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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.

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

VOL. XX.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1901.

NO. 50.



**THE NEW BABY**

Opens up a new world to the loving mother. It is a strong, healthy baby that is the result of the new world. It is a weak, fretful child the new world is full of anxiety. It has been proven in thousands of cases that the new world is a world of happiness.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes all the difference between health and weakness in children. It gives young mothers more healthy, happy children. It gives the mother strength to give her child. It makes the baby's advent peacefully and promotes the best of the mother's health. It is a beautiful feeding of the nursing child.

**BOGGLES' THANKSGIVING TURKEY**



Copyright, 1901, by W. L. Giddiey.

"Why, Ephraim, what under the turkey have you got there?" exclaimed Mrs. Boggles one evening about three weeks before Thanksgiving as her considerably worse half entered the yard with a half grown gobbler under his arm.

"Turkey, of course," vociferated Boggles. "Imagine it was an ostrich or a feather duster on stilts? Well, it isn't. It's a turkey, and a pretty fine specimen at that. Stands two feet six in its stocking feet and weighs eighteen pounds, at least it will when it is fattened up ready to kill at Thanksgiving time."

"So you are going to fatten it for Thanksgiving, are you? I should think it would be cheaper to buy one at the time already fattened."

"It may look that way to you, Matilda, but I don't think so, and I've got the figures right in my head to prove it. That turkey just as it stands—it was now strolling about the yard—cost me exactly one dollar. I am going to make a pen for it from the old lumber about the place, which will cost, say, five cents for nails, and feed it on corn and scraps from the table. The scraps will cost nothing, and it won't take over fifty cents worth of corn to fatten the turkey up in first class condition for our Thanksgiving dinner. That will make the total cost one dollar and fifty cents, and I'd like to see you go into any market and buy an eighteen pound Thanksgiving turkey at that price. Just keep your eye on that turkey, which will cost, say, a total of two dollars and eighty-eight cents, so you see I will save a dollar and forty-three cents, besides the satisfaction of having a genuine corn fed turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner. That is worth all the extra trouble. Of course you can buy what they call corn fed turkeys, but you can't be sure of getting the real article unless you purchase the corn and the turkey separately and mix them in your house and eat the turkey a minute, Matilda, while I go into the house and get the hammer and nails."

When Boggles returned a moment later with the articles in question, he was pleasantly surprised to see Master Turkey over in the adjoining yard, calmly resting in a tree about thirty feet from the ground.

"I thought I told you to keep your eye on that turkey, and now just see where it is?" he exclaimed reproachfully. "You've attended to the job in fine shape, I must say."

"I haven't had my eyes off the turkey while you were away, but, not having a scropnet, I don't see how I was to stop it from flying up into the tree if it wanted to," responded Mrs. Boggles.

"Well," said the magnanimous Boggles, "you go along into the house, where you can't do any further damage, and I'll see if I can coax the turkey down out of the tree and put it in a pen about the place, which will cost, say, a total of two dollars and eighty-eight cents, so you see I will save a dollar and forty-three cents, besides the satisfaction of having a genuine corn fed turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner. That is worth all the extra trouble. Of course you can buy what they call corn fed turkeys, but you can't be sure of getting the real article unless you purchase the corn and the turkey separately and mix them in your house and eat the turkey a minute, Matilda, while I go into the house and get the hammer and nails."

Work Boggles started the damages, chased Hamulid back into the pen, and then he went to the top and went to about his daily business, sustained and upheld by the thought that he was at least sure of corn fed turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner.

The fatal and Thursday in November came at last—the turkey had escaped from the pen and been recaptured several times in the interval—and bright and early in the morning Boggles picked up the ax and sauntered forth to interview that turkey.

But, alas, when he opened the door of the pen no Thanksgiving dinner greeted his eager vision. The turkey was gone, and in place of it, pinned to the roof, was a dirty scrap of paper, upon which was scrawled the following explanatory message:

Much obliged for the turkey, mister, it was real behind de pen last site when you chased de turkey in an hour you say you want de old Nick and de critter in a fork you at your word, it ain't no great shakes of a turkey but it will make me an' me old partner an' an' an' Thanksgiving meal for a change, within you de compliments of de season an' with hearty thanks for your generosity to 2 hungry wayfars I remain yours truly

One Nick Watson of de firm of Walker Trap & Co.

Boggles hurried down to the market and scoured another turkey in time for his Thanksgiving dinner, and later in the day, when he had cooled off somewhat and was able to think of the matter without turning purple in the face, he sat down and figured up the turkey account as follows:

Original cost of turkey No. 1	\$1.00
Cost for pen	.50
Cost for other material for pen	.25
Cost for nails	.05
Cost for corn	.50
Cost for scraps	.00
Cost for paper	.05
Cost for turkey No. 2	2.00
Cost for turkey No. 3	2.00
Cost for turkey No. 4	2.00
Cost for turkey No. 5	2.00
Cost for turkey No. 6	2.00
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Cost for turkey No. 8	2.00
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W. J. Shively, Batesville, O., speaking of **Honey Nuts**, says: "I used it for piles, and it has done me more good than any salve I have ever used, and I have tried a great many kinds." For sale by Melville Dorsey.

**Foley's Honey and Tar** heals lungs and stops the cough.

**THANKSGIVING IN ANCIENT TIMES**

[Copyright, 1901, by William L. Vail.]

In some form the gathering of the harvest has been celebrated by agricultural communities since the days of classical antiquity. Ceres, sometimes called queen of the harvest, is the subject of endless eulogies in the tales of mythological times.

Demeter, or Ceres, was the goddess protecting corn and agriculture in general. The fame of this goddess and a worship instituted by her extended over the east. She was the mother of Persephone, the beautiful maiden whom Aidoneus, with the help of her father, Zeus, carried off.

In despair at the loss of her daughter, Ceres wandered over the face of the earth and finally, in the disguise of an old woman, found a home in Eleusis. There she at length revealed herself and caused a famine to be built. Her grief was so great that in a year of famine she caused the earth to bring forth no produce. In vain the people pleaded and sowed seed. The race was in danger of perishing, and Zeus in despair begged Ceres to come back to Olympus, but she would not return to him nor permit the earth to bring forth until she had seen her daughter. Zeus finally prevailed upon the captors of Persephone to release her, and the fair one was conducted to Eleusis. The meeting between mother and daughter was a joyous one, and Zeus sent a messenger to invite his spouse and their offspring back to heaven. Ceres complied.

And hence, from the deep sowed cornfields fruit came up, with leaves and flowers the whole world was laden.

This fiction is taken as a parable to show the secret life of nature and the development of food from a seed of grain sown in the earth. Ceres is commonly represented with a sickle in her right hand, and a cornucopia, type of plenty, is placed near her to represent fruitful harvests.

The Eleusinian mysteries, originated in the worship set up to Ceres at Eleusis. Little is positively known of the nature of this secret worship, except that it was connected to the



**THE FOUNTAIN OF PLENTY**

held and conducted. One festival sacred to Ceres and Persephone lasted from Sept. 19 to Sept. 29. Although others were involved in the ceremonies, the occasion, in the Greek and Roman world at least, was one of rejoicing for the benefits of the harvest.

The Jews in all lands hold a week of thanksgiving at the close of the summer season. This is the feast of the tabernacles founded by Moses. In the course of their peregrinations the Israelites on the way to the promised land dwelt in booths, and the event commemorated by taking the meals of the feast in tents or temporary shelters. The roof must admit a view of the sky, and is usually made of the branches of trees. The more plens of the new sheep under this green roof, the members of a family, or sometimes a whole community, club together and erect large tabernacles of boughs. This festival is also called the feast of the ingathering. It is mentioned in the twenty-third chapter of Exodus, sixteenth verse, as "the feast of the ingathering at the end of the year, when they have gathered in the labors of the field."

The rules of the feast are more explicitly laid down in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus, commencing with the thirty-third verse, as follows:

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: The seventh day of the seventh month shall be a sabbath of rest, a memorial of the first day, shall be a Sabbath and on the eighth day shall be a Sabbath.

And ye shall take you on the first day the bunches of goodly ears, of wheat and of barley and of spelt and of emmer, and shall eat them in front of the Lord.

The idea of the tabernacles and the ingathering of the harvest are more closely combined in the sixteenth chapter of Deuteronomy. The thirteenth verse, which says:

Thou shalt observe the feast of the tabernacles seven days, after that thou hast gathered in thy corn and thy wheat.

The nearest approach to the modern Thanksgiving festival as it is kept in the country was the harvest home of the English farm people, formerly celebrated by the whole rural community with universal merry-making, feasting, songs and dances. The last load of corn from the field was crowned with flowers, having, besides, an image richly dressed to typify Ceres, the queen of the harvest. When the last load reached the barn, the joyous harvesters sang in chorus:

We have plowed, we have sowed,  
We have reaped, we have mowed,  
We have brought home every load,  
Hip, hip, hip, harvest home!

—JONATHAN JOYCE.

**That Throbbing Headache.**  
Would quickly leave you if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Melville Dorsey, druggist.

**THANKSGIVING SONG**

The silent woods are bronze and gold,  
On banks of haze they beam,  
No wild rose flutters in the wind;  
No lily decks the stream.  
Upon the hill  
The wind is still,  
'Tis like a tide of sleep,  
Through softly swells  
The sound of bells.  
As homeward come the sheep,  
And while this magic holds full sway,  
I know it is Thanksgiving day.



Within the air is full of cheer  
And joy is on each face,  
Although the year is growing rare  
'Tis full of springlike grace.  
The festive quip  
Is on each lip,  
The moments take swift flight,  
And on the dogs  
The noisy legs  
Are crackling brisk and bright  
A melody which seems to say  
Most merrily, "Thanksgiving day!"



Without we wander on the hill  
In spirit light and free,  
I miss no lily from the rill;  
'Tis life 'tis spring to me,  
Within I dream,  
In peace supreme,  
Sweet thoughts with me abide,  
My dreams to cheer  
She lingers near,  
An angel at my side,  
And deep within my heart is May;  
Likewise a true Thanksgiving day.  
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



**AN AMERICAN HARVEST HOME**

A Thanksgiving Medley by G. L. Langdon.

[Copyright, 1901, by Hamilton Mink.]

A Thanksgiving medley is a kind of a song that is sung in the home on a Sunday. The smallest American farmer can spare a turkey from his flock for Thanksgiving, and that is a rare tribute to the occasion, because a turkey is not on his regular bill of fare. Killing time is at hand the last of November. The farmer's stock is in the barn, the corn is ripe, and turkeys are fat if they haven't been too thin to fatten for sustenance, and an old soldier is a good show piece to typify the abundant harvest.



But the turkey is only an episode in the farmer's Thanksgiving, and only a sweetest stage, but all help themselves on Thanksgiving day, for these are luxuries to be proud of.

The boys brought in their bags of shining chestnuts, also waiting just out of their bleaching stacks and looking like a newly washed babe. It is a wonder that there is any appetite left for turkey after the eye has fastened upon the turkeys, but the good woman of the house never has cause to complain that the table is neglected. The private view of all the good things in raw bulk is not exactly cloaking, but it is discouraging to think of the work ahead that must be done to put all these stores out of sight.

The fragrance of storehouse and cellar is most appetizing of all. Granaries are bursting with bins filled with corn, rye, wheat and buckwheat, and the girdlecakes, muffins and savory fresh loaves set to materialize may be left to imagination. They form the ordinary staff of life and will not be wanted on this day of feasting. A raw potato is not interesting to look at, but the dull husk, tattered with a smudge of cleaning fluid, and a ham-moisture fresh from Mother Earth is a sight to cheer a man's heart.

The turnip is another tuber dug from the soil, but so plain as to question the appetite of the beholder. The hunter slain yesterday, and a ham-moisture fresh from Mother Earth is a sight to cheer a man's heart.

Colored Mulberry Sellers affixed his suitcases with a watery mouth when he laid out a stage feast consisting solely of raw turkeys.

And the green lined calabashes stacked the corners, but their mate is on show in the farmer's porch or possibly in the dining room or parlor. It will be peeled and fried later, and there will be pumpkin pies on the farmer's table after all the turkeys have gone under the ax. In the storehouse, a place reserved to all but the very select, the good wife has her shelves filled with jars and cans of summer fruit jellies and preserves. These sweetmeats are not to be shown on Thanksgiving day, but their maker

and custodian is thankful that they are there, and the rest of the folks will have cause to be before the winter is over. In the cellar are casks of apple juice in varying stages of treatment, and perhaps the cider mill is still making from the grinding of pulp which only stopped at noon out of respect to the holiday.

Even the cattle and horses, the swine and fowls on the farm, are thankful when the end of November closes in, although second joints and wishbones have no special charms for them. The horses and oxen know that the season's work is over, and they see the mows and stacks of fodder gathered in for their benefit. The cows may chew their cud contentedly in the stall all winter long and have a rest from the ordeal of milking time. The hens are happy, for they behold food for weeks to come lying around the barnyard and on the thrashing floor and the towering stacks of grain tell them there is more where the last came from, without raving the fields at the risk of meeting dogs and shoguns.

And in the woods, too, the squirrel laughs a joyous laugh over Thanksgiving day—having become a store of nuts are gathered in, tangled, too, because the farmer's boy is too full of turkey and pumpkin pie to shoot squirrel or with steady aim. Yes, all nature rejoices in the golden days of autumn. Her labors are ended, her hidden springs are filling with fruitful nectar for another year's work. Thanksgiving would be celebrated anyway, even without proclamations and the conventional turkey and cranberry sauce. It is in the air and in the hearts and in the heart of man, be Christian or heathen, to echo the benediction of the Creator when he looked upon his handiwork and called it "good."