

# THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

EIGHT PAGES.

VOL. IV. NO. 39.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY JUNE 24, 1891.

Subscription, \$1.00 per Year.



## SYMPTOMS OF LIVER DISEASE:

Loss of appetite; bad breath; bad taste in mouth; tongue coated; pain under the right ribs; in the back or side—often the latter for rheumatism; sour stomach; constipation; indigestion; water-brush; indigestion; loss of energy and vitality; loss of sleep; loss of weight; loss of color; loss of hair; loss of eyesight; loss of hearing; loss of memory; loss of power; loss of strength; loss of vigor; loss of youth; loss of life.

## A Safe, Reliable Remedy

that can do no harm and has never been known to fail to do good.

## Take Simmons Liver Regulator

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR—  
Bowel Complaint, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.

## A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.

"I have been practicing medicine for twenty years and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons' Liver Regulator, promptly and effectually move the bowels, and in the same time aid in the digestion, and strengthen the digestive and assimilative powers of the system."

J. M. Kinross, M. D., Washington, Ark.

## ONLY GENUINE

Be sure to get the genuine, and to get it from the only reliable source.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

## BE NOT IMPOSED UPON!

Examine to see that you get the Genuine, distinguished from all fakes and imitations by our red Z Trade Mark on front of wrapper, and on the side the seal and signature of J. H. Zeilin & Co.

## LEADS ALL COMPETITORS!

## I. S. D. SAULS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

## Heavy and Fancy Groceries.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

## FAMILY GROCERIES

—AND—

## FARMER'S SUPPLIES,

Including Oats, Bran, Hay, Shipstuffs, Corn, Meal, Flour, Meat, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, etc.

## SEE ME BEFORE BUYING.

I. S. D. SAULS,

Goldsboro, N. C.

## Dr. James H. Powell,

DRUG STORE IN "LAW BUILDING"—

(cor. store, north end)

## Keeps constantly in stock

## Fresh Drugs, Patent Medicines, Etc., Etc.

—O—

## PRICES AS LOW AS AT ANY DRUG STORE IN THE CITY.

—O—

Also offers his professional services to the surrounding community, at any hour in the day or night. Can be found at the drug store, unless professionally engaged. Residence on West Centre St., between Spruce and Pine.

## We Take the Lead.

We are now handling the very best

## BEEF

that has ever been brought to the city

## Best Quality and Lowest Prices.

MUTTON, PORK AND SAUSAGE

Always on hand. We pay the highest market price for cattle.

## S. Cohn & Son,

City Market and Old P. O. Building.

## Do You Need Machinery?

Then write to "DIXIE" and your wants will be published free.

If you purchase from any of our advertisers, and will so inform us.

## WE WILL MAKE YOU A PRESENT

of a year's subscription to "Dixie."

Address,

## THE "DIXIE" CO.,

ATLANTA, GA.

## BROTHER, AWAKE!

Brother, the dawn in the east is arising,  
Sparkling and bright from wild ocean's embrace.

See how her blushes new beauties awaken;  
See what a tender light beams from her face!

Eos, fair Eos, her fleet steeds are waiting,  
Eager to speed in advance of the wind,  
Longing to bear thee away on thy mission,  
Cheering and blessing the hearts of mankind.

Brother, awake, for the sun hath arisen!  
Dazzling is he in his gorgeous array;  
Golden his palace, and golden his armor—  
Wilt thou not welcome the king of the day?

Helois, Helois, thou art majestic!  
Daily thy duty is patiently done;  
Brother, thy duties demand thine attention—  
Wake, ere day endeth and night is begun.

Brother, awake! Awake, O my brother!  
Moonbeams are gently caressing thy brow;  
See, the moon peeps through the darkening shadows;  
See her sweet smile as it lights on thee now.

Selene, Selene, stars round thee glimmer;  
Dost thou ne'er linger to gather a gem?  
"Why should I tarry, or turn from my pathway?"  
While I have peace, I've a rich diadem."

Brother, O brother, awake from thy slumber,  
Open thine eyes while 'tis yet called to-day!

Vain is thy dreaming, for not it availeth;  
List to thine impulse, be swift to obey.  
High be thy purpose, eye, heavenward reaching;  
Firm thy endeavor, persistent and true;

Faith be thy waterword, and hope thy companion,  
Pence will not linger but hasten to you.  
—Lillian Stiles Webster.

## A POINT OF HONOR.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

It is a fact too well proven to need comment here that mental excitement will produce upon the human countenance a change more rapid and lasting than even physical pain. But it would have scarcely seemed possible that one hour could have made a beautiful, blooming face so pallid and deathlike as that of Isaura Gardiner became in that brief time one June morning, when all nature was in jubilant mood.

She was young—not more than twenty—and had been Julius Gardiner's wife a little more than one year. They had been married at a time when the firm employing Julius had wished him to undertake a prolonged Southern and Western trip to collect outstanding debts, and the young couple had made this business errand their wedding tour.

Early in March they had returned to their home, and a few weeks later a wee blossom had come to bind the parents' hearts in yet closer bonds of mutual love, a little daughter they named for Isaura's long dead mother, Bertha.

After the baby came to gladden her, Isaura found her time so filled with maternal cares that she had never availed herself of her husband's permission to explore the old homestead, until the June morning already mentioned.

It was a very large, rambling old country house, the legacy of three generations of Gardiners, to the last survivor Julius, and Isaura was sure that it was filled with treasures of past occupants, though its owner laughingly assured her that he was quite sure she would find but little to reward the thorough ransacking she threatened to make.

When she was first engaged to Julius Gardiner, Isaura had thought she would bring him a fortune equal to his own patrimony. She had been from infancy the supposed heiress of a maiden aunt, who had a moderate income under her own entire control and no heir but her niece. But, from some unexplained freak, the venerable maiden, upon her death-bed, left her home and money to found an asylum, bestowing upon her niece her clothing and jewelry, the one much the worse for use, the other of but trifling value.

Isaura had been sorely disappointed, but Julius had laughed at the long face, assuring her he had ample means for both; his private fortune and large salary combining to make a handsome income. So Isaura had forgotten the temporary trouble very quickly.

On the June day, already referred to, she had at last explored some of the long closed rooms, and entered one early in the forenoon, her face bright as the June sunshine pouring in at the open windows, her cheeks rivaling the blush roses clambering over the wide porch roof to nod at her, her eyes as clear and blue as the summerskies arching over the old homestead.

In one brief hour she came out again. But the pretty pink flush was gone from her cheeks, leaving them as white as new fallen snow, her eyes were heavy and dull

as lead, gazing vacantly forward with an expression of utter misery; her step was slow and feeble, and she trembled as if unable to support her own weight. She seemed to have aged years in that one hour of anguish passed in the room entered with such a light step and happy heart.

Slowly she went to her own room. Baby Bertha lay in her dainty cradle sleeping profoundly in a morning nap, and the young mother, sinking upon her knees beside her, found some relief from her agony in a passion of tears and sobs. Again and again her husband's name mingled with the moans wrung from her white, quivering lips, till the violence of her grief awakened the sleeping child, who broke into wailing cries. For a moment the mother forgot her own grief, as she soothed the little one with all love's tender caresses, kissing the velvet cheek, and whispering soft words of affection.

But when the child lay quiet in her arms, the shadows fell again over Isaura's face, and her tears dropped fast upon the little face nestled against her bosom. The burden of grief was not lifted, though the first wild paroxysm was over. Isaura Gardiner was a fair woman, tall but slight, and possessing much beauty, of a purely blonde type, rippling, golden hair and blue eyes, with a soft, delicate complexion. Her disposition was gentle and loving in a remarkable degree, suiting well the exquisite beauty of face and form.

It is no exaggeration to say that she actually lived in her affections, and these were centered absolutely in her husband and child. Orphaned when only ten years old, she had been under the guardianship of her aunt, passed from one boarding school to another, spending even her holidays in the care of her teachers, unless invited to visit a fellow-pupil.

It was during such a visit in the village that was to become her future home that she met Julius Gardiner, and her heart, starving for sympathy and companionship, sprang at once to answer his warm avowal of deep, sincere love. She had never known what it was to receive such affection as her lover gave her, and she gratefully returned it. And in her love she had found only happiness.

It was Julius who had consoled her when her aunt died, leaving her alone in the world. Julius who had urged a speedy marriage, that he might have the right to comfort and protect her. Julius who had made a bridal tour of his long business journey and given her every leisure hour to explore all the sights of the many new places in which they sojourned. Julius who had watched her tenderly when her life seemed going from her, after baby came, and gave her new life by his loving voice and gentle caress.

She had thought their love perfect—as strong in his heart as in her own. But on that June morning, all this happy certainty had gone from her, and her heart seemed breaking at the loss. She took no further interest in the exploring expedition through the old house upon which she had started so merrily, but rocked her baby in her arms, and mused over the one appalling discovery she had already made.

Julius found her so when he came in to his dinner, and anxiously inquired the cause of her woe-begone face and red eyes. But for the first time his tender sympathy met a repulse; not an angry one, but one that was equally puzzling to him, it was so full of mute reproach, and no entreaties could give him any explanation of the cause.

For days, this atmosphere of gloom and mystery hung about Isaura. She neglected all the little household duties in which she had delighted; she would sit for hours in silence and idleness, her face white, her eyes fixed mournfully on vacancy.

Julius was distracted. Loving his wife with all the fondness of a tender, true heart, he was grieved and angered to see her fretting constantly, yet refusing to give any reason for such excess of sorrow.

In vain he tried by every tender device to win her confidence. She only kept a more profound silence, while yet most evidently doubting the sincerity of his professions of love and regret.

At last, the result Julius dreaded fell over Isaura, and she was prostrated by low nervous fever and became very ill. The physician hinted at some mental disturbance, and prescribed quiet; and the husband, thoroughly aroused by fear, exerted his authority with some show of harshness.

"You are nursing some chimera," he

said to poor, pale Isaura, "and I insist upon knowing what it is."

"Oh, Julius, don't be angry!" she moaned, pitifully. "Perhaps I may die, and then you can marry Magdalene."

"What upon earth are you talking about? 'Magdalene'! Who is Magdalene?"

"The woman you love. I am sorry, Julius, that I have stood in the way so long. It would have been better to have been frank with me and told me the truth before we were married."

"She is insane," thought poor Julius, bursting into a cold sweat of horror; "she has been nursing some delusion till it has turned her brain and made her a monomaniac!"

All anger was gone from his voice as he bent low over his wife.

"Darling," he said, "do not think of such things. You cannot doubt my love for you!"

The blue eyes that had grown dim with excessive weeping searched his face eagerly. Then, as if nerved to a desperate effort Isaura took a folded paper from the drawer of a table beside her bed and handed it to her husband.

"Read that," she said. "I found it in the room up-stairs that you told me was your room while your parents lived. It was in the drawer of a bureau there, with other papers. You told me I might overhaul anything I pleased, and I read that."

Wonderingly, Julius opened the paper, while Isaura scanned his face, watching for the confusion of detected guilt. To utter amazement, Julius, after reading the paper, burst into a fit of laughter, clear, ringing and hearty.

"Oh, Isaura," he cried, when he could catch his breath, "the sins of my youth are being visited upon my head with a vengeance. Oh, it is too good!" And another paroxysm of mirth followed.

"I don't see anything funny about it," said Isaura, crimsoning with anger.

Julius read aloud, with mock emphasis:

"DEAR DICK:—You utterly mistake both my heart and principle if you imagine for one moment that I will avail myself of the pitiful excuse of Isaura's loss of fortune to break our engagement. Dearly as I love Magdalene, bitterly as I regret the tie that binds me, I will never, never so disgrace my manhood as to desert the fond heart that loves me."

"Isaura knows nothing of my mad infatuation for your sister Magdalene, my hope less love for one I may never seek to win. She trusts the professions of love I made her long ago, I will never, never so disgrace my manhood as to desert the fond heart that loves me."

"Isaura knows nothing of my mad infatuation for your sister Magdalene, my hope less love for one I may never seek to win. She trusts the professions of love I made her long ago, I will never, never so disgrace my manhood as to desert the fond heart that loves me."

Here the paper was torn and the confidence of the lover brought to an abrupt conclusion.

"Oh, Isaura," said Julius, who had been interrupted by frequent spasms of laughter, "have you really been fretting yourself sick over this balderdash?"

Then, looking into the pale, wan face, Julius became grave again.

"If you had only looked further, dear," he said, "you would have discovered page after page of just such stuff. For you must know that one of the delusions of my youth was a settled conviction that I was a great literary genius, a Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens of America, born to astonish the world. And this is part of my first, last and only novel."

"Oh, Julius!" Isaura gasped. "I thought—I was sure—"

"There, don't cry, love; don't! Never doubt me again, dear. I cannot imagine now how you could have taken this for a genuine letter. I never knew a Dick or Magdalene."

"How did I know that? And Isaura is such a very singular name."

"So it is. But you see, dear, just about that time this singular name stood in my heart for all that was charming, good and lovable in womankind. I was desperately in love with an Isaura, and as my heroine was to embody all female perfection, I gave her the name of the woman who had full possession of my heart."

"And then the loss of fortune—my aunt, you know—"

"Bless me, yes! I forgot all about that. It does look oddly like truth, now don't it? But if you will explore the drawer still further you will find a couple of hundred pages explanatory of this precious document you so unfortunately selected."

The doctor, coming later in the day to visit his patient, was astonished at the wonderful effect of the simple remedy he had prescribed, and still more at the rapid recovery that followed. In less than a week Isaura was singing about the old house, a busy little matron,

happy in her husband's love, her baby's beauty.

But she has still one regret: All her entreaties have failed to persuade Julius to complete that beautiful novel, "A Point of Honor," which lies unfinished in Isaura's care, and which she is firmly convinced would, if published, place her husband at the very pinnacle of literary fame.

But Julius will not agree with her, declaring that that precious composition has already made sufficient mischief in the world, since it caused his wife weeks of misery and a fit of illness, and therefore it is with him a point of honor to consign to oblivion as speedily as possible.—*The Ledger.*

## A Creek Execution.

When a citizen of the Creek Nation is condemned to death he is released on parole until the fatal day arrived, when he invariably shows up without any sort of restraint or dress having been employed. The Sheriff shoots the culprit through the heart with a rifle. The redemption of his parole of honor has been a distinguishing characteristic of the Creek Indian for ages, and the most red-handed criminals among them, from a superstitious belief that to flee would be useless, rush to the executioner as a bridegroom rushes to his bride, once the law says he is worthy of death, but not worthy of bonds. The Creeks, being a civilized tribe, with excellent schools, courts, Judges and criminal and civil codes, perhaps the Caucasian virtue of inconstancy has invaded the Territory, and Sheriffs have learned to lock up their prisoners.

I remembered an execution that occurred in the Creek Nation less than ten years ago. The condemned was a young farmer who had killed his neighbor. A little before sunrise a crowd had gathered in the open space back of the court house where the ready coffin had been brought to receive the tenebrous of clay after its tenant had been evicted by a rifle ball. In the crowd were the father and the brother of the condemned.

When the sun began to paint the tree-tops and he had not yet appeared, some one suggested that he might have flown. His kinsmen indignantly denied the possibility of such cravenness in one of their family and a quarrel ensued. It was interrupted by a horseman galloping up and dismounting near the coffin. He spoke to no one, not even recognizing his relatives—having already taken leave of them. A petty officer led the riderless horse away, slipped its bridle, and it began to crop the prairie grass. The horseman himself walked directly to the ominous black box, turned his face to the rising sun, held his hands stiffly at his sides and awaited motionless. The Sheriff had already driven a stake fifteen paces from the coffin. He advanced to this, raised his rifle to his shoulder, took deliberate aim at the fellow's breast and fired. The latter fell without a groan, and his relatives took charge of his body.—*St. Louis Republic.*

## Locusts in Australia.

Much has been heard of the plague of rabbits in Australia, but the ravages of locusts are sometimes as disastrous. At one place in Victoria, about the beginning of December, the hot season in those regions, the arrival of an army of locusts from the north presented the appearance in the air, it is reported, "as of a snowstorm," and the ground was covered to the depth of three or four inches where they alighted. In Adelaide, the wind bore them to the sea, and the shore was lined with myriads that thus perished. In many places the vegetation was destroyed by the invaders. Caterpillars are among the occasional plagues of Australia, one farmer being reported to have lost \$3000 through the loss of his barley crop. A writer in the Sydney Morning Herald says he finds that planting larkspur round a field greatly protects any crop, and tell how myriads of "grasshoppers" (locusts?) were thus poisoned. This is a statement which is important, if confirmed by further trials. Agriculture has its risks and its disasters all over the world, and those due to living enemies as well as atmospheric influences.—*Leisure Hours.*

The emigration from Great Britain to Canada last year was 31,930. The year before it was 38,056. Sir Charles Tupper says that Canada must spend money to attract attention to the country.

The State of California contains upwards of 72,000 Chinese inhabitants.

## LADIES' COLUMN.

### FRIENDSHIP CANES.

Friendship canes are to be the fashion with the young women who take long tramps "over moss and fell." The best friend of all gives the cane, which is long and like unto an alpenstock. Around the top is tied a ribbon with the name of the cane donor thereon, and the date of the first trip upon which the cane did duty. Each successive walk is marked by another ribbon, which, in turn, bears the date of the trip, and the name of the one who pleasantly beguiled the journey. In time Little Bo Peep's crook comes to wear as many colors as were in Joseph's coat. When the cane becomes "sufficiently sufficed" with ribbons, it is laid away with the scalps of the season, and a new one is obtained to take its place.—*Picaque.*

### WOMEN IN NORWEGIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

The question of the eligibility of ladies, who have passed the requisite examination to public offices, etc., is at present receiving much attention in Norway, where the matter is before Parliament. A bill has been introduced that ladies who have passed certain examinations should have the same rights as men, and this bill has been referred to a committee. This committee views with favor the movement for widening the field for women, but the majority is of opinion that the change may not be too sudden and sweeping, but should be brought about gradually. The majority of the committee is of opinion that the interests both of the women themselves and of society at large are best consulted by advancing step by step, as experience may teach. The whole of the committee is agreed that the matter should be more exhaustively investigated, and has, therefore, decided to remit the case to the Government. There can, however, be little doubt that the question will be soon further advanced.—*Chicago Post.*

### FEATHER TRIMMINGS.

Feather trimmings are wide and important, and many varieties of coque feathers seem to be newer than ostrich, but still edgings of the ostrich flue and mossy ruffles of ostrich are much worn on dinner and court gowns and on the best class of mantles. Peacocks' plumes appear in many of the feather trimmings, notwithstanding popular prejudice. With regard to ribbons, very wide, soft short silk find favor for hats and four-inch width for trimmings. Tinsel embroidery appears on the solid colors of several sizes; but the charming little pompadour sprigs on satin grounds are the leading ideas, while the favorite flowers are the cowslip, the polyanthus, cornflower and the buttercup, and fruits are preparing for the latter season. Brocades on gold gauze ribbons are much worn, and shot silks, which often display brocaded forget-me-nots and pansies and shot spots of large size, are around and sometimes elliptical. The favorite combinations are brown and blue, lemon colored and sky blue pink and yellow, yellow and green, black and gold.—*Chicago News.*

### FASHION NOTES.

The fairest of the fair now wear yellow, and look even prettier in it than the brunettes.

Although the fastenings of dresses are mostly invisible, many new buttons have been brought out.

A charming new lace pin has made its appearance. It is a small spray of maiden hair set in emeralds.



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