

Advertising brings success, but it does not advertise in the Gold Leaf. It is shown by its well filled advertising columns.

**SENSIBLE BUSINESS MEN**

Do not continue to spend your money where no appreciable returns are seen.

**That is Proof that it Pays Them.**

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher.

VOL. XVI.

FRANCIS A. MACON,

Surgeon Dentist,  
HENDERSON, NORTH CAROLINA.

J. H. BRIDGERS,  
Attorney at Law,  
HENDERSON, N. C.

D. E. S. HARRIS,  
DENTIST,  
HENDERSON, N. C.

ALEX. T. BARNES,  
Undertaker & Embalmer.

**Children**  
are a source of comfort. They are a source of care, also. If you care for your child's health, you will care for its digestion. Look for the disordered child which is the subject of this medicine.

**HAIR BALSAM**  
Change and beautify the hair. It is the only medicine that will cure dandruff, itching, and all other scalp troubles. It will also make the hair grow thick and glossy.

ALEX. T. BARNES,  
Undertaker & Embalmer.

MAKES CHILDREN AS FAT AS PIGS

**BURIAL SUITS AND SHOES**

For Men, Women and Children.

**GLOVES**

MAKES CHILDREN AS FAT AS PIGS

**TASTELESS CHILL TONIC**

IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS.  
WARRANTED. PRICE 50 Cts.

Sold and guaranteed by all Druggists.

Notice.

NORTH CAROLINA, in the Superior Court, Vance County, at February Term, 1907, before the Honorable J. H. Harrison, Judge.

Order.

Branson's New State Directory  
of Levi Branson,  
Raleigh, N. C.  
Price, \$5.00. Limited edition.

# GOLD LEAF.

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

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1897.

As an Advertising Medium  
The Gold Leaf stands at the head of newspapers in this section of the famous BRIGHT TOBACCO DISTRICT.

The most wide-awake and successful business men use its columns with the highest Satisfaction and Profit to Themselves.

Subscription \$1.00 Cash.

NO. 14.

Original story by a Henderson young lady, published by request.

## HARRIE;

Or the Clematic Garden.

BY MRS. V. CARSON.

CHAPTER V.

Blossom and her grandfather were much fatigued when they arrived at the Clematic Gardens. Blossom was delighted with everything.

"Come, Grandfather, how am I ever to thank you enough, and repay you for what you have given me? You have brought me to an Eden. It is perfectly beautiful here."

"My Blossom, don't speak that way. I would give up everything in life for you."

She flung her little white arms about him, and kissed the tears away.

"Blossom, you are growing to be a woman. You ought to have a younger companion than myself. Old age has long since left her silvery frost upon my brow."

"Dear Grandfather, I want no other than yourself."

"Come, Blossom, with me to accustom myself with my father's possessions. I have never seen you since you were once more after so many years."

The old man took her arm, that strong young arm guiding the feeble one along. As they slowly walked admiring here a bower of clematic for whispering lovers made, and there a clump of shrubs, the old man told her about his childhood, and related every incident connected with the beautiful old place. A pearly tear would spring to her eyes as she listened to some boyish trick.

Blossom's life was one long dream of sunshine. The deepest sorrow was dispelled by her musical laughter. She was the very light of the old man's heart. Every one loved her. The children from school that passed her home would linger to catch a glimpse of her. She often gave them flowers. In the evening she would lull the old man to rest with the soft notes of her Italian harp. People would stop, listening to her clear voice. It was her custom to sing as she played. The schoolmaster would sometimes accompany her in her morning rambles. Often she was alone, when Grandfather was tired.

"Blossom," the old man said one day, "would you like some other entertainment than what you have?"

"I don't know, Grandfather. I am always pleased with the flowers and birds, and the solitude I love."

"My pet, tomorrow you will be eighteen. Would you like a nice evening with a crowd of young people? I will send the invitations. It will seem something like going back to my boyhood for one brief interval."

Next day dawned bright and beautiful. Blossom was busy and quite happy all day. She had just finished inspecting her lovely costume when the clock on the mantle chimed four. She started. "Bennet, have everything right, and attend to Grandfather. Now to be arrayed for a reception," mused Blossom as she stood at the window looking across the woodland. She turned and began to arrange her toilet. She had adjusted the last article when her Grandfather came to fetch her down. "You are my grown-up pet now. I never dreamed that a few stylish things would change you so."

"Am I changed very much?"

"Indeed, my pet, you look a Venus, the trailing robes of a woman has robbed me of my child."

"No, Grandfather, ever thine own child."

"But I am keeping the fair one hid too long. The personages assembled will wonder when I present my treasure. Come, let us descend."

Blossom could not help the fluttering of her heart as she neared the drawing-room. There was a surprise for her. She only expected a few. There was a glitter of beauty, the great and noble men and ladies were on hand. All were bright, brilliant and happy. The flash on her cheek deepened as she walked in leaning on the arm of her grandfather. Every eye was on her, she had never been in a gay, brilliant assemblage like this before, and her debut was somewhat embarrassing. Still it did not steal the freshness of innocence away. The noblest and handsomest bowed before her. She was the same to all. Every one was anxious to be near her. She conversed with such sparkling wit, and was the same sweet, gentle one to all. The evening had reached its height and conversation was beginning to grow monotonous to a certain tall, handsome man. He had throughout the evening seemed listless and dead to all about him. A group of Blossom's admirers had asked her to sing some of her sweet songs; she would not have done it if her Grandfather had not stepped forward to lead her to the piano.

"Sing your sweetest, my love," said he.

A few chords were lightly played ere her silvery voice fell upon the perfumed air. This inattentive man had noiselessly sought her side. The clear, sweet words touched every heart there.

Take me back to the happy land,  
Where I have grown to love;  
There I have played on pebbled sand,  
Looking and thinking of Mother above.

I have watched the meadow with corn,  
Waving gently to the summer breeze,  
The dear happy land where Mother was,  
So beautiful and grand beyond the seas.

Her fingers lay motionless on the keys. Every one turned to see the awe, and wondered to behold the

beautiful singer so overcome with emotion. The old man did not think what it was.

"Blossom, my dear girl, I am quite ignorant of the wonders of this great world."

"England is my native home, and of course it seems the best to me. Still I cannot say anything, but Italy is a fair land. Mr. Vernon is attached to this place, I presume. Last evening I heard him speak of it."

"Yes, Grandfather loves all that is in Italy. Before we came here, I was only a small girl and he would while away the evenings telling me of his birthland, that I fancied it the most beautiful place on earth."

"Blossom, Blossom, come, Grandfather wants you."

"Sir Harrie, you will come with me? Grandfather will be delighted."

"As they walked neither spoke. Silence was more eloquent than words. Sir Harrie stooped and plucked a white spray of clematic.

"Miss Vernon, will you not fasten this in your bodice? If you will allow me to say it, this tiny spray of white seems to say that you are pure and sweet as the emblem." Blossom's downcast eye and crimson cheeks told that she understood. Bennet appeared at the entrance.

"Miss Blossom! why did you linger? your Grandfather is ill."

"Of Bennet, it can not be. How, when did he get sick?"

"Just a moment ago. Come in to him. Sir, walk in the drawing room."

Blossom ran with bated breath to her grandfather's room.

"Grandfather," she called softly, "I am here." No answer. "Grandfather, I am here."

"Ah! my Blossom you are here. Come, take my hand."

"Why, Harrie, my boy, here at last. I am glad to see you again."

### THE JOURNEY.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Puritan.)

I think of death as some delightful journey  
That I shall take when all my tasks are done.  
Though life has given me a heaping measure  
Of all best gifts, and many a cup of pleasure,  
Still better things await me further on.

This little earth is such a merry planet,  
The distances beyond it so supreme,  
I have no doubt that all the mighty spaces  
Between us and the stars are filled with  
Fares.

More beautiful than any artist's dream,  
I like to think that I shall yet behold them,  
When from this waiting room my soul  
Has soared.

Earth is a wayside station where we wander  
Until from out the silent darkness yonder  
Death swings his lantern and cries "All aboard."

I think death's train sweeps through the  
And passes suns and moons that dwarf  
our own.  
And on the other side we shall find our dearest,  
The spirit friends on earth we held the nearest,  
And the shining distance God's great throne.

Whatever disappointments may befall me  
In trials or pleasures in this world of doubt,  
I know that life at worst can but delay me,  
But no malicious fate has power to slay me.  
From that grand journey on the Great Death Route.

### Wise Words.

(The South West.)

People usually pick out their own temptations.  
Ignorance isn't innocence, but they are near relations.  
The thing that makes you glad shows your character.  
The successful man always sticks to one thing until he gets there.  
All careers are desirable for men who know how to make them so.  
He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent days of sorrow.  
After a man is thirty he suffers less from love than he does from rheumatism.  
Six women can talk at once and get along all right—but no two men can do it.  
Children are a lot more nuisance than they used to be when they were little.  
A bootlegger is a man who borrows money on the strength of wearing a soiled collar.  
The virtue which parley is sure to surrender, moral strength gives a negative at once.  
The man who entertains his thoughts would not always like for his neighbors to see his guests.  
The great thing in this world is not so much where we are, but in what direction we are moving.  
When a woman has a secret, nothing makes her so mad as the discovery that no one wants to know it.  
When a man tells you he likes to work, you may not say so to his face, but you think it just the same.  
A young married woman always talks as if she were a child, though she didn't know how soon when she gets older she gets more capricious.  
Eagles do not have different mates every season as do birds generally; they pair for life, and sometimes occupy the same nest for many years.

### "REFORM" COMES HIGH.

But the People Must Have It Cost or No Cost.

(Pittsboro Record.)

So extravagant was the Legislature that Treasurer Worth felt it his duty last week, to send a communication to that body, explaining the condition of the State's finances and begging our legislators "to beware." He stated that the disbursements for the last two years had been \$265,412.94 (over a quarter of a million dollars) in excess of the receipts, and that the bills adopted and under consideration by this Legislature appropriated \$123,000 a year additional.

Now this is no "Democratic lie," but the official statement of the State Treasurer, who was elected by the Republicans and Populists. It really seems incredible. When the Record and other Democratic papers denounced the famous "reform" Legislature of 1895 for its extravagance the "reform" papers and speakers denied the charge and said it was a "Democratic lie."

But now here is the official statement of Treasurer Worth showing that it was not a "Democratic lie," but the simple truth. Yes, Treasurer Worth officially states that our so-called "reformers"—who promised such economy—expended in the past two years over a quarter of a million dollars more than was received for taxes. And not only that, he also states that the Legislature of 1897 has done even worse—has increased this extravagant expenditure over a hundred thousand dollars a year!

Such is the retrenchment practiced by our "reform" legislators. We ask honest tax-payers if this is the sort of "retrenchment" they wish? Was it for this that "reformers" abandoned their old party? How long, oh! how long before our people will realize whether they are drifting?

### Makes Business Better.

What is what?

#### Newspaper Advertising does, if judiciously done.

To advertise judiciously, select the proper medium, after you have prepared your advertisement. It is the experience of those who are qualified to judge correctly, that it pays to

#### Advertise in the Gold Leaf.

Have you made the experiment? We think it will pay you to do so. The Gold Leaf is the home-read paper, and the home-read paper is the one that pays the advertiser. It is a clean, decent sheet and circulates throughout the

#### Famous Bright Tobacco Belt.

Among a class of people who have money to spend, and whose trade is valuable. Your patronage is solicited upon merit, with the assurance that we can make it pay you.

Will you slide down our cellar door to better business, or will you be content to play in your own back yard of dull trade?

#### The Sliding is Easy, the Privilege Reasonable.

"Are you ill?" was all she could say to him.

"Yes, darling, I have a terrible pain in my side here," placing his hand over his heart. "Rub my head, dear."

Beneath the soothing stroke of her fair young hand, the old man soon fell asleep. Blossom quietly left the chamber to join Sir Harrie, and to dispatch Bennet for medical aid.

"Miss Vernon, I hope there is nothing serious."

"Sir Harrie Raymond, I can not tell as yet. We will know when the doctor arrives."

It was not long before they heard footsteps, and Bennet came with the physician.

"Miss Vernon, I am sorry of this; I will see Mr. Vernon now."

"Yes, Dr. Scott, come this way."

They found the old man asleep.

"Miss Vernon, you may go now, I will wait here, and I will not disturb him."

Blossom went back to the drawing room with a heavy heart, her face bluish was a little paler and she was very sad.

"Ah! if he dies what will I do?" she exclaimed.

"Mr. Brown, I cannot delay further. I will take these papers to Lawyer Hall and have him read and sign my legal right."

"I congratulate you, my boy, excuse me, I mean Sir Harrie Raymond."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown, but wait for the right my lawyer will give me. Excuse me, I will be out but a short while."

"Certainly, but when you return, I will feel that I have lost my boy, and gained a noble and wealthy friend."

"Thank you, Sir Harrie, to tear my self away but I am very anxious to have this settled then I will be at leisure to enjoy being with my friend once more."

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

### Summons.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Superior Court, Vance County, at Feb. Term, 1907. Before the Honorable J. H. Harrison, Judge.

Robert W. Lassiter and Paul Bronghton, Plaintiffs, vs. Louis D. Barwell and Sons, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that the 12th day of January, 1907, that summons was issued against you in this court, workable at the next term of the Superior Court of Vance county to be held in the town of Henderson, North Carolina, on the 25th day of February, 1907, being the 15th day of February, 1907, and that said summons has been returned by the Sheriff of said County of Vance, Defendant, after due diligence not to be found in my county.

The purpose of this action is to recover of you the sum of three hundred and eighty dollars and costs recovered by the Plaintiffs in their suit in the District Court of the United States, for the Eastern District of North Carolina, at the District Court Term, 1906, of said court, and you are hereby required to appear at the said court on the 25th day of February, 1907, and answer or demur to said complaint, or judgment will be given against you, to wit: That you are liable.

This January 19th, 1907.

D. H. GILL, Clerk Superior Court Vance County.  
A. W. Graham, J. E. Engle, Jr., Attorneys.

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### THE APOSTLES.

AROUND AND AROUND with goose grease in their practice for all aches and pains. It cured them and it will cure you. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache and neuralgia and pains there is nothing but Dr. Williams' Green Cure. It cures Croup and Colds at once. Try it. Sold and guaranteed by E. G. DAVIS, HENDERSON, N. C. Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Henderson, N. C.

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