

...the steam is to ... that great propelling ... This paper gives results.

J. C. HARDY, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXV.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

Use these columns for results. An advertisement in this paper will reach a good class of people.

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year.

NUMBER 50.

"Excelsior" is Our Motto.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

How to find out. The most common glass with you ... a brick dust sediment, or settling stringy or milky appearance ... indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in ... and bladder are out of order ...

A. PAUL KITCHIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Scotland Neck, N. C.

DR. J. P. WIMBERLEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Scotland Neck, N. C.

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

EDWARD L. TRAVIS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Halifax, N. C.

WILL H. JOSEY,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,
Scotland Neck, N. C.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair ...

GOLD GLASSES
bought as CHRISTMAS PRESENTS changed after the holidays to suit the wearer at no extra charge

Tucker, Hall & Co.,
The Expert Opticians,
53 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.

WILL YOU BUILD
... of any kind of building? Send ...

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Bury Medicine for Busy People

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch Book.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, N. Y.

THE HEARTLESS GIRL.
A few days ago a young man at Des Moines, Ia., made one long lingering love-lorn plea as the "last call" to his lady love to change her mind and say "Yes." He told her that if she didn't marry him he'd get a rope and hang himself right in front of her home

THE HEARTLESS GIRL.
"Oh, please don't do that, Joe, dear," she said with much feeling; "you know father doesn't want you hanging around here."

THE HEARTLESS GIRL.
So he didn't hang around then, or any more.—Denver News.

The World is Better.

Oh, the earth is full of sinning
And of trouble and woe,
But the devil makes an inning
Every time you say it's so;
And the way to set him scowling,
And to put him back a pace,
Is to stop this stupid grovelling
And to look things in the face.

If you glance at history's pages,
In all land and eras known,
You will find the vanished ages
Far more wicked than our own.
As you scan each word and letter
You will realize it more,
That the world today is better
Than ever it was before.

There is much that needs amending
In the present time, no doubt,
There is right that needs defending,
There is wrong needs crushing out,
And we hear the groans and curses
Of the poor who starve and die,
When the men with swollen purses
In the place of hearts, go by.

But in spite of all the trouble
That obscures the sun today,
Just remember it was double
In the ages passed away.
And these wrongs shall be righted
Good shall dominate the land;
For the darkness now is lighted
By the torch in Science's hand.

Forth from little mottoes in chaos,
We have come to what we are,
And no evil force can stay us,
We shall mount from star to star;
We shall break away each fetter
That has bound us heretofore,
And the world today is better
Than it ever was before.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The First Thing is to Make Permanent.

The old-time poverty of the Southern farmer seems to be now broken. The first concern of these in their new prosperity should be to educate their sons and daughters and train them in a way to make the improved conditions permanent and even better for the succeeding generation.

In these modern times farming requires as scientific and technical knowledge and skill as industrial work does. Two bales of cotton per acre is as easy as a half a bale if the farmer knows how. The present crop of cotton is made up of about thirty-two million acres. There should be no increase in acreage in the near future. According to modern standards thirty-two million acres in cotton should yield thirty-two million bales. This is upon the basis of one bale per acre. The highest type of modern cotton farms produces two bales per acre. A crop of eleven or twelve million bales on thirty-two million acres shows a very inferior sort of treatment and cultivation of the land.

With the price now being received for cotton the first move for improvement should be a better education of the farmers' sons and daughters.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Ladies First.

"What is the reason," began the irritated traveler from the north, "that the trains in this part of the country are always behind time? I have never seen one yet that ran according to its schedule."

"That, suh," replied the dignified Georgian, "is a mattah that is easily explained. It is due to southern chivalry, suh."

"Southern chivalry! Where does that come in?"
"You see, suh, the trains, are always late in this country because hey wait for the ladies, God bless hem!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A 50-cent bottle of

Scott's Emulsion

given in half-teaspoon doses four times a day, mixed in its bottle, will last a year old baby nearly a month and four bottles over three months, and will make the baby strong and well and will lay the foundation for a healthy, robust boy or girl.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch Book. Each bank contains a Good Luck Penny.

Educate The Farmer.

Every farmer should be well educated. It has already been strikingly demonstrated that the more education a farmer possesses, especially along scientific lines, the greater will be his success in his agricultural pursuits. An education is needed on the farm as well as other professions in life. The need of scientific education is very urgent, as it means tremendous and constant success to the farmer. Every farmer should provide a liberal education for his sons, if they expect to adopt farming as a business in life. The farmer has more complications to contend with than any other class or profession. He has all the different kind of soils, some soils will produce one crop and fail on others. He has the rain, the dry weather, the different kinds and grades of stock, and especially the kind that is best adapted to his farm.

The agricultural implements play a very important part in farming and when and where to use them. The farmer can occasionally make two crops with one set of tools for one season will be wet, and the next dry and it will take a different kind of implement for each season.

In some of our eastern Governments, and Europe especially, provide primary schools of agricultural and domestic science and cause these subjects to occupy a prominent place in the public schools.

Sweden sends a number of her most progressive farmers, one from each locality, on a visit to the better farmers and experiment station of other countries, retaining each of these men as a centre of information for his community.

Prof. E. B. Hart says the farmer needs to be cautioned against the use of wood ashes and lime with manure, the ashes and lime produce an Alkaline condition, resulting in the loss of ammonia.

I think the people of Halifax Co. can stand shoulder to shoulder with most of the counties, but why not stand first.

In emphasizing the value of agricultural education we are accustomed to show the benefits that are devised by the people of the rural district, forgetting the fact that the farm is the source of our entire wealth and therefore the barometer of progress.

CHAS. L. STATON,
Wake Forest College.

How Production Encourages Labor

Whatever comes, we must get rid of the idea that cheap, ignorant, untrained labor helps a community, or that because one man does a certain work. Therefore there is less for other men to do. It has its limitations, of course, and yet the doctrine set forth by Edgar Gardner Murphy cannot be too seriously considered:

"One man's work does not reduce the volume of the work open to other men. Every man's work produces work for all. Every laborer who is really a producer, represents a force which is enlarging the market for labor. The man who makes a table, broadens the opportunities of industry behind him and before him. He helps to make work for the man who fells the trees, for the man who hauls the trees to the saw-mill, for those in the mills who dress the timber for his use, for those who dig and shape the iron which goes into the nails he drives; he makes work for the man who provides the glue, the stains and the varnish, for the man who owns the table at the shop, for the drummer who tells about it, for the men who sell food and apparel to those who handle it and who profit by its repeated sales from factory to wholesaler, and from the wholesaler to the retailer, and from the retailer to the final purchaser. The man who makes a table makes business. The man who makes shoes or harness or tools or crops, makes business. The work of the skilled producer does not restrict the market of labor. It enlarges that market.—Progressive Farmer.

The Heartless Girl.

A few days ago a young man at Des Moines, Ia., made one long lingering love-lorn plea as the "last call" to his lady love to change her mind and say "Yes." He told her that if she didn't marry him he'd get a rope and hang himself right in front of her home

"Oh, please don't do that, Joe, dear," she said with much feeling; "you know father doesn't want you hanging around here."

So he didn't hang around then, or any more.—Denver News.

JOYS OF INDIAN SUMMER.

Attain to Considerable Dimension in Maryland, It is Alleged.

Enter Indian summer, with its skies of deep blue, its woodlands of russet and gold, its bracing breezes of a morning, and its mingled perfumes of camphor, cough medicine, pumpkin pie and sauerkraut. In "Henry Esmond" you will find a chapter on the charms of Indian summer, penned by William Makepeace Thackeray. The great Englishman fairly bowed down and worshipped it. Not Greece, nor Switzerland, nor Arcady, said he, could show such a season of unmixed delight. It was the dream of his life to die in Virginia or Maryland in the midst of Indian summer. But fate planned otherwise, and so he passed away amid the raw fogs of London town on the day before Christmas.

The charm of Indian summer in these blessed latitudes is not only meteorological, but also gastronomic. It is a season of hearty appetite and rare good eating. The oysters from the Chesapeake, with the first touch of frost upon them, begin to get that indescribable tang in them. This tang is not to be mistaken for mere saltiness. You may roll a northern oyster in salt until it looks like a snowball and it will still lack entirely the heavenly flavor of a bivalve from Tangier Sound. No doubt the difference is one of atmosphere and environment, rather than of chemical content.

The northern oyster inhabits bleak coasts and is ensnared by solemn abolitionists in long whiskers, but the Chesapeake oyster, nesting in the cove along the glorious eastern shore enjoys the elevating society of eastern shermen and drinks in the sweet waters that roll down to the sea from the shore itself. The lower animals like man himself, are modeled and transmogrified by their vitals. Feed a hog upon acorns and mushrooms and he yields Smithfield hams, but feed him upon slops and his flesh is fit only for railway station sandwiches and crab bait.

The oyster is but one of Indian summer's incomparable delicatessen. Others come to mind in countless numbers—sauerkraut, canvasback ducks, pumpkin pies, hot doughnuts fried scrapple, country sausage, buckwheat cakes, Bismarck herring, Sauerkraut of course, demands a whole article to itself. It is altogether too magnificent a viand to be dismissed hastily in list of epicurians also-rans. It appeals not only to the palate, but also to the imagination, and even, in a sense, to the spirit.

No other single viuctual has been praised more lavishly by statesmen, philosophers, prophets and poets. It is a whole meal, from soup to nuts. Woven into fabrics, it makes warm and comfortable clothing. Dried it may be smoked in a pipe. Melted down, it is the long-sought perfect street pavement.—Baltimore Sun.

County Editor vs Millionaire.

I'd rather be a country editor and chase around for news, before I'd be a millionaire with wealth I could not use. I'd rather be a printer with patches on my breeches, than be a master of finance, with all my toths on riches. I'd rather eat my modest meat, digest the same with ease, than to sit down to a royal feast with stomach ache like John D's. To romp and frolic with my kids around our cheerful hearth, with their mother for audience to help enjoy the mirth, is better than to move about in high society, where dress and jewels make life a mockery.

'Tis true, the printer's cash gets short and dues come in a hurry, but the happy fellow does not fret—he lets the drummer worry. He always has a conscience clear, a disposition sunny; he knows that life has always joy beside the chase for money. For the molder of opinion is a happier man by far, than the man who owns a place, a yacht and a private car. And when he goes to his reward he knows that all is well, while the man who makes his wealth his god may some day go to h—l.—Selected.

Rich Men's Gifts are Poor

beside this. "I want to go on record as saying that I regard Electric Bitters as one of the greatest gifts that God has made to woman, writes Mrs. O. Rhinevault, of Vestal Centre, N. Y., "I can never forget what it has done for me." This glorious medicine gives a woman buoyant spirits, vigor of body and jubilant health. It quickly cures Nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells; soon build up the weak illing and sickly. Try them. 50c. at E. T. Whitehead Co's.

Just Like a Man.

The winter winds began to blow,
And chilled him till he knew
He must don warmer clothes, and so
He to the closet flew.
He grouped around and went it blind,
He hunted far and near;
Then he gave a roar! He could not find
That coat he wore last year!

So forth he leaped and raised a row
There was the deuce to pay!
His wife said mildly, "Maybe, now,
I gave that thing away."
At that he stormed and raved around,
And acted rude I fear!
She made a search and then she found
That coat he wore last year!

And then they had a little talk
Respecting finds like these,
And he went out and took a walk
To give his feelings ease.
Although the day was passing fair,
He gained but little cheer,
Because he knew he had to wear
The coat he wore last year!
—Chicago News.

The Wife

We go out to God's acre, and we read upon the tombstones of the poor wives who sleep quietly beneath the daisies, with their hands folded upon their breasts, of their virtues, and we think that some of the inscriptions should read, "Died of overwork." If life is a battle to man, it is more to a woman. Woman does not draw her inspiration from the same source as man. Three things she needs and must have: First, your society and companionship; second your confidence, and third, your love. She doesn't want to wait until she is dead to read her virtues on her tombstone. She wants her husband to tell her how much he loves her. There are couples, happy in the eyes of society, who in the home are nothing to each other. There are couples who blossom over with courtesies to each other, but who in their own homes are as stolid as oysters. In society the husband will almost break his neck to pick up her handkerchief if it falls, and at home will allow her to carry the coal hod. We sometimes marvel at the coolness with which a man asks a tenderly reared maiden to leave her luxurious home to cast her lot with him upon the untried sea of matrimony, and we marvel at the faith of the maiden who accepts his offer, saying: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God." Grave obligations grow out of this love and sacrifice and man's duty next to glorifying his Creator is certainly to live for woman's happiness.—Northfield News.

Common.

"We tried keeping an account of our expenditures, but after all it didn't give us a very clear idea of where the money went."
"Why not?"
"Both my wife and myself had too many items that we wanted listed as sundries."—Kansas City Journal.

A teacher at an evening school had before her a class in which were many very rough lads.
"Suppose," said the teacher, "I should say, 'Look out, boys; here comes the police!' Would that be correct?"
There was a silence. Finally a little fellow said, "No; that wouldn't be right."
"Well," inquired the teacher, "how should it be said?"
"Cheese it, cullies; here comes a cop!" was the reply.—Tit-Bits.

Foley's Honey and Tar is the best and safest cough remedy for children. A. The first symptoms of a cold, give as directed, and ward off danger of croup, bronchitis, sore throat, cold in the head, and stuffy breathing. It brings comfort and ease to the little ones. Contains no opiates or other harmful drugs. Keep always on hand, and refuse substitutes. Sold by all Druggists

Heard at the retail men's big dinner: Two commercial travelers went on a pleasure trip in an open boat and both being poor seamen lost their oars. After drifting out of sight of land and becoming exhausted, one went to sleep and the other remained on watch. Suddenly the lookout cried: "Wake up, I see a sail!" "Never mind," said his sleepy companion, "I left my samples on shore."—Boston Record.

Mrs. S. Joyce, Claremont, N. H. writes: "About a year ago I bought two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble of several years standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine, and I heartily recommend it." Sold by all Druggists.

Talk Happiness.

Talk happiness every chance
You get and
Talk it good and strong!
Look for it in
The by-ways as you grimly
Pass along;
Perhaps it is a stranger now
Whose visit never
Comes;
But talk it! Soon you'll find
That you and happiness
Are chums.

Journal of Education.

Roebottom was a roofer. He was engaged on a Muckle street house. One day as he was lunching, he was heard to give a yell of pain.

"What's the matter, Roebottom?" a carpenter asked.
"I got a nail in my foot," the roofer answered.

"Well, why don't you pull it out?" asked the carpenter.
"What? In my dinner hour?" yelled Roebottom, reproachfully. Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Peck—This talking machine record is filled with a few remarks by Mrs. Peck.
Oldbatch—It's wonderful to think that you can hear the voice of one who is not present.

Mr. Peck—And more wonderful to think that I can stop it so easily. Judge.

A sprained ankle will usually disable the injured person for three or four weeks. This is due to lack of proper treatment. When Chamberlain's Liniment is applied a cure may be effected in three or four days. This liniment is one of the best and most remarkable preparations in use. Sold by E. T. Whitehead Co.

A Muchly Interested Farmer.

A Greenville man who was motor-man in the country went into a ditch. A farmer who was passing, saw the wild plunge and remarked: "Hey young fellow, what kind of whiskey have you been drinking, anyway?" The Greenville man, willing to take a lecture, answered, naming the brand he had been using. The farmer put on an eager look and said, "Have you got any left?" Spartanburg Journal.

The peculiar properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy have been thoroughly tested during epidemics of influenza, and when it was taken in time we have not heard of a single case of pneumonia. Sold by E. T. Whitehead Company.

"It was Satan," said a mother to one of her children, "who put it into your head to pull Elie's hair."
"Perhaps it was," replied the hopeful, "but kicking her shins was my own idea." M. A. P.

Clemmense is the first law of health, inside as well as outside. Let Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea be your internal cleanser, then your organs will be pure and clean, your health good, your system right. Start tonight. E. T. Whitehead Co.

Might as well do your New Year swearing off early, also.—Louisville Herald.

If you are suffering from biliousness, constipation, indigestion, chronic headache, invest one cent in a postal card sent to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, with your name and address plainly on the back, and they will forward a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Sold by E. T. Whitehead Co.

CHRISTMAS IS RAPIDLY APPROACHING

And now is the opportune time for your Christmas shopping, as the lines are more complete and selection can easily be made. We have an elaborate display in every department. Our stock of

- Watches, Clocks, Sterling Silver, Silver Handle Umbrellas, Silver Novelties, Cut Glass, Hand Painted China-ware, Beautiful Gold Jewelry

and many staple designs to select your gifts from. We have also just received our stock of

- Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens,

which is one of the best gifts of the season. Do not put off until the last moment to select what you want, but call early and have us to lay away what you buy, so that we can give you better satisfaction. If you delay the very article you want may be sold to some one else.

Engraving is like Shopping, better be done early. We can Engrave anything that you purchase at our store.

E. T. Whitehead Company

Druggists and Jewelers.