

THE GOLD LEAF. HENDERSON, N. C.

THURSDAY, AUG. 13, 1896.

At Richmond.

They'll meet no more at Richmond—the men who fought with Lee, Who met the marching legions of Sherman to the sea; Who blazed the way with "Stonewall," and carved their glorious names On the battlefields of Richmond, of "Richmond on the James."

Original Observations.

Orange (Va.) Observer.

Some people are hurt very badly by falling into error. Tears sprinkled on life's highway settle the dust of sorrow. There are many people who could not stand up if they didn't lie. Many a married man has a jaw-cyano time—quarreling with his wife. The reason why we silver men talk so much is because silence is golden. The best hand we ever held in the game of life is that of our best girl. If young man saves half by marrying once, why not marry twice and save all. A man's political friends are not always the men he would like to trade horses with. To tell the age of whiskey—count the wrinkles on a horn. You can always tell the age of a saw by looking at its teeth. This is a new "saw."

At the Soda Fountain.

(Detroit Free Press.)

The girl with fluffy hair and a short-waist was reading over the signs on the soda fountain. "You have vanilla, have you?" she said. "Yes, miss," the young man answered. "Have you pineapple?" "Any quantity of it, miss." "Have you raspberry?" "Yes, miss." "I wonder if a sarsaparilla would be nice. Have you sarsaparilla?" "By the gallon, miss." "You have nectar and peach and banana and all the other fruits, I suppose?" "Every one of them, miss." "Have you any chocolate?" "No, I'm sorry, but we're out of chocolate. There has been such a demand that we find it almost impossible to keep enough on hand."

Applying Her Method.

The professor is very punctilious about the use of language. His youngest daughter has learned to ride a wheel, and the fact is very apparent in her conversation. Now and then he moved uneasily in his chair but made no comment. After a time he said: "Lucia, would you mind closing that door? I am getting as cold as an ice."

Willing to Read It.

She glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk. "I have written a poem," she began. "Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate; but she wouldn't annihilate worth a cent, and resumed: "I have written a poem on 'My father's Barn,' and—"

He Had a Good Time.

"Did Fisher have a good time on his outing?" "Yes, indeed. I only saw him for a minute and had no time to ask questions, but I could see that the skin was peeling off from his nose, his neck was so sore from sunburn that he could not wear a collar, his hands were blistered so that he could hardly use them and he complained that he had rowed the boat until his arms were so lame that he couldn't hold a pen. Oh, he must have had a magnificent time, and I understand he got three or four fish, too."

NERVOUS Troubles are due to impoverished blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and NERVE TONIC.

Political Excerpts From the New York Mercury.

This should be a year of Democratic unity. Young Americans are rallying to the aid of Bryan and Sewall. The enthusiasm for Bryan and Sewall is increasing all the time. Indiana is sound to the core for Bryan and Sewall. So is Kentucky. New York will give Bryan and Sewall a good, old-time Democratic majority. The wage-earners of New York will give William J. Bryan enthusiastic support. The plain people will gain possession of the government on the fourth of next March. The McKinley Republicans have hardly a sure State left. New England is showing signs of revolt. Tammany has spoken for Bryan and Sewall. So will the State Convention, but no Democrat need wait for it. Get to work. The money-changers are beginning to tremble. The American people are in dead earnest in this campaign for the alleviation of the poor and suffering. The plutocratic press is bewildering people with its calculations concerning silver. Like animosity was shown when Blaine became the champion of silver in 1878. "Bring children, go in peace," we say to the Democratic deserters. The silver Republicans more than outnumber, and are better than lukewarm party men any day. Tammany will support loyally and enthusiastically the nominees of the Chicago Convention. This is no time for trimming or straddling. Democrats are either for or against their party. Wheat, corn and oats are cheap. Clothing is also cheap. But unfortunately labor is cheapest of all. Wage earners now discern the hollowness of the Republican promises which were made prior to the election of the present Congress. The American people will always prefer high prices for produce and merchandise, because labor will then be accorded its due reward. According to a London cablegram an influential organ—the Weekly Echo—predicts that if Mr. Bryan be elected and gold bonds become payable in silver there will be war between England and the United States, as the great capitalists behind the English Government have power to compel them into conflict. Let John Bull do his worst. He will not deter the people from electing Bryan and Sewall.

Saved by His Cheek.

A Railroad Depot Agent's Experience With the General Manager. A dozen of us were waiting at a railroad station in Georgia. As nobody knew how long we must wait it was only natural that one after another should go to the ticket window and inquire. "Dunno," was the gruff response to each inquirer. That was about what was expected, yet it didn't please. We got together on the platform and discussed the matter, and while we were talking a man drove up to the platform from the town. Seeing the crowd, he came over and asked what was up. When he had been informed, he replied: "I will try my luck with him and see how I come out." He made the same inquiry, and the agent looked up and replied: "How many more times am I going to tell you I dunno?" "Not more than once," said the gentleman as he reached for a telegraph blank. Five minutes later he showed us the dispatch. It was to a station agent 30 miles away, and it read, "Leave assistant in charge and come down and take full possession here." The name at the end of the dispatch was that of the general manager of the road. "How much?" he asked as he handed it to the agent, who was also operator. "This goes a. h.," replied the man after reading it over. He began ticking it off as cool as you please, and when he had finished he rose, put on his coat and overcoat and came into the waiting room. "Have you any idea when that train will be here?" quietly asked the man who sent the dispatch. "She's just coming around the curve now. All about," replied the agent. And as the train drew up he was the first one to board it, leaving the office to run itself till the other man could come down. "Did we come out much ahead on that deal?" I asked of the manager as we got seated on the train. "Well, n-o-o, I don't think we did," he drawled. "I guess I'll send the cheery cuss back on the next train and raise his salary \$5 a month."

Sixteen for One.

A Georgia editor rhymes the free silver business as follows: "He said, my love, 'tis sad, That we cannot agree, You are for glittering gold, While I'm for silver free. Let's kiss now, and make up, How many must I take? To let you know I love you, And love you for your sake? 'Oh!' said she, 'we'll not fall out, But we'll differ, just for fun; Dear John, stick to your politics— Take sixteen, love, for one.'"

Crow as a Diet.

When you eat crow, eat it hot. The larger you put it off the more unsavory it becomes. We have had to eat a large mess of it, but we shut our eyes and took it down at one great gulp, and tightened our belt to hold it there. We feel better already. We hope to get over it in time. But this can only be done by taking one's mind off it and putting it on other things. It won't do to go around talking about it and retching to see if it has a firm hold on one's inwards. In such case the agony is prolonged, and there is chronic danger of distressful upheaval. Moreover, there are certain sauces and post-matinal correctives and digestives which you may send down after that will give it staying qualities, so to speak. We have put on two of our free silver crows several doses of Republican villainy. We have covered it with anti-trust sauce; we have spiced it with the capicum of monopolistic robbery; we have hashed it with republican campaign fund corruption, and washed it down with the risings of general republican rascality. No, we don't hanker after crow as a steady diet, but we kin eat it" when you have all these things to help it down. We don't charge our friends who are guzzling and gagging and delaying anything for these suggestions.

Bryan's Horoscope.

As an infant he kicked vigorously, and the doctor bid sixteen to one he would be president. When his school-teacher heard him make a speech at six years, he predicted then and there he would be president. When he went hunting at ten years and killed sixteen ducks at one shot the neighbors declared with one voice he would be president. When he ran away from school and spent the whole day fishing his mother did not whip him, for she saw therein a certain sign that he would yet be president. "Did Fisher have a good time on his outing?" "Yes, indeed. I only saw him for a minute and had no time to ask questions, but I could see that the skin was peeling off from his nose, his neck was so sore from sunburn that he could not wear a collar, his hands were blistered so that he could hardly use them and he complained that he had rowed the boat until his arms were so lame that he couldn't hold a pen. Oh, he must have had a magnificent time, and I understand he got three or four fish, too."

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The Difference.

"The difference," said Asbury Peppers, though no one had asked him, "the difference between a bicycle pump and an anti-tri-ple light law is that one is used to blow up the tires and the other is used to tie up the blowers." Whereupon the serious boarder told him that he ought to go on the stage, or, if the stage was not available, to go on the next train.

Sealed to its Own Fate.

A New York man bought a parrot and had it sent up to his house, where there happened to be a new Irish cook who, to the horror of the family served the bird up for dinner. "That wasn't a bird to be eaten; that was a bird that talked," said the indignant gentleman. "If the bird could talk, why didn't it say so," retorted Biddy. This age is a fast one. People are restless; they all want to get rich in a year or less time; they must go by electricity or steam, and if not that, then the bicycle must play its part; they are in too great a hurry to walk; life is too short for them to plod along as did their parents, forty years ago, and in the hurry, if all is not well, the times are blamed and called hard. Truly, a wonderful age. The income tax is a just law. It simply intends to put the burdens of government justly upon the backs of the people. I am in favor of an income tax. When I find a man who is not willing to pay his share of the burden of the government which protects him, I find a man who is unworthy to enjoy the blessings of a government like ours.—W. J. Bryan.

How a Southern Democrat, who has stood in the battle line of the party all his life and fought for the cherished principles of his beautiful Southland, can now throw his convictions to the winds and take up a McKinley tariff, the force bill and all the other provisions of the Republican platform just because he differs from the majority of his party on the currency question, is indeed a nut to crack.—Durham Star.

The gold organs are trying to persuade silver men that free silver will not buy "good times." Well, we have had such poor luck with the gold standard that we are willing to take our chances on free silver. If matters don't improve we will conclude that we are in a pretty rough row of stumps.—Wilmington Star.

You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns—you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.—W. J. Bryan, to the gold men in his speech before the Democratic national convention.

Trolley Mortarman (to conductor)

"Say, Bill, the old gent behind has just fell off."

Conductor—"That's all right; he's just paid his fare."

Mabel—I understand that there were only square dances at Mrs. Flippitt's small and early.

Maul—Yes, there weren't men enough to go round.

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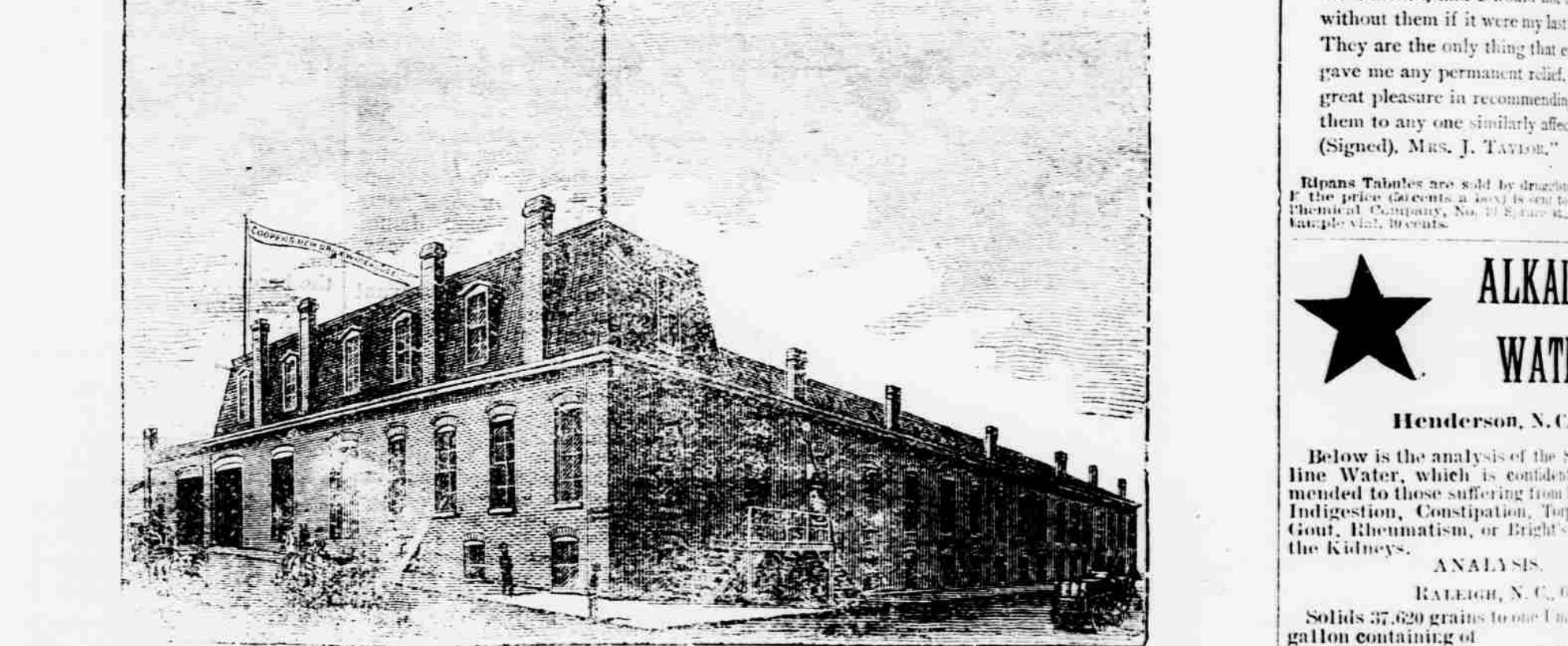
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