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 That pays to advertise in the Gold Leaf is shown by its well-filled advertising columns.

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 Do not continue to spend good money where no profitable returns are seen.

**That is Proof That it Pays.**

# GOLD LEAF

**As an Advertising Medium**  
 The Gold Leaf stands at the head of newspapers in this section, the famous

**Bright Tobacco District.**  
 The most wide-awake and successful men use its columns with the highest

**Satisfaction to Themselves.**

THAT R. MANNING, Publisher.  
 "CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."  
 VOL. XXII. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1902. SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 Cash. NO. 1.

**A WOMAN'S RISK**  
 A tragedienne performer is greater than a man. She must have a man's courage and a man's muscle to succeed. But she must also work under conditions of which a man knows nothing. Many tragediennes who know acrobats must be trained to the sudden willingness to submit to any position at certain times.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription leads the womanly diseases which weaken the system. It establishes regularity of the bowels, weakens the system, drains, leads to inflammation, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

With pleasure I write today in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was afflicted with female weakness, and I have taken it and now I feel as well as I ever did. I have taken it and now I feel as well as I ever did. I have taken it and now I feel as well as I ever did.



## HOW BABUSHKA FOUND THE CHRIST CHILD

By... JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH  
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NIGHT was falling fast, and the snow was piled high against the outer walls of the hotel where a poor moujik (peasant) named Katonka lay dying in a little village in faraway Russia.

Katonka knew that he was going to die. It was Christmas eve, but there was no gladness in the season for him. His wife, whom he had loved very dearly, was already gone. For three consecutive years now his crops had failed. A few weeks before the wolves had devoured his last cow. If he had been entirely alone in the world he would have said to death, "Come; thou art welcome!"

But there was one other, his boy Ossip. The idea of death became terrible when he thought of leaving his boy all alone with not a expect to bless himself with.

When I tell you that it takes 100 coppers to make a ruble and that a ruble is less than 60 cents, you will understand how dreadfully poor Katonka was.

He could not peacefully for thinking of Ossip's future. His dim eyes turned fondly toward the pillow by his side, which the boy's thick black hair almost covered. Ossip lay motionless in sleep. The sick man put one foot on his hand upon his boy's smooth forehead and silently commended him to heaven's care.

The house was very still. The hour was late. Ossip's healthy, regular breathing was the only audible sound. If only kind heaven would raise up one friend for his boy out of the millions of good people this big world swarmed with, Katonka felt that he should not mind how soon he was laid away under the frozen sods.

While his hand rested on Ossip's head and his heart was filled with those anxious thoughts the door of the hotel opened softly. The moujik turned wondering eyes in that direction, and there, coming noiselessly toward him across the beaten earthen floor, was a tall woman with soft brown eyes full of pitying tenderness.

She came close to the bed, on Ossip's side of it, and, looking down upon the sleeping child, she muttered:

"Perhaps this is the one at last."  
 "Where came you, good mother, and what seek you?"  
 Across the sleeping boy she answered softly:

"I have come for Ossip. They told me that he was sick and that he would die. I know that Ossip would need a friend. I will love and care for him as though he were my own. I am called Baboushka, and I keep my promises."

Then Katonka, the moujik, died happily for he knew that Baboushka was a friend to all little children, and when she gathered Ossip close into her motherly arms when the end came the child ceased weeping for his dead father.

When Baboushka and Ossip were well on their way to the old woman's home in the next village, they heard a pitiful sound of weeping somewhere on the tree shadowed side of the road.

The old woman stopped at the sound. "We will go and see who is in trouble," she said. "Our eyes and ears should always be kept well opened so that no sign of distress may escape us."

Guided by the sound, they came to a stone where, wailing and shivering in the darkness of the winter night, they found a little girl scarcely as large as Ossip, who was not at all well grown for his eight years.

Baboushka knelt down by the child and, gathering her cold little feet into a warm clasp, muttered:

"Perhaps this is the child."  
 Then she said aloud: "What is thy name, little one, and what dost thou here alone in the bitter nighttime?"

At which the child's tears flowed afresh, and between her sobs she told the kind, soft-eyed woman how she had been traveling with a great company of men and women who were leaving their own village to seek a bet-

brother answered shyly:  
 "Alas, that I know not yet. I was seeking the nearest town to ask counsel of the priest."  
 Baboushka laid a kind hand on the boy's arm.

"Put care away from thy young heart. Thou hast found an asylum for thy crippled brother. He shall travel no farther on the frozen roads. He shall be my own little Petrushka. I have a tiny truckle bed into which he will fit to a nicety. Such as I have, dear child, I make thee welcome to in the Christ Child's name."

The night was but very little older when the three children, Ossip, Vasilissa and Petrushka, fed, warmed and comforted, were sleeping the care-free sleep of innocent childhood.

Only the tall lad and Baboushka sat by the fireside, because there was no bed left for them.

"Tell me, good mother," the boy said, looking straight into her kind eyes, "why are you so good to all children? Your fame has gone abroad!"

Baboushka did not answer him at once. When she did, her voice sounded as sweet and solemn as church chimes at vesper time.

"Yes, I will tell you, my son, for you are nearing your own years of responsibility, and it will be well for you to learn in good time the solemn lesson that an opportunity once lost is lost forever."

"Many years ago I was setting my house in order when three men stopped at my door with a great piece of news. 'We have seen a radiant star in the east,' they said, 'and we know that the Christ Child must be come. Leave thy labor. Come with us to find him and to do him honor.'"

"But I sent them away with words of foolish impatience. 'Sweet thou not that I am setting my house in order?' Go thou to where the star beckons thee, and I will follow at some more convenient time. I can see its light without thy help."

"So they went their way and left me to go mine. But when the time came that I found it convenient to follow the star clouds, there was no star to be seen, and so I knew not how to seek the Christ Child."

"I have been seeking him ever since, up and down in the land. Whenever I see a little child I think perhaps I have found the One I seek, and my heart yearns over him. But not yet have I found the Christ Child, whose face must shine with the radiance of the star I love."

With tears of sorrow wetting her eyelashes Baboushka fell asleep in her chair. She had filled all of her bed with cold and friendless children.

And as she slept a tender hand seemed to dry her tears and a loving voice to whisper in her ears:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones ye have done it unto me. They were homeless, and you took them in. They were hungry, and you have fed them. They were cold, and you have warmed them. The Christ Child is in thy own heart."

And on that glad Christmas morning Baboushka awoke with a great peace in her soul, for she knew that she had found him she had been seeking far and wide.

**His One Request.**  
 "Mamma—Now, what would you like best for a Christmas present?"  
 "Willie—Oh, I'd like to see the school-house burn down! May I—Philadelphia Press.

**Undoubtedly.**  
 "I wish you a happy and prosperous new year," said the sobriette.  
 "Thank you," replied the courtier, "I am reasonably sure of making both ends meet."

**Sudden and Surprising.**  
 "What do you most desire for Christmas, Miss Mabel?"  
 "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "Why, of course, I want you!"

**Not Through Yet.**  
 "What kind of a Christmas did you pass?"  
 "The same as usual," answered Mr. Biggins sourly. "Twenty minutes of turkey and mince pie, and six weeks of poppin'—Washington Star.

**Couldn't Give Herself Away.**  
 Charley Enysuan—Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present. What do you think of that?"  
 Willie—Huh! That's what she done for Mr. Brown last Christmas, and he gave her back to herself before Easter.

**Earth was a desert spot.**  
 A weary way.  
 Till on the world there dawned  
 One Christmas day.  
 Then, like the fields made green  
 Then every tony fell  
 By running brook.  
 Hope came and all the world  
 New courage took.  
 Earth was a gloomy place.  
 A dreary way.  
 Until the Star arose  
 On Christmas day.  
 Then fled the world's despair,  
 The heart's dread night,  
 A Saviour came to earth  
 And there was light!

**TRANSFORMATION**  
 BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK  
 Copyright, 1902, by Arthur J. Burdick

Earth was a desert spot. Earth was all desolate.  
 A weary way. A songless way.  
 Till on the world there dawned Till shining angels sang  
 One Christmas day. Of Christmas day.  
 Then, like the fields made green Then every tony fell  
 By running brook. Then danced along  
 Hope came and all the world Found voice, and with the birds  
 New courage took. Burst forth in song.  
 Earth was a gloomy place. A dreary way.  
 Until the Star arose On Christmas day.  
 Then fled the world's despair, The heart's dread night,  
 A Saviour came to earth And there was light!

**LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS**  
 The snow was falling on the mountains, hiding their tops in a misty veil, and the air was full of whirling flakes, which were rapidly covering the brown earth with a carpet of white and obliterating the trail up the mountain side where trudged, or rather, stumbled, along a grotesque childish figure in a man's rough jacket, the sleeves rolled over and over to let out the small brown hands, while the edge of the coat, on a line with her heels, left a trail in the snow. A red hood covered the child's head, dark curls peeping out around her face, and in the fearless, wistful eyes shone a new light. Dorothy was going to find Santa Claus. When her mother had gone to heaven a short time before, they had carried her up the mountain, and God and Santa Claus were all ways associated together in the child's mind. So, if God lived up there, Santa Claus could not be far away. This reasoned little Dorothy in the hours when her father was off working in the mine and she was left alone with her rag doll in the little brown hut which served as shelter and home.

## THE TWO SOLDIERS

By EDWIN L. SABIN  
 Copyright, 1902, by Edwin L. Sabin

It was a brilliant holiday store, the windows and the shelves and the cases ablaze with filigree and thronged with dolls and dishes and engines and trains and skates and sleds, and hobbyhorses that galloped, and coves that mooed, and mice that ran, and—and everything, absolutely everything, that ever enters the most rapturous Christmas dream.

In the center of the large show windows, fronting upon the gay street, stood two soldiers. They were by all odds the finest soldiers in the store, much superior to the personnel composing the different troops and regiments and companies stationed here and there along the aisles. The pair were made of tin, to be sure; but they were of heroic stature, eight inches tall, richly uniformed in black and yellow, and could be wound up so that they would present arms several times in succession.

The other soldiers, poor things, were compelled to remain the whole time at a "carry" or a "right shoulder" without relief.

Naturally these two soldiers were proud and of aspirations reaching beyond their present narrow quarters.

They plined for a wider sphere. As they stood and stared with stern, fixed gaze through the plate glass into the gay street they talked together in toy language, and none, not even the most voracious linguists among the people passing and repassing, knew that they talked.

"Oh, to get away from this eternal guard mount over a lot of frippery!" sighed the one.

"With my heart!" agreed the other. "The monotony is frightful."

"I'd give half my solder to receive orders to report to some little boy," continued the first. "Oh, for a change!"

"But the majority of little boys are so rough and careless," responded the second. "I understand they scratch you and bend you and otherwise maltreat you without cause, and soon you're done for. I prefer duty of a more quiet, instructive nature, where I may teach by means of my department rather than by violent action."

"Well, I should enjoy a hard drill and a tussle, I believe," asserted the first.

"Our organism is too fine for such active service, my lad," indignantly corrected the second. "What—scratches and dents? No, no. Give me a post of more elegance, where my uniform will be treated as it deserves."

Christmas day had been over and gone a month when after their separation the two soldiers again encountered one another, but this time in a great heap of rubbish at the city dump, where the dump man had unwittingly thrown them out.

"Hurrah! Hello, old chap!" exclaimed the first soldier delicately.

"Hello!" returned the second, rather more reserved. "Goodness! Been through the Seven Years' war?"

Well might be put this query. The other soldier was a perfect wreck. He had lost an arm and a foot, his head was sharply inclined forward upon his chest, he had only one eye, his body was twisted askew, his gun was broken, his cap was missing, his features were battered and distorted, and as for his uniform of black and yellow—there was hardly a spot of paint on him!

"I've been having my tussle," announced the first, with a cracked laugh. "But you—why, you evidently found just what you were looking for!"

"Yes," explained the second, "I fell men an excellent post. It was the hands of a little boy, sure enough, but he wasn't allowed to hurt me. See, I haven't a mark on me." And he exhibited himself proudly.

True, he was still in dress parade condition.

"Thunder and Mars!" chuckled the first. "And look at me! Do you mean

to say that you never were stepped on?"

"Oh, no," replied the second. "I didn't lie around on the floor. I was put away just as soon as he was done playing with me. His mother had made him a very orderly little boy."

"So you never stayed out all night, in the hall or in the middle of the sitting room?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"And did he shoot at you with his rubber gun ever?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"And he didn't bite you to see how soft you were?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"Or drag you about among the chairs with a string?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"Or sick the terrier on you?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"Or take you to bed with him and roll on you?"

"Never." It was always placed on the shelf in the closet.

"Or kick you or whack you or thrash you?"

"Never. Watch—I can present arms as well as ever."

"Never. He used to forget me entirely for days and days. Did you boys really do all that to you?"

"Yes, all that and more," answered the battered soldier softly.

"And did he kiss you, you say?" asked the spick and span soldier a bit wistfully.

"Yes, he kicked me and he kissed me," laughed the first.

"And did you enjoy it?" pursued the second curiously.

"I had the time of my life," declared the other. "How did you find things up to your expectations?"

The spick and span soldier hesitated; then he replied:

"Possibly. I can't complain. But, by some how I grew dreadfully annoyed. I almost longed at times for more excitement, more energy. We got tired of one another. After a day or so we exhausted all our programme of proper exercises, and he was so cautious of wearing me out that I was laid aside, and—and, finally, here I am. I don't suppose he even knows that I'm gone."

"Dear me!" mused the other. "I'm glad my little boy was not like yours of course there are the knots; but,

sh, our companionship was sweet! I bet he's crying for me at this instant, poor chum! Still, it is as well that I am certified to the dump. I am old and disfigured and a lunk number, and I wanted to go before he would cease to miss me."

The spick and span soldier was silent.

"Hi, hi!" soliloquized the veteran, with a sigh and a chuckle, stiffly sitting over on his back. "I'm past repairs, but it was sweet-aye, it was worth it! I—have—had—the—time—of—my—life."

And with his one eye he gazed through a chink in the debris up at the stars.

**Christmas Casercie.**  
 There is a Christmas tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to bankruptcy. A young man will hang up more than his stocking if he buys his best girl a present.

The tall man will be short after Christmas.

A man is thankful for small favors; but No. 12 slippers do not come under that head.

It will not be necessary to tell the neighbors that you gave your son a drum.—Truth.

**Kodol 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. Is unsupplied for the stomach. Children with weak stomachs thrive on it. First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary. Cures all stomach troubles.

Prepared by F. C. D. W. & Co., Chicago  
 For sale at Parker's Two Drug Stores.

**Healthy Children**  
 are kept strong and well; weak and puny little folks are made vigorous by the use of that famous remedy—

**FREY'S VERMIFUCE**  
 Corrects all disorders of the stomach, expels worms, etc. Painful and positive in action. Best of all.

E. S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

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 Original and Only Genuine.  
 CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS  
 For the cure of all ailments of the female system. It is the best of all remedies for the cure of all ailments of the female system. It is the best of all remedies for the cure of all ailments of the female system.

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 Representing a line of the best and strongest Fire and Life Insurance Companies. I am prepared to issue policies to best advantage of the insured.  
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These are independent home companies not connected with the Insurance Trust and appeal strongly to home support. But it is upon merit, and the interest of the policy-holder, and not sentiment that patronage is solicited.

**R. S. MCCOIN, Henderson, N. C.**  
**One Minute Cough Cure**  
 For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

**What Would You Give For A Good Appetite?**  
 The hungry boy is the strong and healthy boy. Farmers and horsemen never buy animals that are dainty and won't eat—not if they know it. The man or woman who cannot eat, cannot work long, will soon be sick.

We know something that will give you an appetite. It will not be a fictitious appetite such as is aroused by powerful drugs, but a healthy appetite for good food. It will also arouse the vital organs not only to an appetite for wholesome food, but it will put them in condition to take care of food, to grow strong from it.

This preparation is called Vinol. Its composition is no secret. It is a happy combination of the valuable and essential principles of cod liver oil, with iron and a good table wine. It is pleasant to taste, and both nourishes and creates an appetite for nourishment. Thousands upon thousands of bottles have been sold on the guarantee of money back if not satisfied with the results, and it is very rare to have a customer call for the money.

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