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**SENSIBLE BUSINESS MEN**

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

That is Proof that it Pays Them.

# GOLD LEAF

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.

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher.

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

VOL. XVII.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1897.

Subscription \$1.00 Cash.

NO. 3.

## OIL ON THE WATERS.

A TALE OF TWO CHRISTMASSES.

"Well, this has been what I call a Christmas," said Ben Habberton, with a great sigh of content as he threw himself into an easy chair in the great guest chamber that was his for the time and stretched his feet out toward the cheery log fire.

"Now, I imagine," he went on, talking to himself in a light hearted way, "that a few days of this kind of life

her room, and kissing her tenderly, bade her good night.

Going back to his own room, he resumed his reverie. "Well," he thought, "I had a merry Christmas, for it's after 12 o'clock. And now for the old life. Cowardly, folks would call it, I suppose, to run away with a charge like that over my head, but I don't think it is. If I stay, the old man will surely make a row in the morning and there will be a great scandal. If I go, he will be too proud to make the scandal for nothing. He will call \$500 a cheap price to get rid of good for nothing me, and that will be the end of it. Poor mother! I'm guilty, too, but they won't think anybody else for shame's sake, and if they can't trust me let them think what they will.

"Five hundred dollars," he muttered, with a nasty sort of laugh, under his breath. "That's rather a small sum to turn a thief for, but I wish I had a hundredth part of it just to get grub till I strike another job. I could get it for my mother easily enough, but I'd rather go hungry than take it from her, thinking what they will.

"But it's best for me to go. I would not care so much about it if it weren't for Alice. Perhaps that's best too. I probably never will know now, so here goes."

And opening his window carefully and noiselessly he swung himself out on a huge vine that clung to the side of the house, and lowering himself hand over hand, he was soon on the ground. It was only five miles to town, and he was there long before daybreak.

Now Alice was a certain wide eyed, clear witted, young second cousin of this headstrong youth. They had never met till three days before, but great things are done in three days when Cupid lurks around old-fashioned country houses where the mistletoe is used among the decorations, and Ben was very much mistaken in thinking she wouldn't care. She would and she did.

Being quick witted, Alice was also impulsive, and sometimes it was well that she was so. On the morning after Christmas she passed old Mr. Habberton's door very early on her way down stairs and was greatly surprised to hear angry words inside. As the door was open she caught

"I tell you he stole the money, and I shall send for the police," stormed the old man, and Ben's mother, who had been pleading for mercy, gave up the struggle. "I would have sent him right if I hadn't been Christmas."

"Why, who has been stealing, Uncle Ralph?" asked Alice.

Even in his anger the old man paused. It seemed a cruel thing to accuse one of



## AN IMPOSING RITUAL.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AMONG THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

Where the Day is More of a Holy Day Than a Holiday and Where Gifts to the Little Folk are Not Credited to Santa Claus.

Then a Holy Day and Where Gifts to the Little Folk are Not Credited to Santa Claus.

Jean Baptiste Leblanc of lower Canada has this advantage over his cousins in the rest of the Dominion, that his Christmas celebrations are not confined to one day, but are divided between that great holiday and New Year's. Then again he has the further advantage of an early start, for while the English folk are still sleeping snugly in their warm beds he is out attending mass at church or cathedral. Indeed it may be said with truth that Christmas among the French Canadians is more of a holy day than a holiday, as it constitutes one of the four great church festivals of the year.

The celebration of the day begins at midnight on Christmas eve, when, summoned by the chimes of the bells, all good Catholics who can manage it crowd to the sacred edifices, which are appropriately adorned for the occasion, and there take part in an elaborate service lasting nearly two hours. The splendor of this service, of course, varies according to the equipment and facilities of the establishment, being comparatively simple in the remote country churches, while in the large edifices it becomes a superb religious function.

The midnight mass in Notre Dame church or St. James' cathedral, Montreal, celebrated as it is before congregations of many thousands of people, perhaps the most imposing and awe inspiring religious ritual to be witnessed upon this continent. The musical features of these services always receive careful attention, with the result that the whole proceeding is made so interesting to attract large numbers of Protestants who are willing to forego the comforts of sleep in order that they

## hadn't asked me not to go to sea again.

I was a fool to make her know that half promise not to. Well, she even when I am by her side, and if she doesn't write and let me off from what I said I must leave here and look for something on shore. This is neither land nor sea.

"I wonder what granddaddy thinks and how he came to make such a mistake. Confound him! He ought to know that a Habberton couldn't be a thief. It was just like him, though, to jump at the conclusion that I had done something wrong. Every one in the family is hasty—except me. Hello! What's that?"

He had seen a faint gleam out at sea, and watching as only a sailor can watch he soon saw another.

"It is certainly a rocket," he exclaimed, talking to himself as his habit was when he was excited. "Some vessel is in distress. God help her and all aboard if they can't keep her offshore, and if she is disabled in any way that he had better get her in here. If she's one of these coasting steamers and her machinery's broken down it's all day with her, for there's no anchorage outside the reef, and there's not a chance in 500 of her driving in behind without striking."

There was a coaster, and she was certainly beyond the control of those on board, for as he looked rocket after rocket went up in vain again, as it seemed. There was no life saving station within 15 miles, and Ben's eye was the only one that saw.

Nearer and nearer she came, driven by the awful power of the worst storm Ben had ever seen. Fascinated by the sight, he sat as if frozen, watching for the whole proceeding in made so interesting to attract large numbers of Protestants who are willing to forego the comforts of sleep in order that they

No earthly pilot could have guided her among those rocks to the lee of the reef on which the lighthouse stood, but it was not written that she should be wrecked that Christmas day. Lying helpless in the trough of the sea, she drifted past rock after rock till Ben saw with amazement that she was floating in behind the reef, and still he watched with straining eyes.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a shout, and, making his way down the stairway four steps at a time, he seized an ax and a big panikin in the room below and ran out into the storm. A thought had come to him of one chance in a million, and he was after that chance.

A single blow smashed in the head of a hoghead, and in another instant he was scooping out the oil it held with the panikin and scattering it like mad as far as he could in every direction. The wind carried it all toward the vessel, and the great wonder of the sea was wrought almost in a minute, for as the oil fell the waves abated, so that the ship was immediately in smooth water. Overboard went her anchors as quickly as the captain could give the order, and she was safe.

For the rest of the night Ben watched, throwing a little more oil from time to time, and in the morning, the storm having abated, he rowed out in his small boat to the ship's side.

As he stepped on her deck the captain greeted him with such thanks and praise as could only be given by one who had just been saved from destruction. Then as the passengers crowded up to have their say Ben saw, to his amazement, his grandfather, his mother and Alice.

"We came after you, my boy," said the old man, "as soon as your letter to your mother came. You must come home again, this time to stay."

Ben looked at his mother and then at Alice. In both their faces he saw what he looked for, and then he answered: "It'll be a merry Christmas after all, granddaddy," he exclaimed with a happy laugh. And it was.

DAVID A. CURTIS

## A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

The Duty of Charity and the Nobility of Self Sacrifice—How Art Has Paid Its Tribute to the Nativity.

It was the distinctive glory of Christ's evangel not that it introduced a new code of morals or of social ethics, but rather that it emphasized the force and broadened the scope of those existing and gave them higher sanctions and infinitely greater importance from being exemplified in the perfect life of Christ himself. There were people who had been just, true and God fearing before Moses brought down the tables of the law from Mount Sinai, and men acted the role of the good Samaritan, animated by the purest benevolence, thousands of years before Christ taught by precept and example the duty of charity and the nobility of self sacrifice.

Even the sermon on the mount only presented in concrete form rules of conduct which regulated the lives of many in all ages, not with the force of law, but which were meant to be as a result of self originated conviction and feeling.

Love in Christ's code of ethics was both the soul and body, the animating principle, as well as the performing agent. It was no longer to be true, kind and pure because it is a duty so to be so, but to all that because you love to be so. No mere formal acquiescence or compliance will meet the requirements of this new presentation of the moral law. It demands absolute obedience, but as the outcome of love, not as the result of authority or the claims of duty.

Has the Christian church (assigning to this term its widest and most comprehensive meaning) ever come within measurable distance of realizing the exalted Christ ideal? Yes, possibly, by the apostolic age and for a short time subsequent, but it would be absurd to claim that the Christian churches of today, great as is their influence for good, are animated by the spirit of the early Christians or inspired by that divine enthusiasm which made each one of them a center of light and largely transformed society throughout the known world within a century after the birth of Christ.

We are now like Moses on Mount Nebo, to see the promised land, but it is still in the dim distance, and we are apparently getting no nearer to its haven of rest—but how soon would the prospect change were the gospel of love and humanity, preached and lived by the Christian, to become a distinctive feature of our civilization instead of the materialistic and selfish motives which largely sway modern life and determine conduct.

The Saviour was born under the humblest possible circumstances, as if to show how low in the estimation of God are all the pomp and magnificence of that wealth and power which men prize so highly. His Virgin mother was poor, his foster father was a mechanic, and he himself, dignified labor by earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Christ was emphatically the Saviour of the poor, and those who bear his name best show the sincerity of their professions by imitating him in his loving kindness and benevolence. Charity is a duty incumbent upon Christians at all times, but even the most humane will feel prompted to be kinder and more sympathetic while celebrating the advent of one who displayed during his whole lifetime upon earth a divine compassion and pity for the poor and the suffering.

Not the least of the lessons taught us by the birth of Christ is not to despise the humblest or be hopeless of the most depraved of that species so honored by Deity that he came and took its form and assumed its nature with all its imperfections. However low in the scale of being persons may be, there is a spark of the divine in them still, a trace of that promethean fire breathed into man by the source of all life and all consciousness which constituted him a living soul.

The story of the advent and of its climax—that amazing act of self sacrifice—has been the solace of the weary and heavy laden in all the intervening centuries. The song of the angel choirs and the chanting of the lowly place of his birth, conveying heaven's message of deliverance for man, has sounded throughout the centuries, like an undertone of hope, above the discords of life and the mutterings of despair.

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## Scrofula

A deep-seated blood disease which all the mineral mixtures in the world cannot cure. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy for Scrofula and has no equal.

Mrs. V. T. Buck, of Delaney, Ark., had Scrofula for twenty-five years and most of the time was under the care of the doctors who could not relieve her. A specialist said he could cure her, but he filled her with arsenic and potash which almost ruined her constitution. She then took nearly every so-called blood medicine and drank them by the wholesale, but they did not reach her trouble. Some one advised her to try S.S.S., and she very soon found that she had a real blood remedy at last. She says: "After taking one dozen bottles of S.S.S. I am perfectly well, my skin is clear and healthy and I would not be in my former condition for two thousand dollars. It is wonderful how the poison in my system, the potash and arsenic, have the disease out through the skin, and I was permanently cured."

A Real Blood Remedy.

S.S.S. never fails to cure Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism, Catarrhs of Blood, Pimples, etc. It is a simple, pure, and safe blood purifier. Do not rely upon a simple tonic to cure a deep-seated blood disease, but take a real blood remedy.

Our free upon application. Specific. S.S.S. Atlanta, Ga.

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## Do You Use It?

It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

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