

THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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DUTCH LULLABY.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew;
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three;
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we."
Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afear'd are we."
So cried the stars to the fishermen three;
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three;
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

—Eugene Field.

A GOLDEN EGG.

"Tain't no use talkin' 'bout it any more, Selina," said Mrs. Sandridge, as she sat in the door of her log cabin peeling potatoes for supper. "It jes' goes right down ag'in me to see a child o' my dead husband marryin' on nothin' a settlin' down to starve, like a coon in a holler that's grown too lettle for him. An' you'll be comin' to us arter awhile for help—o' course you will—when it's es much as we kin do now to give you clo's an' vittles for your work."

Selina, Mrs. Sandridge's stepdaughter, turned around from the table which she was scrubbing, and a faint color flushed into her cheeks.

"You know, mother, that my work pays over and above all I get for it. An' of the lot had been divided fair between me and Sally—"

"'Twas divided fair!" put in Sally, sharply. "'Twas jes' twenty acres that Uncle Ben left us, we bein' both his great-nieces; and it was measured out fair 'cordin' to law, ten for you an' ten for me—not a inch more nor less for neither one of us."

"But you took the west end—the field and meadow—and the gravelly hillside and the rocks up between that and Tascott's place was lotted to me," said Selina, half boldly, half timidly—for, while her spirit rebelled against the injustice, she was not accustomed to thus brave her stepmother and her sister.

"Better not worry, Selina," said Mrs. Sandridge, compositely. "Sally had the right to first pick, bec'ase she's the oldest, and by reason of my bein' the child of Uncle Ben's brother an' your father the child of his youngest brother. All that stan's to his reason an' to law, so don't let's hear no more about it."

"Ef you set sech small store by your share of the land," said Sally, sneeringly, "how comes it you an' Buck Tascott want to get married and settle down on it?"

"'Cause it's all we've got," replied Selina, with a sigh, "an' we're willin' to do the bes' we kin with it."

"Don't you forget Topknot," said Mrs. Sandridge, pushing away with her foot a speckled pullet which was pecking among the potato peelings. "I thought you counted on makin' a fortune out o' that critter."

Selina stooped down and stroked the glossy back of Topknot, who knew better than to let any one but her mistress touch her.

"She's brought me five dollars a'ready," she said. "And over at Rocky P'int she'll have room enough and sand and gravel enough for all she needs."

No one answered. Sally forced a laugh, while something like—a little

shade of disquiet passed over her mother's face. Selina took the water-pail from the shelf outside the door, and started for the spring, Topknot, as usual, following her.

The fowl, when a mere "spring chicken," had either escaped or been lost from some market cart on the road, where Buck Tascott had found her at daybreak half-frozen, and in passing the Sandridges had given her to Selina.

Topknot had since rewarded her young mistress's petting with many eggs, which went duly to market with the Sandridges' scanty "garden stuff"—for, though she would have preferred to have Topknot hatch her own eggs, Sally claimed that chicken-raising was her privilege, and her mother objected to having too many fowls on her place.

The little footpath which Selina directed led across a cornfield in the direction of the ten acres of sandy and gravelly land which had been allotted as her share of Uncle Ben's legacy, and entering a wild-plum thicket, wound downward to a shallow creek or "run," close to which issued a spring of clear and sparkling water.

Both the spring and the creek were low now, after the long drought, and Selina, placing her pail where the tiny stream dribbled from the rocks stood leaning against a gum tree, while tears rose slowly to her eyes.

Topknot busied herself with foraging among the rocks and weeds on the edge of the run.

Presently there was a rustle in the plum-thicket above the spring, and Selina, looking up, saw a young man making his way down the bank—a tall, manly young fellow, with honest-looking brown eyes and a sunburnt face.

He wore a rough homespun suit, and carried a gun on his shoulder.

"I counted on findin' you here about this time," he said, as he stood before her and held out his hand, while the brown eyes looked straight into hers. "But what's the matter, Liny? You look 's if you'd been cryin'."

At the look and tone, the tears which had stood in her eyes overflowed, but she wiped them away quickly with her apron and looked up with a smile.

"It's only the same old trouble, Buck."

"Mother and Sally?" A half-angry flush deepened the healthy color in his cheek, and his face assumed an expression of firmness. "Sit down here," he said; "I want to say something to you. We've had enough of this trouble, and it's time it should be put a stop to. We can't do it but in one way."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"There's only one way," he repeated, "and that is to take things in our own hands and get married right along, without asking anybody's consent on either side."

"Oh, Buck, they'll all be mad—mother and your father and all—and the folks will blame us, and Parson Tiller will be sure to say something in his next preaching about disobedience to parents."

"Let him! I don't care a button for what folks will say. I am twenty-three and you are seventeen—both of us old enough to think and act for ourselves. Of course I know that we are poor, but I can work, thank the Lord, and I will! Say, Liny"—he drew her toward him, and, holding both her hands, looked pleadingly into her eyes—"if you'll promise to marry me next week, I'll set to work to-morrow raising our cabin over there. The Lathem boys'll help, and Dick Joyner and his uncle, and we'll have it ready in a week's time, with furniture enough to answer for first."

"But we shall want so many things that a woman knows more about than a man," she said, shaking her head. "I am afraid it won't do, Buck."

And then, while the pail at the spring overflowed, they sat and discussed the possibilities and impossibilities of the whole matter, until even the impatient lover was compelled to admit that their prospects were not promising.

"We must wait until we are a little richer," Stella said, affecting, for Buck's sake, a cheerfulness she did not feel. "You and you: horse go on working for your father, and me and Topknot will do our share. Look at her! Ain't she a regular beauty?"

"She looks bustling and perky enough," he replied, turning his eyes on the fowl, which was still busying herself on the edge of the run. "See how she is hammering away there with her bill,

as if she'd made-up her mind to get somethin' out of it. She's settin' us a good example, Selina."

They sat for a moment silent, the girl unconsciously watching the hen. Presently she looked interested.

"What is it she's pecking at Buck? See how it shines as she turns it over."

He looked up indifferently, but after awhile rose and sauntered slowly to the spot. He took up the bit of rock, about the size of an egg, upon which the fowl had been wasting her energies, and, closely examining it, turned back to Selina.

"How pretty!" she said, admiringly, turning it to the sun. "It shines like gold."

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if it is gold," Buck said, with a little excitement. "I remember grandfather saying that the old name of this run was Gold Creek, and that in the old days somebody found a lot of gold herenabouts. Some folks laughed at him; but this may be gold."

They went to the low water's edge and scraped among the pebbles, but no other shining sparks rewarded them.

"This piece of rock was washed down from the ridge," Buck said, "and if it's gold, there's more of it up there. In your rocks, Liny."

"I can't believe it's sure-enough gold."

"I'll find out to-morrow. I'll carry it straight to town and show it to Doctor Baxter that keeps the drug store. He's got something in his shop that's a test for gold."

Selina went back to the house to be scolded for her long stay at the spring, and in return told of Topknot's discovery, only to be laughed at by her stepmother and sister.

But when, next evening, Buck Tascott made his appearance, happy and confident, and informed Selina, before them all, that the specimen of ore which he had shown the chemist had been produced genuine gold, and that two well-known and reliable gentlemen were coming down to prospect Rocky Ridge, and might purchase it at what appeared to the women a fabulous sum, then Mrs. Sandridge and her daughter changed their tone.

They even ventured to pretend that Uncle Ben's land had not yet been "regularly settled" as regarded the division.

But this question was easily disposed of; and then, as a last resort, they betook themselves to "washing" for gold in the creek, until want of success compelled them to return to the clothes-washing at home.

No great gold mine was discovered by the explorers; but the business turned out successfully enough to make Buck and Selina passing rich, in their own estimation and that of their neighbors.

Mr. Buckingham Tascott is a prominent man in a new and progressive town which he started into life, and his wife delights to tell how all their good fortune was owing to a pet hen.

"It was she," she says, "who laid for us our golden egg."

Sally has married a man whom Buck Tascott has set up a prosperous business of his own, and if she and her mother are not grateful, they have cause to be so.—Saturday Night.

The Rifle That Killed Custer.

Of all my relics there is one that I prize most highly, and that I would not part with for any price, says General Miles. Not that its intrinsic value is much, but it is prized for the associations that surround it, and the important part it once played in the history of the United States. It is only a common rifle, but it belonged to that noted Indian Chief, Rain-in-the-Face, the slayer of General Custer.

Now you will understand why I prize that old gun so highly. Two years after that memorable and fatal battle of the Big Horn, in which the brave Custer and all his men were killed by Rain-in-the-Face and his reds, that proud Chief surrendered to me. At that time Rain-in-the-Face was a fine-looking man, and I thought, as I looked at him, that he was a good specimen of the ideal red man of Cooper's portrayal. Well dressed and proud, he stood erect and looked every inch a Chief fit to command and not surrender.

Yet surrender he was compelled to, and it was then that I got this rifle, which he yielded up to me in lieu of the sword he did not carry. He wore anything but a pleased look as he turned over this old "Sharp" rifle to the hated white man, for it meant defeat and humiliation to him.

—Chicago News

LADIES' COLUMN.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL COOKING CLASS.

The Chicago Kitchen Garden's Association, composed of ladies, of course, has instituted free cooking classes in the Chicago public schools. Instruction is given on three afternoons each week from 4 to 5:30 o'clock. A luncheon is served after each lesson, it being the privilege of the pupil most perfect in the preceding lesson to serve the meal. Attendance is entirely voluntary, and for that reason, as pupils necessary deprive themselves of recreation in order to be present, the ladies feel that 158 girls on the roll is a very encouraging showing. —New Orleans Picayune.

DRESS ORNAMENTS.

Steel is as much in vogue as gold or silver, and some of the ornaments made of it are more beautiful than those fashioned of the tinsels. Tiny steel buckles are very cute. Steel beaded or frosted wire net makes some pretty bonnets with gray tips and steel ornaments set with turquoises; exquisite embroidery of finely cut steel beads is in gray cloth crowns; silver passementerie on white cloth, with black astrakhan, is excellent; spangles, nail heads, and studs of all the tinsels and of jet and steel are dotted over velvet and cloth. Crystal and pearl passementerie is seen, though less frequently by far than that of other materials. The crystal is a success on white uncut velvet with snowy tips. The pearl is dainty on the velvets of delicate tints. Dragonfly iridescence tips white feather aigrettes placed on white velvet theatre toques with birds of the same changing lights. —New York Times.

A RUSSIAN WINTER.

The winter girl is as Russian as possible. Her glove fitting gown will have a band of fur about it, and she herself will be wrapped up in furs from out of which her pretty face will look like the fresh rose that she is. The girl of to-day has lost the rather dried-up look that the girl of ten years ago had, and the reason for it is this: Knowing that her home is kept at summer heat all through the cold days, she dresses as befits that, and only when she goes out doors does she assume the very heavy furs and the warm long wraps that she knows are desirable as well as becoming. Walking out in the fresh air, she gains all that is good from it and doesn't grow cold, and when she comes in and throws aside her coat she is not too warmly gowned for the heated air in which she exists. She has learned that while the room may be warm, it is also desirable to have it well ventilated, and the consequence is that her eyes are brighter and her skin clearer than ever before. —Chicago Times.

NEW IDEAS IN LACES.

Brussels lace is costing less than it did formerly, despite new tariff legislation, because the flowers or "apriqs" are now sewn on a ground of tulle instead of one made by hand, writes "Fidelina" in the New York Saturday Review. This process has not benefited the designs, of course, yet nevertheless much of the new lace, both that made with the bobbin, "fleurs en platt," and that made with needle, "fleurs en point," is very beautiful. The love of fine laces increases constantly among Americans, and it is a worthy passion. Talking of laces, the lace butterfly is a favorite form for these exquisite fabrics now, and it is to become yet more popular as the season advances. Lace butterflies are on bodices and catch-up draperies of evening dresses. They are worn on the shoulder, in the puffings of a skirt tuck, or the gather-

ing of a blouse, or wherever they are most unexpected and so calculated to confer piquancy on the costume. Some of these are mounted on the slenderest invisible wires.

FASHION NOTES.

Felt hats have feather brims, and feather brims accompany velvet crowns. The high sleeve remains the most pronounced feature of even the tailor dress. Gold key rings fashioned as wishbones with the ends crossed, are becoming quite a fad.

Scarf-pins embrace in their number a pearl-set crook inclosing a heart formed by a pink pearl.

Fine soft cloths are much used for tea-gowns, and pale shades of blue, tan and green are made up with white or Suede cloth fronts.

Pale gray Carmelite, eon camel's hair, beige, Roman blue and nut brown India wool fabrics compose the majority

of stylish costumes worn. The English skirts and Stanley jacket, with richly embroidered waistcoat, form one of the very popular models.

The long sleeves coming down on to the hand almost to the knuckles, which are one of the leading Paris modes, are not being received with especial favor. They are very inconvenient and cannot be comfortably worn excepting by the lady of absolute leisure.

Stockings are selected to match the shoes or slippers with which they are to be worn. They are simply ornamented with clocks at the side and open stripes like drawn work across the instep. White silk stockings and white slippers will be worn with white evening gowns.

Bathing Habits of Birds.

We never saw hawks or falcons bathing in wild. Trained birds, in good health, bathe almost daily, and the bath of a peregrine falcon is a very careful performance. But no nymph could be more jealous of a witness than these shy birds, and it is not until after many careful glances in every direction that the falcon descends from her block and wades into the shallow bath. Then, after more suspicious glances, she thrusts her broad head under the water and flings it onto her back, at the same time raising the feathers and letting the drops thoroughly soak them.

After bathing head and back she spreads her wings and tail fan-like on the water, and rapidly opens and shuts them, after which she stoops down and splashes the water in every direction. The bath over she flies once more to the block, and, turning her back to the sun, spreads every feather of the wing and tail, raises those on the body, and assists the process of drying by a tremulous motion imparted to every quill, looking more like an old cormorant on a buoy than a peregrine.

If man had nothing better to learn from the animals than the great lesson that cleanliness means health, the study of their habits would be well repaid, and it is not the least reproach to be brought against our own Zoological Gardens, that these fine hawks and falcons, while deprived of liberty, are denied the only means of that cleanliness which would make captivity endurable. [The peregrine falcon at the Zoo are kept in a cage sanded like a canary bird's, with no bath at all, and no room to spread their wings.] Sparrows, chaffinches, robins, and in the very early morning, rooks and wood pigeons bathe often. One robin we knew always took his bath in the falcon's bath after the hawk had finished. The unfortunate London sparrow has few shallow places in which he can bathe, and a pie-dish on the leads delights him. If the dish be white, his grimy little body soon leaves evidence that his ablutions have been genuine. —London Spectator.

An Odd Trade.

There is a trade which consists in the destruction of echoes. These in churches, meeting halls and even large rooms are so powerful at times as to prevent all enjoyment. They are destroyed by spinning wires not far from the ceiling at points and lines where the waves of sound are most easily shattered.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad owns the longest freight house in the United States. It is situated at Buffalo, N. Y. Its length is 1850 feet.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, August 17 1889.

Small text advertisement for a hair product, mentioning 'Nong Little' and 'H. H. Hallett & Co., Box 500 Portland, Maine'.