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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1909.

NUMBER 27.

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Swamp-Root is not recommended for anything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been thoroughly tested in private practice, and has proved so successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper, who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root, and how to get it if you have kidney or bladder trouble.

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Aids in the Cure of Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, Rheumatism, Pimples, Eczema, Itching, and all the troubles that come from a clogged system. Made by the Rocky Mountain Tea Co., 1000 Broadway, New York City.

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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY
CURES ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

NEWS ITEMS.

Items Picked Up Here and There and Gathered From Our Exchanges.

Mr. J. P. Stell is the new Chief of Police for the city of Raleigh.

Tom Stewart, 20 years of age, was drowned at Wrightsville Beach recently.

The Harris-Williams dry goods business, of Durham, is in the hands of a receiver.

A negro man at Charlotte shot a negro woman's head off and then killed himself.

Asheville is to have a "home coming week" to be held in the fall, probably in September.

The U. S. Government deficit for the year ending July 1st exceeded receipts by \$89,811,156.

Tennessee is now numbered among the prohibition States. The prohibition law went into effect June 30th.

Gov. Kitchin has pardoned J. S. Carpenter, who was convicted in Polk county in 1909 of assault and robbery.

The first bale of the 1909 crop of cotton sold at Dallas, Texas, on June 30th at \$1.20 a pound. The bale brought \$425.

Dr. Jas. D. Bruner, of the State University, has accepted the presidency of the Chowan Baptist Institute at Murfreesboro.

Two young ladies at Washington, N. C., used as effective weapons that pins against a negro assailant. He was driven off in a hurry.

The leper, John Early, who has been held at Washington, D. C., will be permitted to visit New York for observation and treatment.

A bill has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature to exclude negroes from employment as fireman and trainmen in that State.

Miss Belinda Melver, the 13 year old daughter of the late Charles D. Melver, of Greensboro, died last week, after a short attack of appendicitis.

The report of the National Ginners' Association issued June 29th gives the cotton average as 75.6. The condition in North Carolina is 77. Acreage abandoned 4 per cent.

A white man by the name of E. A. Carrington, of Durham, who was divorced from his wife last year upon complaint of non-support, is now trying to remarry and the former wife seems to be willing.

The trustees of the Baptist Orphanage held a harmonious and very enthusiastic meeting at Thomasville last week. Judging from the reports the Orphanage has had a good year. The present officers were re-elected.

Judge W. A. White died at his home in Warrenton June 30th. Judge White held the office of Clerk of the Superior Court from 1868 to 1904 when he was forced to resign on account of ill health. He was one of the best of men.

Gov. Kitchin has named the following persons as officers of the Medical Staff, N. C. National Guard: S. Westray Battle and P. J. Macon, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel; E. B. Glenn, A. R. Winston, H. H. Harriss, C. S. Jordan and J. V. McQuigon, with rank of major.

In the United States District Court at Asheville last week Judge Newman overruled motions made by counsel for J. E. Dickerson, W. H. Penland and Major W. E. Breese to quash the indictment for conspiracy to wreck the old First National Bank of that city and set the cases for trial July 26th.

From wounds inflicted by a Seaboard Air Line train near Thelma, Della Peters died at Weldon July 1st. The woman was evidently asleep on the track when the train struck her, cutting off one foot and smashing the other one so bad that amputation was necessary. She died before the operation was completed.

A suit has been filed in Mississippi to bar the Standard Oil Company and collect fines aggregating \$11,000,000. A news item sent out from that State says: "Under the Mississippi laws, as amended by the legislature in 1906, the State is entitled to recover a statutory penalty of \$5,000 a day for each specific violation of the anti-trust laws and the penalties sought to be recovered in this case cover three years. The hearing, it is understood, will take place at West Point during the November term of the chancery court."

Don't think that piles can't be cured. Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50c. at any drug store.

From Humble Beginnings.

Although "Billy" Lorimer, elected Senator from Illinois, last week, used to collect nickles from passengers on a street car conductor, and occupied various other positions in the industrial world which many folks would regard as menial, he will not find himself lonely in the Senate. There are many other members of this so-called "Most Exclusive Club in the World" who are of humble origin and who got their first start in life—in just such ordinary, every day occupation as those which first engaged the attention of the new Senator from Illinois.

Senator Curtis, of Kansas, was once a jockey, and a very good one, too.

Senator Scott, of West Virginia, was a glass-blower at the time when, with half-naked bodies and brawny arms, the workers in the industry collected a portion of molten glass upon the end of a tube and with their own breath blew it into shape.

Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, was a "lumber-jack" and helped to denude the forests which he is now so eager to save.

Senator Nixon, of Nevada, was a telegraph operator before he got interested in mines from which he has since made millions.

Senator Smith, of Michigan, had unusual advantages in training in parliamentary procedure, for he began his career as a page in the Michigan legislature.

Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, clerked in a general merchandise store.

Even the great Aldrich, recognized leader of the Senate, and arbiter of the Finance Committee and his control over the pending tariff bill, holds the destinies of almost every mine, factory and mill in the United States, got first practical business experience behind the counter of a retail store.

The silver-haired Senator Buckley, of Connecticut, also began life as a clerk, while Senator Perkins, of California, still refers with pride to the time when he served as a sailor before the mast in many a long voyage.

Senator Richardson, of Delaware, whose father was a canner and packer, entered into that business and learned the trade, working his way up from the lowest position.

Senator Jones, of West Virginia, was born three days after the death of his father in the civil war. As soon as he was old enough he had to do all kinds of farm work when he was only ten years old.

So Lorimer will find many among his new colleagues with whom to swap hard-luck stories, or better still, tales of obstacles overcome, and success won, by pure grit.—Washington Correspondence Salisbury Post.

Snakes in the Bellows.

Mr. W. V. Hegler, of Lancaster county, had a unique experience on Wednesday of last week. He went to his blacksmith shop to do some work, and on undertaking to operate the bellows he found that it wouldn't work. While trying to ascertain the cause of the trouble a snake stuck its head out of the hole. Mr. Hegler secured a pair of tongs and withdrew the reptile and killed it. It was a large chicken snake about 5 feet long. Returning to his bellows, Mr. Hegler found that it still would not work, and while examining it another snake's head was thrust out of the hole. The astonished farmer pulled it out also and killed it. The snakes were both of the same kind and size. There is now a very offensive odor about the bellows, and Mr. Hegler thinks that there is one or more dead snakes in it.—Waxhaw Enterprise.

The discovery of the murderer of Engineer Holt, who was killed at Durham last December, reads like a romance. A negro, named Solomon Shepard, was arrested at Columbus, Ohio, last week on some small charge, and after his arrest he made some admissions which led to his discovery as the man who had shot Engineer Holt. An officer was sent from Durham after him and they arrived at Durham last Saturday, and he then made a full confession of his crime. And yet another man has been indicted and is in jail at Durham awaiting his trial as the murderer of Engineer Holt.—Chat-ham Record.

The best pills made are DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, gentle, pleasant, easy to take and act promptly. They are sold by E. T. Whitehead Company.

THE POOR MAN ON THE FARM.

If He Hasn't Money He Can at Least Make a Start at Betterment.

Occasionally we get a letter saying in substance: "Your advice to do better farming is all right, but I am too poor to profit by it."

Now, we know it is hard—nay impossible—for a man with small capital to farm as he should; but it is this man above all men, who needs to do better farming. This man, who has to work hard to make a scanty living, and who is not able to get ahead, is the man of all others whom we are eager to help. But when a man says, "I can't get pure bred stock, or build a silo, or buy a two-horse cultivator, and therefore all this talk about better farming does not apply to me," he takes a very wrong view of the chances he has.

All these things can come only to the man who has made some progress, who has some capital. The very poor farmer must begin with the little things which will add to his income, and gradually work into better methods. It is the man who, having two or three pigs, tries to find out the most economical way of feeding them; who, with a small flock of poultry, will try to care for them so as to get more eggs during the winter; who, with two or three head of stock to feed, will try to raise a larger part of his feed at home; who, with a poor soil, will try to improve at least a little of it each year—this is the type of man who will understand that even if he cannot do the best farming, he can do better farming, and who will continue to improve year by year. A man may not be able to buy a manure spreader—may not need it, in fact—but he can and does need to take care of the little manure he has. A man may have only one horse and one cow to feed, but he can at least grow peavine hay for them to save the buying of much high-priced corn. A man may not be able to sow his whole farm to crimson clover, but he can put out one acre this very fall. He may not be able to start all at once with the rotation his land needs, but he can begin by putting a few acres in legumes instead of cotton or corn.

It is the man who is willing and eager to improve along the lines in which improvement is possible for him who will, by this gradual improvement, surely add to his income and make more profitable farming possible with each new year.

Little things count; and because one cannot farm as the best farmers do, is no reason why he should be content to drag along in a hopeless fashion without any attempt to better his methods or his conditions. There is hope for even the man without capital if he is willing to put both his brain and his muscle to work and to do the very best he can, striving always to do just a little better.—Progressive Farmer.

In the Gould trial came the old question of how far the testimony of witnesses who swear they saw a thing may be counterbalanced by that of witnesses who swear they didn't see it. Thirty or forty persons, chiefly servants, declared that they had seen Mrs. Gould more or less grossly intoxicated and they were sustained by the documentary evidence of restaurant checks showing some pretty cocktail drinking. Thirty or forty others swore that they never had seen Mrs. Gould when she was not sober. No expert testimony was introduced to prove how many cocktails or pints of wine a woman of Mrs. Gould's size, age and capacity might carry without giving outward evidence thereof and no progress was made toward the solution of that venerable question of the exact line between drunkenness and sobriety. We surmise, however, that the judge figured out that the man who married a woman like Katherine Clemmons with full opportunity to know of her record and character ought to be required to provide for her support liberally even after he had separated from her.—News Leader.

If you have pains in the back, weak knee, or any other indication of a weakened or disordered condition of the kidneys or bladder, you should get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away when you experience the least sign of kidney or bladder complaints, but be sure that you get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. We know what they will do for you, and if you will send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, you will receive a free trial box of those kidney and bladder pills. They are sold here by E. T. Whitehead Company.

The Boy Who Turns Upon His Mother.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful child!" What do you think of young Lyman Briggs of Taunton, Mass., who had his own mother arrested and sent to jail? The very thought is shocking to any person of refined sensibility.

"She cheated me and that's why I had her arrested," says the boy. "Let her stay in jail. I have no sympathy for her."

Could you believe that any son with a spark of manhood in him could speak so of the mother who bore him! The Briggs family, it appears, once was wealthy, and when the elder Briggs died he left a considerable fortune. The son, who is the heir, asserts that his mother has lost of the estate that was to come to him, \$80,000 in speculation in stock markets. So he caused her arrest on the charge of embezzlement, and she is taken to jail and must remain there because she is unable to secure the required bond of \$1000.

The loss of the fortune he expected is a severe blow to the young man. He is naturally deeply disappointed and chagrined. But that he should wreak such a revenge on his own mother shocks the public sense of decency and robs him of all sympathy. There is no more binding Commandment than "Honor thy father and thy mother," and thy days shall be long in the land." Even the most dutiful children do not realize how much every child owes to its parents. The father devotes years of labor and earnest thought to provision for the child and its future. But upon the mother devolves the hardest task in the rearing and training of the child. In the act of bringing it into the world she risks her very life, and for years afterward her care and attention must follow it every hour. Upon it she pours all her wealth of love and tenderness and expends upon it all the treasures of her physical, mental and moral being. Such services cannot be measured in money. Not \$80,000, nor any other amount, will ever equal the service that she gives without money and without price. Many times the child is not worth the sacrifices made to bring it to maturity. But the mother gives all willingly in the hope that her son will grow up into a strong, chivalrous man who will be of use to the world. What sorrow could be so great as to have him turn out such a creature as would repudiate the mother who bore him, expose her to shame and disgrace, and in his foolish and pitiful revenge even have her sent to the public prison.

That Massachusetts boy may have his revenge, he may drink it to the dregs; but he will find it the bitterest draft that ever mingled cruelty, ingratitude and remorse in one vile mixture.—Baltimore Sun.

Some Future President.

Some future President or President of this vast republic are at present in the schoolroom. They are receiving instructions in the primary grades; they will go straight forward to the high school perhaps from there to college. A future President of the United States is somewhere playing baseball this spring, and he may be on a football team next autumn. It is quite possible that he is a boy from the farm, or he may be a boy in a town, doing errands for his mother and in his spare time earning pennies to help her along. Our Presidents have been drawn from every social rank in the community. They have had a great variety of training in boyhood, but every one of them had to be a boy. A President does not come into the world a grown man. Our great men of the world over do not escape the universal lot, but start from the cradle and are taught their first lesson at their mother's knee. We formerly held up to every American boy, as a glittering prize to stir his ambition the possibility that he might one day be elected to the presidential chair. Latterly, perhaps we hear less about this legitimate goal which boyhood may strive to attain. Why not let two boys do their best in school, at home, in business, with the thought that one day the grown-up boys shall single some one of them out and ask him to be their leader, their commander, the head of their government in the eyes of the world? A king is born to his high station; a President achieves it. Teachers and parents should do their best, remembering how great is their responsibility to the nation, as well as to the boys.—Christian Herald.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

OUR CHANGED CONDITIONS.

Old Fashion Economy of College Boy Needed Today.

Formerly we heard men boast that they landed at college with \$2 in their pockets and worked their way through with only a small debt, and the rare ones with no debt at all. All this sounds strange to those who are familiar with present day college life.

We have heard of boys who cooked for themselves, cut wood, or hair, shined shoes, sold clothing, performed any and all kinds of work and made every edge cut, whether sharp or dull to save a sixpence.

This fine self-denial and resourceful energy is not so common as it used to be. We are more extravagant in every sense of the word than we were 25 years ago, but nowhere is it more plainly seen than among the college boys.

Why even the young preachers, in some cases, are getting somewhat above themselves and spend the money that is given to them like lords of the land. We heard not long since of one young fellow who sent a bill for cut flowers to the church that was helping him along.

But this spirit of spending money is not at all peculiar to the preachers. It is the rule rather than the exception among them all. The boys wear fine clothes now, we are told, every day in the week and Sunday, too. Tennis outfits have become a requisite to social position. Baseball togery must be had at any cost. Instead of saving at every point the rule now seems to be spending at every point.

As a consequence, education has come to be a most expensive luxury. A father with a half dozen children to educate must be third cousin to Rockefeller in order to meet his bills. \$500 a session instead of \$225 is not considered startling.

We will have to get back into the old way or somebody is going to be hurt; and those worst hurt will be the boys who cultivate these habits of extravagance. The fellow who must dig for his education is about the only one who is really educated, for one of the most important elements of education is the proper valuation of a dollar.

Careful economy is not stinginess. To be able to restrain one's self and say no, is one of the fundamental elements of strength that enables a man to do things in after life. The feeble yielding to the slightest pressure to gratify every whim undines character and blocks the way to ultimate success.

The old-fashioned economy of the college boy of two decades ago is what we need in our college life today.—Charity and Children.

Students' Answers.

"When a student does not know the answer to an examination question he does one of three things," said a University of Pennsylvania professor recently. "If he is a good student he will simply leave a blank space, while if he is not he will either try to bluff it through or else pass it off as a joke. These latter cases are rare, and the result is generally painful and does harm to the student who wrote the paper. Occasionally, however, there will be a real gem which does the student good by putting the professor in a good humor and so making him unconsciously mark the paper less severely."

"I came across two such gems in one paper recently. One question was: 'Who was St. Bruno?' To which the student replied: 'St. Bruno was a great Dane, brother of St. Bernard.' The other question was: 'What was the difference between the major prophets and the minor prophets?' Here he answered: 'It would not be right for me, a sinner, to make invidious comparisons between such holy men.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Billious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complension sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulents cure billious attacks. 25 cents at any drug store.

Wigg—I don't see what he admires about her. She has such a poor complexion.

Waggs—Yes, but she has such a rich father.

A Night Rider's Raid.

The worst night riders are calomel, croton oil or aloes pills. They raid your bed to rob you of rest. Not so with Dr. King's New Life Pills. They never distress or inconvenience, but always cleanse the system, curing colds, headache, constipation, malaria, dizziness, indigestion, impure blood and appetite. Only 50c at E. T. Whitehead Company's.

Whitehead Company's.

The World Over.

"Is strange we think our neighbor's faults
Are always full in sight,
And glaring to the public gaze
As plain as black and white;
We never fail to notice them,
So clearly are they shown
But magnifying others' faults
Will not correct our own.
All other men's delinquencies
We freely criticize;
We note their failures and mistakes
In sadness and surprise.
But while their weakness we deplore
And haste to make it known
We are too shocked at others' faults
To rectify our own.
The light of truth on other lives
Reveals their wickedness.
It gives us pain to contemplate
Their base unrighteousness,
But while we censure and condone,
We're after other people's faults
And cannot see our own.
We never stop to question self
If motives are all pure,
But find out other people's sins,
And then prescribe a cure,
The mote that's in another's eye
We'd better leave alone,
And hasten to investigate
The beam that binds our own."
—Margaret Stone Hall.

Cheer Them Up.

It's worth lots to a man who's down and out to get a word of genuine cheer. To be sure, if you are in a position to give more substantial help, it's your duty, but because you haven't the cash or a job for the fellow don't pass him by on the other side. He may not belong to your church or your party or your social set or clique, but still he's human and has a heart in him that can be touched.

The following story illustrates the way some folks cheer up their invalid friends:

"Bill," said the invalid's friend, "I've come to cheer you up a bit like. I've brought you a few flowers, Bill. I thought if I was too late they would come in handy for a wreath, you know. Don't get downhearted, Bill. Keep up your spirits, old sport. I've come up to see you and cheer you up a bit. Nice little room you have, but I said to myself when I was coming up: 'What an awkward staircase to get a coffin down!'"

A little cheer goes a long way with a fellow who's heart is heavy. Henry W. Grady, the South's brilliant orator and advocate, went to New York when a young fellow. He knew nobody and nobody knew him. He was hunting a job. He didn't get it, and he felt lonely one day as he walked down Broadway, looking up at the great buildings and being jostled here and there by the busy, hustling throng. He longed for somebody to talk to and cheer him up. He called a boot black and gave him a quarter, just to have a "heart-to-heart" talk with him.

There are many folks about us like Grady was. They need a little cheer.

This is no preaching. We are not trying to get off a sermon on you, but we just want to say that we all are usually so busy running business enterprises, airing our views on politics, religion, and so on, that we forget to give the helping hand to the fellow that's down.—Fayetteville Index.

Get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel

Get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is especially good for Piles. Sold by E. T. Whitehead Company.

"I see that our friend still entertains the idea of running for Congress."

"Not exactly," answered Farmer Cornlossell. "The idea entertains him."—Washington Star.

Sees Mother Grow Young.

"It would be hard to overstate the wonderful change in my mother since she began to use Electric Bitters," writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick, of Danford, Me. "Although past 70 she seems really to be growing young again. She suffered untold misery from dyspepsia for 20 years. At last she could neither eat, drink nor sleep. Doctors gave her up and all remedies failed till Electric Bitters worked such wonders for her health." They invigorate all vital organs, cure liver and kidney troubles, induce sleep, impart strength and appetite. Only 50c at E. T. Whitehead Company's.