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# THE COMMONWEALTH.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor. "EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00. VOL. XIV. New Series--Vol. 3. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1898. NO. 48

IF YOU ARE MUSTLER YOU WILL ADVERTISE YOUR Business. SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT IN NOW.

**WINE OF CARDUI**  
**MONTHLY SUFFERING.**  
 Thousands of women are troubled at monthly intervals with pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides, hips and limbs. But they need not suffer. These pains are symptoms of dangerous derangements that can be corrected. The menstrual action should operate painlessly.

**McElree's Wine of Cardui**  
 makes menstruation painless, and regular. It puts the delicate menstrual organs in condition to do their work properly. And that stops all this pain. Why will any woman suffer month after month when Wine of Cardui will relieve her? It costs \$1.00 at the drug store. Why don't you get a bottle to-day?

For advice, in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. ROZELLA LEWIS of Genaville, Texas, says: "I was troubled at monthly intervals with terrible pains in my head and back, but have been entirely relieved by Wine of Cardui."

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 Money Loaned on Farm Lands.

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**PAUL V. MATTHEWS,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.**  
 Collection of Claims a specialty.  
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## THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

**Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.**

It is now given out that the process of making cordite, or what is known as "smokeless powder," requires the use of large quantities of alcohol. Millions of bushels of corn are needed from which to make alcohol for this explosive; and the American farmer can hope now to help furnish not only the breadstuffs for the subsistence of the armies, but his share also in the materials for "bloody battle."

A correspondent to the Saturday Evening Post signing his name "Recalcitrator," takes some issue with that paper in an article on the danger side of improvements, a part of which THE COMMONWEALTH reprinted. "Recalcitrator" says that too much attention is given to the study of dead languages. He says that too frequently Latin and German are given first place, notwithstanding their beauty and helpfulness to culture. "Too few," says he, "know English rhetoric and literature as they should."

That may be, but a thorough knowledge of what are known as the "dead languages" is more helpful than many appreciate in an easy acquirement and proper and beautiful use of our beautiful English.

Most people talk much—indeed talking is a delight to most persons. And only a slight observation will reveal the fact that most people seem to take delight in making remarks about others. Much good may be done for others by speaking of them pleasantly when they are not present; and equally as much harm may be done them by speaking unpleasantly under the same circumstances.

Touching this we clip the following pointed paragraph from the Sunday-School Times:

"Our characters are often shown in our comments on our fellows. If we see a good trait in one in whom others see only evil, it is to our credit rather than to his. If we are ready to point out a flaw in a character of which others speak well, it is to our discredit instead of to his. It would seem, then, a very simple thing to win credit in this way. Yet it is very hard to do this, except as a loving heart prompts to it."

Just now when small-pox is more or less prevalent in the country; whatever pertains to vaccination is of interest to the public. In England there has been a compulsory vaccination law since 1867, it seems; but the House of Commons has passed a new Vaccination bill which makes the following provision:

"That no parent or other persons shall be liable to any penalty under the Vaccination Act of 1867 if he satisfies Justices in Petty Sessions that he conscientiously believes vaccination would be prejudicial to the health of the child."

But it is said that the best London physicians denounce this "conscience clause," and show that compulsory vaccination has served satisfactorily to stamp out small-pox in India.

It stands to reason that wherever there is danger of an epidemic of small-pox, the people ought to submit to vaccination.

The following partial account of a swell dinner in Washington may interest those who keep up with such occasions:

The British and American flags were interwoven at the White House to-night upon the occasion of the dinner given in honor of the President and Mrs. McKinley in honor of the Joint High Canadian Commissioners, which emphasized the unwritten alliance between Great Britain and the United States. The State dining room fairly blazed with the red and white decorations of the table, Mrs. McKinley's gown of blue brocade completing the trio of colors dear to the American and British hearts. In every detail the dinner carried out this same idea. The bonbon dishes were miniature flags of the two countries in the finest painted porcelain, and the bonbons were of spun laces, and the bonbons were of spun laces in the form of American and British flags, the same patriotic designs ornamenting the small confections and cakes served with the coffee. The ices duplicated this idea. The centre piece of the table was an immense form of red chrysanthemums, with similar pieces at either ends. Between these were tall pieces of maidens' hair ferns and long stemmed white hair ferns for the ladies to lay their plates, alternating with white rose buds for the gentlemen. An added touch of brilliancy was given the scene by the sashes and orders worn by the Englishmen.

## MORE ABOUT FRANCE.

### A SELF SATISFIED NATION.

#### Present Day Thoughts.

By G. Grosvenor Dawe.

(Written for The Commonwealth)

To America via France.—Let us bear in mind amid the dangers surrounding our sister republic—dangers greater from within than from without—that her generous help was tendered and the blood of some of her noblest sons spilt, when we were in sore distress last century. It is of but slight moment that some of her statesmen were undoubtedly using us as an excuse for smiting an ancient enemy; for we were in the position of an endangered maiden, who has nothing to do with the mutual hatreds of her defender and her assailant. It is enough for her that her ravisher was beaten off.

Worked into the web and woof of our national fabric is much that was watered and that grew on French soil. Inspiration came to our hard-headed men from some of the fine-spun but impractical dreamings of French philosophers. Yet that which to them became most awful license when transplanted from the library of the thinker to the heart of the common man was to us beginning of a beneficent development, so strong that it has withstood all strain thus far. At the present day we are therefore in the position of being exceedingly grateful for all suggestion that came from French sources, yet at the same time very regretful that we cannot sympathize with her in all her vagaries and impulses. It is as though flax that grew on a farmer's land was used by us in making fine linen to cover our nakedness, while the farmer saw in it only material for making a rope to hang himself.

A republic like France, that is a republic in name only, is a horrid mockery. It raises men's hopes only to dash them cruelly down. It produces a national stupidity that makes "words" seem worthy standards to rally round, while the "principles" that the words represent are trampled under foot. The stirring and moving and marching of a nation is a majestic thing, when the welding power of the lightning flash of wrong unites men of remotest distances into one common resistance, like our own of a century ago. But it is a million times sadder than the foolishness of one man, to see a nation that was once awake, grow so confused at the glare of the light of liberty created by itself, that it turns and opposes the very common people who first made its resistance possible.

A republic of all governments should be stable and sedate, for the guiding hand of those who have been governing classes for ages is removed and unless careful men, men of duty doing devotion are in charge of affairs there will be ways of woes and of uncertainty to traverse. In a republic no one class should be more important than another, nor can any one individual be neglected, for the most insignificant man has, in a republic, a power for good or evil that may be exerted to save or to endanger at a fateful moment.

No prophesy of good can therefore be uttered concerning France nor any other republic, if it, neglecting the children and the weak, forgets that only upon the intelligence and devotion and clear-headedness of each succeeding generation can hopes be based for maintaining the noble work of dead hands that have laid down the task. The character of the unit of government, the voter, effects the strength of the whole. The trite old remarks, "a chain is no stronger than its weakest link," and "water will not rise above its source," are fitting, because they are true. The value of that unit is all-potent, therefore, a matter of the utmost moment to a government by the people, for though a man may not be wise enough to govern he is still capable of being evil enough to disturb; though he may not be strong enough to build, he is yet capable of weakening a foundation and tearing down.

It is impossible for a sane government to be as uncertain as next week's wind. Constipation prevents the body from ridding itself of waste matter. DeWitt's Little Early Risers will remove the trouble and cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Inactive Liver and clear the complexion. Small, sugar coated, don't gripe or cause nausea.—E. T. Whitehead & Co.

## BLIND TOM AS HE IS TO-DAY.

### A GLANCE AT HIS HOME AND LIFE.

#### His Surroundings are Comfortable and He Has Everything That He Wants.

Ladies' Home Journal.

After the Johnstown flood a colored man, who was one of the victims, was identified by a colored woman as Thomas Wiggins, and was buried as such. That the writer spent the day with Thomas Wiggins a few weeks ago is proof that the inscription on the Pennsylvania tombstone is singularly incorrect.

The name Thomas Wiggins means nothing to the majority of readers. But Thomas Wiggins is "Blind Tom," a name familiar to hundreds of thousands in this country and abroad, who have heard the piano played by this wonderful negro. The impression that he is dead is a pretty general one. As a matter of fact, Blind Tom has never been ill a day in his life, and is now enjoying an existence more full of comforts and happiness than fall to the lot of most mortals.

On the banks of the Shrewsbury river, in a domain of over two hundred acres of woodland, stands a picturesque two-and-a-half-story wooden house with a broad veranda. Here Blind Tom is at home.

The day the writer called, the negro pianist was expecting a tuner who could correct a faulty A in his concert grand. When I reached the house and pressed the annunciator button the door was flung open by Blind Tom himself.

For a moment he stood there, a big, burly fellow of nearly 50, his black broadcloth trousers, braced up high on his capacious girth, over a white outfit shirt with a narrow pink stripe. His head raised, his large, dark eyes uplifted, he waited till I announced myself as a visitor who had an appointment with Mr. A. J. Lerche, his guardian. My voice told him that I was not the tuner. With a child-like droop of disappointment he shut the door in my face. He will always be a child, and his actions are sometimes saved from rudeness only by his simplicity.

Mr. Lerche soon appeared. He suggested that it might have a pacifying influence if I would hear Tom's explanation of the piano's shortcomings, and promise to let the tuner know about them, so that he would come promptly to remedy them. This I accordingly did.

"The A is wrong," said Tom, pressing his finger on the note; "and then this high A is a little out, too," sounding another two or three octaves above the first. He put his finger on each note without any hesitation. He spoke in a rich, full voice and with much simple dignity. There was a respectfulness in his air and pose, however, which recalled the fact that he had been a slave for nearly twenty years.

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Tom's head and face are not wholly unattractive. He has often been described as a repulsive imbecile except during his moments at the piano. This is not so. His head is small, but well shaped. His features are of a strong African type, with low forehead, large eyes, nose and mouth, and a general heaviness rather than weakness. His skin is not perfectly black. In his appearance and his manner of speaking when addressed—and during the whole day he made no remark to any one actually present except when addressed—he shows intelligence and dignity, with quite a pride of his own at times.

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to the instrument whose music is his life. He has made fortunes, first for Col. Bethune, who bought his mother, Charity Wiggins, when the blind baby was "thrown in," then for John S. Bethune, and lastly for the widow of John Bethune, who is now the wife of the lawyer, Albert J. Lerche, at whose residence I saw the wonderful negro.

Blind Tom has all that he wants. Of how few of us can as much be said! There is even dignity, pathos and sweetness about this big, fleshy negro, now in his 48th year. His old mother is still alive, a withered, wrinkled "mammy," 85 years old.

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