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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1909.

NUMBER 32.

NEWS NOTES.

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

Senator F. M. Simmons and other members of the Waterways Commission sailed for Germany Tuesday.

The three cent street car fare of Cleveland, Ohio, has been defeated by a vote of the people of that city.

While working in her flower garden, Mrs. O. H. Bragden, of Raleigh, was bitten by a highland Moccasin.

For taking care of two small dogs, a young lady of Orange, Mass., has been bequeathed the income from \$10,000.

Henry F. Avery, Democrat, has been elected the first mayor of Colorado Springs under the new charter form of government.—Ex.

Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, has sold his residence in the town of St. Peter and will hereafter make his home in St. Paul.—Charlotte News.

A woman traveling from Washington to Chicago, over the Pennsylvania railroad, put \$5,000 under her pillow on the pullman when she retired and next morning it had disappeared.

Rev. Baylus Cade, who recently invented a typesetting machine is having it built in Philadelphia, says the machine will be ready about August 15th and that he will take it to Shelby for trial.—Statesville Landmark.

Ohio is to have its first trial of the direct primary next month. The provisions of the law in general are similar to those in force in other states where the primary system of nominating candidates for public office has been adopted.—Charlotte News.

Salisbury has developed a young chicken thief who applied new and original ideas to the business. His thieving was all done in daylight and with the aid of a bulldog who would nab the unsuspecting fowl and make for his master, who would be in hiding nearby.—Reflector.

R. J. Reynolds, the millionaire tobaccoist, of Winston-Salem has purchased the Chiswell plantation in Wythe county, Virginia, from J. W. McGaverck, the price being \$35,000. The farm contains over 3,000 acres of the finest land in the southwest. It is understood that with the sale goes all the machinery, crops, fixtures, etc.—Burlington Dispatch.

Chas. R. Thomas, a prominent druggist of Thomasville and a former president of the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association, was arrested in Thomasville last week, charged with the illegal sale of cocaine. He waived examination before a magistrate and gave bond for his appearance at court. It is charged that Thomas shipped cocaine by express to negroes in various parts of the State.—Statesville Landmark.

A citizen of Clinton reports Mr. A. J. Cooper as having a field of exceptionally fine corn. He passed his farm the other day and says that the ears are heavy and from two to four to the stalk. Then we asked Mr. Cooper himself about the variety of corn; he says the same corn has been in the family since 1838, when his grandfather, the late Mr. Sam Johnson, sent Mr. Owen Johnson to Halifax county for some corn, and that it grew on Roanoke river.—Sampson Democrat.

The Progress of Invention.

The first decade of the twentieth century has not been rounded out, yet inventive genius has perfected the submarine boat, which can travel under water like a fish; discovered wireless telegraphy, by which messages may be sent to vessels in the mid-ocean; and now the dream of the centuries, to be able to fly like a bird has come to pass. The achievement of the Frenchman who flew from France to England, across 23 miles of water, almost makes one's hair stand up. People have become so accustomed to wonderful things that they are scarcely surprised at anything, but this achievement marks the beginning of a new era. It is said that the machine can be made for \$2,000, which is less than a great many pay for automobiles.—Webster's Weekly.

Take Kodol at the times when you feel what you have eaten is not digesting. Kodol digests what you eat so you can eat sufficiently of any good, wholesome food, if you will just let Kodol digest it. Sold by E. T. Whitehead Company.

Open the Door.

Open the door of your heart, my lad,

To the angel of love and truth, When the world is full of unnumbered joys

In the beautiful dawn of youth. Casting aside all things that mar, Saying to wrong "Depart!"

To the voices of hope that are calling you, Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,

To the things that shall abide; To the holy thoughts that lift your soul

Like the stars at eventide. All the fadeless flowers that bloom

In the realms of song and art Are yours, if you'll only give them room;

Open the door of your heart, my friend,

Heedless of class and creed; When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,

The sob of soul in need. To the singing heavens that o'er you bend

You need no map or chart; But only the love of the Master;

Open the door of your heart. Edward Everett Hale.

Value of a Spit Log.

If Government statistics are dependable, there are in the United States about two million miles of earth road, or enough to encompass the earth 80 times. The problem of keeping them in repair is an ever-recurring one and not in many places has it been satisfactorily solved. In searching for a remedy for trouble we sometimes follow the trail of empiricism so eagerly as to overlook the simple relief that all the while confronts us. It may be so in this case, and if one of misplaced confidence the Government must bear a large share of the responsibility, because what is called the spit-log-drag and describing its proper construction. Any individual or community desiring a spit-log-drag may obtain one free by applying to the local Congressman.

This simple device is not new. Its virtue has been proclaimed before, but it is comparatively unknown in this part of the country. Some years ago a Missouri farmer, named Batteredton, with an enthusiasm for good roads, was accustomed to hitch a drag of this construction to his wagon when he drove to town. It took him but a little more time to make the trip with this handicap, and in a few months he had a road that was better than most of the rock-bedded kind. It naturally attracted attention, resulting in a brotherhood of good road draggers, which recently held a celebration, with a parade half a mile long to give emphasis to its achievements.—Boston Transcript.

Costing More to Live.

According to Bradstreet's, between July 1, 1896, and July 1, 1909, breadstuffs and live stock have more than doubled in price, provisions, fruits, hides and leather have increased over 50 per cent., and textiles 60 per cent. Taking separate items that figure in the cost of the average poor man's table, on July 1, 1909, flour cost 100 per cent. more than on July 1, 1906; beef over 80 per cent., pork about 150 per cent., mutton 125 per cent., ham 33-1-3 per cent., bacon over 170 per cent., lard over 180 per cent., butter 70 per cent. and potatoes over 130 per cent.

Even within the last year the increase in price has gone on almost without interruption. Flour has risen nearly 60 per cent., pork over 20 per cent., mutton nearly the same, ham almost 10 per cent., butter 18 per cent. and coffee over 25 per cent. Beef is one of the few articles which did not materially increase in price.

These are hard facts, which there is no getting around. Retail prices may vary more or less from month to month, according to locality and the character of dealers' establishments, but Bradstreet's figures are based on market reports, which are beyond controversy.—New York World.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, and want a certain herb cure for women's ills, try Mother Gray's Australian Leaf. It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cents. Sample package free. Address, The Mother Gray Company, LeRoy, N. Y.

THE TWO ROADS.

A Story for Those Who Are on the Threshold of Life.

It was near New Year's night. An aged man was standing by the window. He mournfully raised his eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving toward the inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he has passed 60 of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with fertile harvest and surrounding with soft, sweet songs, while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky and cried out in his anguish: "O, youth, return! O, my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven and vanish in darkness athwart the churchyard. "Behold, an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed. And the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered his life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and industry were now happy and honored on this New Year's night.

The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort, he cried aloud "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return, for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God that he had not yet entered the deep dark cavern, but he was free to tread fervently that time was still his own, the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain: "O youth! return! Oh, give me back my early days."—Jean Paul Richter.

Where Corn Crop Goes.

People often wonder, particularly those who have traveled for hundreds of miles through the corn belt what becomes of the corn which is grown every year. In the year of 1908, when the total crop was 2,666,000,000 bushels, 241,000,000 bushels were consumed in flour and grist mill products, 8,000,000 bushels for malt liquors, 17,000,000 bushels in the production of distilled liquors, 40,000,000 bushels for glucose, 190,000,000 bushels for exports and 13,000,000 bushels for seed, making a total of 518,000,000 bushels, or 19.3 per cent of the entire crop. The remaining 80.7 per cent, or 2,118,000,000 bushels, seems to be used almost entirely for feeding.—Kansas City Journal.

An important feature of Woman's Home Companion this summer is the Reminiscences of the late venerable Edward Everett Hale. The August issue contains, in place of the regular monthly chapter of the Reminiscences, the publication of which commenced before Doctor Hale's death, a beautiful tribute to the eminent writer and minister by his personal friend W. H. McElroy.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the pleasant, safe, sure, easy little liver pills. A salve you may always depend upon in any case where you need salve, is DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve—especially good for Piles. Sold by E. T. Whitehead Company.

Chance for the Farm Boy.

Next fall when the agricultural colleges open there are pretty sure to be a dozen or so boys and young men in each State in the South who wish to attend but who will be financially unable. The same thing will be true in a larger scale in those States where the agricultural short courses are held during the winter.

Now, many of these boys—many who think they cannot possibly do so could attend these schools if they would only begin preparing for it in time. To wait until the last minute to get ready for anything is a poor policy; and it will pay to make some effort to get a college training along agricultural lines.

There is an increasing demand for men of energy, industry and devotion to their work to lead in the great forward movement of Southern farming. Chemists, entomologists, horticulturists, botanists, veterinarians, dairymen, agronomists—trained specialists of all kinds—can find a wide field for useful and profitable work. For plain, practical farmers who know something of scientific as well as of the practical side of farm work there is an equally insistent call. There are literally thousands of young farmers who should and who could take the short courses in agriculture offered by our colleges, and who, if they did so, would assuredly quicken the Southern farmer's progress toward better farming and better times. These boys are the fairest hope of the Southland, and it is a distinct loss, not only to the boy himself, but also to the State when one of them neglects the chances he has for preparing himself for a larger and more fruitful field of labor.

Right now the boys on the farm should begin preparing to take advantage of these opportunities. The crops, the stock, everything that will help swell the school fund, should be looked after; and it is worth while to give up many things, which seem worth while for the moment, for such a purpose as this.

It doesn't require a great deal of money to get a start toward an education; but some is absolutely necessary. Begin now to get it together. After the start is made the young man who has the pluck and the love of learning, will find a way to go on.—Progressive Farmer.

Poor Richard's Almanac.

A good example is the best sermon.

God heals, and the doctor takes the fees.

You may be too cunning for one, but not for all.

Words may show a man's wit, but actions his meaning.

An ounce of wit that is bought is worth a pound that is taught.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards.

Ne'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in.

If a man could have half his wishes, he could double his troubles.

Drink does not down care, but waters it and makes it grow faster.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

Good sense is a thing all need, few have, and none think they want.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, supped with Infamy.

When out of favor none know thee; when in, thou dost not know thyself.

If your riches are yours, why don't you take them with you to the other world?

Lend money to an enemy, and thou'll gain him; to a friend, and thou'll lose him.

Be civil to all; serviceable to many; familiar with few; friend to one; enemy to none.

Work as if you were to live a hundred years; pray as if you were to die to-morrow.

The wise man draw more advantage from his enemies than the fool from his friend.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and contentedly.

Doing an injury puts you below your enemy; revenging one makes you even with him; forgiving it sets you above him.—The Barnhart Flyer.

Seared With a Hot Iron.

or scalded by overturned kettle—cut with a knife—bruised by slammed door—injured by gun or in any other way—the thing needed at once is Bucklen's Arnica Salve to subdue inflammation and kill the pain. It's earth's supreme healer, infallible for boils, ulcers, fever sores, eczema and piles. 25c. at E. T. Whitehead Company's.

ANTS PROTECT PLANT.

How They Defend It Against Leaf Destroying Insects.

A standing army of ants for defensive purposes is kept and provided with food by a sensitive plant of Nicaragua. In this acacia there are two large thorns at the base of each leaf inhabited by colonies of ants which bore into the thorns and make a home for themselves by eating out the soft inner tissue. On the leaf stalks there are honey glands, and at the tip of each leaflet there is a sausage-shaped body about as large as a pin's head, consisting of albuminous food. The ants sip the nectar and eat the food bodies, and being contented with their lot, remain on the plant without doing it any injury.

When the plant is threatened by an invasion of leaf cutting ants which would damage it the ants composing the plant's army or police force rush out and repel the intruders. Many similar arrangements exist in tropical plants.

In one of the most remarkable of these ant plants the female ant bites a hole in the stem and brings up her brood inside it. The stalk of each leaf is swollen at its base and bears food bodies which are eaten by the ants when they emerge to find for themselves. As the old food bodies are eaten new ones are formed, thus keeping the ants, which are of a fierce disposition, in the plant's employment. Plants of the same species which do not happen to be inhabited by ants fall an easy prey to leaf cutting kinds of ants, which are only too plentiful in the tropics. In other cases the defensive ants are provided only with shelter in cavities of the stem, and various naturalists have observed that these ants pour out in troops whenever leaf cutting enemies attack the foliage.

The ants which thus defend these plants are small, but sting with extreme virulence, their small size making them the more formidable. The leaf cutting ants cut off the leaves and pile them up in heaps, forming a sort of kitchen garden of leaf mould, upon which they cultivate a fungus belonging to the mushroom family. They sow the spores of the mushroom and make a pure culture of the fungus, nibbling at it to prevent the development of mushroom heads and thus promote the growth of spawn.—Chicago Tribune.

The South is Making Silk.

"There are few people who know that North Carolina, among its diversified industries, has a number of silk mills," remarked Mr. Thos. J. Pence, a Raleigh man, who is staying at the Stafford hotel.

"In the growing town of Wadesboro there are two silk mills, one employing white labor exclusively, the other using negro operatives. They are both prosperous, and their only handicap is a scarcity of help. The raw material in the form of cocoons comes from China, and costs from \$2 to \$3.60 a pound delivered at Wadesboro, but when spun into silk yarn it brings the mill owners \$5 a pound and up, according to the state of the market. The owners maintain headquarters in Dover, N. J., but the product of the mills goes to New York. The work, which is light and clean, gives employment to many girls and boys, who are able to earn from \$5 to \$7 a week. In the plant where the colored hands worked a cheaper quality of silk is produced, the colored employes not having as yet acquired the skill necessary to turn out the finest grades. There are also other silk factories in the state, located at Fayetteville, Kinston and High Point, and I believe they are all making good money on the capital invested."—Baltimore American.

Baby won't suffer five minutes with croup if you use Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil at once. It acts like magic.

"What kind of part have I in the new piece? Is there any change of my pleasing the audience." "Every chance. You die in the first act."—Jude.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for organic diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood—cures the cause—builds you up.

Stella—Are they economical? Bella—Yes; they eloped to save the cost of a wedding and are living happily to save the cost of a divorce.—New York Sun.

"Doan's Ointment cured me of eczema that had annoyed me a long time. The cure was permanent."—Hon. S. W. Matthews, Commissioner Labor Statistics, Augusta, Me.

REAPING BENEFIT.

From the Experience of Scotland Neck People.

We are fortunate indeed to be able to profit by the experience of our neighbors. The public utterances of Scotland Neck residents on the following subject will interest and benefit thousands of our readers. Read this statement. No better proof can be had.

Turner Allsbrook, Greenwood street, Scotland Neck, N. C., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have proven of great value to me. I suffered severely from lame back, and sharp pains through my loins made it impossible for me to turn over in bed. When the attacks were at their height I was lame and sore and could hardly get around when morning came. If I attempted to lift anything or straighten after stooping sharp pains started through me. My kidneys were disordered and the secretions were too frequent in passage and very unnatural. I used every remedy that was brought to my attention but received no relief until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills. They banished the lameness and pains through my back, restored my kidneys to a normal condition, and at present I feel better in every way. I gladly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to any one suffering from kidney complaint."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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NOTICE OF LAND SALE.

Whereas the bid of the former sale having been raised on the below described land; by virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Halifax county, rendered on the fifth day of March, 1907, in the case entitled, A. L. Pope, Mrs. Clara Pope and others, Ex Parte, the same being a proceeding to sell land for partition, we will, on the 23rd day of August, 1909, at public auction, for cash, to the highest bidder, at the Court House door in Halifax, SELL the following described tract of land, to-wit: That tract of land in Conococona Township Halifax County, N. C., known as the "Fannie Pope" land, containing 365 acres, more or less, bounded by the lands of V. W. Land, Kelly Weeks, J. E. Fitzpatrick, J. J. Barnes, The North Carolina Lumber Co., and others. Survey and plot of same can be seen at A. Paul Kitchin's office.

(7-8-4c.) JOHN H. KERR, A. PAUL KITCHIN, Commissioners.

Advertising Business what Steam is to money, that great propelling force, this paper gives results. HADY, Editor and Proprietor.

WIL. XXV.

Get Up

Do You Have a Lame Back?

Do you know of Dr. Kilmer's Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, because of its remarkable health restoring properties. Swamp-Root fulfills almost every wish in overcoming rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to urinate, sealding pain in passing it, and following use of liquor, wine and overcomes that unpleasant habit of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. Swamp-Root is not recommended for children but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be found just what you need. It has been tested in private practice, and has been successful that a special argument has been made by which all ailments of this nature, which have not been relieved by other remedies, will be cured by this generous medicine. In this paper and your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y. The regular fifty-cent bottles are sold by druggists. Don't make any mistake in buying the name, Swamp-Root, Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, New York, N. Y., on every bottle.

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