

A BUSINESS Be Sure You Are Right
By first writing an advertisement setting forth the bargains you have to offer, and insert it in the GOLD LEAF. Thus prepared for business, you can Then Go Ahead.

TRAD R. MARKING, Publisher.

VOL. XII.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy liver. When the liver is torpid the bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, drowsiness and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmonds Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficiency.

See that you get the Genuine, with the Z in front of the name.

"ELECTRICITY IS LIFE."

The best health has been attained in the production of our recently introduced ELECTRO-GALVANIC BODY BATTERY ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES. They are superior to anything of the kind ever before discovered. Hundreds of persons who have used our ELECTRIC BELTS AND APPLIANCES, and who have been cured of their ailments, testify to their efficacy.

DR. DROMGOOLE'S ENGLISH FEMALE PILLS
Cures all Female Complaints. Monthly irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Painful Menstruation, Headache, Nervousness, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the female system. Sold by all druggists.

AVERILL PAINT
Costs less in the end than any other paint at any price (high or low). It is the best of all. It has been used for years on the house of Mr. W. A. Hines, of New York. It would be well to see a sample of this paint, like polished marble. Then you will see why it is so good.

Averill Paint.
It has a beautiful finish. The Averill has been on the market over 25 years. It has been tested by the finest test of the world. It is the best of all. It is the best of all. It is the best of all.

Averill Paint.
S. & C. WATKINS, HENDERSON, N. C.

HUMPHREYS' FEMALE PILLS
This Female Ointment is the triumph of Scientific Medicine. Nothing has ever been produced equal or compare with it as a curative and it is also a preventive. It has been used for 20 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

WITCH HAZEL OIL
Cures Burns, Scalds and Lacerations and Contractions of the Skin. It is the best of all. It is the best of all. It is the best of all.

THE PILE OINTMENT
Cures Piles, Hemorrhoids, External or Internal, Itching and Burning, Trunks, Fistula in Ano, Wounds of the Rectum. The relief is immediate. The cure is certain.

A HERMIT
closely muffled in the rocky fastnesses of Mount Keppaw from here is the only human being in this progressive age who can attain the object of his desires without advertising.

1492—THE PROPHECY.

Columbian Exposition Ode, by W. A. Croffut, of Washington, D. C.

Chicago, May 1.—The following is the ode, by W. A. Croffut, Ph. D., read at the opening of the Columbian Exposition today. Sully Columbus watched the nascent moon Drown in the gloomy Ocean's western deeps. Strange birds that day had fluttered in the sails, And strange flowers floated 'round the wandering keel. And yet no land, And now, when thro' the dark The Santa Maria leaped before the gate As to destruction, Gomez Rasceno came With Captain Pinzon thro' the fretted sea. And to the Admiral brought a parchment scroll, Saying, "Good Master, read this writing An earnest prayer is from all on board. The crew would fain turn back in utter fear. No longer to the Pole the compass points. The North Star, you say, is an albatross. Drop dead on deck beneath the flying scud. The wind blows madly from the east. Into the land of Nowhere, and the sea Keeps rocking us adown the maelstrom's maw. Francisco says the edge of earth is near. And to Columbus he stole a maelstrom. Last Sunday night Diego saw a witch Dragging the Nima by her forelocks west. And she danced, the brightest star in heaven Slipped from its leash and sprang into the sea. Like Lucifer, and left a trail of blood. I pray thee, Master, turn again to Spain. Obdurate to the omens, or perchance, The terror-stricken crew, to escape their doom, May mutiny and—"

"From Rasceno, peace." Exclaimed the Admiral, "Thou hast said enough. Now, prithee, leave me. I would be alone."

Then eagerly Columbus sought a sign In sea and sky and in his lonely heart. And found instead of presages of hope, The black and ominous portents of despair. The wild winds roared around him and he heard Still voices cry, "Return! Return! Return!" He thought of Genoa and dreams of youth. His father's warnings and his mother's prayers. Confiding Beatriz and the prattling babe. The life and mirth and warmth of old Castile. And sad winds moaned, "Return! Return! Return!"

As this he mused he peered the after deck And gazed upon the luminous waves astern. Strange life was in the phosphorescent foam. And thro' the goblin glow there came and went Like elfin shadows on an opal sea, Propetie pictures of the land he sought.

He saw the end of his victorious quest; He saw ablaze on Isabella's breast The gorgeous Antilian jewels' rest. The Islands of the West. He saw invading Plenty dispossess Old Poverty, the land with blessing, And through the wailing caverns of distress Walk star-eyed Happiness.

He saw the Eoubar and Brazanza prone For conquest to the land with bounty. Giving the plundered people back their own. And lying from the throne. He saw an empire radiant as the day. Harsh laws, the land with freedom's way. Proudly arise, resplendent in array, The Islands of the West.

He saw celestial peace in mortal guise. And, filled with hope and thrill and high exultation, Lifting its trumpet forehead to the skies, A vast republic rose.

He saw beyond the hills of golden corn, Beyond the Euro's and Autian's opulent horn, Ceres and Flora laughingly adorn The bosom of the sun.

He saw a cloth of gold across the gloom, An arabesque from Evolution's loom, And from the barren prairies' driven spurs Imperial cities bloom.

He saw an iron dragon dashing forth On pathways east and west and south and north. United glory in beneficent girth. Remotest ends of earth.

He saw the lightning run an elfin race, Where trade and love, and pleasure it— And severed friends in Arie's embrace Cumming faces to face.

He saw belief through densely jungles grope. Foes turn to brothers, black despair to hope. And ocean rust along the grass-grown slope. And rot the gallows rope.

He saw the babes on Labor's cottage floor. The bright waltz hung with luxury more and more. And Comfort, radiant with abounding store. We welcome at the door.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

SOME RULES YOU SHOULD OBSERVE.

Marion Harland, in Her Usually Fascinating and Attractive Way, Tells us How to go About It—Read What She Says, and Study It Carefully.

Marion Harland has this to say on choosing a wife: Mrs. Hannah Moore tells us in a dreary three-volume tale how Celebs—stuffed of pen-and-ink prigs—chose a wife.

Who in modern and real life imitates his example? Fortune hunters seek "with smiles and with soap" the probable possessors of plethoric purses; the returned missionary, on a brief furlough, consults the brethren, and presumably the Lord, in the selection of a fellow amor-bearer with devout inclinations and a stout constitution; quadruply bearded widowers, wider awake than bachelors to a sense of the uncertainty of the time and earthly things, make haste to be wise (or foolish) and set forth marriage feasts with funeral meats still like-warm.

These are economic and prudential contracts, legal enough, but wanting in all else that makes the joining-together in wedlock of man and woman an honorable marriage in the sight of Heaven.

Love that sanctifies, faith that elevates, the hope that is a well-spring of joy and comfort in heart and home, are an omnipotent three that bring down to earth the kingdom of Heaven. But it cometh not with observation.

Women often choose husbands than men wives, paradoxical though the statement may sound. The overtures of courtship, however impetuous, give them the advantage in perspective in judging of suitors' merits. Once in a generation Juliet meets Romeo fully half way—perhaps a little over—but the full tide runs in the direction of man's approach and woman's waiting.

Women are enticed, argued, led by cunningly devised stages into love. Men "fall" in how easily and fatally. Addison narrates in his immortal list of "killed and wounded." "T. S. killed by Zelinda's scarlet stocking as she was stepping out of a coach. Tim Tattle killed by the tap of a fan. Sir Simon Softly murdered at the play house in Drury lane by a frown. W. W. killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off, upon the side of the front box. Dick Tastewell slain by a blush. Musdrom slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in Flavia's left cheek."

Shakespeare shows us his lover inditing notes to his mistress' eyebrow, from which bow we may surmise, sped the shaft that brought him down. Verily, in view of the exceedingly "promiscuous" character of the accidents that guide Celebs' choice, he has reason to cling, as for life, to the belief that matches are made in Heaven. Otherwise he has little "show" in the mighty lottery.

The only hope that the few hints friends can throw out for his guidance may be heeded, is in the theory that—reversing the order of the miracle none upon the blind man—there is a moment in which the eyes rest clear and critical, see through the first folds of Cupid's bandage, women as trees walking. When the silken tissue is once firmly adjusted, obscurity is complete. After that no experience, gave his own, and that dearly bought, can enlighten him. To vary the figure—the love fit is curable only in the incipient stages. This opportunity lost it must run its course.

It is a pity! We know so well what goes to make up the ideal wife we lose patience with him who blindly seizes upon the opposite type of woman or upon one who is no type at all. It is therefore with the feelings of one who beatech the air that I sit me down to see the preparation of this paper.

Once knew a man who bore the burden for ten years of a hopelessly invalid wife. He was heroically patient under the cross, and mourned sincerely when the racked and wasted body was laid out in his arms upon the bed to which pain never comes. Meeting him two years afterward I congratulated him upon his second betrothal, saying that I had heard he was singularly fortunate in his choice.

"Thank you," said the honest fellow, simply, "I believe she is perfectly healthy."

Begin where he left off. Health of body, freedom from so much as a proclivity to organic disease, is a consideration so important to one who anticipates marriage that the wonder grows in thoughtful minds at the habitual disregard of the question. It may be chivalric to undertake the charge of an ailing woman, and benevolent to smooth her pathway to the tomb; but the childless widower who has dwelt for the best years of his life in the valley of the shadow of death, or the frantic father who sees the development in his offspring of the dread malady that cursed their mother's existence, may well deplore the early madness that has borne such fruit. A man has but one life. That spoiled there is no redress. Without full acquiescence in Darwin's dogma, that legislation should step in here to protect the race, we can hardly state too forcibly the fundamental fact that no diseased man or woman has a moral right to marry.

Said a young divine in asking advice in a dispassionate and Celebian spirit of an elder teacher of righteousness: "The woman I love is intelligent, affectionate and pious. Her only defect is an ungovernable temper, but I trust, with the grace of God, to be able to endure that."

The reverend father raised a warning hand. "No, my son. Let her alone. Leave her to the grace of God. That can live where you could not."

Let those who do not dread "Kate the crust," or shrink from a Petruccio's office, neglect the admonition. The solitary bright saying (so far as I know) of a slow-witted sufferer from virago's tongue and temper, was that which recommended a friend to "strike matches on a powder keg all day rather than marry a vixen."

PINK FASHION.

NOBBY STYLES FOR THE SEASON—OTHERS MAY FOLLOW.

How to Dress The Baby—The Nurse, Too, Must be Dressed in Uniform—Quite an Innovation in Servants' Attire.

Not only must Madam be in the pink of fashion, but Madam's baby and the nurse of Madam's baby must be, as it were, to match, in correct styles. Just now the rule has the matron's roll along followed or accompanied by a very swell foreign nurse, bearing in her arms Madam's very nobby baby. I say foreign nurse, because only a foreign nurse will allow herself to be dressed in anything like a uniform, and of course a swell nurse must wear distinctive dress. Quite the most correct thing is a serge or beige gown of dark brown or dark blue. A very fine and stiff white apron covers all of the skirt not hidden by the big cloak. The latter is a round cape affair reaching to the hem of the dress, and of material and color

to match. It has a border all around and a collar of cloth of a darker shade. The nurse's hair is combed straight back from the forehead—imagine a native nurse submitting to that—and on her head is a big, very white and very stiff cap, with long strings down the back. The baby wears a very long cloak of white cashmere or silk, embroidered with a floral design in white silk. The cloak has a round cape that comes down half the length, and is edged with a ruff, also embroidered, of the silk or cashmere. On baby's head is a wonderful fine hood and cap in one. The hood is of white silk, and the cap shows in front by a lot of very fine lace ruffles. It is tied under baby's chin by white ribbons, and you find baby somewhere between the cap and the cloak, as nurse carries it aloft on steady strong arms, so that the beautiful cloak hangs straight and uncreased to the full length of it. A baby carriage is very bad form! Muscle, foreign muscle, is the thing.

Jackets with velvet sleeves, and three-quarter capes are displayed in endless variety. Naturally, the favorite purple is to be found wherever it is possible to introduce it, and there are mantles and sleeves of it galore. A very pretty model is in petunia cloth, three-quarter length, with a deep cape over the shoulders, and a collar of black plush, ornamented with jet, and having cords and tassels of jet down the back. Some Bengaline capes are marvels of cheapness considering their value and the stylish appearance they lend. A few have intermediate shoulder capes of jet to finish off the capes. Another model of the same silk had a novel style of shoulder cape of black velvet, which reached to the waist. Some beautiful jet passementerie forms the upper part of the mantle. A few models in accordion-pleated cloth are welcome as a change in the stereotyped fashion of capes. The jackets, with full sleeves, and

HER MA'S FASTIDIOUS.

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OUR SUPREME COURT.

SKETCHES OF THE JUDGES WHO HAVE GRACED THIS TRIBUNAL OF JUSTICE.

A Series of Interesting Articles on the Men Who Have Honored It—Walter Clark, One of Them, in a Very Graphic and Entertaining Style, Has Something to Say About Them.

[Wilmington Messenger.] Several months ago we received through the courtesy of Judge Walter Clark the numbers of the *Green Bag* for October, November and December, 1892, containing his sketches of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. They appear in the Boston magazine for lawyers, and contain portraits of Chief Justice Ruffin, Christopher Gale, John Louis Taylor, Leonard Henderson, John Hall, Archibald D. Murphy, Daniel, William Gaston, Frederick Nash, William H. Battle, Richmond M. Henderson (spelt *Kichard* in the table of contents), Matthias E. Manly, Edwin G. Reade, W. B. Rodman, Robert P. Dick, Thomas Settle, N. A. Boyden, W. B. Pym, W. T. Faircloth, W. N. H. Smith, John H. Dillard, Thomas S. Ashe, Joseph J. Davis, A. C. Avery, Walter Clark and James C. McRae. We purposed noting these sketches long ago but other matters shoved them aside from time to time. Of those named we have seen twenty-one—Judges Nash and Toomer being the only two of the oldest named. We knew or know personally Judges Daniel, Battle, Reade, Settle, Faircloth, Smith, Davis, Merrimon, Avery and Clark. Our personal friends were Smith, Davis, Merrimon and Clark.

The sketches have been prepared with care and show research. They are in the main no doubt fair and discriminating, and not in many instances excessive in laudation, we suppose. The series is interesting and valuable, and Justice Clark has done a much needed and desirable piece of work in writing it. It is interesting to the unprofessional reader as well as to the lawyer. We suppose that take it all in all the Supreme Court of North Carolina through the years will compare favorably with those of other States. It is very certain that Henderson, Ruffin, Gaston and Pearson will measure up with the greatest jurists in any of the States.

The Supreme Court was first organized in 1785. Twenty-nine Judges in all have sat on the bench, and seven were Chief Justices. John Louis Taylor was the first of these. He was born in London, and of Irish parentage. Chief Justice John L. T. Sneed, of Tennessee, was his grandson. Was he not Chief Justice? We have long so heard. Judge Clark mentions him only as Attorney General. He was born in Raleigh.

Chief Justice Leonard Henderson was born in Granville county. He was a great lawyer. Chief Justice Pearson in one of his latest opinions refers to him in high compliment, pronouncing him the jurist of the greatest reflective powers of all North Carolinians with the exception of Judge John Haywood. He died in 1833. Judge John DeKossett Toomer was born in Wilmington in 1784, was graduated at the University of North Carolina and sat upon the Circuit bench and was on the Supreme bench for a few months. Judge Clark says "he was an eloquent speaker, an agreeable writer of fine literary attainments, and an able and urbane gentleman."

We remember him distinctly in connection with a remark he made in the anti-chamber of the Old Dialectic Society hall at the University. In 1843 he attended a regular session of the society, and that night Victor Clay Barringer, of Cabarrus county, now Judge Barringer, of the International Court, Alexandria, Egypt, made a long, eloquent and very impressive speech, for he was an able youth and a genuine orator. Judge Toomer said in our hearing, "There was no such speaking as that here in my time."

Judge Archibald D. Muphey was one of the most accomplished and gifted of the advocates and jurists of our State. He was born at the well known Red House (which we have often passed) five miles from Milton, in Caswell county, 1777. He too was an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, and was Professor of Languages there at one time. He was a man of distinguished mark and many gifts. He wrote perhaps with more literary skill than any other of the Judges. His address delivered at the University is most interesting and of unusual excellence among such productions. Judge Clark mentions that Chief Justice John Marshall, the ablest of all Supreme Court Judges, wrote in praise of that address.

Judge Hall was of Virginian birth. He was not especially eminent as a jurist and lived in Warren county. We will continue our brief survey of the sketches as space and opportunities permit.

Signons Liver Regulator surely cures headache, indigestion and all disorders of the liver.

Books are the ever burning lamps of accumulated wisdom.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

To think "nothing ails you," is a symptom of dyspepsia. Take Simmonds Liver Regulator.

The seed of sacrifice brings forth the fragrant fruit of love, and love always has in its heart the seeds of new sacrifice.

The ink with which all the Government paper money is printed is made only by one man, who alone has the secret of its composition, the formula having been given to him by his father, the inventor of the ink, on his death bed. The making of it results in a profit of \$50,000 a year.

SEEKING POLLY'S APPROVAL.

revers of some contrasting shade of velvet, and fastened with two large mother of pearl buttons, are most drossy.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The World's Fair Formally Opened by President Cleveland—His Talk Brief but to the Point.

When President Cleveland arose foreigners and natives alike joined in the acclaim to the highest representative of the sovereign people of the republic. There was a flutter of white handkerchiefs from the ladies' side of the platform, and instantly it was taken up by the thousands of the sex that occupied the gondolas and launches on the water far in the distance. At last, when throats and arms alike were tired, and a semblance of quiet had once more come over the throng he commenced his address. He said:

"I am here to join my fellow-citizens in the congratulations which befit this occasion. Surrounded by the stupendous results of American enterprise and activity, and in view of the magnificent evidences of American skill and intelligence we need not fear that these congratulations will be exaggerated. We stand to-day in the presence of the oldest nations of the world and point to the great achievements we here exhibit, asking no allowance on the score of youth.

"The enthusiasm with which we contemplate our work intensifies the warmth of the greeting we extend to those who have come from foreign lands to illustrate with us the growth and progress of human endeavor in the direction of a higher civilization.

"We who believe that popular education and the stimulation of the best impulses of our citizens lead the way to a realization of the proud national destiny which our faith promises gladly welcome the opportunity here afforded us to see the results accomplished by efforts which have been exerted long than ours in the field of man's improvements, while in appreciative return we exhibit the unparalleled advancement and wonderful accomplishments of a young nation and present the triumphs of a vigorous, self-reliant and independent people. We have built these splendid edifices, but we have also built the magnificent fabric of a popular government, whose grand proportions are seen throughout the world. We have made and here gather together objects of use and beauty, the products of American skill and invention, but we have also made men who rule themselves.

"It is an exalted mission in which we are engaged, as we co-operate in the inauguration of an enterprise devoted to human enlightenment, and in the undertaking we here enter upon we exemplify in the noblest sense the brotherhood of nations.

"Let us hold fast to the meaning that underlies this ceremony, and let us not lose the impressiveness of this moment. As by a touch the machinery that gives life to this vast exposition is now set in motion, so at the same instant let our hopes and aspirations awaken forces which in all time to come shall influence the welfare, the dignity and the freedom of mankind."

WINSTON AND DURHAM.

The Largest Tobacco Markets in North Carolina.

A Raleigh correspondent reviews the industries and products of North Carolina, and sets forth its wonderful advancement. In the article the following is said regarding tobacco:

"But the capstone of this industrial pyramid is the tobacco industry, which far exceeds that of any State in the Union. There are 112 chewing tobacco factories, nearly half of which are located in the city of Winston. There are only ten smoking tobacco factories, but one of these, the 'Ball Durham,' is the largest in the world. The town of Durham last year sold 11,000,000 pounds of smoking tobacco, four-fifths of which was made by the Ball Durham factory. All the tobacco used for both chewing and smoking is grown in this State, and a great deal more besides, which is shipped to outside factories. Durham and Winston pay over \$1,000,000 a year for revenue stamps.

These are the two principal tobacco towns, but there are a number of smaller markets where the weed is largely handled, such as Reidsville, Oxford, Henderson, Greensboro, Raleigh, Asheville, Salisbury and other towns, in all of which there are tobacco warehouses and factories.

The seed of sacrifice brings forth the fragrant fruit of love, and love always has in its heart the seeds of new sacrifice.

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Sac' and Cloomy

Weak and Dyspeptic

Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Strength and Perfectly Cured.

"I have not words enough to express my thanks for the great benefits received from a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was weak, and it made me strong; I was a dyspeptic, and it cured me; I was sad and gloomy, and it made me cheerful and hopeful. And last, though not least, it made me an ardent and working democrat. All who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with my advice, report good results. I gladly recommend it to all sufferers. J. H. White, M. D., Birmingham, Ala.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other brand. Insist upon HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. 25 cents.

Notice.

As there is no County Surveyor in Vance county, I would inform my friends and the public generally that I am still prepared to do surveying on short notice and on reasonable terms. Thanking you all for past favors I solicit a share of your patronage. Yours respectfully, GEORGE H. GIBBING, Surveyor.

F. S. HARRIS, DENTIST, HENDERSON, N. C.

J. H. BRIDGERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HENDERSON, N. C.

D. C. S. BOYD, DENTAL SURGEON, HENDERSON, N. C.

T. M. PITTMAN, W. B. SHAW, PITTMAN & SHAW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HENDERSON, N. C.

W. R. HENRY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HENDERSON, N. C.

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