VOL. V. NO. 9.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1891.

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THANKSGIVING.

The golden grain is garnered-Our store-houses o'erflow-O'er prairie broad and city murt The winds of fortune blow. No losses from distemper-

No rust the wheat to blight-Thanksgiving to the Father Who has blessed us day and night,

No pestilênce is near u --No sound of war to heard-

Peace tinkles in the shepherd's bell. And rusting lies the sword, The brooks rush on right merrily-The song-birds seem to say, "Praise God for every blessing seat

On this Thanksgiving Day? Friends who have long been parted, The dear old homesterd seek, To chat of pleasures that are past,

And of the future speak. All home once more, with hearts aglow They gather cound the board. And cry in concert, fervently,

"Thanksgiving to the Lord!" All selfishness is put to flight -The wretched poor may feast

On dainties that they seldon touch For this one day at least. And e'en the felon in his call May taste of dainty fare-

Oh, God is gracious! Shout His praise Thanksgiving everywhere! -Francis S. Smith.

A THANKSGIVING BURGLAR

"One o' butter, two o' sugar, three e' flour'n four eggs," soliloquized Aunt Hepsie Barber, as she measured out the ingredients for the children's favorite cup cake. "Seems like that rule is like a verse of poetry, it runs off so glib; but, my! it ain't nothin' to the way the cakes go off after the children gets a holt of them. Let's see, now, how many tinsful did I bake last Christmas? Six, as I'm a livin' woman, an' afore night their faces was all puckered down with, 'Oh, Aunt Hepsie, ain't there no more patties?" as doleful as if they hadn't had one apiece. It does beat all how much children can hold, an' not hev an explosion. Now, I set out to have enough this year, but I d'no's I hev. One good thing, that rule's sure-true blue, like in ligo caliker, an' not light's a fer ther one time an' flat's a pancake another, like some rules.

"Rules is like folks sometimes, an' not to be trusted; they're all nice an' pinicky onet or twict, an' next time ye see 'em they're way off the handle, an' you've got to get acquainted with em' all over again. That Widow Jenkins, now, she's that sort-well, Marion; here you are at last, an' right glad I am to see you,

"I expected you would be, Aust Hepsie, and I should have been here earlier but company came last night and I could lot get away."



DUSTED AND ARRANGED EVERYTHING

A bright-faced girl had entered and was taking off her winppings as it perfeetly at home in the farm-house, and perfectly sure of her welcome. She was of middle height and a graceful build. Her face was a very pleasing one, though nist where the charm was one could sourcely determine, whether in the bright, expressive eyes, the warm, sympathetic smile, or the winning expression, but at all events it was there, if somewhat beyond analmis, and Marion.

Ainslie was a charming girl, with the faculty of attaching warm friendship to herself from young and old.

"Uncle Jerry's folks came and stopped over on their way to Watertown to spend Thanksgiving with Eli," she explained. "They wanted me to go too, but I knew you needed me, and I can go there another time.

"Land sakes, child, you needn't a-stayed for that." Aunt Hepsie turned quickly around from her baking. "I could a found some one else to help me

"But some one else wouldn't have been me, would it, auntie!" The gir! came and laid her bright head on the elder woman's shoulder. "And then, too, Thanksgiving isn't quite the same to me anywhere else but here.'

"No, Marion, nobody can fill your place," the bony old hand, withered and worn in service for others, smoothed the satiny black hair caressingly. "If you was really my own larter, beouldn't set more store by you.'

A crimson flush overspread the soft brunette check.

"You haven't heard anything from Jack, have you, Marion?"

"No auntie, not a word," she

sighed, "Just a year ago to-day, and it seems like ten."

"What was it, child, that set him off so?" asked Mrs. Barber gently. "I've always wanted to know, but I thought when you wanted me to hear it you'd tell

"Why, Aunt Hepsic, didn't you know?" The girl raised her head with a look of estonishment. "I supposed of course that he had told you the whole foolish story, or I should have spoken of

"Not a word, dearie. He only came in one day, his face all white and set, to tell me that he was going, and that all women were flirts and deceivers. 1 thought for awhile that you had mittened him, but I've put two and two together since and changed my mind." "Why, you know, auntie, I was in-

timate with Dolly Jenkings about that "There, I knowed that tormented

widder had something or other to do with it," interrupted Mrs. Barber energeti-

"And she kept telling me of the attentions which Jack was paying her on the sly, and intimating more than she really said, until at last I taxed Jack with it, and-you know how quick Jack

"Yes, ready to go off the handle at a minute's warnin' an' then too proud to own that he's in the wrong."

"And he wouldn't give me a word of satisfaction as to whether she had told the truth or not, only that if I had com-

menced distrusting him so soon we might as well part first as last, with other speeches which cut deeper still. Oh, it was so hard, Aunt Hespie, when I loved him so. He accused me of being jeatous, but it was not so. I only thought it best if he really cared for her, to have the matter settled rightly before it was

"My poor little girl; and that widder." with detestation in every tone, "she's been after him thicker'n mush ever since she took off her mournin', an' all her grievance is that he would have nothing to say to her." "Yes, I know that, now that it is too

late. Aunt Hespie, but there's no use crying for spilt milk," a bright tear trembled on the long eyelashes, "and I will try and not spoil my Thanksgiving with For the next resphours the discussing

of the measuring, weighing and beating predominated in the large kitchen and spiey odors filled such nook and cranny, penetrating to the diring room, and even to the parlor beyond,

"Seems sorter useless to make pumpkin pies when Jack ain't here to eat 'em, remarked Aunt Hespie disconsolately, 'pears like there never was a boy loved pumpkin pies like he does."

"Perhaps that young minister who is visiting Horace will eat Jack's share," auggested Marion. "Ministers usually have a pretty fair appetite for good things, I've noticed,"

"I s'pose now Horace will be auxious to show off his relations in pretty good style to his college triend, "rejoine I Aunt Hespie, reflectively. "When he told me he was coming, he said, laughing

like 'I've been bragging on your cooking, auntie, and I want to show Summy Holland what a real Thanksgiving in

At length the cooking was all done, the big turkey dressed and ready for stuffing, and the rows and rows of pies and rich, plummy cakes, the pan of doughnuts and the heaping platter of cup cakes and another of jam tarts suggested a large gathering on the morrow.

In Jack's room alone, no preparation was to be made, for Aunt Hepsie would use the room for no one but its owner; but Marion went in there with a lonely feeling in her heart, the song dying upon her lips as she did so.

She lingered about the little dressing table, absently pushing in the pins which spelled "Jack" upon his pincushion, and thinking of him with such longing that Jack could not have remained angry with her could be have



"COME BACK TO ME!"

Suddenly a thought came to her-she would prepare Jach's room, too, as if he were coming with the rest, and with nimble fingers she dusted and arranged everything in the best possible order, pinning a spray of dried ferns and sumac upon the window curtains that the closeness might be dispelled by the clear, keen air of a perfect November day. The window opened out upon the broad verandah, and Jack had often climbed its supports and gone to his room and to bed without awakening the family, when

She would have been his wife now, had he not gone off in such hasty, unreasonable anger, and she sank on her knees by the bedside when all was done. "Oh, Jack, come back. Come back to me," her heart cried out, and if spirit voices can become audible to each other, Jack's spirit must have heard the earnest

appeal wherever he was. The house began to fill with a merry crowd of relatives at an early hour on the morrow, for a Thanksgiving dinner at Aunt Hepsie's was a treat to young and old. Mrs. Barber herself looked careworn and old.

"I guess I was too tired to sleep well last night," she said, as she basted the turkey, "for I kept turnin' an' twistin' all night long, an' I dreamed o' burglars an' Injuns, an' along toward mornin' I declare if I didn't imagine some one sneakin' around the house. I was too tired to get up an' see, an' I dropped off to sleep again, an't must been a dream with the rest on't, for there's nothing missing, an' the silver spoons sot right on the dining room table."

"If anyone had come in for plunder they would have looked for silver first of all, so you must have been dreaming,

auntie," replied Marion, smiling. "Bu what shall we do with the children and dinner's ready?"

"Send them upstairs to play," sa Aunt Hepsey. "Here comes your Cours. Horace and his friend, and a proper, tine young man he looks, too."

A moment later and Marion was making her company bow to the young elergyman and as she carried his overconand hat into the hallway, she gave the children permission to go into the

"And please don't be rude or noisy," she said, warningly, "for Auat Hepsey has a headache this moraing."

"We won't. We'll be still as mice, said one of the flock, confidently -vi if it were a possible state of things at a family merrymaking.

The young minister was just explaining the difference between a spiritual and a merely intellectual belief in Scripture, when a frightened trio of children came scrambling down the stairs.

"Oh, Aurt Hepsie, there's a burglar in Jack's room; there is, and he's asleep on the bed." "A burglar, Oh, my sus! Then I

wasn't a dreaming after all." Mrs. Barber was setting the table, and she fairly turned pale with nervous excite-

"Don't get frightened, auntic, I'll go up and rout them out. Give me the hurriedly, with his formidable weapon. "And I, too." Uncle Drake, a jolly old fellow of immense avoirdupois, caught up the tongs, "I'll pinch him

while Horace belabors him." It is needless to say they were fol-lowed by an excited retinue of spectators, at a safe distance, however, for there was no telling what the presumably avage intruder might do when alar ned,

"Perhaps he's armed," suggested the young minister, nervously. He had provided himself with an umbrella, as he

brought up the rear. The burglar must have been in a sound slumber not to have heard the confusion of whispering voices at the door, but there was no sound within the chamber until Horace opened the door and peered cautiously in, the poker in hand in defensive readiness.

"Jack Barber, you viilian, if you haven't been up to your old tricks of climbing in the window." Horace's voice came floating down the stairway in a peal of surprised laughter.

"Jack! My Jack! Well I never," cried Aunt Hepsie, pushing her way through the crowd and rushing up the



"PERHAPS HE'S ARMED."

Marion, at the first sound of Jaz.'s name, had divined in a moment just

what had occurred, that Jack had come on the early morning train, and not wishing to arouse the family, had crept up to his room window in the mo nlight, and as she had so obligingly left it open, bad found no trouble in getting in quietly, and trembling and blushing, she retreated to the kitchen to think it over, and compose herself for the meeting

They had parted in anger, and she scarcely knew how to receive him now. Last night in her loneliness and grief she would have rushed into his arms and

have shown all her delight and desire to undo the past; this morning she was more self-reliant, and she wisely resolved that a little of the concession at least must come from Juck, since he had left her to cavalierly and so unkindly without just cause.

She was standing there still, balancing the fork with which she had just turned the turkey, idly in her hand, when an arm stole round her waist and Jack's voice, very humble and loving, whispered in her ear: "Will my Marion forgive and forget!"

All her pride vanished at once under the spell of the dear, familiar voice, and turning, she shed happy tears of rejoicing on her lover's shoulder. "And why haven't you written to me,

Jack!" she asked reproachfully, after a few moments of happy converse.

"I did, Marion, I wrote you a long letter asking your forgiveness for the miserable part I had taken in that wretched quarrel, but I never received a word in reply, and of course I supposed you were angry and unforgiving towards

How could I auswer it dear Jack, when I never received it; no, not one line from you in all this weary year."

"If I could only have known it, but not hearing made me so augry that I determined that you or no one else should know where I was, or anything about

"You foolish, hot-tempered Jack," said Marion, softly, "but how did you chance to come home, dear?" "I could not keep away," said Jack

simply. "As Thanksgiving drew near, the attraction towards the old home became too strong to be resisted, and now that I have you again, I'm not going to let you go, and I propose that we be married this very day. I'll go for a minister directly after dinner, and we'll make it a Thanksgiving worth remem-

. Well, as for that, there's no use o' stirrin'out of the house for a minister." Aunt Hepsie had come in to look after her negleeted dinner, and stood regarding them with a beaming face, "Young Mr. Hotland is a minister, and I don't doubt but that he'd be glad to have a ceremony to sorter get in practice on, you know."

"All the better; we'll be married before dinner then, and have a wedding dinner as well as a Thanksgiving feast. Just let me brush up my hair a bit while Marion takes off her kitchen apron.

The great brown turkey was an interesting witness of a surprisingly impromptu ceremony a half bour later. The guests were not informed of what was going on until they were all gathered around the poker," and Horace started up the stairs | table in their several places. Anut Hepsie, at the head in her best cap, and Jack and Marion at her right, Mr. Holland coming next. He officiated in a partieularly happy manner for a comparative amateur, and never had a jollier Thanksgiving dinner been serve I in the old farmhouse than upon this occasion, made memorable by the presence of a burglar is the house, and the subsequent ringing of wedding bells. -Ladies World.

two Interesting Thanksgivings of a



1. Age twenty-Watching the hair



2. Age forty-Watching the hair coming out on the top of his head .-

Valuable Mineral Discovery.

An important deposit of that rare metal known as vanadium has been found in the Province of Mendozi, Argentine Republic. This metal is one of the rarest and most valuable known and is used for setting dyes in silks, ribbons, hoslery and other fine goods. The principal source of supply until recently has been a small deposit in the Ural Mountains, and it has been held as high as \$1500 per ounce. This newly-discovered deposit in Mendoza will therefore be recognized as of great importance. - Chicago Herald.

Benjamin Franklin was the original Latest U. S. Government Food Report. lightning calculator.

WISE WORDS.

No fiddler ever gets tired of his own

The truly great are those who conquer themselves.

You can tell whether a man is any account by the way he steps.

Nobody pays any attention to a pump when they know the well is dry.

You can't tell who is in the coffin by the length of the funeral procession.

It is the tree that stands the straightest that does most to resist the wind.

When some men pay their preacher they feel as though they were paying a The man who does his best in the

place he has now is on his way to a beater place. The man who gets his bread fresh every day never wants to change his

boarding house. When you find anybody who is doing much to help other people, you find one

who has suffered. The man who lives right himself is continually making unwritten laws that

other people have to follow, You are doing one of two things, brother. You are either helping your neighbor out of the disch, or heloing to make a ditch for him to fall into. Which is it!-Indianapolis (Ind.) Ram's Hora.

Shakespeare Illustrated.



"A plain, blunt man."-Life.

Hearing One's Self Speak. "It is a singular thing," says a physician, "that a man does not hear his own voice exclusively through his ears. The prevalence of throat deafness is a proof to the laymen of the conne between the ears and throat, and this inability to hear one's self speak just as others hear us is another instance. In some people this peculiarity is very marked, and in my case, if I speak into a phonograph and let the machine grand out the sounds again, I don't recognize the voice at all. In regard to singing, the varying ability to hear one's self with the ears plugged up with cotton makes itself evident, for while one member of a chorus will only hear the blending harmony, or discord, another will hear little beyond his or her own voice, and makes occasional had breaks in consequence. I know a man who used to sing a very fair baritone, but whose voice is now only adapted to the weakest falsetto. Yet he doesn't realize the change, and I believe he honestly thinks he sings as well as ever. This apparent impossibility may be a dispensation of Providence to prevent men with exceptionally ugly voices being driven to micide. - Chicago Herald.

The Earth and Man Compared.

If it were possible for man to construct a globe 800 feet in diameter, and to place upon any part of its surface an atom one-four thousand three hundred and eightieths of an inch in diameter and one one-hundred and twentieth of an inch in height, it would correctly denote the proportion man bears to the earth upon which he stands .- St. Louis Re-



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength .. -