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NO. 12.

BLOOD & MONEY.

The blood of man has much to do in shaping his actions during his pilgrimage through this troublesome world, regardless of the amount of present or expectant money in pocket or stored away in bank. It is a conceded fact that we appear as our blood makes us, and the purer the blood, the happier, healthier, prettier and wiser we are; hence the oft repeated interrogatory, "how is your blood?" With pure streams of life-giving fluid coursing through our veins, bounding through our hearts and ploughing through our physical frames, our morals become better, our constitution stronger, our intellectual faculties more acute and grander, and men, women and children happier, healthier and more lovely.

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MUSTARD,
KALE,
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them. In returning thanks to my
friends and customers I ask for a continu-
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them I will spare no efforts to deserve it.
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and ample capital, I can and will make
it to your interest to deal with me.

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FOR THE FARMERS

Something About Tobacco.

The Low Prices and Dullness of Trade
—A Change Demanded in the Pres-
ent System of Farming—The
Need of Diversification on
the Farm, &c.

[Danville Register.]

Maj. W. T. Sutherland one of the most intelligent and practical men in Virginia, and whose words of advice are worthy of careful consideration, says this for the benefit of the tobacco farmers:

The extreme low price of tobacco and the dullness of the trade with manufacturers and dealers, is causing great anxiety among farmers of this section of Virginia and North Carolina, and the constant inquiries by my friends and neighbors as to the cause, and how to remedy their evils have induced me reluctantly to write this letter.

I deem it proper first to direct attention to some of the reasons for the existing state of depression.

The production of tobacco is in excess of the demand, the accumulation is so great that but few people will purchase it, except at prices that are ruinous to the producers, because they do not now see when or where they can dispose of it for a profit. This over production has been going on for years, until it has reached its climax.

The fact that tobacco kept up in price longer than any other article of farm product of this country, induced many to abandon the cultivation of cotton and grain, and even to plow up beautiful fields of blue grass to make tobacco, until about one-half of all the States are producing large quantities of tobacco. In this way accumulation has become so great, and the price so low, that it strikes terror to producer, manufacturer and dealer alike. Nearly all are loaded down with stock, and a new crop just thrown upon the market further depresses trade and reduces prices. In addition the cultivation of tobacco extends all over the world, and many foreign countries that were important purchasers of our product are getting a large part of their supplies elsewhere.

In many sections tobacco has been grown on unsuitable lands, and by unexperienced and unskilled cultivators, without suitable buildings and other appliances for its proper handling greatly increasing the supply of inferior grades that cannot be profitably used for any purpose, thus adding to the already accumulated stock of poor tobacco to further depress a prostrate market.

The habit of many land-owners in this section to entrust the cultivation of their farms to ignorant and unskilled tenants who make nothing but common tobacco that will not sell for enough in many cases to pay for the fertilizers, or even the hauling and warehouse charges, has much to do with the cry of "hard times" now. The purchase of provisions and fertilizers in such large quantities, is one of the great evils of our system, and that alone if persisted in, will ruin us.

Another evil is the general tendency to over cropping. The mistaken ambition of many tobacco growers is to aim for quantity rather than quality, ignoring the fact that one pound of fine tobacco will sell on the markets for more than five or even ten pounds of common, and also the inclination to hold on to the old maxim of "the lower the price the larger the crop."

The indisposition to raise horses, cattle, sheep and hogs and the little attention given to poultry, vegetables and fruits, contributes largely to the lack of prosperity and home comforts of the farmer.

Another reason for our depression and lack of prosperity is that, notwithstanding we constitute about one-half the population of this country, we are practically without representation in the councils of the nation, and are common prey for all professions and callings. The result is we are heavily taxed to protect all other industries, of foreign countries in great measure against our surplus products, forcing us to accept a home market with continued reduction in prices, and enhanced charges on what we buy. We are confronted on all sides by monopolists, and also by powerful organizations of all other classes of working-men, to protect their labor and enhance their wages, while the farmers are plodding along, each one thinking and acting for himself, independent of the rest.

I might continue this list of errors and mistakes, but I have said enough to arrest the attention of the thoughtful reader, and he can supply the omissions.

HE CHOSE THIS PATH FOR THREE

He chose this path for three.
No feeble chance, no hard, relentless fate,
But love, his love, bathed in the foot-
steps here.
He knew the way was rough and desolate,
Knew how his heart would often sink
with fear;
Yet tenderly he whispered, "Child, I see
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for three.
And well he knew sharp thorns would tear
his feet;
Knew how the brambles would obstruct
the way,
Knew all the hidden dangers that would
meet,
Knew how his faith would falter day by
day;
And still the whisper echoed, "Yes, I see
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for three.
And well he knew that must tread
alone
Its gloomy vales and ford each flowing
stream;
Knew how his bleeding heart would sob
bemoan,
"Dear Lord, to wake, and find it all a
dream."
Love seemed it all, yet still could say, "I
see
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for three.
Even while he knew the fearful midnight
gloom,
Thy timid, shrinking soul must travel
through;
How towering rocks would loom before thee
loom,
And phantoms grim would meet thy
frightened view;
Still comes the whisper, "My beloved, I see
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for three.
What need'st thou more? This sweeter
truth to know,
That all along these strange, bewildering
ways,
O'er rocky steeps and where dark rivers
flow,
His loving arms will bear thee "all the
days."
A few steps more, and thou thyself shalt see
This path is best for thee.

A Woman's Friendship.

It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined in an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, and reputation. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing.

A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. But, supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship is most still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unneeded gap, even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, are such friendships where disparity of years or circumstances puts the idea of love out of the question. Middle age has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendship with those much older, and those much younger than ourselves. Female friendship is to a man the bulwark, sweetness, ornament of his existence.

Gen. W. R. Cox.

[Durham Tobacco Plant.]

To-morrow the 49th Congress will be in the throes of death, and with its dissolution the congressional life of Gen. William R. Cox will, at least temporarily, terminate. He has served the district for the last six years with conspicuous ability and great faithfulness, and the Plant regrets that we are to lose such a representative Representative from the council halls of the nation.

The writer, while in Washington, watched his course in Congress with admiration for the individual, and with pride as a North Carolinian. He stands to-day upon the floor of the national House of Representatives as one of the recognized leaders of his party; his manly form is known to represent there a champion of true reform, and in his physique is embodied the trusted exponent and defender of the policy of the best President this country has had in over a quarter of a century.

Within the last eighteen months he has made for himself a national reputation, and he has reflected no small measure of credit on our beloved Commonwealth. Gen. Cox will not be allowed to retire from public life, and to whatever position of trust and honor he may be called, he will carry with him the hearty good wishes of the Plant, while he discharges with ability and brilliancy the functions of his new office.

"Would that we had more men in North Carolina like William Ruffin Cox."

When a man begins to go down the hill he finds everything greased for the occasion, says a philosopher, who might have added, then when he tries to climb up he finds everything greased for the occasion, too.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

"A Time for Memory and for Tears."

The Last Act in the Drama of the Week—"The Curtain is Rung Down, and the Closing Scene in the Universal Matinee of To-day is Ended."

Glorious Saturday night. One more link welded to the chain of the past—another pittance of space given to the coffers of eternity. Saturday night! The border of another oasis of rest upon the Great Sahara of toil—Saturday night—another milestone on our journey toward "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." Blessed Saturday night. How grateful seem the nearing shadows of the closing day. With what grand repose the sun sinks on his daily round, beneath the crimson curtains of the horizon. The curtain is rung down upon the closing scene of the week.

O what a week it has been, you have looked almost over the world—upon scenes of peace and happiness; upon scenes of war and woe. The scenes of the short past week, which were so multifarious, so varied, so contradictory, that human expression fails in the attempt to describe or delineate. We gaze, and contemplate, only in the emotional sense, and resolve it into the kaleidoscope of the soul.

Saturday night. How sweetly sung by Burns? and dear old Prentice, speaks of it, as he did of the "Midnight's holy hour," of the dying year, "Now is the time for memory and for tears." Swing open the portals of the heart, and let its treasures of the sweet, culled from the bitter past, gently tempt our reflections on that, of what might have been. The heart of Man is deeper than the sea. It holds in it, how many wrecks—wrecks of childish hopes and fond dreams—wrecks of school-boy dreams and noble manly aspirations. Graves greened over with memories; the bones of many a broken love. What strange fish do congregate in them, seen only by one, and seen only at night. Staring with dull globular eyes, phosphorescent with long remembered pain. The wave rolls on above. He smiles, and talks and laughs. He is sunny as a summer day, a very pleasant fellow—and yet! Who can tell? What groans there may be, what shrieking of the drowned; drowned dreams have rushed up to his ears in the past, and the great wave of human sorrow has dashed its brine over his eyes. How often do their ghosts pace the deck again and sit at the table in his bosom, with love look, so long and so relentlessly torn away. Ah, the heart wells up, but we dash the unbidden tear aside, for we would,

"Quick tear the sad illusions hence,
(Illusions sad, indeed, yet dear)
Unroof each tender twining sense,
And freeze on pity's cheek the tear."

Away down deep in the quiet hush of some Saturday nights, we awake with a strange sensation of old time. It is as yesterday, we romped on the old play-ground or flirted with the old love. It is the past that is real. The present is unreal and we arise and in the quiet of the Sabbath's morn, walk out looking on unfamiliar streets and ways that were so familiar, but yesterday. Have not the ghosts been with us by night. Have they not risen from the deep sea of memory, and floated on the raft of dreams to the shores of life again? Have they not feasted with our soul at night, while we slept and made it rejoice in the olden time,—rejoice until it comes reluctantly back to life and looks strangely on the world? Old scenes are spread before our eyes; and old friends and fashions have been with us. We walk abroad however and no one notices it. You are the same as you were yesterday. No friend, not even the wife who lay on your heart all night, sees the change, but you; you know your soul has been true with the dear old days, and that you are not the same. You are more like what you were ten and twenty years ago. Old thoughts and feelings are familiar; more familiar than the books you handle daily, or the work at your hand. It is the waters of eternal youth that have dashed over you in the midnight wave, and washed the years from your heart.

A good Saturday night to all. The curtain is rung down—the last act in the universal matinee of to-day is ended, and the foot-lights of the eternal beyond gleam from the dark blue curtain that hangs before us. Good night, dear reader. May our last Saturday night be one of peace and welcome—so that when

Lives' page is to be sealed dear friend, And we are summoned on high, We'll be ready to yield, dear friend, To part with all without a sigh.

Little Things.

[Kernersville News.]

One of the great causes of failure in life, why so many boys make shipwreck of lives which promise so much, may be accounted for in the tendency on their part to overlook the little things in life. The little civilities, the careful saving of the smallest earnings, the guarding against the little errors which creep into their moral character, and in putting the ideal of their ambition in the clouds, expecting to reach it from the inflation of pride, without climbing by cautious footsteps up the rugged heights. Any one may see the yawning chasms, but only careful watching reveals the equally fatal, but less perceptible, objects of destruction which strew the pathway of the ambitious youth. And where the contest is so fierce, only those who can hope to reach the goal who profit by the little things of life. Watch the "little things."

Patriotism North and South.

[Leaksville Echo.]

There is to-day a stronger national feeling in the breasts of Southern men, than in our Northern brethren. This is plainly seen in the speeches delivered in Congress. Southern statesmen are free from the prejudices which dwarf the minds of Northern men, and grasp national questions with a comprehensiveness that knows no North or South, East or West, but one great commonwealth, the common inheritance of us all. We have been particularly struck with this fact by reading the discussion of the Mexican pension bill and the Canadian fishery question. One potent influence that tends to this result, is the homogeneity of our people, while the large proportion of foreigners North produce a result directly the opposite. Hence we are opposed to an influx of foreigners South.

Practice as Well as Preach.

[Milton Advertiser.]

Our farmers talk very nicely about diversifying their crops and making more of the necessities of life; about raising more corn, wheat, oats, hogs, &c. But we are afraid that when the time comes for pitching their crops as many of them as are able will be found inclined to spread themselves and put in as large crops of tobacco as possible. They must raise more "meat and bread" and depend less upon tobacco if they wish to prosper. And the sooner they see the truth of this statement the better it will be for them.

Signs of Spring.

[Danbury Reporter-Post.]

The grass has assumed a fresh emerald hue, the cotton trees are tasseled, the peach trees are budding, and the birds are twittering gleefully. The plaintive and tender notes of the turtle dove have not yet fallen upon our ears this spring.

Would you be willing to trust the supervisor and direction of your life—your personal affairs, your business, what you shall do and say, even for a few hours at a time—to a stupid fool, and to act in all respects according to his directions? When you saturate your brain with alcohol you do just that thing by making a stupid fool of yourself.

Yes, shadow and darkness reveal to our vision the richest and brightest glories that are seen on earth. It takes the night to show us the stars which twinkle like lamps through the streets of Heaven, and but for its shadows we would never know how beautifully they sparkle there.—Wilson Mirror.

To talk about women having no sympathy for women is absurd. Why a woman will know the build, fashion and cost of every bonnet in the neighborhood even if she hasn't time to know whether there is a button upon any of her own husband's shirts.—Fall River Advance.

I wonder, said a young lady, why Hy-men is always represented as carrying a torch? To which an old bachelor sneeringly responds: To indicate that he always makes it warm for people who marry.

False pretensions often deceive, but when once exposed, the author's power is gone.

A MIRROR.

BY NORA F. HIGGINSON.

Life's pretty much what we make it. It's only a looking glass true, And reflects back shadow for shadow, The very image of you.

The good deeds will always be smiling, The bad will look vicious and vile, The face you behold in the mirror Is only yourself all the while.

And the longer the shadow's reflected, The deeper the impress will be, It shows for good or for evil, As it tends back the features you see.

You're only to take the world easy, Mingle alone with the good to be had, And the face you see in the mirror Will always be happy and glad.

LEGISLATORIAL.

The Defunct Session of 1887.

"A Farce that has Never Proved Amusing, Even to the Performers"—and Probably of as Little Benefit to the People of the State—but the Honest Tax-payers Must pay for the Show all the Same.

[Shelby New Era.]

The session of 1887 is a thing of the past, and the people of the State of North Carolina will now consider its results. In many respects this has been a remarkable Legislature. It has wasted more time and done more work, given more thought to nothing and passed matters of grave moment with more recklessness, and has been more extravagant and more penurious than any Legislature that has set since 1868.

The haste with which the business of the House of Representatives was transacted during the last ten days of the session was not creditable to the members nor conducive to good legislation, but it is not likely that any harm has resulted therefrom, as because of it and the extreme care exercised by Lieutenant-Governor Stedman, the Senate was more careful than usual. Had the Republicans not forced the House to waste the earlier days of the session in foolish wrangle over subjects of Federal Legislation, there would have been no occasion for the unseemly rush of the latter days.

A large number of bills have been passed, most of them of a private character. Of new general legislation, the most important measures have been the establishment of the Agricultural College, the new provisions of the Machinery Act, the establishment of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, and the appropriation of convicts for various works of internal improvement.

The new Machinery Act was largely the result of the Tax Commission provided for by the Act of 1885, and is, without doubt, an admirable law that will correct many of the existing inequalities of taxation. The advantages of the other new legislation are at least problematical. The Agricultural College was demanded by the farmers and was regarded as a concession to them. Whether it produce the results looked for, will depend largely upon the management. In some of the States Agricultural Colleges have been great successes, in others woeful failures. The Bureau of Labor Statistics was a sop thrown to the Knights of Labor, and was a silly piece of legislation. All that it is expected to accomplish, except certain political purposes, is already done by the Federal Government. The appointment of Mr. Jones as commissioner has antagonized the Knights of Labor more than the enactment of the law placated them.

Nor can the large appropriation of convicts be justified upon good principles of State policy. The Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley bill was predicated upon a contract binding in morals, if not in law; but there is no such defense for the "swamp bill." Avowedly for the purpose of developing the school lands of the State, it was opposed by the Board of Education. The only reason of its passage was that it was supposed to help certain Eastern counties, and its advocates claimed that the West had been using convicts long enough and the East should have a chance. They forgot that most of the convicts that have been employed in Western North Carolina have been paid for and, where they were not, it was because the State, and not simply certain counties, received a benefit more than equal to the cost of the convict labor. Fortunately, the reduced appropriation for the penitentiary will cut off much of the loss that might have been occasioned by the "swamp bill."

The reduction of the State tax levy to twenty cents on the hundred dollars and of the poll tax to sixty cents will probably prove unfortunate. While financiers differ upon that point, the opinion of those in the best position to know, including the State officials in this department, is that this tax will not produce sufficient revenue, even with what available resources there may be in the Treasury, to meet the expense of State Government. A deficit in the public Treasury, with the consequent necessity for an extra session of the General Assembly, would be a misfortune indeed. Yet, unless there be a considerable increase in the valuation of the property of the State, this will be the result. Looked at from a purely political point of view, the Democrats have made a great success of the recent session. With the House organized against them and a majority that, for the first week of the session, defeated them every time, they suc-

ceeded, when business came, in everything that they undertook, and placed the Republicans on the defensive. It is true that they were largely aided by Speaker Webster, who has been a good Democrat ever since he voted for Bulla and Davies; but Speaker Webster always claimed to be a Democrat.

But it is upon the "record," about which the Republicans have always been so anxious, that the Democrats have them on the hip. Every piece of jobbery, recklessness, or rascality before the House, obtained the support of the men who sat upon the Speaker's right. Although, especially since their alliance with the Knights of Labor, their principles approach to communism, with one exception, no railroad or other corporation legislation, good or bad, was asked for that did not receive the almost solid Republican vote, and that exception was the cleanest railroad bill before the House. It was only when needed money was asked for the insane, the most unfortunate of all the creatures whom God has placed in the care of the State, that Dr. York found it necessary to call a halt in the extravagance of his party, adopting as his motto, "Millions for tribute, but not a penny for defence."

As to the Independents, they have vanished into air. The Speaker is a good Democrat, Mr. Pearson, for nine days a wonder and for seven a dictator, is now as nearly nothing politically as a man can be and still exist, and there never were any others worth consideration. Thus has passed from the stage a farce that has never proved amusing, even for the performers.

The result has been good. It has proved to the people of North Carolina that, even aside from all question of principles, safety and stability are to be found with the Democracy, alone. There, only, are to be found competency and integrity.

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