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VOL. XX.

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

THE REW BABY

a new world to the loving If it is a strong, healthy bab world is a world of happiness a weak, fretful child the new full of anxiety. It has been in thousands of cases, that the Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescripakes all the difference between and weakness in children. happy mothers have healthy, " Favorite Prescrips the mother strength to give It makes the boby's advent prinless and promotes the of the nourisliment necessary healthful feeding of the nursing

to the Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-let - 'y'it is just what you adver-writes Mrs. Victor J. Badin, of Biley Co. Kansas. "I begin two months before bady came y beneated by its use. The doc-ed me shall did about as well as orn ion I was sick only about all also that your 'Favorite Pro-our putent medicine' which he We new have a darling balsy it healthy, who weighted on Tracing this mouth he and one half pounds. Have never one dose of medicine."

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To cure SICK HEADACHE HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, and all diseases arising from indigestion. They will purify your blood and make your complexion as FAIR AS A LILY. They are elatin coated. PRICE 25 CENTS.

A Good Hearted Man,

or in other words, men with good sound hearts, are not very numerous. The increasing

number of sudden deaths from heart disease ily chronicial by the press, is proof. of the alarm-

mg prevalence of this dangerous 140 complaint, and as no one can foretell just when a

fatal collapse J. A. Kreamer. will occur, the danger of neglecting treatment is certainly a very risky matter. If you are short of breath, have pain in left side, smothering spells, palpitation, unable to lie on side, especially the left, you should begin taking

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A. Kreamer of Arkansas City, Kans., "My heart was so had it was im ble for me to lie down, and I could wither sleep nor rest. My decline was upol, and I realized I must get help to I was advised to try Dr. Miles and Cure, which I did, and candidly

Dr. Miles' Remedies are seld by all druggists on guarantee. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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Real Estate

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are the most fatal of all dis-

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Is a Guaranteed Remedy

or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

PRICE 50c. and \$1.00. For sale by Melville Dorsey.

901, BY CIDLEY HY, Ephraim, what under the campy have you got there?" exclaimed Mrs. Roggles one evening about three weeks before Thanksgiving as her considerably worser half en-

bler under his arm. "Turkey, of course," vouchsafed Boggles. "Imagine it was an ostrich or a feather master on stilles? 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

tered the yard with a half grown gob-

"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 unils, 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 lifty five cents, and I'd like to see you go into any market and buy an eighteen pound Thanksgiving turkey at that figure. At the lowest estimate it would cost sixteen cents a pound, or a total of two dolls-s and eighty-eight cents; so you see I will save a dollar and forty-three cents, besides the satisfaction of baying 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 cora and the turkey separately and mix them yourself. Just keep your eye on that 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 unpleasantly surprised to see Master Turkey over in the adjoining yard, calmly roosting in a treetop 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 representally. "You've attended to the job in fine "I haven't had my eyes off the turkey while you were away; but, not having a scoop net, I don't see how I was to stop it from flying up into the

tree if it wanted to," remore traced Mrs. Bourdes. "Wolf," said the magniful Engiles, "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 get a pen built around it so it can't get away again."

Two hours later Boggles came into the house looking as if he had been through a six weeks campaign and announced: "Well, the pen is done, and that turkey is inside of it, though goodness only knows how long it will stay there. I've named it Hannibal because if the pen was as high as the Alps I believe it would go over the top of it. It's

Dire were the tales of that feathered biped's doings which greeted Boggles upon his return from his office next evening. The turkey had got over into Neighbor Jon's' positry yard, it seemed, killed an entire broad of late chick-

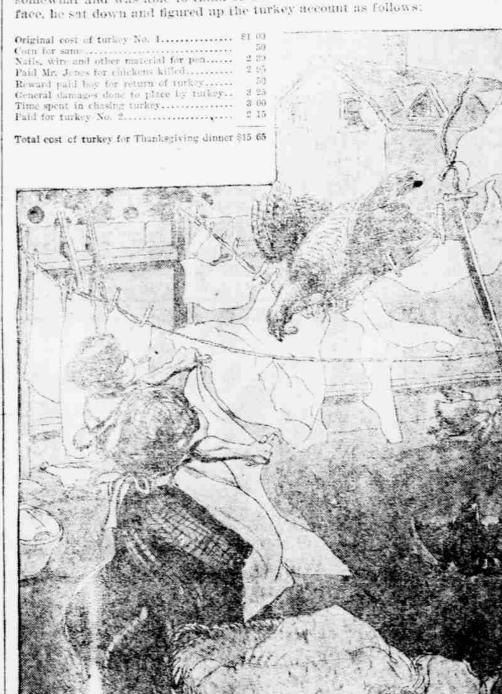
ens and half liftled two of his best roosters. Well, Boggles settled the damages, chasel Hamibal back into the pen, added another wire extension to the top and went on about his daily business, sustained and spothed by the thought that he was at least sure of corn fed

turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner. The fateful anal 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 Bogoles picked up the ax and sauntered forth

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

Much oblidged for de turky, mister, i was restin' behind de pen last nite when you chased de turky in an laced you say you wisht do old Nick had do critter so I took you at yore word, it aint no great shakes of a turky but it will make me an me side partner an elegant Thanksgivin meal or a change, wishin you do compliments of de season at with hearty thanks for yor generossity to 2 hungry wayfarers i remane youres truely OLD NICK WILLIER of de firm of Walker Tramp & Co.

Boggles hurried down to the market and secured 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



W. J Shively, Batesville, O., speaking of Banner Salve, says. "I used it for piles, and it has done me more goot 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.

If you are going to buy a typewriter, get the best; it is the cheapest in the end. Buy the "Fay-Sho" Type- King's New Life Pills. Thousands of

THANKSGIVING IN ANCIENT TIMES

[Copyright, 1961, 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 aythological 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 daugher Ceres wandered over the face of the with and finally, in the disguise of an 1d woman, found a home in Eleusis. There she at length revealed herself and caused a travele to be built. Taking up her al or in it, a year of fam-ine came or bland. The soil yield-od no produce. In vain the people plowed and sowed seed. The race was in danger of perishing, and Zeus in despair begged Ceres to come back to I Olympus, but she would not return to him nor permit the earth to bring forth until she had seen her daughter. Zeus then prevailed upon the captors of Persephone to release her, and the fair one was conducted to Eleusis. The meeting between mether and daughter was a Joyous one, and Zens sent a mesenger to invite his spouse and their offspring back to heaven. Ceres com-

And insteat, from the deep soiled cornfields bruit sent up; with leaves and flowers the whole vide earth was Inden. This fiction is taken as a parable to show the secret life of nature and the development of food from a seed of grain buried in the earth. Ceres is commonly represented with a sickle in her right band. A wreath of wheat confines her hair, and a cornuccpia, type of planty, is placed near her to

represent fruitful harvests. The Elections mysteries originated in the warship set up to Ceres at Eleusis Little is positively known



THE HORN OF PLENTY. the labors of the field."

the thirty-third verse, as follows: And the Lord spake unto Moses, raying:

shall keep a feast unto the Lord as on days; on the day shall be a Sabbath.

And ye shall take you on the first day the gles of goodly trees, branches of palm trees ad the boughs of thick trees and willows of the

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 labernacies

The nearest approach to the modern Thanksgiving festival as it is kept in a herald of the trooping corn and wine. the English farm people, formerly celebrated by the whole rural community are lots of good things belief the turwith universal merrymaking, feasting, key, and any one not a farmer can find songs and dances. The last load of a better treat in the background than corn from the field was crowned with be can at the front on the last Thursflowers, having, besides, an image rich-, day of November in any year of our ly dressed to typify Ceres, the queen of | Lord. the harvest. When the last load reach- For an appetizer a ripe fall apple is ed the barn, the joyous harvesters sang far ahead and away ahead of any conin chorus:

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

The silent woods are bronze and gold. On banks of haze they beam. No wild rose flutters in the wold; No lily decks the stream.

Upon the hill The wind is still. 'Tis like a tide of sleep, Though softly swells

The sound of bells As homeward come the sheep, And while this magic holds full sway



Within the air is full of cheer And joy is on each face. Although the year is growing sere 'Tis full of springlike grace. The festal quip Is on each lip,

The moments take swift flight And on the dogs The mossy logs Are crackling brisk and bright A melody which seems to say





Without we wander on the hill In spirit light and free. I miss no lily from the rill; 'Tis like the 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. Copyright, 1901, by R. K. Munkittrick.

A Thanksgiving Medley by

G. L. Langdon. [Copyright, Hol, by Hamilton Musk.]



sweetmeat stage, but all help themselves on Thanksgiving day, for these are luxuries to be proud of.

just out of their bleaching shucks and looking like a newly washed babe. It is a wonder that there is any appetite left for turkey after the eye has feast-

discourage fears about starvation. he laid out a stage feast consisting solely of raw turnips.

man to relish it raw and pronounce it good. Pumpkins and squash will be lying among the stubble at Thanksgiv ing time, and they lend the glow of life to nature after the other crops have coction of the bark-oper. One may re- | been stripped from the ground. The gale on Seek No Furthers and not look | prize pumpkin has passed through the farther for a better flavor, but a din. | kitchen on its way to flank the dinne ner will be appreciated all the same. | turkey, but its mate is on show in the Pippins are also light and juley, but | farmer's porch or possibly in the din spitzenburghs are better at the close ing room or parlor. It will be peeled of the feast. The Gillyflower is rather | and dried later, and there will be pumpand Russet are best after wintering the turkeys have gone under the ax. In awhile. The windrows of grapes, the the storeroom, a place sealed to all but Thad R. Manning will tell you about it or, better still, show you the machine.

The still is the store of the and daughters have under their especial care from budding time to the on Thanksgiving day, but their maker prise.

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 leak ing from the grinding of pulp which only stopped at noon out of respect to

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 cuds 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 raid ing the fields at the risk of meeting dogs and shotguns.

And in the woods, too, the squirred laughs a joyous laugh on Thanksgiving day-laughs because his stores of nuts are gathered in, laughs, too, because the farmer's boy is too full of turkey and pumpkin ple to shoot quick or with steady aim. Yes, all nature rejoices in the go'den days of autumn. Her labors are ended; her hidder springs are filling with fruitful nectar for another year's work. Thanksgiving would be celebrated anyway, even without proclamations and the conventional turkey and eranberry sauce. It is in the air and in the earth and in the heart of man, be he Christian or heathen, to echo the benediction of the Cre work and called it "good."

Harvest Invocation of the Tribes of

the Six Nations. The custom of giving thanks to the once powerful confederation. Here is a very nearly literal translation of the

on these occasions: We who are here present thank the Great Spiri that we are here to praise him.

We thank him for the light which we call o eldest brother, the sun that works for our good

We thank him for his goodness in making t forests and thank all its trees. We think him for the darkness that gives a rest and for the kind being of the darkness thu

that give us signs-the stars, We give him thanks for our supporters who have charge of our harvests. We give thanks that the voice of the Gra-Spirit can still be heard through the words

Ga-ne-o-di-o (by his religion). We thank the Great Spirit that we have the privilege of this pleasant occasion. "Our supporters" referred to above are the mythical guardians of the cort the bean and the squash, which we the original and still are the principa products of the soil grown by the Iu

HOW TO GET A TURKEY

A Thanksgiving Poem.



On stuffin' ez well,

An' dat's how to first git de turk. roastin' won't work



Des listen to roe now-I'ze been dere a lot-An' yo' will all see how De bird should be got. De p'ints to remembah air

I'll tell yo' de right things to do: turkeys am ripe, Dat's de time foh to swipe



grouse, But when yo' am liftin' De bird from de roos' Be califul in shiftin' An' pryin' him loose-Be shu' an' keep still es er When pussy cat's watchin' de house.

toe like death; An' doan' brenve a loud breff; Doan' let de doo' hinge creak er crack. Doan' shuttle or wobble, Doan' trip wah planks, Donn' let de bird "gob-Foh who In give thanks

GEN. CARR AND THE RALEIGH MONUMENT.

Wilmington Messenger. the money through the schools in penny collections, and from those who use tobacco. Success to the most commendable project. North Caro- HENDERSON, N. C. ina should learn to be a monument builder. It will be well to remember English government, and who was identified to some extent with North Carolina three hundred years ago. A specialty. Best quality galvanized Raleigh was much of a genius, and iron and tin used in our work. Stove his history written while he was in pipes, elbows and repairing of all prison is a monument of his intel- kinds. Sole agents for lectual power. He figures much in "Perfection" Roof & Iron Paint Scott's immortal and consummate colaborers in this monumental enter-

Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomch, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take.

It can't help but do you good Prepared only by E. C. 1 (Wirrack). Chicago The \$1, bottle contains—4 times the 50c, size. W. W. Parker, druggist.

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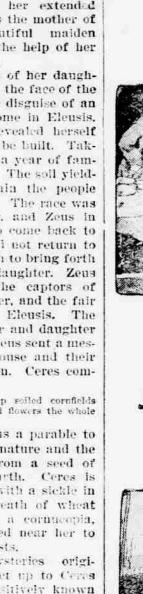
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ROOFING AND GUTTERING

historical romance, "Kenilworth." Your patronage solicited. Satisfac-Great success to General Carr and his tion as to work and price or no pay. Montgomery St., Op. Cooper's Warehouse





mind and conduct. One festival saered to Cores and Persephone lasted from Sept. 10 to Sept. 20. Although others bleas were involved in the ceremonies, the occasion, in the Greek and Reman world at hast, was one of rejoicing for the bountles of the harvest. The Jews in all lands hold a week AN AMERICAN 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 is ommenorated 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 pious of the race sleep under this green roof. The members of a family, or some times a whole community, club together and creet large tabernacles of boughs. This festival is also called the feast of the ingathering. It is

n entioned in the twenty-third chapter of Exedus, sixteenth verse, as "the feast of the ingathering at the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in The rules of the feast are more explicitly laid down in the twenty-third chapter of Levitieus, commencing with

Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, The affecuath day of this several, month shall be the feast of talernacies, for seven days unto the Lord.
Also in the discribe day of the seventh month when ye have goth red in the fruit of the land, ye first day shall be a Sabbuth and on the eighth

And ye shall dwell in booths seven days; all

seven days, after thou hast gathered in thy corn

JONATHAN JOYCE.

That Throbbing Headache. Would quickly leave you if you used Dr. HARVEST HOME of shining chestnuts, also walnuts.

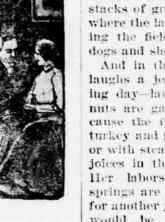
not on his regular bill of face. Killing to put all those stores out of sight. time is at hand the last of Nevember.



The boys have brought in their bags

ed upon nature's bountles, but the A European persunt is thankful if he good woman of the house never has can have a fowl in the dinner 104 on cause to complain that the table is neg-Sunday. The smallest American farm. lected. The private view of all the er can space a turkey from his freek for good things in raw bulk is not exactly Thanksgiving, and that is a rare trib- cloying, but it is discouraging to think ute to the occasion, because turkey is of the work ahead that must be done The fragrance of storehouse and celcorn is ripe, and tarkeys are fat if they lar is most appetizing of all. Granaries haven't been teo shiftlers to forage for are bursting with bins filled with corn, sustenance, and an old politics is a rye, wheat and buckwheat, and the good show piece to typify the abundant griddlecakes, muffins and savory fresh loaves yet to materialize may be left But the turkey is only an episode in to imagination. They form the ordithe farmer's That ' of ling spread, only nary 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 bued tuber has a knack of cleaning itself, and a mammeth pile fresh from Mother Earth is a sight to The turnip is another tuber dug from the soil, but so clean as to quicken the appetite of the beholder. The hungry man relishes a turnip, and one can cometimes envy the English Hodge who was asked what he had for dinner in the field and held up a chunk of black broad for the answer. "Nothing but that?" said his questioner. "Oh. yes; I sometimes cats a raw turmut." Colonel Mulberry Sellers afflicted his auditors with a watery mouth when

And the green bued cabbages stacked like cannon balls, but mountain high! Encountered on the farmer's field, the cabbage is anything but offensively fragrant. In fact, it is sweetness itself. the country was the harvest home of A pompous, strutting braggart, he sets. The cabbage of commerce, with its off the bursting crops admirally. There leaves bruised and wilted, is a poor his plan to erect a monument in representative of the noble vegetable memory of a great Englishman-Sir as it comes from the field. Like the Walter Raleigh. He hopes to raise curnip, it doesn't require a starving hearty to begin on, and the Spy, King | kin pies on the farmer's table after all writer and you will get the best. They R Manning will tell you shout



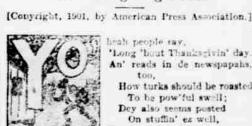
ator when he looked upon his hand THE RED MAN'S THANKS.

Deity for abundant harvests and no terial blessings long antedates the New England Thanksgiving festival. Long before the coming to this continent of our pflgrim ancestors, by whom ou Thanksgiving day was first observed the Indians met in the forests, which were God's first temples, when the har vest moon was full and the corn was ripening and gave thanks to the Grea-Spirit. The ceremonies were performed with especial solemnity and fervor b. the tribes of the Six Nations and i still observed by the remnants of tha

invocation used doubtless for centuries

give us light—the moon.

We thank him for the bright spots in the skie



'Long 'hout Thanksgivin' day.

An' reads in de newspapalis. How turks should be reasted To be pow'ful swell; Dey also seems posted But one p int dey all seems

Ef you' ain't got no turk; Of stuffin' de same thing an



shack An' fo'ty bird shot in his 1:

General Julian S. Carr is pressing