

**A BUSINESS**  
THAT IS  
**Worth Having**  
is  
**Worth Advertising**  
EVERY DAY  
IN THE YEAR.

**Be Sure**  
You are right by  
first writing an  
advertisement  
setting forth the  
bargains you offer,  
and insert it in  
the **GOLD LEAF**. Thus  
prepared for business,  
you can  
Then Go Ahead.

# GOLD LEAF.

**ADVERTISING**  
IS THE  
**FOUNDATION**  
OF  
**SUCCESS**  
IN  
**ANY BUSINESS**

If You Want  
the people of Henderson  
and surrounding country  
to know the inducements  
you hold out to get their  
trade by a well displayed  
advertisement in  
**The GOLD LEAF**

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher.  
VOL. XXX.

"CAROLINA, CAROLINA. HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."  
HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1911.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 Cash.  
NO. 3.

## HER ONE NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

"DID I make any New Year resolutions?" repeated the bachelor girl. "Yes, one. Want to know? Oh, well, I don't mind telling you. I've made up my mind to spend next Christmas differently."

"I intend to make an altogether different disposition of my presents hereafter. The places that knew them shall know them no more, and the wilderness, where no presents have ever been, is going to blossom with mine."

"You see it is this way: When I sat down to think it all over the worry and fuss and the money I spent—I came to the conclusion that, outside of the nearest and dearest, I gave only three or four gifts that were really worth while—that is, that gave me any actual happiness to give and brought real joy to others."

"These three or four were the things I gave to—well, it doesn't matter



"OR, WELL, I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU" whom, but they were people who sadly needed them, who didn't expect them and who couldn't make any return except a broken gratitude that hurt you to listen to.

"Why, no, certainly I'm not crying," and the bachelor girl smiled dashingly through moist eyes. "But I don't mind telling you it was the happiest part of my Christmas. And hereafter those are the sort of people I'm going to give to."

"I think I shall write a jolly little note to each of the relatives and friends with whom I usually exchange presents. I shall send these notes long enough before Christmas to forestall anybody's buying presents for me."

"In the notes I shall convey my best love and my Christmas wishes. I shall also explain why I intend to send no presents this year—that I purpose making all my gifts to those whose only claim upon me is their need. I shall add that I am certain they will like this original method of disposing of their gifts. And I shall further say that if they want to make me happy and to enjoy the jolliest kind of Christmas themselves they will please take the money they had intended to spend on me and do likewise with it. In this way every dollar we give will be well spent and make somebody really glad."

"So that's my New Year resolve. I'm selfish? That's all you know." The bachelor girl laughed. "It's horribly selfish. Didn't I tell you I was going to do it merely because it made me happier?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**MARRYING EN MASSE.**

Curious New Year's Custom of Ploungstels of Brittany.

Some curious and distinctive marriage customs prevail among the Ploungstels, a strange race of people thought by some to be of Asiatic origin inhabiting Ploungstel Daoulas, in Brittany, who are great strawberry growers. They are also noted for remarrying exclusively with each other. The alliances, which are engineered by an intermediary known as the basralaine, all take place on one day, usually the first Tuesday of the new year. The basralaines start their campaign in September as soon as the harvest is gathered in, demanding on the part of the intending bridegroom the hand of his bride elect.

The courtship is then authorized and proceeds with ardor during the dark months which follow. Last year twenty-three couples were married in the parish church on Jan. 8.

After the ceremony come dancing and feasting. The great dinner which is served at the numerous inns begins at 2 o'clock and lasts well on to midnight. The favorite dish is tripe, and an inordinate quantity of alcohol is consumed—one would like to know with what results.

The whole place is en fete, and there are never fewer than 2,000 guests. After the orgy the united couples repair to their separate homes. They do not take up their joint life until the following evening (after the service for the dead and a second feast, when they are escorted to the bridal chamber by a large contingent of groomsmen and bridesmaids, to whom soup and cakes are presented by the newly married)—Sphere.

Look For the Bee Hive  
On the package when you buy Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds. None genuine without the Bee Hive. Remember the name, Foley's Honey and Tar and reject any substitute. Sold by all druggists.

## SELLING OUT AT COST!

# ARONSON CLOTHING STORE

### WILL START ON JAN. 7th

### To SELL OUR ENTIRE STOCK at

# ACTUAL COST!

Note Some of Our Prices and Compare Them  
With What You Have Been Paying  
For These Goods:

- Stetson Hats, Soft, \$2.50; Stetson Hats, Derbys, \$2.75.
- Earl & Wilson Red Man Collars, Regular Price 15 Cents, at 8 Cents Each.
- Burt & Packard Korrekt Shape \$4.00 Shoes, Sale Price \$3.00.
- Aronson Shoes, \$3.50 Grade, \$2.75. \$4.00 Grade, \$3.00. You Know What They Are.
- ALL \$1.00 SHIRTS, ALL STYLES AND SIZES, 75 CENTS.**
- ALL 50 CENT FOUR IN HANDS ARE NOW 25 CENTS.
- 10 CENT COLLARS, SALE PRICE 5 CENTS. COLLAR BUTTONS AT 1 CENT A CARD.
- CAPS, ALL STYLES, ALL SIZES, FOR MEN AND BOYS, AT 15 CENTS.**
- Men's Suits, all \$15.00 Suits at \$10.50; \$10.00 Suits at 7.50; 8.50 Suits at 5.50.
- \$3.50 PANTS AT \$2.50; \$2.00 PANTS AT \$1.75.
- Children's Suits at Cost; in fact every article in the house will be sold at cost.

We Mean Just What We Say—Nothing More—Nothing Less.  
No Goods Will be Reserved. First Come, First Served.  
No Goods Will be Charged. Everything Sold For Cash.  
A Rare Opportunity is Now Presented You to Save Money on Such Goods.

# ARONSON CLOTHING STORE.

B. S. ARONSON, Manager.  
Henderson, N. C.

## A MEMORABLE WATCH MEETING

NEW YEAR'S EVE came right in the middle of a series of "protracted meetings" which had been started in a little church in the northern part of Indiana some twenty-five years ago. The faithful few had been gathering night after night for a month, and not more than a dozen persons had knelt at the mourners' bench, including the "clock" backsliders. When the opening hymn was announced all the seats had been taken, and a dense crowd of boys and young men occupied the space between the door and the last row of seats.



As the hours slipped by and the end of the old year approached the service changed into a season of prayer and testimony. The little clock which hung on the wall behind the pulpit finally pointed to 11 o'clock, and the preacher arose to make one last supreme effort to reclaim some soul from eternal torment. At his direction the most zealous members of the congregation left their seats and mingled with the audience, looking for a chance to convert.

It was at this critical moment that an unlooked for interruption disturbed the passing of the old year and marred the peacefulness of the meeting. Deacons Wiley and Mills had been so bold as to approach the godless crowd around the door and suggest that there was too much laughing and talking. They had even dared to tell two or three of the leading spirits that a failure to preserve order meant ejection from the church. The sound of loud talking suddenly reached the ears of the worshippers, and all heads turned toward the door. Loud curses and angry words, uplifted fists and stamping feet told that a fierce struggle was taking place. Out of the tangled mass presently came Deacons Wiley and Mills, each in triumphant possession of a panting, disheveled, fighting prisoner. The culprits were the sons of their captors, and against all their kicking and squirming they were forced slowly along the aisles on each side of the church to the mourners' bench, fighting every inch of the way.

"Get down on your knees, darn your picture!" commanded Deacon Wiley, seizing his son by the shoulders and allowing his indignation to gain the mastery. "Get down on your knees or I'll skin you alive when I get you home!"

"Keep your seats, brethren and sisters," exclaimed Rev. Ebenezer Harker. "This young man is sorry for what he has done, and we may yet save him from the wrath to come."

There was a suppressed titter from those who took the preacher literally. Sam Wiley, the wildest scamp that ever robbed a watermelon patch, looked at his father's stern, unyielding face and felt the grip tighten on his shoulders. He cast a furtive glance toward the women's "amen" corner and saw his mother's eyes filled with tears. He turned to his right and saw his companion in misery, "Diddy" Mills, crying like a baby. Just for a moment he stiffened with pride, and then he felt his father's strong arms forcing him down on his knees. At the same time "Diddy" Mills went down under the pressure on his shoulders.

"Who will be the next to come forward?" shouted Rev. Ebenezer Harker, dancing back and forth before the pulpit with a joy he could not conceal. "The Lord bless these young men who have seen the error of their ways. Let us all unite in prayer."

Everybody prayed, Deacon Wiley leading the low, murmuring chorus with a fervent entreaty to his son to forego the wickedness of the world and unite with the church. When Deacon Wiley ceased Deacon Mills began to pray aloud for his wayward boy. It was very funny to the crowd around the door, but after awhile something seemed to choke their laughter. Sister Mills' high pitched and quavering voice arose in prayer, and there was a pathos in her appeal that seated seats into the eyes of the roughest rowdy in the crowd. Sister Wiley, unable to restrain her emotions, joined her cries with those of Sister Mills. Suddenly a wave of increased excitement swept through the congregation. Two of the toughest young men of the town walked slowly down the aisles and knelt at the low railing. They were hardly down when two more came forward.

Such a revival was never known before in the history of the church as the one which started with the watch meeting that night. Rev. Ebenezer Harker said to himself that it was due to his powers as an exhorter. Two mothers believed in their hearts that the efficacy of prayer had been demonstrated in a wonderful manner. But suppose those muscular fathers had remained inactive. Would the protracted meetings have lasted another week?

For either acute or chronic kidney disorders, for annoying and painful urinary irregularities take Foley Kidney Pills. An honest and effective medicine for kidney and bladder disorders. Sold by all druggists.

The date on your address label indicates the time to which your subscription is paid.