

J. C. HARDY, Editor and Proprietor.

"Excelsior" is Our Motto.

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

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SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1913.

NUMBER 34.

Suffered Twenty-one Years -- Finally Found Relief.

Having suffered for twenty-one years with a pain in my side, I finally have found relief in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. The physicians called it "Mother's Pain" and injections of morphine were my only relief for short periods of time. I became so sick that I had to undergo a surgical operation in New Orleans, which benefited me for two years. When the same pain came back one day I was so sick that I gave up hopes of living. A friend advised me to try Swamp-Root and I at once commenced using it. The first bottle did me much good that I purchased two more bottles. I am now as well as a new woman. I passed a gravestone as large as a red bean and several small ones. I have not had the least feeling of pain since taking my Swamp-Root and I feel it my duty to recommend this great medicine to all suffering humanity.

Gratefully yours,
MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE,
Aronettes Par. Marksville, La.

Personally appeared before me, this 15th day of July, 1911, Mrs. Joseph Constance, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

W. MORROW, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Hamden, N. Y.

What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Company, Elmhampton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince any one. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention The Commonwealth. Regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

A. N. DUBOIS

Consulting Analytical Textile and Sanitary Chemist. Office and Laboratory 308 N. 9th St., WILMINGTON, N. C.

Analysis of anything, particular attention to Fertilizers, Cotton Seed and Cotton Seed Oil Products, Well Water, Spring and Mineral Water, Canned Food Products, Dairy Products, Urine and Earth, etc.

Farmers should have their Well Water analyzed at least once a year, and all that part of their land that gives poor crops, analyzed to find what is missing, so it can be added to their land to make it good and productive.

Ask for my price of analysis, which is not high, and may save you lots of trouble.

PARKER'S HAIR CALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair, cures itching scalp, dandruff, itching humors, restores Gray Hair to its Natural Color, and cures Itching Humors.

DR. A. C. LIVERMON, DENTIST.

Office up stairs in White head Building.
Office hours from 9 to 1 o'clock and 2 to 5 o'clock.

DR. A. D. MORGAN, Physician and Surgeon

Scotland Neck, N. C.
Office in the building formerly used by Dr. J. P. Wimberley.

CHAS. L. STATON, Attorney-at-Law.

Scotland Neck, N. C.
Practices wherever his services are required.

ASHBY DUNN, Attorney and Counselor at Law

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.
Practices wherever his services are required.

DR. R. L. SAVAGE

OF ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
Will be in Scotland Neck, N. C., on the third Wednesday of each month at the hotel to treat the diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, and fit glasses.

DR. O. F. SMITH, Physician and Surgeon

Office in The Crescent Pharmacy, Inc. Scotland Neck, N. C.

Notice.

This is to notify all persons having any claim or claims against the estate of J. H. Lewis, deceased, late of Halifax county, North Carolina, to present them to the undersigned for payment.

This the 5th day of July, 1913.
MRS. MATTIE J. LEWIS.

Willie H. Allsbrook, Life Insurance.

Representing The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., of New York.
Ordinary and Industrial Policies written.
Scotland Neck, N. C.

SELF RELIANT HELEN KELLER

She Refused a \$5,000 Endowment From Andrew Carnegie.

The other day Helen Keller visited Andrew Carnegie, and as a pleasant surprise he proposed to settle upon the blind and deaf girl an income of \$5,000 a year for life. She refused it promptly.

Mr. Carnegie explained that it would be a pleasure for him to feel that he could have a share in her future by providing enough to leave her free to utilize her talents without financial worries. She thanked him, grateful for his thoughtfulness, but said:

"I feel that I am able now to provide for myself, and I want to make my own little place in the world. I do not want to feel dependent on any one. I want to give back to the world some service for all that has been done for me and to feel that it is my own contribution."

Insisting that she accept the endowment, Mr. Carnegie asked why she should refuse his tender when she had accepted Mr. Rodgers' aid in her college education. That was different, she explained, as her family had been unable to meet the heavy expenses of her education, but now that she was educated and thoroughly capable of self support she could not accept favors from any one.

A widely known educator, in relating this incident a few days ago, said it touched and thrilled him more than anything he had heard for years--this afflicted girl, appreciating the generous spirit of Mr. Carnegie, firmly refusing to accept an endowment that famous men have not rejected. "I regard it," he said, "as one of the finest examples of the self-reliant spirit I have ever known."--Baltimore Sun.

A SEARCH FOR A SWORD.

Who Has the Weapon Congress Presented to Von Steuben?

Search in two continents is being made for the sword that congress presented to Major General Baron von Steuben when he resigned from the Continental army at the close of the Revolutionary war, but so far no trace of it has been found. A joint committee of the senate and house is seeking it so that a description of it may be included in an official story of the unveiling of the statue to the Revolutionary hero in this city recently. Appeals to historical and patriotic societies to aid in the search have been issued.

It is believed the weapon, which was a splendid specimen of the armorer's craft, may be somewhere in France. It is known that Baron von Steuben willed it to Colonel Benjamin Walker, his aid, and it is supposed that Colonel Walker, in turn, left it to his daughter, who later was married to a French army officer.

The weapon was presented to Baron von Steuben by congress by a resolution adopted on April 15, 1784, on his retirement as inspector general of the American army. It was specially manufactured in London, and the beauty of workmanship lavished on it was the subject of newspaper comment.--Washington Cor. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Newest Broom.

Street cleaning on the general principles of sweeping the parlor carpet is rapidly coming into use in Europe. In many cities various types of vacuum cleaners are being tried out. Most of them are motor vehicles, in which the motor operates the suction pump besides driving the car. In Milan a street sweeper almost like the ordinary carpet sweeper is being used. A revolving broom, five feet wide and four feet high, revolves in an iron shell, which fits it closely except for the slot where the broom sweeps the pavement. The motor drives the broom round so fast that it creates a suction in the shell, sucking in dirt that is stirred up by the bristles. The dirt is then carried two-thirds of the way round the shell and thrown into a bin.--Saturday Evening Post.

Byron's Endowed Memorial.

In the "In Memoriam" column of the London Times for April 19 the following advertisement appeared:

BYRON--George Gordon Noel Lord Byron died nobly for Greece at Missolonghi April 19, 1824.

"When love who sent forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave."
--"The Bride of Abydos."

Mr. Walter Scott, speaking of his death, said, "It is as if the sun had come out."

This notice annually is paid for under the terms of the will of a lady who greatly admired the poet and is to appear, we understand, every year in the Times until a memorial of Byron is admitted to Westminster abbey.--New York Post.

His Ground.

Ho--Why are you going to marry that old fossil? She--I love the very ground he walks on. He--I know, but isn't there any other way of getting it?--London Opinion.

Shorn and Dyed.

"Then you weren't always a black sheep?"
"No, mm; I started my career as a Wall street lamb."--Washington Herald.

Active at Seventy

Many people at seventy attribute their good health to SCOTT'S EMULSION because its concentrated nourishment creates permanent body-power, and because it is devoid of drugs or stimulants.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 13-22

Thanks to the Weather

A Situation That Brought About a Reconciliation.

By JOANNA SINGLE.

It was the weather in the first place, thought Edith very dearly as she watched the rain beat against the window. If she and Richard had not been caught in a sudden shower, to the utter ruin of her very prettiest dress, she would never have been irritable and quarreled with him about nothing at all, and she would not have expected him to take the fault upon himself when she alone--after the weather--was to blame. And now it had rained for nearly a week, and the inaction was driving her wild. She could only think, think, and vainly try to overcome her pride and send for him.

For the thousandth time she drew from her dress his last letter and re-read it.

Dearest--We have been friends and neighbors and sweethearts all our lives and should not let anything come between us. I love you, and if you will just send one word saying you want me I will come at your call and forget the nothing we quarreled about. Should we let anything so childish part us? I look for a word from you. If it does not come I shall know that you really meant to break our engagement and shall of course not trouble you. But you couldn't have meant it, Edith? Fraternally yours,
RICHARD COPELAND.

That was all, but she had sent him no word, thinking that in time he would come anyhow, and then she would let him coax her out of her anger. But he had not come, and she could not fail to respect him for refusing to be played with.

So she was very wretched and blamed her own pride and the weather. The rain beat down warmly and intermittently, and all nature expanded and thrived under its moist influence. Edith looked across the fields to the south to Richard's home, which one day was to have been hers, and saw him out in the rain on his horse, coming from the town a few miles away. How often they two had ridden about the country together! And now it was all over. He would never come back to her--unless she sent for him. Could she do it? It was early in the afternoon, and she might send her little brother over with a note. She hesitated. Then she went to her room and sat down to her desk. It would be a relief to write to him, even if she could not bring herself to send it to him.

Dear Richard--Will you come to see me tonight? I was horrid, and I am very sorry. If I had not been wet and cross I should not have thought of caring because you rode to town with Fay. Of course you could not help her overtaking you. She always was forward. Forgive me and come back. You know that I love you--always. EDITH.

She sat looking at it. Then her heart misgave her. It had been two long months since they parted, and he might no longer care for her. He might care for Fay. The neighbors had said he had been to see her. The letter was altogether too unguarded. She could not tell him she loved him. So she carefully thrust it into her dress with the letter from him.

She tried to busy herself about the house, but somehow she could not work. She was restless and felt as if her mother and sister saw it and would know that she fretted for Richard. She tried to read in her own room, but it seemed like a prison.

Along about 3 o'clock she felt as if the day had been years long. She put on some heavy shoes and an old waterproof riding habit, wound her hair close under a little cap and stood before the glass thinking what a fright she looked and rather rejoicing in the fact. What was the use of being beautiful when Richard no longer loved her?

She slipped out to the barn and saddled Ginger, her little mare, mounted and rode quickly out of the gate and northward, as she did not want to pass Richard's house. Her mother saw her ride off in the storm and wondered if the girl was going crazy, but it was too late to call after her. At first Ginger wheeled and refused to believe that she was expected to splash her dainty hoofs through such pools of mud and water, but after a few snorts of protest Edith convinced her with the quilt that this wind and rain were really to be faced, and the little beast settled into a spiteful trot.

Edith rather rejoiced at buffeting the storm. The rain and wind cooled her hot cheeks, and the open air relieved the unbearable tension of her nervousness. For the first time since the trouble with Richard she allowed herself the unrestrained luxury of tears. Here out in the open, with the sting of raindrops in her face, she was free from prying eyes. She did not need to keep up her pride, and she could be as wretched as she really felt. She did not look about her, but rode mule after mule, letting the mare take her own course.

After riding an hour or so she noticed that the storm abated, and looking up, saw that the clouds were less dark. Here and there was a gleam of blue, though the warm wind still blew intermittent drops into her face. She drew her collar closely about her neck and pulled her cap over her eyes and rode on with her own thoughts.

At last an idea came to her.

Why not phone to Richard--just call him up and talk to him in the old way about nothing in particular and, if he made it easy for her, ask him to come to see her that evening? Strong in this new resolve, she looked to see where she was and realized that after a long detour they were about a mile below Richard's house, which they must pass. She could not go back, for it was probably near evening. The sun threatened to break through the clouds near the horizon. The rain had entirely ceased. She felt tired, but happier and quiet after the relief of tears.

Then she remembered a way through Richard's fields that they had often taken. She would have to pass a bad slough, but that could not be helped. He must not see her in her present plight. She realized that her face was swollen and her eyes red with weeping and that she was covered with mud. Her hair was flying wildly, though the darkness always made it the curlier. She turned into the pasture after dismounting to open a heavy gate, and as she rode along she removed her cap and, transferring her hatpins to her mouth, let the reins fall on Ginger's neck while she shook out her long hair and prepared to call it more closely. But Ginger gave a sudden jerk, and in calling "Whoa!" the pins fell from her mouth into the mud and water. Then she laughed long and heartily and gave the wind its will with her hair. No one would see her anyway.

As she neared the slough she felt very warm and unfastened her habit at the throat. Ginger was plunging and snorting through the mud and stopped once with a jerk that almost threw the girl from her saddle. The wind caught at her dress and before she realized it the two lockless letters were spread out in the mud. It was no laughing matter, for Richard would be sure to find them, and the mud was so deep she could not possibly dismount. She drove Ginger as close to them as possible and was leaning over reaching for them so attentively that she did not see Richard till he rode up almost against her.

Her eyes met his, defiantly conscious of her floating hair and her soiled face and, above all, the telltale letters. She wished her writing was finer. She could see that hateful "I love you" from where she now was. He lifted his hat and was getting down to hand her the letters when she stopped him.

"Richard Copeland, you go right away! Don't touch them! I will get them myself."

"You can't. You'd get stuck in the mud. Let me."

"If you do I'll hate you."

"You do anyway, and, besides, I won't look at whatever it is you seem to value so." He coolly dismounted, but she sprang down ahead of him and snatched at them, sinking to her knees in the slush. Ginger started, and Richard called "Whoa!" but gave the poor beast a sly cut with his whip that sent her on a mad gallop for home. He held Colonel by the bridle. Edith faced him.

"Now, Edith," he said, "hate me or not, you will have to get on Colonel and be taken home. Come, dear!"

"I'll die here first!" He mounted and, riding close to her, suddenly caught her in his arms and drew her, struggling and angry, to the saddle in front of him.

"Edith," he said, "I couldn't help seeing the 'I love you' on the letter you were so anxious about. Was it written for me?" Suddenly she felt that she could bear it no longer. She turned her face against his shoulder and cried, while he smoothed back her long hair and held her very close. Her pride was quite gone. She was in tears and a fright generally. She felt that it was positively a miracle that he could still love her. He kissed the only available place, which happened to be her left ear. Then he asked her again about the letter.

"I meant it for you," she owned, "but I couldn't send it, and I was miserable."

He laughed softly and bade her look up, and Colonel somehow understood that he was expected to go very slow.

SPLIT ON A TOOTHBRUSH.

Their Points of View Couldn't Agree; Hence the Clash.

When the tall girl found the mistress of the six room flat washing dishes she asked what had happened to Mary.

"Mary has left," said the housekeeper. "I insulted her yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, and at 11 she packed her trunk and skipped."

"We had a row over toothbrushes. Mary exhibited an unparalleled interest in toothbrushes. Every brush she came to was taken up and turned over and over and commented on admirably or the reverse."

"Finally she came to mine. I could see at once that she liked it."

"Whose is this?" she asked.

"Mine," I said.

"She poured out a glass of water and dipped the brush in."

"Oh, well," she said, "I won't be afraid to use it, then."

"For a moment I stood there literally stupefied, but soon I saw that prompt action was necessary, and I caught Mary's arm in a painful grasp."

"Put it down!" I commanded.

"Mary drew back and withered me out of the corner of her eye."

"Dear me," she said, "how touchy some folks are! I never work for touchy folks."

"And so we parted. She seemed unable to get my point of view on toothbrush etiquette, and I seemed unable to get hers, so we thought it best to sever our relations."--New York Times.

China's "Altar of Heaven."

One of the most sacred places in China, the "altar of heaven," has been thrown open to the public. For centuries it was jealously guarded as a place where none but the son of heaven could sacrifice. It was sealed from the people and regarded with holy reverence on their part. But when permission was at last given for vulgar eyes to pry into the mysteries of the holy of holies great multitudes from Peking poured out of the city to see the sight, which shows the modern trend of affairs in the new republic.

The German Universities.

The German universities manage to keep about one jump ahead of those in this country in the matter of attendance. Recent figures in the educational journals give the 1911-12 registration of Berlin university as 9,829, Leipzig 5,170 and Munich 6,797. Columbia at about the same time registered 9,597, including the time registered Chicago 6,400 and Michigan 6,620, these being the leaders.

Putting It to Good Use.

"I suppose you've been very careful about the books you let your children have."

"Oh, yes, indeed! There's our Jim--we intend him for a statesman. Jim was read on the Congressional Record."

"The Congressional Record? Well, well!"

"Yes; we let him sit on it for years so he'd be raised enough to eat from the table."--Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ROMANCE OF A DRUGGIST.

Jean Richepin's Flight From a Life of Drudgery to Fame.

The story of how Jean Richepin came to adopt a literary career is picturesque. For some time he had picked up a precarious livelihood by doing "odd jobs," including such prosaic occupations as that of bootblack and casual porter on the Quai Marsellies. One day he was engaged by a gentleman to carry to the railway station a heavy trunk. Arrived at the station, there was an instant mutual recognition. They were old college chums.

"What are you doing here?" asked his friend.

"Carrying your trunk, I believe," said Jean.

"Why do you do this?"

"Because I must."

"Where do you live?"

"Come and see," replied Richepin.

The future dramatist took his friend to his dwelling--a miserable room in an attic in the poorest quarter of the town. Upon the table lay scattered heaps of manuscripts--Jean's incursions in the realm of poetry when the more prosaic duties of the day were over. Looking through them, his friend was astounded at their quality.

"Why do you carry trunks and blacken boots when you can do work like this?" he asked. Richepin had never given the matter a thought. He had never deemed these products of idle hours worthy of publication. Published they were, however, in a very few weeks and created an immense sensation. From that moment Jean Richepin never looked back.--Westminster Gazette.

Sharpen Scissors.

Hold a needle firmly by the head between the thumb and first finger and with the scissors in the right hand cut back and forth on the needle, as though trying to cut the needle in two. After several cuttings the scissors will be found very sharp.--National Magazine.

Both Sides.

First Commuter--It's a perfect little gem. It has been the ambition of my life to buy a nice little place in the country. Second Commuter--Well, I once felt that way myself. At present it's the ambition of my life to sell a nice little place in the country.--Puck.

The Flax Expert.

Parvren (going over his estate with his steward)--The flax is very short this year. Seems to me they will only be able to make children's shirts with it.--Flaxseed Blatter.

If there were no clouds we would not enjoy the sun--Old Saying.

Put Down Trouble.

Willie--My father put down a disturbance last night.
Billie--Is that right?
"Yes. He ate a Welsh rabbit."--Yonkers Statesman.

The need of charity is always the result of evil produced by men's greed.--Tom L. Johnson.

Carswell's Liver-Aid

New Remedy That's Better Than Dangerous Calomel.

Better Than Salts, Oils or Pills, and Money Back From E. T. Whitehead Company if it Doesn't Banish Constipation.

Oh! what bliss! People in Scotland Neck have no further use for calomel or other slam bang cathartics that act harshly on sick livers. CARSWELL'S LIVER-AID has the call these days; every hour in the day; it's going faster than the proverbial hot cakes.

It's changing hundreds of weak, sickly, lazy and overworked livers into healthy, strong and vigorous ones. It is driving poisonous waste from the body; putting an end to indigestion and all stomach misery and causing constipation sufferers to rejoice.

CARSWELL'S LIVER-AID is pleasant and harmless; it takes the place of calomel. Children can take it freely; its gentle action cleans out their little bowels in fine shape. It's a splendid remedy for sick headache, malaria and kidney troubles. Get it from E. T. Whitehead Company for only 50 cents a bottle. They guarantee CARSWELL'S LIVER-AID.

For dyspepsia our national ailment use Burdock Blood Bitters. Recommended for strengthening digestion purifying the blood. At all drug stores. \$1.00 a bottle.

Many a man who is willing to be a grafter lacks the chance.

How the Trouble Starts.

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Tablets keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by all dealers.

It's difficult for a man to collect himself when his wits are scattered.

Suffered Eczema Fifty Years--Osw Wall.

Seems a long time to endure the awful burning, itching, smarting, skin-disease known as "tetter"--another name for Eczema. Seems good to realize, also, that Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment has proven a perfect cure.

Mrs. D. L. Kenney writes: "I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to you for your Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. It has cured my tetter, which has troubled me for over fifty years." All druggists, or by mail, 50c. Pfeiffer Chemical Co., Philadelphia, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Treatment of Fever.

Only the most general rules can be laid down regarding the measures to be adopted in the treatment of cases of fever. A rule which is of very general application and which represents a medical practice of great antiquity, is that of administering at the commencement of fever symptoms a saline aperient. A dose of sulphate of magnesia or sulphate of soda, will serve to clear the system and assist in reducing the temperature. Otherwise a dose of calomel--say, two or three grains--will attain the same end.

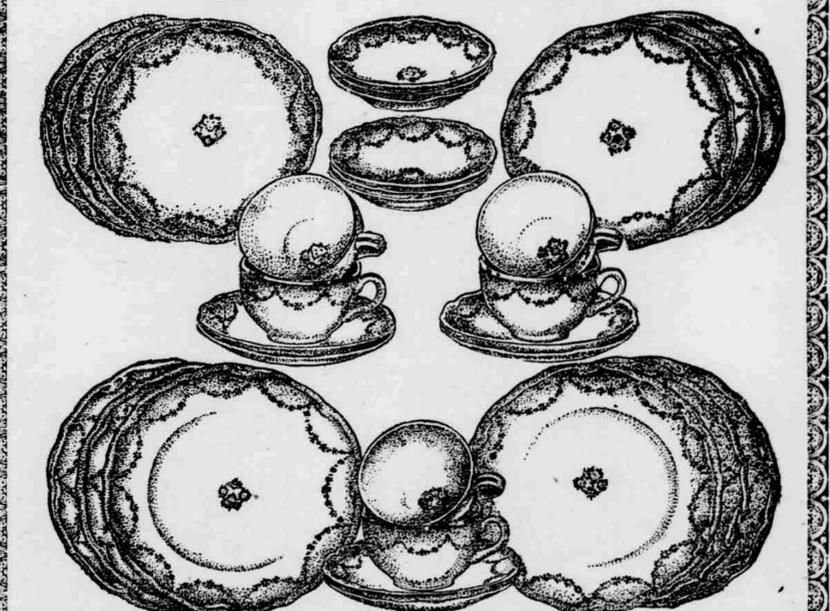
Where it is desirable to reduce the fever temperature acute may be employed. Fifteen drops of the tincture of aconite are mixed with two ounces of water, and a teaspoonful of this mixture, but no more, may be administered every quarter of an hour for the first hour and once an hour afterward for three or four hours, by which time the temperature toward its lowering. By way of hastening the development of the fever, in simple cases, a tepid bath or a mustard bath, the feet being placed in mustard and hot water, may assist the course of the ailment.

For Weakness and Loss of Appetite

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVES' FASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children, 50c.

This Handsome 31 Piece Dinner Set For

\$2.49 worth \$8.00



We have just made arrangements with one of the largest potteries in the country to furnish us a quantity of their famous Sterling China 31 Piece Dinner Sets.

These Dinner Sets are made from the best of imported China Clays, fired to a high degree of heat in order to make it substantial, and then covered with a soft, velvety, translucent glaze.

The ware is first class in every particular. The decoration is French decalcomania roses, connected by a coin gold filigree. A very attractive set in the nicest of decoration.

We are going to give our regular subscribers an opportunity of securing one of these sets for exactly what they cost us. Every set is guaranteed by the manufacturer and ourselves.

How to Secure This 31 Piece Dinner Set

- PLAN 1. Pay your subscription to The Commonwealth, plus \$2.49, and secure the Dinner Set.
- PLAN 2. If you have already paid your subscription pay for another year in advance, plus \$2.49, and secure the Dinner Set.
- PLAN 3. Secure a new subscriber for The Commonwealth, forward the amount to us, plus \$2.49, and secure the Dinner Set.

THE COMMONWEALTH, Scotland Neck, N. C.