As an Advertising Megium The Gold Leaf stands at the head of newspapers in this section, the Bright Tobacco District. The most wide-awake and successful men use its columns with the highest

Satisfaction to Themselves.

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher.

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

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 Cash

VOL. XXII.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1903.

NO. 2.

# THE PRISONER

Who escapes from jail is by no means free. He is under the ban of the law and punishment is written over against his name. Soon or late he will be

caught again and bear added punishment for his short escape from his cell. Those who by the use of palliative powders and tablets escape for a time from the sufferings of dyspepsia are in the same condition as the escaped prisoner. Soon or late they will go back to

the old condition and pay an added penalty for temporary release. Dr. Pierce's Golden Med al Discovery curss dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Its

cures are lasting. "For about two years
I suffered f om a very obstinate case of dyspepsia," write. P. E. Secord, Esq., of 13 Eastern
Ave., Toronto, Ontario. "I tried a great number of remedies without success. I finally lost faith in them all. I was so far gone that I could not bear any solid food on my stomach for a long time; felt melancholy and depressed. Could not sleep or follow my occupation (tinsmith). Some four months ago a friend recommended your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' After a week's treatment I had derived so much benefit that I continued the medicine. I have taken three bottles and am convinced it has in my case accomplished a permanent cure. I can conscientiously recommend it to the thousands of dyspeptitics throughout the land."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Med. "For about two years

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood and lungs. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets stimulate

### FRANCIS A. MACON,

DENTAL SURGEON. office: Young & Tucker Routding. Under Telephone I vehauge. Office hours: 9 a. m. to for m = 3 to 6 p. Residence Phone 88; Office Phone 25 Estimates turnished when desired. charge for examination.

## HENRY PERRY.

-Insurance. A strongline of both Life and Fire Companies represented. Policies issued and risks placed to cest advantage.

Office in Court House.

# Dyspepsia Cure Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the members of the church to be held sidigestants and digests all kinds of multaneously, the first at the church food. It gives instant relief and never and the second at Masonic hall, on New fails to cure. It allows you to cat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been lom's mind at the morning service. cured after everything else failed. Is "I wants tub mek a few reemahks on unequalled for the stomach. Child- de subjeck ob de cake walk yo' hab ren with weak stomachs thrive on it.

For sale at Parker's Two Drug Stores.



# ALL WOMEN

Wine of Cardai is the guardian of a woman's health and happiness from youth to old age. I helps her safely into womanhood. It sustains her during the trials of pregnancy, childbirth and motherhood, making labor easy and preventing flooding and miscarriage. It gently leads her through the dangerous period known as the change of life.

WINE OF CARDU

ures leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, and menstrual irregularity in every form. It is valuable in every trying period of a woman's life. It reinforces the nervous system, acts directly on the genital organs and is the finest tonic for women known. Ask your druggist for a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.

Batesville, Ala., July 11, 1900. I am using Wine of Cardui and Thed-ord's Black-Draught and I feel like a different woman already. Several la-dies here keep the medicines in their homes all the time. I have three girls and they are using it with me.

Mrs. KATE BROWDER. For advice and literature, address, giving ymptoms, "The Ladles' Advisory Depart-ent", The Chattanooga Medicine Company, hattanooga, Teim,

# DON'T

PAY A HIGH RATE OF INSURANCE.

Underwriters and Southern Loan and Trust Company, of Greensboro, and am writing nsurance at the old rate-25 per cent. less than agents representing companies in tuck 'im,' on yo' all gwine de same the Southeastern Tariff Associatica are way. Anybody sich a fool ez tuh waik

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.

Absalom hobbled to the watch meeting and up to the altar rail. Aunt Hillary was not to be seen. "I hab a call fum

R. S. McCOIN. Henderson, N. C.

By Charles N. Lurie

0000000

son! Go pray in de mids' ob de sebbin

dev hahts tuh de wrath ob de Lawd."

door, his face streaming with perspira-

tion, praying and exhorting as he went.

The cake walk was about to begin

when Absalom entered Masonic hall

and took his stand in the middle of it.

The young people, remembering his

fearful prophecies, spoke in awed tones

waited for the last noisy straggler to

hush and hear the further words of

chessy" dared to whisper when the

"eldah" began solemnly, "He will

stretch outen his han' en destroy"- A

"Fust couple up de middle" There

was a sigh of relief, and the "Cawa

fiel' Breakdown" set hands to patting

to the whirling

music as the

head couple

started by Co

cle Absalom.

"Wer anto ye!

Watch en pray.'

he cried, "en

de Lawd!" Ilis

rheumatic old

the power of his

reached for his

coat pocket, and

trembling hands.

emotion. He

reached for his Sunday handker

chief, hanging

from an outer

one of his sticks flew from his

The coup... passed him, and

"YO' ALL GWINE DE his body swayed

the tip of the second stick, firmly

grasped, came down on the floor with

a loud thump, and Absolom, keeping

time with head and seems and stick,

hobbled after the couple. "Remember

Enoch en de walk ob de Lawd - de

"Secon' couple fawwuds!" But Ab-

salom, chanting, half breathless, "In

de mids' ob wolves wha' go yo' out

ob de Lawd!" started up and remained

"Yo' Abs'lom" And Hillary Eu

calyptus stood before him | But neither

Absalom nor the music stopped 'Tek

hol' ob ma ahm, Hill'ry, en see de

glery ob de Lawd en ob Iz rul " And in

ized that he was using but one stick.

and that in the air, to accentuate bis

language, she put her arm through his.

Then her head straightened up, her

body tilted back and her feet flew out

as the music vibrated through her

every fiber and muscle. Uncle Absa-

tom felt the inspiration of a partner.

His elbows cocked themselves at the

most approved cake walk angle, and he

"Tek de ole possum en coon ketch in

yo' foot, Hill'ry," whispere i Absalom.

"Dey ain' none ob 'em knows dat step

hyuh." There was no cheumatism in

not know that the orchesars, with ex-

tra zest, was playing at greater speed

or that the hall was filled with giggling

young folk. He and Hillary were far away on the old plantation walking

every one down "Ole marsah" was

there with "ole missus," and "young

marsah" himself was playing his vio-

lin for the whole barnful Such step-

ping and "sashaying," such pigeon

wings and scrapes and bows, the young

generation in Masonic hall had never before seen, and the gigglers, gradual-

ly silenced to the verge of dizziness by

such an "exput puffeshional puffaw-

mance," gazed with admiration and

envy But Uncle Absalom and Aunt

Hillary remained in the past, oblivious

to all but the steps of the couples who

succeeded them, until the grand march

was over and the dissipated old year

"Numbah 2 wins de big caket" called

the master of ceremonies, and Absa-

lom and Hillary stepped briskly up to

receive it just as Preacher Mulberry,

having dismissed the watch meeting,

opened the door of Masonic hall. He

gazed, petrified, at Absalom's jaunty

air and Hillary's youthful simper. "Ole

nad gayly recled out with it.

Uncle Absalom's gait now and he did

Hillary instinctively did the same,

terror lest be should fall, as she real-

watch meetin' in the lines' den."

distraction the first had suffered.

SAME WAY." violently. Then

don' walk ag'in

wail from the fiddle cut off the words

warning. Only the leader of the "aw-

as the old man, silent and motionless.

fiff AWD-a-wisht-t-I had wings like No-yah's dove! debbils en de hawned beas'ses. Tuhn Lawd-a-wisht-t-I had wings like No-vah's dove! Lawd-a-wisht-t-1! Lawd-a-wisht-t | And the "eldah" hobbled slowly to the Lawd-a-wisht-t-I had wings like No-

Copyright, 1902, by Charles N. Lurie

yah's dove! "Den, Lawd, I'd fly straight up, so fas' en so hawd tell I crack de gates ob heaben open en walk down Hallelujah street! Dat de on'y kin' ob walk-

in' fuh Abs'lom." Uncle Absolom, twisted with rheumatism, swayed to and fro as he sat crooning and muttering to himself that sunny Florida Sunday afternoon in an old rocking chair at the edge of his wile sweet potato patch Aunt Hilhard Euchlypites, his wife, washing di hes just inside the open doorway the shanty, that an eye in his diortion occasionally to make sure that was keeping the chickens out of and toes to tapping an accompanion of potato vines.

"Lawd-a-wisht-t-1 could pray like "in i-yul prayed." sang Uncle Absain through the whole verse, adding: I would pray so loud tell de debbil ek a compellment tuh run tuh de i's ob de yuth. O Lawd, gimme de he quinch tuh show dey wick'ness is de chu'ch?" A violent creaking of the eld rocker and a more powerful sona from Absalom brought Aunt Hilto the kitchen steps. "Wha' de martish wid yo'. Abs'tom? Ain' yo' Curuch done 'greed wid yo'?"

"I is dine presumptuously, Hill'ry Eucalyptus," replied Absalom solemnly, "but I hab dose cake walkahs so they on ma man' dat I bleege tub git in roa knees en"-

livuh, vo' Aleslom! Don' yo' go loil, any sich fool'shness! Yo' 'memmie de las' time yo' tuck tuh yo' knees o' truck up de bes' piece ob fuhnchuh a de house, en I ain' gwine hab no mo' sich p'ceedin's."

Uncle Absalom settled back painfully as the disappeared inside the doorway. and his shiny black forehead drew itelf into deeper creases as be grouned to the sweet pote to vines: "Hill'ry am like de res' ob 'em. She am tuck wid stylish ob de new preachah. He got de town walk on 'im. De Lawd hab mussy! Oh, go, Gay-bri-yel; go

blow yo' trumpet loud!" Absalom hobbled to church that night on his two heavy, gnarled orange full tuli see? De ri-chus ness en wrath sticks. The evening announcement of the watch meeting for the older ones | the only one on the floor, for the secand the cake walk for the younger oud couple refused to submit to the Year's eye, was identical with that which had so distressed Uncle Absa-

'nounce' 'long wid de watch meetin', First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary. | Brothah Mulberry," he said. "De watch Cures all stomach troubles | meetin', en de watch meetin' on'y, am Prepared only by E. C. DEWITT & Co., Chicago de place fuh tuh spen' de las' min't's the \$1, bottle contains 2% times the 50c, size. oh de place fuh tuh spen' de las' min't's oh de place fuh tuh spen' de las' min't's De cake walk am one ob de wuks ob de debbil, en I ain' ben tuh one of 'em sence I wuz cunvuhted de las' time De Lawd hab gib me tuh tell yo' all wha' de Bahble sez bouten hit. I hab | took an extra step to the right. Aunt heahed 'im say, 'Oh, Abs'lom, ma son. ma son; tell 'em de lambs ain' got no bizness mixin' wid de ways ob de goats, fuh de goatses prancin' en cuttin' up shall cas' 'em intub outab dabkness' He gimme de tex' fum de fus' beginnin'



UNCLE ABSALOM FELT THE INSPIRATION ob Gen'sis. 'Watch en pray, but Enoch walk wid Gawd, en he wuz not' Why? Fuh Gawd tuck 'im. Ob cou'se he

did. En yo' all gwine de same way. marsah and missus" suddenly van-"Hit jes' like Enoch w'en he got up ished, but religion returned only half de walkin'. De Lawd come 'long, en way. he say, 'Enoch, wha' yo' gwine do'; 'I "He-he done gone, old Abs'lom," exgwine git up a cake walk, Lawd.' De plained the "eldah" as the "preachah" Lawd ain' say nothin' mo' tell w'en de stood dumb before the two. "He done ban' strike up he say, 'Hyah, Enoch; I gone wid de ole yeah en de rheumatiz. gwine walk wid yo'.' De angels wuz 'Tain' no use fuh tuh try tuh walk playin' dey golden hahps. Gay-brel wuz ag'in de Lawd, preachah He gwine soundin' his hawn, en Enoch wuz 'njoy- hab his way, en anybody sich a fool ez in' hit splendid en thinkin' de profestuh walk ag'in 'im am boan' tuh be sionalship gwine b'long tuh 'im sho. tuck." Dey wuz walk down one way en sashay back, en dey had done staht down ag'in w'en dey wuz de bigges' kin' ob thundah en lightnin'. De sulphuh begin rizin' en chokin' de angels, de hahps en de hawns wuz all con-I represent the Southern Stock Matual, jungle togethali, en Enoch-'he wuz not, fuh Gawd tuck 'im.' Do dat look

ag'in de Lawd, he boun' tuh be tuck."

de Lawd, breth'n en sistahs," he be-

gan, "en he hab said: 'Stay not in de

house ob de richus, but go tuh de

cake walk, oh, Abs'lom, ma son, ma

Made the Best of It. like be 'proob ob de walkin'? 'Gawd Talking about philosophers, we have this obituary line on the best of all of them: "Spent all his life in hoping for the best and wasn't disappointed when At 7 o'clock on New Year's eve Uncle the worst came."-Atlanta Constitu

Football Fact.

-Baltimore American.

-Philadelphia Press.

Now, why is it that married men

Are not to football called?

The reason is that no one can

Play football if he's bald.

The Better Fate. "So long I've been by woman bossed I feel." poor Henpeck said, "Tis better to have loved and lost' Than to have loved and wed."



I was a weary printer man who laid him down to rest With trouble in his tired brain and dinner 'neath his vest. The trouble was his daily work, that now perplexed him sore, For each compositor he hired was worse than these before, The dinner was a hearty one, made up of things i he these-Of steak, cold slaw and Little Necks and hot mince ple and cheese, And with the load upon his mind and t'other load below The printer tossed upon his couch, a writhing thing

of woe. as he writhed the midnight chime pealed through the chamber's gloom, lo! strange shapes came flocking in to fill the dismal room. In tattered shrouds bedewed with damp, in moldy

graveclothes thin. Through wall and floor a host of ghosts like snow flakes drifted in, And as the dreary winter wind moans through the

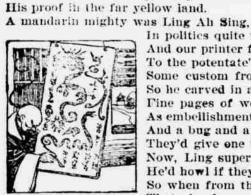
graveyard trees So from the dismal company came spoken words like these: "We are the ghosts of printers past, of many an age and clime. Grim Death, that weird compositor, has pied our forms sublime, But to us in our graves of ice or 'neath the tropic flowers

Your hard tack tale was whispered, and we came to tell you ours. In pure fraternal sympathy we burst our bonds secure And came." The printer, shivering, said, "You're very kind, I'm sure." Then forth from out the throng of spooks there strode

a stately shade, With flowing robes of spectral silk that phantom rustlings made. Long were its ghostly nails, its skin was of a yellow

And pendent from its ghostly skull there hung a ghostly cue.

All up and down the printer's spine a chilling quiver ran As then to tell this dismal tale Confucius began: "By the shores of the great Hoangho, you know, He printed each day for the folk of Cathay Cards, bo lets and bills for the show, just so, In a manner artistic, but slow. Each type page was carven by hand and spanned With ornaments gaudy and grand; they stand As monuments now of the work of Lee Chow, The first of the great printing band who scanned



In politics quite the whole thing that spring, And our printer friend thought that a circular brought To the potentate's notice might bring or swing Some custom from those in the 'ring.' So he carved in a manner quite new a few Fine pages of words all askew and drew As embellishments rare a big snake here and there And a bug and a dragon or two, so true They'd give one the shivers to view. Now, Ling superstitious was quite; in fright He'd howl if they put out the light at night. So when from the envelope's shell there fell

That circular gorgeously swell a yell Rang out on the air: "Tis a plot! 'Tis a snare! 'Tis the work of some wizard to spell my knell!' And the mandarin quivered like jell. That day the cook broke the great plate of state, The hinges came off the front gate, a weight Dropped full on Ling's toe, and he shricked in his

'Tis the work of those dragons ornate; but wait-My thirst for revenge I will sate!" He pounced on Lee Chow with a sweep and whoop, And boiled him next day into soup, poor dupe; But the family came and took pay for that shame, For they killed themselves all in a group, grim troop, On the mandarin's spotless front stoop.'

The Chinese spook its tale had told, but ere the echo died The shade of Johann Gutenberg spoke near the printer's side: "Long years ago, where, as you know, good printing first began, In Germany, across the sea, there lived a printer man Who daily made in course of trade the wherewithal

to pay

For bread and kraut by turning out a paper every day. The printer's name, 'twas knewn to fame, was Pumpernickel, and His paper, too, the Metz Bazoo, was sold on every stand.

In triumph grand athwart the land marched beld Ven Dunkersnitz, A man of war most mighty, for he gave the foeman fits. When he returned, the benfires burned and fireworks shed their blaze.

And with scare head each paper spread abroad the general's praise. Pumpernickel wit was quick and strictly up to

His brilliant editorial read: 'Von Dunkersnitz the Great! Of those of birth and sterling worth whose heads the Fates anoint.

The mighty Fritz von Dunkersnitz is one great case in point.' Alas for haste! That screed was placed a brewer's ad. beside. Alas for slip 'twixt cup and lip! A line or two was

Three words transposed. The form was closed. Next day folk read with fear, The mighty Fritz von Dunkersnitz is one great case of beer! general swore, the general tore his hair and

drew a knife: grandsire's beard and oaths more weird he doomed that printer's life. They took the thing before the king, who said, 'My judgment is

That printer ead, deprayed and bad, must eat those words of his." Now, German words have droves and herds of syllables galore. And in the lump set up by 'Pump' was one with ninety-four. He ate the line to eighty-nine, but then-ah, wee the day!-The ninetieth choked him to death, and so he passed away." The grisly Teuton ceased to speak, and from the tumbled bed A quavering voice made answer as the troubled printer said: "I thank you, gentlemen. Your tales have been so gay and bright; But, as I'm rather tired, perhaps you'll kindly say

good night." In chords spoke the ghostly host as chimes the fu-"We shall not leave you yet, for we've ten thousand more to tell.

"Ten thousand!" shricked the printer man. "Ten thousand more like those?

Fen thousand wornout fairy tales of long dead printers' woes? No, thanks. I've troubles of my own!" He struggled to arise, But claiminy fingers pinned him down with dread, unearthly ties, And every ghost in all the host, with shrick and sob and wail. Began in chorus wild and weird to tell its separate tale. The printer roared, the printer howled, but louder howled the dead. The printer writhed, the printer fought and tumbled out of bed; And as he struck the floor a flash of radiance rent the gloom-The night was gone, the ghosts were gone, and sunshine filled the room. And in upon the morning breeze, home through the window wide, There came the Carrier's cheery call as he his papers cried.

The moral of this truthful yarn is plain and simple quite: Don't hire a bad compositor, don't eat too much at night, Don't fool with spirits, wet or dry; don't let your troubles prey Upon your mind, and don't forget the CARRIER today.

Poor Nora! We had no anthracite nor coke; Our cook was new and green; Some one told her that she should soak A brick in kerosene. She placed it in the stove-a roar-It seemed the roof was cleft, And now we show a shattered door Where our Nora left.

Economy In Eggs. When eggs are expensive, it is well to remember that it is not necessary to boil a whole egg to get a yolk for garnishing. Separate white and yolk without breaking the latter and poach it had passed there was a time when hard in salted water. The white is they knew not at night where to have -Chicago News. saved for glazing or meringue, etc.

By Riley M Fletcher Berry

A NEW YEAR'S SKETCH

Topographt, 1902, by R. M. Fletcher Berry

N Jan. 1, 1621, the sun rose, if : industrious as they were their progress shone at all on that day on the where the pilgrim fathers and mothers now armly established and the strughad landed three weeks before. The gie for mere existence was over. 'Let little company of seekers for religious freedom had left Plymouth, England, in September, at a season of the year when the fields of the mother country of their sufferings, 'that you have been still present an inviting aspect, and the contrast between the green downs and The honor shall be yours to the world's appetite for good food. It will also the "stern and rockbound coast" almost appalled them. Nevertheless the weary travelers landed, and on Christmas day the beginning of "the first house, for common use, to receive them and their goods," was made. Before the coming of the new year the land had been parceled out and some of the stronger spirits had begun their bouses It was not until the middle of January that all of the company

left the Mayflower for the land. In the meantime the rigors of the winter to the new land had been experienced. Before the wet spring had passed and summer had come to gladden the land one-half of the settlers were laid away in the frozen ground. Yet when the Mayflower sailed to England in April not one of the colonists returned to -

face the intolerance at home, so strong was the spirit of these men and women. To those stern old religionists [ everything in the nature of festive of ity was an abomination, and it is not strange to find no mention of any observance of the beginning of the new year. Indeed, at that time among Englishmen at large

Jan. 1 was scarcely recognized as the beginning of a new era, that BURYING THEIR DEAD. distinction being given then and for many years after to March 25, the day of the Annunciation, or Lady day. Not until 1752 did Jan, 1 become the initial day of the legal year. Before that time it was customary to set down dates from Jan. 1 to March 24, inclusive. thus: Jan. 15, 1620-1, signifying that popularly the year was 1621, but le there gally 1620. In this, as in all other things, the pilgrim fathers followed

the English custom Instead of the celebration of New Year's day or of any other holiday we find such entries as "Jan. 29, dies Rose, the wife of Captain Standish." Sick ness and death were induced by the Greetings!" privation and exposure incident to the season and the lack of strong, well built domiciles. Wading through the ley water from the ship to the shore. bearing the scanty building materials and the still more scanty supply of food, proved fatal to the men, while the mental anxiety and lack of suitable provisions carried off the women and children.

Not only were the pilgrim fathers stricken by the lack of suitable shelter, but the scantiness and coarseness of their food supply during that long and terrible first winter proved disastrous to the little colony. Partial starvation was added to the other terrors of the settlers, many of whom had been delicately nurtured in England. One affliction was spared the pil-

grims during the terrible winter days that preceded and followed New Year's day, 1621-there was no trouble. had been dreaded, with the Indians. It has been said of the "fathers" that immediately after landing they fell first upon their knees and then upon the aborigines." So far from this be ing the case, it is pathetically noted that "that winter they had to form seven times more graves for the dead than babitations for the living." They were buried on the bank not far from the landing-a spot still to be venerated -and, lest the Indians should take courage to attack the survivors from their weakened state, the soil which covered the graves of their believed relatives was carefully beaten down and planted with a crop of corn

By March 25, 1621, the first real New Year's day in the Plymouth colony, the surviving moiety-of the colonists is decided to remain in New Empley rather than go back on the Mayllows On that day they assembled for the transaction of public business, passed some simple laws for the government of the colony and re-elected John Car ver governor. He had been chosen the previous year aboard ship. During the disembarkation Governor Carver's wife had been drowned, and his sen perished early in the winter. He binself governed the colony only a few weeks more, dying April 5 He was succeeded by William Bradford. James Richard Green, the eminent

English historian, in his "History of the English People," says of the pilgrim fathers and their sufferings during the first winter in the new world: "In 1620 the little company of the pilgrim fathers, as aftertimes loved to call them, landed on the barren coast of Massachusetts at a spot to which they gave the name of Plymouth, in memory of the last English port at which they touched. They had soon to face the long, hard winter of the north, to bear sickness and famine. Even when these years of toll and suffering a bite in the morning.' Resolute and

was very slow, and at the end of ten bleak New England coast, on a years they numbered only 300 souls. scene of misery on the spot Bul small as it was the colony was it not be grievous unto you,' some of their brethren had written from England to the poor emigrants in the midst

> JOHANNES' UNIQUE NEW YEAR'S CARD

In the department of the humors of New Year's day must be placed the card sent abroad by Johannes Seidenschwanz, grocer boy.

Johannes was a rawboned, innocent faced youth who distributed cabbage, cod liver oil, with iron and a good kerosene and other delicacies among table wine. It is pleasant to taste, the customers of Sebastian Schweinfurth, grocer, Johannes, called "Honce" for short, had not been in this country very long; therefore he was proud of his skill in writing and speaking the have been sold on the guarantee English language. His task it was at of money back if not satisfied with morn and noon and dewy eve to take the results, and it is very rare to upon his shoulder a basket of grocery have a customer call for the money. and shake its head and carry the same hither and thither to persons who lived skyscrapling apartment houses. It was his wont to whistle up the dumb waiter toes and sauerkraut bowling merrily upward after the whistle. He was good natured; he was strong as an ex; he was also as lacking in the divine sense of humor as an ex. Three-fourths of these to whose

kitchens Honce delivered onions and molasses never had seen, never would see, him in bodily presence, yet toward them he had the warmest good will, in which respect be was an example to all. Though they knew him not, he knew them, and he cent them a joint stock New Yenr's car4. It cost possibly 2 cents. Its ground tint was the "greenery yallery" which is expressive of the highest art in color scheming. Upon this basis of greenery yallery reveled in glorious profusion daffydowndillies of a radiant yellow that had no suggestion of green. The green, however, was provided for in several leaves berrowed pro tem. from the rosebush and painted fast to the daffodil stems as though they grew

Honce, grocer boy though he was, only a distributer of soap and mackere!, who worked for \$4 a week and found himself, was soulful. His sentiment showed in the card's printed motto, which, in gilt letters upon the green vellow background read, "Heart's

Inside the card was the usual bene diction, "With Kindest Remembrances



UP SHOT THAT CARD WITH THE CHEESE and Best Wishes For a Happy New Year." Then Honce added a touch of his own in his own handwriting, and it was as follows:

To All My Custerman, J. SEIDENSCHWANZ. Please and Return This Card Back.

The request for return was a device to save expense. Up shot that card with the cheese and garlic wherever Honce went on New Year's eve. Back it went in the basket down the dumb waiter shoot, usually with a dime or nickel upon its face. Such New Year's wishes were well worth the dime or nickel. At length it bowled skyward once too often. It ascended, nestling between a squash and a side of codquarter lay in the basket when it went back, but no bit of green yellow card. That was a New Year's souvenir too precious for the conscienceless last reeiplent to part with. J. VAUGHN.

No Joke, "This," explained the superintendent of the hospital for infants, "is the colic "Ah," mused the visitor. "Cramped quarters, eh?"-Judge.

Convenient. Ain' no use to fret yoh soul; Life is mighty swest; White folks hab de price of coal, And we enjoys de heat.

-Washington Star Good Influence. Jerry-How do good clothes make a

man a gentleman? Joe-They make him feel as if he was expected to act like one.-New

# 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.

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