

Advertising Brings Success.
That pays to advertise in the GOLD LEAF is shown by its well filled advertising columns.

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher.
VOL. XVII.

Foul-Smelling Catarrh.

Catarrh is one of the most distressing ailments... Sensible Business Men... That is Proof that it Pays Them.

S.S.S. For the Blood
Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood purifier guaranteed to contain no injurious ingredients.

Thousands Testify
To the Wonderful Curative Powers of Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy.

Scrofula, Old Sores, Rheumatism, Eczema, Tetter, and all diseases of the Blood and skin permanently cured by its use.

VIRGINIA COLLEGE
For YOUNG LADIES, Roanoke, Va.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Keeps the hair soft, healthy, and free from dandruff.

PENNYROYN PILLS
For Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, and all ailments of the bowels.

Special Rates
During the Summer Months, at "Munich Studio," Baltimore, Md.

JAPANESE PILE CURE
A complete and permanent cure for hemorrhoids.

CONSTITUTION, 25c and 50c.
A complete and permanent cure for all ailments of the bowels.

SOLDIERS RETURN.
PATHETIC PICTURE OF MAIMED AND WOUNDED MEN

As Witnessed by Moonlight on the Great Wharves at Key West, as the "Boys in Blue," Battered Wrecks of Their Former Selves, Were Coming Home—An Army of Wounded Men in Ragged Uniforms on Litters and in Ambulances—A Canadian's Strong Tribute to the "Soldiers of the Great Republic."

The "boys in blue" are coming home. A couple of weeks ago I watched a splendid army embark, bands playing, colors flying, people cheering, on the mile of great ships that lay along the wharves, gangways out. Last night by the light of the few lanterns, I watched a couple of hundred men in ragged and faded uniforms, with arms, heads, feet swathed in bandages, disembark and pass, limping, halt, bowed over on litters, in ambulances, in cabs—through lines of people who stood there silent, looking at them. No hands, no flying colors, no cheering, no music, no music, no music, no music.

Armed with passes, I was permitted to pass by the soldier who was guarding the long dock. At its further end lay the transport troops, with their long lines of tents, and the hospital corps aided by marines and volunteers, was moving hurriedly forward, carrying litters. At the foot of the wharf the Red Cross ambulances stood in a bunch, supplemented by street cars, cabs, open carriages, and every vehicle that could be turned out. Very few, but those engaged in the work of moving wounded men were allowed at the side of the big transport. There was no bustle, no clamor, no confusion. Lieutenant Marx, of the first regiment, called out an order, two men would mount the steps leading to a lower deck, while two more waited at the foot of the ladder. These were so placed to aid the wounded and relieve them of their baggage and accoutrements. At a little table on the lower deck sat and issued tickets. Each man got his ticket to the convent hospital. The poor fellows could be seen descending painfully, the little ticket caught between their teeth, their arms or legs helpless, their whole bodies limp and drooping. And yet these men had many of them walked fifteen miles from the front to the coast, along the cruel road in Santiago, under the blistering rays of the fierce Cuban sun. And now they were done up. Tired, broken, weary men, coming home to rest. There was not a murmur from any of them. More than half of the poor fellows were keeping up bravely, to show how little they cared about wounds. Scores of them expressed to me personally their hope that they would be made well quickly and sent down to the front again. The record they brought with them was the glorious record of splendid fighting, magnificent courage, and many, many, many wounds.

Again one saw in the sporadic light of moving lanterns heaps of baggage thrown about the wharf; guns, cartridges, crutches, and everywhere, lying, crawling, thrown down, soldiers. Not singing or laughing, or cheering as they toiled on, sweating and dusty, in the heat of a Southern mid-summer day. These men, wounded, weary, sitting on their little bundles, their limbs bandaged, their faces times more heroic, more touching picture. They had given a cheer as the ship came in and home was sighted—just one long cheer—after that silence, and waited with dogged patience to be told off in squads for the hospital.

Not that they were not cheerful and cheerful individually. Every man I spoke to gave me some bright story of the fighting, spoke some word of gladness at sight of home, or said cheerfully how he hoped to be all right in a couple of weeks and go home again at the front. No man seemed daunted; no man lacked heart and courage. Bodily pain and sickness overcame many, and the inert, listless figures on the stretchers were dreadful to see, but the fighting heart was here, in the brave spirit and the unflinching front. I take off my hat to you soldiers of the great republic.

Moving about among them I heard many a little story. "Come over to the light and I'll show you the finest relic of the war," said a soldier, half of whose body was bound up in white cloths. We stooped to the lantern. "See this." He took something from his pocket with his sound hand and gave it to me. It was a Mauser bullet which had struck a cartridge in his belt, and imbedded itself there, forming a perfect cross. "That cartridge saved my life," said the man. "I'm pretty well now, up, but I wouldn't be talking to you here to-night if that Mauser had got under my belt."

LIEUT. HOBSON'S STORY.
Talks About the Sinking of the Merrimac in Santiago Harbor.

The Gallant Young Naval Officer and Hero Presides at a Great Meeting in New York City, Held for the Benefit of Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Protective Association—Proves Himself an Apt and Entertaining Speaker Devoid of Egotism or Vanity in Exploiting the Conduct and Experiences of the Merrimac's Crew—Admiral Cervera's Name Cheered Along With That of McKinley, Dewey and Others.

There have been printed several more or less accurate stories of the sinking of the Merrimac in Santiago harbor by Lieutenant Hobson, a hero of seven "Jackies," but the following taken from the New York Sun's account of the great meeting held in that city on Thursday night, August 4th, at which Lieut. Hobson presided, is the only full and accurate "official" account of the affair, as told by Hobson himself.

There was such a display of patriotic feeling at the Metropolitan Opera House last night as this city has not seen for years and years. The Metropolitan was crowded to the rafters by the New York Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Protective Association. Actually, it was a continuous outburst of the strongest, warmest kind of national feeling, and of generous tribute to the men who have shown their gallantry in this war, and their heroism in the face of our enemies.

When Mr. Hobson stepped out on the wings on the left side of the big stage, the Spaniards, which seemed to relieve the feelings of the audience, a good deal—for everybody joined in—Major Byrne came forward. He told what the meeting was for, how bank clerks, grocery clerks, truck drivers, day laborers, were working side by side in the Southern camps and on pestilential Cuban battlefields, while their families were left here to go along as best they may. This meeting was called so that there might be as little difference as possible in the feelings with which their families regarded their absence.

When I was talking about the presence of our sailors were Major Burne happened to mention the name of Dewey, the crowd rose to its feet and hurrahed, and some body in the gallery called for three cheers, and they rang out. Then Major Byrne said that the meeting was for the purpose of raising money to help the families of our sailors who were in the front line of the fighting.

North Carolina Banks.
The abstract condition of the national banks of North Carolina as reported to the Comptroller of the Currency shows the average reserve to be about 28.00 per cent. against 28.70 per cent. on May 5th. Loans and discounts decrease from \$6,564,183 to \$6,564,148. Stocks and securities increase from \$906,628 to \$286,073; gold coin from \$306,628 to \$323,634; lawful money reserve decreased from \$95,130 to \$72,418; individual deposits from \$5,712,410 to \$5,568,326.

ADMIRAL CERVERA.
THE SPANISH CHIEFTAN VISITS NORFOLK

To See Capt. Conchas, of the Maria Teresa, Admiral Cervera's Late Flag Ship, and Other Wounded Prisoners of His Once Proud Fleet Who are Confined in the Naval Hospital at Portsmouth—The Ten Overjoyed at Seeing Their Beloved Old Commander, Who Was Accompanied by His Son Lieut. Angel Cervera.

Admiral Cervera, whose fleet was recently destroyed by the American ships under Commodore Schley, just outside of Santiago Bay, Cuba, was a passenger on the steamer Georgia, of the Old Bay Line, which left Baltimore Thursday afternoon for Norfolk. He was accompanied by his son, Lieutenant Angel Cervera, and they left Annapolis on parole Thursday.

The object of Admiral Cervera's visit to Norfolk was to see Captain Conchas, late of the Infanta Maria Teresa; Lieutenant Naval, of the destroyer Pluton; Des. Augusti and Nicoli, of the Vizcaya, and other officers and men of the fleet, who are under treatment at the United States Naval Hospital at Portsmouth. Many passengers on the boat, composed of a few of them recognized in the large, dignified and courtly old gentleman, attired in a well-fitting suit of citizen's clothes of an unobtrusive shade and cut, accompanied by a young, slight, but gallant man, who might have passed for his secretary, the distinguished Admiral of the Cape Verde squadron, who had kept America and Europe guessing for so many weeks as to his movements and ultimate object, and to whom the hero Hobson had been accorded any visitor's privilege of one of the greatest naval victories of modern times.

Upon reaching Norfolk Admiral and Lieutenant Cervera were met by Lieutenant-Commander Brown, a retired naval officer, residing at the residence of Commodore Farquhar's launch, and taken at once to the hospital point landing from which Medical Director Cleburne's private carriage took them to the hospital. Here they were met by the Director, and he had many more ceremonies than would be accorded any visitor of private prominence, the Admiral and his son were admitted to the building and shown to Captain Conchas's room. There he met the officers who are able to be about, and was later shown through the Spanish wards, which he had visited in the past with joyous acclaim, though in many cases the joy of seeing their old commander was tempered with home sick sorrow and grief at their condition as prisoners. The meeting with Captain Conchas and other officers is described as very friendly, the officers embracing their commander and weeping. The ardent Southern temperament is full exercise for any weakly shown, and a study of the old Admiral explains the men's love for him. After some time spent at hospital, the Admiral and his son were taken to the navy yard, where they lunched with Commodore Farquhar, the party consisting of Admiral and Lieutenant Cervera, Commodore and Mrs. Farquhar and Medical Director Cleburne. After dinner a few minutes' stroll was taken in the residential quarters, and then Admiral Cervera being anxious to spend as much time as possible with his friends at the hospital, the carriage was taken for the return there.

Admiral Cervera was at once to Captain Conchas and spent the remainder of his time with the officers and men of his old command. In conversation with them they called Admiral Cervera's attention to their surroundings and the excellent care and attention given them, giving the highest praise to Medical Director Cleburne and his staff for the same. The Admiral in turn paid that genial son of Esculapius a high compliment on the appearance of the men and their high testimonial to his courtesy and kindness.

At 1:15 Admiral and Lieutenant Cervera said good-by to their friends and the hospital authorities and returned to their leave. Entering the carriage with Dr. Cleburne the party drove to the Bay Line, where the boat was taken for Baltimore, the Admiral and his son going thence to Annapolis. In manner dignified, courteous, gracious and with a voice of great modulatory power. He looked somewhat careworn, but otherwise appeared to be in the enjoyment of the best of health. He was neatly attired in a brown-grey suit, and wore a soft brown hat.

THE NEGRO IN POLITICS.

The negro was never as assertive in North Carolina politics as he is now, and this is as might have been expected, for he has never before been so recognized and so paltered to as he has been by the Republican Party, which is now in control of the State. The orator who spoke in that Republican convention at Nashville the other day eulogized Governor Russell as the man of the phenomenal backbone, because he has appointed more negroes to his staff than any other Governor in the United States. The orator who spoke in that Republican convention at Nashville the other day eulogized Governor Russell as the man of the phenomenal backbone, because he has appointed more negroes to his staff than any other Governor in the United States.

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Much in Little
Especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine.

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DR. S. B. PERRY,
Dental Surgeon,
HENDERSON, N. C.

Africana,
Blood Purifier,
Has Restored Happiness to Health and Happiness Chronic Blood Diseases.

"Doubting Thomas"
any longer but try AFRICANA, and get well, and be a blessing to your family and the world.

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Atlanta, Ga.

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Elected by the Use of
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No. 1 Fever, Congestion.
No. 2 Worms.
No. 3 Infants' Diseases.
No. 4 Diarrhea.
No. 5 Coughs & Colds.
No. 6 Headache.
No. 7 Dyspepsia, Indigestion.
No. 8 Delayed Periods.
No. 9 Leucorrhoea.
No. 10 Croup.
No. 11 Skin Diseases.
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No. 13 Catarrh.
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