

Advertising
to Business what Steam is to
Locomotives, that great propelling
power. This paper gives results.

C. HARDY, Editor and Proprietor.

OL. XXVI.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

"Excelsior" is Our Motto.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1910.

Good Advertisers

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

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year.

NUMBER 27.

You Get Up With a Lame Back?

Swamp-Root makes you miserable.
Most everyone knows of Dr. Kilmer's
Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and
bladder remedy, because of its remark-
able health restoring properties. Swamp-
Root fulfills almost every wish in over-
coming rheumatism, pain in the back, kid-
neys, liver, bladder and every part of the
urinary passage. It corrects inability to
stand and scalding pain in passing it.
It follows following use of liquor, wine
and overcomes that unpleasant
state of being compelled to go often
during the night.
Swamp-Root is not recommended for
men but if you have kidney, liver
or bladder trouble, it will be found just
what you need. It has been thor-
oughly tested in private practice, and has
been so successful that a special argu-
ment has been made by which all
read this paper, who have not al-
ready tried it, may have a sample bottle
sent by mail, also a book telling
about Swamp-Root, and how to
obtain same. Kid-
ney, bladder, liver, rheumatism,
gout, sciatica, etc., are cured by this
gentle, safe, and reliable medicine.
Write for this paper and your address to
Dr. J. C. Kilmer & Co., Home of Swamp-Root,
One of the Regular Fifty-cent
Bottle Size Bottles are sold by
Druggists. Don't make any mistake
in buying the name, Swamp-Root,
Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the ad-
dress, Hammonds, N. Y., on every bottle.

PAUL KITCHIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Scotland Neck, N. C.
Practices Anywhere.

SMITH & WIMBERLEY,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Scotland Neck, N. C.
Office on Depot Street.

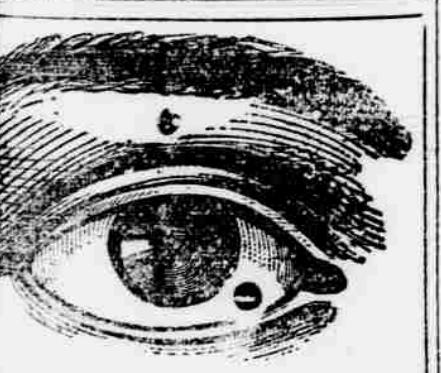
A. C. LIVERMON,
DENTIST,
Office up stairs in White
Head Building.
Hours from 9 to 1 o'clock
and 2 to 5 o'clock.

W. L. TRAVIS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT
LAW,
Halifax, N. C.
Money Loaned on Farm Lands

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

POSTED!
The lands formerly owned by
North Carolina Lumber Com-
pany, against hunting, fishing, or
passing of any kind.
S. F. DUNN, Agent
for Dr. H. H. Fries.

Us Have Your Work
McD. Rowe & Colden.
Tailoring, Pressing and Re-
mending. Guarantee prices and
workmanship. All our work done
in the building on Main Street, Scot-
land Neck, N. C.



Perfectly
Ground Lenses

Used by us in every
case. Don't buy inferior
lenses and ruin your
eyes.

Opticists' Prescriptions
accurately filled.

Hucker, Hall & Co.,
The Expert Opticians,
3 Granby St., Norfolk, Va.
Catalogue on Application.
Make our store your head-
quarters while in Norfolk.

**PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM**
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Prevents dandruff and itching scalp.
Keeps the hair soft and glossy.
Cures itching humors & hair falling
out. Sold by Druggists.

E. E. POWELL SENT TO PRISON FOR THIRTY YEARS

The Sentence Means Life Imprisonment for the Slayer of Policeman C. W. Dunn.

HE TALKS OF HIS CRIME AND HIS VICTIMS.

Swears he Loved Police Chief
and Was Fond of Travis and
Kitchin. Declares he has no
Recollection of Having Shot
Either of Them. The Com-
promise Submission to Second
Degree Murder Acceptable to
Both Sides and to the Presiding
Judge.

Warrenton, June 29.—The attorneys,
relatives and principals in the
Powell case opened the deferred
session this morning with the an-
nouncement of an agreement to
murder in second degree and Judge
Ward gave the patriarchal prisoner
thirty years in the penitentiary.

But for a suggestion yesterday
afternoon that such action might
take place, this would have struck
the populace with the same unpre-
paredness as that of March 4th when
the old man shot down three of
Halifax's most prominent men. It
wasn't the first move to compro-
mise.

Yesterday afternoon when Juror
Hicks became ill, the sight of mis-
trials loomed large in the court's
eyes. He went from the courtroom
groggy as the fighters have it, but
came up fresh this morning, hopeful
of running the race. There was no
guarantee of it. Congressman
Claude Kitchin yesterday told your
correspondent that he didn't think
compromise likely. The newspaper
men appreciating the untold moral
effect that publishing this item would
have had, in the event of a mistrial
or another postponement, kept it
under their hats. It was great stuff
to miss, but the fellows kept the
faith with Judge Ward. He is what
Roosevelt calls a bully good fellow
and nobody would betray him. It
wasn't necessary to do that, though,
because we knew it anyway.

The State slept upon the matter,
however. It became certain that
with the evidence in hand, the State
had not made out premeditation
entirely, nor was the defense of in-
sanity very potent. They had their
elements of doubt, but each of these
went in favor of the defense.

Mr. Kitchin this morning told your
correspondent that feeling that the
jury could not convict absolutely,
Mr. Powell is and old Confederate
soldier, (now nearly seventy) the
death penalty would be hard to ask
for or receive, and all hands agreed
to the compromise.

Judge Ward liked the solution.
Governor Aycock made an address
of less than twenty-five words to the
court. He said:

"Your honor, after consultation
with the attorneys and relatives,
we have tendered a plea of murder
in the second degree." Solicitor
Kerr, arising for the State, said:
"The State accepts the plea and prays
the court's judgment."

Immediately thereafter Judge
Ward said: "The court approves the
course taken by the prosecution and
the defense. I have no idea that the
jury after hearing all of the evi-
dence would take to the plea of in-
sanity and acquit the defendant. I have
had considerable experience with
criminal cases in the courthouse, six
years as solicitor and six years on the
bench. While there is some evi-
dence of premeditation and delib-
eration, I do not believe this
would be sufficient under the deci-
sions of our courts to sanction a ver-
dict of murder in first degree. I
have no doubt that if the case had
gone on, the jury would have reach-
ed the same verdict as is now enter-
ed."

Governor Aycock asked that the
entry of second degree murder be
made and it was.

In sentencing Powell Judge Ward
did not use an extra word. He made
no recommendations as to the kind
of labor at which the aged man is to
be put, and all of that is left to the
penitentiary authorities. Laying
one fact upon another, Congress-
man Kitchin said that while the ver-
dict will not be entirely sanctioned
in Halifax, it will be as nearly satis-
factory as any that could have been
made. Many Scotland Neckers de-
clared themselves satisfied, the
prisoner's sympathizers especially,
while not a few of the friends of the

parties to the prosecution, showed
their willingness to let the matter
drop.

AN INTERVIEW WITH POWELL.
As soon as was practicable Sheriff
R. E. Davis, of Warren county, con-
signed the man to his cell and allowed
your correspondent to interview him.

Immediately following the trial,
Powell turned to the Joseys and
kept up a running inaudible conver-
sation with them. He wept but
slightly, and upon his most flexible
face there wasn't the sign of a smile,
the kind that has marked his insane
sneer as detailed by his relatives. But
he is communicative on prohibi-
tion. It is his pet aversion. He
believes in it with all of his heart,
and after a few preliminaries he
opened up.

"I heard them say on the trial,"
he began, "that I cussed out the
courts and threatened to kill Charlie
Dunn. I never said a word against
Charlie Dunn in my life. I know,
too; that no man ever cussed Charlie
Dunn without getting knocked
down. He used to show me his fists
and I asked him what was the mat-
ter with them. He told me that he
bruised them up hitting a nigger. No,
sir, people didn't insult him
without getting hurt. Talk about me
hitting him. I didn't have the
strength of a ten-year-old boy. Once
he said I worried him and he had
a notion to slap me. But I told
him always when he saw me getting
that way to lay his hand on my
shoulder. I knew that would stop
me."

"I kept hearing my daughters talk
about me being a drinking man. They
were right. I didn't drink. I used
to when I was a young man, but
it hurt me and I quit. I never
sold any whiskey, and it never made
me crazy. The witnesses were wrong
about that."

Mr. Powell told of various things
that came out in the trial. He re-
membered them accurately and
said that while he recalled his daugh-
ter's story of his action the after-
noon of the shooting, he hadn't a
memory of it.

"I hope God will throw me out of
the window if I ever knew that I
shot those men. Why, they were my
friends. I like Paul Kitchin as well
as I ever did. I always voted with
him and did what I could for him. I
wanted to speak to him during the
trial, but was afraid he was mad
with me. I felt that way about lots
of the witnesses who came from
Halifax. I haven't anything against
them."

DECLARES HE LOVED POLICE CHIEF.

"The man I loved best of all was
Charley Dunn, and next to him I
loved the dog he gave me. And
when I found my self in jail on the
charge of shooting my best friend,
I never did believe it. I can't un-
derstand if I shot three times why I
didn't shoot five. If I ever shot at
Richard Kitchin or he at me, I didn't
know it."

"Yes, I said something about 'agri-
cultural trimmer,' but I didn't say
it exactly like the witnesses told it
to the judge. I ain't got nothing
against prohibition"—and the old
man smiled and laughed outright.
"I prophesied that they would have
trouble in Halifax, that God knows
best and one of these days there
would be a hail storm that I called
an agricultural trimmer. It came
in June. It knocked everything to
pieces. The neighbors were all
moaning about it. I was a cussing
man then, don't cuss now. I said
'you got off damned light.' And the
old fellow brightened up."

Sheriff Davis, a thoroughly sym-
pathetic, good fellow, said "Mr. Powell,
what makes you so lively this morn-
ing? This is the first time that I have
seen you laugh since you came here."
And on the outside there was a big-
hearted colored janitor, who chimed
in: "Hit shore is, Mr. Powell, I ain't
seed you this way before." The old
man looked up and said: "Well, you
are talking sense to me. Generally
when anybody comes in to talk to
me he has to tell me that I am a
damned liar the first thing, and it
irritates me. They always make me
feel bad."

"Now they said I was crazy about
prohibition. But I ain't. I don't

care anything about it, but it hurts
trade. I used to sell \$100 worth of
goods from two o'clock to sunset
when they had saloons, but you can't
do it now. It breaks up everything.
It has ruined the State. When a
man wants to get a drink of liquor
now, he has to buy a gallon and gets
drunk. It used to be that when a
man wanted a drink, he could come
here, buy half a pint or a pint, take
a drink or two and go about his
business. Oh, it has ruined the
State."

Sheriff Davis took issue with him.
"Prohibition didn't hurt your busi-
ness, Mr. Powell. You don't attend
to it now as you used to. That's the
reason."

The old fellow was now happy. He
was talking on his favorite text.
He was asked if he wasn't a Republi-
can. Therein he showed his only
feeling. He wasn't. "I wasn't a
Democrat much either," he added.
"I just voted the way they wanted
me to. Mr. Paul Kitchin always
was on the right side and he told me
how to vote. Then I looked around
and saw what the people of Scotland
Neck wanted and helped to get it
for them."

"And now I am going to the peni-
tentiary for thirty years. I wonder
what will they make me do, sheriff?"
The sheriff couldn't tell him, but
said they would treat him right. He
doesn't want to keep books.

DAUGHTERS BREAK DOWN.

Though the old gentleman re-
ceived his sentence without emotion,
without change of countenance
ever, their interview a few moments
was most affecting. It moved him
also. They sat in the vestibule half
an hour with him, the first time
that they had spoken during the
trial. The seventy year old father
wept audibly, by sobs and silently.
Then he listened to them. The men
present were moved, Sheriff Davis
declaring it hard to hold himself
within the bounds that mark the
stout hearted officer from the tender
layman.

From there he went to jail—pre-
pared to embark upon the first Ral-
eigh train. It was in this place that
the newspaper man had the first
talk with him. Again there was op-
portunity when the train stopped at
Warren Plains old man Banjo Rob-
ertson, who has picked up fame
from the banjo strings all the way
from New Orleans to Louisville, played
to Powell and he danced himself
down. Sheriff Davis had to stop
him.

PRISONER TALKS ON WAY TO RALEIGH.

On the way to Raleigh the pris-
oner was interviewed. He was asked
about Billy Be Damned, Congress-
man Claude Kitchin's horse, now
famous. The animal belonged to
Powell but Claude Kitchin resuscitated
him. "Yes, I owned Billy," the
prisoner admitted. "That was long
ago. He could trot it in three and a
half and I could pass everybody."

He told about decorating his dog.
He liked to dress him up daily. He
couldn't give much reason. He ad-
mitted also going often to the grave
of his son. "I seemed to be able to
see everybody's spirit but his," he
explained. "I tried to get lots of the
Scotland Neck people to go with me,
but they didn't have the nerve. I
went there often at night."

At one time he mused upon his
sentence. "If I could get the paper
from home, I wouldn't mind it. Can't
you have them sent it to me? I
don't want to go away," and the
old man cried pitifully. It didn't
last a second, though and he added,
"But it don't make any difference; I
ain't going to live more than thirty
or forty days." He had to be con-
soled again weeping uncontrollably.

POWELL AS A WIT.

The sheriff and your correspondent
didn't tarry much longer in the jail.
But en route the old fellow, with
malice towards none, entertained
everybody on the train and he asked
that the newspaper men thank Miss
Tannehill and Mrs. Graham for their
kindness to him in Warrenton. They
are all that he can remember from
among the many that he received
ministrations from. "I reckon I
would have been dead if I had eat
all that they sent me," he said, and
he was happy over their kindness.
"I never knew what it was to get
into society until I went to the peni-
tentiary and Warrenton jail," he
laughed. "They fed me nearly to
death."

The old fellow swears that he is
one ex-Confederate who never sur-
rendered. He told the sheriff that
he had fought all through Virginia,
from Beersheba to Dan, from Gene-
simo to Revelation, using those terms,
but he would still be fighting. "I
fought more times than Carter had

oats," he declared, "and he raised a
big crop. And this is the thanks I
get for it." This was his only wit.

THINKS HE WILL SURVIVE SENTENCE.

But the old fellow is planning for
his Scotland Neck residence after he
serves his time. He seems to think
there is life in the old land yet.

And thus has he been since his
trial ended. It wouldn't do for
men to try him in some spot un-
known with the advantage of having
heard him talk in his garrulous un-
meaningness. Many people believe
that he killed the deputy and shot
the two distinguished men when in
his insane belief that Kitchin was
defending two prohibitionist, he
laid hands upon the embittered old
fellow. There is just no reason for
guessing at it. There is no way to
become enlightened.

INTERESTING INCIDENT OF THE TRIAL.

Warrenton, June 29.—Mrs. W. T.
Eure and Miss Alice Powell, daugh-
ters of the defendant, E. E. Powell;
Aquila Powell, his son, and the Jo-
seys, sat in the court room this morn-
ing as comforters to the prisoner
and the prosecuting witnesses, chief
of whom are Representative Paul
Kitchin and Dr. H. I. Clark, took
their places on the other side. Three
of the Dunn family are also in the
enclosure, but they are attorneys, and
until the opening of the court today,
they have not been called as witness-
es, nor have they figured in the ex-
aminations or the interposition of
objections.

The prisoner has shown some emo-
tion at times. Whether recurrent
sanity, a ruse or fatherly affection,
the mention of his dead son's name
brings tears to his face. It is con-
ceded by the few who observe it, a
genuinely feeling. The dead boy was
his favorite. As the old man wrote
messages to the spirit offices and
scrawled his insensate valedictories
to the loved and lost boy, so does
memory of him revive the feeling
and this has been the sole circum-
stance showing lucidity at all. Of
course the old fellow looks at his
lawyers and follows the examination,
but the defense never has claimed
that at all times the prisoner was
absolutely bughouse. Members of
the household do not hold it true.
But all witnesses are giving it as
their opinion that Powell was never
long at a time capable of comprehending
the enormity of his crime.

In the dramatic aftermath to the
shooting, when Miss Alice Powell
was trying to quiet him, he exclaimed
as he saw the gathering and excited,
not to say frenzied neighbors,
"I am not afraid, I have faced thou-
sands." That might not have been
well to relate, but Miss Powell did
not impress one as "framing up"
anything. Even in that insane ex-
citement, Powell showed a flash of
intelligence. He did not believe the
crowd would do him up and when
younger Kitchin shot, he answered
the shooting with one of his own.

The matter of insanity having arisen
in such multifarious ways, one
hardly meets a friend who doesn't
begin to suspect himself. The wit-
nesses have given circumstances of
irrationality, common to practically
every man alive. One man says
Powell's most shining piece of idiocy
was his tendency after walking
down street to turn and walk back.
He was a dancer even as Herodias
and Terepichore, while he could fiddle
like Nero and cuss like all the
naval forces. He didn't have a single
monomania, but a regular caravansary
of bugs, each aberration
seeming monstrous until its fellow
absurdity came to take its place.
Yet nearly all of these appeared in
consequential to the layman who had
to laugh at individual instances.
The lying on the boy's grave appears
the most aggravated element of a
disordered mind.

The story is told of Ben Johnson
that the old lord of English litera-
ture did not believe the Lisbon earth-
quake ever took place, that he ac-
cepted the Cock Lane ghost story, while
Andrew Jackson was a believer in
the four corners and legs of the
earth, and Stonewall Jackson daily
believed that one of his legs was
growing shorter. Nearly every
man has a single truancy of mind,
but the monomaniac of a smart fel-
low like Powell is as absurd as that
of a groveling idiot. John Alexan-
der Dowie thought he was Elijah the
second, or John the Baptist done

No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach



A strong man is strong all over. No man can be
strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its
consequent indigestion, or from some other disease
of the stomach and its associated organs, which im-
pairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach
is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition
contained in food, which is the source of all physical
strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right,"
when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable
feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despond-
ent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical
Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other
organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood,
invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes
the nerves, and so GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO
THE WHOLE BODY.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-
alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer
may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.

over, and yet he was smart enough
to skin Zion City alive.

But this isn't saying Powell is a
pretender. There are too many
good witnesses testifying to his long-
time insanity to make it appear a
put-up job. And then the defense
isn't asking that he be acquitted for
the purpose of sending him back to
Halifax to home. His people do not
want him there. They want him
confined safe from those who wish
him harm and from those whom he
would do damage. The plea of in-
sanity in this case has far more of
merit in it than most of those spuri-
ous defenses set up where men make
killing in haste and repent at leisure.

Warrenton is taking care of the
people well. The Daughters of the
Confederacy are spreading lunch to
the visitors in the old hotel and rais-
ing money for a monument. The
Norwood House has been jammed,
but the place has cared for the
extra hundreds and the town has
been abundantly worthwhile.

THAT DECORATED DOG.

And now one final fling at that col-
laborated canine creation, Powell's
decorated dog. The sacred cow of
China isn't in it with him. The old
gentleman admitted fixing him up a
bit, but couldn't give much reason
for it.

This morning traditions crept out.
One of the Halifax boys was talking
to a paper representative. "Had
you heard what made the old man
bedeck his dog in all of that ribbon
finery?" Of course nobody had
heard, and he began:

"Now when you saw him with red
ribbon on, that meant that Powell
had the best red eye licker going.
You would find him next with yellow
ribbon, and yaller corn was flush that
say."

"Shut your mouth," ex-Solicitor
Walter Daniel said to his friend.
But it had already leaked out. The
third color, blue, meant that brandy
flowed like rivers and all the world
was a duck.

Mr. Powell says this isn't so. He
had only the artistic in mind when
he fixed his dog up. He had to
laugh at the ingenuity of the idea,
but said that so far from publishing
his wet goods with ribbon, he didn't
have any.

"Billy Be Damned" and the dog
will live as long as there is a memory
of the trial.

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

Howard—When Dr. Incision op-
erated on me he left a pair of surgi-
cal scissors in my anatomy. Can I
sue him for damages?

Lawyer—Better just send him a
large bill for storage.—Life.

Teething children have more or
less diarrhoea, which can be controlled
by giving Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All
that is necessary is to give the pre-
scribed dose after each operation of
the bowels more than natural and
then castor oil to cleanse the system.
It is safe and sure. Sold by E. T.
Whitehead & Company.

"The professor declares he can't
read that woman's mind."
"What excuse does he make?"
"He says she changed it three
times while she was on the platform."
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Napoleon's Grit.

Was of the unconquerable, never-
say-die kind, the kind that you need
most when you have a bad cold,
cough or lung disease. Suppose
troches, cough syrups, cod liver oil
or doctors have all failed, don't lose
heart or hope. Take Dr. King's
New Discovery. Satisfaction is
guaranteed when used for any throat
or lung trouble. It has saved thou-
sands of hopeless sufferers. It masters
stubborn colds, obstinate coughs,
hemorrhages, la grippe, croup, as-
thma, hay fever and whooping cough
and is the most certain remedy
for all bronchial affections. 50c.
\$1.00. Trial bottle free at E. T.
Whitehead and Company.

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A First-Class Preparatory School.
Certificates of graduation ac-
cepted for entrance to leading
Southern Colleges.
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teachers. Campus of 75 acres.
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40,000 bound volumes. Well
equipped gymnasium. High
standards and modern methods
of instruction. Frequent lec-
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Graduate, Engineering, Law,
and Education. Large library
facilities. Well-equipped labora-
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science. Gymnasium furnished
with best apparatus. Expense
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investigate the superior advan-
tages offered by the new Depart-
ment of Education in Trinity
College.
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R. L. FLOWERS, Secretary,
Durham, N. C.

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women of North Carolina. Four
regular Courses leading to Degrees.
Special Courses for Teachers. Fall
Session begins September 14, 1910.
Those desiring to enter should apply
as early as possible. For catalogue
and other information address
JULIUS I. FOUST, President, Greensboro, N. C.

The North Carolina College of Agriculture AND MECHANIC ARTS.

The State's college for training in-
dustrial workers. Courses in Agri-
culture, Horticulture, Animal Hus-
bandry and Dairying; in Civil, Elec-
trical and Mechanical Engineering;
in Cotton Milling and Dyeing; in
Industrial Chemistry; and in Agri-
cultural Teaching.
Entrance examinations at each
county seat on the 14th of July.
D. H. HILL, President,
6-21-4t West Raleigh, N. C.

New Market!

Having bought out
the market business
of J. W. Gardner, I
am now located at his
old stand on Main
street, and shall keep on hand
the very best beef, fresh pork,
sausage, etc., and shall do my
best to please the trade, giving
all the time good weights and
prompt attention to all orders.

H. H. MOORE

Scotland Neck, N. Carolina.
Wanted—To buy good beef
cattle, country hams, eggs,
chickens, etc., at the highest
market price.

House Painting!

Furniture, etc., white-wash, kal-
sominer. I go anywhere. Satisfac-
tion guaranteed. Write or call on
REV. J. H. SMITH, Jr., Box No. 172,
Scotland Neck, N. C.

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