

THE HEADLIGHT.

ROSCOWER, Editor,
VOL. I. NO. 39.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWAY BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

W. P. DAVIS, Publisher.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1888.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year.

DESTINY.

That flies from the sun god, we
know life and are gone.
When we were in vacation, for who
could remember the moon,
When the diamond which pleased
the singer has left us, who care
to remember the tune?
When the bird in the forest what bird
was the one
When the bird which he killed her tell
me, what was he doing?
When the bird was used, has perished; now
it is no longer done;
When the bird and singer in the
forest it came. It is best.

When the leaf's fate, and we
grieve, when they forget;
When the bird which he loved, who loved us
and who loved our pleasures and mirth,
When the bird in the forest death brings,
and we grieve;
When the bird which he loved in the green
woods of the forest of earth.
When the bird which he loved, who loved us
and who loved our pleasures and mirth,
When the bird in the forest death brings,
and we grieve;
When the bird which he loved in the green
woods of the forest of earth.

THE PEMPERTON STRIKE.

BY LEIGH NOTT.

[From the New York Observer.]
ROUPE of men with
sullen, discontented
faces were standing
around the streets
engaged in a mur-
mured colloquy.
The mill bells
sounded; a few of
the idlers obeyed.
Others remained
unmoved.
A woman appeared and entered the
darkened crowd, her face as
bright as the sun. Tall and finely formed,
her dress scarcely hid the noble
proportions of her head and shoulders; an
elegant, harassed look detracted from her
beauty.
"Why don't you go to work?" The
man nearest her, the words peremptory.
The speaker passed on, his face
bright. He was of good height, with
a round face and bright, keen eyes. A
man of stern countenance and an other-
wise stern countenance. His general
appearance bespoke the master.
"Later a man entered the office. Ross
looked up, ill-pleased at an in-
trusion. He sat at his desk, shuffling
papers, his voice a little husky.
"Me and the men want you to dis-
charge that young woman, Boss. It's a
man's place, we ain't willin' to have
women folks around."
The proprietor's eyes flashed. "You
mean the men may go? I won't be
deceived. Tell them to attend to their
own business, Roberts, and I'll attend to
mine. Bidding you do no good." And
slapping his desk with a snap he return-
ed to his writing.
"I don't intend to be further
troubled. The man stood a moment, then
went away. No change of countenance
showed Mr. Gilbert's consciousness of
the look or anything special through-
out the day. But at home keener eyes
watched him.
"Boss, what's the matter?" His wife
spoke. A fair woman with soft bright
eyes, rounded figure, delicately moulded
features and dark blue eyes, animated
and expressive. Some modern diffi-
culty with the sight caused her to wear
glasses, adding a penetrating quality to
her glance.
"Boss do you know anything is the
matter?" his look softening as it rested
on her face.
"No subtleties," she cried playfully.
"You always feel better to confess."
"Well—mischievous and a woman at the
bottom of it. I've employed one at the
mill and the men don't approve a woman
as a boss because she heard there was
talk. She is satisfactory and I mean to
keep her, that's all."
"What's it something new to employ
women?"
"No, I hope there won't be trouble," she
said smiling.
"Shall I give up and send her off?"
"Certainly not, only, dear, in an issue
of course."
In the front room of a small house a
fire was clearing away the supper. An
old man, traces of sorrow on his face,
sat at a table, turning occasionally to look
at his daughter.
"You like the work and think you'll
do it, Ennie?"
"Yes, if it's to have any luck." The
woman smiled and relapsed into silence
for a moment, startled them.

"No," she said. "I'm obliged to you,
but I don't want to join."
"Beware!" cried a voice in the dark-
ness as they turned away.
"Tired and harassed, Ennie burst into
tears. "Oh, how we come away from
our trouble just to get into something
worse! I'd better have done as they
wished. At least I should have found
out something."
"You're done out. You'd better get
to bed," the elder woman said, but there
was tenderness in the touch which
smoothed the girl's dark hair.
Ennie returned to work heavy hearted.
Unfriendly glances had followed her
before, but she had been uncon-
scious; now she had an uneasy sense of
being ostracized. "I can't stand it,"



she said after a day or two. "I must
quit their society. I'll never get on un-
less I do."
"Act as you think best," the mother
replied.
Meanwhile the simmering discontent
had been taking shape. Numerous
meetings were held and a course of action
decided; when the girl applied she was
refused.
A stranger in the place, she and her
mother had held all in a manner to
give offence. Mr. Gilbert, too, was a
new-comer; his manner of conducting
affairs differed from his predecessor's,
and though prompt in payment, he was
strict as to hours, etc., and had not
gained popularity. Once more the
boss's calculations were interrupted by
a deputation. "We've come to give no-
tice that unless the wages is riz and that
girl discharged, we quit."
"I'll do neither, and you know it,"
Ross Gilbert thundered.
"Maybe he takes a pernickler interest
in the young woman?"
"There was no mistaking the insinua-
tion of the tone. Ross sprang to his
feet, but a detaining hand was laid on
his shoulder.
"Gently, sir! The fellows don't know
what a sweet lady you have."
"What, Harvey! You in this set of
rascals?"
"We won't call hard names, sir. I've
done my best to dissuade them. I don't
mean to quit." He was a tall fellow,
with a fine face. "Don't make threats,"
he continued, seeing the other about to
speak. "I know when you are angered,
if I may say so free as to say it,
things won't be sorry for after, but felt
you had to stick to it."
"Thank you," Mr. Gilbert said quiet-
ly. "I've given you my answer, men,
and it is final."
"Then quit's the word," said the
spokesman, and they filed out. Many
of the townspeople agreed to stand by
Mr. Gilbert, others thought he was un-
reasonable, and the employment of a woman
objectionable. Six men, including
Harvey, remained, and the girl, the
cassidella, added one more.
"We'll do what we can short-handed,"
Ross said to his wife, "and if it comes to
the worst, close down. I won't yield."
The closer contact which the small
numbers entailed, threw Ennie and
Harvey much together, friendship ripen-
ing into a warmer feeling. But it was
becoming almost impossible for Mr.
Gilbert to go on, and murmurs and dis-
content were beginning to prevail.
Ennie, though happy, felt a strange
nervousness. Hastening home one eve-
ning she heard a rustling in the bushes,
and an unseen hand hurled a stone at
her which felled her unconscious to the
ground. Happily Harvey had left the
mill shortly after, and was a witness,
though not in time to see the perpetrator.
With an imprecation he sprang
forward and bent over her, then raised
her in his arms and carried her home.
"Is it true, Ross, that they have killed
that poor girl?"
"I'm afraid so."
Tears sprang to Mrs. Gilbert's eyes
and hot words to her lips, but she con-
trolled herself.
"It is hard to be just, and not blame
the innocent for the guilty," she said.
Her husband stooped, kissing her so-
berly. "You are a good woman. Yes,
go at once," in answer to her suggestion,
"if any one can help them, you can."
The stone which felled Ennie Gordon
was the death blow to the strike. Horror
at the deed was universal, nor was there
any one who would open the mill. Mr.
Gilbert, he alone was missing. That he
had a personal grudge against Ennie
was surmised by some; but none else
had been concerned in the outrage, and
his wife's absence. The mill was
closed; the girl's life hung by a thread.
"I want to see Mrs. Gilbert." It was
George Harvey who asked.
She thought him a fine fellow, bade
him be seated, and said smiling, "I per-
ceive you have important business with
me, George."
"You see, ma'am, it stands this way.
The men would be glad to come back to
the mill. Mr. Gilbert would open the mill—we
can't live doing nothing—yet they don't
like to ask him. Perhaps you don't
know that Ennie had promised to be
my wife, and if that stone had killed her
—well, I don't like to think about it—I
can't say how I would feel towards it—
But, thank God, the doctor says she'll
pull through. She's clear in her head
to-day and begged me to come and ask
Mr. Gilbert to take them back. She's
had much trouble in the old country, but
it is over now and we shall be happy to-
gether."
"I am very glad, George," Mrs. Gil-
bert answered, "but what is it you want
me to do?"
"Just this. You know, ma'am, beg-
ging your pardon, Mr. Gilbert's pretty
quick and pretty steady to stick to a
thing, and I—we don't know what he

may have said he'd do or wouldn't do
But Ennie thought if you would us
your influence maybe he'd let bygones
be bygones and meet the fellows half
way.
"My husband will do what is just,"
she answered, with quiet dignity,
"but, more gently, if Ennie could give
me, all others should, and I will do
what I can."
"A thousand thanks," Harvey said as
he left. "I hope you'll pardon my bold
ness."
"Ross, will you take those men back
if they will come?"
"Never!" sprang to his lips, but his
bitter sense as well as her finger tip
across his mouth prevented his uttering
it. So she told him Ennie's entreaty
"Don't think me meddling, but
would it not be possible to inaugurate a
co-operative system whereby the workmen
might have a share in the profits, which
would make them feel a personal interest
in the master's success? Would it not
be possible?"
"You've a level head on those prett-
y shoulders, Sue; I'll think about it," he
husband said.
So it happened that the ringing of
George Harvey's wedding bells inaugu-
rated a new system in the Pemperton
Mills, where harmony reigned thereafter
as a result of Mrs. Gilbert's good work

A BRAVE OLD HORSE.

Dexter's Part in the Development of
Fast Time on the Track.

The death of Dexter, the trotter
marks an era in equine development.
He did not reduce as greatly as some of
his phenomenal predecessors the speed
of trotting horses, for when he made his
best record a very low mark had already
been reached. To beat Flora Temple's
time of 2:19 by one second and three
quarters, was as great a feat as to beat a
2:40 gait by several seconds. When Man-
d S. reduced her wonderfully low record
by a quarter of a second, it was regarded
as a more wonderful improvement than
that of one or two entire seconds would
have been when her record stood at a
higher figure and could more easily have
been beaten.
Forty odd years ago the best trotting
record stood at 2:40. That figure was
used in slang to illustrate all fast man-
fast methods and swift movements.
Horse-had not then been trained to
trotting, and the possibilities of develop-
ment in that direction were not ever
faintly imagined. After this record had
stood for years, and was supposed to be
the best that could be made, a horse
named Bippy, in 1843, completely frac-
tured it by trotting a mile in 2:28. This
also remained for years the best time
made, and again the world interested in
sports settled down into the easy belief
that the best possible trotting time had
been accomplished. But such was not
the case. A few years afterwards Jack
Rossiter, a horse without a pedigree,
that had, when young, dragged a hotel
baggage wagon round the streets of
a Western city, and was afterwards
trained for the turf, trotted in 2:22. The
next reduction was by Flora Temple, a
mare also without a pedigree, who im-
proved this time by 43 seconds, making
a record of 2:19. This in turn was
broken by Dexter at Buffalo, Aug. 14,
1877, when he trotted a mile in 2:17.
He was bought on the track by Robert
Bonner for \$35,000, and that remarkable
animal owned him to the time of his
death. Mr. Bonner has also bought
each of the fastest trotters on the turf as
they appeared from time to time, down
to Mand S., with her record of 2:08.
More time, skill and money have been
devoted to the development of a fast-
trotting gait in horses than to almost
any improvement in machinery which
the inventive genius of man has under-
taken. To increase by a few seconds or
the fraction of a second on a mile the
speed of a single trotting horse has re-
quired years of training, and to keep
and train a trotting horse costs as much
as it costs to keep a small-sized family
of moderate desires in the comforts and
necessaries of life. The multitude and
quality of horses that have been bred
and trained indicate the vast expenditure
that has been bestowed upon these ex-
periments. The best horses, except
Mand S., have made the best time long
after they had passed what was supposed
to be their maturity, at 8 or 9 years of
age, and she may cease to be an excep-
tion. Flora Temple, at nearly twice
the age of Dexter, was in a fine con-
dition of health, and this is an-
other evidence of the expense involved
in training trotters. Half the lifetime
of a horse, 15 or 16 years old, is required
to develop its best speed at this fast, and
often the improvement is but a few sec-
onds or less in trotting a mile.
A good old age for an ordinary horse
is eighteen or twenty years. The age of
Dexter at his death was thirty years.
But since he was purchased by Mr.
Bonner he has had not an easy time, like
any other fortunate and retired individ-
ual. With enough to eat—and a horse
never eats too much—with just the exer-
cise that he required for health, he had
all the chances for long life that the ex-
periences of his species and a good consti-
tution could have allotted to his share.
The old friends of Dexter in Chicago,
where he was once owned, will be glad
to learn, in his death, according to his
magnificent owner's order, he does not
go to the bone-yard, but has a fit grave
in a country field, where the apple
blossoms are beginning to display their
new-blown tints of beauty and to make
the vernal air delightful with their frag-
rance, and where the tall grass in sum-
mer will wave in the breeze above his
remains.

He had not—Johann Schnell, a
new messenger in the Navy Department
at Washington, is extremely nervous
regarding a telephone, never having
seen one until a few days ago. He was
obliged to answer a call from the in-
strument recently, and his incoherent an-
swers exasperated the speaker at the
other end of the line. "You must have
been drinking," Schnell heard the angry
individual exclaim. "No, I haven't,"
said the messenger gently. "It must be
the strong tobacco I am chewing that
you smell."

Dr. Middleton, who last winter was attacked
by his gypsy guide in Cordova, and killed him,
has been acquitted by the Spanish court.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS OF THE
NEWSPAPER WRITERS.

A Puzzle—A Loss of Thrift—An Open
Chance—Annoy the Dog—Mixed
Moods and Senses, &c., &c.



IN 1888.
Rejoice, good friend, you're not a Roman,
And count your privilege as great;
For well we know in these days no man
Would have patience to write MDCCLXXX-
VIII.—Puck.

IN THE ARMY.
Instructor—Didn't you hear the com-
mand to load?
Plebe—Yes, sir; but some one's ragged
the ramrod out of the gun.
Instructor—Why, man, the piece is a
breach loader!
Plebe—Well, sir, I wish Mr. Breach
would load it. I can't.
HE TUMBLED, DID SHE?
Mrs. Paul Fry (sympathetically)—
Why, Mr. Collins, did you fall down?
Mr. Collins (pointing to the spot where
he fell)—That is my impression.—Lovel-
ly, Ida.
REAL THIEF.
Little Girl—Mrs. Brown, ma wants
to know if she could borrow a dozen
eggs. She wants to put 'em under a
hen.
Neighbor—So you've got a hen set-
ting, have you? I didn't know you kept
hens.
Little girl—No'm, we don't; but Mrs.
Smith's goin' ter lend us a hen that
wants ter set, an' ma thought if you'd
lend us some eggs we've got the nest
ourselves.
AT WEST POINT.
Instructor—Why don't you turn up,
you toos?
Celtic Cadet—Me family niver evicted
anymthin' yit, sor, an' O'll not begin
now av Oi resign!—Tullio.
COULDN'T EVADE HIM.
A sheriff was searching a house, where
it was supposed that a thief had con-
cealed a valuable harness. As he peered
into a dark closet the wife of the thief
reappeared. "That closet, sir, contains ab-
solutely nothing except my own wearing
apparel."
"Then, what's this?" exclaimed the
sheriff, clutching at the stolen property.
"My wife don't wear any such tremen-
dous lookin' riggins as this!"
A NECESSARY PRECEDENT.
Professor Gottschak—Vell, Miss
Flimpy, how do you like dot Sherman
mook already?
Miss Flimpy—Oh, I don't understand
a note of it. You know I never studied
German.—Harper's Bazar.

THE KISS.
"He kissed her under the rose,"
Is how the poet wrote it;
"He kissed her under the nose,"
Is how the printer got it.
P. S.—A printer knows a good deal
more than a poet about the practical
affairs of life sometimes.—Washington
Critic.
MAKING MOST OF LEAP YEAR.
Sister No. 1—Max proposed to me last
evening—
Sister No. 2—Yes, I know, you re-
jected him.
Sister No. 1—How do you know?
Sister No. 2—Well, I met him to-day,
and he told me you said you could only
be a sister to him, whereupon I re-
marked that you might be a sister-in-
law.
Sister No. 1—What did he say?
Sister No. 2—He said, "It's a go."
A PLEASANT HABIT.
Some people have a habit of assenting
to everything said to them, without re-
gard to rhyme or reason. "Oh yes,"
"Certainly," "No, indeed," "Of course,"
"Yes, indeed," "You are quite right,"
and the like. Mrs. Hendricks is one of
these pleasant people.
"I think," said Mrs. Hobson, who was
making a call, "that little Miss Smith is
one of the stupidest girls I ever met, and—"
"Isn't she!" interrupted Mrs. Hen-
dricks.
"And so plain!"
"Dreadfully!"
"Now I haven't very much beauty
myself, but—"
"No, indeed," said Mrs. Hendricks,
cordially.—Bazar.

POINT OF VIEW.
Stranger (to Indiana farmer)—It's a
great pity that the crops through this
section have been so badly damaged by
rain.
Indiana Farmer (taking a sun bath)—
Wall, ya's, mister, but it saves a durned
sight o' work harvestin'.
A COLD WORLD.
Woman (to tram, who has eaten a
whole mince pie)—You seem to have a
good appetite.
Tramp (with tears in his eyes)—Yes,
madam, that is all that I have left in the
world which I can rightly call my own.

WHAT HE WANTED.
She (very rich)—You do me great hon-
or, Mr. Jenkins, to ask my hand in mar-
riage. I am very sorry—
He (very poor)—Don't mention it,
Miss Bankaccount. Please don't men-
tion it. It isn't sympathy I want. It's
money.

APPALLING

CASUALTY LIST FOR THE WEEK.
Terrible Deaths by the Railway, Etc.—
Disastrous Fires.

TUMBLED INTO A CASE.
The Leadville express on the Denver
and Rio Grande Road was derailed
while rounding a long curve in Brown's
Canon, Col., on Tuesday night. The
express and baggage cars were dashed to
pieces on the rocks in the canon, and
the smoking car was partly demolished.
The day coach and sleepers tumbled over
on the track, but were only slightly in-
jured. Express Messenger Wolfen-
schlager was fatally injured, and twelve
or fifteen passengers were painfully
bruised. The escape of many from death
is regarded as marvelous.

MURDER AT ATLANTA, GA.
George Eddleman shot and killed Tom
Gresham, in front of the Merchants' Ex-
change at Atlanta, on Wednesday. He
claims it was all done in self-defense.
The verdict of the inquest read as fol-
lows: "We, a coroner's jury this day
empaneled to inquire into the death of
Thomas Gresham, here lying dead, find
from the evidence adduced, and the
opinion of the county physician here
present, that he came to his death from
a pistol wound in the right side, made
by a pistol in the hand of George H.
Eddleman, and that in our opinion it was
a case of willful murder."
FOUR MEN WHO MAY HANG.
A terrible crime was committed in
Ikeha county, Tenn., by four negroes,
three of whom were captured and
lodged in the county jail at Washington.
The four negroes went to a white widow
woman's house, and two of them brutally
outraged her, while the other two at-
tempted to criminally assault her daugh-
ter. In this, however, they failed, the
girl eluding them and escaping, gave an
alarm, which drew some neighbors some
distance away to their assistance. All
four of the negroes ran, but a large posse
was soon raised, and going in pursuit
captured three of them the next morning.
Parties from that section, which is re-
mote from the telegraph and railroad,
who came down the river to Chattanooga,
say that if the parties arrested prove to
be the guilty men, there's sure to be a
quadruple lynching in the county of Rhea
within the next few days. The name of
the white woman assaulted could not be
earned.

DEPUTY SHERIFF MURDERED.
Sunday morning Deputy Sheriff Shippe
was shot and killed by Hicks Martin, a
negro, whom he was attempting to arrest
at the Powell Valley Railroad works,
twenty miles north of Knoxville. The
negro was wanted in Alabama for mur-
der. Deputy Sheriff Shippe found that
Martin was working on the new railroad
and went to the camp to arrest him. He
went to the tent where Martin was in
company with other negroes and called
for him. He met the deputy sheriff at
the door with two pistols and began
firing on him. Shippe fell riddled with
bullets before he had time to draw his
own weapon. He died in a few minutes
without speaking a word. The negro
made his escape. Should he be taken
alive he will be lynched.

A HUMAN HOLocaust.
Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis and her three
grandchildren were smothered to death
at Cleveland, O., at the house of William
Llewellyn, in Hoody street. Mr. and
Mrs. Llewellyn were away from home
during the evening, leaving their chil-
dren in charge of Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Lew-
ellyn's mother. Shortly before midnight
the house took fire and was partially de-
stroyed. When the flames had been ex-
tinguished, Llewellyn and his wife re-
turned, and it was discovered that the
occupants of the house had perished.
The children were aged 6 and 4 years and
18 months respectively.

North, East and West.
William George, a murderer, was exe-
cuted in the Ohio penitentiary Wednes-
day.
Col. Wilson Morris, auditor of Penn-
sylvania, died at his residence in Phila-
delphia Monday.
St. Louis, Mo., will vote on June 30th
on the question of prohibition under the
local option law.
A fire at Hiseville, Ky., destroyed the
postoffice and a dozen other build-
ings. Loss, \$20,000.
George Washington Ewing, member
of the Confederate Congress, died at his
home near Adairsville, Ky., Monday
morning.
The Richmond and Danville and the
Seaboard and Roanoke Railroads are
both pushing their systems, and great
competition exists.
Ten thousand people attended the
commencement exercises of the Clin-
ton University, colored, at Orangeburg, S.
C., Wednesday.
Gen. R. L. Gibson succeeds himself as
Louisiana's senior United States Senator.
There is still a deadlock in the caucus
for junior Senator.
The Governor of South Carolina has
commuted to imprisonment for life the
death sentence of James Stowe, colored,
who was sentenced to hang at the April
term of court in York county.

The Boston Journal says that "a
family consisting of two men, one
woman and two children have taken up
their abode in a mammoth hollow syc-
amore tree on the banks of the Kanawha
River, in West Virginia."
A terrible tragedy occurred in Jack-
son county, near Sylva, N. C. Logan
Bumgardner and his son Will were shot
and killed by Allen Dills, all three men
of prominence and respectability. The
tragedy was the culmination of an old
feud.
Four decoy letters were placed in the
pouch of city letter carrier Charles At-
tender, at Atlanta. Three of the letters
were afterwards found broken open and
eight dollars stolen. Attender was at
once arrested, and is now awaiting the
action of the court.

A freight train on the Rock Island
Road went through a bridge near Hand-
dolph Point, Mo., crashing into a ravine
twenty-five feet deep. A short time
after a freight train on the Hannibal and
St. Joe went through a bridge which ad-
joined the Rock Island, and which had
been weakened by the first wreck. The
two engineers, a fireman and two tramps
were killed.

Joseph Edwards,

"The Champion of Low Prices."

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE NORTH WITH THE LARGEST AND
BEST SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS THAT HAS EVER
BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS CITY.

I WILL GIVE YOU A FEW PRICES, WHICH WILL TELL THE TALE.
LADIES' DRESS SILKS, in all shades, former price \$1.10, now 40c. a yard.
NUN'S VFLINGS, all wool, in the latest shades, double width, former price
60c., now at 43 1/2c.
ALBATROSS, the latest of the season, former price 65c., now selling at 16 1/2c.
per yard.

A FULL LINE

Of Ladies' Dress Goods, Seersuckers, Gingham, Henrietta Cloths, Poplins, all
kinds of Embroideries, Hamburg Edgings. Of these goods we deduct
35 per cent. from the usual selling price.

100 Pieces of Straw Matting
Just direct imported from China, from 20 to 30c. a yard, actual value 75c.

Clothing, Clothing!

FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN
A fine quality of CORK SCREW SUITS, former price \$20.00, we are now
selling at \$6.85.
500 MEN'S SUITS, all wool Casimere, worth \$15.00, we are now driving at
\$6.75.
BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
FURNITURE. We take off 35 per cent. from the usual price this season.

WE ALSO KEEP A FULL LINE OF

Heavy Groceries,

Such as Meat, Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, etc., the regular supplies for farmers
which will be sold to responsible parties ON TIME, until
next Fall, for CASH PRICES.
My return home the rushes have been so immense that I would beg our
city patrons to do their shopping outside of Saturdays in order to be able to give
better attention to their wants and desires.
Remember the sign in front of my store:

Joseph Edwards,

"The Champion of Low Prices."

H. WEIL & BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail Merchants,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

IN ECONOMY THERE IS WEALTH! IN THE JUDICIOUS EXPENDITURE
OF MONEY THERE IS ECONOMY!

In buying our goods of us you will find that you are expending your money
JUDICIOUSLY.

HAVE YOU VISITED

Our Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Department. If not, depend upon it you're
behind the times in knowledge of the prevailing styles.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY

Of our Merchant Tailoring Department, and have your garments made by famous
Northern Tailors. We guarantee to please all.

OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

produce the most extensive in the city. They are NICE; they are NEW;
they are NEAT.

REMEMBER THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM

When you enter our Shoe Department. We are selling only Shoes of well-known
manufacturers, and guarantee satisfaction as to PRICE and QUALITY.

WE WILL DUPLICATE BILLS

From any Market in our Wholesale Department. Call and be convinced.
Children's Carriages in the most unique styles.

CARPETS, MATTINGS, OILCLOTHS, ETC.

A large assortment of new and exclusive patterns, at Lowest Prices.

IT WILL COST NOTHING

To look through our Stock and convince yourself that we carry the most com-
plete line.

H. WEIL & BROS.