

THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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FOR TIME.

Oh! for time, amid life's rush,
To learn the bird's free note;
To list the evening's gentle hush;
To watch fair clouds adroit;
To mark the grace of flowers and leaves,
With a sense of all their sweet;
To keen the charms that nature weaves
In the green turf at our feet.

Oh! for time for thoughtful heed
Of the good 'e'en we might do,
Of the joy that comes of a loving deed,
Or an act that is just or true;
Out of the night so dark that speeds,
Wherever may be the morn,
On this dear earth, with its charms and needs,
No other day shall dawn.

Oh! for time, in the rush and the race,
To turn our feet aside,
The beauty of earth and sky to trace,
And the charm of ocean wide;
To note in the wild and jostling throng,
Some fellow crushed or driven,
And I give our hand as we go along,
This were to well have striven.

—J. A. Kennedy, in Frank Leslie's.

A Letter That Came at Last

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Regina Ramsen, having listened to the postman's whistle coming up the street, and hearing his step leave the next pavement, suddenly slipped her feet out of her pretty satin slippers and glided down the stairs between her bedroom and the lower hall in her stockings, holding her robe so that no sound of its flounces might be heard against the balustrade.

"I heard him say he would write to her," she whispered, between her white teeth, a gleam of jealousy in her large, black eyes, and a frown upon her brow which spoiled her face, regular as were its features.

"I heard him, and I will know what he writes—I will know."

Bending over the letter-box, she stood waiting—listening.

The postman's step advanced, his whistle sounded, letters dropped into the box, and he was off again.

The next instant, whatever he had left was in Miss Ramsen's hand, in her pocket, and she was running up-stairs again.

Half-way up she met another girl—a young thing of seventeen, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, slender waist, lips like jacque roses, and a skin of that pure, healthy, creamy tint, more beautiful than the highest color.

"I heard the postman, Regina," she said, with a laugh.

"So did I, Bessie," replied the brunette, "but there is no letter in the box."

"Oh, I am sure he whistled here," Bessie answered, and went on and peeped into the box.

She returned disappointed.

"He said he would write"—she whispered to herself—"he said he would write."

Her chin quivered with disappointment, her eyes grew heavy. She would not cry, but she greatly desired to do so.

"Ah, well, there are more mails to-day," she said, and settled down to her sewing—work for her Cousin Regina—Regina was always having new dresses made. Poor little Bessie; the poor relation of the family, was seldom without a needle in her hand in consequence. It was very rarely that she had a new dress of her own.

Happily she was so fresh and pretty, that the simple little frocks that were now and then given her, muslins bought by her aunt at bargain counters, or cheap woollens selling off out of season, were all becoming.

Regina, with her grand air, had sometimes condescended to tell her so in the first days of her presence in the Ramsen residence, but of late, to the astonishment of the stately cousin and the stout aunt, others had observed the fact.

Roy King, who was not only the most eligible match in the Ramsen social circle, but a very charming fellow beside, had been altogether too attentive to poor little Bessie of late.

They had lingered on the balcony together, and Regina had heard a whisper, which had set her to watching the letter box as she went.

her here. And if she is casting her nets for him, I must know it." Then she cut the edge of the letter very carefully with a tiny, pearl-handled knife, and the letter lay open before her. She read:

"DEAR BESSIE—May I call you so? I have tried to tell you how I felt to you so often, but there seems no opportunity for me on your aunt's reception evenings.

"On Thursday, unless you send me word not to come, I shall call on you particularly. I cannot endure this suspense much longer.

"Yours Devotely,
"ROY KING."

Regina read this letter twice, flashing with wrath as she did so.

Then thrusting it in her pocket again, she flew across the hall to her mother's room, and shutting the door, locked it behind her, much to that lady's astonishment.

"You startle me so," said Mrs. Ramsen, who was trying on a new frizette at the mirror.

"Really, you should cultivate a more dignified manner. Tall people should never fly about like whirlwinds as you do, and I am sure Roy King would be disgusted if he saw you like that."

"Oh, mamma!" said Regina, testily, "don't preach, I've come to you for advice. Somehow, no matter in what particular way, I have discovered that Roy King, who has been with me every one to come here for my sake, who certainly did admire me, has been bewitched by that little snake, Bessie Benton. He intends to come here on Thursday to see her, to propose to her, mamma, and I—"

Here Regina threw herself on the sofa and burst into tears.

"I am so fond of him, and he is so rich, and I'm so bitterly disappointed."

"Perhaps it is all your imagination, Regina," said Mrs. Ramsen. "How did you learn all that?"

"You had better not ask questions about that, mamma," Regina answered; "please accept it as a fact, and tell me how to prevent Roy King from seeing Bessie next Thursday."

"My dear Bessie shall not see him here next Thursday," said Mrs. Ramsen, stepping back to get a better view of the new frizette. "I'll manage that."

That very evening she called Bessie into her room and thus addressed her:

"My dear child, you have been here for nearly six months, and I suppose you are tired of being idle."

"Idle!" Bessie thought, remembering that she had played the part of seamstress, chambermaid and errand-girl, without thanks or wages.

But she said nothing.

"And of course I've been looking out for you," Mrs. Ramsen went on, "and you have quite a talent for dressmaking, and Madame Fleure wants a young lady—some intelligent person who can speak French, as you can—and she'll give board and a couple of dollars a week at first, and you'd better go to her; in fact, I've written that you would. I'll take you myself to-morrow. Of course you are only my half-sister's orphan—not a close relation—and you—"

"I understand," said Bessie. "I shan't claim relationship, and I am very glad to be independent."

There was some scorn in her tone, but the haughty lady who listened did not perceive it; and meanwhile Bessie was saying to herself:

"Roy King has not written. If he was not in earnest, and was only flirting with the little poor relation of the house, I shall be glad to get away."

As she packed her trunk a few tears fell upon its slender contents. It seemed so hard to think that no one loved her, that they were glad to get rid of her, but she went away next morning cheerfully.

"I sat up nearly all night to finish your lace cape, Regina," she said, on parting from her cousin. "I hope you'll like it, and if any letters come for me please send them to Madame Fleure."

She noticed that neither of them asked her to call.

"They are ashamed of their poor relation," she sighed, never dreaming that Regina could be jealous of her—Regina, whom she thought so stylish and beautiful.

How Regina laughed to herself at the request Bessie had made about letters, and how charmingly Mrs. Ramsen received Roy King on Thursday.

"Bessie had gone home," she said, "to her native village, you know. I fancy there is a romantic attraction there—some nice young farmer, I believe."

And Roy King listened and believed. He was very much in love with Bessie, but as he walked away he strove to conquer the feeling. Bessie had given him to understand that she could not like

him, he thought, and had told her aunt to let him know why.

For a few weeks he went nowhere, looked at the moon and sighed. Then he began to call at the Ramsens' again.

Meanwhile, Bessie worked hard, cried a little at night, and of course received no letters.

"Who will be an angel and stay a little late to ripe this robe?" Madame Fleure asked, one evening; "it is to be made over with velvet. Ah, how I detest to make over. But Mess Ramsen is a good customer, and when she gets married, as I suppose to Meastire King, zen I have her work. It is polite to oblige one who will be rich. You, Miss Bessie, you will be so amiable to stay?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bessie. She sighed as she took her cousin's dress in her hands.

So she was to be married to Roy. Well, happiness was given to some people, sorrow to others. It was God's will.

How well she remembered that robe. Regina had worn it, that happy day when she—Bessie, ran to the box often, hoping to find a letter from Roy. What a dream it all seemed. She thought of it as she sat alone in the work room, snipping the stitches.

A letter never came, never would come now, and suddenly, as though fairy-tales were true, there lay a letter in her lap.

The dainty envelope she had dreamed of, her name in Roy's hand, his seal upon it.

"Am I crazy?" she cried. Then she recognized the fact that the envelope had fallen from the pocket of Regina's dress, and that it had been opened, and trembling with excitement, she read it through, kissed it, and hid it in her bosom.

"How cruel of her!" she sobbed. "She had it in her pocket when I passed her on the stairs; I know it now, but Satan has deserted her, and she has left it here for me to find. And at last I can right myself with Roy."

It was hard to sit still and rip Regina's dress after that. But she did it, and only when her task was done did she sit down to answer her letter.

She told Roy nothing of Regina's conduct, and only said that she wished to explain that by accident she had only received his note that day.

But Roy understood the situation. And so, in a few hours, he was at her side whispering words that made her very happy.

And before many weeks were over, Regina, opening a delicate envelope that had just been dropped into the post box, uttered a loud, angry cry, and tossed the cards that it contained toward her mother.

"Impossible! Roy King and Bessie Benton!" the old lady cried. "But what is this written below the names?" She put up her eye-glass and read aloud:

"The letter that she watched for came at last."
—Family Story Paper.

Can Preserve Fruit Four Years.
Executive World's Fair Commissioner Ezra Meeker, for Washington, has got hold of a process for preserving fruit in its natural color and condition which, he says, will make Washington's fruit exhibit the most novel at the Fair. It is thought the preservation process will apply to vegetables as well, and the commissioner says he will try it. David Hummon, of Fillmore, Andrew County, Missouri, brought the secret to Washington. He is visiting his brother, William Hummon. He showed a Ben Davis that was three years old, and a Willow Twig apple which he said was picked in his Missouri orchard in the fall of 1887, nearly four years ago. The fruit looked almost as fresh and eatable as on the day it was picked. Hummon says the inventor of the process, which is a chemist, is a man named Conrad Hartzell, of St. Joseph, Mo., a former neighbor. He says Hartzell, until recently, did not realize that the discovery was worth anything, and had used it for years to preserve his own fruit through the winter and following summer without thinking much about it. Hummon brought a few apples to Washington to show his brother, and from a neighboring rancher the news reached Executive Commissioner Meeker. President Thomas F. Oakes, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, while here a few days ago, agreed to carry the entire Washington exhibit to Chicago free of charge.—Chicago Herald.

Lord Ashburnham's famous "Textus of the Gospels" is valued at \$50,000 and is on view at the Bookbinders' Exposition in London with the Mazarine Bible and Mary Tudor Prayer-Book.

LADIES' COLUMN.

CRAZY-CLOTH SCARFS.

There is a material sold in the dry-goods stores called crazy-cloth, or cotton crepe. It comes in white, yellow, pale blue, and pink. Any of these shades can be used for scarfs to throw over the back of a chair, around a picture-frame or easel, or drapery for a mantel. Now I will tell you how to make your scarf more decorative.

Cut the length you wish the scarf to be—a yard and a half or two yards—and hem it on all four sides with a hem an inch wide. Above the hem draw out four or five threads all around. If you can draw well enough, draw in outline a branch of leaves, or get a pattern stamped in some fancy store. Outline over the drawing with colored silk or cotton in a color that will look well with the color of the cloth. The pattern need be only on one end, but may be on both. It may be as elaborate as you may care to make it, or a very simple design.—Harper's Young People.

HOME-MADE PERFUMERY.

A practical chemist says that within the last twelve months he has taught perfumery making to several women, some of whom learned it only for amusement, while others mean to apply it to the purpose of money-making. Women, he says, are becoming much interested in this subject, and are better equipped in every respect than men to make successful perfumers. One of the most important requisites is a nice sense of smell, which is possessed by the majority of women, as their olfactories have not been dulled by smoking. Women, as a rule, love flowers, and are fitted for the delicate manipulations required in the work, five-sixteenths of a drop too much or too little often materially changing the odor. The field is a wide one, for pure cooking extracts are difficult to obtain, and the making of them also offers a chance for the enterprising woman. A point on which the chemist dwells particularly is that the work can be carried on in a parlor as easily as in a laboratory, as it requires little space and is exquisitely clean.—Boston Herald.

FOR BABY BOYS.

Sailor collars ending in revers to the waist line are edged with embroidery.

Leggings are of cloth or ooze calf in tan or black. Black shoes and hose are always worn.

Figured gingham of the plainest description have a gathered skirt and round waist.

Pique dresses having a round waist are trimmed with collar, cuffs and bretelles edged with embroidery.

Little boys of two and three years wear their front hair banged and the rest in loose curls or waved ends.

Jacket suits of pique or gingham have a plaited or gathered skirt, short coat sleeves and a square three-piece jacket.

Cotton dresses are cut with a round, broad waist in three pieces, corded and sewed to the full gathered or plaited and hemmed skirt.

Flannel and cotton dresses for little chaps just donning boyish gowns have one-piece dresses in three box-plaits back and front, caught to just below the waist line.—The Economist.

FASHION NOTES.

Dark reddish browns will be fashionable in the fall, and are very becoming to brunettes.

Black leather, embroidered with plants, shells and beetles' wings, is new for day gowns.

Russian leather belts, with the wearer's monogram, will be worn by fashionable young ladies.

White stockings have been revived in Paris, and an attempt is being made to make them fashionable here once more.

Fine lace is now used on children's clothing, even point and Venetian. Collars, capes, yokes and waistbands are garnished with it freely.

The newest shirt waists are of shot surah either with or without polka dots. Other pretty blouse and shirt waists are of white India silk figured in flowers.

The little folk of Paris are wearing sashes up under their armpits, bulging sleeves and three-caped collars. Sometimes a Russian belt mounted with old silver is seen.

Black velvet ribbons are used on chamber and lawn gowns, organdies and muslins as girdles, bretelles, rosettes, shoulder knots, around the neck in points and hanging from the belt in chataleine ends and loops.

Dainty and handsome cotton dresses in delicate colors, trimmed in various fashions with white or tinted Swiss embroidery, rival in beauty gowns of summer silk. They are greatly the vogue, and the more elaborate are used for the most dressy occasions.

Batiste gowns in cream, pink and ecru, barred, striped, flowered, dotted and bordered, are very popular this year. The bodice of these dresses is usually more or less elaborate, and the skirts are draped over soft silk petticoats of the same shade as the batiste.

Those who have street-sweeping gown skirts with frayed edges, that can only be repaired by being cut off, will be glad to know that late advices from Paris state that not only most of the trailing street-gown go, but that it is already going.

One of the most modish of garments is the white cloth waistcoat, fastened with tiny gold buttons. With a dark gown it gives the whole costume a fresh and dainty look. By rubbing it with

pipe-clay as often as it is worn it can be kept "looking like new."

Beautiful summer tiaras are introduced in many of the imported gowns of black net, lace chiffon and grenadine; for example, black crepe de Chine is softly draped over a skirt of Marie Antoinette matelasse silk brocade with small brilliant flowers, and the foot of the skirt is edged with a ruche of the fringed silk, showing a delicious combination of the exquisite shade of the flowers in the silk.

A Coin-Collecting Cat.

There's a cross-eyed cat in a certain Main street drug store. Like some other homely creatures, the cat is remarkably intelligent, and the storekeepers have not been slow to turn its sagacity to account. In this, as in other drug stores, the people around the soda fountain are continually dropping their change on the floor. The cat has been trained to skulk about the soda fountain, and to run, catch and swallow all coins dropped by customers before they can pick them up. Of course, the customers can't demand the money of the druggists; indeed, they seem rather amused at the cat's strange appetite for metal, not suspecting any design in it. Every night about 11 o'clock, just before closing for the night, the druggists administer a powerful emetic to the cat, which presently disgorges a quantity of coin, the amount on hot days sometimes reaching \$4 or \$5, which is credited on profit and loss. There are few cats that can thus earn \$25 to \$35 a week, and the owners of this cross-eyed animal very naturally value it highly.—Buffalo Courier.

An Echoing Auditorium.

An echoing audience room is a subject for a scientific architect. Ordinary architects seldom discover the cause of the defect. If the room has no gallery, it is quite likely such an addition would greatly improve it as an audience room. Well padded carpets, cushions, chandeliers properly hung, all help to destroy echoes. In one case the placing of a large organ back of the pulpit made a great improvement in the speaking qualities of the room. In another case the addition of two large chandeliers, and in another the suspension of a neatly festooned rep curtain near the ceiling, just back of the central chandelier, remedied the defect. In another instance a large canopy, a few feet above the preacher's head made a marked change for the better.—New York Dispatch.



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