

# THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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Loss of appetite; bad breath; bad taste in mouth; tongue coated; pain under the right blade; in the back or side—often referred to as rheumatism; sour stomach with flatulency and water brash; indigestion; bowels lax and costive by turns; headache, with dull, heavy sensation; nervousness, with constant yawning; left-side neuralgia which ought to have been some fullness after eating; bad temper; blues; tired feeling; yellow appearance of skin and eyes; dizziness, etc. Not all, but always some of these indicate want of action of the Liver.

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## IF WE HAD THE TIME.

If I had the time to find a place,  
And sit me down full face to face  
With my better self that stands no show  
In my daily life that rushes so;  
It might be then I would see my soul  
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal;  
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,  
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart  
Speak out and take in my life apart,  
To look about and to stretch a hand  
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land;  
Ah, God! if I might but just sit still  
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,  
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme—  
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you  
How much for comfort my word could do;  
And I told you then of my sudden will  
To kiss your feet when I did you ill—  
If the tears a-buck of the bravado  
Could force their way and let you know—  
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,  
If we had the time!  
—Richard E. Burton.

## ALMIRA'S VALENTINE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Down in the valley, the clock of Osborne Church had just struck twelve, the sounds coming in muffled throbs through the waves of feathery, fast falling snow, and Miss Almira Brown, making her way across the deserted churchyard, stopped to listen, with one hand behind her ear.

"Sounds dreadful natural," said she. "Seems like only yesterday I was here instead of eighteen good years. I wish it wouldn't snow so! It's sort o' bewildering." I believe I'm off the true path ag'in. I don't really know if I'm close to the north wall by Deacon Linsley's grave, or down under the hill where Squire Dewey's two daughters are buried. I wonder," with a little shiver, "if there is really such a thing as a ghost? And if there was, wouldn't it be strange and sort o' creepy-like to meet one, spookin' 'round here in the snow on Saint Valentine's Eve? Most folks would say that was a sign of speedy death; and the Browns never were a long-lived family. Oh, here I be!" as she perceived, through the glimmering veil of white, the black outlines of a rude stone stile. "I guess I'll find my way all right now."

Carrying her carpet-bag in her hand, Miss Almira made a plunge for the high road, and presently stood under the porch of a pretty, old-fashioned house, a story and a half high, with brooding eaves that came nearly to the ground, and windows barred with wooden shutters, painted red.

"Hump!" continued Almira, stamping the snow from her substantial calfskin boots, and changing the carpet-bag from one hand to the other. "Zenas has had the fence repaired and a new gate put in." She knocked vigorously at the door. No reply came. She knocked again, still with no better success.

"Just like Zenas," muttered she. "The most absent-mindedest creature that ever lived—to go off the very night he expected his only sister to come home. I never'd ha' left Canaan Centre to come back here and keep house for him if I'd suspected such treatment as this. However, doctors have got excuses that other folks hain't, especially country doctors. I dare say Zenas had a sudden call, and I guess likely I'll find the door-key in the old place."

She stooped down, and lifting the corner of the door-mat fished out a big brass key, wherewith she proceeded to open the door and admit herself into a little carpeted entry, where a kerosene lamp burned low on the table.

"I do declare," said Almira, "he's fixed up things real nice. A carpet on the floor, and new paper on the walls. I guess he meant to give me a surprise. Here's the teapot on the kitchen stove. Zenas always was partial to a cup o' tea—and a good fire, too. I'll just set down and dry myself a spell before I look around. Zenas'll be back directly, I hain't no doubt."

The warmth and quiet of the cozy little kitchen acted as a soporific on the chilled and wearied traveler, and the first thing she knew the clock in the corner was striking one, and turning with a sudden start, she saw a short, stout man on the threshold staring at her.

"What do you want?" she demanded, curtly, remembering, with a pang of terror, that she had forgotten to relock the door, in her amazement at the new paper and the striped carpet in the hall.

"The doctor ain't at home, and I don't know when he'll be back."

"I don't want the doctor," said the short man.  
"Then," said Almira, rising to the emergency, "you're a burglar, and you'd better clear out o' this!"  
She seized the poker and advanced resolutely toward him.  
"Look here, ma'am," said the stranger.

"I won't look," shrilly uttered Miss Almira. "I'm in charge here, and—"  
At this moment she caught the toe of the calfskin boot in the thrifty rag rug that lay in front of the fire and stumbled, and as she did so, the poker flew out of her hand and went hurtling through the air, hitting the strange man on the side of the head.

Miss Almira was appalled, as she scrambled to her feet, to see him stagger backward to a chair, with a dull red stream trickling down his face.

"Good land!" she ejaculated, "I've killed the burglar! I'm a murderer, and never meant it, neither!"  
"It's your own fault," she added.

"Why did you come burgling here? Be you much hurt? Oh, dear! oh, dear! why don't he speak to me? Why don't Zenas come? Where's my camphor bottle? Oh, my goodness! I do hope he ain't goin' to die right here on the kitchen hearth!"

The sound of sleigh-bells outside chimed joyfully upon her ears. She laid the strong man's head carefully down on a pillow improvised out of her own carpet-bag, and rushed wildly out, holding the kerosene lamp high above her head.

"Come in, whoever you be!" she screamed. "Help! help!"  
The passer-by drew rein.  
"Hullo!" said he. "Ain't this my sister Almira Brown?"

"Why," cried the bewildered spinster, "it's Zenas. Where have you been so long?"  
"I've been to see a sick patient," the country doctor made answer. "What's the matter, Almira! When did you come?"

"I've killed a burglar!" faltered the woman. "Do come in quick, Zenas, and see if you can do anything! I don't s'pose they'll hang me, do you, if it was done in self-defense? And I didn't do it, either—it done itself."

"Here—in this house?"  
"Why, certainly! Where should it be?"  
"But what was you doing here, Almira?" as he slowly unwound himself from fur robes and buffalo-skin cushions, and dismounted from the little red cutter with slow, cramped movements.

"Do in here! Why, waitin' for you."  
"For me, Almira?"  
"Good gracious, Zenas, I hope you ain't gettin' hard o' hearin' in your old age! For you, of course."

"But, Almira, I don't live here!"  
Miss Almira had nearly dropped the kerosene lamp into a snowdrift in her consternation.  
"Not live here?" she echoed.

"Why, no. I live in the old house a quarter-mile further on—don't ye remember?—under the old buttonball tree."

"I thought the old buttonball tree had been cut down!" gasped Almira.  
"And this is just the same sort o' house."

"It's one that Silas Safford built, after the same gin'ral pattern," said Zenas. "A regular old bachelor. And he lives here by himself. Do you mean to say, Almira, that he is hurt?"

when Zenas came around, at about ten o'clock, he announced that the invalid no longer needed her care.  
"He's all right now," said the country doctor. "Ain't you, sir?"  
Silas Safford nodded, cheerfully.  
"She's been proper good to me," said he, with a glance at Almira. "It wasn't no fault o' hers. She s'posed this was your house and that I was a burglar. She did quite right."

"It warn't me!" almost sobbed Almira. "The poker flew right outen my hands like it was bewitched."

"And," added Zenas, "Abiah Crook he's took charge o' the postoffice, and distributed the mail, and sent out the bags, and all that. And here's a Valentine for you, Si, all lace paper an' roses; an' I'll bet it's from your old sweetheart, Sally Dawson, at Lum's Settlement!"

But Silas made no attempt to open it. "Nonsense!" said he, ungraciously pushing the missive away. "I don't care nothing about no valentine. And, besides—"  
"Eh?"

"Your sister—she was the first woman I caught sight of on Saint Valentine's Day," sheepishly remarked Silas.

"Well, if we come to the rights of the thing, the poker was your valentine, I guess," chuckled Zenas.  
And Almira, choking with rage and mortification, hurried out of the room, caught up her bonnet and shawl and went home.

"I never shall dare to look him in the face again!" she sobbed, as she went to work to get dinner for her brother.

But she did. She took him a bowl toothsome chicken soup that very noon, and by common consent they avoided the question of the poker.

A month passed by—six weeks. The April wild flowers began to peep out from under the layers of dead leaves in the woods, and Almira had a pink and fragrant cluster of trailing arbutus in her hand one day when she met Silas Safford coming home with the key of the postoffice dangling over his finger.

"You're fretting about something, Almira," said he, pausing to greet her.  
"Yes," said she, frankly, "I am. Zenas he's going to be married to Widow Parlet, and he ain't no more use for me. I've got to go back to Canaan Centre, and—"

Silas deliberately put the key in his pocket, so as to leave both hands free, and took Almira, trailing arbutus and all, into his capacious grasp.  
"Stay!" said he. "Don't go. If Zenas can get married, so can you. I meant it, Almira, that day when I said you were my valentine. I mean it now. Don't go back to Canaan Centre. Stay here with me!"

Almira's eyes—bright, cheerful brown orbs they were—sparkled; a smile dawned around her lips.  
"Ain't you afraid?" she said, in a low voice, "of me hittin' you again with the poker?"

"No," said he, "I ain't."  
"And we're too advanced in life," she hesitated, "to talk about valentines, like the young folks."

"No, we ain't," protested Silas Safford. "I'm your valentine, and you're mine, if we was as old as Methusalem. And nothin' can alter it."

And nothing ever did!

## LADIES' COLUMN.

PRINCESSES AS OLD MAIDS.

Numbers of foolish heads are wagging over a perfectly ridiculous rumor to the effect that the Princesses Victoria and Maud or Wales have stamped their little feet and made the startling announcement that they will never marry. Even if they ever said anything so silly—and even princesses cannot be always wise—it is certainly a mistake to suppose that their mother would encourage them in any such very whimsical notion. The only possible and very insufficient ground for the stupid report is that Princess Maud, in her pretty, petulant way, may have been heard to express the opinion that she would never marry unless she really cared for the intended. In that, we may be sure, the Princess of Wales—fonder and kindest of mothers—would support her, but anything beyond that may be dismissed as sheer nonsense.—*Lady's Pictorial.*

SHELTER FOR ARISTOCRATIC FEET.

A fashionable equipage stopped in front of the Academy of Art on Twenty-third street the other afternoon. A footman descended, carrying a small shawl of a color to match his livery. When he opened the carriage door he held the shawl in such a position that the feet of the lady alighting from the equipage could not be seen. This is a new whim with ladies in high life. It originated with a celebrated heiress who has feet of the proportions which the funny paragrapher is prone to ascribe to the women of Chicago. She is extremely pretty and wears a number six glove, but only her shoemaker and her maid know the number of her shoe. She is painfully sensitive concerning her pedals; her skirts are all made to touch the floor, and so skillfully hung that when she walks they drape their folds in such a way that not a glimpse of a boot appears.

One day she alighted from her coupe in front of a large mirror outside a furniture shop, and then and there discovered to her horror that every time she stepped in and out of her carriage all her precautions for concealing her feet were useless. She went home in despair, and never put one of those unhappy feet into her carriage again until she had thought out the plan of the shawl. Being a woman of wealth and a social leader, anything she did was sure to be copied. And now all the footmen are provided with little shawls for sweet modesty's sake.—*New York Telegram.*

A CHANGE IN MOURNING MATERIALS.

There has been a decided change in the materials used for women's mourning within the past few years. The bombazines and English crepes have given place to softer, tenderer fabrics, just as is true in the weaves of colored materials that we now use.

Henrietta cloth will be selected for street wear except on rough days, when serge or camel's hair will be preferred. Crepe cloth and dull wool finish India silk will be worn at home. Crinky crepe will make one's best gown, and plain net and Canton crepe for summer wear. English crepe is not worn at all except during the first six months of mourning and by widows for two years.

These are generalities to come down to actual individual needs. A widow who has the sad occasion to put on mourning should buy two street dresses; one of serge, an absolutely plain tailor-made dress; the other of Henrietta cloth, trimmed heavily with crepe in flat trimmings or wide folds, bands or panels. Nothing is more inelegant than English crepe cut up into little trimmings. The plain gown she should wear on every ordinary occasion that takes her out, to drive, to shop, to market, to her committees or charitable boards, etc.; the finer dress to church and to any friend's house that necessity calls her. These are all the occasions when it is permissible for her to be seen for the first six months of her sorrow. Mam'zelle's not say "of mourning," for that will last her all her life, though sorrow's edge may grow less keen and poignant.

Many widows give up even these appearances, particularly their interests in charities and in dear and near friends. It is the first duty of their families to force such matters on their attention and get them to fill up some small place in the saddened lives with outside things.—*Chicago Herald.*

FASHION NOTES.

All the yellow shades are fashionable. Combination garments gain popularity with each season.

House shoes have never been more elegant than at the present.

The Henri Deux bodies, with puffs on the hips and high frills on the shoulders, appears on some of the imported gowns.

Feathers are very becoming massed in the high Medici collar, and the popular jewel embroidery with soft feather trimming is a happy combination.

A favorite garment will be the small fur visite, fitting closely over the arms, it is so easy to slip on and off, and so young looking. Sometimes huge velvet sleeves are added, and astrakhan collar and sleeves or skunk sleeves are used.

Diminutive flat toques have no trimmings except ribbon loops and ends coming over from the back. These are prettiest when made of the richly colored, long-napped silk plushes, as the material requires trimming a little, as does fur.

Do not wear the white kid gloves so eager to force their way. They are hideous, and make the daintiest tips look like swollen sausages. Wear black gloves for economy, with black gloves or with black-trimmed cloth costumes; otherwise use pale beige or straw.

A tea gown of old rose camel's hair is shown made with pointed and finely tucked yoke, outlined with narrow sable bands, which cross under the bust, finishing under the arms. A heavy silk cord of the same shade as the camel's hair confines the folds at the waist and the throat and hem are finished with fur bands.

A Magnetic Plant.

India, the land of poisonous serpents, immense jungles, fabulous wealth, fevers, cholera and mysticism, has again come to the front through the recent discovery of a strange plant with magic powers equal to a dynamo. To attempt to pull a leaf from this marvelous plant is to invite an electric shock equal to that produced by an induction coil.

If a compass be held within six meters of this lightning-charged vegetable the needle acts as strangely as if it were being held above the true magnetic pole. Its electrical qualities, however, do not cause more amazement than the wonderful variation of its magnetic powers, which are most manifest at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, gradually diminishing until at midnight or between midnight and 2 o'clock A. M., when it can hardly be noticed.

Day after day these wonderful changes take place, the plant gradually losing its magnetism as the darkness becomes most intense only to have the current renewed with seeming increased vigor as the sun mounts the tropical skies. A thunder-storm augments its peculiar qualities a dozen fold, and, even though sheltered, it drops its leaves and branches as if in the last convulsion of death.

Birds and insects shun the plant as do the natives of Java the deadly upas tree. One would naturally suppose that the plant would be found growing in a region abounding in magnetic metals; the contrary is the case. There is neither iron, cobalt or nickel found in the home of the wonderful magnetic plant.

A new variety of seagull has made its appearance on the New Jersey coast. It is darker than the old kind, and the most remarkable peculiarity is that its tail is narrowed to a sharp point.



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

Small text advertisement for a product, possibly a medicine or food item, mentioning 'Royal Baking Powder' and 'H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine'.

State Museum