

THE COMMONWEALTH.
Scotland Neck, N. C.
An uncompromising Democratic Journal.
Published every Thursday morning.
J. B. NEAL, Temporary Manager.
Subscription Rates:
Copy 1 Year, \$2.00.
6 Months, \$1.00.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor. "THE LAND WE LOVE." Terms: \$2.00 per year in Advance.
VOL. I. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1883. NO. 21.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.
SCOTLAND NECK.
For—W. A. Dunn, Commissioners—Noel Biggs, J. R. Balch, R. M. Johnson, J. Y. Savage.
First Tuesday in each month at 4 o'clock, P. M.
For Police—C. W. Dunn.
Assistant Police—A. David, W. D. Shields, C. F. Speel, Sol. Alexander.
Assessor—R. M. Johnson.
K—J. Y. Savage.

"NOBODY'S LITTLE JIM."
[From the Living Church.]
"Nobody's Little Jim" shows genuine poetical force. After an exceedingly careful perusal, it really delights me to be justified in calling it (me judice) a poem.
PAUL H. HAYNE.
"Something for Christmas, my little lad,"
And the speaker hastened away,
From the pious look in the wistful eyes,
"Something for what, did you say?"
It was Christmas eve and through hurried
Hundreds had passed that day,
But no heart was touched by the wail
Pined for.
Save this one that had passed on its way,
To give to the tattered, starving child
Out of his slender store.
"There was little to earn and many to
keep."
But the poor can feel for the poor.
Last in thought he was hurrying on,
When there fell on his ear deep sighs,
And out of the snowflakes, as might there
burned
The pat of so hungry eyes.
A tiny figure in fluttering rags,
Tangled curls, "heat an old hat brim.
Thin little hands on his ragged knees
Sat "nobody's little Jim."
"I did not see you," the man's voice said,
"And he smiled in the face so white,
"Something for Christmas, my little lad,"
"Can you get out of the cold now, good-night!"
"Good-night," cried the tremulous voice,
And then
Down went the head on the snow,
"Something for what did you say?" sobbed
Jim.
"Something for who I don't know!"
"I can't take it to bed, it is not mine."
"To and fro swayed the child's thin form
As the chill blast swept up the lonely
street.
And wild and bleak raged the storm!
"She struck me such dreadful blows when
sue said,
"Don't show your lean face here to-day,
Be off and get something I don't care how."
To pay me or let you stay,
You are nobody's child, and you needn't
think
A woman that's poor can keep
A place where beggars can always come.
For something to eat and sleep."
"No, I cannot take it, it was not for me,
How cold and hungry I've been all day,
I'll just sit here till he comes again,
For there is no where that I can go,
I'm afraid to creep back to my bed to-
night.
I must stay out here in the snow!"
On the curbstone rested the little head
(The torn hat had been whirled away.)
And softly the white flakes covered him
over
In the little heap where he lay.
The snow drifted down and the city slept,
And when morning dawned bright and
fair,
At the crossing still sat the tiny form,
But poor little Jim was not there!
They lifted him up in his tattered rags,
The snow had melted in his breast,
And a calm, sweet smile on the baby
mouth
That told of an exquisite rest,
Ten pitiful cents in the frozen hand,
Loss and gain to him by whom given,
And temptation sore for a little child,
Then the gateway from earth to heaven.
Oh! God, on Thy mercy touch the hearts
Of those who could drive away
The hunger, and cold and wretchedness
Haunting Thy poor night and day,
Let a ray of light on the twilight break
Of the souls that will not see,
Inasmuch as ye go for the least of these.
Ye do it unto me."
ANN ALEX. CAMERON,
Hillsboro, N. C.

CHURCHES:
Pastor—J. D. Rufian, D. D., Pastor,
Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock, A.
and at 7, P. M. Also on Saturday
at the first Sunday at 11 o'clock, A.
Prayer Meeting every Wednesday
at 8 o'clock, P. M.
Sunday School on Sabbath morn-
ing.
Baptist—Eld. Andrew Moore,
Services every third Saturday
Sunday morning.
Methodist—Rev. C. W. Byrd, Pastor,
Services at 3 o'clock, P. M. on the second
fourth Sunday. Sunday School on
Sabbath morning.
Episcopal—Rev. H. G. Hilton, Rector,
Services every first, second and third
days at 10 o'clock, A. M. Sunday
of every Sabbath morning.
Reading of Bible class on Thursday
at the residence of Mr. P. E. Smith.
Episcopals—(colored.) George Norwood,
Pastor. Services every fourth Sunday
at 10 o'clock, A. M., and 7, P. M. Sun-
school on Sabbath morning.

COUNTY.
For Court Clerk and Probate
Judge—John F. Gregory.
For Court—Geo. T. Simmons.
For Deeds—J. M. Grizzard.
For—A. J. Burton.
For—R. J. Lewis.
For—J. H. Jenkins.
For—E. P. Browning.
For Pub. Instruction—D. C. Clark.
For of the Poor House—John Ponton.
Commissioners—Chairman, Anton Pres-
ler, Sterling Johnson, Dr. W. R. R.
ood, John A. Morfleet, and M.
Whitehead.
For Court—Every third Monday
in March and September.
For Court—Every third Monday in
January, My. August and November.
For of Inferior Court—T. N. Hill.

DIGGING THE PANAMA CANAL.
The largest dredging machine ever
constructed will be launched in this
within a few weeks. This im-
mense mud digger is one of the three
constructed by Slaven Bros., of
ornia, at Zetty's Island, the aggre-
gate cost of which will be over \$300,
000. The one so near comple-
tion is 100 feet long, 60 feet wide,
12 feet deep. When all three
are in place it will contain 350,
000 of iron. On each of the three
dredges there will be eight
steam engines, the pair of high-
speed engines which run the
age being of 250-horse power.
The dredges are of a new
and work with a series of
nets on an endless chain. These
eighteen of the buckets to each
line which can dig and dispose
520 cubic yards of dirt in an
hour, or a combined capacity per
hour for the three dredges of 4,860
cubic yards. Thus in four months,
digging twelve hours a day, they
will dig out 9,290,000 cubic feet,
canal eighty feet wide, twelve
feet deep, and nearly fifty miles long.
The dirt is scooped up in the
nets it is run up the long arm of
dredger fifteen or twenty feet
high. The upper is made of iron,
weighs five and a half tons,
and in the hopper the dirt is forced
machinery into and through a
pipe, three feet in diameter and
long to its place of deposit. The
hopper has a fall of eighteen feet, and
insure the easy passage of the
through it, a heavy stream of
water is constantly forced through
stoppage in the work of digging
never very long. The dredger
is upon a "spit" or pin, upon
which it can be revolved without
moving the dredging buckets, thus
allowing the operators to dig from
side to side at will. The machinery
of the first dredger, which was man-
ufactured in California, is now here,
as soon as the hull is launched
it will be placed on board. Before
the big digger to Aspinwall a
number of preliminary test will be
made with it in the Delaware River.
The second dredger will be com-
menced soon as the first is launched,
and work on the third will be started
soon as the second is finished.
The Canal Construction and Bank-
ing Company, of which the Messrs.
Slaven are agents, in addition to the
digging of the dredgers, have a
contract with the Panama Canal
Company to dig out ten miles of the
canal, for which they are to be paid
\$1,000,000. Mr. L. Ward, who is
Superintendent of Construction
and in connection with this building
of dredgers in this city, has just ar-
rived here from the Isthmus of Pana-
ma where he has put up sixty-eight
dredging along the proposed canal
connection with this \$2,000,000
contract. He says the work prepar-
ing for the commencement of dig-
ging the great canal is about fin-
ished. The canal company has so
spent about \$20,000,000, and he
does not doubt that the canal will be
completed within the ten years spe-
cified by the engineers. There are,
he says, about 5,000 men at work,
—*Intelligencer Record.*

A DAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.
[For The Commonwealth.]
As the time is approaching when
those who spend their Summers
away from home will begin to look
around for a place to go, we deem it
not out of place to give some things
that may be seen and heard in our
own State:
Much has been written and said
about Western North Carolina, or
"Cloud Land." All can never be
told. We propose to give only one
day's observation, or a bird's eye
view of Asheville, thence to the
Warm Springs, and a few things in
and about the Springs themselves.
As Asheville, as is well known, lies
West of the Blue Ridge Mountains,
A lovelier situation for an ideal home-
stead would be hard to find, and, if
ever the star of our destiny impels
us to migrate from our own attractive
East, our future site is chosen.
Think of a home from the windows
of which one hundred and eighty
lofty, emerald sugar loaves, spires,
domes and pyramids may be count-
ed!
The dwellers of this Mountain-
girt "Happy Valley," as a rule,
have not made the most of their op-
portunities in locating their houses.
One wonders why they build in the
hollows or under a hill-side, when by
going a little farther they could be
in daily communication with an
earthly paradise. But it only goes
to show that "too great familiarity
breeds contempt."
Those who have always been ac-
customed to this glorious mountain
scenery seem to care but little for it.
Nothing specially in the town de-
mands the attention of the tourist or
correspondent, but the surroundings
are exquisite, and the numerous di-
verging roads will carry the enthu-
siastic traveler through as charm-
ing stretches of idyllic landscape as his
imagination ever dreamed of.
Visitors to this so-called "Land
of the Sky" make Asheville their
headquarters, sailing in every di-

rection by rail or wagon, by stage or
luggy, on foot or horseback, as taste
may induce. And even by the use
of all these means of locomotion it
will take along time to exhaust the
probabilities of this favored region.
Some enterprising genius has had a
miniature river steam boat built, and
launched upon the troubled waters
of the French Broad river, intending
to make daily excursion up that im-
petuous stream. So far the scheme
has been a failure on account of the
too shoaly channel and too many
rocky obstructions. These are to be
circumvented in some way by the
liberal use of dynamite, and the boat
is to make the trip by next season.
One of the most noticeable features
of the town is its rough-paved, cob-
ble stone sidewalks—no, "primrose
paths of dalliance," these especially,
if you have corns. The natives walk
in the street a fashion soon adopted
by the stranger.

The Railroad rides from Asheville
to the Warm Springs, along the
French Broad river, is a gallery of
pictures and poetry in roseate tints.
For fifty miles, perhaps a hundred,
this shallow, noisy river goes rizing
and leaping merrily over ledges,
rocks, vertice strata of upturned
granite and natural dams—jumping
over all obstructions or drilling
through them, till it must be out of
breath and lifeless long before reach-
ing its "tomb by the sounding sea."
Throughout its race with locomotive
it is bordered and fringed by a
mosaic of easy-sloping hillsides,
solange pine-clad mountain tops,
jagged beetling cliffs, and grotesque
columns that re-echo into an infinite
variety of the happiest phantas-
magoria that ever pleased the eye on
painted description.

The line of the Railroad follows
close to the banks of the river making
frequent crossings to shun some
dreadful gorges. It is a fall into the
granite jaws of Charybdis beyond,
from whose destructive crush es-
cape seems impossible. But modern
engineering is equal to the occasion,
and our winged horse bears us on
triumphantly at a rate never dreamed
of by Jehu or Pegasus.

It is one of the most enjoyable
Railroad rides in the world. The
cars never follow one direction long
at a time, but taking Hogarth's line
of beauty, "thro' many a winding
bout of linked sweetness long drawn
out," go swerving from side to side
making all points of the compass,
using rail and ties with a reckless
prodigality that bears about the same
proportion to the actual miles gained
as did Jack's "intolerable deal of
sack to the penny's worth of bread."
And so we go till Warm Springs is
reached. This is a post-office station
of about a dozen houses, situated in
another of those charming little val-
leys of the French Broad. Arriving
here, almost every body gets off, and
the bustle is quite disproportioned
to the place. But we are now at
the Southern Saratoga, the fashion-
able resort of both health and pleas-
ure seekers from here to the Gulf.
The arrival of the train is the feature
of the day.

Taking our place in line with the
group of pilgrims, we ambled along
at a free and easy route step towards
the pretensions hotel, on the piazza
of which the band stood playing for
our benefit something like those
tantalizing strains "When Johnny
Comes Marching Home." All of us
would have preferred hearing "that
toccata of the soul"—the dinner bell.
Only one hotel is found here; the
proprietor having a monopoly of the
Springs it is useless for other land-
lords to enter the field. The Warm
Springs hotel is a great, rambling,
three-story, barracks like structure,
having one or two thousand feet of
colonnade under the light and shadow
of which the peripatetic may exercise
undisturbed by rain or sunshine. A
handsome natural park surrounds
the hotel; the river, here grown con-
siderably wider, flows in ceaseless
melody close at hand, while beyond,
and embracing all in an irregular
ellipse of majestic, serrated ridges
lie the silent, ever during mountains,
a beautiful and satisfying retreat
for both the heart-sick invalid and
the robust sight-seer.

One could wish that the hotel
were conducted on more business-
like principles, especially the
price of board, three dollars per day,
would amply justify the landlord in
conducting his house more like
Northern resorts where comfort and
luxuries so abound. But seeing that
more guests come here than can be
accommodated; that the daily cash
receipts are from one to two thousand
dollars per diem, one half of which is
net profit, and that mine host has
nothing to fear from competition,
perhaps it is not to be wondered at
that the furnishings and accommoda-
tions are so execrable.
Of course every new comer tries a
hot bath. This remarkable Spring,
near the hotel, has been formed into
two separate plunge baths, containing
four or five feet depth of water at a
constant temperature of one hundred
and four, Fahrenheit.

The novice enters very timidly, as
the water is uncomfortably hot, at
first, to most persons, but soon be-

comes soothing, velvety and agree-
able. By some these waters are re-
garded as the actual Fountain of
Youth; the universal solvent, the
elixir of life; the certain panacea for
all the ills to which flesh is heir, and
the half-stiffed bather almost expects
to hold sweet converse with the
Shades of Galen and Hippocrates, of
Chiron and Apollo, of Aesculapius
and Hygiea and all the rest of them.
Five minutes is the usual time to
remain in this natural teapot. You
can have a cold shower bath upon
emerging, if you like. The water
constantly boils up under your feet,
in moderate quantities, and is carried
off by an overflow pipe at the top of
the wall, so that the water is always
fresh and clean. This Spring has
long been a purse of Fortunatus to
his lucky owners, who claim for it
marvelous curative properties, hold-
ing that it is not the parboiling water
that "ministers to the mind diseas-
ed"; plucks from the memory a rooted
sorrow—"makes the lame to jump
and the halt to dance"—but that the
happy mingling of certain occult
chemicals effects these wonderful
transformations.

Although a quiet invalid reposes
here and there about the pretty lawn,
by far the largest number of the six
or seven hundred sojourners here are
robust, gay, and happy revellers, seek-
ing novelty, pleasure and some way
to kill time. The ladies, as is usual
at these places, predominate in num-
bers, over the opposite sex, and seem
to live rather a listless life during
the day, but like the mocking bird,
and the nightingale come out strong
after the day is done. Night brings
out our Southern women, as well as
the stars, to the best advantage.
The ball-room nightly presents a gay
and festive scene, where time-killing
is carried on after the most approved
fashion until the midnight constella-
tions look down in wonder from their
magnificent resting place in the
Zenith.

The feminine toilet at these Springs
is not carried to that painful degree
of elegance; to that elaborate super-
fluity of ruffles and furbelows, that
urush the pens of correspondents
at Eastern watering places an endless
topic. However, the ladies dress
very tastefully, and always look as
fresh and charming as the beautiful
surroundings of this pleasant resort.

The next gayest place after the
ball-room is the dining-room during
meals. About two hundred are se-
ated at once, and, as it takes a provok-
ingly long time to get waited on, you
have ample opportunity to exercise
your power of observation, and study
human nature.
Just under the dining-room seems
to be another attractive resort—
the most popular of all, if one may
judge from the constant stream of
fellows passing down, carefully re-
moving their quills on entering and
wiping their lips as they reappear.
Sitting near this mysterious entrance,
from time to time a strange, soothing,
clinking and jingling liquid like mel-
ody is borne upon one's ears, and the
laxial listener catches fragments of
some such cabalistic sentences as
these: "Sugar and nutmeg in mine,
please." "I want mine sour with
plenty of ice." "No, I thank you, too
not—peach and honey will do me."
"Did you say mint juleps for six?"
"Some moonshine, crooked, if you
have it;" "Di' any body say apple-
jack?"

And so they continue to ring the
changes in this heathen dialect till
the unsophisticated hearer thinks he
is dreaming along with Rip Van
Winkle in the far off Catskills.
Numerous points of interest in the
vicinity, good roads, and the best of
saddle-horses tempt frequent horse-
back rides. The object most visited
is "Paint Rock," a rugged cliff one
hundred and fifty feet high, six miles
from the Springs. It is properly
called "Paint Rock," because there
is no point on it. Of course this
place has a "Lover's Leap"—no well
regulated resort would be without
one.

As much as we might desire to
write, for our pen is just getting lim-
ber, there must be a limit; and this
letter has already reached the limit
we could ask you to insert, therefore
we must stop, but we ask you to bear
only for one or two generalities, as
we have finished "One day among the
Mountains." A few words in refer-
ence to the general mountain table.
As a general thing they groan with
good things that would have quite won
the heart of Dr. Johnson and set Fal-
staff singing pieces of joy. The Moun-
tain honey, pure and undiluted with
glucose; the ambrosial butter, innocent
of margarine, the thick cream, whose
golden currents are uncorrupted by
"evil communications;" the tea and
coffee, which are nectars surpassing
those handed around the Olympian
table by Ganymede; the pies such as
not even "Gail Hamilton" or Carl
Schurz would have the heart to snub
—these are some of the euppeptic
inducements to a prolonged stay
among the Mountains, while the
abounding scenery suggests "that life
might be all poetry, and all weariness
a name." But the sunsets are the
crowning glory of this fairy land.
When the blazing King of day, in all

his "pride of power and pomp of her
alding," submits to the inevitable and
sinks into his western tomb, and—
"Twilight melts beneath the morn away,"
flushing the hills below—gilding
the clouds above with—
"The light that never was on sea or land,"
the beholder stands on the brink of
a new world, some undiscovered coun-
try from which he shall nevermore
return. He has drained Circe's cup
and stands transfixed.

The clouds of this "Cloud Land"
also deserve notice. As you stand
on some of the summits you see a
rosary of majestic clouds encircling
the peaks of other with a necklace of
lurid glory. Turning in another di-
rection, where a moment ago a bound-
less sea of foam rolled in white bil-
lows, you now see a conjugation of
verdant domes, ridges, spires, and
pinacles appear as if by magic.
Again the scene changes like a dis-
solving view—the storm king marsh-
als his battalions of cloud-clothed
warriors in "battle's magnificent
stern array" and charges point-blank
upon the unmovable Mountains as if
to humble their pride and lay them
in the dust forever. But it is the
clouds that are shattered into frag-
ments innumerable, and in their
wrath they shed such torrents of
tears as to make believe that great
Neptune has transferred his multi-
tudinous seas to the sky, and is pour-
ing them back again. Now every
trace of land has vanished, you are
wrapped and lost in great fleecy
blankets of angry clouds; sublimity
and solitude, space and silence, beau-
ty and grandeur "unfold this orb
of the earth."
W. H. R.

OLD YEAR CELEBRITIES.

Emerson as a Man.

[For The Commonwealth.]
In a country where the art of mon-
ey-getting prevails as an epidemic,
where haste and worry make youth
gray, where party manipulations ex-
tract the nervous vigor from the gen-
us of a people, it is peculiarly re-
freshing to find an author, who, in
the midst of life patiently "coins his
brain" for a perpetual currency
among the nations that he delighted
to serve. But in a country of so
vast extent, of constant turmoil in
the ebullition of trade, of enormous
railway operations, a country whose
rivers traverse a continent by the
thousand miles, where spring up
splendid cities of "magnificent dis-
tances," it were more natural to look
for such a man as Carlyle, with his
erratic, bold, and sometimes irrever-
ent way of saying things, than to
light upon the inimitable specimen
of unobtrusive simplicity, Ralph
Waldo Emerson.

While a Unitarian who saw the
same universal mind in all existences,
unity in all complexities, the person-
ality of Emerson is distinct, and such
an embodiment of that lofty idealism
to which he ever aspired that in vain
we seek a more spotless man in the
annals of letters. His character is a
crystallization of the diamond quali-
ties of a noble race. Whether we
look on him in the aspirations of
youth, in the symmetry of manly de-
velopment, or in that maturity which
rounded up in the full-orbed serenity
of eighty years, he is at all times a
man whose presence is a sweet en-
chantment.

His amiability was surpassed only
by the elevation of his character.
Despite his own protest against the
use of the "superlative," there was a
tone of the superlative about him—
superlative excellence. And yet he
bore his greatness with the simplicity
of a child. Perched so lightly, yet so
loftily, above the din of the world, his
eagle eye looked down with a pen-
etrating though gracious benignity
that rebuked what was vile and soft-
ened what was harsh. His amiability
is never seen more beautifully il-
lustrated than in his design to en-
courage the efforts of those whose
eyes are turned upward. Some ver-
ses in manuscript of an unknown
writer were read on one occasion to
Mr. Emerson in the presence of oth-
ers, and his comment, curt and incis-
ive, was just such as to afford all the
encouragement the young poet need-
ed and to lead on to the destination
which the author has since won. "No
discouragement must damp his
ardor," concluded Mr. Emerson, "no
rebuff be sufficient to quell the im-
pulse which urged him to write. A
single voice in his favor should be
enough to support him till he attain
that mastery of style and taste which
shall perfect his gift. Indeed, a sin-
gle voice is more than I had myself
as a beginner," he added with a sub-
tle smile. "My friends used to
laugh at my poetry and tell me I
was no poet."

Emerson hated sham, affectation,
braggadocio, in whatever form they
showed themselves. But his was not
the art of invective. No bitterness
ever marred the even temper of his
mind, no discord the pervasive har-
mony of his nature. He seldom used
the knife to prune the deformities
which his keen eye was so ready to
see. It was by setting forth ethical

and artistic beauty that he exposes
the ugliness of vice. He let the
light on and waited to see the dark-
ness vanish. The man himself is the
antithesis of all that is low in art or
sordid in life. So finely does he im-
personate his own ideal that one
were prone to seek that ideal in being
like him, if it were not vain to at-
tempt a counterfeit of what is so di-
rectly coined from nature's gold.
About him is a womanly tenderness
that tempts you nigh, and yet coupled
with this is something divine that
forbids too near approach.

No man of his century, or any
other century we might say, has a
character so nearly on a level with
his lofty thinking and aspiration as
the author of "Nature." He may be
a heretic in doctrine; but the purity
and sweetness of the man are a per-
petual delight to his friends and ad-
mirers. The irrefragableness of his
character stands in the midst of
a degenerate world as a granite shaft
against which the darts of envy are
broken and hurled away. He was
not, to be sure, exempt from envy.
Indeed, with his independence of
thought, his bold speculation and
consuming enthusiasm, his escape
from envy's pointed arrows had been
a miracle. No one better than he il-
lustrates his own words: "Enthusi-
asm is the height of man; it is the
passing from the human to the di-
vine." On this height his pure soul
rested as that of an "Olympian bard
who sang divine ideas below."

An unflinching champion of Emerson
is the fervor with which he worships
nature. It was as a poet that he
paid devotion at her shrine. And
like Wordsworth, who inaugurated a
new era of poetry in which the disci-
ple has excelled the master, he saw
her spiritually alive. He delights

"To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-
times
The still, sad music of humanity."
A characteristic incident is told of
Wordsworth that illustrates as well
as Emerson's love of nature. A vis-
itor called one day on the author of
"Tintern Abbey" and asked to be
shown into the study of the great
poet. A servant informed the in-
quirer that the poet's library was in
the house but that he studied in the
fields. Of himself Emerson has said:
"The forest is my loyal friend,
A Delphic shrine to me."

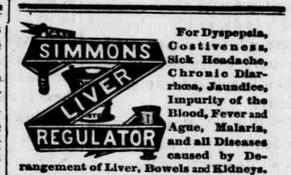
Not a few are found who love the
outward forms of nature, who love to
ramble in wood and field and watch
her changing aspects, or toy with her
sunbeams as with the locks of a
freakish maiden. But the number is
small who have a keen appreciation
of her spiritual side and who feel a
sympathetic heart-throb with the
pulse beats of her spiritual laws. How
much this love of nature influenced
his character and thinking, opens a
field of its own. Yet it seems rele-
vant to say here that no one can
thus live under the power of her en-
chantment without being better in
thought, in feeling, and in purpose.

Whatever the opinions of the cir-
cumstance by which the "Reverend"
was voluntarily dropped from his
name and he became plain Mr. Em-
erson, no one can fail to admire the
amercy of the man. The sweetness
of religious sentiment expressed in
the hymns for the church of which he
was pastor, the broad sympathies,
untrammelled by mere technicalities
that show themselves in his last pul-
pit discourse, the tenderness of his
"farewell" letter, all bear testimony
to what George Elliot has wisely
said: "It is possible, thank Heaven!
to have very erroneous theories and
very sublime feelings."

Emerson was not a man of action.
But so long as ideas are such potent
factors in human affairs, so long as
spiritual forces are stronger than
material, so long as beauty of charac-
ter and heroism of mind inspire to
nobler achievements the races of
men, so long will it not be lauded
that the forces of Emerson's life
were spent in action less and more in
thoughts. As an inspirer of others
to chivalrous deed is his influence
most powerful. Here we look for
the fruits of life; which we turn to
the nobleness of his nature, the pure
and lofty spirit of the man, as a leg-
acy of which not only his country,
but the world may be proud.
W. H. OSBORNE.

It is said that pencil drawings
may be rendered ineffaceable by this
simple process: Slightly warm a
sheet of ordinary drawing-paper, then
place it carefully on the surface of a
solution of white rosin in alcohol,
leaving it there long enough to be-
come thoroughly moistened. After
ward dry it in a current of air. Pa-
per prepared in this way has a very
smooth surface. In order to fix the
drawing the paper is to be warmed
for a few minutes. This method may
prove useful for the preservation of
plans or other designs, when the
want of time, or any other cause,
will not allow the draughtsman
to reproduce them in ink. A sim-
pler plan than the above, however,
is to brush over the back of the
paper containing the charcoal or
pencil sketch a weak solution of
white shellac in alcohol.

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SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally constipated, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of spirits, a prickly sensation of the skin exists, spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that every remedy has been tried, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it in fact, distress every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.
Persons Travelling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally of the Liver Regulator, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Brownness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will improve the color of the face, and is an intoxicating beverage.
If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.
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