A Good Advertisement

In a live, progressive paper, that has age, character, circulation, influence and the respect of its readers, comes nearer *producing results* than any other method. It is worth your while to consider the GOLD LEAF.

When You Want Results.

GOLD LEAF.

A Clean, Attractive Paper

That is read all over secures business for those who use its advertising columns. Such a paper is the Henderson GOLD LEAF. The proof of the claim is in the test thereof. Columns open to both believer and skeptic.

Are You One of Them?

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher. | "CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER." | SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 Cash.

VOL. XIV. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894. NO. 1.

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, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons 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 efficacy.

Rev. R. G. WEBER, Princeton, N. J., says:—"I find nothing helps so much to keep me in working condition as Simmons Liver Regulator."

See that you get the Genuine, without Z on front of wrapper.

PREPARED ONLY BY J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALEX. T. BARNES,

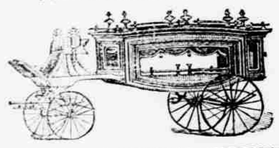
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

—DEALER IN—

Fine and Medium Grade Furniture, &c.,

TUCKER BUILDING,

HENDERSON, N. C.



A full line of FUNERAL SUPPLIES of all kinds. Terms cash.

I carry a complete stock of FURNITURE of every description, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS, &c., all of which are sold at LOWEST PRICES.

ALEX. T. BARNES,
Tucker building, near Harris' warehouse.
apr29 Henderson, N. C.

Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's rarest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it will stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia,	Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia,	Troubles,
Constipation,	Bad Blood
Malaria,	Nervous ailments

Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send you a Beautiful World's Fair Viewing book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

L. T. HOWARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

HARNESS, SADDLES, &c.,

HENDERSON, - - N. C.

Having bought the interest of Mr. A. F. Taylor, I will continue business at the same stand—Main street, opposite the Bank of Henderson—where I will be pleased to see and serve my friends and former customers and the public generally. Conducting the only exclusive harness establishment in Henderson, I carry at all times a full and complete stock of

Harness, Saddles,
BRIDLES,
Collars, Pads,
Halters, Whips,
LAP ROBES,
Horse Blankets,
Curry Combs,
Brushes, &c., &c.

In fact, everything in the harness line, and am fully prepared to meet all competition and give customers the very best bargains obtainable. Prices as low as any dealer, no matter who he is.

☞All kinds of repairing promptly and well done at reasonable charges.

L. T. HOWARD.

DR. W. J. JUDD,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Henderson and vicinity.

Hard Times Fertilizers. To meet the present Hard Times on Farmers, we will sell to farmers direct, for cash, Good Fertilizers at the Lowest Wholesale Prices. per ton.

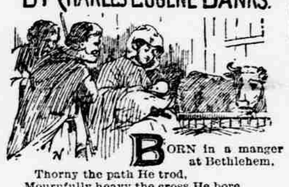
Corn, Cotton and Peanuts, at $13.50
Sweet Potatoes and Potatoes 14.50
Tobacco and Fruits 15.00

Also Kainit, Sulph. Potash & Bone. Large and small quantities. Send for Circular and Price List.

W. S. TAYLOE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

The Child of Light.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.



BORN in a manger at Bethlehem,
Thorny the path He trod,
Mournfully heavy the cross He bore,
Heir to the wisdom of God.

Mournfully heavy the cross He bore,
Broken and steep the way,
Dearer His message because of pain,
Light of the world to-day.

Dearer His message because of pain,
Like by its like caressed,
Gracious as rain to the sun-dried plain,
Millions those tears have blest.

Gracious as rain to the sun-dried plain
Turning the dull earth bright,
Truth is in blossom because of Him,
Ring in the Child of Light.

Truth is in blossom because of Him,
Sin is grown old and gray,
Welcome the gladness of doing good,
Welcome the gentler way.

Welcome the gladness of doing good,
Welcome the joy of love,
Banish the serpent, the hawk and owl,
Welcome the child and dove.

Banish the serpent, the hawk and owl,
Banish the man-made creed,
Welcome the brotherhood broad, divine,
Welcome the MAN indeed.

Welcome the brotherhood broad, divine,
Banish the narrow and mean,
So shall His kingdom be over the earth—
Ring in the Nazarene.

HIS CHRISTMAS GREETING.

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG.

The cemetery gates closed with a clang behind one man as he stepped out into the snow-covered road; it was almost dark and he nearly ran into the other man who stumbled along as if very weary.

"Yonder's th' shortest way into town, isn't it?" the latter asked.

"Yep. Most folks want to know th' shortest way out," he grinned.

"I'm glad enough to get out o' where I was," muttered the other. As he lighted his pipe the flame showed his pale face.

The other man edged away. "Ye ain't been in jail?"

"Worse. Penitentiary. Ye needn't be askeered, though—I've had enough. Didn't do it, either, but, ye see, I was kind o' good for nothin', an' the judge was running for reelection, so I went up. Got out for Christmas, though, on account o' good behavior."

"Um, well, so 'tis Christmas time—folks oughtn't to be hard on nobody now."

"No. I most took ye fer a Christmas ghost a bit ago."

"Been working late. I'm a stone mason, and I'd promised a rich old party

"MARY LYONS WAS THE NAME."

to have a stone put over a child's grave by to-morrow, sure. He said he'd like her to have *something* fer a Christmas gift."

"Poor soul! I'm better off ef he *is* rich. I'll see my kid to-night. My brother's been taking keer of her since I was took. I'll take her now, an' I'm bound to keep straight, for her sake, from now on. That man got any more kids?"

"None. This was only adopted; belonged to some poor relation, but he loved her like his own. Died sudden about ten days ago—he took it hard, too; said he was forty-nine and she only about ten, so he'd expected she'd choose *his* headstone."

"Poor soul! My girl's most ten now."

"Lemme see," he lit a match and consulted a paper as they walked along, "she was nine years, eleven months and three days old. It was a pretty stone; the boss says: 'Nothing's too good for Mary,' says he."

"Mary! Why, that's my girl's name—here, lemme see that!" The match went out and his fingers trembled so that he could not light another.

"Mary Lyons was the name," said the stone mason, gently.

"Merciful God, my own child!" cried the ex-convict.

Then, through the still night air, the glad church bells rang out.

HIS CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

"Did you take Miss Phair under the mistletoe last night?"

"Yes, and then went out under her father's missile-toe."—Judge.

Santa Claus will be just as well pleased if you distribute a few stockings instead of filling quite so many this year.

FADLEY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY FRANK B. WELCH.

Young Mr. Fadley was in a worry. He had some Christmas presents to buy, and what to get was what worried him. First and foremost, there was Miss Damon, upon whom he was anxious to create an impression—she must have something appropriate and elegant, whether anybody else got anything or not. Then there was his bosom friend and constant companion Harvey, a good fellow who had placed him under obligation times without number—him he could not forget. This being the case, Fadley started out to rummage the stores.

He overhauled all the leading shops in town, and by Christmas Eve had collected what he thought was a pretty sensible lot of presents for an amateur Santa Claus to get together. For the lady of his choice he had a handsome toilet outfit of combs, brushes, powder puffs and boxes, manicure implements, hand mirrors, and no end of other elegant articles for feminine use. These were all inclosed in an elaborately beplushed and inlaid case which was neatly wrapped and all ready to be sent to the intended recipient. For his friend Harvey he had an elegant shaving set, consisting of razors, brushes, cups, hones, etc., done up in a substantial case which was also ready to be dispatched to the home of his friend.

Not daring to trust a messenger with the presents for fear of some mistake Fadley started out himself to deliver them. First he called at Harvey's house, timing his call so as not to catch his friend at home. With his friend's mother he intrusted the package, she promising that it should not be tampered with until Harvey should open

"JUST AS IF I WERE IN NEED OF A SHAVE."

it himself the next morning. Then he called at the abode of Miss Damon. The ring was answered by a servant, who said the young lady was out doing her Christmas shopping. Here was a piece of good luck. Leaving the package with explicit instructions as to its delivery Fadley said he would call, Christmas night, as per previous arrangement with the young lady.

There was a big job off his hands, and Fadley mentally patted himself on the back at having done it up so neatly. He pictured to himself the glad surprise of Miss Damon when she should receive the substantial evidence of his regard, and chuckled over the little surprise in store for his dear friend and chum, Harvey. Early Christmas morning Miss Damon received her package, upon opening which she exclaimed:

"Well, I never! Just as if I were in need of a shave. Who ever has been so kind as to furnish me with this tonsorial outfit?" Then her eye caught the corner of a card sticking out of one of the compartments of the case. This she drew forth and read:

"From yours faithfully,
H. IRA FADLEY."

"Oh!" said the mischievous young lady; "Mr. Fadley, eh? Well, just wait till he comes this evening. I'll bawl 'Next' at him; see if I don't."

Of all the mortified swains that ever got into a pickle Fadley felt the worst when the idol of his heart flashed the shaving tools on him. He was utterly speechless, until it occurred to him that his friend Harvey had his dear one's toilet set and one of the sweetest of little notes that ever a lovesick fellow put together.

"Great snakes!" thought Fadley; "if he reads that note I'll never hear the last of it." Then he explained the mistake and begged off long enough to hasten over to his friend's house to exchange the packages. He found Harvey at home, and as that amiable young man jerked him into the hall he simperingly inquired:

"Is my hat on straight, Ira dear, and how do my bangs look?"

"Say!" fiercely ejaculated Fadley, "if you don't shut your head I'll break it for you!"

But there was no time to be lost, so Fadley, after duly acknowledging that the cigars were on him, gathered up the toilet set and sped back with it to the one for whom it was intended.

That was not the last of the joke on him, by any means. The thing leaked out, as such things invariably do, and poor Fadley was so annoyed by facetious allusions to his Santa Claus experience that he was compelled to threaten with consequences dire anyone who mentioned the subject.

An Absorbing Girl.

"There is no such person as Santa Claus, is there?" asked a small girl of her mother.

"Some folks say there is not," was the reply.

"Well, I don't care. I don't like folks who say there isn't any Santa Claus. They never give any nice presents."—N. Y. Journal.

A Slip.

Dr. Thirdly—I wish you would hold the missionary box until after Christmas; I may want to send some things.

Elder Berry—I know what you are thinking of; but they don't wear slippers in Alaska.—Puck.

He Was Surprised.

Mrs. Gazzam—I've got a box of cigars for my husband's Christmas present, which will surprise him.

Mrs. Maddox—Women don't know how to buy cigars for men.

Mrs. Gazzam—I know that, so I got brother Jack to get them for me.—

TO BE A POET.

BY OPIE READ.

A cabin squatting on the side of a hill; trees leaning back as though afraid of falling into the ravine below; grass green under the brow of a rock as if hiding from a cow that stood in the hollow, ringing her bell; a hawk sailing round and round, darting his covetous, hungry glance at a pig sty whereunder a hen had taken refuge; the gurgle of water pouring over a shelf-like ledge of slate stone; a boy and a girl standing under a tree, dreamily gazing into a blue pool. The month was June, the scene, the backwoods of Kentucky.

"If I was that bass down there," said the boy, "and you was that perch, I wouldn't let them common fish come a nigh you."

She laughed. "Oh, you'd want to eat me all by yourself."

He gave her a look of troubled reproach. She laughed merrily. "You can't take a joke yet, can you?" she asked.

"Why yet?" he replied.

"Because you've got to be so well acquainted with me," she rejoined.

"Is that a reason why I ought to take a joke?"

"Yes; for I ain't nothin' more than a joke."

"Well then," he said, "I can take a joke—I could take you."

"Oh, could you? But that wouldn't be a joke. It would be awful serious to me."

"Nell, don't talk to me that way. You know why I am stayin' here—you know that if it wan't for you I'd go away somewhere and be a poet. You know the school-teacher said he couldn't learn me any more, and I take it that when Bill Jimison can't learn anybody anything he's goin' to be a poet. Jimison told me that I ought to go away somewhere—said there never would be any chance for me here. And do you reckon I'd plow over yonder in that blazin' field if it wan't for you?

"OH, QUIT!" SHE CRIED.

There ain't nothin' in the ground for me to dig out—my fortune and my fame are in the air and the woods."

"Oh, shucks, Sam, why don't you grabble all that foolishness out of your head and go to work. I reckon I've gone to school as much as you have, and I never have thought about bein' a poet."

"Maybe it is because you never have been in love," he replied, half pitifully.

"Maybe so," she rejoined, and then in excitement cried: "Look there! the bass has caught the perch!" And she had not more than said this when he seized her in his arms and passionately, violently kissed her.

"Oh, quit!" she cried. "Don't I tell you! Mother is in the door and will see you. Go away, you—you fool!"

He released her and stood gazing at her. "I despise you," she said.

"Ah, I have squeezed the truth out of you, have I?"

"If you have you put yourself to unnecessary trouble—you might have known it before."

"Yes, I might, for the poet always has been despised."

"Oh, has he? But if that's the case you ought to be loved."

"Nell, you'll force me to hate you."

"I will? But why should you want to make me so happy?" She took up her sunbonnet, which had fallen to the ground, and, holding it by the strings, stood swinging it like a pendulum.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Of course. Why shouldn't I, Sam; you have made me miserable all my life. Yes, you have, now. All the time at school, whenever nobody was lookin' you'd all the time try to kiss me, and I hate to be kissed all the time. Why, you don't know how tiresome it is. There, mother's callin' me, and I just know she's goin' to give me an awful goin' over for standin' round here foolin' with you. Good-by, and I hope I'll never see you again—all the time tryin' to kiss me. Yes-um!" she cried, "I'm comin'."

She ran up the hill, striking at the trees with her bonnet. A woman, flushed

THE GIRL STOOD IN THE DOOR.

and angry-looking, met her near the door, and pointing to a churn standing in the shade near the corner of the house, said:

"Thar's that thing standin' thar all the mornin' and you a foolin' round down thar on the branch. You air gest a gittin' so yo' ain't no manner account on the face of the earth. Who was that down thar a scrappin' with you? But you neenter tell me—I know. It was that good-for-sothin' Sam Foster. A triflin'er wretch never lived on the face of the earth."

"He's goin' to be a poet," the girl replied, taking an apron off a lilac bush and tying the strings about her waist.

"And what's that, for goodness' sake?" the woman exclaimed. "He'd better be thinkin' about cuttin' them sprouts outen that pore old hill-side field that he's afflicted with. Conscience alive, I pity the woman he marries."

"I don't reckon he's old enough yet to think about marryin' anybody," the girl replied. Having tucked up her skirts she had begun to ply the churn dasher.

"Not old enough," the woman snapped. "My sakes alive, I'd like to see a fool too young to think about gittin' married these here days. And I warrant you that thar air gals fool enough to marry him. Oh you neenter jerk that dasher around, for you know it's a fact. I do believe you'd be fool enough yourself."

The girl was silent. She had ceased to ply the churn dasher, she stood motionless, gazing down the slope toward the pool where she and the young fellow had watched the bass and the perch.

"Yes," the woman repeated, "I do believe that you'd be fool enough to marry him yourself."

"Well, if I was to, I might not have to churn all the time," the girl replied, resuming her work.

"That's a fact," the woman quickly agreed. "Yes, that's a fact, for you wouldn't have nothin' to churn."

"Well, I'd rather not have nothin' to churn. I wish there wasn't a cow nowhere. I hate 'em. All the time goin' about causin' folks to churn. If I was to marry a man I'd see that he didn't have a cow."

"You can safely marry Sam, then. He'll never have one—he'll never have anything."

"He'll have a wife if he marries, I reckon."

"Don't you sass me, Nell. I won't have it."

"I wouldn't sass you, mammy. You know I wouldn't; but he would have a wife if he married, wouldn't he? If he didn't there wouldn't be any use in marryin', would there?"

"Hush sich foolishness. It would depend altogether on the woman he got."

"Suppose he got me?"

"Look here, Nell. You ain't thinkin' about marryin' him, air you?"

"'Lowed I might, as he ain't got a cow, and that's about all I'd ask of him. But, mammy, suppose I was to tell you that I love him?"

"I would think you had lost your senses."

"Well, then, I reckon I have, for I do love him. Yes, I love him so much that I despise him and I could knock him down."

"Gracious alive!" the woman cried. "You've upset the churn and all the milk's gone. Come back here to me. You'll break your neck a runnin' off down thar. You are the fetchtakedest creeter I ever seed."

The girl came back, laughing an apology for the mischief which she had wrought, and the woman was scolding her, though with lessening harshness, when the mirthful apology and the reprimand were put to an end by the sudden appearance of a man, who, lazily turning a bend in the path that ran round a corner of the house, came slouching toward the woman. He held up a piece of paper, fluttered it, and drawlingly said:

"Got this here fer Miss Nell."

"For me?" the girl cried, running toward him. She snatched the piece of paper, ran away a short distance, halted, and read the following:

"Now that I have found out you hate me and don't want to be kissed all the time, I am goin' away to be a poet, and when I am one I know you will love me some and will let me kiss you a part of the time at least. If I don't become a poet I never will come back again, for bein' a poet is the only way I can win your love, for that is the only way I can learn to tell you how much I love you, and when I have done that you can't help lovin' me, for then you will see my soul all blazin' for you. I don't reckon I can get to be a poet before Christmas, but I am sure I will by then, so you may look for me Christmas; and if by any strange possibility I don't get to be a poet in time to reach home by Christmas, you just keep on a despisin' me as much as you please, but you must keep on a waitin', and don't let anybody else grab you up like the bass done the pearch, for as I tell you I'll be back.

"Yours, SAM."

A change came with the reading of the note. The noon in her eyes sobered into a twilight. For the first time in her life she was serious. She turned to her mother and said:

"I am awful sorry I turned over that churn."

The woman was surprised. "What's the matter, dear? Never mind about the churn. What's in the note, Nellie?"

"Nothin'; only Sam has gone away and won't come back tell he's a poet and I'm afraid he won't be one before Christmas and I want him now."

"But maybe he can git the job before then. It's a good while till Christmas, and a good many things mout turn up 'twixt now and then. Don't fret none."

But she did fret. She fretted for weeks at a time; at morning when she saw the dew on the trumpet vine, at noon when she stood, gazing into the blue pool, at evening when the whippoorwill sang his sad song. The season ripened, the grain was reaped, the leaves had fallen—Christmas was approaching, coming slowly down, it seemed, from the browning hills.

Christmas Eve, Christmas night. The girl stood in the door, listening. No sounds except the faint hack, hack, hack of an evening's woodchopper, far away, and the lowing of a cold and desolate cow in the ravine. He did not come.

The grass was green again, the leaves came out, the blackberry briars were in bloom, the water pouring over the shelf of slate struck a sweeter, sadder note. The season drew a long breath and another change came.

It was Christmas night, and the girl stood in the door. The belated woodchopper's hack, hack, hack was heard, and the same cold cow was lowing in the ravine.

"Good evening."

"Gracious alive, is this you, Sam?"

"Yes," he said, still standing back from her. The firelight falling upon him showed that he was well dressed.

"Won't you come in, Sam?"

"No, for you'll still have to despise me."

"Why?"

Because I'm not a poet."

"What are you, Sam?"

"I am an agent for a patent churn dasher."

She sprang forward and threw her arms about him. "Oh, I am so glad," she cried. "And you may kiss me all the time."

A CONSIDERATE LOTHARIO.

Don Juan O'Rafferty — Sure, and shave smooth the convexity of me upper lip. I want to make it aisy for the ladies until this missletoe business is over.—Texas Siftings.

Something for the Boy.

Office Boy—Are you going to give me anything for Christmas?

Boss—Oh, yes; a few errands to do.—Detroit Free Press.

Irresistible.

Book-canvassers should take courage from a story told by an English lecturer on "The Art of Bookbinding."

A man of their profession had called at a house whose occupant met him with a growl.

"It's no use to me. I never read."

"But there's your family," said the canvasser.

"Haven't any family—nothing but a cat."

"Well, you may want something to throw at the cat."

The book was purchased.

Christmas Bells.

O happy bells! through coming years
We hear, in your glad sending,
The message still of peace, good-will—
All jarring discords blending.

O bells of God! ring on, our souls
To grander action nerving,
Till all our days are Christmas days
Of living and of serving.

—Caroline A. Dugan, in *Home.*

THE dear word, Christmas, marshals legions of precious memories out from the past and crowns the future with a nalo of golden, cheery promises. Out from the shadows come the festive times when Santa Claus was a verity, with his fat paunch and great, rosy cheeks; when, on awaking, stockings filled to bursting greeted the eye, and at eventide the flashing Christmas tree fairly laughed its satisfaction at the joyous gladness it was diffusing all around.

Day of the children! An infantine laugh is the divinest of songs in the ear of the Christ, who was once a helpless babe, His only shelter a mother's loving breast. The Man-Christ took little ones in His arms and blessed them, declaring that all must be as they in trust and innocence, if they would be heirs to His everlasting kingdom.

Day of home-bringing and home-gathering, when the loved ones meet and unselfishly live in the pleasure each of the other. Tender affection banishes self and man lives in touch with his fellow, glorified of the divine benediction of love. He is nearest to divinity who gets farthest from self, and the gifts of Christmas-tide are so many pledges of disinterested esteem for the recipients. A time is this when care rolls away like a scroll in the fire, and mirth and good will become the all-pervading genii of the household. Love and joy cross the threshold and kiss one another, as they pronounce a blessing upon all beneath the roof. Peace covers the dear ones as a mantle, and gladness so abounds that it is the day of all days throughout the metes and bounds of Christendom.

Christmas of sleigh-bells and crystal snow, Christmas of warmth and flowers, for the Christ-day girdles the earth and embraces all climates and all nations, and everywhere, thank God! it is a day of festive joy and happiness—a fitting commemoration of the fulfillment of the promise made by the herald of God in the glowing words: "I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people."

It is peculiarly the Christ day, a time when the beauty of His self-abnegating life is reflected in sublime majesty. Never a selfish shadow obscured His path; His the grandest of all epitaphs; He lived and He died that others might live forever. A man without a home, He has gladdened and brightened millions of homes. He was a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief, yet from His presence an ocean of consolation has spread out and covered the earth with its waters of healing. His last prayer was an intercession for His enemies, and His last sigh a breath of confidence in God.

The glory song of the herald angels, sung at the first Christmas, that paean of praise to God and pledge of peace to man, shall never die. The grandest of all carols, dearest of all angel hymns, time has destroyed none of its sweetness and has preserved all of its promise. Peace and amity dwell where the spirit of Jesus prevails, and each Christ day is a benison indeed to those who see His face through the clouds and the mists of mortality.

Christmas, the home day, the Christ day! May its lessons and its blessings gladden all hearts and make a truth of the common salutation: "A Merry Christmas be upon you."

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

Bells and Bills.

Mrs. Newlywed—How I love to hear the merry Christmas bells.

Mr. Newlywed—I'd like to hear them, too, if Christmas bells were not so confoundedly suggestive of Christmas bills.

A Christmas Rhyme.

A maid so sweet,
A bird so neat
And plenty of holiday cheer.
Old friends we'll meet
And fondly greet,
For Christmas now is here.

The Old and the New.

The Old Year laid upon the portals of the past
A trembling hand,
And said: "Oh, let me die and be at rest
Within thy misty land!"
Then all the years that lived and died before
Reached forth, and drew the wanderer safe within the door.

The New Year laid upon the portals of to-day
A firm young hand,
And said: "Oh, let me come and live and work
Within thy shining land!"
Then all the years that are to be replied:
"This is your world," and drew the youth inside.

—Kathleen R. Wheeler, in *Lippincott's.*

Christmas Eve.

Little bits of stockings,
Hung up in a row,
Always make Kris Kringle
Down the chimney go.

—Detroit *Free Press.*

The man in the moon hangs up his stocking.—Golden Days.

Mrs. S. A. Lefeber
Rossmoyne, Ohio.

Terrible Misery

Helpless With Rheumatism and Without Appetite

Tired Feeling and Pains Dispelled by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was in terrible misery with rheumatism in my hips and lower limbs. I read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla that I thought I would try it and see if it would relieve me. When I commenced I could not sit up nor even turn over in bed without help. One bottle of

Hood's Relieved Me

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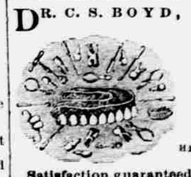

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