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EIGHT PAGES.

VOL. V. NO. 38.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1892.

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AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Clouds that o'er the waters sweep,
Weep your fill with them that weep;
Weep for joys of summer dead,
Weep for birds and blossoms fled;
Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Time prevaileth over all.

Morning promise fadeth fast,
Strength of springtide may not last,
Flowers and insects, one by one,
Shrink as falls the weakened sun;
Deeper still the shadows fall,
Night prevaileth over all.

Yet doth yon unclouded steep,
Isled in seas of silver, sleep,
Yet the sweet rays, traveled far,
Tell of each untroubled star;
From our eyes the scales shall fall,
Love prevaileth over all.

—William Waterfield, in the Cosmopolitan.

WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS.

THE parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dowry which Robert the Bruce bestowed on his eldest daughter Margery when she married Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenitrix of the royal and unlucky house of Stewart. Lying midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, those rival queens of the East and West, but out of the common track of traffic and travel, it has been for ages a pastoral parish of small and rather backward farms.

Among its peaceable and industrious population was a dame who, though neither the wealthiest nor the best born, stood, in her own esteem, above all but the laird and minister, and her style and title was Widow Simpson. This lady valued herself—not on the farm left her by the good man who had departed this life some seven years before the commencement of our story, for its acres were few, and they consisted of half-reclaimed moorland; not on her grown-up son Robin, though he was counted a likely and sensible lad; not on her thrifty housekeeping, though it was known to be on the "tight-screw" principle; but on the possession of a dozen silver teaspoons. Her account of them was that they had belonged to the Young Chevalier, and had been bestowed upon her grandfather in return for entertaining that claimant to the British crown on his march from Culloden—in proof of which she was accustomed to point out a half-obliterated crest and the initials C. S., with which they were marked. The widow's neighbors, however, had a different tale regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather, who kept a small inn somewhere in Fife, had bought them from an ill-doing laird for three gallons of Highland whisky, and bestowed them on his granddaughter, as one most likely to hold fast to such an important acquisition.

In the family resided, in the capacity of "help," one Nancy Campbell, a girl about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the widow as regards a match, until at last the following event occurred and caused her to give way: About the haymaking time a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea one evening on his way from Linlithgow. It was not often that this superior relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson, determined that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up. While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of one of these uncertain days which vary the northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of heavy rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing.

Robin and two farm men were busy gathering it in, but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and, with the instinct of crop preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half scoured on the kitchen table. In her rapid exit the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only depredators known about the moorland farm; but while they were all occupied in the hay field who should come that way but a beggar called Geordy Wilson.

Well, the kitchen door was open, and

Geordy stepped in. He banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, which sat purring on the window seat, and at length discovered that there was no one within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention; one was the broth pot boiling on the fire, and the other the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir with the pot stick and muttered, "Very thin!" His proceeding with regard to the latter must remain unmentioned, but, half an hour after, when he was safely ensconced in a farmhouse a mile off, and the family had been driven within doors by the increasing storm, they found everything as it had been left—the broth on the fire, the cat on the window seat, the whitening and flannel on the table; but not a spoon was there.

"Whar's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house, they were certain, for nothing was disturbed. The drawer was pulled out and the empty stocking exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose. The spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farm house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding and searching. Robin, Nancy and the farm men were dispatched in different directions as soon as the rain abated to inform the neighbors, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gypsy might have carried off the treasure and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Geordy Wilson. He had not been spied from the hay field; his circuits were wide; his visits to any house were not frequent; and if he avoided Widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was because Geordy knew that neither her temper nor her liberality would be improved by that circumstance. Lost the spoons were beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses.

The rich relation came at his appointed time, and had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nests. Wells and barns in the neighborhood were explored. The criers of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at kirkgate and market place; and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting out a search-warrant for the beggar's meal-pouch. Bathgate was alarmed through all its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month had worn away, and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns and magpie to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons and had left the house last; silver could not leave the house without hands. It was true that Nancy had always borne an unquestioned character; but such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking.

After sundry hints of increasing breadth to Robin, who could not help thinking his mother was losing her judgment, she one day plumped the charge, to the utter astonishment and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the whole contents of her kist (box), unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and ran with tears in her eyes to tell the minister.

It was then common in the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates were referred to his arbitration, and thus lawsuits or scandal prevented. The minister had heard (as who in Bathgate had not?) of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it rather strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls in his congregation, and he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true. Yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation. With some difficulty the minister per-

suaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders who happened to reside in the neighborhood would come over the following evening, hear what could be said on both sides, and, if possible, clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased to have the minister and his elders come to inquire after her spoons. She put on her best match—that is to say, cap—prepared her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most serious and reliable of her neighbors to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was wearing low and the field work was over—they were all assembled in the cleaned-scoured kitchen, the minister, elders, and neighbors solemnly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver, Nancy, Robin, and the farm men sitting by until their turn came; when the door, which had been left half open to admit the breeze—for the evening was sultry—was quietly pushed aside, and in slid Geordy Wilson, with his usual accompaniments of staff and wallet.

"There's nae room for ye here, Geordy," said the widow, "we're on weighty business."

"Weel, mem," said Geordy, turning to depart, "it's of nae consequence. I only came to speak about your spoons."

"Hae ye heard o' them?" cried Mrs. Simpson, bounding from her seat.

"I could nae misse bein' blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearin'; and what's better, I saw them," said Geordy.

"Saw them, Geordy? Whar are they? and there's a whole shillin' for ye;" and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.

"Weel," said Geordy, "I slipped in ae day, and seen' the sicer unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and just laid it by. I may say, among the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read."

Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly-displayed but never-opened Bible, and interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen of long sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbors laughed outright when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them that he knew Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often the spoons would be certain to turn up. Geordy got many a basin of broth and many a luncheon of bread and cheese on account of that transaction, with which he amused all the frides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb, even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious professions, and, it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amends for her unjust imputations on Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in-law within the same year, and it is said that there was peace ever after in the farm house; but the good people of Bathgate, when discussing a character of more pretense than performance, still refer to Widow Simpson's spoons.—Romance.

Expensive Tid-bits.
When Cleopatra dissolved her pearl in vinegar, one supposes she derived some pleasure from it, writes James Payn, though, for my part, I should have much preferred the oyster without its pearl. There must be some sort of pleasure in wasteful expense, or we should not read such glowing accounts of the "At Homes" of millionaires. In the good old times of prize money and long voyages, Jack used to eat bank notes between his bread and butter; but this was an enjoyment never practiced in private, but to extort admiration (though possibly tinged with regret) from Moll and Bos. A Manchester gentleman has, however, lately distinguished himself by eating two twenty pound notes, in the presence only of a police constable, who in vain attempted to restrain him from that costly meal. He had stolen the notes, and adopted this device to prevent their identification. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and though the prosecutor may sigh for his vanished property, there will be joy among the directors of the Bank of England.—New York Independent.

LADIES' COLUMN.

WHAT AN ENERGETIC WOMAN DOES.
Mrs. Jane Fraser Sailey, of Tams County, Iowa, is the owner of 1040 acres of fine prairie land and does her own farming. She sold \$5000 worth of fat cattle, \$1205 worth of fat hogs and \$450 worth of horses last year. About 800 acres of her land is in grass, the balance in oats and corn. Mrs. Sailey has attended every school election in her sub-district for twelve years, and, while refusing to be elected director, has universally voted for director and, according to the Tipton Advertiser, secured the best man for said office. The same teacher has taught her school for eight consecutive terms. Mrs. Sailey's only son, Fred, is a graduate from Cornell.

NEW GOODS FOR REAL SUMMER.
The new goods for real summer are exquisite in coloring, design and texture, and Parisian is stamped upon their every detail. Everything is shot or shaded or patterned in some indescribable way, crepon taking the lead perhaps. Among these one is dice patterned in straw color and black, another in old rose and black, which is both novel and striking. Another rather curious material is of olive green patterned with heliotrope, with a woven border of black ribbon, which is everywhere outlined with jet. It is prettily made up with short zouave fronts to the bodice, with the underbodice and sleeves are of olive green bengaline.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

ODD IDEAS OF DRESS.
The Ruthenian woman of Poland has some odd ideas of dress. The material is usually of coarse linen. Her gown, which is in reality her chemise, is open from neck to knees, and is belted in loose folds about the waist. Another curious and distinguishing article of dress is her woolen apron. She is never without this, but it is worn behind, never in front. She has no stockings or other garments, but her feet are shod like her husband's—with pointed and laced moccasins. Her head in winter and summer is always bound in a gaudy handkerchief, but she possesses no other article of clothing whatever, except a sheepskin coat for winter use. What she lacks next skin she makes up in ornamentation. I have counted, writes Edgar L. Wake-man, more than a score of brass rings on the fingers of her two hands. Her earrings of hollow brass would hold enough oil to light the family fireside for an evening, and her necklace of glass or imitation coral beads, coiled a half dozen times about her by no means charming neck, is always yards in length.—New York Press.

CAN'T READ A NEWSPAPER.
Queen Victoria isn't allowed to handle a newspaper of any kind, or a magazine, or a letter from any person except from her own family, and no member of the royal family or household is allowed to speak to her of any piece of news in any publication. All the information the Queen is permitted to have must first be strained through the intellect of a man whose business is to cut out from the papers each day what he thinks she would like to know.

These scraps he fastens on a silk sheet, with a gold fringe all about it, and presents it to her unfortunate Majesty.

The silken sheet with gold fringe is imperative for all communications to the Queen.

Any one who wishes to send the Queen a personal note, or a communication of any kind (except a personal letter, which the poor lady isn't allowed to have at all) must have it printed in gilt letters on one of these silk sheets with a gold fringe, just so many inches wide and no wider, all about it.

These gold trimmings will be returned to him in time as they are expensive, and the Queen is kindly and thrifty, but for the Queen's presence they are imperative.—Fashion Bazar.

FASHION NOTES.
All white costumes are to be more popular this season than ever.
Field thistles nod from the top of the most fashionable chapeaux.
Fine cloth with close upstanding cords of contrasting color is much seen in the shops.
The long coat or basque is still worn for the street, but without the excessively high collar.
One of the most distinguished and stylish costumes of the season is a lus-

trous black silk gown, jet trimmed, with tan parasol, tan suede gloves and tan-colored velvet "calf leather" shoes.

A tea gown recently seen was of old rose bengaline, trimmed elaborately with embroidery, the front made loose, the back on Watteau, a full frill about the throat and point lace edging the sleeves.

The Eton jacket has been sadly abused by foreigners in its makeup. Sometimes a garment is called that when it has long coat tails, whereas the veritable "Eton" should not come below the waist.

A pretty tea gown recently worn was of heliotrope crepon, made with a close fitting coat back, opening over a front of yellow trimmed with gold and pearls, the sleeves pendant, with ruffled undersleeves.

A Russian coat to be worn for traveling is made of green cloth, drawn into the waist with a leather belt, the sleeves ending in a band at the wrist, and embroidered like the collar, in blue, yellow and red, large buttons and loops of yellow fastening it down the front.

Fate of Manuscripts.
Various fates await manuscripts submitted for publication in the periodicals. One famous juvenile weekly not only rejects articles, but destroys a large percentage of what it accepts and pays for. One monthly magazine sent back in a lump nearly a two years' supply of manuscripts that had been accepted. A literary man, whose articles fetch the highest rates easily, complains that they are held sometimes as long as six years after having been accepted. A man who furnished an article on the negro question to a religious periodical eight years ago was astonished recently to see it in print with his signature. He had somewhat revised his views since writing the article. An article by a famous English scientific man was accepted by an American publication, but it was so little suited to popular taste that the editor put it in pamphlet form and sent it to the only persons in the United States who might be interested in the subject. They numbered exactly five.—New York Sun

Bad Eggs.
It is interesting to know what becomes of the aged eggs. They are divided up among tanners, morocco dressers, confectioners and fine papermakers. The tanner takes the yolk—with never a question as to the freshness of the product, the confectioners and paper men are eager for the foaming white. Vast quantities of the yolks are used, and only recently has it been possible for the leather workers to obtain them in sufficiently large quantities. Twelve years ago the workers in morocco and kid were compelled to break the eggs themselves and throw the whites away. Now regular merchants of bad eggs supply them with yolks and the paper men and confectioners with the whites. It is the comforting supposition that the last named get the freshest of the stale article. The paper men are not so particular as to age, but the whites must be clean, for a single drop of the yolk will spoil a lot of paper. The buying and selling of bad eggs is said (in large cities) to be a wonderfully lucrative business.—Detroit Free Press.

The development of the petroleum interest in Peru has made such progress that it has been found necessary to lay pipe lines between the wells and the ports on the coast. It is believed that the Peruvian wells will soon supply the entire demand of the west coast of South America.

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