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GOLD LEAF

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THAD R. MANNING, Editor and Prop'r.

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

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 a Year.

VOL. VI.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1887.

NO. 35.

ONE LIVED, THE OTHER DIED.

A woman formerly our slave is now our cook. About eight months ago she became sickly and had a cough and was confined to bed, and it was thought that she had consumption. The treatment by physicians failed to give relief. In December, 1884, a mode or knot the size of a goose egg formed just above the pit of the stomach, which when touched discharged matter for 8 or 9 months. One of these was formed under her arm, and three on her back, which discharged matter for a considerable time. For six months of this time she was confined to the house, and most of the time in bed. The stomach often refused food, by rejecting what she had eaten. She used a great deal of medicine, but failed to be cured. I bought one bottle of your B. B. (made in Atlanta, Ga.) and gave it to her and she commenced to improve. I then bought and gave her three bottles more, and she continued to improve and in two months time her cough had ceased, her constitution strengthened, appetite and digestion good, all discharges ceased, nodules or knots disappeared and she went to work apparently healthy and fattened up greatly. This woman had a married sister of near same age who was afflicted in precisely the same way and at about the same time. She had nodes or knots on pit of stomach, back, etc. She did not take any B. B. and the nodes on her stomach, etc. through to the cavity. She continued on the decline and wasted away, and finally died. These were two terrible cases of blood poison, one used B. B. B. and was speedily cured—the other did use it and died. It is most assuredly a most wonderful blood purifier. Refer to merchants of this town. Yours truly, W. T. ROBINSON, Tishaboo, Ala., May 1, 1885.

A SHERIFF RELEASED.

For a period of sixteen years I have been afflicted with catarrh of the head which baffled the use of all medicines used. Seeing the advertisement of B. B. B. I purchased and used six or seven bottles, and although used irregularly have received great relief, and recommend it as a good blood purifier. [Signed] J. K. HOOPER, JR., Sheriff of Harlan county, Ga.

Planting Time HAS COME.

Now is the time to plant IRISH POTATOES, and ONIONS, CABBAGE, SOW LETTUCE, TOMATOES, RADISHES, BEETS, PEAS, MUSTARD, KALE, SALSIFY, CARROT and PARSNIP ALSO SEED FOR PASTURES, MEADOWS and LOTS, in ORCHARD, TIMOTHY, HERDS GRASS, and RED and SAPPING 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 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 especially. I carry all times a nice line of ROYAL'S FRESH FRENCH CANDIES.

All Prescriptions

and family receipts entrusted to my care will receive my personal attention and only 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.

F. S. HARRIS, DENTIST HENDERSON N. C. Office over E. G. Davis Store, Main Street, N. C. 25, 1 c.

MORE ABOUT TOBACCO.

CURING ON AND OFF THE STALK.

Maj. Ragland's Views on the Subject—An Important Matter that should be Fully Discussed.

[Southern Tobacco Journal.]

EDITOR JOURNAL:—At your request I reply hastily to the questions propounded by the editor of the Southern Planter, on "Curing Tobacco off the Stalk." The answers following correspond with the number to the questions on the first page of last week's Journal.

1. Nicotine is a distinct property of the tobacco plant, leaves, stalks and roots, both in green and dry state and is not generated by and chemical combination of substances caused by heat in the curing process.

2. Besides nicotine, which is a fluid colorless alkaloid acid, and pungent, tobacco contains a volatile substance, nicotianin, having an empyreumatic odor, and also a dark resinous extract, having a bitter taste. The properties are possessed by the plant entire, as also the smoke, and vary in relative proportions according to the type, the dark, rich, gummy type containing a greater percentage thereof than the yellow and milder kinds.

3. Tobacco differs greatly from corn and other grains and fruits, in possessing but little saccharine matter or other properties such as starch, which is convertible into sugar, which by fermentation produces alcohol. The nicotine in tobacco is unaffected by temperature in the curing process, and therefore remains unchanged.

4. The chemical laboratory has settled this question as stated, and experiments on the farm must decide which type of tobacco and what mode of culture, curing and management will produce the staple with the least amount of nicotine.

5. The process of harvesting the leaves of the tobacco plant as they ripen, by stringing them on twine or wire preparatory to curing, is not at all new, but was practiced by the planters in colonial times, when the bulk of the product was cured without artificial heat, i. e. dried by sun and air.

That this mode has not been adhered to generally since, is evidence rather against it, as the best and cheapest mode of harvesting tobacco. Nor can it be claimed for the product of fields subjected to this mode, as still practiced in some of the States, that it contains less nicotine than is found in the leaves of plants cut entire by splitting the stalk and curing rapidly by fires.

But it is a fact known to some of the best planters, that the process of curing tobacco by fires develops and fixes in the leaves the greatest amount of sugar, while the diffusion of nicotine from the stalk into the leaves is prevented thereby drying the leaf with the least amount of nicotine or empyreumatic oil.

The process of curing with slow open wood fires the dark rich gummy export type, is promotive of abstracting the volatile properties of the plant contained in the stalk by diffusion into the leaves, consequently causing them to hold a larger per centage of nicotine.

This is proved by the analysis of "Virginia shipping" leaf, which contains 4.39 per cent. of nicotine while the "bright yellow" type contains only 2.70 per cent. thereof.

By the process of curing bright tobacco with fires, there is little or no absorption of nicotine from the stalk of whole plants, as by the slow air curing or open fire process. This however is the accepted opinion and is not based upon actual experiment. It may be true as claimed by some, that more nicotine is evolved from the stalks of plants cured whole and diffused into the leaves, than is to be in the leaves pulled green from the stalks. This question is easily settled by analysis, and until this is done, this scribe expresses no definite opinion on this point.

A pertinent question suggests itself right here. Who wants tobacco wholly destitute of nicotine? The substance beyond all others which gives to tobacco its peculiar and enticing characteristic. Tobacco without nicotine would be like spirits or fermented liquors without alcohol. Whence would come demand for either, if such could be had?

This writer ventures the prediction that there will never be offered to the trade any type or grade of tobacco destitute of nicotine; and if such were possible, there would be no demand for a weed destitute of the exhilarating, soothing and satisfying effects of nicotine.

The late Doctor Voelcker characterized the yellow tobacco of Virginia and North Carolina, cured with fires, leaves cured upon the stalks, as not only the most pleasant to use, but the healthiest of all the types. Not be-

A WIFE'S WARNING.

A HART-RENDING STORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE STEP.

A Step That Led Out From the Warm, Cheerful, Blissful Fireside of Conjugal Peace and Happiness Into the Cold, Bleak Fields of Shame and Misery and Perfect Wretchedness.

[Wilson Mirror.]

I wish every wife and mother in the world to read this picture of a ruined life and a shattered dream, and then guard themselves against a wreck that is mine. I am now a married woman. I was once a loved and worshiped wife, but alas, how sad, how wretched is now the change. Then, I had a happy, joyous, loving husband, and life rolled along most beautifully, for in the radiant sunlight of luminous love-beams, everything was bright and radiant, and wore a countenance as lustrous as gleamings from the celestial spheres above. Children came like blessings from Heaven, and drew our heart-strings closer and nearer and tighter and more sweetly together, and in the dulcet melody of their rapturous beatings we heard a blissful and ecstatic enchantment, a music as perfect in its rhythm and as melodious in its flowings as the strains that come rippling forth from an angel's lute in Heaven. And thus life passed without a single note of discord to mar its blessed harmony, and without one snag of evil to ripple its placid flow. No dregs of impurity muddied its stainless current, which mirrored forth and reflected back in all its soiled beauty and spotless radiance the brilliantly beaming and lovingly bending heaven above it. Yes, our earth life was a photograph of that sweet and perfect estate known only to beings in sinless Paradise. But alas, how changed is that once beautiful picture. Over this Heaven loved scene of sweetest bliss the serpent dragged its poisonous trail, and the fairest flowers of peace and happiness that ever bloomed in an earthly Eden faded and perished and died under the slimy touch of his deadly fangs. Yes, the devil sent an emissary of evil that entered our happy home, and before I was aware of it the hallowed altar of affection and the blessed shrine of devotion, around which we had been so fondly worshipping, crumbled into ruins, and crushed as it fell all the hopes and all the dreams that once made life so bright and beautiful. Yes, with my own con-oclastic hand I pulled down the glorious temple of happiness which love had so grandly and so beautifully erected upon the solid foundation of perfect faith and confidence. Yes, Sampson like, I pulled down the temple, and perished in its ruins, for I stand now before the world a poor and miserable wreck of what was once a bright and beautiful existence. But let me tell the sorrow draped story of a blasted life, and point out the step which led me to my ruin. It is written in the heart drops of blackest anguish, and punctuated with the soul-ushered sighs of bitterest remorse.

R. L. RAGLAND, Hyco, Va.

BABY HANDS.

[Clara H. Biene in Good Housekeeping.]

O little hands that cling within mine own, And clasp yet closer when I feign to go! Trustring in mother-love to guide my flight— In mother-love to shield from every foe.

Would I could hold thee thus throughout my life! When dangers threaten near, protect, defend; Tenderly comfort thee in every fear; Love thee and cheer thee to thy journey's end.

Too soon the speeding years will give thee strength To reach for joys in which I have no part; Another's touch will soothe thy discontent, Another love than mine will fill thine heart.

Yet such is mother-love! I ask no more Than thy full happiness in all to see; Unworthy of the great, good name I bear, If thought of self could come 'twixt me and thee.

But in the golden present thou art mine— For me alone thy smile, thy loving kiss; Let separation in the future hide, To hold thy trusting, little hands in bliss!

The Index of a Place.

Writing on a subject which the GOLD LEAF has made frequent reference to, but of which it does not claim originally, however, the Shelby Aurora very truthfully says: "The hotels and local press are a good index of a place. When a stranger first reaches a village, he forms an opinion of that place from his hotel surroundings, while the press is regarded abroad as an illustration of the progress and intelligence of a community. A dead newspaper is usually found in a dilapidated town, and a live, progressive town, gives support and encouragement to an enterprising press. A newspaper is more than a private enterprise, for it is a public teacher, a disseminator of local news and a motive power in the development and prosperity of a country. Then it becomes the duty of every true citizen to help build up and support his country paper and take an interest in its welfare. If the citizens were to pay promptly for their local paper and aid the editor with cash instead of censure, then would our country press rejoice in prosperity. If you wish a good paper, pay cash to the editor and do not ask him to carry you on his credit for two years. It requires omnipotent cash to run a newspaper, and it is incumbent upon you to patronize and pay cash for it."

The Two Harvests—A New Poem.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association at Vanderbilt University, William R. Sims read a poem of striking merit, entitled "Two Harvests," which has since been published in pamphlet form. The allusion is not to "one harvest of war, and another of peace," as might be supposed. The object of the author is to illustrate the widely differing careers of two brothers; one of whom sacrifices his own desires, and stays upon the old plantation, now impoverished by the war, in order that the younger boy may go forth to labor and reap reward in the broad field of letters. Some critics have asserted that the poet implies that there is "no New South;" to which he replies, in a prefatory note; "the real New South is fully recognized; but not at the price of obliquity and reproach toward the Old." The motif of the poem is admirably carried out to the end, without diffusion or weakness, full of strong touches and graceful poetic imagery, Mr. Sims' thorough mastery of the subject being all the more remarkable from the fact that he is quite a young man. It closes with the following verses:

"I fear this record page away in rhyme From off my calendar in careless haste,— A withered leaflet from the tree of Time Drops down to death in Nature's widespread waste.

"To brush away the old I am not loth,— I speed nutrition of some better thing, And in the foliage of a future growth And nobler bird a sweeter song may sing."

Don't choose the shady side of life and then grumble because it is not brighter,

A TWILIGHT REFLECTION.

[Wilson Mirror.]

Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone and pure dewdrops hung upon its bosom and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with its dancing breezes and they whispered to the young rose and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it swung to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence. Then came the bright sun-god, sweeping from the east, and smote the young rose with its scorching rays and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it dropped to the dust in its loveliness and despair. Now the gentle breeze, which had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the home-bound bark, sweeping over hill and dale, by the neat cottage and still brook—turning the old mill, fanning the brow of disease and frisking with the curls of innocent childhood—came tripping along on errand of mercy and love; and when she fondly bathed its head in cool refreshing showers the young rose revived and looked and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away singing through the trees. Thus charity like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offers of kindness.

Man's Disposition is Never Improved

by scolding. Scolding, like miniature earthquakes, fill the air with the dust of impatience and swallows up the pleasant peacefulness of a home.

If wealth come, beware of him,

the smooth, false friend! There is treachery in his proffered hand; his tongue is eloquent to tempt; lust of many harms is lurking in his eye; he hath a hollow heart; use him cautiously.

If we act kindly at all times towards

our fellow men, we will not regret it when all things terrestrial are receding from sight and an unknown world begins to open to our vision.

The way to be happy and prosperous

is to strive and make all around you happy, and then you will receive the reward of your own labor.

Independence is a character of nobility,

and should be one of the essential traits in every true citizen's life.

ABOUT FARMING.

SPEECH OF MR. JAMES H. ENNISS AT MT. HOLLY.

Some Practical Talk from a Practical Man that Farmers Would do well to Consider.

[Wilmington Star.]

Our friend James H. Ennis, Esq., editor of the North Carolina Farmer, and a man of ideas and convictions, delivered an agricultural address at the Mt. Holly Encampment. We have received a copy. The subject discussed was the "Importance of Economy on the Farm." Mr. Ennis for more than twelve years has been conducting an agricultural monthly. His range of reading in that department is wide. His actual experience as a farmer is also considerable. But observation is often an excellent teacher and many a man with open eyes sees better where the "leaks" are than the man who holds the quart measure to the spigot. Some persons "pooch-pooch" at the idea of any man's being able to make a good suggestion to a farmer unless he too is a tiller of the soil.

Some of the very best farmers we have known, were in a certain sense amateur farmers. We heard an old, gray headed farmer of sound understanding, say once that if he had known twenty-five years earlier the methods of the leading merchant near him who ran two farms, but who began this after middle age, that he, the farmer, would be worth twice as much that day as he was. We had no doubt he spoke truly, for that merchant soon showed himself to be the best practical farmer in the county. It was he who taught the farmers how to raise the grasses, have the fattest hogs and horses, and to enrich their farms. We knew him to purchase three or four hundred acres of land that were poor and had in parts been badly worn by indifferent cultivation by a professional farmer. This land would not have produced more than three barrels an acre. In five years it grew on the hills—in fact anywhere—corn that averaged ten barrels to the acre and measured. There was never an ounce of any fertilizer put upon it, except stable and hogpen and cowpen manure. We instance this to show that many a thorough business man can see faults in farming that the farmers themselves, as a class, do not see. Mr. Ennis might be the best of teachers although he had never run a row or even dropped corn in his boyhood. But he has had really much experience on the farm.

It does not require that a man should have spent his life on a farm to see some things with a clear vision that are inexcusable and that betray the worst of methods, if not positive neglect. Why should a man have to be a farmer to know that poor fences, trees and bushes growing in the locks of the fences, lean stock, razor-back hogs, cultivating land that will not produce more than a third of a bale of cotton to the acre or three barrels of corn, using foreign manures and neglecting home manures, mortgaging farms, mortgaging crops, buying supplies that ought to be raised at home at from twelve to thirty per cent. above cash prices, run down wagons and carts, cows that give no milk, and a failure to diversify crops will in the end invite poverty and failure? These things show waste, incompetence, idleness and neglect. To show that they are ruinous need not require a scientific or a practical knowledge of farming. A small amount of saving common sense is all that is required.

Mr. Ennis shows what sort of farmers there are. He copies from a recent letter from a farmer. He says:

"To be candid, the farmers in this section are not appreciative or progressive, the great trouble with most of our Southern farmers is indolence, downright laziness. Our wealthy men leave the farm to a negro, or what may be worse, an ignorant white man who knows it all, and boasts that he does things just as his grand-father did." On the other hand, most of our poor ones are too lazy and worthless to make any headway, and if you find one who has a desire to improve his condition, like as not, he is indebted to some rich man and he has not enough grit to pull out of old ruts, lest his creditors might say "better pay what you owe me before you go into fancy farming."

Mr. Ennis then tells of another case:

"We know a man who raises nothing but cotton. A few days ago we saw him come to town and sell four chickens for one dollar, 75 cents of which he used to purchase a bushel of corn. He took his horse from the field, and lost his horse's work and his own work for the better part of one day. At this time of the year the horse's work is worth \$1.00 per day, and the man's work certainly not less

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight alums or phosphates. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall St. N. Y., Aug. 25, 1887.

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L. C. EDWARDS, A. B. 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. March 19-4.

W. H. DAY, A. C. ZOLLICOFFER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HENDERSON, N. C. Practices in the courts of Vance, Granville, Warren, Halifax and Northampton, and in the Supreme and Federal courts of the State. Office: In Harris' law building next to the court house. Feb. 9-61.

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