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# GOLD LEAF

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THAD R. MANNING,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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

VOL. VI.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1887.

SUBSCRIPTION  
\$2.00 a Year.

NO. 23.

### COULDN'T HEAR IT THUNDER.

An interesting letter from Mr. John W. Weeks, superintendent of DeKalb County, Ga., is published in this issue. It is a touching and a desire to benefit others. I voluntarily make this statement. I have great reason to be thankful that I ever lived. E. J. B. as I know what the thing it has been to me. I have suffered with Bronchitis Catarrh for a number of years. Six months ago I was taken with severe pain in right ear, which in a few days began to discharge matter, with terrible and almost insupportable pain. I began to grow deaf and in six weeks I was so that I could not hear a sound. I was then compelled to use conversation tubes, and it was often that I could not hear with the tubes. I then commenced taking B. B. B. and the result of my ear ceased running in five weeks, and I can hear without the tubes. My general health has improved, pain has ceased, and I feel like a new being, and appreciate the benefit I have received from B. B. B. (made in Atlanta, Ga.) with gratitude to God and thankfulness to the proprietors for such a medicine. I cordially recommend it to all who are afflicted with deafness and ear-ache. Try it; persevere in its use and you will be convinced of its value.

J. W. WEEKS,  
Superintendent DeKalb County, Ga.,  
Deatur, Ga., May 1, 1887.

### BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

I have been a sufferer from Kidney and Bladder troubles for several years. I have lately had what is termed Bright's Disease, and have had considerable swelling of my legs and shortness of breath. The kidneys are the most important organs of the body, and I am delighted with its effects. I had previously used a large quantity of various advertised remedies, and several eminent physicians also, waited on me, but B. B. B. stands at the top.

J. W. WEEKS,  
Rock Creek, Ala., May 4, 1887.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poison, Scrofula and Syphilis, Rheumatism, Gout, Sore Throat, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail free, a copy of our 32-page Historical Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address: BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

## Planting Time HAS COME.

Now is the time to plant  
IRISH POTATOES, and  
ONIONS.

Sow  
CABBAGE, LETTUCE, TOMATOES, RADISH, BEETS, PEAS, MUSTARD, KALE, SALSIFY, CARROT and PARSNIP  
ALSO SEED

PASTURES, MEADOWS  
and LOES, in ORCHARD, TIMOTHY, HERDS GRASS, and RED and SWEET CLOVER SEED.

I have a full stock of all seeds and will meet prices with anyone.

### I SHALL CONTINUE

To Improve My  
DRUG STOCK

until it is second to none South of Richmond. My stock of  
CIGARS.

CIGARETTES and TOBACCO  
Is Complete.

I have on hand and shall carry a larger stock of Paints and Painters' goods than ever before. First quality ground colors a specialty.

I carry at all times a nice line of ROYAL TEA'S FRESH FRENCH CANDIES.

### All Prescriptions

and family receipts entrusted to my care will receive my personal attention and they will be filled with the most reliable and pure, fresh drugs used in filling them. In returning thanks to my friends and customers I ask for a continuance of their patronage, and assure them I will spare no efforts to deserve it. A good house, a long experience, and ample capital, I can and will make it to your interest to deal with me.

Very Respectfully,  
Melville Dorsey.

### SALE OF VALUABLE TOWN LOT

By virtue of power conferred on me by a deed of trust from Samuel J. Curtis and wife, Lucy C. Curtis, on the 17th of May, 1886, and duly recorded in Register's office of Vance county, Book 13, page 18, I shall, on Monday, the 20th day of May, 1887, sell at the Court House door in Henderson, the lot of land therein described, adjoining the lands of E. G. Brodie, Moore Harris and others, said lot fronting on Pearl street, in the town of Henderson. Time of sale, 12 M. Terms cash. A. J. HARRIS, Trustee.  
April 29, 1887. may 5 4-0.

### LITERARY CHAT.

ABOUT MISS PERRY, MRS. BURNETT AND MISS CLEVELAND.

"LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS."

A Glimpse at some of the Recent Works of Popular Writers of Fiction—Personalities About Famous Authors—Bishop Wilmer's (of Alabama) Latest Penstrokes—"Woodland Tales," etc.

Special correspondence of the Gold Leaf.

NEW YORK, May 27, 1887.

Hundreds of magazine readers, when the signature of Nora Perry was first seen attached to poetical contributions, imagined that the name was merely a *nom de plume*, and speculation was indulged in as to the real identity of the author. It was soon made evident, however, that the name was not a fictitious one. Miss Perry was then a resident of Providence, R. I., but the success which followed her literary efforts soon created in her a desire to be nearer her publishers, and she removed to Boston, where she at present lives. Miss Perry is an assiduous worker with her pen, and, although preferring the morning hours, like other authors, in which to write, the night hours often find her busy at some story or poem. She is a firm believer in word-painting thoughts, and constantly keeps a note-book near by at all times in which stray suggestions and impressions are noted for future use. "I write greatly from inspiration and am a disciple of that school," Miss Perry says, and so her friends attest. Her friendships are very numerous, and include an intimacy with the poet Whittier which is of long standing. Outside the literary arena Miss Perry inclines to the acquaintance of actors, and Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt are included in her circle of friends.

"The Recent Past viewed from a Southern Standpoint; or Reminiscences of a Grandfather," by Bishop Wilmer of Alabama is a book that should be in every Southern household. It treats of civil as well as ecclesiastical matters, and every page is full of interest. Bishop Wilmer belongs to the vertebrates, and has the courage of his opinions. He thinks and writes strongly. His review of the principles involved in the late war and of some of its incidents; his memoirs of some of the Southern Bishops, are very attractive. It is illustrated with portraits, and is from the press of M. Thomas Whitaker, with a make-up worthy of the volume. A new edition of a work of great value and rare interest, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, with the title, "Life and Times of Jesus," as related by Thomas Didymus," is nearly ready for publication by Lee & Shepard, Boston. This book was first published by the firm in 1881, and at once commanded wide attention. Of the author's books, this is his favorite one. It gives a vivid picture of the world as it was when Jesus came, and brings before the mind of the reader a remarkably clear view of Jesus, his conversations and acts, as they appear to his disciples and to strangers, placing him in a new point of view, and showing him as he must have seemed at first to his followers. The book also explains obscure passages and difficult texts in the Gospels, and these explanations are frequently the result of much careful labor. Besides, it gives the conclusions of the most recent investigations by German and French savans; portraying Judaism in Egypt and Rome in the first century, and indicating the work which was done in proselytizing by the Pharisees and zealous Jews, which ended in the Jewish war. The human side of the wonderful life of Jesus is drawn with striking power, by Dr. Clarke, giving its features as it must have appeared to careless Romans, bigoted Jews, or to open-minded men and women. The volume presents the results of profound study, while omitting the processes by which those results have been reached. It is entirely safe to say that no such picture of Jesus and his times has ever been written, every page actually riveting the attention of the reader by the captivating style of the narratives, and the winning and inviting language, all investing the intensely interesting subjects with the most charming vividness, and lifting the great work to a place in the realm of Christian biography and history, beside "Ben Hur" in the realm of oriental romance.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will print at once in their series of "Questions of the Day," the recent address by Edward Atkinson before the Boston Labor Union, on the subject of "The Margin of Profit. How it is now divided: What Part of the Present Hours of Labor can now be Spared." With this address will be printed the reply of Mr. E. M. Chamberlain, representing the Labor Union and Mr. Atkinson's rejoinder to the reply. The

volume will contain certain tabular representations analyzing the sources of the product and the division of the product with a chart entitled "The Labor Spectrum," which presents the full details of the present division of profits. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has decided views upon the appearance of the portraits of authors and prominent persons in newspapers and magazines. To a correspondent who recently solicited a copy of a portrait of herself for publication in a magazine, the authoress wrote: "There is nothing more painful to contemplate than a picture of one's self in a book or newspaper. If one is a beauty one's reputation is instantly destroyed and if one cannot afford to have any percentage taken off one's good looks, the consequences are that one's secret hopes are blasted, and one's most timid and modest confidence in one's self forever a ruin."

The brilliant Dr. Julius Stinde whose sparkling "Bachholz Family" was so widely read and enjoyed both here and in Germany, makes his appearance again in a collection of very charming stories, translated into exceptionally good English. These "Woodland Tales" are refreshing in their simplicity, delicate in sentiment, sparkling in humor and suggestive in moral. The volume comes from the press of Thomas Whitaker, New York.

In literary "small talk" I note the following items: Mr. W. D. Howells is going to Europe next month, to remain a year at least. Mr. Julian Hawthorne has given up newspaper work, and is devoting himself to the writing of fiction. Mr. E. S. Brooks, author of "Historic Boys," and many other books for young people has recently severed his connection with the *Century Magazine* to accept an editorial position in a Boston publishing house. Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd, author of that delightful book "Cathedral Days," is the daughter of Stephen Bowman Blake, a well known New York merchant. Mrs. Dodd has been engaged in literary work for a number of years, but her productions hitherto have been confined chiefly to art criticisms and magazine articles. Mr. George W. Cable is visiting the southern part of Louisiana in search of "color" for a story which he is writing, a sequel to "Grande Pointe."

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have in press a new book of social studies by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, ranging over such topics as "Roses in Society," "Young Beaux and Old Bachelors," "Engagements," "After Marriage," and other similar vital experiences, which are discussed with exquisite refinement, good sense, and unflinching charm. The book consists of a collection of essays on these social subjects, matters which she is particularly calculated by experience and insight to discuss. Long social experience in the most brilliant circles in her own country and abroad has given her a large fund of observation from which to draw, and the book will be one not only interesting, but suggestive and valuable. "Ourselves and Our Neighbors" is the title of Mrs. Moulton's book.

One of the most notable and interesting articles that have appeared as yet among the rich array of notable ones offered us in *Scribner's Magazine*, was that published in February, on "The Likeness of Caesar," by Mr. John C. Ropes. In the June number of this magazine Mr. Ropes will treat some portraits of Napoleon and his times very much in the same way. The illustrations are from his valuable collection of Napoleon's portraits, three of them being full page illustrations. The "Unpublished Letters of Thackeray" are to be further enriched by a number of his drawings reproduced from the rare collections privately printed by Sir Arthur Elton. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson contributes a story, "Miss Pringle's Neighbors."

Mrs. Nathaniel Conklin (Jennie M. Drinkwater), who is the author of several successful volumes, has just brought out another through her publishers, Robert Carter & Brothers, of this city, bearing the somewhat unique title, "Isabel's Between Times." It is a story for girls. The most striking personality in this story is a congregationalist Minister, Prosper Dekker, whose sayings remind me of George MacDonald. The tone is bright, wholesome, instructive, and helpful.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the sister of our President, has become associated with Mrs. Martha J. Lamb in the editorial work of the *Magazine of American History*. Miss Cleveland will write over her own signature in this magazine.

When one is spoken of as having "joined the great majority," it does not always follow that he is dead. He may have become disgusted with the Blaine and Sherman circles and joined the Democratic party.—Painesville Democrat.

There are a good many people who claim to mix their religion with their business, but they forget to stir it up well. The business rises to the top.

What True Merit Will Do. The unprecedented sale of Doan's German Sperm within a few years, has astonished the world. It is without doubt the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Gonorrhea, Glands and the severest Lung troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual prescriptions given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a Cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the cause of the trouble, heal purely healthy condition. A bottle kept in the house for use when the diseases make their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of serious illness. A trial will convince you of these facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price, 75 cts., large bottles.

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### AN APPAL.

[Lee C. Harby in Times-Democrat.]

Oh! list to me!  
I will whisper these sentences soft and as sweet  
As the murmur of waters when wave and shore meet  
But thy food heart shall hear, and thy pulses keep time  
With my blood's quickening surge in a magical rhyme.

Oh! speak to me!  
And my answering accents shall breathe  
As low as the harp of Eolus when light zephyrs blow  
Yet thy spirit will hearken, thy soul know  
Which of a love without taint or alloy.

Oh! look on me!  
Thou shalt read of my life's highest hope  
In my eyes.  
Till the crimson blush burns on the snow  
Of thy cheek,  
And of love's sweet and sorrow thy sighs  
Softly speak.

Ah! come to me!  
All my life thou canst bless with thy wondrous grand  
Every grief be dispelled by a touch of thy hand  
And my soul would quaff deep an elixir  
Could I drink but with these of love's heart-distilled wine!

### IT WILL ALL BE LIGHT THERE.

A Pathetic Story of Home Life That Has Sadness in Every Line.

[M. L. Rayne in Detroit Free Press.]

Children are counselors. They are to our hard, practical, everyday lives what the stars are to the heavens, or the flowers and birds to the earth.

There is a family in this city who are dependent at this moment upon a little child for all the present sunshine of their lives.

A few weeks ago the young wife and mother was stricken down to die. It was so dreadful when the grave family physician called them together in the parlor, and in his solemn, professional way intimated to them the truth—there was no hope!

Then the question arose among them, who would tell her? Not the doctor! It would be cruel to let the man of science go to their dear one on such an errand.

Not the young husband, who was walking the floor with clinched hands and rebellious heart. Not—there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with unnoticed by them all and asked gravely: "Is my mamma doin' to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sprang from the room and up stairs as fast as little feet would carry him.

Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small head on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma," he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, "is you 'fraid to die?" The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked, faintly.

"Doctor an' papa an' gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear little mamma, doan' be 'fraid to die, 'ill you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother after one supreme pang of grief: "no, mamma won't be afraid."

"Just shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma, teep hold my hand—an' when you open 'em, mamma, it'll be all light there."

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

"Hus-h! My mamma doan to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!"

And so it proved. There was no heartrending farewell, no agony of parting, for when the young mother woke she had passed beyond, and as baby Charlie said, "it was all light there."

Read and advertise in the GOLD LEAF.

### REST.

The Boon that all Mankind Seeks.

[Greenville Reflector.]  
"Oh, some seek bread—no more—life's mere subsistence!  
And some seek wealth and ease—the common quest;  
And some seek fame, that hovers in the distance,  
But all, at last, seek rest!"

Aye! when we are finishing up this Book of Life, as we see, with eyes grown misty with a nameless longing, the last page completed and gently press the eternal blotter of Death over the last line; when our pleasures have palled; when life's fairest and brightest chaplets of flowers are withered and dead, leaving only "ashes of roses" to mark the spot where they once bloomed, so sweet and fragrant, when life's fruits are bitter as the apples gathered from the Dead Sea shore; when we search in vain for the waters of Lethe to steep our senses in a draft of forgetfulness—at that day, even those to whom change and excitement and gaudy were existence, *at last* turn away their weary eyes, their drooping limbs, and sigh for rest.

Yet, "is sweeter to have earned that guerdon—that calm and repose which follow toil, whether it be of the body or mind, the tired hand or the tired brain; each are glad to lay down the burden of the day and seek a rest. Forgetting the toil, the task behind, hard though they may have been—they are of the past—and sleeping all in the dreamy oblivion of sweet rest. For the nonce too happy to look ahead and trouble the mind with the cares and toils that lie before us, we rest peacefully and sweetly.

"I am tired. Heart and feet  
Turn from busy mart and street;  
I am tired; rest is sweet!"

But what of the *outdoor heart*, laden with anxious care, and busy, wandering thoughts? Only can it breathe a prayer in words such as Richter's:

"Oh, Rest! thou soft word! Autumnal flower of Eden! moonlight of the spirit! when wilt thou hold our head that it may be still, and our heart that it may cease beating? Thou comest often and goest often, but only down below with sleep and death thou abidest!"

It is not for us—this blessed privilege—to often indulge our senses so blissfully. We can not tell why, and yet 'twas ever so:

"Some find work where some find rest,  
And the weary world goes on,  
I sometimes wonder which is best,  
The answer comes when life is done.

"Some sleep on while others keep  
The vigils of the true and brave;  
They will not rest till roses creep  
Around their name above a grave."

And yet all our wonderings can but be answered at best by vague conjectures, sometimes wild and utterly improbable. We can not know why this is so. We can only say and are conscious of the fact, in the beautiful words of our lamented Southern Poet, Priest, Father Ryan:

"My feet are weary and my hands are tired,  
My soul oppressed—  
And I desire, what I have long desired—  
Rest—only rest."

My way has wound across the desert years,  
And cares infest  
My path, and through the flowing of hot  
I pine for rest."

Wandering far away from home,  
From our native land—the place of our fathers, the feet of our mothers—the mind may for a time become so engrossed by the sight of new scenes and faces, new friends and acquaintances as to forget; but soon, ah! too soon, we are longing for "Rest—only rest." And to the returning traveler, the sweet vision of his own dear home has beguiled away the fatigue of many a dreary mile, while the stars have sung of restfulness as they cheered his lonely path. Or the mariner, homeward bound, long watched and waited for—all his past toil and danger are forgotten as he hears that sweet haven of rest.

And upon a final rest let us listen to Father Ryan:

"And I am restless still; 'twill soon be over;  
For down the west  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest."

And now, just one tender, touching quotation from Mrs. Browning, and I am done. Hear her:

"Oh, princely lot! Oh, blissful art!  
'E'en while by sense of change oppress,  
Thus to forecast in heart  
Heaven's age of fearless rest:  
And I joy to think God's greatness  
Flows round our faithful quest,  
And for earth's restlessness,  
He gives his rest!"

An exchange says: "Every man revere and loves a pure woman; but it takes a christian to hate a fallen one." This is not right; Christ was the first to extend a helping hand to those in need, but alas! how is his example followed by many of those now passing under his name.—Winnipeg Siftings.

Read and advertise in the GOLD LEAF.

### How History will be Written.

[Rockingham Rocket.]

These many years has the war been over. The roots of business, left by strife, have long since been practically eradicated from the Northern and Southern mind. There is no real enmity between the sections. "The truth we fought for"—as put by ex-President Davis—will never be fought for again, and the Union, if ever to be broken, must be broken by the other side. But there was danger that the South, with all her interests as connected with the war and the causes that led to it, would pass into History under a wickedly false showing. To an unfortunate extent such has been the case. Northern minds, sorely diseased with prejudice, have been busy in incubating lies—sometimes conscientiously, it is true, but lies, nevertheless, for the delectation and enlightenment of posterity; and these jaundiced accounts—formulated into History—will never cease to be the stock in trade for penny-a-liners and political hucksters to harp upon in the effort to degrade our people and their cause, and to promote sinister purposes. But the South's vindication, as we are glad to see, is slowly and surely coming to the front. Her people and the world have been only too tardy in self-assertion. The engines of a vernal press and vauntingly hostile advocates have kept pace with the progress of the years in misrepresentations and slanders of the South until her own people seemed inclined to cover under repeated blows, some, alas, to lick the hands that smote them—while the world looked on indifferently. But in these latter days we see accumulating evidences that the truth of Southern History will be vindicated in the end. Our traditional glory will be preserved despite the efforts of hardened foes, aided by the neophyte recruits, to boost the New at the expense of the Old South. We rejoice to see that writers of the religious press, as well as of the purely literary and political, have taken up the cudgel manfully and are striking at the truth of the matter. The Nashville *Christian Advocate* published in the shadow of Vanderbilt University where the puling sycophant, Cable, is to preach "New South," philosophy soon *ad extremum ad nauseam*—has recently given some telling blows on the subject.

We publish on our first page this week a capital article on the same line from the pen of a Mississippi gentleman. That grand old character, the Southern slave-holder—true type of the better days of the Republic—has received at the hands of Mr. Lamar a just portrayal. No passage in his fine address at the unveiling of the Calhoun statue contains more eloquent truth than does his tribute to the much abused slaveholder whom he describes in his true light as a man of patriotic impulses, loyal to the Constitution, and faithful to the principles of right and justice. Virginus Dabney, if he does naught else, has served his generation well in giving the "Story of Don Miff" to the world—a novel, "his true, but made the vehicle by which to hand down to coming days the true picture of Southern life and the high purposes that governed the people of the South. A famous English General, in *MacMillan's Magazine*, has lately electrified the reading world with a thrilling sketch of General Lee; and, while confirming the great Captain's well earned fame, the writer accords due respect to the cause for which he fought. Fortunate indeed for the South that her leading General has a biographer in the leading commander of England's great armies, Sherman may wince under the praise of the Southern hero, but his ranting denial of the Englishman's statement of the truth of History, as represented by Lee's career in the war, will not affect the judgment of mankind—either as to Lee or Sherman. General Long—a member of Lee's staff and intimately associated with him during the whole war—has also written a life of his commander which is becoming to be regarded as probably the best book yet written on the war. We rejoice to know that every honest effort to turn on the light of truth will be an additional guarantee that the cause of the South, her people and heroes, will occupy the position in History that plain justice demands.

Brace Up.  
You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with Headache, you are drowsy, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their base very cheap, bad whiskey, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at E. L. Smith's Drugstore.

Professional Cards  
T. M. PITMAN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HENDERSON, N. C.  
Prompt attention to all professional business. Practices in the State and Federal courts.  
Refers by permission to Commercial National Bank and E. D. Latta & Bro., Charlotte, N. C.; Alfred Williams & Co., Raleigh, N. C.; D. Y. Cooper and Jas. H. Lassiter, Henderson, N. C.  
OFFICE: Over Jas. H. Lassiter & Son's store [Nov 5 1 c.]

ANDREW J. HARRIS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HENDERSON, N. C.  
Practices in the courts of Vance, Granville, Warren and Franklin counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts of the State.  
Office: In Cooper Building, over J. L. H. Missillier's.

HENRY T. JORDAN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC and LOANS PUBLIC  
Administrator Vance Co  
Practices in the courts of Vance, Granville, Franklin, Granville anderson counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts.  
OFFICE.—In Burwell's Brick Building.

L. C. EDWARDS, A. R. 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. mar. 19, a.

W. H. DAY, A. C. ZOLLICOFFER,  
DAY & ZOLLICOFFER,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HENDERSON, N. C.  
Practice in the courts of Vance, Granville, Warren, Halifax, and Northampton, and in the Supreme and Federal courts of the State.  
OFFICE.—In the new Harris Law Building next to the Court House. feb 9 6

The Bank of Henderson  
HENDERSON, VANCE COUNTY, N. C.  
General Banking, Exchange and Collection Business.  
FIRST MORTGAGE Loans Negotiated on good terms for a term of years, in sums of \$500 and upward, at 8 per cent interest and moderate charges. Apply to W. H. S. BURDWYN,  
At the Bank of Henderson.

W. M. H. S. BURGWIN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HENDERSON, N. C.  
Persons desiring to consult me professionally, will find me at my office in the Bank of Henderson Building.

F. S. HARRIS,  
DENTIST  
HENDERSON,  
N. C.  
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Main Street, w. r. 25, 1 c.

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