

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

WOMEN WRECK. Every once in a while a woman tells of some once beautiful woman who has been consigned to an asylum, because of physical weakness, nervousness, despondency and irritability. She cannot drive the cause, and she cannot find the remedy equally at hand. A friend who suffers in the same way tells her that a few drops of Colman's Compound will give temporary relief. And she begins to use it, and she finds that it does not end in a madhouse, but that it has cured her. She has been described as safely inferring that this disease or at least weakness of the nervous system, which constitute her ailment, is cured by Colman's Compound. It is a simple, safe, and healthy remedy, and it will make her strong and healthy in a few weeks with necessary rest and treatment. It cures nervousness, and it gives vigor and energy to the organs upon which depend the perpetuation of life. It is a simple, safe, and healthy remedy, and it will make her strong and healthy in a few weeks with necessary rest and treatment. It cures nervousness, and it gives vigor and energy to the organs upon which depend the perpetuation of life. It is a simple, safe, and healthy remedy, and it will make her strong and healthy in a few weeks with necessary rest and treatment. It cures nervousness, and it gives vigor and energy to the organs upon which depend the perpetuation of life.

BEST GOD'S BEST. God has his best things for the few. That dare to stand the test. What has his second choice for those who are content with the best. It is not always open till that risks the Promised Best. The letter often is the foe. That keeps us from the best.

There's scarcely one but vaguely wants to hear my music, and I seek, 'Tis not thy blessing, Lord, I seek, I want thy very best.

And others make the highest choice, But when by trials pressed, They shrink, they yield, they shun the cross, And so they lose the best.

I want in this short life of mine, As much as can be pressed Of life and joy for food and man, Help me to do my best.

I want to stand, when Christ appears, In spotless raiment dressed, Numbered among His hidden ones, His hidden and beloved.

To hear among the victor's throng, To hear my Master say at last, "Well done, thou dost best." —Selected.

WAY OF THE WORLD. A woman, barfetched, hungry and footsore, walked through a certain town, recently looking for a poor house. She once was the hope and pride of a happy home, a reigning society queen, a leader in church and Sunday school work. Men adored her, women envied her, but all faded and her home, beautiful, refined and accomplished, pure and spotless. But the sunshine went out of her life, — the shadows came. She trusted in man's honor and in a moment of weakness fell. The proud woman became a social outcast, a wretched homeless wanderer. Life has no charms of her. The poor house is her only refuge. As she knocks at the door the author of her degradation leads to the altar a spotless bride, amid the congratulations of those who denounced his poor victim and made her an outcast. Orange blossoms and hymns and tears for the man, degradation and tears for the woman. He is applauded, but she is lost forever.

It comes to our mind that there is retributive justice somewhere awaiting these cases. Methinks in the goodly heaven, the God of spotless white, for He who forgave Mary Magdalene, will forgive her, — if she repent of her sins and pleads her cause at the throne of grace, — while her betrayer will roast in hell, and the unfeeling will be judged as they judged her. —Durham Star.

Love. Love is the only love on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the babe and sheds its radiance upon the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart, builder of every home, kind of every fire on every hearth. It fills the world with melody — for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it earth is Heaven, and we are gods. —Ingersoll.

It is not the man who does the most talking who does the most in building up his town, nor the man who is continually denouncing some one else for the lack of enterprise, but the solid, substantial worker who believes that deeds accomplish more than jaw-bone clatter, says an exchange.

During the Civil war, as well as in later years, when the army was one of the most troublesome diseases the army had to contend with. In many instances it became chronic and the old soldiers still suffer from it. Dr. David Taylor of Wind Ridge, Gretna, Pa., is one of those who uses Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and says he never found anything that would give him such quick relief. It is for sale by the Dorsey Drug Co.

Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends largely upon sharpness and shrewdness. They imagine that if a man is able to get the better of a bargain, no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning, sharpness and shrewdness. It is only when a man is sure to fall victims sooner or later to the influences which are forever at work against them. Their house is built on sand and its foundation is sure to give way. You cannot give these truths too much weight. Lay the foundation of your career on enduring principles of everlasting truth. —Durham Star.

The narrow chasm. The narrow chasm between success and failure is bridged by effort. Many an advertised article has been on the verge of success only to be dropped at the moment when, by a little more hustling, it could have been made profitable to its exploiter. —The Advertising Man.

A Night of Terror. "A awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors 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 more than once saved her life, and had cured her of Consumption. After three doses she slept easy all night, and its further use completely cured her." 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.

People who live in glass houses shouldn't go to bed with the blinds up.

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

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1899.

IN A BLAZE OF GLORY

THE DRAMATIC EXIT OF OLD CAP FROM LIFE'S STAGE.

He Lived a Wild Life and Wanted a Wild Death, and He Summoned a Wild Audience to See Him Do His Final Wild Act.

"The longing for the center of the stage exists not only in the centers of civilization," said a man who had gone west, made his pile in mining and come back to enjoy himself. "You'll find it up in the Rockies among the hardest, toughest citizens that ever huddled a pick or shot a bear. The melodramatic instinct is mighty strong in most men, and the glare of the calcium is eagerly sought after by many who won't admit it. I knew an old man out in Arizona some years ago who was one of this kind. He was about the most 'don't give a darn' cuss I ever knew. He lived up in the mountains, about ten miles back of Tucson, all by himself.

"How he managed to live I never knew, but he seemed contented. His evil deeds never seemed to worry him any, and the Lord knows his record was black enough. He had been a great gun fighter in his time, and even in the days I speak of it wouldn't do to tread on his toes. He loved to tell of his wild life, and the frankness with which he related his somewhat questionable escapades made him an excellent entertainer if you didn't happen to feel squeamish. Squamishness isn't a common fault out that way, and everybody knew and liked Old Cap, — that's what they called him — except the few who had been in trouble with him at one time or another.

"Now, no one ever thought that Old Cap was spectacular. He was the last man on earth who would be thought likely to want the center of the stage for any of his stunts. But he did, and the climax of his life was more prophetic than any man's I ever saw. It was mixed up with. He certainly did go out in a blaze of glory. It all happened about seven years ago. I was in Tucson. A lot of us boys were sitting around in front of a ginmill one afternoon, just talking about things in general. The horses were tied in the yard at the back. It was a mighty fine day, just warm enough for solid comfort out of doors, and with the sky as clear as absolute dryness could make it. It was one of these days, you know, when you throw your chest out and congratulate yourself on being alive.

"As I was talking, we all sat on easy wicker chairs, talking and whittling I reckon, when down the street came a 10-year-old boy riding a street car. We recognized him as a youngster who lived a couple of miles this side of Old Cap's on the same trail. He rode right up to where we were sitting and rolled off his horse, with his eyes popping and his breath a-panting.

"What's the matter, boy?" asked a tall, thin, thin man in the party. "Old Cap says 'e come right up 't his place right off an fetch all 't men yer kilt git." "The Indians were always liable to bust loose and do something nobody could expect, and we got our horses out a jiffy and started up the trail to save Old Cap. There were about a dozen of us, and we had our Winchester and six shooters with us. When we got near to Old Cap's we slowed up a bit and began to look pretty sharp for Indians, but not a sign of a redskin could we see.

"We'll be in time, boys," said the Texan, who was leading the band. "Ef we get to Old Cap's cabin we kin stand off a pretty smart lot."

"Old Cap's cabin was situated in a clearing off the trail around a bend, with high rocks hiding it until you came out in the open. We reached the turn in safety and swept around it at full gallop. There was a sign of all, the little cabin looking as first as usual, and then we noticed Old Cap sitting astride a log about ten feet in front of his house. His big, gray sombrero was cocked to one side, and the red scarf about his neck gave him the look of a stage hero of the plains. He had heard our horses' hoofs beating the rocky trail before we wheeled into view, and he was ready for us. Waiting until we had come within 75 yards of him, he lifted his hat and moved it above his head with a hoarse, wild yell. As a think of it now it sounded like the cry of a madman. Then he reached into his pocket and drew forth a rock which was within reach of the keg upon which he sat, and saving it from the breeze until it was safely fastened to his leg, he stepped down and had deliberately blown himself up. Funny thing for a man to do, wasn't it? Old Cap apparently got tired of life and decided to kill himself. He wanted an audience. So he sent the kid out to drum one up. He got what he wanted, but it wasn't a very sympathetic one. Men don't go much on gush out there, and the Texan was a little sore about the trick we had played on us. He helped to straighten out the corpse, and then he sat down on a log, and he gazed at it.

"Well," he said finally, "he certainly did give himself a good send off." And the rest of the gang guffawed loud enough to start the echoes down the valley.

"But it was all pretty funny when you come to think of it. Old Cap had been the center of the stage when the curtain dropped, and his audience then proceeded to forget him." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

When the drop curtain goes down men go out and put down another drop.

AMERICA'S Greatest Medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it possesses unequalled curative powers and its record of cures is GREATEST.

WHERE ARE THE STRONG?

(The North State Endeavorer.)

Is it ever so in a Society that the most talented shrink from the important places?

A young man would make a good president but he has never led in prayer. He shrinks from it for diffidence or some other reason.

Some one who knows nothing of the plans of the Society is chosen, he is willing to pray for service. He may have no tact for good work.

Will you, a half dozen vigorous young people in your church, stand-by and see your Sunday School go down, your C. E. meetings dwindle, in spite of the faithful efforts of some noble veteran or on account of the unwise and shallow doings of some quack Christian worker?

How it must grieve our Master to see the strong stand with hands off, leaving the work to be done by the faithful weak.

Before you say that you cannot do a certain work for Christ, suppose you sit down and count your powers one by one and ask: Why did God give me this? What does he mean that it is? What if I had been born into the world without this talent?

Suppose I had no eyes, no voice, no physical strength, no money, no carriage?

I have laid help upon powers — one that is mighty. You cannot do it all by yourself. Your business succeeds under your direction. He who calls you into his work would have you mix your virtue (whatever excellence gives you success) with your faith, and your self confidence.

A faith in God linked to these human traits is surely against failure.

And you must be Godly, and have sympathy for your fellows, and love must pervade the whole. If you are idle in God's service it is not because you have thought that one who succeeds in worldly affairs cannot succeed in spiritual service?

Another can't you first say something better than you. Why can you sell goods as well as any, or do school work, or teach, or make a political speech, or talk in a crowd, or why can you use your hands so deftly as a carpenter, or "persuade men" to insure or give you an order looking after your samples?

You learned to do these things better than others by trying. An honest service to Christ cannot be surpassed.

This is so often the cry. "Can't" Do you really mean that you cannot? Or do you mean that it is embarrassing, or it would take some of your time, or your money. When you say that you could not be at the prayer meeting you mean that you went somewhere else, or that you did not make up your mind to attend your own church service.

Two ladies have home duties. Each has a church engagement, one says: I have company, we cannot take our children, I just can't go to the meeting. The other excuses herself from two customers five hundred miles away from the home, leaves them in her parlor to await her return, while she goes to fill an engagement.

The Master calls young people to the. Of our beloved North State, our historians have rightfully resented the charge that the North Carolina men flinched in the battle at Guilford Court House. The salvation of our State depends upon our unflinching obedience to our Captain's call.

It is far more embarrassing to let the cause fall than to endeavor and succeed, a more stinging remorse not to have tried than to have done our best.

The Master calls. It is ours not to shrink but to work.

GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO DO. (R. M. W., in North State Endeavorer.) A few days ago a bright little girl was telling me of the Junior work in her town.

With that charming candor of childhood she helped me to understand that the secret of success is in the work with the children. She said, "I liked the meetings — cause some of us always led."

Boys and girls (and older people too) like the idea that they are needed, and when they "have a finger in the pie" their hearty co-operation is assured. One very successful worker says: "I let them run themselves." Junior Superintendents! Are you planning your work so that very little, if any of the responsibility is falling on the little folks? If you are I am afraid they are not doing good work. Give every member something to do. Help them to realize that if they do not attend to their part it will go undone, and then explain that the loss will be to the entire Society.

WHAT IS SAID OF HENRY BLOUNT.

Some Tributes Paid to His Genius and Talents as a Lecturer.

Rev. Dr. Munday, former pastor of the Baptist church in Wilson, says: "I have heard Henry Blount's wonderful production, and I was charmed with this masterly genius, wit and humor and pathos and eloquence. It was pure, chaste, ornate, thrilling and sublime."

Rev. T. N. Ivey, D. D., editor of the Raleigh Christian Advocate, says: "I consider Henry Blount the greatest genius that North Carolina ever produced, for he is not only a humorist of the very highest order, but he is an actor and poet and rhetorician and orator, and withal the noblest and most generous of those irresistible powers. I have heard his grand and beautiful creation, 'Beyond the Alps Lies Italy,' and was charmed with its remarkable genius, loftiness of aim and beauty of expression and impressiveness of delivery, for it was the creation of a poet and the enunciation of a philosopher."

Theo. Smith, President Brownsville Baptist Female College, says: "I have heard Henry Blount and was perfectly charmed with his speechless powers. He is, in a most unusual degree, gifted with a many sided versatility. He is a poet, a humorist, an actor, an orator, a rhetorician, and an extraordinary aptitude for dialectic portraiture to the highest flights of magnificent imagery his genius ranges supreme. One moment the enchanted hearer is convulsed with merriment, and the next he is moved to brimst tears, for mirth and pathos are the arrows which he flings at will from his skillful and well-aimed bow. He is a philosopher, an orator, a rhetorician, a philosopher, a philanthropist, all combined in one being, and his words are a grand and noble grouping, and no one can tell in which role he excels, for he is superb in each."

Mr. Blount will lecture at Cooper Opera House Friday evening, Aug. 25th, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church. Hear him.

A Mother Tells how she Saved her Little Daughter's Life. I am the mother of eight children and had a great deal of experience with the kind of disease which I am now writing about. I thought she would die. I tried everything I could think of, but nothing seemed to do any good. I then bought Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and gave her a bottle of it. It saved her life. I am anxious for every mother to know what an excellent medicine it is. Had I known it at first it would have saved a great deal of anxiety and my little daughter much suffering. —Yours truly, Mrs. Geo. F. BURDICK, Liberty, R. I. For sale by the Dorsey Drug Co.

WEALTH IN SMALL THINGS. Did you ever think how very valuable are many small inventions — what large returns they have brought forth? The inventor of the Patent Record gives a glimpse of some of them that is surely instructive.

The Stylographic pen yielded \$20,000 a year to its proprietors; a plan for shading in different colors was worth a similar amount; rubber stamps were worth \$100,000 annually to their inventor. A certain rich man owes his wealth to the gummed newspaper wrapper; and the genius who put a piece of rubber at one end of a tube and closed up the other end by slipping in a lead pencil realized a fortune when he first thought of copper tips for children's shoes. Even a little thing like the common needle threader is worth \$2,000 a year to its owner, while the "Return Ball" — a wooden ball fastened on a piece of elastic — yields \$10,000 per annum; this is only of many profitable toys.

We may mention the "Dancing Jim Crow," which produces \$15,000 a year; the "Wheel of Life" worth in all full \$100,000; the walking figure — "John Gilpin," and the "Chameleon Top."

Multiply the figures that represent pounds sterling by the figure 5 and you will have approximately the sums in American dollars.

BAD BLOOD—CURE FREE! Eating Sores, Tumors, Ulcers, (Cancers, all cured by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), which is especially to cure deep-seated, obstinate Blood Diseases, Persistent Sores, Blood and Skin Blemishes; Scrofula, that resist other treatments, are quickly cured by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). Skin Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Itching, Eczema, Scabies, Blisters, Red or Brown Patches, (Catarrh, Rheumatism, etc., are all due to bad blood, and hence early cured by B. B. B. Sphibitic Blood Poison, producing Ulcerated Sores, Throat, Aching Bones, Painful Swellings, Eruptions, Falling Hair, etc., are all driven from the system by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), in one to five months. B. B. B. does not contain vegetable or mineral poison. For sale by druggists everywhere. Large bottles \$1. Small bottles 50c. Sent 2 stamps for postage on free sample bottle, which will be sent by return mail. When you write describe symptoms, and personal free medical advice will be given. Address: Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Even in a forest don't waste firewood. Attention called to a new lot of shoes for men, women and children — very cheap. H. THOMASONS.

How to Kill a Town.

Oppose every movement that is started for new enterprises or local improvements. Innovations are dangerous. What was good enough for the last generation ought to satisfy this one and the next. Just grumble.

Never praise your town, its public men or leading citizens. In fact, never have a good word for anyone. They might hear of it and become puffed up with pride. Only criticisms of these people will do any good.

Don't patronize home merchants. Everything is much better and cheaper that comes from the North. Advise your neighbors to send away from home for what they want. You have done your part when you sell your produce at home. Keep on grumbling.

Never pay anything to the churches, or any charitable organization. It is much cheaper to find fault with the preachers and to point out the mistakes of these people who are always "bothering you for money for a thousand and one different objects." Pose as a martyr.

Don't paint or improve your property, but make some spiteful remarks about your neighbors whenever they get up and run through the unhealthy climate, the unprogressive city officials, the clannishness of the people — tell him everything to discourage him from making a lengthy stay. Here is where you can put in your best ticks. Assume a truthful air. Do not appear to take any pleasure in these sad recitals. Lie regretfully.

When you meet a stranger tell him about the excessive taxation, the lack of public spirit, the bad streets, the unhealthy climate, the unprogressive city officials, the clannishness of the people — tell him everything to discourage him from making a lengthy stay. Here is where you can put in your best ticks. Assume a truthful air. Do not appear to take any pleasure in these sad recitals. Lie regretfully.

Finally, don't patronize your home paper. There are others larger and much better, and they keep you posted about special bargains. If the home paper exceeded it might help the local merchants, and encourage a larger circle of readers to spend their money at home. It costs nothing to borrow it. Just stand off and criticize. —Charlottesville Progress.

Good Argument to Remember. One of the best arguments against advertising in any other way than in newspapers is contained in the following excerpt: "A local merchant asked the other day, 'Have you noticed the fine advertisement I have on the fence out West of town?' 'No,' replied the customer, 'but if you will send the fence around to my house some day I will read it over and see what you are dealing in. Fact is, I'm reading newspapers and don't get much time to study fenceology.' —Exchange.

DIGNIFIED LABOR. The old Southern planter, with his army of slaves, was a princely character. But there were many ideas, the subject of condition, which should have passed with the passing of the conditions. The vast army of the people in the South must now gain their living by what we call common labor, if they get it honestly. We need nothing more than a dignifying of labor. There is room for only a very small per cent. in the professions, and even in business. We need to recognize more largely than we do that character can be formed at the loom, at the forge, and in all other lines of useful employment. —Anglo-Saxon.

Eminently correct, but not far enough. We need, not only to recognize that character can be formed at the loom, at the forge, and in all other lines of useful employment, but we are concerned about should be what kind of character is there formed. The South is waking up to vastly new conditions of life. A tremendous element in the working man in our various manufacturing plants. There is no use denying there is danger ahead for us. With the rapid desertion of the rural districts and the congestion of population about the mills and towns where proper social and religious influences are largely absent, there is need of some means of impressing upon these people the dignity of labor and the dignity of character and responsibility that are living by what we call common labor, if they get it honestly. It is not so much a need as it is a dignifying of labor as the Anglo-Saxon calls it, by which we understand it to mean that those who live without manual labor shall have a greater respect for those who live by it, as there is need for a dignifying of character by those who perform manual labor, referring of course to other labor than that of tilling the soil. —Monroe Journal.

We don't think that the Americans should discount the sincerity of the mutual admiration society that has been formed between John Bull and Uncle Sam. There is no telling what would have happened as an outcome of the Spanish-American war had not England lent her moral support to the position this country took in the matter of Cuban liberation. The rest of the world did not dare to move out of its tracks, confronted as it was by a practical Anglo-American alliance. —Norfolk Public Ledger.

Spain's Greatest Need. Mr. R. P. Oliver, of Barcelona, Spain, sends his greetings at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains 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 vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. Weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by the Dorsey Drug Co.

It is far better to fail in a good cause than fail in a bad one.

ANTS AS FIGHTERS.

THE TINY WARRIORS ARE FEROCIOUS IN BATTLE.

So Violent Are They That Even the Largest Animals Dare Not Meet Them in Combat — A Man Whom Their Bites Made a Having Maniac.

"I was one of six American miners who were routed from their camp by a Venezuelan ant army," said a mining expert who lately arrived from Venezuela. "We retreated before the invaders without making a fight, and for two good reasons. In the first place we would have got the worst of the encounter, and, secondly, we knew that if we let them alone they would do us a good service."

"Shortly after dawn one Sunday our camp was burst in upon us and hurriedly piled on a table, the four legs of which were immersed in as many basins of water. Every manœuvre that is known to the armies of civilized humans you may safely expect from an ant army. But little black warriors have never learned to swim. Our provisions, thus protected, we left the camp to itself and went out to reconnoiter for the invaders and to watch their assault from a distance. The army was making fair time. An irregular patch of black 10 feet wide and double as long, was swarming steadily toward our camp. As the army was in no way disturbed by our presence it was possible to approach its lines closely. There must have been millions upon millions of little soldiers marching line to hip. At the head marched the leader. On went the army, up the posts of the camp and then within.

"Once within, the army spread itself in all directions, forming hundreds of files, and thereupon they were well come. The ants swarmed up the joists and the dry leafy walls, and wherever there was a spider or a bug there was a brief tussle and a dead foe. But there was bigger game in store for the invaders.

"The star battle was with an immense centipede, one of the bluish gray kind, about seven inches long and as big around as your middle finger. He darted out of a hole like a blue streak, evidently trusting to his speed and superior strength beneath another enemy's ranks. But he didn't go three feet before he was stopped. Ants literally covered him. He turned on himself and swept them from his back, but before he had gone another three feet he was buried beneath another swarm of his plucky assailants. And then began a fight to the death. Again and again he swept his tormentors from his back while from all sides hurried streams of ants to take the place of fallen comrades. The wriggling of the big fellow became less violent as the fight progressed, and finally, after an effort, which I well knew was a desperate last one, he remained quiet while what little life was left in him was bitten out of him. Later, when the army had retreated and when we had swept up the centipedes and scorpions and lizards and a tarantula which the ant army had vanquished, we put the hero of the star battle under a glass and stretched to rest on the bodies of dead ants still clinging to their foe. From his back, from his legs, from wherever there was a chance for a hold, the bodies of ants dangled, holding on, I suppose, by their teeth.

"Perhaps you wonder what would have happened had the ant army not taken to fight an army of ants, assuming, of course, that the man relies on his natural means of defense — his hands and feet. I can best illustrate that by the rare story of an unfortunate who was brought to a hospital in Caracas and who before my return home. The man was a coolie who had worked on a cocoa plantation in a creek not far from Caracas. Following a habit of some of his countrymen, the coolie, owing to the heat, had left his camp and stretched to rest on the ground to sleep outdoors. Exactly what followed no one can say with certainty. Presumably he was surrounded and covered by an army of ants before he was awakened. At dawn the shrieks and cries of a man in agony aroused the inmates of the camp, who ran out to learn the cause.

"The man was gesticulating wildly and calling for help, while he squirmed and writhed and slapped his face and neck and chest and legs in a mad effort to slip himself all over at once. He was standing in the midst of an army of ants and was too distracted with pain to run away. Then he did exactly what a panther or leopard does when he is being overcome. The man threw himself to the ground to roll his tormentor to death. A single active white man could have saved the poor wretch, but the stupefied, barbelleged coolies dared not, or thought not, of rescue, while the victim himself was too dazed to suggest any way to seek other than instant relief. From a slight personal experience I know the poor fellow was burning in a fire which would take hours to kill him.

"Finally a bystander regained his wits and rushed into the midst of the ants and dragged the man after him and threw him into the creek. The rescue came too late. The victim became unconscious. His velvet, brown skin was a pink mass of raw bites. When he came to the hospital, he was bound to his bed and all over at once. He was standing in the midst of an army of ants — that was what he had been coddled by ants." —New York Sun.

It is seldom the man with the most checks in his trousers who has the largest bank account.

INDIGESTION, resulting from weakness of the stomach, is relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great stomach tonic and cure for DYSPEPSIA.

Subscription \$1.00 Cash. NO. 37.

SYRUP OF FIGS

ACTS GENTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. CLEANS THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY. DISPELS COLIC, HEADACHES, OVERCOMES HEADACHES & FEVERS. HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE — MADE BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. HENRY PERRY, Insurance.

A strong line of both Life and Fire Companies represented. Policies issued and risks taken at best advantage. Office in Court House.

J. H. BRIDGERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HENDERSON, N. C. Office in Harris' law building near court house.

DR. F. S. HARRIS, DENTIST, HENDERSON, N. C. Office over E. G. Davis' store, Main Street.

FRANCIS A. MACON, Dental Surgeon, Parlors in Parker building, opposite Dorsey's drug store. Office hours 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. and 6 P. M. Residence Phone 88; office Phone 25. Estimates furnished when desired. No charge for examination.

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