

THE HEADLIGHT

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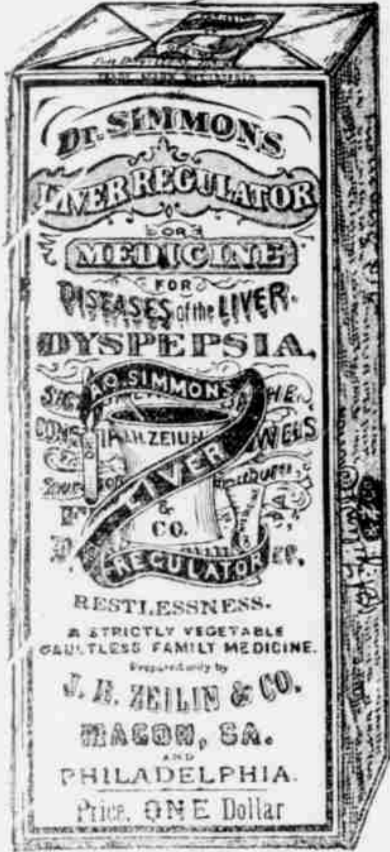
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THE REFINER'S FIRE.

Pure as the heart of a little child,
A stream from its mountain cradle wild
Cropt into the town and away, defiled.
An insect dipped its radiant wing
In sweets forbidden, and, fluttering,
Frank down to earth, a helpless thing.
A poet was born with a voice divine,
He stained his soul with passion and wine,
And daily fed with his herd of swine.
The stream was met by the cleansing tide;
In a dewdrop the moth was purified;
The poet sang one true song, and died.
—Willis Boyd Allen, in the Cosmopolitan.

IN THE BRIDLE-PATH.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

The morning was a piece of perfec-
tion; so, an onlooker might have con-
sidered, was the young lady riding slowly
along the bridle-path just where it en-
tered the park—the pretty girl in a dark-
grey habit and silk hat, who sat her
horse well and held her reins and whip
with neat correctness.

It was early as yet. Ida Edson and
her groom—some rods behind her—were
almost the first riders, though the leafy,
breezy place was charmingly inviting
just now.

When a cantering horse was pulled up
beside her, therefore, and a hat was
lifted high, Ida raised her handsome
eyes in pleased inquiry.

"Mr. Granby!" she smiled.
"Delighted at this meeting!" said
Mr. Granby, heartily, and went on beside
her at her more moderate pace.

He was puffing a little being a
rather short and stout gentleman,
some years beyond his early man-
hood.

He had a pleasant and intelligent,
if somewhat florid face, and a cordial man-
ner. He was rich and considerably
sought after.

Ida Edson liked him for himself, and
not her fine face—which had been
distinctly serious—all but sad—bright-
ened.

"I, also," she returned. "I've been
feeling a little lonesome. One wants
companionship on such a day, to dis-
cuss the lovely weather if nothing else."

She spoke carelessly, her whip handle
touching her smiling lips, but Mr. Gran-
by looked at her sharply.

He was a good friend of her father's,
and took much interest in the bright and
handsome girl. And Ida Edson's affairs
were no more of a secret than those of
pretty and popular girls are usually.

Mr. Granby regarded her keenly.
"It is decidedly disagreeable being
lonesome," he answered, with apparent
heedlessness.

But Ida flushed a little, and thought
best to change the subject.

"Do you mind my opening up the
great topic, Mr. Granby?" she said, coyly.
"No, you must be hardened by this time.
I want to congratulate you. Mrs. Camp-
bell is lovely—simply lovely! We are
all so glad you are going to marry her—
papa and all of us!" she avowed, with
girlish warmth.

Mr. Granby bowed and smiled.

"I thank you, my dear Miss Edson! I
congratulate myself every day. I am a
happy man since the affair has been
firmly settled."

He looked it.
Ida rather wanted to continue the
agreeable subject, but a gentle shyness
forbade her. And possibly Mr. Granby
was shy.

The topic changed to the general news,
the last new play, the prospect of the
city being socially empty in a week or
so.

Mr. Granby chatted with an entertain-
ing liveliness, for which he was noted.

But he seemed oddly preoccupied—
scarcely attentive, after all, to their
skimming small talk. Now and again
he glanced at Ida scrutinizingly; once
or twice he smiled rather peculiarly.
And from a silence of some length he
emerged of a sudden with a sigh of senti-
mental proportions.

"I don't know," he declared, "what
makes me think so strongly of that case.
Can't seem to get it out of my head.
Perhaps my recent happiness has made
me sentimental—I don't know. Would
you care to hear it? A mere everyday
story it is, but—"

"You know I am dying to!" his
pretty companion answered.

Mr. Granby set his hat on more firmly
and cleared his throat.

"A mere everyday story," he reiter-
ated, gazing up at the leaves above
them. "We have read such a hundred
times. Yet, when such things come
within our experience, I—we—"

His manner was curiously hesitating,

and Ida's bright eyes were wide open,
her face intent.

"It was a—friend of mine I've been
thinking of," said Mr. Granby, slowly.
"And the tragedy took place twenty
years ago. I call it a tragedy. You
shall hear it, my dear girl, and judge for
yourself."

He took out his handkerchief to rub
his forehead, and his eyes still roved
the upper air. But Ida was inattentive
to all save the coming story.

"He was a good young fellow—every-
body said so—warm-hearted and affec-
tionate. And he fell desperately in
love. The girl was a sweet and charm-
ing one. I—I saw her. She was all
that could be desired, and more. She
loved him in return—she had cared for
him before he mustered courage to
speak to her, I think. And it was
looked upon as the match of the season,
the lovers being so well known and well
liked, having so much of money and
position both, and being so greatly and
unaffectedly in love with each other."

Mr. Granby paused, stroking his
horse's head and looking down. And
Ida's lips were softly parted.

"Are you waiting for a description of
their happy marriage and deeper joy?"

Mr. Granby demanded, drily. "That is
the sequent! cannot give—that is the
tragedy."

He seemed to falter.
"Did she—die?" Ida murmured—"oh
he?"

Yet she knew better. Almost certain
she was that it was of himself Mr.
Granby was gravely talking.

"No! I think almost he might better
have. No! The engagement was broken
—and for nothing." His voice was hard.

"Broken for some trivial cause which I
understood at the time. The lapse of
years had made contemptible that which
was unworthy at its best. It was noth-
ing, nothing—a caprice on her part, an
inadvertence on his. What matter? It
should have been forgotten in a day or
an hour. No! she was unreasonably
reproachful and he stubborn, or he re-
proachful, she foolishly determined.
What odds! Both were wrong; both
in a rash moment were sure that a tri-
umph of self-assertion was more to them
than their life-happiness. And the en-
gagement was broken."

Mr. Granby was not looking at her;
his eyes were lowered still.

But a paleness had succeeded a flush
on his listener's averted face, and she
sat in utter silence.

"There was no reconciliation, for
neither would take the first step. I
know what heart-burnings there were,
what real loneliness and misery. But
that was all. After the first sharp words
they did not even see each other. He
went South and West—went abroad—
came back and visited Canada. He said
he had always meant to travel extensiv-
ely, and that he would go into business
when he had seen something, and get
rich. And all this he did. Briefly, he
did it. He gained experience and a
worldly air, and he made a success of his
business undertaking. He was popular
among men, being naturally genial and
always open-handed enough. And he
remained a bachelor—a shooting, yacht-
ing, fishing, horse-driving bachelor—
with finally some few wrinkles and gray
hair, an unreasonably exactness about his
dinner, and not many female acquaint-
ances."

He was looking at her now; but Ida's
head, in its little silk hat, was still
turned away.

"And—she—" she faltered.

"Oh, she married!" said Mr. Granby,
briskly. "Married, of course, being a
nice-looking girl, with a fortune. Mar-
ried her father's junior partner—a man
some years her senior, well-appearing,
well-behaved, and eminently respectable
and eligible—if not especially brilliant."

He coughed drily.

Then there was a silence.

Had he finished?

Ida was looking toward him, with her
sweet and expressive eyes filled with
something indefinable—with a sort of
tremulous fear.

"Were they—do you think they were
happy?" she whispered, faintly.

"Think! I will tell you what I know,"
said Mr. Granby; "and again you may
judge for yourself. I know he bore, af-
ter his first sharp pain, many and many
an hour of dreary depression—of yearn-
ing for something he had not. I know
he suffered keenly when the news of her
marriage reached him. I know she mar-
ried a man highly uncongenial to her in
many ways—a man whose natural cold-
ness chilled her warmth, whose rather
narrow nature clashed with hers a hun-

dred times a day. I know he—the hero
of my story—led what people called a
jolly life, and was successful; and I
know that she was well treated and pro-
vided for, and found much comfort, af-
ter her husband's death, in her little son.
All this. But I know that one love—
and one only—lived in their hearts ever,
and that for a moment's hasty foolishness
twenty years of their lives were to all in-
tents wasted!"

There was a pulsing pause. The girl's
hand trembled where it rested, her throat
had the quivering which tells of tears.
And when she spoke, it was with a half
sob.

"Twenty years?" she echoed. "Then
something has happened at last! Then
he has met her again!"

"Yes, he has, my dear," said Mr.
Granby, gently.

"Then you—oh, I know it is you!" she
cried, tremulously—"then you were Mrs.
Campbell's lover before! And that cruel
thing happened to you two? And you
have found her again! Oh, Mr. Granby,
how glad I am! I—"

She was softly crying in her gauntleted
little hand.

"I've found her," Mr. Granby re-
sponded, speaking in matter-of-fact
tones, though he brushed his eyes hastily.

"And all my bachelor friends are laugh-
ing at me, and won't let me off short of
a three-hundred-dollar stag-supper as a
penance. But I—we—are happy at
last. And that is something."

"That is everything," the girl an-
swered, almost inaudibly.

She felt his searching eyes upon her,
and trembled a little; looking down,
hotly flushed.

What was he going to say now? Some-
thing, she was sure, she could not bear!

She felt nervous and tearful and
wretched enough now, and another word
would be too much. She knew it, and
she wished—

But the words Mr. Granby uttered
were "By George!" in excited tones.

"By George!" he repeated, staring at
Ida and far back at the groom, and again
at the object which had called forth the
remark.

The object was a young man at some
distance ahead in the bridal path, on a
slowly walking horse—not an astonishing
sight.

There was a sort of a flurry before
Ida's wondering eyes. Mr. Granby was
gone, suddenly and without a farewell.

Did he chuckle as he touched his
"crop" to his horse? She almost fancied
it. And then—

"Harry!" she cried, and her voice sank
to the merest whisper. "Harry!"

"Well—Ida!" the young man on the
leisurely horse answered, his voice no
less shaken.

He was dark-eyed, broad-shouldered,
manly and his eyes sought hers with an
anxious directness, while he thrust back
his hat from a full forehead.

"Harry," she whispered—he had
reined close—"I—oh, Harry, how
wrong I was! Can you ever forget it?
I—Mr. Granby has been talking and
telling me, and I see it so plainly, how
foolish I was and how cruel. Say some-
thing, Harry—"

"Hush!" he said, gently. His hand
was on her horse's neck. "Foolish and
cruel! So was I, and confoundedly ob-
stinate besides! How dear of you to
speak, Ida! I suppose I should have
ridden by like the pig-headed rascal I
am. I don't know what Mr. Granby has
to do with it. Good for him he's en-
gaged to Mrs. Campbell, or he'd get a
punched head. But you've made me
happy, dear. What fools we were! It
shall never happen again, shall it? Not
if I know myself! Shall it?" he queried,
tenderly.

"Never!" she answered, her fair
face raised to his in sweet solemnity.

"What had Granby to do with it, any-
how?" he blurted forth, with a lingering
jealousy delicious to her.

"I'll tell you some time, dear," she
answered, softly. "You—you haven't lost
the ring? I want it again."

"I've kept it in my inside breast-poc-
ket every minute," he replied, half-
laughing, all his fine face softened.

And—nobody else was in the bridle-
path just there, and the groom pretended
not to be looking—Harry leaned to Ida
till his lips touched her cheek.—*Satur-
day Night.*

In one of the large caves in the pro-
vince of Salerno, Italy, great archeologi-
cal treasures were found. The searchers
came across large quantities of arms of a
pre-historic age—ax heads, hammers,
daggers and knives of flint, agate and
other hard stones.

LADIES' COLUMN.

THE ONLY WOMAN LETTER CARRIER.

"Postmaster Rupp, of Hummelstown,
Penn.," notes the Philadelphia Inquirer,
"has appointed a woman letter carrier
under the law allowing experiments to
be made in that direction. Miss Edna
La Ross is doing the work with effi-
ciency and dispatch. She is the only
woman letter carrier in the service of
Uncle Sam."

ECONOMY IN GLOVES.

There is an economical beginning in
gloves. The very long gloves that com-
mand prices as lengthy as themselves are
giving away to the short-wristed ones.
The fair maidens in the upper circles
have come to the conclusion that there is
something hypnotic and magnetic in the
touch of the wrist when shaking the
hand of a friend.—*New York Recorder.*

WOMEN IN CHINA.

One of the weakest parts of the Chi-
nese social fabric is the insecurity of the
life and happiness of woman. But no
structure is stronger than its weakest
part, and Chinese society is no exception
to this law. Every year thousands upon
thousands of wives commit suicide, tens
of thousands of other persons are thereby
involved in serious trouble, hundreds of
thousands of yet others are dragged in
as co-partners in the difficulty, and mil-
lions of dollars are expended in extrava-
gant funerals and ruinous law-suits. And
all this is the outcome of the Confucian
theory that a wife has no rights which a
husband is bound to respect.—*Missionary
Review.*

ONLY THE FINGER TIPS.

A woman's make-up is a fearful and
wonderful thing because there is so much
in it and so many drugs and chemicals
are involved. Take, for instance, the
simple process of manicuring and see to
what an art it is reduced.

First the finger tips must be soaked in
perfumed water, then they must be care-
fully cleaned with an orange-wood stick
to help. After that comes the red paste,
which must be thoroughly washed off.
Following these is a pink powder, then a
perfumed soap with a felt polisher.

Lastly is the enamel, which is brightened
by the brisk dash with a kid polisher.
So much for the finger tips. Will any
one dare to reveal the rest of the toilet
mysteries?—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

FASHION NOTES.

Pearls of smaller size are much used
in jewelry.

Serge is the most popular material for
mountain and yachting dresses; wash
flannels for tennis suits.

"The ladies' frock coat" is the espe-
cial success of a certain prominent tailor
for women. It is very chic.

Very many of the newest skirts are
gathered, instead of the platings, which
have had such a run, being used.

White ribbon, broad and heavy, is
much worn for belts, especially with the
new silver buckles, which reach almost
under the arms.

There is positively no limit to the
amount of cut jet beads and lozenges to
be employed in decorating a stylish gar-
ment of the moment.

Only two colors are admissible for
reefing jackets, coachman's drab and
navy blue. The former in smooth fi-
shes the latter in rough.

Bodices with basques are either full
around the waist like a flounce, or are
cut and curved to fit the hips almost as
tightly as a cuirass. The bodices with
flounce basques are particularly suitable
for gingham and thin summer materials.

Castor gloves have been brought into
general use for shopping and ordinary
wear, and they are very durable, may
be drawn on or off the hands with free-
dom, and can be submitted to regular
washing without interfering with their
good condition.

There have been many changes in-
augurated in the methods of coiffures.
The hairdressers have taken an excursion
trip back to the seventeenth century, and
are showing favor to the high puffs and
ornamentation by use of flowers, velvet
bands and knots of ribbons.

Some of the new nets for veils have
dainty true-lover's knots scattered over
them. Another net that is also fashion-
able is the spider's web; and one tiny
black spider placed somewhere on the
net, so as to accentuate a favorite dim-
ple or some peculiarly good point of the
face, produces nearly as quaint an effect
as the patches of Madame la Marquise

Uncle Sam's Weekly.

The *Congressional Record* is not the
only high-class periodical published by
Uncle Sam. Very few people, aside
from inventors and patent attorneys,
know that the Government publishes a
weekly magazine which, in point of typo-
graphical appearance and general finish,
compares favorably with any periodical
that passes through the mails. It is the
Official Gazette of the Patent Office, and
its circulation the law guarantees to be
7000 copies weekly. The Government
makes no money directly from this pub-
lication, which costs \$200,000 a year to
issue from the press, but the material
contained in its pages is so utilized that
the Patent Office is made self-support-
ing. The *Official Gazette* includes the
complete specification of every patent is-
sued by the Government, together with
cuts of all drawings necessary to an ac-
curate understanding of the invention.
In the earlier years of the *Gazette* it was
the custom to print the letter press in
separate pages from the drawings, which
were produced by lithography. Now,
however, the entire magazine is printed
from lithographed plates, and the prepa-
ration of the "copy" is a very delicate
task. The drawings and specifications
which law directs that the Government
shall issue in the case of each patent al-
lowed are printed on pages at least twice
the size of the *Official Gazette*. A clever
expert takes these drawings and text,
and with a pair of sharp scissors cuts
them into neat little strips, which he
then pastes together on cards, sandwich-
ing the pictures in with the letter-press
in the order of their reference. These
pages are then reduced to the size of the
Official Gazette by photography, and
7000 lithographed copies are struck off
for a week are bound in one number of
the *Gazette*, and anybody who wants to
subscribe for it can get a very handsome
and interesting publication by sending
\$4 to the Commissioner of Patents. The
Gazette appears every Tuesday. Uncle
Sam is its managing editor; it employ
no agents; it offers no premiums and no-
body ever thinks of suing it for libel.—
New York World.

Drollery in the Shah's Diary.

Extract from the "Diary of His Maj-
esty the Shah," published in 1874—
"The picture of a donkey was seen, and
I asked the price of it. The director of
the exhibition, a fat, white-bearded man,
who gave information about the prices,
told me it was a hundred pounds sterling
—equivalent to two hundred and fifty
tumans of Persia. I remarked, 'The
value of a live donkey is at the outside
five pounds. How is it, then, that this,
which is but a picture of an ass, is to be
paid so dearly?' The director said,
'Because it is not a source of expense,
as it eats neither straw or barley—the
Eastern substitute for hay and oats. I
replied, 'True—it is not a source of out-
lay; but neither will it carry a load or
give one a ride.' We laughed heart-
ily."

Length of Soldiers' Steps.

Among the continental armies the Ger-
man soldiers have the longest legs, judg-
ing by the length of step, which is eighty
centimeters. The step of the French,
Austrian, Belgian and Swedish soldiery
averages seventy-five centimeters, while
that of the Russian soldiers rarely ex-
ceeds sixty-nine.



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