

THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees,
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and
bees;
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised
toe—
Oh, I was very learned then,
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found,
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickered lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of what's over the fates decreed,
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know.
For I was, oh, so happy then—
But that was very long ago!

—*Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.*

A BURGLARY.

BY S. A. WELLS.

"Betty!" called Mrs. Lane, in a quick, sharp voice.

And the kitchen girl, hastily wiping her hands on her apron, hastened to obey the summons.

"Where is the new rubber door mat?" inquired her mistress. "Did you take it in? I don't see it anywhere."

"I left it here on the porch, mem, just three minutes ago," replied Betty. "I'd have tucked it in then, only I thought I smelt the tea biscuits burning. Wherever can it be, I wonder?"

"What brought you to the door three minutes ago?"

"It was a boy, mem—leastways a lad—with a basket of paper and pencils, and such like trash. I told him as we didn't want anything, an' so shut the door and left him standin' there."

"And of course he slid the mat off the porch floor, and then picked it up and carried it off in the dusk. Run, Betty—around the corner and see if he's anywhere in sight."

Betty obeyed; and just then Mrs. Coleman, who lived next door, chanced to pass by; and, stepping as usual to exchange a word with her neighbor, was informed of the latter's loss.

"It's too bad!" said Mrs. Coleman, sympathetically. "And it was only yesterday that some thief stole a lot of linen from Mrs. Smith's back yard, where it had been left a little late on the clothes line. And did you hear of the burglary at Captain Dyer's? And the attempt to break in through Mr. Carter's back windows? Mrs. Dyer had her gold watch and all her silver spoons carried off."

"I read about it in this morning's papers. The editor said there is no doubt of a gang of burglars in the city, and cautioned people to be on their guard. So, as Mr. Lane is away, I set to work to-day and hid everything of value where I'm sure no thief would ever think of looking for it. As to the door mat—a beautiful one that I bought only this morning—it is owing to Betty's carelessness that it is lost."

"Well, I keep my valuables for the present in my bedroom, tucked in between the mattresses, as the safest place I know of."

"The safest place!" said Mrs. Lane, laughing. "Why, my dear, that is always the first place, after the bureau drawers, that a burglar thinks of going to. Now, lowering her voice, 'I'll tell you what I've done with my things. The silver I've wrapped in an old pair of black trousers, and placed in a coal-scuttle, covered over with cinders, at the head of the kitchen stairs, as if ready to be emptied. My watch and jewelry, and a roll of bank notes, I've hid away in a mantle vase in the parlor, filled with dried grasses. Of course they're perfectly safe—for you know no thief would ever dream of looking in such places for valuables."

"How clever!" said Mrs. Coleman.

And just then Betty appeared, returning from her errand.

"Sure, mem, I don't see a sign of the door mat tucked good care to get out of the neighborhood as quick as he could. And there's the tea to make and the kettle boiling over, I'm thinking."

And Betty hurried away to the kitchen.

"I wish Mr. Lane were at home!" Mrs. Lane said, wistfully; "but we expect him to-morrow by the seven o'clock train, in time for breakfast."

"If you feel uneasy, why not get one of your nephews to stay with you to-night?" suggested her friend.

"Oh, it isn't necessary!" she answered, laughing. "I expect young Minor to be in the parlor until eleven or twelve, perhaps, and after that Maude and I must look out for ourselves."

"But I thought her papa objected to the young man's visits?" said Mrs. Coleman, who, having been a school-girl friend of Mrs. Lane, the two often exchanged family confidences.

"Well, yes, he has taken a prejudice to him on account of what he calls his dudishness, though Maude insists that it is only gentlemanly refinement, and I agree with her. At any rate, I make a point of not interfering with them when Mr. Lane's away; and Maude insists that it only she could make her father better acquainted with Mr. Minor, he would learn to appreciate him. But whenever Mr. Lane comes in and finds him in the parlor, he's as gruff as a bear, and Maude is, or course, extremely worried."

"Oh, I dare say it will all come right in the end!" Mrs. Coleman said, cheerily.

And with a few more words the friends parted.

Pretty Miss Maude enjoyed her lover's society that evening untroubled by the apprehension that her papa might at any moment walk into the room and heartlessly snub the unoffending visitor.

She often wished that her father were at least more considerate; for had he not once cruelly lacerated her feelings by observing that when he saw a young man parting his hair in the middle, he regarded it as a sure sign that there was a lack of brains underneath.

As she knew how clever and sensible Charlie really was; and had he not, this very evening, on learning of their fear of burglars, been self-sacrificing enough to sit up with them until past midnight, when he could have been peacefully sleeping at home?

When he had gone, Mrs. Lane laid herself down in her dressing-gown, ready for any emergency; but the night passed without any disturbance of any kind.

Early on the following morning Mr. Lane arrived from his late business trip, and at eight o'clock the family repaired to the breakfast-room, where, with one exception, the table was nicely laid.

"Why, Betty!" said her mistress; "where is the silver?"

The girl stared.

"Sure, ma'am, I thought you'd tucked 'em out o' the coal scuttle. I went to get 'em, and they weren't there."

"Not there? Why, I haven't been near the scuttle; neither has Maude nor Mr. Lane."

All hastened to examine the improvised plate safe. It stood where it had been left, at the head of the kitchen stairs, but the cinders which it had contained were scattered on the floor, and of the silver concealed beneath, there was not a sign.

Appalled at the discovery, Mrs. Lane proceeded to look after her other hidden valuables. The mantle-vase appeared all right, until the plummy pampas and crystallized glasses were removed, disclosing within an utter vacuum.

The gold watch, the money and the jewelry had all disappeared.

"What could it mean? No possible explanation offered, and while they all stood staring blankly, the door bell rang, and Betty, who answered it, hastened back to say that Mr. Minor wished to see Mr. Lane on particular business.

"Particular business, indeed!" growled Maude's papa, savagely. "Hadn't he sense enough to choose a more reasonable hour? But stay! I'll see him; for the sooner the business is settled the better."

The two ladies anxiously listened to the murmur of voices from the parlor. The interview was brief, for presently Mr. Lane came hurriedly back and proceeded to put on his hat and overcoat.

"I think we've got a clue to the robbery, Emeline," he observed, as he struggled into the latter garment. "That young Minor tells me that as he was passing here last night, he observed a boy hanging around the house, and thinking his manner suspicious, he spoke to him, though the fellow walked off without answering. However, he thinks he recognized him as Joe Finnerty, a boy who peddles about the offices down town. Minor says, that feeling uneasy, he came around thus early this morning to inquire after the family, and on being

informed by Bettie at the door, of what had happened, instantly suspected Joe of having had a hand in it. We are now going round to the police office, so as to lose no time."

Maude peeped from the window, and despite her trouble at the loss of her jewels, smiled radiantly as she saw her father and her lover proceeding down the street together, to all appearance on the most amicable terms.

When Mr. Lane returned to dinner, he seemed in a very complacent mood.

"The matter is all cleared up," he said. "Joe Finnerty was the thief and burglar, just as I conjectured."

"As Mr. Minor conjectured, you mean, papa," said Maude, with emphasis.

"Well, well, let him wear his laurels. I confess that he's a rather more sensible young fellow than I gave him credit for though he does wear his hair parted in the middle and has a complexion like a girl's. But as to Finnerty, he broke down and confessed as soon as he was arrested. It was he who stole the door mat, and, with the assistance of another boy, committed the burglary."

"But how on earth did he know just where to find the things?" Mrs. Lane inquired.

"That is easily explained. You gave him instructions. It seems that after slyly dragging the mat off the porch, he hid it under the steps until he could carry it off in the darkness, and there discovered an unsecured cellar window, and at the same time overheard your conversation with Mrs. Coleman. Oh, it takes a woman to manage things cleverly!"

"And it took Charlie to find it all out," said Maude, triumphantly. "You ought to be very grateful to him, papa, as he acted so kindly to us while you were away and saved us our property."

"He will be around this evening," her father replied, as calmly as though his inviting Charlie to tea was an everyday occurrence.

And Maude instantly commenced preparing for her father his favorite salad.

"But that poor boy," said Mrs. Lane, with a remorseful consciousness of having been the cause of his temptation—"will he go to prison?"

"I think not. More probably he will be sent to the new House of Reformation, where he may learn to become a good and honest citizen. In any event this will be a profitable lesson for him—as it ought to be with you, Emeline. Only a woman would think of standing on the street and telling important secrets to her neighbors."—*Saturday Night.*

Animals and Earthquakes.

The effect of volcanic phenomena on the lower animals has often been the subject of discussion. The records of most great earthquakes refer to the consternation of dogs, horses, cattle and other domestic animals. Fish and other aquatic creatures are also much disturbed at such times. In the London earthquake of 1749 thousands of fish in the canal showed evident signs of confusion and fright. During the Tokio earthquake of 1889 cats inside of houses ran about trying to escape; foxes barked and horses tried to tear down the stable which confined them. There can, therefore, be no doubt that animals know that something unusual and terrifying is taking place. More interesting than these are the observations showing that nearly all classes of animals are agitated just before an earthquake takes place. Horses and ponies have been known to prance around in their stalls in an uneasy manner; pheasants to scream and frogs to cease croaking suddenly just before a shock, as if aware of its coming. The Japanese say that moles show their fear at such times by leaving their burrows before the shock takes place, the presence of four or five of the little creatures on the surface in a garden being sufficient to cause a panic. Many birds show their uneasiness before an earthquake by hiding their heads under their wings and otherwise behaving in an unusual manner. At the time of the Calabrian shock the little fish-like eels (cirricelli), which usually hide deep in the wet sand, came to the top and were caught in great multitudes. In South America certain quadrupeds, such as dogs, cats and jerboas, are believed by people to give warning of coming danger by their restlessness. Sometimes immense flocks of sea-birds fly inland before an earthquake, as if alarmed by some sub-oceanic disturbance. The only explanation offered of this apparent prescience is that some animals are sensitive to the small tremors which precede nearly all earthquake shocks.—*St. Louis Republic.*

LADIES' COLUMN.

A ROYAL WIG-MAKER.

It seems that the hair on the heads of royal ladies turns gray quite like that of ordinary mortals. This discovery arises from a discussion over the grandmaship of the Princess of Wales, whom everybody here has grown to think of as possessing the trick of perpetual youth. Mr. Labouchere has, however, pointed out that she wears a wig, and it appears that this is constructed by an artist of fabulous craftsmanship, whose identity is a profound State secret. The ex-Queen Isabella is said, however, to have obtained his address by frankly throwing herself on the mercy of the gentlemanly Princess, with the results that her iron-gray crown of once raven hair is now replaced by jaunty, short, chestnut curls. Moved by envy of these, the present Queen Regent of Spain, the Austrian Christina, upon whose youth toil and trouble have imposed premature grayness, is said also to have implored the privilege of sharing the secret, and, in consequence, will shortly dazzle Madrid with child-like locks.—*New York Recorder.*

HOW ONE WOMAN LIVES.

There is no reason nowadays why any woman with brains shouldn't make a good living. The *Ladies' Home Journal* tells of a young lady who turned to practical account her fondness for ordering and supervising an elaborate menu, and is now a professional "table dresser." Her duty is to superintend the details of a stately breakfast, luncheon or dinner. If desired, she makes out the bill of fare, for which she does the marketing. Everything goes on under her direction, from the garnishing of the dishes to the serving of the coffee. She arranges the flowers, attends to the lighting, and into each function interpolates some dainty original conceit. Perceiving that another service was needed, she has joined to her first profession that of decorating the drawing-room and the dressing-rooms for company. With her help the house mistress is able to be occupied with her friends until it is time to dress, and yet have no solicitude concerning the preparations. Of course, it costs something, but there are wealthy people who think nothing of that.

AN OLD MAIDS' LUNCHEON.

A few days ago twelve young women received daintily-written invitations to attend "An Old Maids' Luncheon"—whatever that might be—evidently something extremely pleasant, from the amiability with which those invitations were accepted. At all events, on the appointed day a dozen pretty faces, belonging to girls with dainty toilets, were gathered around a table loaded with delicacies.

In the centre of the table were banded large bunches of field daisies, but alas! their former companions could scarcely have recognized them, so changed had they become. Each blossom had been converted into the head of a little old lady by clipping the white petals, with the exception of two, cap and string were formed, while pen and ink had placed eyes, nose, and mouth in each yellow centre. At each plate were placed a few sprays of pussy willow, strangely suggestive of old-maidism.

In spite of this the faces were unusually beaming and the tongues as lively as only girls can be on such occasions.

After the luncheon the "old maids" left the dining room, and as each one passed through the doorway she received a pretty be-ribboned basket containing "a real live" kitten.—*New York Times.*

FASHION NOTES.

The English box coat is being done to death by ladies of fashion.

Brocaded silk on which are chess figures are something new from Paris.

Silver bangles, on which are engraved some poetical quotation, continue to be a fad.

Some of the new flat hats are called "pancakes." They make even pretty girls look ugly.

Debutantes who have pearls to wear are fortunate, the gems being both appropriate and becoming.

A cut glass cracker jar with silver cover and bail handle, is in form like an old-fashioned iron kettle.

Jet, which holds its own against all comers, has undergone a complete transformation as to weight. It is now as light as other trimming and is as finely faceted as are precious gems.

Long, open jacket bodices, the fronts cut square at the edge or with the cor-

ers rounded off, are very fashionable in cloth, the waistcoat being always chosen to form a contrast with the jacket.

A model tea gown is of pink crepon, made with a trellis work yoke of gold and pink passementerie. A deep turn down frill of white lace appears at the neck, and the sleeves are edged with a long floppy frill to match, headed by a band of the embroidery.

Gray and tan hats abound, so do black, yellow, blue and nearly white straw. Many have the entire brim in open work or one or two rows of the braid show interstices. The straws are pliable, fine, of many shades and decidedly expensive to what they have been. Many flare to leave room for an inside trimming. A cap-like capote has a crinkled brim, with a wreath of violets and ties of velvet ribbon. The inside has a puffing of crepe held by single violets.

The Consumption of Oranges.

Thirteen million families in the United States consuming 12,000,000 boxes of California oranges during the months of March, April and May would not be a very extravagant consumption of fruit for the spring months. This would be less than 50,000 carloads, or ten times our present production. In addition to that there is a great deal of cheaper fruit that ought to, if possible, be shipped in bulk in order to reach a class of consumers whose means will not allow them to indulge in higher-priced fruit. When we take into consideration the consumption in our orchards by owners and workmen we will say that one box to each family in the United States is but a meager supply. The appetite for fruit is constantly growing. Where ten cents was paid for fruit a few years ago one dollar to-day would not cover the outlay. Twenty years ago fruit was accounted a luxury. To-day it is eaten as food, and the use is constantly extending. New York in the peach season frequently takes 200 carloads of peaches in a single day. Indeed the consumption is increasing in a greater ratio than the production.—*Riverside (Cal.) Champion.*

The Largest Gas-holder.

A London gas company is having erected an immense gas-holder, said to be the largest in the world. Some idea of the magnitude of the structure may be obtained when it is stated that it will have a capacity of 12,000,000 feet of gas; that it will be 300 feet in diameter, with an altitude of 180 feet when at its full height; that its total weight will be 2220 tons, of which 1840 tons will be of wrought iron, sixty tons of cast iron and 320 tons of steel; and that it will require 1200 tons of coal to fill it with gas. For the reception of the gigantic gasometer a concrete tank 303 feet in diameter and thirty-one feet six inch deep has been made, at a cost of \$75,000. The cost of the holder alone—the manufacture, erection and completion—will be \$205,975.

The Largest Hotel.

The area and capacity of the Hotel del Coronado, of San Diego, the largest hotel in the world, are: Area of ground, twenty acres; total floor area, four and a half acres; capacity of reservoirs, 150,000 gallons; area of dining-room, 10,000 square feet.

A lighthouse burner is equal to 8,000,000 candles.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*atest U. S. Government Food Report.*