ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

SIMMONS REGULATOR

tite; but breath; bud taste in beaute coated; pain under the de; in the back or side—often or rhoundism; sour stomach bey and water brash; indiges is lax and costive by turns; with dull, heavy sensation; with sensation of having left indicate which most to have indone which ought to have fullness after eating; bad es; tired feeling; yellow apd skin and eyes; dizginess, etc. but always some of these indi-of action of the Liver. For

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A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.

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Future statesmen, preacher, poet, Playwright, leader of the bar-You may, but we do not, know it. Show us what you are!

Leave off dreaming, "it" and "and"-ing,

Gazing at a distant star; The world's not waiting while you're stand

Show us what you are!

Set your lofty genius working; Take a task, to make or mar; ame nor wealth are won by shirking; Show us what you are!

If you're abler, nobler, stronger Than the rest of us by far, lon't just think so any longer; Show us what you are! -Arthur Gundry, in Belford's Magazine.

A GENUINE HERO.

A sky of opal and gold, a deeptreliised veranda, a novel, and a hammock slung at the most comfortable of angles. With these conditions, it was scarcely strange that Haleyon Hartford swaved delightfully between dreamland and the real world that June afternoon. with the fleecy gold of her hair, all guiltless of pin or comb, and the "bell leeves," falling enchantingly away from her round, white arms, while one trim, slippered foot hung from the edge of the

"Halcyon! Halcyon! Where are you?" It was one of those exasperating voices which, once having been sweet, had now a certain vibrant jar to its tones, painfully akin to shrillness.

Haleyon frowned a little, and raised herself on one elbow,

"Oh, Aunt Hal, don't scream sol was just in such a half-way dream of de-

"Well, you should have answered,

Aunt Hal came out of the wide, shady hall with an effusive swing of her draperies, and seated herself in a bamboo chair, close to the head of the ham-

She was comically like her niece-at least, as like as a woman of eight-andthirty could be like a maid of eighteen.

There was the same yellow luxuriance of hair, but harsher, drier and more suggestive of dye; the same pink and white complexion, artifically heightened by liquid pearl and a carmine saucer; similar features, cruelly sharpened by the inexorable hand of time, and teeth just one degree too white and regular to be

The white dress she wore was painfully trying, and she was compelled to use gold eye-glasses as she held up a letter to the view of the younger

"What has happened?" drowsily demanded the latter, lifting a pair of blue eyes, fringed with dark lashes."

"The strangest thing!"

"Another offer of marriage?" hazarded Halcyon, settling on the unlikeliest thing which could, in her opinion, possibly

"How did you guess?" with a little exultant cackle. "Exactly. The dear, foolish lad-and he so much younger than I! Why, he couldn't have been one-and-twenty when he went to Bombay, and I was at least thirty then -" "Thirty-five, Aunt Hal," said

Halcyon, the merciless. "Was it as much as that? Well, he seemed desperately in love then; though, of course, I never took any notice of the child. But I suppose, in that country of

blackamoors, one can't help thinking about all the women one has known at home; and he has written me two or three letters-"

"Hashe?"

Haleyon sat straight up in the hammock now. Her blue eyes shone intently. The heat had brought a flush to her cheek, which all Aunt Hal's carmine saucers could not rival.

"But I never told you!" giggled the elder beauty. "Because I remembered that there was a sort of boy-and-girl affair between you and Chartley Blesson, when you were in boarding school, and I thought maybe you would be nettled. And here's the proposal at last-with

his photograph inclosed!" "Let me see it!" said Halcyon.

What a brave, good face it wasslightly older and sterner lined than she had looked upon when the Avancanian sailed away three years ago, but yet so strong and manly!

She laughed hysterically.

"Shall you accept him?" said she.

edge of the envelope; the new false teeth gleamed in a smile.

"I-think-I-shall!" "And you fourteen years older than

he is!" "People don't think so much about such things as they used to do," rea-

soned Miss Hartford, the elder, "Eros is immortal, you know, dear." Haleyon sank back into the hanmock

and reopened her book. "You must do as you please, of course," said she. "After that quotation about Eros, I haven't a suggestion

"Jealous, poor darling!" thought Aunt Hal, with a thrill of exultation. But she only said:

"Well, of course one can't help those things happening to one, and your time will come soon, dear, never fear.

"It's a good thing," she added to herself, "that she don't know anything about dear old Judge Flostroy. There's a difference in age, if you please, and the old pet is so infatuated about me. An old man's darling, or a young man's

While Halcyon thought, on her side: "The silly goose! He has done it

now. He has been making love to Aunt Hal, under the impression that he was courting me. I thought, of course, he knew that her name was the same as mine. Didn't she stand gedmother to me at St. Chrysoline's, and give me coral-and-bells and an embroidered christening robe? And now he has actually proposed to her! Well, if he is the man I take him to be, he'll stand by his colors, cost him what it may. A man who could walk up to the cannon's mouth at Bey-Idonna surely won't shrink even from Aunt Hal. And I'd ra-rather know that he was a true hero th-than have a poltroon for my husband!"

And Haleyon turned her face toward the pillow, and cried great, sparkling

. "So you're back again, Lieutenant? Beg pardon-I'd orter'd said Colonel, I do suppose," said the old hack-driver at the station, whom Chartley Blesson had remembered ever since he was a child. "Well, I declare, I shouldn't hardly hev knowed ye! And come back to be mar-

Blesson bit his lips; but he laughed carelessly. Jonas Hopper was a privileged individual, like the court jesters of

"How did you know, old man?" said

"Oh, I dunno! Miss Hartford, she's been gettin' ready to be married, this ong time," said Jonas, hoisting , the Colonel's luggage on the back of the wagon. "And dressmakers and milliners they will talk, you know, though I'm told Miss Hal took great pains to hide

"Did she?" (Aside: "The darling!") "And a fine woman she is, Colonel, officiously added Jonas, as he pushed in the last iron-clamped trunk. "A very fine woman, considerin' her age. I only wonder she ain't married before."

Colonel Blesson opened his sleepy

"Why, who on earth are you talkins

about, man?" said he. "Why, Miss Hal Hartford, to-be

"Miss Halevon or Miss Halliana?"

"There ain't no Miss Halliana," said Jonas. "They're both the same name but we calls the aunt Miss Hal and the niece Miss Halcyon. My daughter she's lady's-maid there; and I'd orter know if any one does."

"And which of them is it that is go ing to be married?" breathlessly queried

"Why, the old 'un, of course-Beg pardon!" hurriedly added Jones. " mean Miss Hal. Polly she tells me there' four-and-twenty different gounds or dered, let alone the jackets and parasols and ten-button kid gloves fit to mak your bair stand on end."

"And Miss Haleyon-the young lady," eried Blesson-"she is engaged too!"

"Not as any one knows on," said Jonas. "That all, Colonel? Got your telescope bag! Then we'd better be

Colonel Blesson pondered seriously all the way up to Hartford Cedars, obliviour of Jonas's incessant stream of talk. Could it be possible? No, that was uttenonsense! And yet-

He strained his eyes as they ap proached the house. Surely golden haired Haleyon would be there, smiling to welcome him!

But no. In her place stood a middle

Aunt Hat nibbled coquettishly at the faged charmer, well rouged and powdered with hair gleaming meretriciously and teeth just a size too large for the thin-lipped mouth.

In one hand she held his love-breathing letter; in the other his photograph. And during that second his heart sank

But he did not know-ah, how much more difficult would it have been to bear had he done so!-that Halcyon Hart ford's eyes were surreptitiously watching him from the honeysuckle-garlanded casement beyond.

"Dear Chartley," the elderly damse twittered, "you are here at last,"

He set his teeth, drew one long breath and allowed her to slip a carressing hand through his arm and lead him into the house, muttering some hoarse acknowledgment of her coquettish smiles.

"I've brought it on myself," he thought. "And I must simply endure it. The woman isn't to blame-no, she is not to blame."

"He is a hero," Halcyon thought-'yes, a hero."

And then she burst into a passion of tears and ran up stairs to her own room. "But now I've got you fairly here," lisped Aunt Hal, more determinedly youthful than ever, "I'm really afraid, dearest Chartley, that there's a great disappointment in store for you."

The Colonel had sat down in a rather listless manner. Aunt Hal held on to

his hand, still all teeth and smiles. "And I may as well tell you at once," said she, "that I'm already engaged to Judge Flostroy, of the Superior Court. Of course, if I had known of your attachment in time, there's no saying-"

"Oh, pray don't let me interfere with any existing arrangements!" said Blesson, jumping eagerly up. "Perhaps, under the circumstances, you will let me have my photograph back?"

Just then there came a ring at the door below as the maid announced:

"Judge Flostroy, miss, if you please!" Before the slow and ponderous steps of the approaching visitor could reach the room, Aunt Hal had thrust the photo-

graph into Blesson's hand. She had had the little triumph, which was all she wanted. That little case of diamonds from Judge Flostroy had set

"A-l:em-m-m!" sonorously coughed the luminary of the Superior Court,

Aunt Hal tripped smilingly forward. "Glad to see you, Judge!" she cooed This is my old playmate, Colonel Blesson, just arrived from India. I dare say, Chartley, you'll find Halcyon somewhere about the house."

"Disposed of in short order," muttered Colonel Blesson. "Great heavens! what have I done to deserve such luck

Two hours afterward the young lovers sat in the veranda, watching the evening star rise over the hills, while the Judge's onsso profundo voice still rolled in the sitting room like distant thunder.

gasped Blesson, holding both Halcyon's hands in his.

"But wasn't it a narrow escape?"

Would you really have married her,

"As a gentleman, Halcyon, there was no outlet of escape for me, under the ircumstances."

"But would you realty have married

"Yes, I would!" with sternly-set teeth and knitted brows. "Then I'll marry you, Chartley,"

whispered Halcyon, "because you are a genuine hero. And because," with an arch glance, "I really think you need a wife to take charge of you."

"After the episode of to-day," said Colonel Blesson, "I really think I do." -Saturday Night.

Our Feathered Friends.

The following birds are to be classed among the most helpful kinds in the general warfare against insects: Robins -cut and other worms; swallows, nighthawks and purple martins-moth catchers; pewees-striped cucumber bugs; catbirds-tent caterpillars; merdow larks, woodpeckers and crows-wire worms; blackbirds, red-winged birds, jays, doves, pigeons and chippies -strawberry pests: quail-chiachbugs, locusts; whippoorwills-moths; hawks, all-night birds, owls, etc., tanagers and black-winged summer redbirds-curculios. There may be also mentioned the following susect pest-destrovers: Nutcrackers, flycatchers, chimney swifts, indigo birds, chipping and song sparrows, blackbirds, mocking birds and orchard prioles. - New York Observer.

LABIES' COLUMN.

A HAT FOR BRUNETTES.

To suit the rich coloring of a brunette is fashioned a French hat of coarse yellow straw lined with Chantilly, and a thin double roll of orange velvet. From a heavier roll of the velvet that encircles the crown falls a frill of fine Chautilly looped in places with nasturtiums in rich red and crange. At the back, where the flowers fall on the hair, the hat is heightened by lace which comes in strings to the front. A toque is in bronze net thickly sprinkled with gold beads. There is no crown only a drapery of net coming round each side to the front, where it is raise I in a fan pleating. As a border is a band of gilt and bronze sequins, and the back is a cluster of dark-green velvet leaves .- New York

LONG JACKETS ARE PROPER NOW.

A Parisian fashion correspondent says short jackets are set aside as quite out of date, and every woman who aims at being a la mode dons long ones. It is a matter of minor consequence whether they suit the wearer or not. Nothing less than three-quarters length is the mode save the short, full cavalier capes. These are in light tweed in bright red, ruby, fawn, gray and black, and are made with braided vokes and collars and are often trimmed with fringe about the bottom. Even rough traveling cloaks are now cut the fashionable length, which reaches a little below the knees. Some of the light fawn and gray cloth cloaks have faceted jet wafers sewed on around the edge in several rows at regular distances and also in allover designs on the yoke and collar .- Chicago Herald.

PASHIONS OF LOUIS XV. And what did they really wear in the reign of the Louis of whom one hears most, much as one hears of all the Louis? The fans were round and covered with feathers; they were hung from the girdle; the gloves were long and buttonless; the shoes had pointed toes and high beels. Here is a pretty floral dress preserved in an old picture; the skirt is short and plain and has six festoons of roses to circle it; the bodice is low and pointed; the sleeves are silk above, musin puffs from the elbows: the hair is powdered and turned over a cushion. A wreath is laid about the top of it, and from the wreath issue ostrich plumes. There were hoops; there were lace flounces; there were ribbons, powder and brocades; the embroideries were magnificent: the waists were long and pointed; the bodices opened in front and were laced across; long polonaise jackets were edged with ruches: many things, in fact, were as many things are now .- New York

GEMS FOR COMPLEXIONS. A woman who has a red face will not wear emeralds, says the Contemporary Review, even if an arbitrary man milliner sends her home a dress that emeralds

would embellish. A woman with a poor complexion does not improve it by pearls. These lovely and innocuous ornaments really derive their chief luster from a transparent skin, as they depend largely on reflected lights. The iridescent colors on pearls attract notice to the whiteness of a white ground, but on all ill-colored ground

they are decidedly vindictive. A woman whose face, however beautiful, takes verdatres tints in the shadows, should avoid rubies, especially pink ones, and roseate topazes. A face may have these greenish thats without damage to beauty, remember. I am not selectins

all the most unfortunate women I can

think of to threaten and warn. Every face has a great deal of green in it, as a portrait-painter will tell you. Giotto (who painted the loveliest angels conceivable) and all his pupils made the shadows on girls' faces startlingly green, and the eyes green too sometimes, and vet we receive the impression of exquisite delicacy and brilliancy. Still red is the complementary of green, and if the dress should be pink, and no help for it. the jewels nearer the face ought to coun-

PASHION NOTES.

The striped surahs, wash silks commonly called, are selling very well.

Wash crope is a mixed silk and cotton

fabric, retailing at seventy-five cents. Some of the new stuffs for dresses have shinning white crystal bends woven in

Gray, mastic, navy blue and flams color are the predominating shades this

The black Indias having mauve designs in single flowers or sprays are good

Subscription, \$1.00 per Year.

Satin stripes broken by a small brocade are stylish in light, but not evening,

Wool surah, a new dress fabric, is almost as light and delicate as the silken

In drab camel's hair is a traveling cloak, with revers of fox far. The lining is old gold satin, and the only decorations are handsome frog buttons on the

Hair stripe batiste comes in a mixture of wool and cotton, but only in white grounds, with the narrow stripes about an eighth of an inch apart.

Jeweled buttons of high price are imported this season to be used on the corsages that are gurnitured with the increasingly popular gem-set dress trim-

Short, round cloaks in silver gray cloth are trimmed at the edges and upon the shoulders with effective trefoils of velvet, appliqued with silk along the

Mytle-green camel's hair is combined with various furs, looking remarkably well with each and every one. It is extready stylish with black astrakhan, ooking brighter by contrast. It combines excellently well with mink, which s always a stiff, unmanageable fur, and is in equal good taste with beaver.

Carrier Pigeons Flying To and Fro.

Captain Malogoli, the head of the Italian military carrier-pigeon depot, has, after immense and unwearying trouble, succeeded in getting his pigeons to fly backward and forward between Rome and Civita Vecchia (seventy-two kilometers). This practical success has shattered the theories of various ornithologists, such as Russ, who have affirmed that pigeons cannot be made to fly in two directions. The chief points to be observed in the rearing of pigeons are: Roomy, warm houses, facing toward the sm, scrupulous cleanliness, light food, abundance of clean, fresh water. The smaller the bird and the quieter its color, the better chance it stands of safety from human and other enemies. Among the latter the falcon is the most dangerour. The military pigeon post is best organized in Germany, Italy and France. In the last French budget a sum of \$12,-600 was devoted to that branch of the service, and there are at present in France thirty-two sub-depots, besides the chief pigeon station. In Italy there are twelve sub-depots, and five in the Italian possessions in Africa. — Cornhill.

Awful Slaughter of Timber,

An alarmed dealer in lumber tells the Paducah (Ky.) News that it will not be ten years before "the supply of logs will be a hard problem to solve." He says the timber along the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers is fast being cut out: "The supply of everything is exhaustable. The slaughter of timber in Kentucky and Tennessee is something awful. Our oak, hickory, a.h, gum, poplar and other valuable woods are rapidly following the track of the black walnut, which is now nearly extinct as an article of commerce. Other trees will grow up in the place of those that are destroyed in some sections, but it takes at least a full generation for any of the varieties to mature into merchantable timber, and some of them will require more than a generation to do it. In other sections the young trees are being wasted in the most shameful manner."



A cresm of terfar baking posder, Highest of all in leavening strength . --Lutest U. S. Government Food Report.