

THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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also admitted that an old whiskey is by

far the best stimulant that can be used

in the treatment of the I. W.

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A DREAM OF THE SEA.

A farmer lad in his prairie home
Lay dreaming of the sea;

He ne'er had seen it, but well he knew
Its pictured image and heavenly hue;
And he dreamed he swept o'er its waters
blue.

With the winds a blowing free,
With the winds so fresh and free.

He woke! and he said "The day will come
When that shall be truth to me;"

But as years swept by him he always found
That his feet were clogged and his hands
were bound,

Till at last he lay in a narrow mould.

Afar from the sobbing sea,
The sorrowing, sobbing sea.

Oh, many there are on the plains to-night
That dream of a voyage to be,

And have said in their souls, "The day will
come

When my bark shall sweep through the drifts
of foam."

But their eyes grow dim and their lips grow
dumb.

Afar from the tossing sea,
The turbulent, tossing sea.

—Albert Bigelow Paine.

A MIDNIGHT SPELL.

BY M. LORING GULD.

The low range of sand hills over which
Browning Carter was walking was softly
lit by the full, summer moon. From
his position the young man could over-
look the level green country at his right,
and the quiet sea at his left.

It was evident, however, that he saw
neither. In his eyes was the far-away
look of expectation, and, as he moved
along in buoyant ecstasy he was quite
unconscious of the slipping sand and
tangled dune grass.

Presently he came to a break in the
hills, a sort of gully which the sea had
once cut. Here the coarse dune grass
had reluctantly given place to a finer
species, and, in the centre of the hollow
stood a solitary tree. Its twisted, storm-
whipped arms looked gaunt and appeal-
ing in the flood of moonlight.

At sight of the tree the young man
made a low exclamation and quickened
his already swift pace. As he approached,
he scanned closely the scantily leaved
branches. It was not till quite near
them that he was certain of their species.

He heaved a sigh of deep satisfac-
tion.

"An oak! I thought so."
There was a strange excitement in his
manner, and his hand trembled as he
took out his watch.

"A quarter of twelve. Ten minutes
to wait. The incantation takes but
five."

Rather impatiently the young man sat
down at the foot of the old oak, and
took from his pocket a small, calf-
bound volume, very old and very musty.

He had recently found it among a lot
of old books which had been left him by
his great-uncle, a man of much mystical
learning, who, in earlier times, would
doubtless have suffered under the
accusation of witchcraft.

Carter, at the time of his uncle's death,
had rather wondered at the odd bequest.
But the elder Carter had evidently seen
in the nervous, sensitive temperament of
the young man that which would make
him a fit disciple of theosophy.

The package of books, however, re-
mained untouched until one afternoon,
Carter, from sheer laziness, was seized
with a desire to examine the box. Rather
to his own astonishment, he found him-
self attracted by the mystical medley
which he met; and presently went to
work to study conscientiously that which
had found so great a place in his uncle's
life.

In such reading he had spent the last
six months, until his somewhat poetical
character became more than ever im-
practical, and he longed to grasp the
occult powers of which he read. In this
mood he first opened the little calf-bound
book.

An introduction in English announced
that it was a collection of incantations
from different tongues, whereby the
spirits of the dead, and even of the liv-
ing, might be controlled. The book was
in manuscript, and, oddly enough, these
incantations were written in English
characters, although the words were all
strange.

To-night Browning Carter had come,
under the mystical shadow of the oak,
that he might try the power of the spell
which was to show him the spiritual
form of the woman he should love.

With much painstaking he had learned
to repeat the words, which meant
nothing to him. It had also given him
some trouble to master the musical inton-
ations on whose vibrations so much de-
pended.

When his watch pointed to five min-

utes-to-twelve he rose. A quiver of ex-
citement ran over him. He took up his
position some twenty feet away from the
tree. Keeping time to the lovely
rhythmic chant, he began to move slowly
around the tree in gradually decreasing
circles.

The stillness was the tremulous one of
a summer night; save for the weird
chanting there was not a distinguishable
sound. Even the soft lapping of the sea
was unheard in the little hollow.

Slowly Carter turned around the tree,
each time coming nearer to the rugged
trunk, until he was so close to it that he
brushed it as he went around. In the
distance a village clock slowly struck
twelve. The chant grew softer and
slower, and, at the last stroke, ceased.

Carter leaned dizzily against the old
tree.

For the first time, looking between the
dunes, he noticed the sea. Suddenly an
odd, numb sensation crept over him.

Out on the quiet moonlight water a
figure was moving. Slender and white-
robed, it seemed to be walking upon the
water. Slowly it advanced, with an un-
naturally steady motion.

Browning Carter leaned heavily against
the supporting oak. Nearer and nearer
came the slender, white figure, and the
young man could see that it was a
woman's and that over its shoulders hung
long, dark hair. She moved slowly
across the white sand of the beach and
entered the little hollow.

For a moment she paused, while the
heart of the watcher beat wildly. Closer
then the figure came, and as it came he
saw that the dark hair framed an intense
white face and dark, wide-open eyes.
When but a few feet away, she turned
her head, and the young man felt a wave
of sadness roll over him. On the white
face was a look of intense anguish.

Then the figure moved on, past the
gaunt oak and out of the little hollow.
Suddenly she disappeared, and Carter,
with quivering limbs, sank to the ground.
He would have followed her; but the
twenty-four hours' fast, with which he
had prepared himself for his experience,
told on him, and he was unable to move.

After some time his strength came
back, and he rose and walked to where
the figure had vanished. He saw only a
sudden fall of the ground, and beyond,
a cottage built by some summer resident.
All the world seemed sleeping.

A few days later Carter was snatched
from his dreamy life by a party of young
fellows who had come down from the
city, bent on making the most of their
vacation. Their gaiety grated on the
nerves of the mystic, who had been
somewhat unmanned by his midnight ex-
perience. Courtesy, however, forced
him to lend himself to all their plans,
and to enter into all their boating, sail-
ing and fishing parties.

On one of these he was presented to a
Miss Tremaine. Whether she were
pretty or not Carter could not tell; for
she wore a veil, thick enough to conceal
her features. But she had a low, pleas-
ant voice, and a wonderfully easy, un-
affected manner.

To Carter's remark that she had been
in none of the other sailing parties, she
answered that her health had not per-
mitted it.

He hoped it had been a merely passing
indisposition.

"Yes; only a cold."

The young man noticed a tinge of con-
straint in Miss Tremaine's answer, and
that she immediately left the subject.

The party had started out in the after-
noon, for its members wished to sail
home by moonlight. The supper on
board was a merry one, and Carter was
surprised at the heartiness with which
he joined in the general gaiety.

"It really is better for me," he de-
cided mentally, "to see more of people."

As the moon rose the party grew
quieter; even the songs became less rol-
licking. Suddenly the gay little dam-
sel to whom Carter was talking saw his
face change, while he stopped in the
middle of his sentence.

"Why, what is it?" she asked.

But Carter did not hear her. He was
looking across the boat to where sat Miss
Tremaine. She had taken off her thick
veil, and the face on which the moon
shone was the face of his vision.

Unconscious of everything else, Carter
rose abruptly and left his little compan-
ion.

Miss Tremaine was sitting rather apart
from the others. As Carter approached
she smiled up at him and moved a little,
in mute offering of the seat beside her.
As if in a dream, the young man took it.

It did not occur to him to talk; he merely
looked at the white face which he had
seen under such strange circumstances.

Presently he became aware that Miss
Tremaine had been talking to him, and
that she was waiting for an answer. But
what could he say? He had heard noth-
ing.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stam-
mered.

Miss Tremaine laughed easily.

"You have not heard one word I
said."

The merry laugh broke the spell that
lay over him.

"Excuse me; but you will think me
very rude, but your face reminded me
of one I had seen before, and I was
watching it."

"So I perceived."

Seeing the young man's evident con-
fusion, she laughed again, and good-
naturedly helped him out of difficulties.

"I wonder if you have as much trou-
ble as I, in locating people. If you do,
I am sorry for you."

But, during the whole of the conver-
sation, which lasted until the landing,
Carter was conscious of an odd sensation
of unreality.

After this the meetings of the two
were frequent. They found much in
common to discuss, and they also found
that long walks together on the hard
sand of the beach were very favorable to
an interchange of experiences.

One afternoon, late in October, the
two were standing together at the en-
trance to the oak-tree hollow.

"Have you noticed," asked Miss Tre-
maine, pointing out on the sea, "that
there's a sand-bar which runs out quite a
long distance? At low tide one can walk
away out on it. I used to have such
horrid dreams about it when I first came
down."

"What were they?" asked Carter with
a sudden hoarseness in his voice.

"I don't like to remember them or
talk about them; only I seemed to be
always walking out on that bar, and the
water would seem to come up, up, and it
would be so cold, so cold. It isn't much
to tell, but you know how it is in dreams;
there was always such a horrid sensation
about it."

Carter was silent, and, after a little,
Miss Tremaine continued.

"And, do you know, I became very
much frightened about myself. I had
the dream so often. And I think, I
know, that once or twice I must have
walked in my sleep and gone out there in
reality. Just think how horrible!"

"What did you do about it?" her com-
panion asked, mechanically.

"I spoke to the doctor; and he gave
me something quieting. I suppose I was
a little unstrung by my brother's death."

Why, Mr. Carter! What is the matter?"

For the young man's face was white.
A moment he paused, looking at her
with his grey eyes large from disappoint-
ment. Then impulsively he began and
told her all of his discovery of the little
book; of his midnight incantation, and
what he had considered its result. He
recalled their subsequent meeting, and
told how he had felt when she unveiled
her face and he had seen the one whom
he believed to be the destined companion
of his life. Toward the end his voice
faltered.

"I believed so firmly that we were
meant for each other that I felt sure that
some time you must love me. But now
that I know it was all a mistake; that it
was not your spirit, I—"

With a sob he turned away his head.

Almost immediately a soft hand was
slipped into his.

"But it was not all a mistake," said
Eunice Tremaine.—*Drake's Magazine.*

Photographs in Colors.

Some specimens of the photographs in
colors made by Professor Vesez, of
Austria, were exhibited recently at the
rooms of the Society of Amateur Pho-
tographers, New York City, by F. C.
Beach, and are probably the first to
come from abroad. Of course, the
process is a secret further than that the
views are derived by a combination of
collodion and gelatine emulsion, and
that they are printed from a transparency
as a positive. These colored photo-
graphs are not startling, but show that
an advance has been made toward achiev-
ing the greatly-desired result of photo-
graphing colors, a subject that has
affected photographers in much the
same manner that perpetual motion once
turned the brains of mechanics and en-
gineers. Blue and red show very well
in the photographs, and it is claimed
that the colors will not fade.—*New Or-
leans Times-Democrat.*

The Lip Ring of the Manganja.

It is a very curious study to note the
variety of feminine ornamentation in the
different nations, and how what may be
considered as a beautifier by one race
becomes a positive monstrosity and de-
formity in the eyes of another. One of
the most curious decorations in the
world is adopted by the women of the
Manganja tribe, inhabiting a country in
Africa near one of the northern tributaries
of the Zambesi. It is called the "pelele."
This is a ring, but it is fixed neither in
the ear nor the nose as with other races,
but in the upper lip. It is a ring made
of ivory, metal, or bamboo, according
to the wealth of the wearer; is nearly an
inch in thickness, and varies in diameter
at the will of the wearer, many being
nearly three inches in diameter from
outer edge to edge. When the girls are
very young they have the lip pierced
with two holes close to the nose, and a
small wooden peg inserted to keep the
wound from closing. When the wound
heals, two small holes are left in the lip,
into which larger pegs are successively
introduced until, in about two years, the
full-sized "pelele" can be worn. Its
effect, when worn, is indescribable.
When at rest it hangs down over the
mouth; when food is taken, it projects
horizontally, like a small shelf, and when
the dusky maiden smiles upon her ad-
mirer, it elevates itself, turning upside
down until its lower edge rests against
the bridge of the nose, the tip of the
nose appearing through the centre, and
eyes looking round each side. As the
teeth are generally filed to sharp points,
until they resemble those of a crocodile,
the effect may be better imagined than
described. Chikanda Kadze, wife of
the great Chief, had a "pelele" that
hung below her chin.

The original of this horrible ornament
(?) is unknown, and the reasons given
for it are amusing, the natives saying:
"What kind of a creature would a
woman be without a 'pelele'?" She
would have a mouth like a man and no
beard to cover it. In different districts
it varies slightly in shape, being
cylindrical, instead of round; or like a
flat dish, instead of a ring.—*Ladies' Home
Journal.*

The Locomotive to Go.

The enormous mass of extra dead-
weight due to the carrying of the boiler,
fuel and water in the old locomotive will
be entirely unnecessary in the railways
of the future, which will be propelled
electrically. Unquestionably the future
electro-locomotion will show a motor on
every axle, or at any rate upon two axles
of each car, and every car running as a
unit, in which case they can run coupled
together in a train or not, as may be con-
venient. Oberlin Smith has entered a
strong protest against carrying this
enormous dead weight of a loco-
motive for absolutely no purpose. We
have the weight of the cars, plus the
passengers or freight, for purposes of
traction, even if we make our cars in
future of lighter material. In speaking
of the lightness of the future conveyance
by rail, Mr. Smith says that we shall not
only use steel and aluminum, but paper,
india rubber and other fibrous sub-
stances, which will give us remarkably
light cars, far beyond anything we now
speak of practically. Just as a wheel-
barrow is to a bicycle, so will our present
clumsy cars be to the future ones. To
have a big motor car loaded with tons of
ballast to give it traction, is following
the path of locomotion; in all probability
the necessary adhesion will soon be
gained by electricity.—*New York Com-
mercial Advertiser.*

Newspaper Curiosities.

"The newspapers of Colombo, on the
island of Ceylon," says a tourist, "are
curiosities in their way. They are small-
sized folios, and they are issued daily.
Their names are the *Examiner* and the
Independent. They show a liberal amount
of advertising patronage and a fair amount
of local news. In the *Examiner* recently
was quite a long account of the Colum-
bian World's Fair to be held in Chicago.
In the advertising columns are offered
tea estates for sale, cocoanut plantations
to rent, and one native advertises some-
thing like this: 'I, Arunasalan Sellapfey,
of Natara, Vape, do hereby notify that I
will, after the 15th of November, 1890,
adopt my maternal name, Razapaxsege,
giving up my paternal name, Arunasalan,
to avoid confusion.' In one of the papers a
great Indian circus is announced to take
place."

The casualties from fast driving in
London, England, last year were 259
persons killed and 5000 injured.

LADIES' COLUMN.

USE AND ABUSE OF PERFUMES.

Let fair woman beware of using per-
fumes of pronounced and aggressive
odors, lest she offend and alienate the
regard of her friends. One of the chief
causes of the separation of the King of
Holland from his first wife was the pen-
chant of Queen Sophia for the scent of
musk, which odor was intensely disagree-
able to her royal consort. So generously
did she indulge her passion for this per-
fume that not only were her own apart-
ments permeated with it, her clothes,
hair and belongings offensive with it, but
any room through which she passed
would smell for days after of her favorite
perfume. The secret of the fascinating
fragrance which seems to surround and
emanate from dainty women lies ever in
the constant use of most delicate and
faint perfumes whose odor is intangible
and suggestive rather than in the liberal
use of permeating and intense odors,
which are sure to offend some sensitive
olfactory organism.—*Chicago Post.*

AT HOME IN KITCHEN AND PARLOR.

A novel dinner party was given re-
cently in London, England. A lady in-
vited ten bachelors and gave all her
servants a holiday. Then the hostess
and her daughters set to work. The lady
prides herself on her skill in the culinary
art. She cooked every dish which was
subsequently submitted to the guests.
Her daughters, having given all their as-
sistance they could put on simply-made
dresses of sober colors, the counterpart
of those worn by their domestics, and
went down to await the arrival of their
friends, for whom they opened the door
and on whom they then proceeded to
wait at table. The rule not to talk to
the servants during the meal except to
ask for something was observed very
strictly. Afterward the discipline was
relaxed, and the temporary members of
"below stairs" ascended to the region of
the drawing-room and the guests and
erstwhile waiters spent a very pleasant
evening.—*Chicago Herald.*

DRESSING BABY BOYS.

In the way of headgear, white felt
hats, having a ruche of lace dotted with
ribbon rosettes, are worn by boys of one
to two years. Later on they wear tur-
bans of cloth or velvet, having a full
crown; Tam O'Shanter, sailor shapes,
Scotch caps, pork-pie hats, etc. Their
first coats are of white tufted cloth,
astrakhan or eiderdown. Then they
have pea-jackets of blue cloth, or box-
plaited skirts, single-breasted waists,
coat sleeves and single cape overcoats.
Beaver and astrakhan trimmings take
well. When a year old a boy may wear
cambric, nainsook or gingham dresses,
having a gathered skirt, shirt sleeves,
rolled collar and round waist fastened
with pearl buttons in the back. The
waist may be box-plaited or tucked, and
the gingham dresses may have the col-
lar and wristbands of embroidery. After
dressing in this style for a year and a
half, these small men arrive at the dig-
nity of yoke dresses, made with kilt-
plaited skirts, having a flat apron in
front, or, if small for their age, they
still wear gathered skirts of two breadths
of double-width goods. The waist may
have jacket fronts, box-plaits, or a yoke
and belt of velvet or a contrasting woolen
material. A lovely best suit for a boy
of three years is a China silk blouse. A
sailor hat of cloth to match is worn,
and a white lamb's-wool coat. Leggins
of white leather keep the legs warm.—
Ladies' Home Journal.



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