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E ALLIT BE FOR THE WRONG OR | terval of about fifty yards between each

As the numberiess grains of silvery sand Form the far out-stretching shore, As the whispering breeze which the flower has lanned

Swells out in the tempest's roar, As the marmuring brook is lost in the sea While it adds its contributing mite-So the moments of time form eternity.

Shall we make it for darkness, or light? As each heart-throb tells us how life flows

As the pulse-bent measures its space, and each tick of the clock marks a moment

Of our vanishing, mortal race, As each breath we breathe wafts our Lark

Toward the haven beyond our sight, Shall it anchor in joy or go down in dis-Shall our freight be the wrong, or the

As showers from glistening raindrops are

When they fall on the famishing plains, As the emerald carpets are formed blade by

And the harvest is counted in grains, As tiny drops blending make vast ocean's power As the waves and the billows unite.

So our deeds make a life as life fills the hour: Shall it be for the wrong, or the right! Frank N. Scott, in Boston Transcript,

## A NOVEL DEFENSE.

BY W. THOMSON.

"What has become of Tom Grant?" said the leader of our party as we, one after another, roused up after a long midday sleep.

"Gone off, as usual, on a beetle and butterfly hunt, I suppose," replied Tom's chum, a young fellow named Austin.

"Well, it was a mighty foolish thing to do in these paris, without his rifle, and I see he has left that behind. When did he go?" rejoined the captain.

"Don't know, Cap, but I guess he never took a snooze at all. I waked up first of the crowd, and he was gone then," Austin somewhat anxiously answered.

Charlie Blake, whom we had elected captain of the expedition, out of defereuce to his longer experience in the country, turned to the party, with a very serious expression on his handsome face,

"Boys, it is now two o'clock. We've half, and Grant may have been gone all that time. He is quite unarmed, and the brakes and thickets about here are full of jaguars, panthers, palmeats and wild-hogs; and, worst of all, the terrible tree-bon is by no means rare. Most of these creatures lie close hidden during the heat of the day, but Tom is just as likely as not to run right into their lairs, or, by his single presence, tempt some of them from cover, and if he does ---Well, we had better lose no time in hunting him up."

We were a party of six; five of us young fellows, from Boston, who had lakely graduated and were now, before settling down to the serious business of life, spending a few months in Brazil, on a botanizing, entomological and hunting trip. The sixth man, Charlie Blake, was a thirty-year-old New Yorker, whom we had fortunately run against at Valverde, where he had been for some time engaged in trade, and who had very kindly consented to join us for a week or two, thus supplying the rather lightheaded a much-needed modicum of bal-

Of late we had made Valverde our headquarters, but we were now out on a tour of exploration, and it was on the second day after leaving the old town that we found ourselves, at noon, in that prolific stretch of country which lies above the junction of and between the Tocantins and Rio del Tigre River. A wonderful land, indeed! whose amazing richness of tropical vegetation, gorgeous bloom of endless flowers, myriad birds of brilliant plumage and incredible wealth of scarcely less brilliant insects, on every side delight the eye; but whose groves and swamps, dark forests

and deep grassed plains teem, alas! with noxious, venomous life, and in the greenseummed waters of whose stagnant lagoons deadly malaria forever lurks.

We had lain down beneath the shade of a clump of vine-clad cypress and gumtrees to sleep away the hot noontide hours, and discovered, only on awaking, that Tom Grant, a never-tiring entomolgist, had disappeared; but had it not been for Blake's warning words, none of us would have felt the least misgiving as

to his safety. Now, however, all were anxious to start out at once on the search; and extending ourselves into a line, with an in-

two men, we set off up-stream, knowing that our comrade must have taken that route, as the rivers' junction lay immediately below us.

Every now and then, as we pushed laboriously along through the almost impenetrable woods, one or another of us discharged a signal shot, in hope of hearing an answering hallo; but the only effect of our fire was to scare from their hiding-places or drive to deeper cover hundreds of screaming parrots, chattering monkeys and a thousand-andone flying and creeping denizens of the forest wilds.

No human voice responded to our summons, and yet we felt assured of be ing on the right trial, for three several times we had found half-burnt matches, and once had picked up a fragment of drawing-paper which we knew to be Tom's. We had spent nearly two hours in going, perhaps, as many miles, and not having lately come across further signs of our friend, Charlie Blake gave it as his opinion that, if still alive, he had lost himself and was probably wandering in a circle somewhere in the labyrinthine depths, where the sun, his only guide, could not penetrate.

"And, boys," he concluded, "if we we do not find him before nightfall we shall never see him in this world."

It was now past four o'clock, and already the gloom about us was sensibly deepening, and prowling beasts of prev began occasionally to cross our path. Joe Burke knocked over a slinking wolf and Frank Austin brought down a wildcat from the top of a lofty gum; but neither of these shots brought hall or shout from our absent friend.

We were still advancing in a tolerably straight line, always keeping within speaking distance of each other, when suddenly we broke out of the dark forest into a large, treeless savanna, where the sun shone gloriously and the rank grass was breast high. Immediately on reaching this, Hugh Kimball called out

"I say, boys, something has passed here not long ago. Look at this narrow path where the grass has been parted." We all hurried to the spot, and Blake

"We're on Tom's track, sure enough!

You see the trail is widest at top, wherebeen sleeping for over an hour and a as if made by a wild beast crawling along, it would be widest at the bot-

> We now fired three shots in rapid succession, and, after waiting a moment, were about to shoot again, when Austin

each one strained his cars to listen. Yes; there was no mistaking it; far away toward the declining sun came a faint halloo, once, twice, thrice repeated, and five lusty throats sent up cheer after cheer as we realized the joyful fact that our comrade was indeed found.

Dashing along, now wading, tearing, scrambling through the long, wiry stems as best we could, we made our way for a half-mile, seeing nothing as yet, but ever more distinctly hearing the same "Halloo! Halloo!" always promptly answered by our own encouraging shouts. At last we caught sight of a broad sombrero and the shoulders slowly toward us.

"Hush, boys, hush!" cautioned Charlie Blake, "there's something unusual here-" and, being now within easy speaking distance, he softly hailed Grant, and asked "What is up, Tom!"

The young fellow never turned his head, but, while his right arm seemed to be gently moving up and down, and strange, flashing, dazzling gleams of blinding light played fitfully bevond him, answered in a curiously restrained voice:

"Boys, there's a thundering big jaguar following me up, not twenty feet away. I've been standing him off for the last half-hour by flashing the rays from my pocket-mirror in his eyes, but he's getting used to the game now, and you've got here just in time. Don't let us lose him! One of you come slowly up straight behind me, and the other four sweep around and get in rear of the brute, but don't waste a moment, for he begins to look mighty ugly."

As we heard Tom's startling explanation, a thrill of hardly repressed excitement ran through the little party. Frank Austin, carrying his own and his chum's rifle, and the rest of us made a detour and crept, silently as possible, through the grass until we reached a point directly in line with the actors in this singular drama. Then we rose to our 50,000,000 acres to the arable area of the feet, and, peering over the top of the West,

rank growth, saw a most curious sight, indeed. Crouching low and creeping stealthily along, was a full-grown and beautifully spotted jaguar, while, a few yards beyond him, Tom, gradually backing away, held between his fingers a common little mirror, such as prospectors carry, and, as he faced the sun, continually flashed the reflected rays into the eyes of the brute, who, on each repetition of the trick, recoiled in momentary terror, snarling and showing his great fangs and then resuming his course until again checked in the same way. The hungry, bloodthirsty menster was so intent upon his expected prey, and, I suppose, so puzzled by the extraordinary defeuse, that he appeared to have eyes and ears for nothing else, and it was only when our simultaneously raised gunhammers came into full position with a sharp click that he turned his head and saw us. Then, the spell of his absorbing pursuit being broken, he gave a hoarse, savage cry of rage or fear, and for one half-second standing at bay, seemed undecided whether to fight or

That instant sealed his fate. Four rides cracked together, and each one sent a heavy conical bullet crashing through his huge round skull, and, without so much as a tremor, he sank stone dead to the ground. With a shout of triumph, we brushed past the carcass and rushed over to Tom, who, now that the fearful tenslon was relaxed, had dropped-and little wonder-insensible into Frank Austin's arms. Tom, however, was made of good stuff and soon revived, when, after emptying the contents of two or three of our water flasks down his parched throat, he told the story of his unprecedented adventure in a few words.

"When you fellows lay down to leep," said he, "I took my net and set out for a little hunt, intending to be back by the time you should awake; but I met with such success that I went on and on to the edge of this savanna, and then across it nearly to the further side. I heard all your shots; but, of course, you did not hear me shout in return until you got into the open.

"I secured lots of rare specimens here, and had just picked up a fine scarlet bee tle, when I noticed, a little way off, a slowly advancing, trembling wave in the tong grass, as if some monstrons serpent were crawling through it. I. at first, supposed that this really was the case, and stood carefully watching, prepared for a run. But I very quickly found that retreat was out of the question, when in a minute or so, I caught a held up his hand with a "Whisht!" and gimpse of this dangerous beast's head as he wormed himself flat along the ground; and I am not ashamed to confess that I fairly shook with fright at the sight, being, as you know, utterly un-

"I had read somewhere that beasts of erev will fly at the sound of the human oice; and so I tried to frighter this llow off by a series of wild yells.

"Perhaps he did not recognize these as 'human,' at all; but, anyhow, he did not scare worth a cent. On the contrary, he crept steadily on until within fifteen feet, when he humped up his back and his horrible green eyes glowed like emerald flames as he evidently made ready to pounce upon me. I had now of a man above the tall herbage, backing | scarcely a hope of escape, but a sort of merciful numbness came over my senses, and I did not much seem to care.

"It appears almost miraculous, but at this moment, in my half unconscious state, expecting instant death, I happened to think of one of our school-boy games, and-why I hardly knewjerked this tiny mirror from my vestpocket, and, standing with my own face to the sun, flashed the focused light into the jaguar's eyes; and, to my great delight and astonishment, the surprised brute, at a single bound, sprang fully twenty feet to one side. Then, finding that he was not hurt, he came on again to be scared time after time in the same manner. So, for over half an hour, the strauge fight was kept up, I, with my face always to the sun, backing toward camp and he persistently following and gradually getting more and more bold as he became accustomed to the trick. could plainly see, just as you came up, that a catastrophe was imminent, and I have no doubt that, if you had been ten minutes later, I should have perished. But all's well that ends well, and we shall have this magnificent pelt to add to our collection."-New York Ledger.

It is claimed that the great Colorade plateau, heretofore believed irreclaimable, can be made arable. This would add LADIES' COLUMN.

RED HAIR IN PARIS.

Says a Paris letter: The one thing absolutely de rigueur is red hair. Blondes and brunettes seem to have been wiped off the face of the earth, so far as Paris is concerned, and there is hardly a woman in a hundred who cannot boast of locks the shade that Titian loved. A wonderful preparation is to be had that works the transformation. It is put on at night and the head bandaged in many folds of cloth. In the morning comes the harrowing moment. The swathings are removed, but such are the pecular properties of the compound that no one can tell beforehand whether the hair will turn out the desired hue or purple or green. If it is red the color stays for a month or two, and if is green nobody knows what happens, for the wretched victim retires to the country, not to be seen again for at least a year .- Chicago

#### PASSING OF THE BARRING.

Jewelers state that the earring has gone into almost complete disuse of late. Except when intended for souvenirs they are now not sold at all. Apropos Ms. French, a St. Louis expert, tells a Globe-Democrat representative that the hanging or drop earring went out of fashion in the eighties, and no city belles now wear them. Occasionally customers will ask for them, but even that is unusual. The small stud earring is less out of line, and when petite and without ornament it sets off an evening toilette very pleasantly. Costly jewels are no longer worn pendent from the ears, and those who have earrings of this kind are getting them reset as brooches. It used to be said that having the ears pierced was good for the eyes, and this idea still prevails in many countries, though here no one ever thinks of it now without a laugh.

A NEW BUSINESS FOR WOMEN.

N. G. Heinrichs, of New York, says: I often wonder why young American women who want to make a little money do not go into the canary bird business. In many parts of Germany, particularly in the Hartz Mountains, women make hundreds of dollars a year solely on canaries. They give up two or three rooms in the house to them, and in one room sometimes have as many as 200 cages. each containing a pair of birds busily engaged in raising families. The care of birds requires a good deal of time, but if properly tended, and so kept healthy, they will raise two or three families every summer, and sometimes ten or fifteen birds are the result of one season's hatching from a single pair. As long as women keep canaries as pets the demand will continue, for the birds are delicate and short lived; but a pair of healthy birds always commands a good price and the outlay of capital is small, and for an indoor employment few kinds of business render more profit on the size of the investment .- New York Dis-

## SCENT FROM A SYRINGE.

"I saw the new process of perfuming one's self yesterday," said a woman of an inquiring turn of mind.

"I went into the rooms of a profes sional beautifier for the purpose. The thing was very interesting, but there was one trouble about it. She wanted to perfume me. Ugh! As if I'd let anybody inject any sort of stuff, however sweet, under my skin with a syringe."

"With a syringe?" "Yes, with a hypodermic syringe. That's the proper way now of causing

one's person to give out an odor of violets or of roses. The syringe holds just six drops, and that's a drop for every day of the week, with enough over to last for Sunday. You get your perfuming done up for seven days at a time, like your washing."

"Isn't there danger of blood poison-

"I don't know; they say not; but if there were I don't suppose some women would care. When a thing is a fad there is only one consolation about itit won't last long. Oh, it scents the breath also."-New York Recorder.

FASHION NOTES. Heavy Biarritz gloves are proper and uncomfortable for outing.

The hat of the hour has a lace straw brim and a chiffon crown.

To wear at the seashore you want a thin, silver-grey homespun, flecked with

The linen collar is now very wide

and has a narrow turned over edge all

If you put a collar, girdle and cuffs of black velvet to your light gingham gown have them easily detachable and not heavy enough to be hot looking. The trailing street dress, let it be said

very plainly, is worn in Paris by tourists only. The Parisian has shortened her skirts to a length that is comfortable. Silk gloves matching gowns, hose and

shoes in color are the latest caprice for

evening as well as day wear, and are imported in all the delicate tints. Black silk gloves are stitched with a color for Among the fashion revivals for the season in Paris is the out-of-door wearing of natural flowers by ladies, either

in the form of button-holes or sprays. The ultra chic posy is formed of a few flowers carelessly pinned on the dress or Black skirts are worn with colored waists, and black waists with colored skirts; black silk shirt waists are always

effective. An innovation in outing gowns, and one not to be commended unreservedly, is the use of silk foundation An odd example of the millinery of

the moment is an exact imitation of the web of a spiler, woven in the finest threads of straw. It is trimmed on the crown with morning glories shading from pink to purple. Beneath the brim is a pink velvet bandcau.

### Rotten Logs as Breeders of Borers.

A newly noticed evil resulting from mismanagement in forest affairs has been pointed out in Garden and Force! by Professor Fernow. It comes from leaving large parts of felled trees on the ground and allowing fires to run through woods, by which the multiplication of borers and other mischievous insects is promoted. A large proportion of the beetle larvæ which infest living trees can not exist in a thoroughly healthy and vigorously growing tree; those larvie in particular which are found in the cambium layer between the wood and the bark would be drowned in the sap of the healthy trees. They are, therefore, mostly found in those trees which, for some reason or other, are less vigorous or on the road to decay. When a fire has run through the pine forest, or when the leaf-destroying caterpillar has ravaged the foliage and thus reduced the vigor of the trees, these beetles find a most favorable breeding-place in the weakened trees, and their larvæ multiply rapidly and finish the work of destruction in a short time. For this reason it is often necessary to cut millions of feet of timber or cord-wood at once, or it will be entirely ruined. The frequent forest fires and the failure of the farmer and lumberman in disposing of large parts of the felled trees must be considered as among the principal causes of the prevalence in North America of these insect borers. The flatheaded borer of the orchards, the oak pruner, grape borers, a blackberry borer. the apple-twig borer, and several bark borers are mentioned as among the insects the growth of which is encouraged by the prevalence of dead timber.

The origin of the word "baccarat" is greatly troubling the etymologists. They cannot discover its root or its steme, and in the most lately published English dictionary it is frankly put down as of unknown derivation.



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