



SYMPTOMS OF LIVER DISEASE: Appetite; bad breath; bad taste in mouth; tongue coated; pain under the right blade; in the back or side—often for rheumatism; sour stomach; indigestion and water-brash; indigestion; bowels lax and costive by turns; itching of the skin; heavy sensation of the head; with sensation of having left eye under the eyelid; yellowish tint to the whites of the eyes; dizziness, etc. Always some of these indications of action of the Liver. For Safe, Reliable Remedy

The Simmons Liver Regulator is an EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR: Bowel Complaint, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, 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 effectively move the bowels, and at the same time aid instead of hindering the digestive and assimilative action of the system."

L. M. HITCHCOCK, M. D., Washington, Ark. ONLY GENUINE. Z Stamp in red on front of wrapper. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

BE NOT IMPOSED UPON! Be sure to see that you get the Genuine, distinguished from all frauds and imitations by our red Z Trade-Mark on front wrapper, and on the side the seal and signature of J. H. Zeilin & Co.

## FURNITURE.

we just received an immense stock of Furniture consisting of a fine selection of

## Bed-Room Suits.

and Dining-Room Furniture.

which we now offer at

## LOW DAY DOWN PRICES.

A nice selection of—

## Baby Carriages,

the latest designs at very popular prices.

## SUMMERFIELD & CO.,

EAST CENTRE ST.

## DEFEATS ALL COMPETITORS!

## S. D. SAULS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry and Fancy Groceries.

Keeps constantly on hand a full

## FAMILY GROCERIES

## AND—

## SEASON'S SUPPLIES,

Oats, Bran, Hay, Shipstuf, Meal, Flour, Meat, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, etc.

## BUY BEFORE BUYING.

## I. S. D. SAULS,

Goldsboro, N.C.

## You Need Machinery?

We will write to "DIXIE" and your will be published free.

## WE WILL MAKE YOU A PRESENT

Write to "DIXIE" and your will be published free.

## THE "DIXIE" CO.,

ATLANTA, GA.

### LIMITATIONS.

"If youth could know! How many needless fears were stilled! We tell our hearts with trembling lips. 'Twere then less sad that May time slips away, and leaves dreams unfulfilled, If youth could know!" "Could age forget? Again we cry, with tear dimmed eyes, "Our lips would wear less sad a smile For hopes that we have held erstwhile; Earth still would seem like Paradise, Could age forget?"

Could age forget? 'Tis pitiful to grope through light! And yet—and yet if youth had known, Mayhap the heart had turned to stone. 'Twere hard to read life's book aright, If youth could know. Could age forget! 'Tis pitiful too late to learn! And yet—and yet if age forgot, There were sweet thoughts remembered not. To hardness sympathy might turn, Could age forget."

### THE SLEEPLESS KID.

BY O. H. LEWIS.

"If that is one thing," said the old cattleman with a strain of affection and respect in his tone, "which endears this yere Jack Booth to me, speshul, it is the ca'm uncompromisin' way he lines up on what he deems is his dooty.

"But where Jack shines exceedin' is when you opens a new game onto him. It is just beautiful, as a mere example to men, to see the confidence with which that Jack gets a stack of chips an' sets in agin it. One hot afternoon—Earlight an' Doc Peets is away about some cattle or something, but the rest of us is holdin' down the camp—we're sorter hangin' an' a-revolv'n 'round the postoffice, a-waitin' for Old Monte an' the stage. Here she comes, final, a-rattlin' an' a-creakin', that old drunkard Monte a-crackin' of his whip, the six hosses on the cauter, an' the whole business puttin' on more dog than a Mexican officer of revenoo. When the stage drows up, Old Monte throws off the mail bags, gets down an' opens the door, but nobody gets out.

"Well, I'm a coyote!" says Monte, a heap disgusted, "wherever is the female?" "Then we all peers into the stage an' that's jest a baby, with maybe a ten-months' start down this vale of tears, inside, an' no mother nor nuthin' along. Jack Booth, jest as I says when I begins, reaches in an' gets him. The baby ain't sayin' nuthin' an' sorter takes it out in smilfin' on Jack.

"He knows me, for a hundred dollars," says Jack, mighty ecstatic. "I'm an Apache if he ain't allowin' he knows me. Wherever did you get him, Monte?" "Give me a drink," says Monte, trackin' along into the Early Bird; "this yere makes me sick." After he gets about four fingers of carnation under his belt he turns in an' explains as how the mother starts along in the stage all right enuf from Tucson. The last time he sees her, he says, is at the last station back some twenty miles in the hills, at dinner, an' he s'poses all the time she's inside along of her progeny until jest now.

"I don't reckon," says Old Monte, lookin' gloomy like, "as how that wome'n is aimin' to sav this yere infant onto the stage company none?" "Don't addle your whisky frettin' about the company," says Booth, a-settin' of the kid on the bar while we all crowds in for a look at him; "the camp'll play this hand for the infant an' the company ain't goin' to be in it a little bit."

"I wish Earlight and Peets was yere," says Cherokee Hall, "to be heard hereon, 'cause I shore deems this a grave occasion. Yere we finds ourselves possessed of an unexpected infant of tender years, an' the question nacherai enuf now is, whatever'll we do with it?"

"Let's maverick it," says Dan Boggs, who is a mighty good sort of a man, but onthinkful.

"No," says Cherokee, "its mother'll come hoppin' along to-morry a-yellin', you see! This yere is sabel all easy enuf. This old sot Monte has jest done drove off an' left her plantos some'r's up the trail an' she'll come along shore in time."

"Meantime," says Booth, "the infant's got to be took care of, to which dooty I volunteers. That's a tenderfoot a-sleepin' in the room back of the Red Light,

an' he's that 'feminate' an' effect lie's got a sure-enuf bed an' some goose-hair pillers; which the same I do yereby confiscate to public use to take care of this yearlin'. Is the sentiment pleasin'?" "Jack's scheme is right," says Boggs, "an' for that matter he's allers right. Let the shorthorn go sleep under a mesquite bush; it'll do him good a whole lot; for sech is life in the far West."

"I'm some dober some of this play," says Cherokee. "Small infants is mighty mysterious people, an' thar ain't no livin' man was ever onto their game an' able to force see their needs yet. Do you allow you can take care of this young one, Jack? Be you equal to it?"

"Take care of a small baby like this," says Jack, plenty scornful, "as ain't weighin' twenty pounds a-verdupois! Well, it'll be some funny now if I can't! I could take care of him if he's four times as big. All I asks is for you all to stand by in crises, an' back the play, an' you can go make side bets we'll come out winners on the deal."

"I ain't absolute shore," says the postmaster, "bein' some out of practice with infants myselt, but jedgin' by his lookin' smooth an' silky I offers \$50 even he ain't weaned none yet; an' we leave it to the mother when she comes."

"I won't bet none on his bein' weaned complete," says Booth, "but I'll hang up fifty dollars even he drinks outen a bottle as successful as Old Monte."

"I'll jest go you once," says the postmaster, "if I lose. It's fifty dollars even he grows contemptuous at a bottle and disdains it."

"Well, we all talks it over an' decides Booth is to nurse the infant, an' at once proceeds to make a procession for the tenderfoot's bed, which he resigns without a struggle. Cherokee Hall an' Boggs then goes over to the corral an' lays for a goat which was a mother, to milk it a whole lot. The goat was mighty reluctant an' refuses to enter into the spirit of the thing, but they makes their points right along, an' after a frightful time, which now an' then demands the assistance of a large part of the camp, comes back with more'n a pint.

"That's all right," says Booth. "Now go out an' tell the barkeep to give you a pint bottle. We'll have this yere game a-winnin' in two minutes."

"So Booth gets his bottle an' fills her up with goat's milk an' makes a stopper outen cotton cloth an' molasses for the young one to dror it through. About this time the infant sets up a yell an' ain't peaceful agin until Booth gives him his six-shooter to play with.

"Which shows my confidence in him," says Booth. "There's only a few people left I care to pass my gun to."

"Well, Booth gets along with him first-rate, a-feedin' of him the goat's milk, which he goes for with avidity, tharby nettin' Booth \$50 from the postmaster. He has Boggs build a fire so he can keep the milk warm, an' is that earnest he don't even go for no supper; jest has it brought to him.

"Somebody'll have to ride herd on this yere foundlin' all night, I reckon," says Boggs to Jack when he's bringin' him things.

"I s'pose, most likely, we will have to make the play thataway," says Booth.

"All right," says Boggs. "You know me and Cherokee. We're in this any time you says."

"So a passel of us continues along with Booth and the infant until maybe it's about second drink time in the night. The infant don't raise the war yell once—jest takes it out in goat's milk an' in laughin' an' playin' with Booth's gun.

"Excuse me, gents," finally says Booth, mighty dignified, "but I've been figgerin' this thing an' rather thiaks it's time to put this yere young one to sleep. So if you all will now withdraw, I'll see how near I comes to beddin' of him down for the night. Stay within whoopin' distance, though, so if he tries to stampede or takes to millin' I can have 'e'p."

"So we all lines out an' leaves Jack an' the infant, an' turns in on fero an' poker an' similar devices which was bein' waged in the saloon.

"Maybe it's an hour when Jack comes in.

"Boggs," he says, "jest step in an' play my hand a minute, while I goes over an' adjourns them frivolities in the dance hall. It looks like this yere camp speshul tumultuous to-night."

"Boggs does an' Jack proceeds to the Baile house next door an' states the case.

"I don't want to onstetle busines," he says, "nor disturb the currents of

trade, but this yere young one I'm responsible for, in back of the Red Light, gets that engaged in the sounds of these yere revels, it don't look like he's ever goin' to sleep none. So if you all will jest call on the last waltz an' wind her up for to-night, it'll be regarded. The kid's mother'll shore be here in the mornin', which will alter the play all around, an' matters can then go back to old lines."

"Enuf said," says Jim Hamilton, who runs the dance hall. "You can gamble this dance house ain't layin' down none on a plain duty, an' to-night's shindig closes right yere. All promenade to the bar. We'll take a drink on the house an' quit an' call it a day."

"So then Jack comes back mighty grave with his cares, an' relieves Boggs, who's on watch, straddle of a chair, a-eyenin' of the infant, who, a-setting' up agin a goose-hair pillar, along of his goat's milk and Booth's gun, is likewise a-eyenin' of Boggs.

"He's a-way up good infant Jack," says Boggs, givin' up his seat.

"You can bet your life he's a good infant," says Jack, "but it seems mighty like he don't aim to turn in an' slumber none. Maybe goat's milk is too invigoratin' for him, an' keeps him awake."

"About another hour goes on an' out comes Jack into the saloon agin.

"I don't aim to disturb you all," he says, "but, boys, if you'll jest close the games yere an' shet up the store I'll take it as a personal favor. He can hear the click of the chips, an' it's too many for him. Don't go 'way—jest close up an' set 'round quiet."

"So we does as Jack says; closes the games an' shets up the camp, an' then sets 'round in our chairs an' keeps quiet, a-waitin' for that infant to turn in. A half-hour later Jack comes agin.

"It ain't no use, gents," he says, goin' back of the bar an' gettin' a big drink, "that child is on'to us an' won't nave it. You can gamble he's fixed it up with himself he ain't goin' to sleep none to-night. I allow it's because he's among rank strangers, an' figgers it's a good safe play to stand watch for himself."

"I wonder couldn't we sing him to sleep," says Cherokee Hall.

"Nothin' agin makin' a try," says Jack, some desperat, wipin' his lips after his drink.

"S'pose we all goes an' give him 'The Dyin' Ranger' an' 'Sandy Land' for an hour or so, an' see," says Boggs.

"So in we trails. Cherokee lays down on one side of the infant an' Booth on the other, an' the rest of us take chairs an' sets 'round. We starts in an' sings him all we knows an' we shorely keeps it up for hours; an' all the time that child a-settin' an' a-starin', sleepless as owls. The last I recollects is Boggs' voice in 'The Dyin' Ranger.'

With his saddle for a pillow, An' his gun across his breast, Far away from his dear old Texas, We had him laid down to rest.

"The next thing there's a whoop an' yell outside. We all wakes up—all except the infant, who's wide awake all along—an' yere it is four o'clock in the mornin' an' the mother has come. Comes over from the last station on a speshul buckboard, where that old inebriate Monte drove off an' left her. Well, son, we was willin' an' glad to see her. An' for that matter, splittin' even, so was the kid."—Kansas City Star.

### A Sea Monster.

A queer marine monster was captured by P. Johnson, a Hope Creek gill fisherman, the other day. One of the old experienced fishermen, who have cast their nets in all waters, from Maine to Florida, had ever seen anything like it or were able to name it. The animal was about five feet long, and in shape somewhat resembled a toad fish. Two rows of teeth adorned its ponderous jaws, which, when fully ajar, would admit an ordinary bucket. Two dart-shaped horns were on its head. About midway between its head and tail were two pockets, or pouches, that could be opened or closed at will, and situated between these pouches and the monster's mouth were two arms, not unlike the forearm and hand of a man, arranged to pass the food from the pouches to the mouth. The pockets were well stocked with "moss bunners" and other small fish when it was captured. No one has been found who can tell to what genus this aquatic curiosity belongs. —Philadelphia Press.

### LADIES' COLUMN.

#### GIRLS AS "NEGRO MINSTRELS."

The girls of Thomaston have distinguished themselves by giving a negro minstrel show that almost equaled that of the Bowdoin students. They had four "bandmen" and the usual variety of local "gags." They played to a great crowd under the apt name of the "Smoked Pearls." As the Thomaston Herald ingeniously says: "It shows what the young ladies of Thomaston can do when they try." —Lexington (Me.) Journal.

#### HIGH PRIESTESS OF THEOSOPHY.

This is the way Lady Cathiness, Mme. Blavatsky's successor, was bedecked at a recent reception in Paris. The diamond cross which she wore was the most amazing thing in the room, and was as great a curiosity as the Mozaim set of gems in the French crown jewels. She wore an olive velvet dress, embroidered with steel. She had "rivers" of diamonds edging the upper part of her corsage, the stomacher and the sleeves, and on her head a countess's coronet, with a pearl on each spike really as large as a pigeon's egg. She has a large fortune, and has just inherited \$2,000,000 more. —New York Journal.

#### OVERDOING PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

An expert on training asserts that women during the last three or four years have developed a dangerous tendency to overdo physical exercise. Of course women, as well as men, should regularly exercise, but it is most important that it be judiciously done. For example, the good effects of brisk walking for a mile night and morning are obvious. If the woman is strong, horseback riding will prove invigorating; but the woman who take regular daily walks of from five to ten miles, and remain for hours in the saddle, on a big, powerful, hard-gaited trotter, are invariably (in this country) the slight, nervous, wiry little creatures, who have not a pound of flesh to lose. Consequently, this wear and tear on their strength and nerves will, in time, cause a collapse, especially if this violent exercise has been adopted after living for years a life of indolence. Could stout women be persuaded to overcome the feeling of extreme fatigue which they experience after their first long walks, and continue them regularly—and at a rapid gait, as near running as possible, for a few weeks, the burden of superfluous flesh would soon be reduced, and their former activity return. The trouble is the wrong women do the exercising. Do not carry it to extremes. Cut down your walk to two or three miles a day. Take your ride in the morning, and limit it to an hour. You cannot get too much fresh air, so drive and stroll out-of-doors as much as you can, but do not wear out your body and bring premature lines into your face by excessive exercise. —Detroit Free Press.

#### FASHION NOTES.

The newest parasols are made of shot gauze with Chantilly flouncings. Tulle, though out of fashion for dresses, is very much used in millinery. Cheviot and camel's hair are the favorite materials for traveling dresses. Some bonnets are merely composed of the triple classic band trimmed with flowers. A material much employed is chiffon or mousseline de soie or tulle, with a gold metal ribbon edge. White chamois skin gloves, with long, white gauntlets, are quite the fashionable thing for young women. Sailor hats, very dainty and chic, are shown, made of shirred Point d'Esprit nets in black, white, gray and tan color. Bonnets, even black ones, are now tied with white satin strings, made not of ribbon, but of satin twill cut on the cross and measuring just an inch and a half wide. Sleeves are smaller for day wear, but remain as high and full as ever for evening. Puffs of lace, gauze or tulle, either jetted, spangled or embroidered, being the most fashionable. The new bonnets which are made up and trimmed show a great many novelties; the flowers stand erect over the face in many instances, and bows in nearly every case are arranged with upstanding loops. Pretty frocks for small girls and boys are of washable fabrics—Scotch gingham in fine checks or stripes, Chambrays of plain color, corded dimiti, nainsook and ribbed pique. They are trimmed

#### Why Fruits Change Color.

On October 25, last year, I told the great family of the curious why leaves change from a dark or light emerald green to yellow, scarlet, red, brown and many intermediate tints. Below will be found the best opinions of leading scientists as to why most fruits undergo similar changes during the ripening process: 1. It is known that as fruits come to maturity there is a process of absorption of material from the tree's sap, as well as cell-growth within the fruit itself. 2. That the absorption of oxygen and the giving off of carbonic acid gas is an action strictly analogous to the respiration of animals. 3. That there is a transformation of vegetable fibre into sugar and water. The rapidity and perfection of this process depends principally upon the amount of sunshine to which the fruit is exposed while it is going on. The outer membrane of most all fruits assume a positive color when the ripening change is coming on, but why one plum is green and another blue, one apple red and another yellow, the most rigid research has failed to discover; but that the primary changes in the color of each particular species of fruit is due to the reasons given above there is not one least doubt. When fruit has turned all its fibre to sugar and water the absorption of oxygen must be checked by cutting off light and air; or, if allowed to continue, the next chemical change involves the decomposition of the sugar, and the fruit becomes "rotten." The action of frost upon fruit is to crystallize all of its contained moisture. If this can again be converted into sugar by a very gradual process the sugar of the fruit is found to be uninjured. —St. Louis Republic.

#### The Chinese Book.

The arrangement of the Chinese book is as follows: Beginning at the end, according to our Western ideas, we find in the upper left-hand corner of the cover, the outside title. This is often printed in "seal" characters. Next (going backwards, according to our ideas) we find the title-page. In the middle is the title in large characters. The year of the reigning Emperor is put in the upper part of the left column; below is generally the name of the printing establishment where the book is printed or published. In Christian publications the top of the right-hand column is filled with the date, according to our calculation: "Jesus descended to the world, one thousand eight hundred nineteenth year." Below this we often find the author's name. The next pages, are as a rule, filled up with prefaces, introduction and index. Then comes the ordinary letter-print. The characters read from the top to the bottom of the column, and the columns read from the right to the left. —Paper and Press.

There is a movement in New York looking to the keeping open of all the churches in that city every day in the week.

### ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

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

State Librarian