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THAD R. MANNING,
Editor and Proprietor.

"CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."

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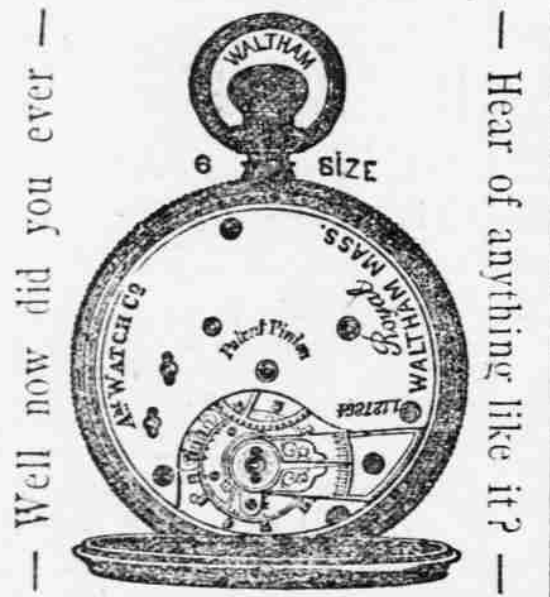
WARD'S WOES.

MAXEY'S, GA., January, 1886.
For twelve or thirteen years I have been a great sufferer from a terrible form of blood poisoning which ran into the secondary, and finally it was pronounced a tertiary form. My head, face and shoulders became almost a mass of eruptions, and finally the disease commenced eating away my skull bones. I became so horribly rheumatic that for three years I absolutely refused to let people see me. I used large quantities of medicine noted in the medicine and applied to nearly all physicians near me, but my condition continued to grow worse, and all said I must surely die. My bones became so sore that I could not walk, and pains in my joints were so intense that I was forced to lie in bed; I was reduced in flesh and strength; my kidneys were terribly deranged, and life seemed a burden to me. I changed to see an advertisement of B. B. & Co. sent me one bottle of W. C. Birchmore & Co. merchants of our place and they procured one bottle for me. I changed to see an advertisement of B. B. & Co. sent me one bottle of W. C. Birchmore & Co. merchants of our place and they procured one bottle for me. I changed to see an advertisement of B. B. & Co. sent me one bottle of W. C. Birchmore & Co. merchants of our place and they procured one bottle for me.

ROBERT WARD,
MAXEY'S, GA., January, 1886.—We, the undersigned, know Mr. Robert Ward, and are satisfied in saying that the facts as stated by him are true, and that his was one of the worst cases of Blood Poison we ever knew in our county and that he has been cured by the use of B. B. & Co.'s Blood Balm. A. T. BIRCHMORE, Merchant. W. C. BIRCHMORE & Co., Merchants. J. H. BROWN, WELLS, M. D. JOHN T. HART, W. B. CAMPBELL.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poison, Scrofula and Scrofulous Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Cancers, etc., can secure by mail free, a copy of our new and improved Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address: BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

GOLD WATCHES FOR 79 CENTS.



WHOEVER HEARD OF A MAN buying GOLD WATCHES for 79 Cents? and yet a firm out West had the audacity to head one of their advertising sheets in this manner, and did it simply to catch the eye of the public. Now while we do not believe in deception of any sort, still we have such an anxiety for the public to see our

WONDERFUL BARGAINS

We have been making all this talk simply to get you to looking this way, and shall be willing to take your punishment, provided, we fail to show you BARGAINS almost equal to Gold Watches at 79 cents. Don't take our word for it, but come and look for yourselves upon the most ASTONISHING CHANCES ever shown to the good people of this town, in FINE

SOLID GOLD WATCHES.

I offer the following most wonderful and extraordinary bargains:
Ladies' Fine Gold Egin Watch, beautifully engraved hunting case, for \$33; the usual retail price is \$45.
A Ladies' Gold Egin Watch, handsomely engraved hunting case, for \$25; the usual retail price is \$35.
Ladies' Elegant Gold hunting case Waltham Watch, for \$24; the usual retail price is \$30.
Gents' Gold Waltham Watch, fancy engraved hunting case, full Ruby Jeweled, adjusted to heat, cold and position, for \$41; usual price is \$50.
Gents' handsomely engraved Gold hunting case Egin Watch for \$30; usual retail price is \$40.
Gents' Gold Filled Watch for \$16, usual price \$25.
Gents' Gold Filled Watch, handsomely engraved hunting case, for \$28; regular retail price \$35.
All the above Watches are Stem-winders, with Patent Safety Pinions and Compensating Balance.

H. E. HIGHT, BIG GOLD RING, HENDERSON, N. C.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.
I will sell one hundred valuable building lots in the town of Henderson, N. C. Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call and see me. I will make the terms easy.
JAS. H. LASSITER, Henderson, N. C.

SOME WEATHER

That the Present Winter Brings.

The Good "Deacon Salisbury" Denounces the Article Furnished by the Weather Bureau.

[Fall River Advance.]
Variety is the spice of life, as it is the strong weakness of the present winter—a winter that will long be remembered for its reliable unreliability, its steady lack of settled weather and its general cussedness in setting all predictions at defiance. It has been a "winter of discontent" to the suffering public, but a "glorious summer" to the golsh maker, the rubber boot manufacturer, the umbrella architect, the arctic overshoe miscreant, the rubber cloak fiend and the man who makes "cough no more" remedies which are warranted to ease the bronchial tubes even if the undertaker has to vouch for the positive cures which they perform.

Over in the cold country where fogs, rains, drizzle, sleet and snow are component parts of a bright and crisp winter's day, and where the proverb tells the wise man who goeth out upon a fine morning to "be sure and take his umbrella along, and on wet mornings to please himself about doing so," they would find it difficult to put their finger upon the record of a winter's weather more broken-up and dissipated than the one which Fall River people are enjoying (?) in this year of grace. They may be able to point to winters when the rainfall or the snow-fall has been greater, when the melodious fog horn has had to toot its scolding strains with more expiring regularity, or when a greater average of umbrellas have been worn to the bone, but we defy them to produce one winter in which there has been more snow, rain, thaw, slippery sloppiness, bad temper and brimstoned adjectives per day and per square yard than there has been between Globe Village and Steep Brook. And as it is the money that talks we have a plugged quarter that says so.

And if there is a certainty that the winter, so far as it has gone thundering down the ages, has not been one in which any long continued stretch of extreme cold has borne with cruel hardness upon the poor (who buy their coal by the half ton and have the whole of a two hundred pound teamster weighed with their load,) just think of the sorrow it has brought to the heart of the innocent plumber and the grief which it has twined around the heartstrings of the suffering iceman. The plumber has hardly ever been able to get his tools together to tackle a job, but the weather has got in ahead of him and spoiled his little bill. Pipes that were frozen fast thawed faster ere he could put his hand upon them; others that had burst with the sudden thaw, froze hard and fast again as soon as the rattle of his soldering iron was heard upon the premises, and his prospects for being able to charge for solder at silver rates and to book the time of his apprentice at a price that Jay Gould would be glad to earn, are being ruthlessly shattered by the sledge hammer of an irresponsible and erratic thermometric influence. So too with the noble iceman whose weights get lighter as the days get warmer and whose twenty pound lump in early spring is ten times as large as when it is fine.

It has been shrunk by the heat of summer—even if he is making the air sulphurous with his observations upon the patch work quality of the weather, which rarely permits him to harvest a crop unless he has his ice plow upon a raft and his horses are capable swimmers. And just consider the hackman (who neither toils nor spins) and who, before he turns out mornings, has to make elaborate calculations whether to take out his funeral-smelling carriage upon wheels or runners. What must he think of the weather we have been doctored with? Is it any wonder that he begins to feel ugly, smell mouldy and have a suspicious redness about the region of the nose? And then again there are the street car drivers and conductors. Try to imagine what they have had to go through: Wind, rain, snow, sunshine, blizzard and black frost have bothered them. Storm-time, doubled-up teams, frozen or sopping reins, ill-tempered passengers, splashing or sliding horses, lost tracks, buried switches, long hours and frozen fingers and noses have fallen to their lot, and heroes, as they are, they have never lost their tempers even when for the seventy seventh time in a day, some helpless and aimless lunatic has stopped their car under an idea that it was going somewhere quite opposite to that in which it was headed. We would not be a car driver for all the wealth of a Brayton. We should have murder upon our soul too soon. We should

slay some remorseless and conscienceless passenger with a swingletree.

That General Hazen is much to blame for the weather we are having is certain. He is supposed to run the weather bureau in Washington, and though he never fails to be around, by proxy, on pay day, he is not doing much else for the country just now. In fact he is gallivanting in Europe, doing the grand tour, hob-nobbing with the nobility and gentry of those effete countries and not caring a continental whether school keeps or not. He certainly did leave one of his apprentices, a young man whose experience of a weather manufactory had been gained in a search for the North pole, to run the machinery in his absence, but the result has been a dismal failure. The substitute evidently does not know all the stops, valves and cogs of the machine and he has got it so tangled up that unless Hazen comes home quickly or an experienced aneroid barometer pirate like Venor takes his place, we shall be having frozen strokes handed out to the public and the daily predictions will become as demoralized and unreliable as a fifteen for a quarter cigar or a boodle alderman when he is trying to pose as a much maligned but innocent martyr.

Animals have been known to wear buttons. We have seen them on the hip-popotamus.

The strongest pillar in religion is charity and that temple would totter into ruins without it.

A man in a passion is on a wild horse without a bridle, and he rushes furiously to his own ruin.

Though fame is nothing but smoke, yet its fumes bring sweetest fragrance to the nostrils of ambition.

The reason an old maid never plays a violin is because she has never caught the exact hang of the bow.

A snow drop is Nature's delicate announcement that she is coming out in a full dress of spotless white.

Love imparts a roseate tinge to every scene in life, and tints earth with gleams of blessed Paradise.

A kind act for one in distress is the sweetest and most luscious fruit that ripens on the tree of human endeavor.

A smile is the soul of good humor, which runs out on the cheeks to tell of the radiance that is glistening within.

A blush on a maidens cheek is the ruby signal Nature makes when the least invasion is made upon the hallowed domain of modesty.

Love is the golden brush with which is painted on the glorious canvas of marriage the most precious and most exquisite coloring of existence.

Bury the faults of your neighbors beneath the mound of your own short comings, and then you will be more lenient and charitable in your judgment.

A girl in Wilson says that she is afraid of all snakes except the beauro-constrictor, whose coils, she says, embrace you just too nice and lovely for anything.

At the beginning of the New Year, Heaven sprinkled its snows, and wove a spotless spread of white to show us the beauty of purity, and the matchless glory of a stainless life.

When a beautiful maiden pants for a change of costume and tries to dress her monotonous surroundings, it is then the divinity of her charms reveals itself in all of its thrilling witchery.

It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of life, and plants weeds where flowers of rarest perfume could be made to bloom in all their luxuriant wealth.

Happiness is frequently almost within our grasp, and we pass it by; while misfortune is sometimes far away and we rush forward to meet it. Don't try to jump over the ditch until you get to it.

Hate plants the sharpest thorns that can be found in the path of human existence for when we learn to despise a fellow being then it is we find what a road of wretchedness we have started out to travel.

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is the remembrance of happier days—those blissful scenes of love dreams all fulfilled, when life throbbled out its glorious pulsings, thrilled and quickened with all the ecstasies that Heaven lent to earth to enparadise its borders.

The brilliant and matchless gleamings of the glittering icicles, which have been glistening in such sparkling lustre from the tree tops the past few days, are but reflections, yea but shadows flung out from the magnificent coronation of those dazzling gems which God has placed in the crown of His redeemed.

Read and advertise in the GOLD LEAF.

MIRRORINGS.

"Gems of Purest Ray Serene."

Proverbial Reflections from the Polished Surface of the "Wilson Mirror."

[Henry Blight.]
Pleasure is a flower near which we frequently find the thorn of evil.

A wife is the angel of home, and her ministry is an odor of Heaven.

Yesterday is a scholar in experience; and to-day should profit by its teachings.

A man may escape the lashes of the law, but he cannot escape the lashings of conscience.

We understand it has been deafeningly decided that a deaf man has no hear-af-ter.

Pride frequently builds the nest in which poverty hatches out its brood of wretchedness.

Envy aims her darts at the great. We bet we have been aimed at a thousand times.

Animals have been known to wear buttons. We have seen them on the hip-popotamus.

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TOBACCO PLANTS.

How to Grow and have plenty of them.

The Practical Method of a Kentucky Farmer.

A Tobacco grower, in a correspondence to the Georgetown (Ky.) Times, of January 26th, gives his practical method of producing good and healthy plants, as follows:

THE CAUSE OF AN UNEVEN AND RAGGED CROP.

There is probably no one subject connected with the cultivation of tobacco upon which there is a greater diversity of opinion among producers than there is upon the subject of preparing plant beds. Every farmer's success with tobacco depends in a very large measure upon his success in raising an abundant supply of early, healthy and vigorous plants.

With the late device of canvassing the beds failures have become less frequent, but in the same proportion planters have become more careless also, and while they nearly all generally have enough plants, they are of such poor quality that frequently a third and sometimes even a fourth setting is required in order to obtain a regular stand, and as a consequence an uneven and ragged crop follows.

It is impossible to obtain good results from a field where there is from two to four weeks difference in the age of plants growing promiscuously amongst each other, and it becomes a matter of the utmost importance to have the quality as well as the quantity of plants.

TOO MUCH PLANT BED SOW.

Now there are prevailing in the White Sulphur districts, very liberal ideas in regard to the area of ground sown in plant beds, in many cases reaching as high as 400 square feet for every acre of land to be planted, which, upon the basis of 6,223 plants to the acre, the rows being 3 1/2 feet apart and the plants two feet apart in the rows, would be an allowance of nine square inches of room for every plant in the plant bed. This is costly in the amount of bed room to be prepared; costly in the amount of canvas required, and costly in the amount of labor required to keep down the weeds and to keep it properly watered during dry seasons. Now, one square, ten feet each way, contains 14,400 square inches, and my object now is to state how that amount of ground may be made to start nine tobacco plants to the square inch, making a grand total of 129,600.

HOW TO PREPARE PLANT BEDS.

Dig a pit 18 inches deep, 6 feet wide, and 16 1/2 feet long early in February, and fill in the bottom of it a layer of straw about four inches deep, and on top of this put a layer of fresh stable manure about 10 inches deep, and lastly a layer of fresh woods earth 4 inches deep. Cover it closely to keep dry and allow it to stand two weeks, by which time the warmth from the manure will have sprouted all the weed seeds in the earth on top, when it may be thoroughly raked on top to kill all of the growing weeds. Fork thoroughly and make the surface perfectly smooth with the pressure of a plank. Sow evenly upon the surface one tablespoon heaping full of choice seed upon it, and do not rake them in, but moisten the top of bed well with moderately hot water from a sprinkling pot, and immediately canvass the bed very closely over planks ten inches wide, set up edgewise around the bed, and throw up dirt till round the outside as high as top of planks, to keep out all the surface water from the outside. Repeat the sprinkling with milk warm water every few days if necessary, to keep the surface perfectly and evenly moist.

As soon as the plants begin to come up they will need stimulating, which will be best done in following manner: Fill a common water barrel two-thirds full of fresh stable manure, and then fill to the top with water and let stand for several days. Sprinkle the plants every few days with the water from this barrel, and in a very short time they will turn to a beautiful green color and grow very rapidly.

ANOTHER PLANT BED TO BE PREPARED FOR RESETTING.

You will be prepared to say that the plants are too thick, and that I don't know what I am writing about, and the last part of your conclusion shall not be controverted, but unless you have followed the directions this far it is unnecessary for you to be instructed any further. If the instructions have been followed, however, the conclusion, though a wrong one, will be almost inevitable. That it was wrong will soon appear from what

follows. The spring time has now come. The ground is well settled and warm. The grass seeds have sprouted, and can be easily killed out. The heavy rains that bake the ground after running it together have passed.

Now prepare another bed, just as is ordinarily prepared for sowing the seed, and reset these plants in it in rows at least three inches apart. Take up the small plants by running a sharp spade under them, about one inch under the surface of the ground, taking up all the dirt with the roots. Hold the spade full of plants near the surface of the new bed, and with a long knife, cut square down through the plants and dirt to the spade, half inch from the front edge of plant sod, and slide the strip of plants and earth off where you want to grow in the new bed, without disturbing the roots. Move the spade to the end of the plant row thus started to another section of the plants, and so continue the process until all the plants have been thus removed. Fill the dirt in between the rows up level with the plants, and water thoroughly and canvass as before.

When the leaves of the plants are as large as a dime, take dry stable manure, pulverize it thoroughly, and sprinkle it over the plants until they are almost hid by it, water well with a sprinkling pot, and you need not fear having early and vigorous plants. By this means you obviate the necessity of having to weed your plants, and at the same time have good loose soil for them, so that they will grow more rapidly and can be pulled up without the loss of the small fibrous roots. A careful hand can set these plants out in the field without the loss of a single one from the mere transplanting.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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Prompt attention to all professional business. Practices in the State and Federal courts.

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FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Negotiated on good farms for a term of years, in sums of \$500 and upward, at 8 per cent interest and moderate charges. Apply to W. H. S. BURGWIN, At the Bank of Henderson.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HENDERSON, N. C.
Persons desiring to consult me professionally, will find me daily at my office in The Bank of Henderson Building.

L. C. EDWARDS, A. B. WORTHAM,
Oxford, N. C. Henderson, N. C.
EDWARDS & WORTHAM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HENDERSON, N. C.

Offer their services to the people of Vance county. Col. Edwards will attend all the Courts of Vance county, and will come to Henderson at any and all times when his assistance may be needed by his partner.
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Practice in the courts of Vance, Granville, Warren, Halifax, and Northampton—and in Supreme and Federal courts of the State.

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