law and obtained his license in 1842, and began the practice at Edenton at once, but after three years abandoned the law and began to engage in agricultural pursuits. The great civil war left him in reduced circumstances and in 1870 he established the Elizabeth City Economist, which he published without intermission for 35 years. In 1901 he prepared and published "Grandfather Tales of North Carolina History."

Colonel Creecy has always been a belle letter scholar, fond of literature and that influenced his entire life. It led him after the war, when broken in fortune, to turn to editorial pursuits to recuperate his broken fortunes and his editorial productions have always had much literary merit.

Colonel Creecy was always fond of history and his editorial work and his essays on historical subjects have much value.

Before the war when he had ample means and leisure he wrote a "Child's History for the Fireside" and when he became an editor he not unnaturally gave his readers the benefit of his explorations in the field of history.

In 1831 Colonel Creecy in passing through Raleigh on his way to the University, heard Judge Gaston deliver two great speeches. The Legislature was at that time being held in the Governor's Mansion at the foot of Fayetteville street, the capital having been burned down, and a proposition was on foot to move the capital to Fayetteville. Judge Gaston opposed the proposition and by his address aided in defeating it. He afterwards heard Judge Gaston and other famous orators in the Constitutional Convention in 1835 and his accounts of the giants in those days have helped to keep the columns of his paper very interesting.

Colonel Creecy never sought political preferment. In early life he was a Whig, like most other gentlemen of his section and in 1842 he was without his consent nominated as the Whig candidate to represent the counties of Chowan and Gates in the Senate but was defeated. He was a magistrate and sat as a member of the Court of Quarter Sessions for Chowan county and afterwards for Pasquotank county. During the first administration of President Cleveland he was collector of the port of Elizabeth City, but other than this he has held no public station.

He has been a member of the North Carolina Press Association and has been its president. Twenty-five years ago he met with an accident which required him to use crutches and caused him to remain a great deal in his own home. This infirmity no doubt aided him in his literary work and caused him to produce works which otherwise he would not have written.

In his life Col. Creecy was influenced by three men who to an extent became his idols: First, Rev. Joseph H. Saunders, who was his preceptor at the Academy at Edenton and afterwards his private instructor at Warrenton; next, Judge Gaston several of whose great speeches made an indelible impression on the journalist, and lastly his own father, who was a constant inspiration all his life.

Col. Creecy was a member of the Episcopal church and was a vestryman of Christ church at Elizabeth City.

One time, in speaking to a friend of his long and varied experience in life he said: "Money I failed to accumulate; the world's blazonry I have failed to win; but health, home and friends I have and am content."

On November 5, 1844, Col. Creecy was happily wedded to Miss Mary B. Perkins, by whom he had ten children, and eight of these still survive.

For Spellers.

(Tutor Jenks, in St. Nicholas.) When "ei" and "ie" both spell "ee" How can we tell which it shall be? Here is a rule you may believe That never, never will deceive, And all such troubles will relieve— A simpler rule you can't conceive. It is not made of many pieces, To puzzle daughters, sons, or neices, Yet with it all the trouble ceases: "After C and E apply; After other letters I." Thus a general in a siege Writes a letter to his liege; Or an army holds the field, And will never deign to yield. While a warrior holds a shield Or has strength his arms to wield. Two exceptions we must note, Which all scholars learn by rote; Leisure is the first of these, For the second we have seized. Now you know the simple rule, Learn it quick, and off to school!

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest. I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep."—Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N. Y.

A STRENUOUS CAMPAIGN.

Bill of Particulars Filed by a Defeated Candidate in Georgia.

(New York Times.)

The law that requires all candidates for State, county and city offices to file a bill of their expenditures during the campaign immediately after election is in force in Georgia now, and the candidates who won and lost in the recent Georgia primaries are now filing the bills that show what it cost them to be elected or defeated. One of the defeated candidates for a county office in that State has just filed this bill:

"Lost 4 months and 3 days canvassing, 1,349 hours thinking about the election, 5 acres of cotton, 23 acres of corn, a whole sweet potato crop, 4 sheep, 5 shoats and 1 beef given to a barbecue; 2 front teeth and a considerable quantity of hair in a personal skirmish; gave 97 plugs of tobacco, 7 Sunday-school books, 2 pairs of suspenders, 4 calico dresses, 7 dolls, and 13 baby rattlers.

"Told 2,889 lies, shook hands 23,475 times, talked enough to have made in print 1,000 large volumes size of Patent Office Reports, kissed 126 babies, kindled 14 kitchen fires, cut 3 cords of wood, pulled 474 bundles of fodder, picked 874 pounds of cotton, helped pull 7 loads of corn, dug 14 bushels of potatoes, toted 27 buckets of water, put up 7 stoves, was dog-bit 4 times; watch broken by baby, cost \$3 to have repaired.

"Loaned out 3 barrels of flour, 50 bushels of meal, 150 pounds of bacon, 37 pounds of butter, 12 dozen eggs, 3 umbrellas, 13 lead pencils, 1 Bible dictionary, 1 mow blade, 2 hoes, 1 overcoat, 5 boxes paper collars, none of which has been returned.

"Called my opponent a perambulating liar—doctor's \$10. Had five arguments with my wife—result: One flower vase smashed, 1 broom handle broken, 1 dish of hash knocked off the table, 1 shirt bosom ruined, 2 handful of whiskers pulled out, 10 cents worth of sticking plasters bought, besides spending \$1,768."

Proofs of Patriotism.

An Englishman, recently arrived, was an interested listener to a group of men talking in a village store. Patriotism was under discussion. The readiness of so many Canadians to take part in the South African campaign was adduced as an instance of their deep and heart-felt love of country.

"Yes, but," said the Englishman, "I don't see much patriotism in the way you keep up your roads, and fences, and schools. How many of you young men love the empire well enough to make your roads the best in the empire, or to work in that direction?" The talk drifted into the condition of the school-houses and grounds, the road, fences, tree planting, etc.

The conclusion was reached that the patriotism of the community was not evidenced as it should be in ordinary faithfulness to the everyday duties of citizenship. Some public meetings were held, and at least one maritime community is now more attentive to the common duties of citizenship.

Flag flying, drum beating, and dress parades are all good in their place. But if love of country is not in evidence in roads, fences, streets, orchards, school-houses, churches, homes, and so on, patriotism is not informed as it should be.

Our country is beautiful. It is fitting that we sing its praises. But it is also well to add to the beauty and neatness of our own corner of it. Shady trees, well-kept roads, cheerfully paid taxes, faithfulness in the duties of citizenship these are genuine evidences of informed patriotism.—Selected.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are going.—O. W. Holmes.

A Soul's Desire.

Oh, give us, Lord, the open mind; To welcome truth whatever it be; But vision keen to separate The error that is not of Thee.

And give us, Lord, the open heart For high and lowly, slave and free; But keep it closed to any love Not in accord with that to Thee.

And give us, Lord, the open soul— What most it needs we cannot see, But make it from obstruction clear A channel for the life from Thee.

—Selma Ware Paine.

Daniel S. Ford's Poem.

For several years before his death Mr. Daniel S. Ford, the proprietor of the Youth's Companion, did his work and managed his business from a little room in his home on one of the beautiful parks of Boston. When loving hands cleared his desk there was found in a conspicuous place, much worn with frequent handling, the following poem:

The bread that giveth strength I want to give, The pure water that bids the thirsty live;

I want to help the fainting day by day; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears, The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears, Beauty for ashes may I give away, I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er, And into angry hearts I want to pour The answer soft that turneth wrath away; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith; I want to do all that the Master saith; I want to live aright from day to day; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

Household.

England's Old Age Pensions. The four government departments responsible for the work of the old age pensions act—the Postoffice, Local Government Board, Inland Revenue and Treasury—are working at high pressure preparing for half a million applications for pensions which may be made on and after October 1.

Every postmaster and postmistress will within a few days receive full printed instructions as to their new duties. In every postoffice, notices of the conditions of application will be posted. These instructions and notices are drafted.

The excise men who are to be pension officers are nominated. They are, as a rule, the most experienced in the service. They have received a private and confidential book of instructions as to testing the accuracy of statements made on the application forms.

Numerous applications have been already made at the postoffices, both personally and by letter, for information regarding pensions. As stated, full information will be posted in all offices in a few days. Upward of 2,000 postoffices will be weekly paying stations; for them 75,000 books of instructions and over 100,000 bills of directions for the public will be issued, while 1,000,000 books of work-pension forms are being printed.

It is estimated that at least 32,000 persons in the public service, apart from the district committee, are engaged in connection with the working of the new act.

The Buried Cides. Pompeii was buried in ashes, and was easily disinterred, while Herculaneum received the full force of the crimson lava, which hardened rapidly to the consistency of marble, and must be quarried in order to reach the city beneath. Owing to this difficulty only a small amount of excavating has been done as compared with that which has been taken place at Pompeii. In addition another town spring up on the lava about Herculaneum, which would have been endangered by the undermining necessary to exploration with pick and shovel.

The Bishop's Job. A bishop was staying with a friend in a country house. On Sunday morning as he passed through the library, he found a small boy curled up in a big chair, deeply interested in a book. "Are you going to church, Tom?" he asked. "No, sir," he replied. "Why, I am," said the bishop. "Huh," said the boy, "you've got to go, it's your job."

Hope. There seems to be no one so hard to discourage as the person who can't sing.

THE HIGHER LIFE

Selected Gems of Thought from Poem and Pulpit of All Secs.

The Life Imparted To Us.

"The life that Jesus gives is a reconstructive force. The highest virtues, the purest morals and the noblest personalities are the result of the working of His life in the human soul. There is something real, something tangible in the life Jesus imparts. His life may be embodied in thought and feeling, in action and conduct." By the reception of the life He gives each man may become the utmost that God intended him to be.

The Source of Hope.

The retina of the eye predicates light, the auditory canal of the ear, sound. So my desire after God predicates an object of worship and of love. The primary witness of God is in myself, my sense of personality, my free will, my conviction of the sacredness of right and duty, the yearning after holiness, the thrill of sacred emotion which is stirred within my soul by a voice stronger than nature. Yes, this, this is God.

In Harmony With God.

Can you reconcile your business with God? Was yesterday's "deal" in harmony with His mind? Will your books stand a heavenly audit? In your office dare you put up the prayer—that is to say, should you dare if you had any realizing belief in the efficacy of prayer—"Able with me; come not to sojourn but abide with me." Will you reconcile your business methods with God? A ministry which does not force these questions home is sawdust and chaff.

Passive Faith.

Then there is a great deal of faith out in the world that never gets into the churches even for once or twice a year. It is a negative, passive faith. It has nothing against Christ, but it leads to nothing for Him. There are lots of people who will tell you, if you asked them, that they believe in Christ, and yet they are doing nothing for His cause or kingdom. They never have confessed Him publicly. They never have enlisted in His service.—Rev. H. P. Dewey, Presbyterian.

In One Brotherhood.

One with Him, we are one with all of God there is above us, and one with all men here below. And it is because I believe that the arms once outstretched on Calvary's Cross of pain and shame are now flung wide to embrace in one brotherhood men of every race and name and color, that I shall preach Christ to you; Christ crucified, Christ risen, Christ glorified, living, loving, reigning, and in the pursuit of a Ministry of Reconciliation, as though God were on a treaty with us, shall beseech you, on behalf of Christ, be reconciled with God.—Rev. Chas. Aked, Baptist.

Significance of This Life.

The trouble with us is that we give an exaggerated value to these earthly years. But think of all the eternity that is to come; does it not seem a small matter whether one's stay here is a few years more or a few years less? From the eternal point of view the longest earthly life is but as a moment. The day of our birth was nature's gift to us; it was also God's. The day of our death will be at nature's signal too, but it will be at God's as well.

Our circumstances also are of God, for he has a life plan for every one of us.—Rev. D. Burrold, Reformed.

Guarding the Way of Life.

Beside that way of life, guarded by the hedge of law, Christ plants the tree of life, for food and shelter; then digs springs of water for the traveler's thirsty lips, and makes the way of obedience to be the way of good fortune. But youth and folly look longingly over the hedge, they strain their eyes toward the abyss, they rebel against the guards and the laws that make for safety. Strange that the traveler turns away from the cool fountain and the highway of happiness to break through the hedge and plunge into the slough, to drink the poisoned waters, stomachful and holding seeds of death.—Rev. Wallace Smith, Episcopal.

Christ's Love of Man.

The position of Jesus was such as would surely bring upon Him the indignation of the world. He could not alter His message, and He could not escape. His doom, so to that doom He went in a beating storm of calumny and dishonorable imputation, of reckless scandal and unheard of treachery and falsehood. Rather than give the Heavenly Father any credit for the good Christ did, seoffers blasphemed and ascribed His words of blessing to the devil. The implacable enemies who gathered behind Him on Pilate's pavement and clamored for His blood, had no shadow of a dream that His blood would cleanse the guilty world. They slew Him for the truth's sake. The Son of God reached His consecration's height as the prophet of all men, when, knowing that one single act of reprobacy would have poisoned the saving stream of the ages, He bore a faithful witness and became the Alpha and Omega and the great Amen.—Rev. J. C. Ayer, Methodist.

The love of money is the easiest of all roots to cultivate.

ODD INDIAN NAMES.

Some Samples Revealed by a List of Crow Heirs.

One of the most remarkable realty sales in the history of the country was advertised in Billingsgate, Mont.—that of lands inherited by Indians within the Crow reservation. Existing laws provide for the sale, and an advertisement in a Billings paper, placed under instructions from the Interior Department, secures a remarkable collection of Indian nomenclature. Light Colored Man leads the list, and he has eight acres to his credit, his heirs being Martha Lightman and Bad Baby. Other allotments range from 36 to 640 acres, and the Indians concerned are as follows, the deceased Indian's name being given first and those of the heirs following:

Back of the Ear—Grandmother's Knife. Evidently Back of the Ear was a rich buck, for his estate has 320 acres to his credit, with only one heir.

Big Neck—Robert Shuetted Arm, Bull Inskelt, Old Dog, Strikes Back of the Head, Dirty Foot and Finds All.

Bird Head—Shows Going. Bird Head was one of the richest Indians on the reservation, as 640 acres are advertised as his holdings.

Rock—Luke Rock and Mary U. Rock, Stands on Top, Charles Yariot and Peter Stands on Top.

The Twins—Medicine Porcupine and Bull That Shows.

Ties Knot on Top of Head—Josh Buffalo.

Knot Between Eyes—Bird Above, Black Woman—Big Ox Gets Down—First—Walks With Wolf, Comes to See Buffalo and Cut. Plenty Red Plume—Cut, Walks With Wolf and Comes to See Buffalo, Brings Pretty Horses—People That Shows.

Strikes the Top—Comes to See the Buffalo.

Stays With Her Medicine Rock—Charles Record and Olive Record.

Bear Goes to Take Hold—The Earle.

Big Woman—Gets One Horn and Plain Face.

Point of Shoulder Blade—Charles Record and Olive Record.

Big With Alligator—Bank, Mollie Two Belly—Two Belly, Spotted Arrow—Takes a Gun, Plenty Buttery—Two Horses, Snow Rabbit—Big Medicine and Strikes One That Kills.

White Tail—Takes a Gun, Medicine Horse—Hears Fire, Kills Close to Camp and Martha Long Neck.

Deaf Hears Fire—Kills Close to Camp, Martha Long Neck and Old Lodge Pole.

Surrounds the Enemy—The Arapahoe.

Spain to Restore Forests.

Spain needs trees and proposes, if suggestions are executed, to grow forests of pulpwood and other quick-growing specimens of forest timber. Spain is as large as Pennsylvania, Delaware, West Virginia, Virginia, and North Carolina, but its forests have but one-fourth the extent of West Virginia alone, and much of these are only scrub thickets of poor kind.

The country's population is thought not to exceed one-third of what it once was and could be again. Much of the denuded land is a luscious barren, with a red rock land bare where agricultural once flourished. Hills whose rounded forms indicate they once supported forests are bald and dry now and without inhabitants.

In some localities peasants with hammers pulverize rocks and make little patches of soil for gardens. At present, the most valuable forests product is cork, the annual output being 30,000 tons. The cork forests are going the way of all other Spanish forests, and for the same reason, want of care.

Foresters declare there is no reason for Spain not being able to do what her next door neighbor, France, has done, cover her barren places with groves and thus restore the soil, abate floods, mitigate droughts, provide employment for many and furnish raw materials for factories.

Grateful Rejected One.

"I am truly sorry to give you pain, Mr. Hankinson," said the young lady, "but please do not allude to this subject again. I can never be your wife."

"That is your final answer, Miss Irene?"

"It is."

"Nothing can induce you to change your decision?"

"My mind is finally and unalterably made up." "Miss Irene," said the young man, rising and looking about for his hat, "before coming here this evening I made a bet of five pounds with Van Perkins that you would say 'No' to my proposal. I have won. It was taking a risk but I was dead broke, Miss Irene," he continued, his voice quivering with emotion "you have saved a despairing man from the fate of a suicide, and won the lifelong respect and esteem of a grateful heart. Good evening."

The Higher Life.

"Why don't you go to work instead of begging and hoodwinking?" "I will, boss, as soon as there is an opening in my trade. An' I sin't got long to wait now, nuther." "What is your trade?" "I'm a track walker for aeroplane lines." "Laws catch flies and let hornets go free."