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# GOLD LEAF.

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THAD R. MANNING, Editor and Prop'r.  
"CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."  
VOL. VI. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1887. NO. 42.

### THE DARKEST HOUR.

For a period of four years I've been a victim of a very severe and agonizing case of Salt Rheum which afflicted my hands to such an extent that they almost became a burden.  
My hand became raw and irritable, compelling me to keep it covered all the time.  
I've spent hundreds of dollars for various preparations, but instead of benefiting my condition, they all seemed to stimulate and encourage the progress of the malarial disease, until I had about given up all hope.  
But thank heaven, the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and I was glad to know that a post-verse cure had been found, which is known as B. B. B.—Boric Acid and Balm.  
My family all rejoice at its magical curative powers in giving me relief. My hand has been cured and resembles a burnt surface after being heated over more than anything else. It has also cured my two children of a loathsome form of Itch which had resisted all previous treatment. I refer to my business house in Meigs and to Th. M. Payne, Douglas, of whom I procured the goods. Signed,  
W. A. BRYANT.  
Moody, Texas, April 27, 1886.

### FLESH SLOUGHING OFF IN PIECE.

For two years I have been confined to bed with a loathsome form of Blood Poison, which has about eaten me up, and I and others had no hope of a recovery. For a while I could neither walk, sit down, nor lie down, only in misery as my flesh rotted and the falling of my bones in pieces as big as hen eggs. My appetite was lost, my bones ached and pained me, and friends ever shunned me. I bought various blood purifiers without benefit, and several physicians treated me until large sums of money had been expended, but not one cent of relief did any one give me. On the 15th of February, 1886, Mr. F. R. Jackson of London, Tenn. sent me a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and before one bottle had been used I commenced gaining strength, my appetite improved, sores commenced healing and when two bottles had been used I was on my feet and walking around to the astonishment of everybody.  
Witness: MRS. LAURA HART.  
FRED P. JACKSON.  
Beaufort, S. C., May 10, 1886.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poison, Scrophulous, Scrophulous Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail free, a copy of our 32-page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address,  
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(Sept. 29-31.)

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(Sept. 29-31.)

### NOTICE!

To my friends of Warren, Vance and the public generally, I respectfully announce that I have opened a

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In the ONTARIO BLOCK, where I will keep constantly on hand a full line of choice LIQUORS, WINES, LAGER BEER, CIGARS, &c. I shall be pleased to receive calls, promising a quiet time and polite attention.  
Very Respectfully,

### J. J. LOUGHLIN,

HENDERSON, N. C.

### F. S. HARRIS,

### DENTIST

HENDERSON, N. C.

Office over E. G. Davis Store,  
Main Street  
H. Ar. 25, 1 c.

### HANDS OFF.

### SOMETHING FOR YOUNGLADIES TO READ.

Timely Hints that will Bear Reflecting Upon.

[Kernersville News and Farm.]

Southern society, at one time so pure and refined and marked by knightly chivalry and honorable devotion to womanhood, is gradually losing that lofty tone which encircled the fair sex in a halo of virtuous majesty and clothed woman in "purity, truth and everlasting love." And while the ladies of the South have been taunted with the charge of "false modesty," it is not to be denied that this same modesty threw over her beauty a veil of purity which was considered the sacred separation from all that was coarse and vulgar. Thus placed in the sanctum sanctorum, men felt that it was no light honor to gain possession and wooed accordingly.

It is not so under the new dispensation of society. The veil has apparently been torn aside, and the idea prevails with some that the less modesty one possesses, the more popular she becomes. Only fools are caught with such chaff, and the sooner young ladies realize the fact that young men never look for wives among this class, the fewer old maids will be strewn as scare-crows along the shores of the society's meadow.

### NORTH AND SOUTH.

### How the Son of a Northern General and a Southern General's Daughter Behaved.

[New York Letter.]

To one of our resorts there came ten years ago a dignified Southern General, with his wife, and a daughter so lovely that all who saw her were charmed. The first few weeks the Southern visitors were quite exclusive, and frowned upon any attempt of the citizens of the North to get acquainted with them. They came simply for a change of air, and did not care for society. A Northern General, with his family, stopped at the same house, and there was a son in that family. There almost always is a son in a Northern family when there is a pretty girl around. The two Generals were introduced, but for weeks they only passed the time of day, and were so dignified that it was a wonder they did not break their backs. The lady from the South became interested in the young gentleman of the North, and before anybody had realized that a calamity had befallen the two families they were head and ears in love. The Southern General was mad, and that made the Northern General mad, and there were stormy times about the cool resort on the lake. The old Southerner stamped his feet and said they should never marry, and the Northern General kept cool and said if the young folks wanted to marry, he didn't know any reason why they shouldn't, and as he was in love with the girl too, and would give all he possessed for her as a daughter, he swore he would see that she was properly eloped with. The old Confederate said he would shoot up enough snakes for a mess if they tried any such wooden nutmeg game on his family, and so they had it until the summer was gone, and—well, you know how it is yourselves. The young people coaxed, and finally the Southern General said they could do as they pleased, and they were married. Today there are four boys and two girls that have come to bless that union of the North and South. Two of the boys have been named after two of the greatest Confederate Generals, and two have been named after two great Northern Generals, and several months of the summer you can see that old Confederate grandfather in Wisconsin, the guest of the Northern grandfather, playing with those six youngsters, and several months of winter the Northern General is visiting the South to see these children grow, and it is a grand sight to see the two grandfathers bending over a cradle, and looking at the youngest child, and arguing as to which grandparent the child resembles. The old fellows are good friends; the Southern General thinks his Northern son-in-law is one of God's noblemen, and the Northern General knows that his beautiful daughter-in-law is the sweetest woman on earth. Ten thousand such weddings between the Northern and Southern young people would forever silence those who may wish to see the two sections at enmity.

### THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT IS endeavoring to negotiate for 9,000,000 acres of land in Italy.

"The Italian government is endeavoring to negotiate for 9,000,000 acres of land in Italy," says an exchange. Jewhuzz! If the Italians take them from this country, what!—how!—thunder! We can't conduct a presidential campaign at all next year.—Newman Independent.

### WHY DO I LOVE THEE?

Why do I love thee?  
Ask the bee that sips  
Nectar divine from out the willing flower,  
Why it abideth upon those open lips,  
Wherefore it wingeth around that elfin bower,  
And when thou dost this sunny secret know,  
Thou wilt not marvel that I love thee so.

Why do I love thee?  
Ask the meadow green  
Why it doth love the flower that blooms above it,  
Whose sweet perfume or rainbow-tinted sheen  
O'erspread their charm above the fields that love it,  
And when thou dost this tender secret know,  
Thou wilt not marvel that I love thee so.

Why do I love thee?  
Ask the bird that sings  
Of smiling skies and valleys rose-embowered,  
Why from his heart his happy carol springs,  
Why on the air its melody is showered,  
And when thou dost this joyous secret know,  
Thou wilt not marvel that I love thee so.

Why do I love thee?  
Ask the artist crowned  
With fairest thought, his rare ideal growing,  
Wherefore he stands upon enchanted ground,  
Why his proud eye with rapture light is glowing,  
And when thou dost this subtle secret know,  
Thou wilt not marvel that I love thee so.

Why do I love thee?  
Ask of him who hears  
Sound-woven poetry of strains elysian  
Why heart and soul do melt with unshed tears,  
Swayed by the magic of the rapt musician;  
And when thou dost this wondrous secret know,  
Thou wilt not marvel that I love thee so.

Why do I love thee?  
Ask the burdened heart  
Weighed with sin, forlorn and anguish-stricken,  
Why, as the tears from out the eyelids start,  
Peace comes in gazing on the star-pure Heaven;  
And when thou dost this holy secret know,  
No longer marvel that I love thee so.

### NORTH AND SOUTH.

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[New York Letter.]

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### AN OLD TRUNK.

### HOW WE SPENT A RAINY EVENING AROUND ITS TREASURES.

And dug up from the Hallowed Grave of the Moss Covered Past the Sweet and Precious Scenes of Boyhood's Sunniest Hours.

[W. H. Blount in Wilson Mirror.]

It is sitting there in the corner, filled with relics and bits and scraps and odds and ends which belong to the buried past, whose scenes are now enmeshed with the sweetest and tenderest memories. That old trunk is a sacred and hallowed thing to us, and we never touch or open it unless the heart is sad in its dreamings, and its yearning longs to float back once again on the waves of memory to those dear old isles of happy days in the far away ocean of the Past. And so this afternoon we have been bent over this dear old trunk, taking up this thing, looking at that, reading this letter, and dropping a tear to the memory of the one whose noble heart prompted it, but who has been for so many years resting in that silent land where no letters ever come back to cheer the hearts of the loved ones left behind. Sleep on, noble hearted, strong and brilliant minded young man, sleep on, but we know there is a meeting place Over There where friendships formed on earth will be united in sweeter ties than ever. And here is a letter from Bobbie, written in a boyish hand from dear, sweet, blessed old Bedford when we were a homesick cadet at Hillsboro. It is tear stained and blotted with drops of grief, for we cried over it then, and we cried over it again in after years when the news came to us from Rocky Mount that one of the purest and sweetest hearts that ever ennobled and dignified manhood, and which lent such a charm and a fascination to society, had been stilled forever in the hush of death, and that his voice would never more be heard. And here is a bundle of letters from our sainted father; all of them breathing that high dignity and unsullied purity and courteous consideration; which ever distinguished his dealings with his children and with others, and which made the Rev. Mr. Owens exclaim when he went up to a higher place of existence that he "lived without one stain of reproach and died without an enemy." Oh! what memories cluster around these dear old letters! And here are the love-filled letters that were written by our angel mother. But now our pen stops; language can't depict the feelings which are now welling up in the bosom, and we can't see how to write, for the heart is pumping the eyes to overflowing with its waters of grief, and the vision is blinded with the spray. Only those who have a mother in Heaven, know anything about the feelings which now baptize this precious bundle of letters that mother wrote.

Putting these old letters—sweet, dear souvenirs of a happy past—back again in their old accustomed places, we began to rummage again, and our eyes fell upon another bit of paper. It was our first attempt at poetry, written to our little girl sweetheart long, long years ago when she used to be the little Queen of our dreams and our hopes, and we her little King. But that was long, long ago, and how wide is the gulf which rolls between the Then and Now. She is married and happy. She has a lovely home, with an accomplished and highly intelligent daughter to grace it with a charm and an attractiveness which make it a bower of contentment; and we are now turning our face towards life's sunset, for our head is already beginning to catch the spray flung up by the billows on the ocean of Eternity, and we are almost within hearing of the splashing and the roaring of the eternal breakers. But this little paper, all faded and crumpled, brings back that past, we feel now the same thrill which shot through our heart years ago as we stood, with boyish ardor, at the head of the lane and caught a glimpse of her blushing face as the equipage went by.

And here is another bundle of letters and, like the faint perfume of a withered rose long pressed in a book and hidden from sight, there comes to us a half-forgotten story of the past. The bloom and freshness faded from the flower of love fifteen years ago. At its best it was but a faded rose, growing in the rarified, somewhat chilly atmosphere of intellectual friendship, and not that glorious crimson rose, that flourishes only in the warm tropical breezes of eternal passion and deathless feeling. And right by it is another bundle of letters with a blue ribbon tied around them and still breathing the faint perfume of flowers—hallowed tokens that love used to wear. And now as we pick up this envelope what a thrill it gives us as we come upon

this romantic token of a love that once burned so brightly and that now lies dead and cold beneath its own ashes. Very gently we open the envelope and shake out upon a fair sheet of paper the dusty fragments—emblems now of a love that is withered and dead forever. What tender streams of memories creep up from that hallowed past which was then made so heavenly by the precious dreams which this dear rose then inspired in our heart, and which perfumed our existence with an odor of enchantment which made the very earth seem sweeter than Heaven itself, for in her presence we inhaled the fragrance of Heaven's purest and richest flowers, and in her honored notes of fond endearment we heard in sweetest rapture the music of the angels. But all of those blissful dreams, like this dear rose, are in ashes, and now ends our reverie, for the supper bell rings, and down goes the lid of the old trunk, and hid away again are the skeletons of the hopes and the joys and the dreams of the hallowed hours of that dead and buried past, to which cometh no Resurrection's Morn.

In the October number of Scribner's Magazine is a poem, "Rebel or Royalist?" by Maurice Thompson, which, despite its lack of absolute originality in subject, has some fine, manly sentiments that will find echo in many Southern hearts. We print a few verses:

I was a rebel, if you please,  
A reckless fighter to the last;  
Nor do I fall upon my knees  
And beg forgiveness for the past.  
A traitor? Is a traitor? No!  
I was a patriot to the core;  
The South was mine; I loved her so,  
I gave her all—I could no more.

I do not cringe before you now,  
Or lay my face upon the ground;  
I am a man, of men a peer,  
And not a cowering, cudgeled bound.  
I stand and say you were right;  
I greet you with uncovered head,  
Remembering many a thunderous fight,  
Where whistling death between us sped.

Mr. Thompson though now residing in the West—in the State of Indiana—is a Southerner by birth, and was a gallant soldier on the Confederate side during the late war. His poem well defines the present attitude of the South; and will be read by thousands of his old comrades in arms who are to-day no less loyal to the Union for all that.

### Fading Summer.

[Wilson Mirror.]

Summer is fast gathering up her dust-sprinkled robes for departure, while soft as a dream of beauty gliding, Autumn, wet with golden mist, steps upon the russet lawn, and tints with gorgeous coloring the variegated scene of Nature's faithful studio. Yes, summer time is almost gone; the bloom and beauty of its realm will soon fade away and even Autumn winds, sighing through leafless trees, will, in a little while from now, whisper in its chilly breath of its own short reign, and tell of the icy kiss and frozen embrace of hoary winter. The fall of the leaf is indeed a whisper to the living and in the transition from bloom to decay, from life and beauty to death and gloom, we learn the mournful lesson of our own mortality, and are brought face to face with the solemn, awful truth that we too must die, that like the leaves, we too loose our hold upon the stem of existence and drop into the hush and silence of the grave. And being thus so forcibly and so touchingly reminded of the certainty of death, how necessary it is for us to strive to make the closing act in life's sad drama a scene radiant with the recollections of contracts all fulfilled and finished and the calm of dissolution unbroken by not a single whisper of conscience. And now while the cotton is coming into market we hope those who are in arrears will remember us, and then the gloom of the melancholy days will fall upon us sprinkled in warm rays of sunshine, and will be like the ashes of rosemary—for remembrance. Then come up friends and pay for the Mirror and let us all be ready to die in peace, and have our last moments on earth soothed and solaced by the sweet and comforting reflection that we are done with being dunned and that a state of no-bill-ity will be our future crown.

The fifteen great American inventions of world-wide adoption are: The cotton gin, the planing machine, the grass mower and reaper, the rotary printing press, navigation by steam, the hot air engine, the sewing machine, the India rubber industry, the machine manufacture of horse shoes, the sand blast carving, the gauge lathe, the grain elevator, artificial ice making on a large scale, the electric magnet and its practical application, the telephone.

Subscribe to the GOLD LEAF.

### "HOME AGAIN."

### GRAND SOCIAL GATHERING OF NORTH CAROLINA BORN CITIZENS

To take Place at the State Fair.

[Edenton Fisherman and Farmer.]

The State Fair reunion of non-resident North Carolinians promises to be a most enjoyable feature. Many, we understand, prominent residents of other States who have been invited will be present, will gather once again around the hearth, so to speak, of their native home and mingle again their familiar voices in the sweet converse respecting the familiar things and incidents of the past which have swelled history into a mighty book crowded with noble deeds, grand achievements, and brilliant evidences of an universal onward. It is pleasant when, at stated times, the scattered family, once happy in supposed perpetual union, can be brought to mingle again around the fireside of their old home, to live over, for a while, the long past which has been lost save only to memory in those exercise facts and faces as well as occasions are thrown out upon the surface a feast to the eye of mind and a joy to the soul filled with love of home and a just appreciation of the friends of other days.

In this reunion there will be much to recall which will doubtless awake reflections sad beyond description. Many faces will be missed. The names of many will be mentioned who now sleep in soldier graves awaiting the final transfer when the battalions of earth's mighty forces will pitch their tents upon Eden's fields clothed in the immortal armament of heaven. Some will be absent whose deeds of love and wisdom, whose mighty speech and fearless convictions have made their names conspicuous in the incomparable catalogue of true greatness. Some will be missed to whose bright example of christian heroism and self-sacrifice the onward of the Church—that essential in civilization, is, in great measure, humanly speaking, due. Some will be missed—statesmen, whose spotless character and unrivalled ability gave luster to the State's reputation and whose arduous efforts paved the way for the splendid progress which their descendants have made in growth and government. But while all those will be absent causing a feeling of sadness there will be occasions for contemplation as grand and stirring as our retrospect has been sad and shadowy. To her absent children our grand old Mother can point innumerable evidences showing that the seed of continuing prosperity, so faithfully sown in the past by other hands, have germinated, sprung up and are now ripe for a harvest unending. Where the song of the plow-boy and the sound of the woodman was once only heard, the music of spindles, the roar of machinery and the tread of the iron horse, all blending in industrial harmony, impregnate the air with the music of a march grand, imposing and beautiful, making the people rejoice and filling the lap of plenty even unto perfect fulness. At almost every cross-road, in the place of the cider mill and dram shop, there stands a school house, well equipped and furnished. At every precinct the church of God has erected an edifice for prayer and praise, and where the poor and defenseless orphans once were neglected, now, in the plenitude of a charity almost begotten, there stand asylums sustained and governed by a prosperous people bent on progress and universal good. In this reunion there may be some who, impressed with the grandeur of the progress made by their State, shall determine to return to their old home. To such all bid a welcome.

### Going to Work.

As the Charlotte Chronicle says, the newspapers are filled with the most encouraging news in regard to the prosperity of the country. This is especially noticeable in regard to the South. New industries are on the increase and the prospects of abundant harvest have revived all lines of business. The people have much to be thankful for; they have cause to be cheerful and happy.

As the Roanoke Times very aptly remarks, Southern men have pulled off their coats, and instead of going West to grow up with the country, are staying at home to make the country grow up with them. This is far better for them and their section. Too much of the manhood and brain of North Carolina have gone forth to develop the resources and adorn the councils of other States and Territories.

Miss Phoebe W. Couzins has been appointed by President Cleveland U. S. Marshal at St. Louis and has been installed in the office. This is the first appointment of a woman to this office.

**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 test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 Wall St., N. Y., Aug. 25, 1886.

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**ANDREW J. HARRIS,**  
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Notary Public and Public Administrator  
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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.  
March 19-4.

**W. H. DAY, A. C. ZOLLICOFFER,**  
DAY & ZOLLICOFFER,  
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Practice in the courts of Vance, Granville, Warren, Halifax and Northampton, and in the Supreme and Federal courts of the State.  
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HENDERSON, N. C.

Satisfaction guaranteed as to work and price. Office over Parker & Cross' store, Main street Feb. 4-4.

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**WM. 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.

**CUT YOUR HEAD OFF!**  
DAVE HAWKINS, THE OLDEST barber in Henderson, has an enviable reputation in the business. His shop, over Curran's billiard saloon, is hard-wooded and comfortably fitted up and he gives an easy and a fashionable hair cut.