

BLOOD POISON.

Three years ago I contracted a blood poison. I applied to a physician at once and his treatment did not come near killing me. I employed an old physician and then went to Ky. I then went to Hot Springs and remained two months, but nothing seemed to cure me permanently, although temporary relief was given me. My condition grew desperate and I applied to a noted quack, but I did not improve. I then used a preparation which was prescribed "gratis," but it contained too much alcohol and aggravated my sufferings. I then played myself under the treatment of a Nashville physician and for a time was benefited, but for all I returned home a ruined man physically and financially, with but little prospect of ever getting well. My money being exhausted, I did not know what to do. Several other physicians were consulted and I did so to gratify her, but to my utter astonishment I had not finished the first bottle before every ulcer had healed. To the present time I have used five bottles and have received more benefit than from all the rest. My rheumatic pains were cured and my kidneys were purified. I think I think it the best medicine in the world. Macon, Ga., May 1, 1886.

VERY NERVOUS.

For many years I have been afflicted with rheumatism combined with some kidney troubles. Indigestion finally added to my misery and I soon became feeble and very nervous, and my whole system was prostrated. Several physicians were employed and an heroic patent medicine resorted to without benefit. After seeing so many testimonials extolling the wonderful merit of B. B. B., I commenced its use and the effect was like magic. Rheumatic pains ceased, my kidneys were relieved and my constitution improved at once, and I cheerfully recommend it to others who may be similarly afflicted.

MISS S. TOMLINSON,
Atlanta, Ga., May 4, 1886.

TO THE PUBLIC.

CARLOTTE N. C., April 21, 1886.
After using B. B. B. I unhesitatingly state that it did more good for kidney complaint than all other remedies combined. Its action is speedy and I cheerfully recommend it for kidney derangement.

T. B. CALAHAN,
Atlanta, Ga.

Bereavement Sharpened.

It is right that any virtuous woman should be left homeless and unprotected. And yet how many such there are! And why?
There are comparatively few homes entirely free from incumbrances. By mortgaging or otherwise encumbering their property, many of our citizens, and in many cases, on the decease of the husband or father, the wife and children are forced from their long cherished abodes. He had his property mortgaged for, but dies; and in the confusion of his affairs, or the want of good management on the part of the wife, or executors, the family loses every thing. A few hundred or a few thousand dollars of ready money at his death, would have saved the homestead for them, free from incumbrances. The fact of that few hundred or thousand dollars—which a life policy would have procured—lost the widow her all.

And now, in deepest poverty, she can scarcely endure the reflection that a comfortable subsistence was within her reach, and yet is not hers.
Lately, she frequents the churchyard, but only to bring to fresh remembrance her folly in opposing, or being indifferent to, an assurance upon her husband's life. She blames herself, and fortifies her conscience, in her experience, the following lines:
WORDS TO WIVES.
"So the stock eagle, stretched along the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed her own father in the fatal dark,
And winged the shaft that quivered in her heart!"
"Keen were her pang; but keener, far,
To feel
She nursed the pinion that impelled the steel!"
While the same plumage that had warmed the nest,
Drank the last drop of her bleeding breast!"
If you are such a one take warning before it is too late, for not for your own sake, for the sake of your little ones, make it impossible for these self-inflicted sorrows to come upon you, by means of the profits of Life Insurance.

J. R. YOUNG,
LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE AGENT,
HENDERSON, N. C.
Policies written in first class companies only.

SOME TESTIMONIALS.

Extracts From Letters Written by Tontine Policy Holders of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States.
It affords me pleasure to testify to the prompt and satisfactory manner in which the Equitable settles Tontine policies. I find, after ten years of assurance, that I am out of pocket only about 18 per cent. of premiums paid, equivalent to an annual dividend of over 80 per cent.; a result that could be achieved only by the most careful and superior management.

RAY, SAMUEL MEASER, D. D.,
Chicago, Ill.
J. R. YOUNG,
LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE AGENT,
HENDERSON, N. C.
Policies written in first class companies only.

The "Wiggler's" Woe.

[Thos. P. Monfort in Independence Democrat.]

In the Swampville Wiggler, of last week, we find the following interesting local:
Last week we failed to get our paper out, and we feel that we should explain the reason of its non-appearance. While we were up at Dyke's saloon to see a man on pressing business matters, Col. Jones' old sorrel sow rooted our office door down, and getting inside upset the imposing stone and puffed the forms. She then turned the galley rack over and scattered the type over the floor, after which she ate a keg of ink, and when we returned she was up on the press eating the tympanum. We hurried inside to drive her out, when she jumped down off the press and took after us and after racing around the room two or three times we were forced to skin up the wall and seek safety on the joists. It was a narrow escape, however, as when we looked down we saw the old sow complacently eating a leg of our pants which she had torn off as we started up the wall. This was about noon, and after spending the entire afternoon in hallooing for help and soothing the old sow, we were somewhat relieved when, just about sundown, the old rip, after eating everything she could chew, took up our subscription book and trotted off toward home, thus giving us an opportunity to come down off the joist, the sharp edge of which was becoming uncomfortable. We gave chase in order to recover our subscription book, and after running five blocks, the old hazel splitter dropped it, but not before she had eaten up all the names of our subscribers. In the chase we lost our hat, and one leg of our pants being already gone, the crowd that gathered to witness the scene showed an inclination to treat us in a light and jesting manner, even going so far as to make remarks calculated to grind on the sensibilities of a cultured and refined gentleman as well as a scholarly editor of a great popular educator. Some of our citizens so far forgot our importance and the dignity of our calling as to ruthlessly and unfeelingly engage in making bets on the race, while others indulged in such rude remarks as, "Get in there, old Redtop," "Go it old bow legs," "Whoop it, old banty shanks!" In the mad excitement of the race when we had almost overtaken the old sorrel sow, and was just about to lay hold of her tail with a vice like grip, when Col Stokes' old gray mule, whose presence we had not noticed, led drive with both hind feet and plowed a couple of furrows through our hair taking off a couple of strips of scalp. We think our readers after perusing this will be inclined to be lenient and forgive us for missing our last issue. In order to avoid any accident in the future we are having a fence built around our office. As some of our readers will probably remember about a year ago an old red barrow belonging to Major Blake came in and turned the desk over on which we were engaged in writing an able and exhaustive review of the growth and progress of our city. We don't hold any enmity toward Col. Jones, but we do feel that he ought to make an effort to restrain his old sorrel sow from destroying our office, and if she is not restrained, we say now, she and us can not live peaceably in the same town.

MY WIFE.

BY WM. J. DAWSON.

She is my wife, and all the livelong day I think of her.
And in the deep oblivion of the night I dream of her;
When she is near a sweet and tender calm Falls softly on my heart with soothing balm.
Like the murmur'd sound of an angel's psalm
Pleading for man.
She is my life, if love is life's author,
Guardian and friend,
Guiding my feet from the pitfalls of woe 'E'er to the end.
When she is far my heart is sore oppress'd,
And sadly beats against my weary breast,
Like a wounded bird that seeks its distant nest.
With restless wing.

She is my soul, if from the soul there leaps That scorching fire
That scorches at its birth the poisoned glance
Of base desire.
She lights me as of old the desert sand
As luring tales of sense was lit that band
That followed Moses to the promised land
Of rest and peace.
Ah! wife of mine, my wife, my soul, my all,
Ere I depart,
May chilling shadow of thy loss ne'er fall
Upon me here;
But down the opening aisles of future years
Be by my side to quell the rising tears
That flow from hidden springs of doubts and fears
Within my breast.
—Detroit Free Press.

The Local Press.

[Durham Recorder.]

A town cannot do too much for its local press. It is the office of a newspaper to represent well the interest of its locality; reflect the sentiments of its locality; guard the rights of the people among whom it is published; and disseminate sound principles; honest in its correction of abuses, and fearless in maintaining truth and justice. To successfully do this the people must take a lively interest in their home paper—subscribe for it; advertise in it; talk it up. A town without live newspapers is a dead place.
View the matter in another light. The publisher has his capital in the enterprise. His time and energies are spent in serving the public. His support, and the return for the outlay in the enterprise, is based upon the patronage he receives. Better the patronage, better the paper. The united efforts of all enables him to improve his journal and more satisfactorily please his readers.
Few people, outside of a newspaper office, know what a paper is called upon to endure. As the Burlington Hawkeye has well said, the press endures the affliction of deadheadism from the pulpit, the bar and the stage; from corporations, societies and individuals. It is the truth. It is the common idea and generally expected to yield its interests. It is requested to give strength to the weak, eyes to the blind, clothes to the naked, bread to the hungry. It is asked to cover up infirmities, hide weakness, wink at quacks, bolster up dull, sap-headed politicians and flatter the vain. It is thought to be the duty of the press to spend several dollars in puffing a ten cent article with no return for the trouble and the expense. It is, in short, to be all things to all men; and if it looks for any reward it is denounced as mean and sordid. There is no interest under the whole heavens that is expected to give so much to society without pay or thanks as the press.

Talmage's Income.

Talmage, the Brooklyn pastor, editor and lecturer, has a larger income from his work than perhaps any other brain worker in the United States. As the Tabernacle preacher, he receives a princely salary and as a purely business proposition it pays the official board of that church to employ him at \$25,000 a year, as he draws the biggest crowds in the city. The great Tabernacle is packed every Sunday, rain or shine, and the basket collections are, of course, very large. The same sermon that is preached to the Tabernacle audience is sold to a newspaper syndicate and is published in about 1,000 papers—in Europe and America—and now a syndicate has begun to "handle" his "Friday night talks." He is editor of Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine, and for this work he receives several thousand a year for his popularity. Pond, the amusement agent, paid Talmage \$50 a lecture more than he paid the Plymouth pastor. He was a "bigger draw" Beecher and Talmage were always noted for their industry, but in the last two or three years, since the demand for Talmage has gone ahead of time, the vast amount of work that he gets through with in a week is simply prodigious. He keeps his private secretary and stenographer very busy, for his daily mail is almost as heavy as that received at the White House.

The man who would not live always, generally tries all ways to live when the scratch comes.
Read and advertise in the GOLD LEAF.

TOBACCO CULTURE.

How to Prepare the Plant Bed.

[By Capt. R. B. Davis, of Hickory, N. C.]

To the planter an early and abundant supply of tobacco plants is the thing of prime importance. To secure this the seed may be sown at any time between the 15th of December and the 15th of March, the earlier the better, and allotting 100 square yards of seed-bed to every 10,000 plants that will be needed. The ground selected for this purpose should be virgin soil, of sandy texture, rich and moist, with full exposure to the sun, and sheltered to the North and West by rising ground or growing timber, against the cold wind of early spring. Such spots can be readily found in wooded hollows, at the foot of hills, and near to or along side some water course. Other things being equal, the farther into the woods the spot selected is the better in order to escape the bug.
The ground having been well cleaned, the next thing is to rake it evenly and then burn it thoroughly so as to kill all germs of vegetation. The burning can be done at a single blast, if done with dry brush, heaped upon the entire bed a height of some four feet. A better but costlier method is to burn with wood laid upon green poles, which serve the purpose of ventilation, which case the wood should be piled the whole length of the bed, and of convenient width, say six feet, and after the pile has been well kindled, it should be allowed to burn some two hours, or until the poles underneath are burnt up. The burning wood and fire coals should not be moved by using old hoes fastened upon long handles, and again spread a convenient width and fresh wood added, which should burn until the ground underneath has been burnt as thoroughly as before, and so on until the entire bed has been burnt over. So soon as the ground has cooled enough to walk upon it, and without removing the ashes, it should be broken deeply and finely with the mattock, care being taken not to invert the soil, and then chopped with weeding hoes and raked until clear of roots and well pulverized—or for which reason land should never be burnt when too wet.
The bed is now ready for seeding. The variety of seed recommended is the Yellow Orinoca. The quantity sown should be one and a half table-spoonfuls to every 100 square yards. Great care should be taken to sow the seed as regularly as possible so as to prevent some spots from being too thin, and what is worse, other spots from being too thick. To do so the seed should be carefully measured and then thoroughly mixed in a convenient quantity of dry ashes, and the mixture divided into two equal parts. The bed should be marked off into convenient sowing breadths by lines four feet apart, and sowed entirely over with one-half the seed in one direction, and then over again with the other half in the opposite direction, the sower retracing his steps. The seed should be left upon the surface and neither hoed nor raked into the soil, but trodden in with the foot, or pressed in with the back of a weeding hoe, or better still, by passing a light roller over the bed. To prevent drifting or puddling of the seed by washing rains, where the ground is rolling, trenches slightly inclined and two inches deep and four feet apart should be made with the mattock across the bed. Where the ground is flat and subject to being sordid, it should be thoroughly drained, as nothing drowns more easily than the tobacco plant.

A FRIGHTFUL BLIZZARD.

Such Weather in the West was Never Before Known—Great Suffering and Loss of Life.
Just to show something of the effects of a genuine blizzard in the West, we clip from the newspapers a few dis-patches of the 12th—the first one from St. Paul, Minnesota, as follows:
"Railroad men agree that the storm of to-day is the worst ever known in the North-west for their business. It extends from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Michigan, but its worst effects are felt in Dakota and Minnesota. Everywhere it has been accompanied by high wind which drifts the snow badly, and in northern Dakota with below zero temperature it assumes the character of a genuine blizzard. The railroads had hardly finished clearing their tracks from the previous storm, and that of to-day has absolutely blocked all the small roads, though the through lines are battling bravely against the elements to keep trains moving. Trains on the roads to Chicago are one to nine hours late, but all the main lines are still open and Eastern trains left as usual to-night. All freights on the Northern Pacific and Manitoba lines have been abandoned, and no trains were sent out on these roads to-night. The Kansas City train on the Omaha road was also abandoned. Sup. Egan, of the Manitoba line, says the passenger trains are laid up at stations where there is plenty to eat. The St. Paul and Duluth road is trying to keep its main line open, but has abandoned the branches."

A special from Huron, Dakota, said: "The wind is blowing fifty miles an hour. The air is so full of snow that one is unable to see fifty feet at any time. Some unthinking teacher dismissed young school children, some of whom have to go four or five blocks across the open land. Five or six children got lost. Whistles were blown, bells rung and people turned out and took long ropes and walked fifteen or twenty abreast back and forth over the ground. They have found two, but the others have not yet been discovered. The mercury is four degrees below zero, and has fallen twenty-eight degrees since 10 o'clock."

A Pierre, Dakota, special said the wind blew sixty miles an hour, and it was impossible to see one hundred feet.
Minot, Dakota, reported the storm raging there and the temperature 15 below zero. All railway travel suspended. Jamestown, Dak., reported no trains moving on the main line of the Northern Pacific. Groton, Dak., reported the wind blowing a gale, the mercury so below, and impossible to see more than two rods.
Sioux City, Iowa, says the blizzard there was the worst in years.
The following graphic report of the blizzard and its work was sent to the associated press from St. Paul, Minn., under date of the 16th:
The terrible snow storm which has swept over the North-west, blocking railroads in five States, is now over and the victims of its fury are being counted. The pitiful list is growing almost every hour. It is not improbable when the record is completed it will show a hundred lives sacrificed to

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 fine cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall St., N. Y., Aug. 26, 1886.

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Fashionable Tailoring and Dyeing Establishment.

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Importers,
J. B. CLEMENTY,
HENDERSON, N. C.
Oct. 27-11.

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