

# 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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### GOLDEN BUBBLES.

Desire not thou too greatly, for, like fire Destroying what it enfold, so is desire. Success—that was his thought, his hope, his aim. Afield or housed, noon, midnight, dusk or dawn. That dazzling image his heart dwelt upon. For, if he slept, Imagination's flame Burnt like a steady torch, lighting the same Determined path—which way his soul had gone: And if he waked, the dream, still unwithered, Remained, unchanged, his conscious force to claim.

At last 'twas his. An airy figure brought, Light-balanced on soft finger-tips, a sphere Of fine-wrought gold. But his trained hands forgot Their skill for one brief instant, in the fear To lose the gift. Too eagerly they caught This glittering ball, which crumbled into naught.

So strength may win what it may fail to keep! This world's gifts vary only in degree. They are but air sphered in the thinnest gold; The bubbles must be jostled tenderly.

—Robert Burns Wilson, in Harper's.

### Baby Versus Husband.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"Hello, Kate?"

"Yes!" answered a voice above stairs, as Charley Grant called from the cosy little hall below.

"Come down here! I've got something to tell you!"

Charley's handsome face was bright enough to tell anybody that his news pleased him greatly, as he stood waiting for his wife to come down. And why not, since his pretty cousin, Jessie Kingsbury, had come at one time very near filling the place which Kate had now?

But Kate was as sweet and pretty as ever Jess had been—at least, she used to be, before Baby Johnnie came—and—and—well, Kate appeared at the instant, and even Charley could not call her pretty, now.

Her golden hair was all bunched up and tucked back with an ugly comb, her wrapper unbelted, no collar on, and her small feet thrust into clumsy old slippers.

Charley's friends used to say he was a perfect fiend on the subject of untidy women, and he couldn't help a shade crossing his face as he remembered how trim and nice Kate was when they were first married.

But the shade passed as swiftly as it came, and he stooped to give her the usual kiss, as he said:

"Busy, to-day?"

"Yes. Hush, Charley! Don't speak so loud, you'll wake the baby!"

"Oh, bother the baby! He's always going to sleep or waking up, or doing something to make life miserable for other folks!"

"Why, Charles Grant! Aren't you ashamed to say that of your own blessed little son?"

And Kate's eyes began to fill, while her cheeks reddened.

Charley hastened to undo his mischief by saying, tenderly:

"Now, there! You know I was only joking, dear! He's the finest baby ever lived, no doubt! Isn't supper ready? I'm as hungry as a hunter!"

"Yes, it is waiting. I'll ring it up at once. What was it you wanted to tell me, Charley?"

"There! Bless my soul, if I hadn't forgotten! Who do you think is here?"

"I couldn't guess, so I won't try. Tell me!"

"Cousin Jessie Kingsbury! She is over at Brother John's now. Came to-day!"

"Did she?"

There was no very intense interest in Kate's tone, for she was not over glad to hear of the young lady's arrival. Guests were troublesome, but she felt obliged to say, as Charley waited:

"Will we have to invite her here?"

"Why, of course, Kate! We'll do our part of the entertaining, with Stella and John. We must call to-morrow and set a time for her to come to us. She will stay a month or two. Jess is so lively, we can't be dull while she is here."

Kate was just conscious of a queer twinge at Charley's words, but she led the way to the table, and poured the tea with her usual pleasant manner.

"There! I forgot something else, too," cried Charley, suddenly clapping his hand on his pocket. "I've got a treat for us to-night."

"What is it?" asked Kate.

Charley took two small squares of

pasteboard from his pocket and held them up to her.

"What are they?" said she. "Theatre tickets?"

"Yes. 'Faust,' by a splendid company. I knew you always wanted to hear 'Faust,' so I got 'em on purpose for you."

Charley looked pleased, but Kate's fair face clouded, as she answered:

"Well, I am sorry you spent the money. I can't go."

"Can't go! Why in the world can't you, then? You are so fond of good opera. I thought this would be a real treat."

"So it would, Charley, if I could leave the baby."

"But I thought you had a good girl?"

"Well, I have a perfect treasure."

"Well, don't you think she might manage to rock the baby for two hours on one occasion?" asked Charley, seriously.

"Oh, but Charley, he might be taken sick or something."

"Yes, the house might burn down; but I don't think it will," returned Charley, more shortly than he often spoke to Kate. "I'm very sorry you won't go," he added, as he rose from the table, his appetite quite spoiled. "It is a disappointment to me."

"Why, you can go, I'm sure, Charley. I shall not care at all."

"No; I'll stay with you, and we can have our own music. I have not heard you sing for a month."

Kate hesitated a moment, then she said:

"But, Charley, I must stay up in the nursery. I never trust Johnnie to Sarah or even Jess."

Charley frowned, stood irresolute an instant, and said:

"Oh, well, then, I don't see why I shouldn't get some pleasure, if I can. I'll just drop over to John's and see if they are going. As I have two tickets, if Jess cares to go we might all make a party of it."

"Yes, certainly; go, Charley. I don't want you to stay at home because I have to."

"You know I had rather be with you, my dear. But it's dull work sitting downstairs alone all evening."

Then Charley kissed her, put on his overcoat and went away. But after he was gone Kate began to be conscious of a lonely, uneasy feeling, and to wish she had gone, too. Of course, Charley was as loyal and true-hearted as a man could be. But, to think of him sitting beside that dashing, black-eyed Jess all the evening and showing her all the little attentions which he knew so well how to give a woman; it worried her, somehow, and she could not help it. She was not jealous. Oh, no! She had told him to go and really hoped he would enjoy it. But—but—she did wish she had left Johnnie to Sarah for one evening and made one of that opera-party with the rest.

As for Charley, as he walked rapidly over to his brother's he wondered if he wasn't a precious rascal for wishing that blessed baby had never come into his house. To be sure, it was a bright little thing, sweet and cute, and he would have loved it dearly and been very proud of it (as he was, after all, if he had only known it), but since it arrived, Kate had been no companion at all for him. She was everlastingly up in that nursery, and she neglected her dress and her hair, and never read or sang to him or went out with him, and he was feeling the change sadly.

"Of course, it is right to be a devoted mother," he said to himself; "but I do wish the mother had not so entirely displaced the wife. It's hard on a fellow, and I don't like it. I don't wonder men get tired of their wives, if they all do the same way."

Just then Charley ran against a passer-by, and as he glanced up to apologize, saw his brother.

"Ah, John!" was his greeting. "I'm just on my way to your house."

"Well, I'm on my way to yours," replied John, laughing. "We want you and Kate to go with us to hear 'Faust' to-night."

"No use to go on," returned Charley. "I have been trying to induce Kate to go but she won't."

"She won't? Why not?"

"She can't leave that precious youngster. I got her a ticket, but it was no go. So I was coming over to say if you want to hear the opera, my tickets are at your service."

"Not unless you go with us, Charley. Of course, you will, though. And Jess can use one of your tickets."

"Why, I hardly know about going myself, John. I don't like to leave Kate at home alone, you know."

"Nonsense! It is her own fault. Come, I won't hear a word more. Forward, march! It's time to be off."

Charley submitted, feeling a little reproached, for, though he had set out with the intention of going to the play, when he took a second thought, he did not care to go without Kate. But Miss Jessie was very willing to be escorted by her handsome cousin.

Kate had gone to bed before he got home, and he would not disturb her. But at breakfast next morning he told her what a grand time they had enjoyed.

"Ye-es? I am very glad, Charley," said Kate, rather faintly.

"Oh, yes. We only missed you, dear. But Jess is so lively, one couldn't help having a good time with her. By the way, Kate, she says, as you are so busy with the baby, she will not stand on ceremony and wait for you to call on her. She is coming over with Stella to-day. We must have her to stay here, you know. If you can't spare time to entertain her, why, I can."

A sudden feeling, which she could not explain, fired Kate's heart, and made her say, with some spirit:

"I shall do my part, of course, Charley."

"That's a good girl!" he returned, in tones of real pleasure. "I knew you would—if that wretched—"

"Charles Grant!"

"Oh, excuse me—that precious baby—did not absorb all your time. Then you'll invite her to stay when they call?"

"Yes."

"You're a darling! Wish I could be here, too. But you can make them stay to dinner. Good-bye!" A kiss, and he was off.

"Oh, yes! She'll stay, fast enough!" sighed Kate, as she went upstairs. "But what I wish is that people would just stay at home as I do. However, as Miss Jess has no husband and baby to keep her at home, it is to be expected that she will go anywhere where she can find amusement."

And then Miss Kate nodded her head, and her eyes had an unusual sparkle in them, as if she had suddenly come to some resolution which she was determined to carry out.

Kate flew around in her nursery that morning with a will; and before her callers could possibly be expected she had taken off her untidy wrapper, curled her hair and made herself as pretty as she could. If she took a bit of a cry while she held the curling-iron, it might have been because that small instrument of torture was too hot.

They came, and it seemed to Kate that Jess looked slightly surprised at her appearance.

"Why, they told me you had grown quite domestic, dear! Given up society, and all that!" the young lady cried, settling her silken plumage in Kate's cosiest chair. "But I declare, you look as fresh and blooming as ever! I am quite vexed with Charley."

"I hope you enjoyed the opera, last night?" observed Kate, rather coolly, not replying to her words.

"Oh, yes, indeed! It seemed like old times to be with Charley again. Oh, by the way, did he tell you he was going to take me out riding this afternoon?" she rattled on. "I told him he ought to take you, but he said you wouldn't go."

"Not to-day. Some other time, with pleasure," answered Kate. But her usual "I couldn't leave the baby" was not spoken, and Stella stared a little, and then smiled and nodded her head, as if she had suddenly chanced upon a bright idea.

Kate gave the invitation Charley had suggested, but the visitors declined to go remain to dinner that day. Miss Jessie promised to come in a few days and spend a week or two with them.

At noon, instead of Charley, came the office-boy, bringing a little note, to say that she need not wait, for he would not come to dinner. Had an engagement for the afternoon, but would come home early to supper.

"An engagement? Yes; to ride with his cousin!" said Kate, to herself with a smile. "All right, Mr. Charley! The next time, I rather think I will be of the party."

She was very busy that afternoon. But when Charley came up at tea-time, it was the old Kate who met him in the hall, with fluffy hair and faultless dress, as he had not seen her for months.

"Why, Kit!" he cried, his handsome face all aglow. "Has any one come? Are you going out?"

"Yes, I thought if you cared to go, we would run 'round to Stella's while, this evening," she answered, putting her hand on which her diamond ring again shone on his broad shoulder.

"But, the baby?" asked Charley, doubtfully.

"Sarah can do very well with the baby," said Kate, though her cheeks reddened under his glance.

"Sarah? Why, Katie, what does it all mean? Is it possible—?"

"Yes, it is quite possible that I am not going to neglect you any more, Charley, my dear," she interrupted, blushing redder.

"Hallelujah!" And Charley caught her to him in a swift embrace. "Kate, I'm the happiest fellow in town just this minute!"

"Then I shall take care to keep you so," said Kate. "Come to supper, silly boy."

She kept her word.—*The Ledger.*

### LADIES' COLUMN.

#### FRILLS ARE IN FASHION.

This will be a season of lace. You can't get too much lace on your gowns, your hats, your parasols and your petticoats. Every one who is the fortunate possessor of old lace is now bringing out the heirlooms. The absurd mixture of lace and cloth grows apace, and the smart girls are flouncing their cloth gowns with Honiton and Mechlin and oriental frillings. A second wide frill edges the bottom of basques. This is the ultra-fashionable garniture of the season.—*Chicago Herald.*

#### A SUGGESTION FOR PACKING HATS.

When a woman packs her trunk with her good clothes in it what troubles her is not to get her fine gowns laid away without wrinkles or crease, for her whole trunk has been constructed to that end in shallow trays with numberless straps. What really bothers her is her hats. The hat boxes in the trunk are altogether inadequate, being too few in number, too large for one hat and too small for two. The real need is for a hat trunk which shall be given up entirely to the disposition of hats, as the ordinary trunk is to gowns. No inventive genius has yet set his brain at work to supply this want. And women are therefore driven to all kinds of shifts to move their hats from place to place in good condition. A contributor to a New York paper knows one woman who has her hats packed in a barrel specially arranged for that purpose, with hooks fastened inside on which the hats are fastened. For one of the requisites of successful hat packing is that the hats should have some means of anchorage, so that in the tossing about of the journey they should not get crushed. A trunk devised for this purpose should be divided into compartments, some large and some small, and each of these should have its own separate cover. It should also have tapes by which the hat can be firmly tied in a place, and so kept from the destruction that follows their being loosely placed in their boxes and tossed from one side to the other in their journey.—*Chicago Post.*

#### PRETTINESS AN OBJECTION.

"I saw a young lady refused a position for a peculiar reason yesterday," said a salesman for a wholesale glove house. "I was in one of the retail stores on State street, talking trade with the manager of the glove department."

"It seems he had advertised for a young lady to fill a position at the glove counter. Several had been selected from among the number that had responded to the advertisement and been sent to him that he might choose the one whose appearance and qualifications suited him best. One of them seemed to please his fancy, her appearance and manner indicating that she would be the right one for the position. Presently he said:

"Remove your glove and let me see your hand, please."

"She did so, and displayed one of the smallest, whitest, prettiest hands I ever looked upon."

"A very beautiful hand," said he, as she daintily extended it for inspection; "but I cannot give you the position asked. You see, no lady with ordinary-looking hands would be satisfied with them when contrasted with the smallness and beauty of yours. Envy would cause her to think that the gloves made her hands look large, and she would be dissatisfied and go away without making a purchase."

And as she went away with a downcast look, I wondered how many women

there are in the world who would, if they could, trade hands with her."—*Chicago Tribune.*

### FASHION NOTES.

The prevalence of very light-colored cloth dresses and wraps is very marked. Cat's-eyes and tiger's-eyes are added to the imitation jewels with which dress trimmings are studded.

Each and every new sunshade and parasol is fashionable, even if it does vary a little in the style of make up.

Country house furniture is very beautiful this season, with styles running to copies of the Chippendale and colonial.

Checked tweed gowns for mourning or traveling are made with a deep coat and plain skirt simply finished with stitching.

College fans, which came late last season, are merely so called because representative colors are introduced on the sticks.

Girls who have abnormally small waists, huge stuffed sleeves, and who wear big hats, have been dubbed "wasps."

Mousseline de soie and chiffon ruffles for the neck are printed with gay fleurettes, or else are dotted and scalloped with black.

Light tweeds and chevets in brown and gray, with indistinct cross bars and checks, are used for tailor gowns for the demi-season.

The new corduroy silks come in Persian and Algerian stripes and in pretty tri-color—green, gold and English rose—and various other bright combinations that render them most attractive for home wear.

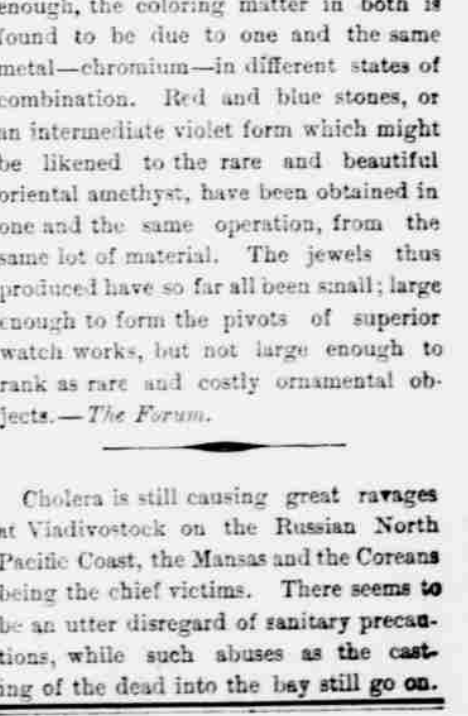
White and lilac ginghams trimmed with white feather-stitched braid make pretty morning dresses for summer, as do also those of rose pink and cream gray and silver blue mignonette and geranium red.

Some of the new tailor-made traveling suits for women of Scotch goods are exceedingly pretty and stylish. They are, of course, supposed to fit "like paper on the wall," no matter how much personal discomfort the wearer may have to endure.

### Artificial Gems.

Attempts have been made, not without success, to form minerals. Artificial ultramarine has long been an article of commerce. The formation of the diamond is said to have been actually effected, but in the opinion of the inventor the process is so difficult and so dangerous, that the diamond-miner and the diamond-merchant need not feel uneasy. The ruby and the sapphire have lately been reproduced in Paris, and, curiously enough, the coloring matter in both is found to be due to one and the same metal—chromium—in different states of combination. Red and blue stones, or an intermediate violet form which might be likened to the rare and beautiful oriental amethyst, have been obtained in one and the same operation, from the same lot of material. The jewels thus produced have so far all been small; large enough to form the pivots of superior watch works, but not large enough to rank as rare and costly ornamental objects.—*The Forum.*

Cholera is still causing great ravages at Vladivostok on the Russian North Pacific Coast, the Manchus and the Koreans being the chief victims. There seems to be an utter disregard of sanitary precautions, while such abuses as the casting of the dead into the bay still go on.



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