

A BUSINESS  
Worth Having  
Worth Advertising  
EVERY DAY  
IN THE YEAR.

# GOLD LEAF.

THAD R. MANING, Publisher.

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

VOL. XII.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1893.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 Cash.

NO. 8.

## Is Life Worth Living?

That depends upon the liver. If the liver is inactive the whole system is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head dull or aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirit is depressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues. The liver is the housekeeper of the body; and a harmless, simple remedy that acts like Nature, does not constipate afterwards or require constant taking, does not interfere with business or pleasure during its use, makes Simmons Liver Regulator a medical perfection.

"I have tested it personally, and know that for dyspepsia, biliousness, and all the troubles of the liver, it is the best medicine the world ever saw."—H. J. Jones, Maine, Me.

Take one or two before the meal, and after the meal, and you will find it the best medicine the world ever saw."—H. J. Jones, Maine, Me.

J. H. ZEHLIN & CO.

"ELECTRICITY IS LIFE."

Perfection has been attained in the production of our Electric Galvanic Body Battery.

ELECTRIC GALVANIC BODY BATTERY

ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES.

They are superior to anything of the kind.

Thousands of persons who have used our

ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES,

testify that they will certainly cure all

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER AND KIDNEY DISEASE,

Female Weakness, and

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

CATARRH cured with our Electric Cat-

arrh Caps. Dozens of men permanently

cured by the constant current of Elec-

tricity produced by our BODY BAT-

TERY. Low price list and testimonials. Send

for price list and testimonials.

JOHN A. CRISP, ELECTRIC BELT CO.,

JEFFERSON, OHIO.

DR. DROMGOOLE'S

ENGLISH

Female Bitters

Cure for all Female Complaints. Monthly

irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Whites, Pain in

Back or Side, excessive flow of the menses,

and all the troubles of the female system. It

will cure you. It is the best medicine the

world ever saw. Send for price list and

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## A VALENTINE.

By EUGENE FIELD.

Accept, dear wife, this little token.

And, if between the lines you seek,

I'll find the love I've often spoken—

The love I'll always love to speak.

Our little ones are making merry

With unco ditties rhymed in jest,

But in these lines, though awkward very,

The genuine article is expressed.

You are so fair and sweet and tender,

Dear, brown-eyed little sweetheart mine,

A when a cello low and slender,

Asked to be your valentine.

What though these years of ours be fleeting—

What though the years of youth be flown?

I'll look old Kronos with repeating:

"I love my love, and her alone."

And when I fall before his reaping,

And when my slumbering speech is done,

Think not my love is dead or sleeping,

But that it waits for you to come.

So take, dear love, this little token,

And if there speaks in any line

The sentiment I'd fain have spoken,

Say, will you kiss your valentine?

—Ladies Home Journal.

PHILO-CANINITY.

[Clinton Democrat.]

It is a beautiful and touching spec-

tacle to witness the tenderness humane

or rather canine, of our law makers at

the State Capital. Amid the whirl of

Statecraft and the evolution of busi-

ness of Statesmanship per diem, these

dauntless legislators take time from

their deliberations and bestow their

attention upon that faithful brute the

dog.

The question was Dog versus

Sheep. It is a question no longer.

The dog has swallowed the sheep,

wool and all, and nothing is left but

the echo of a dismal bell to tell that

it ever existed. This, as we have

said, evinces great magnanimity in the

statesmen, and we cannot fail to ap-

plaud them in their noble course.

While indeed it has required some

effort to discover any good reason for

this generosity, yet we know full well

that dogs are dear to the wool indus-

try, and wishing the cotton crop, so

wonderfully lucrative, to flourish alone

and have no competition in wool, they

decided with alacrity to let a crop of

dogs flourish, and thus relegate wool

to the rear. This was very brilliant

and an unconscious encomium on their

integrity.

How much better indeed it is to

have a full blown crop of nocturnal

serenades, holes in the seat of your

trousers, and hydrophobia, than to

enjoy the benefits of such a paltry

thing as a thriving wool industry.

We have read and been moved to

tears by the story of a little dog,

named "Wiggle." His master one

day started on a journey, carrying

with him in his saddle-bag a quantity

of gold. Suddenly Wiggle began to

gyrate around him in a peculiar man-

ner and to make an object lesson of

his name, and thinking he was mad,

the gentleman shot him. After a

while when he, (the gentleman), had

proceeded some distance he discovered

that his saddle bags were gone, and

his gold.

On retracing his steps he

## CLEVE AND STEVE.

THEY'RE ELECTED FOR SURE.

The Vote Officially Canvassed by the

Joint Meeting of the Senators and

Congressmen in the House of Rep-

resentatives—Vice-President Mor-

ton Chief Officer in These Formal

Ceremonies.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 8.—Im-

mense crowds were drawn to the cap-

itol to-day by the merely formal cer-

emonies incident to the official count-

ing of the electoral vote. The bright

sunshine and the tonic-bracing breezes

which marked the day were boldly

claimed as "Cleveland weather," and

were sharply contrasted with the dis-

mal atmospheric surroundings which

have so unfortunately accompanied

nearly every one of Harrison's public

appearances, commencing with the

drenching rain on his inauguration

day, and even following him into each

of his duck hunting expeditions.

The ceremonies attending the count-

ing of the vote are prescribed by a joint

resolution reported by Senator Hoar

in 1888 and which have been made

applicable to all succeeding elections

and have been incorporated in the

supplementary revised statutes.

Vice-President Morton some days

since appointed as teller on behalf

of the Senate for this important ceremony

Messrs. Hale, of Maine, and Black-

burn, of Kentucky. Speaker Crisp ap-

pointed Judge Chipman, of Michigan,

and Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, senator-

elect from Massachusetts, as the House

tellers. The actual ceremonies were

nearly the same to-day as four years

ago, with a slight difference in the

personnel. There was the ceremonial

opening of the safe in the Vice-Pres-

ident's room and the taking out of the

88 sealed packages supposed to repre-

sent the votes of the 44 states as re-

ceived in duplicate by mail and mes-

senger; there was the solemn process-

ing in the "goose step" of old Capt.

Bassett who has participated in every

presidential count for more than sixty

years, escorted by a squad of capital

police to prevent a raid being made

upon the precious locked boxes con-

taining the votes.

The boxes having been safely de-

posited in the House, the Senate in a

body followed shortly before 1 o'clock.

The members of the upper chamber

were of course received by the House

with becoming respect.

The Vice-President ascended the

Speaker's platform and took his seat

at the right hand of Speaker Crisp,

the senators ranging themselves in the

places assigned to them on the right

of the hall and the Speaker sitting at

the left hand of the Vice-President;

and in this manner the count proceeded

in the presence of a densely packed gal-

lery and a crowded floor.

Following the precedents observed

upon former occasions, unless a de-

mand was made that the certificates

be reported in full, the tellers, having

ascertained that the certificates were

in due form and properly authenti-

cated, omitted the executive certificate

of the proceedings of the electoral col-

lege and proceeded rapidly with the

## THE JESSEY COW.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HER.

Too Much Cannot be Said in

Praise of This Useful Animal.

Although "She Speaks for Her-

self"—The Second of the Se-

ries of Prize Essays Written

for the American Jersey Cattle

Club.

BY MISS ANNE C. M. BOYD.

The American people appreciate

fine cattle perhaps more than any

other nation, and are always glad to

read about them, even though it be a

few short words. We come naturally

to this fondness, for we are not a mix-

ture of other nations, and have not

other nations revered and even wor-

shipped cattle?

Long before our day ancient writers

recognized cattle as a noble race. Has

not Homer often likened his heroes to

them? In the Psalms we find them

spoken of as an especial blessing of

God. Solomon caused twelve brazen

oxen to be placed in the temple, three

facing each of the four cardinal points.

On their backs they supported a great

brazen laver or sea. Now, Solomon

is generally believed to have been the

wisest man who ever lived. Perhaps

he intended to foretell that cattle

would become a support in the four

quarters of the earth, as they are to-

day. Even in infant America they

support the greatest industry of the

country, and over two thousand mil-

lion dollars are invested in the dairy

business.

Here we touch very closely on the

Jersey, for she, above all others, is the

greatest butter-producer. It is to the

Jersey and what she has done for us

that I wish to call your attention.

Any one can see that there is profit in

the Jersey; on the same amount of

food she will produce more butter than

any other cow. Knowing this, it

seems strange that dairymen should

try to keep any other breed. Au-

thentically we can trace them only to

the Island of Jersey. There are many

theories as to what crosses produced

them, but no one has yet satisfactorily

solved the problem. The sacred

cattle of India, strange as it may seem,

closely resemble the Jersey in many

particulars. How much better would

it be if the modern farmer could be

made to believe that the Indians'

blind reverence for cattle he might

learn a lesson of forbearance and gen-

teleness toward his herd.

What more delightful home could

these famous cows have than the green

and fertile pastures of the Jersey

Island? The Jersey cow seems to tell