

Advertising Brings Success.
 To advertise in the Gold Leaf is shown by its well filled advertising columns.

SENSIBLE BUSINESS MEN
 Do not continue to spend money where no returns are shown.

That is Proof that it pays Them.

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher.

VOL. XVIII.

Was It Consumption?

Consumption is an overworked individual. It is a disease that attacks the lungs and spreads to other parts of the body. It is a disease that is often fatal. It is a disease that is often cured by the use of the "Golden Medical Discovery".

The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured many cases of consumption. It is a powerful medicine that cleanses the blood and regulates the system. It is a medicine that is safe and reliable.

Consumption is a disease that is often fatal. It is a disease that is often cured by the use of the "Golden Medical Discovery". It is a medicine that is safe and reliable.

"Dave's Place,"

Restaurant and Lunch Counter.
 Comfortable Seats.
 Clean and Well-ventilated.

SALOON
 Clean and Well-ventilated.
 Comfortable Seats.

A Great Convenience
 To the People.

James W. White,
 The Up-to-date Tailor.

In the Spring
 Refreshing and invigorating.
 Perfectly adapted to the season.

Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy.
 Greatest of all Blood Purifiers.

**Rheumatism, Old Sores,
 Eczema, Tetter,**

Virginius College
 Young Ladies, Roanoke, Va.

Rootbeer
 time is here

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
 Keeps the hair clean, soft and healthy.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
 For the cure of all kinds of biliousness.

BUY HARRELL'S
 Va. PUGGIE

OSCAR OUTLAW,
 Tonsorial Artist.

Spain's Greatest Need.
 Dr. Humphreys'...

WHEN YOU are feeling tired
 and out of sorts you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good.

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CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1899.

THE OCTOPUS TRUSTS.

BOTH POLITICAL PARTIES WILL DECLARE AGAINST THEM.

Something Must be Done to Arrest the Growth and Development of Gigantic Combinations of Corporate Capital Commonly Call'd Trusts, but Platform Planks Alone Will Not Remedy the Blighting Evil.

(Balt. adv. Sun.)

The Chicago Tribune quotes Senator Depew as saying that "undoubtedly the Republican party will adopt a plank condemning trusts" when the time comes to frame the next national platform and as adding: "I think the Democratic party will adopt a similar plank. The Tribune expresses the opinion that this is altogether likely, and that if the Democratic party holds its national convention last, as is most probable, its plank will be of the more emphatic of the two." The Democrats, says the Tribune, will make all the pledges the Republicans do and a few more besides. "A more important question is what will the promised 'planks' amount to, and what effect, if any, will they have in arresting the enormous growth and development of the gigantic combinations of corporate capital which has become the fashion now to call 'trusts'?"

The New York Journal publishes a list of two hundred and eighty of such trusts which have been recently organized in this country with an aggregate capital of six billions eight hundred million and two hundred dollars (\$6,800,000,000). These so-called "trusts" are, as we have said, for the most part, simply gigantic corporations organized for the purpose of controlling the production and distribution of goods and services.

These are matters with which Congress would find it difficult, if not impossible, to deal. But every State, within its own borders, can do much to protect the small industries, the individual enterprises and the citizens, from falling a prey to that deadly octopus, the industrial trust.

"TWO."
 Two women went forth in the glory of dawn,
 Their eyes returning from battle's morn.
 And one was in white, with a rose at her breast,
 And one was in black from her head to her feet.

As the train from the South thundered over the rails,
 One blushed like the rose in her bosom of daisies,
 But one was as pale as the petals that drop,
 In the black and the dew, when the day-lilies close.

Two soldiers together were left by the train,
 Where the long, narrow platform lay hot
 Under the sun, and the shadows were
 And one had returned from his marches to rest,
 And the other—his battles were over and done,
 For his sabre was sheathed, and his sash was unfastened, and his eyes were dim.

And his sword from the battlefield never would rise;
 And his sword and the dew, when the day-lilies close.

Freezing Weather in July
 Would cause great discomfort and loss, but fortunately it is seldom known. A vast amount of misery is caused at this season, however, by impoverished blood, poor appetite and general debility. These conditions may be remedied by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine seems to put new life into the whole physical system, simply because of its wonderful power to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, and to stimulate the appetite and invigorate the digestive functions. We advise you to get a bottle and try it if you are not well. It will do you good. It is the best medicine money can buy.

Fatty Walsh.
 (Montreal Journal.)

One sees many queer things in the large New York papers, some comical, but mostly tragical, illustrating some point in the composite character of humanity. We have not lately seen a more interesting item than this, regarding a noted politician of that great city:

"Thomas Power Walsh, better known to the world as Fatty Walsh, died suddenly last night of heart disease at his home, 48 Madison street. . . . Mr. Walsh returned from his office at 6 o'clock last night, and as he went to the corner of Madison and Oliver streets there was the usual scramble among the children in the neighborhood to reach him first, and show him that their hands were clean. Each evening at 6 o'clock for the past five years Fatty Walsh has stood at that corner and put one cent in each child's hand, and extended him. . . . Walsh rarely got away with a smaller outlay than 50 cents."

The paper goes on to say that Fatty Walsh was a popular Irishman, and, like all the sons of Erin, a wit; an excellent humorist, a jovial companion, and a staunch friend, but reading between the lines of the above paragraph, we learn that—he was a philosopher and a philanthropist. He possessed three cardinal virtues, charity, the love of cleanliness, and the love of children. Because of these virtues he was a philanthropist, and a philosopher because he perceived that to bestow charity, even upon the children whom he loved, he should make it dependent upon some effort of theirs—though it was only that required to keep their hands clean. We don't see the like of Fatty Walsh every day, and we are sorry that his acquaintance should not have been formed till after his death.

A Night of Terror.
 "A awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Meigs, Me., when the doctor said she could not live till morning," writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night. "All thought she must soon die from Pneumonia, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, saying it had cured her once before, and it had cured her of Consumption. After three doses she slept easily all night, and is further improved. This marvelous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free by the Dorsey Drug Co.

A child never seems really happy when his face is clean.

EMINENT CAROLINIANS.

AN OPINION AS TO THE ABLEST MEN

Produced by the State Within the Last Half-Century—Who is the Greatest Man Born in North Carolina in a Half-Century. It may be correct in its opinion. We cannot affirm or deny, for we cannot say who is really the greatest man born in this State within the last fifty years. Dr. Page is unquestionably a superior man mentally, and may be above all his fellows. We cannot determine this interesting question even among those of whom we have more or less knowledge. Some very bright, accomplished men have been born in fifty years in this State. There have been some who are decidedly distinguished, honored, useful. But what particular man in natural endowment and acquisition we are not able to determine. Certainly with the present light before us we must leave the question unsettled on our part. The Messenger is glad as a faithful North Carolina newspaper that the State is so well supplied with men of fine intellectual parts, and that there is educational progress as well as material progress. We may say that those of whom we have information or with whom we have personal acquaintance, who were born within a half century, there are five of whom we would briefly write. They possess excellent mental gifts naturally. They are all well informed in some fields of study, some are learned in a high sense—in the sense the word is used in England, but not in the Southern newspapers—and all have manifested unmistakable ability in certain fields of intellectual enterprise. Who has won best the attention of the higher and best filled minds and have made their marks more ineffaceably upon the world of thought and culture time will reveal.

We wish to write a few lines concerning five notable men who have lived in the time specified above. No doubt there are some others who might be included if we had wider information and a more accurate disquisition. We are not well enough equipped, however, to write of the lawyers of the State. We could briefly particularize and characterize some of the famous lawyers of the past, but we do know who are the ablest and most learned lawyers under 50 years of age in this State, and how they accomplished with those we shall name personally.

Hon. Hannis Taylor, LL. D., ex-minister to Spain and distinguished author; Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D., LL. D., professor in the able faculty of the University of North Carolina, the superior Presbyterian school, the prophets at Richmond, Va.; Walter H. Page, LL. D., gifted journalist and successful editor of the Boston Atlantic Monthly; Edwin A. Alderman, LL. D., president of the University of North Carolina, and George T. Winston, LL. D., president of the University of Texas, are men of decided force, and amplitude of mental resources.

We are quite sure that by much of the ablest work that has thus far been produced in the North Carolina, living or dead, past or present, is Dr. Taylor's very superior and famous work on the British constitution. It is a work of which to be proud. It is the production of a finely disciplined and vigorous mind, and one of the best of the kind in the world. It is a work of which to be proud. It is the production of a finely disciplined and vigorous mind, and one of the best of the kind in the world.

There is still another man we would name, and that is a natural philosopher and mathematician, who has never been blown so long nor so repeatedly. He is a modest man not of any of the professions of which the others are members, and his name may be quite unknown to many who are familiar with the names of the others. He has had none of their large advantages of education. He has not had the privilege of association with the wise and cultured men of his times, and has not breathed the inspiring atmosphere of the university and mediated in the sequestered valleys and walks of philosophy and learning and letters. He began life poor without liberal advantages of any kind, and has all his manhood been a constant toiler, traveler, bread-winner. We have known him from boyhood, have met him often times in manhood, have watched with interest the growth and enrichment of fine faculties in early discernment, and have been delighted thereat. If he has an equal in natural gifts or in actual output from his mental mint among all the men born in a half century in North Carolina, and of like opportunities—the training and benefits of a liberal education—without the aid of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it is a native we believe of Bertie county, and Mr. Morris is a native of Goldsboro. All these are capable of reflecting much credit upon themselves and their native North Carolina. Long may they live.

Maid to order—the waiter girl.

POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

FAITH IS THE BEST WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.

Voluntary Submission to the Supreme Being Our Small and Reasonable Service for the Past and Present Blessings and Privileges of Life and for our Future Salvation and Immortality.

(Virginian and Pilot.)

It is the tendency of the positive philosophy of this age to ascribe a natural and material origin to all things, and to accept the theory that the germ and evolution, or development, is the ultimate, if not the efficient explanation of everything that comes before our intelligence. How true soever that may be, in fact, it is certainly unsatisfactory. We still find a mystery yet unexplored that appeals irresistibly to our insatiable curiosity. What is the origin of germs? Whence come the force and motion of evolution? Is anything spontaneous? Is a cause absolutely necessary as a condition precedent? If so, how could there be any beginning? Wherever we look we see mysteries upon mysteries, and are forced to deduce and infer other mysteries from these mindless concatenation and in ever-increasing number—just as every advance into space, in effect, expands the unexplored, and every step in any direction but adds limitless new space behind it, and never receding at an accelerated speed as we attempt to approach it.

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"SUNSHINE IN MY SOUL."

A Word About Its Author.

BY JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

One of the churches' noblemen has fallen, and the realm of gospel song has seen one of its sweetest, busiest workers laid down. When, on the afternoon of April 10, Prof. John Robson Sweeney said farewell to earth, the book of an eventful life closed.

He was born in 1837. His musical career began with study under Professor Barill when he was nineteen years old, and he was a band-master in a Delaware regiment during the Civil War. It is as the author of gospel hymn tunes that have found their way around the world that he will longest be remembered, though his work as leader of music in Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, as musical director at the Ocean Grove camp-meetings, and as teacher of music at the Pennsylvania Military Academy, has made him known to thousands, and no one ever met him but to love him.

We stood together on the platform of a railway station one afternoon, many miles from the scenes of any of his labors, and where he had little thought of being known, when a lady stepped up to him and said: "Professor Sweeney, I believe? I met you at Ocean Grove last year. I want to tell you what a help your songs have been to me." Everywhere he went he found friends to admire him, because of the enjoyment and help he had afforded them.

So busy was his pen that always once a year, and some years oftener, his publishers put on the market a new book of gospel songs edited by him. These books had large sales. Perhaps the young composition man has sung more than "Beulah Land," one of his earliest productions. Stories of its use have come back to him from every quarter, to cheer him and make his heart glad with the knowledge of having been a source of help to many through it. A traveler climbing the Alps one day, came upon an old lady rocking a wee baby in her arms, and singing in her native tongue, while she swung it to and fro:

"O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,"

As illustrating how often the most signal success in composition may be thought a failure at the start, Professor Sweeney told me that just after the first appearance of "Beulah Land" he was besought by his publishers to try his hand at changing it, "as it didn't seem to be taking very well." The young author brought it back in a little while with the remark, "I can't better it by any change I can think of." "All right," said the publisher, "let it stand as it is. The song is beginning to go," and it has been going from that day till this.

I can never forget the impression made upon my mind by his "Sunshine in my Soul" the first time I heard it. The California delegation to the Christian Endeavor International Convention at Montreal was marching into the large drill-hall singing the sweet, cheering melody, and the song and the singing made a decided hit. This work of Professor Sweeney was the first of a long line of "sunshine songs," by many authors that have scattered cheer and brightness everywhere. It is a notable fact that the words of "Sunshine in my Soul" and "More about Jesus,"—two songs which have won for themselves a lasting name,—both came from Miss Hewitt to Professor Sweeney in the same mail.

One of the unique pictures hung on the walls of my memory is a Sunday afternoon scene in the Elmira, N. Y., Reformatory, where Professor Sweeney led the convicts for an hour in a service of gospel song. The large chapel was filled, and several hundred of men entered heartily into the spirit of the service, the effect can readily be imagined.

Hon. John Wanamaker paid a very touching tribute to the worth of Professor Sweeney's work at his funeral, and said: "This blessed man has only climbed up the mountain, and like Moses entered the Land of Promise. God sent down His angels from the upper sky with a message for this sweet singer to come to the Land of Song."

The singer's voice is still, and "the pen of a ready writer" shall never fashion melodies for earth. He has found sweeter employment in the "land of unending song" of which he has so often sung. We shall miss him here, and miss him all the more for what he has left behind to cheer us on our pilgrim way.—Binghamton, N. Y., Christian Endeavor World.

I was seriously afflicted with a cough for several years and had had a more severe cough than ever before. I have used many remedies without receiving much relief, and being recommended to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, by a friend, who, knowing me to be a poor wretch, gave it to me, I tried it, and the most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved me very much and the second bottle cured me. I have not had a cough since. I had a good health for twenty years, I give this certificate without solicitation, simply in appreciation of the gratitude felt for the cure effected.—Respectfully, MRS. MARY A. BEARD, Clarence, Ark. For sale by Dorsey Drug Co.

The little cub of hedgehog spied, which he began to whine for: "Hedgehogs are not," the old bearcried, "the kind of pork-you-pine for."—Chenosa Gazette.

Spain's Greatest Need.
 Mr. R. P. Oliva, of Barcelona, Spain, speaks his words at And. S. C. W. Wash. nerves had caused severe pain in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts on vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. Weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50c. Sold by the Dorsey Drug Co.

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