

# THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

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Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

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I give you a day of my life—  
Treasure no gold could buy—  
For pleasant and peer are at one  
When the time comes to die;  
And all that the monarch has,  
His koh-i noor or his crown,  
He would give for one more day  
Ere he lay his sweet life down.

They are winged, like the viewless wind—  
These days that come and go—  
And we count them, and think of the end,  
But the end we cannot know;  
The whole world darkens with pain  
When a sunset fades in the west—  
...I give you a day of my life,  
My uttermost gift and my best.  
—Louise C. Moulton, in Youth's Companion.

### Mrs. Gray, of Philadelphia.

Ten years ago, in a certain good-sized town in Pennsylvania, there lived a family whom I will call Mitchell. The family consisted of husband, wife, and two children, the latter being a boy aged five and a girl of seven. Mitchell was a private banker, known to be honest, respectable, and worth a clear \$100,000. I knew little or nothing about the family until certain incidents occurred. One day his wife was fatally injured in a railroad collision at a point fifty miles from home. When he reached her, in response to a telegram sent by a stranger, he found she had been removed to a hotel, and was being tenderly cared for by a woman who gave her name as Mrs. A. B. Gray, of Philadelphia. She was on the train, but suffered no injury.

Mrs. Gray, as I might as well tell you now, was petite, good looking, a good talker, and, in a genial way, captivating. The fact of her taking charge of Mrs. Mitchell as she had done proved her tender heart. She told Mr. Mitchell she had been a widow eighteen months, and was practically alone in the world, and though he was burdened with grief and anxiety, he did not forget to thank her for her great kindness and to take her address. He would have offered her money for her services, but he saw that she was a lady and would feel hurt by any such action. She resumed her journey, and he took his wife home to die of her injuries. It was three weeks after her death that I came into the case. After everything was over the husband suddenly discovered that his dead wife's jewelry was missing. She had with her, when the accident took place, about a thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. They had disappeared, and when he came to run over events in his mind he could not remember that they had come home with her. Mrs. Gray had turned over to him Mrs. Mitchell's purse and a few other things, but a pair of diamond earrings, two rings, and a pin were missing.

I was employed to proceed to the scene of the late accident and seek to trace the jewelry. The collision had occurred right at the depot and at the hotel assured me that Mrs. Mitchell had her jewelry on when taken to the hotel. The landlord's wife was positive, and the doctor who was called in was positive, and when I had worked the case out I returned home to report to Mitchell that nobody but Mrs. Gray could have taken the jewelry. He was astonished and indignant, and not only vigorously repudiated the implication, but discharged me from the case with the assertion that I was a novice in the profession. No other detective, working without bias, could have come to any other conclusion than I did, and, feeling sure of this fact, I was not so much put out over his action. I have found in my long experience that most people who employ a detective on a blind case expect him to think as they do, and to follow up theories formed in advance of his employment.

I went about other business, and it was about four months before I saw Mitchell again. Then he sent for me in an official capacity again. No reference was made to my previous work, but fresher and other troubles had come to him. A month after the death of his wife he had opened correspondence with Mrs. Gray, and the result was that she had come to take charge of his house. He was without relatives, or, at least, without those who could aid him in his situation, and she claimed to be free in her movements. You will suspect, just as I did, that she had captivated him, but he fought shy of any acknowledgment of the sort. She was in his house to care for his children and to manage domestic matters, and that was no one's business but their own.

I haven't told you about the bank. In was situated just a square from his house,

and exactly in rear of it. The house fronted on one street and the bank on another, and there was no alley between. Indeed, the rear yard of the house led right up to the rear door of the bank, and Mitchell used to come and go through the yard. In rear of the banking rooms, divided off by the usual railing, were the private offices and vault. A burglar alarm was connected with the front doors and windows, but none with the back. A large and savage dog guarded the rear, having a kennel close to the door.

What the banker wanted to see me about was this: He had not only missed money from his wallet at night, but on two occasions considerable sums of money had been taken from a small safe which stood in his office outside the vault. One of the mysteries was in the taking of the money. He employed a teller and a bookkeeper, neither of whom had a key to safe or vault unless it was a duplicate made without his knowledge. Neither had the word of the combination of the vault, and it seemed impossible that they could have taken the money even if so inclined. Both were perfectly honest so far as any one knew, and Mitchell was all tangled up over the mystery.

He hadn't talked to me five minutes when I would have taken my solemn oath that Mrs. Gray was the guilty party, but, of course, I didn't drop a hint of my suspicions to him. When it came my turn to ask questions I found out that he was a very sound sleeper; that he occupied a front bedroom with his son; that Mrs. Gray and the girl occupied one in rear of his, with an entrance to both from a hall; that the keys of the bank safe and vault were always kept under his pillow at night. In addition, Mrs. Gray had won the hearts of his children, if not his own, and it was only by the strongest argument that she had been induced to accept a salary of \$10 per week while occupying her position. It was as plain as daylight to me that Mitchell meant to marry her in due course of time, but it wasn't at all plain as to what sort of a scheme she was working.

I took the case, told Mitchell I had a theory, and then began to study Mrs. Gray. I found her to be a sweet and innocent-looking little woman, seemingly devoted to the children. It was in summer and she was out a great deal, and I was on hand to follow her. It seemed to be time thrown away, however. She was shy, prudent and apparently all right, and I had put in a month on the case and made no discovery when the outside safe was robbed again. A deposit and some bonds had come in at the last moment and had been placed there for the night. The whole thing amounted to about \$900, and bonds and greenbacks were missing next morning. The safe had not only been opened with a key, but the bank had been entered by unlocking the rear door. No one could have entered by the front without sounding an alarm. No stranger could have entered by the back on account of the dog, who was wide awake and all right.

When Mitchell sent for me to give me the news I was perfectly satisfied that Mrs. Gray was the guilty party. I believed she had the nerve to enter his room in the night, secure the keys and then slip through the back yard, enter the bank and open the safe. When I learned that the dog was a great favorite of hers this belief was a certainty. I couldn't, for reasons already given, say a word to Mitchell about this. He wanted to suspect his two employes, but when we had canvassed the matter he was made to see that it was altogether unlikely that either of them was guilty. Indeed, he was alone in the bank when the bonds and money came in and he alone knew where the deposit was placed.

What did I do? I turned to Mrs. Gray again, and in about a week something happened to prove that I was on the right trail. One of the street car lines of the town ran down to the railroad depot. It was Mrs. Gray's habit of an afternoon to ride on this line with the little girl as far down as a certain park, and to sit near the fountain and read while the girl romped about with other children. I had closely watched her while in this park, but no one had ever come near her, and her demeanor had been perfection. On the third afternoon after the robbery she occupied her usual seat for an hour without anything happening. I sat on a bench in the rear of her and about thirty feet away, and by and by I noticed that she was writing a note with pencil. She did it so deftly that one sitting in front of her could not

have told what she was at. Beside her was a large shade tree, and as near as I could make out she disposed of the note, when folded up, somewhere about the tree. When she left I followed her for a short distance, and looking back I saw a young and well-dressed man occupying the place vacated by her. An hour later, when I could examine the tree, I found a hollow in the trunk just about on a line with her shoulder as she sat on the bench. One not looking for it would have sat there fifty times and discovered nothing.

My theory was that she had an accomplice—the young man whom I had seen. The hollow in the tree was their post-office. Next day I was at the park half an hour before her usual time, and behold! the young man was occupying that bench. As she appeared he got up and took a seat a hundred feet away, and by watching closely I saw that she took a note from the tree. Before leaving she wrote and "posted" one in reply, and after she had gone I saw him get it. I was now certain that I was on the right trail, and I went to Mitchell to secure some particulars I wished to know. I told him I had a clue, but would not reveal which way it led. I learned from him that the combination of the vault door had four numbers, and he alone knew it. It had been changed about a month after Mrs. Gray's arrival, and he hesitatingly admitted that the word was "Aime," which was her Christian name. He would not, however, admit that this fact was known to her.

For two weeks after securing this information I hardly got sight of Mrs. Gray. For some reason she remained very closely at home. I found out from Mitchell in a roundabout way that the money needed to pay the men at a coal mine and also at a large factory was deposited with him on the fourteenth of every month. It was simply passed in to him to be locked in the vault overnight as it came up from Pittsburgh by messenger. I reasoned that Mrs. Gray would worm this information out of him in some way, or that her accomplice would discover it, and that if she had the combination of the vault she would make her strike on the night of a fourteenth. On the twelfth day of August she exchanged notes at the park, also on the thirteenth. On this latter date I shadowed the young man for three hours, and became satisfied that he was from Pittsburgh, and a "slick 'un." Among the things he did was to go to the depot and inquire about various night trains, and particularly one which passed over the road half an hour after midnight.

I promised Mitchell that a climax would soon be reached, and then staked my all on what might happen on the night of the 14th. At 8 o'clock on that evening I threw a piece of "dosed" meat to his dog from a neighboring yard, and at 10 I softly climbed the fence to find the canine in his kennel, and sick enough to remain there. I lay down within ten feet of him, hidden behind a bush, and it was an hour and a half before anything happened. Everybody in the neighborhood was in bed and asleep by that time, and I was not greatly surprised when a female figure, which I knew to be that of Mrs. Gray, suddenly appeared and passed me five feet away, going toward the bank. She stopped at the kennel to speak of the dog, and then opened the rear door and entered. I did not move from my hiding place until she reappeared, about twenty minutes after. She carefully locked the bank, and as she passed me on her way to the house I followed quickly behind. The keys she laid on the back steps, softly opened the side gate, and I let her reach the street before I brought matters to a climax. She was only out of the gate when she was joined by a man, but when I rushed to seize them he got the alarm, and was off before I could grab him. I got her, however, and she had a bundle under her arm, which I took charge of—a bundle containing about \$19,000 in greenbacks.

What a nervy woman she was! She just simply laughed a bit as I led her up the steps and rang the bell to arouse Mitchell, and when I had told him all, and had the money and his keys to prove it, she just looked up at him with a smile and asked:

"Well, what of it?"  
The "what of it?" was a corker. Mitchell couldn't let the public know that his bank could be so easily robbed, and he couldn't let society know that he had been duped by an adventuress, and after a consultation he actually gave that little adventuress \$200 in cash to clear out.—New York Sun.

### LADIES' COLUMN.

#### VALUABLE BUTTONS.

The return of buttons to their old importance in the feminine world has brought out the fact that the Princess of Wales has a penchant for artistic buttons, and has a magnificent collection of jeweled, gold, silver and carved buttons, both singly and in sets. One wonders if she keeps them on a charm-string, as was the manner of little American girls a good many years ago. Fortunate now are the women that have saved beautiful old sets of buttons, as the old in this particular ornament are now prized above the new—that is, if the old are handsome and expensive enough.—New York Press.

#### CLUB LIFE FOR WOMEN.

"Club life as it at present exists for men and women admits of no comparison," said a club man the other day. "One is occupation; the other is leisure. A woman goes to her club meetings as part of the serious work of her day; a man goes to his when his work is over and the moment for rest has come. Women's clubs are all aims and ambitions; ours are all idleness and dolce far niente. Even the Ladies' Club, which is more of a lounging place or intended to be such than other city clubs run by women, is not steadily and daily patronized as a man's club is. A woman does not care to dawdle in public. I know, for I have a wife, daughters and sisters. When one of them wants to take her ease luxuriously she goes to her own room, puts on a loose gown and nestles among her cushions. When a woman is abroad she is trim and unrelaxing, mentally as well as physically, and she still considers her club 'abroad.' It will be a long time before it will stand to her as it does to a man, in the light of a second home."—Washington Star.

#### A UNIQUE LUNCHEON.

A unique luncheon was given recently in Brooklyn—nothing less, indeed than an old-fashioned one. "You are to come to work at 12, bring your work and stay until 5," directed the hostess, and at noon sharply the twelve women bidden duly appeared, all but two, with their sewing. Bonnets were doffed and a real visit was entered upon. The luncheon was a delicious one and was served without a too arbitrary following of the course style—an agreeable medium, indeed, between no course and "all plates," as the peasant explained his first French restaurant dinner. When the guests returned to the parlor, instead of the brief standing round before leaving-taking which characterizes the modern fashionable luncheon, chairs were cozily drawn into groups, needles and thimbles came out, and though, as one who was there confessed, no serious amount of work was accomplished, the pleasure and the sociability of the afternoon were pronounced, as the company included some of Brooklyn's representative women and the hostess is prominent in more than one circle.—Chicago News.

#### DRAUGHTSWOMEN.

There is a great field open to women as draughtsmen. There is no more reason why they may not plan houses as well as paint pictures, but as yet there are few disposed to undertake the work. Every woman sees faults in a house she rents or buys, and without doubt if women planned these abodes there would be a disposition of space now unknown, and there would be fewer lamentations in regard to corner cupboards and bare wall space. It is said that a woman is to plan the pavilion to be devoted to women's work at the World's Fair. Until this report was circulated nobody thought there were any women architects, but it turns out there are several. There is a very successful woman architect in Boston, one in Newport, and one in one of the Western cities. The latter belongs to a firm, her husband being the other partner. She works like a man, and is the only woman, as yet, who attends the convention of architects. There is an apartment house in Chicago designed by a woman, and the rooms are said to be admirably arranged. The pantries are extra commodious, the bath room contains a linen cupboard, and the entrance hall a stationary hat rack, and various other conveniences leave nothing to be desired.—New York Sun.

#### FASHION NOTES.

London women still wear the pointed-toe shoe, and in consequence suffer a great deal.  
In Paris all kinds of tiny gold musical

instruments are the latest fashion in scarf and lace pins.

Cloth costumes may be of contrasting colors, as blue and tan, lead and pearl, brown and suede.

Medium and large black and colored silk broads are excellent for house and combination dresses.

The Princesses of Wales have started the fashion of wearing bracelets made of the old Roman coins.

For brief note correspondence a square sheet of paper to fit envelope without folding is fashionable.

So many mode and tan shades in woolen goods are sought for that merchants cannot supply the demand.

Riding gloves for ladies have longer gauntlets than heretofore. The color most in favor is the "red bronze."

Fur-trimmed, demi-trained skirts for the streets are about as inappropriate and slovenly a fashion as ever invented.

It seems the sailor hat is to have "just one more summer." This will be good news for those having them on hand.

Most of the dresses have some kind of finish about the foot, either a band of velvet or braiding, or a bias band of the material, finished at silk top with a fine silk cord or several overlapping folds.

The back hair is sometimes imprisoned in a golden net-work which is fastened behind the hat, or three jewelled velvet bands fall over the hair, filling up the unbecoming space between the head and the hat.

#### Where Columbus Began.

When Christopher Columbus was leaving Spain in despair after the Junta had pronounced his exploration scheme to be "vain and impracticable," says the London News, he halted at the monastery of La Rabida, near Palos, to ask for bread for his boy Diego. There he poured his sorrows into the sympathetic ears of Juan Perez, who had been the Spanish queen's confessor. The monk's influence at court was still sufficient to regain the ear of royalty for Columbus, and not far from this spot, where his despair was changed to hope, the marvelous voyage of discovery was commenced in 1492.

For this monastery of La Rabida, as we learn from our Madrid correspondent, the Spanish ministers of the colonies and the public works, with government engineers and architects, set out on Saturday evening with the view of settling on the spot plans for the raising of a statue to Columbus, for restoring the famous convent and for preparing accommodation for an American congress and other projected celebrations of the four hundredth anniversary of the great voyage of Columbus. The Spanish Government will provide the supplies by vote of the cortes this year, and a grand commission in Madrid is actively pushing the organization of this national commemoration. Unfortunately, the state of health of the lineal descendant of Columbus, the twelfth Duke of Veragua, leaves little hope that he will be able to be present at the fourth centenary celebration.

The farmers in the Northwest who burned nearly all their hardwood timber when clearing land have now cause to regret it. A Michigan paper gives a case in point. A man at Riverton is selling hardwood logs to mill men at good prices, and supplying what is unmarketable to his neighbors who have cleared off their land and are forced to buy fuel.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.