

# THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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### LITTLE THINGS.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing,  
With your hand on the door to go,  
But it takes the venom out of the sting  
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling  
That you made an hour ago.  
A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,  
After the toil of the day,  
But it smooths the furrows out of the care,  
And lines on the forehead you once called  
fair,  
In the years that have flown away.  
'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,"  
"I love you, my dear," each night,  
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I  
find;  
For love is tender, as love is blind,  
As we climb life's rugged height.  
We starve each other for love's caress,  
We take, but we do not give,  
It seems so easy some soul to bless,  
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,  
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.  
—Union Signal.

### THE NEXT-OF-KIN.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WADLEIGH.

All the legal quips and quirks are complied with; at last I am a free man! Young, rich, not so very bad looking, may I not now be the happiest man in America? I will. No more work for me, boys!

As Flavel Ashcroft uttered these words in tones of exultation, he tore a note into tiny fragments and threw them aside. One of his companions, Louis Jewett, blew a cloud of fragrant smoke from his cigar and said, flatteringly:

"Ah, you lucky dog, you'll play the mischief among the girls! May I ask if that is a love-letter which you have so thoroughly destroyed?"

"By no means. Merely a brief billet from Huxley, my former employer. He says that if I don't appear at the store to-morrow I may consider myself discharged."

"Then you haven't told him—"

"That Uncle Roger died intestate and childless, and that I step into his shoes? No, no. Until this morning I feared some unknown heir might crop up and chisel me out of this money, and I didn't choose to tell of my hopes as long as there was any chance that they might be delusive."

"Did you suspect that your uncle left children or grandchildren?" asked Harvey Wilson, Flavel's other companion.

"I was positive he never had but one child, my Aunt Kathleen, who was deeded for sixteen years before her death, which took place about three years ago. If she had ever married, her children would, of course, inherit this estate."

"Your uncle might, even in that case, have remembered you," suggested Wilson.

"Never! We were sworn foes. He wouldn't die intestate had he been as far seeing as he was unforgiving. His lawyers tell me he had yielded to their persuasions so far as to promise to make his will before the close of the year; but the year closed for him long before December came. Apoplexy, you know."

"I believe rumor says you are sweet on the pretty typewriter at Huxley's," said Jewett, inquisitively.

"Bessie Moore? Ah, I fear she is rather gone on yours truly," said Flavel, complacently, as he caressed his luxuriant whiskers, "but that sort of thing'll not do now. She's a nice little thing, but she must marry some respectable fellow in her own station in life."

Wilson scowled at Flavel and abruptly left the group, unobserved by Jewett, who was also about to depart in another direction.

While strolling homeward, Flavel said to himself:

"How lucky for me that my aunt was daft after that mysterious visit of hers to friends in New York! And how very, very queer it seems that no one but me knows of her marriage and subsequent motherhood! When her husband, Theodore Terrill, and I were both in the hospital after we were injured in that railroad accident, he told me the whole story, knowing that he was about to die. He told me, deluded man, that my aunt had gone crazy at the birth of her little daughter, and had drowned herself, but her body was never found, and he was then on his way to see her father and tell the sad news. He never suspected that she was at home. Lucky is it for me, boy as I was, I had sense enough to hold my tongue about Terrill's surprising revelation, for that child, is it is alive, is my uncle's lawful heir."

Such was the fact, but no one had ever suspected that old Mr. Ashcroft's only daughter had been a wife and mother. Therefore, not even the most astute

lawyer had the least hesitancy in declaring his handsome, extravagant, selfish nephew to be his heir.

Of course, it was not long before the tidings of Flavel Ashcroft penetrated to the large wholesale drug store where he had been a former clerk for the past six years, and his former comrades rejoiced at his good fortune, for in his careless, happy-go-lucky way he always made friends wherever he was.

"I wonder Mr. Ashcroft has not been in to see us," said one of the clerks to Bessie Moore, Huxley & Co's stenographer and typewriter. "Has he told you when we are to expect him?"

"I haven't seen him since the last day he was in the store, four weeks ago," Bessie replied, with an embarrassed air.

Mr. Ashcroft's attentions to her had been so unremitting for some time past that everyone predicted a speedy wedding, and Bessie knew it, she knew, too, that her own family—her adopted mother and sisters (for she was an orphan)—had looked for the same result. Therefore it was doubly mortifying to feel and realize that others felt that Flavel had merely been amusing himself at her expense.

"Oh, well, I dare say he's been pretty busy," said the first speaker, kindly trying to hide his surprise at Bessie's words. "Different people, to whom he was always more or less in debt, have told me that he has been around among them settling up all his little liabilities. Then, too, where there's so much money involved there must necessarily be a good many interviews with lawyers."

"Yes," chimed in Harvey Wilson, head bookkeeper, who had overheard these last words, "riches entail many cares, yet Ashcroft, no doubt, has some free evenings. For my part, I am convinced none of us will ever see him again."

"Oh, I say, Wilson, aren't you a bit cynical? Ashcroft isn't such a cad as that."

"No! I hope not, for I used to like him. But remember, prosperity tries a man; adversity is not our only crucible."

Bessie's cheeks flushed painfully. She knew that Wilson was an honest, far-seeing man, and that he had been more intimate with Flavel Ashcroft than any of the other clerks; consequently, he ought to be able to judge him correctly. Yet she also knew that Wilson's affections were all bestowed on herself, and that his love for her might make him jealously spiteful towards a handsome, richer rival. She had always liked and esteemed Harvey Wilson, but who could blame a girl of nineteen if she had been captivated by Flavel, who, during his thirty-four years of life, had traveled much and learned many things, among them the art of making love to every pretty face?

Harvey sighed as he noted the flush on her face, and walked quietly away. Days passed, weeks vanished, yet no visit or message came to her from Flavel Ashcroft. Bessie was young and ingenious, but she was a sensible girl. Gradually his true character presented itself to her mind as she read of his gay life among fashionable people, and she saw that he was indeed a recreant knight. And as this knowledge was forced upon her, she slowly came to appreciate Harvey Wilson's unwavering, though hopeless, devotion.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson," she exclaimed to him one evening when he was calling on her, "I have heard so much news today. One thing you, too, have perhaps heard, that Mr. Ashcroft is engaged to the lovely but hitherto unapproachable Miss Carroll."

Harvey looked quickly at her. Her tone was not that of a heart broken woman.

"Poor Flavel!" he answered. "She has the reputation of being cold hearted and mercenary. Can you pardon me if I say that I thought him devoted to you in the olden days?"

"So did I," she replied, lightly, "but we were mistaken. I really believed, too, that I was devoted to him, but I am happy to see that I was mistaken about that, also."

"Oh, Bessie, your words open paradise before me! I know I can't hold a candle to him; if he failed, how can I, a rough, plain fellow, ever hope to win?"

"To win what?" she whispered.

It took many words, many kisses, many tender glances before he had answered that question to his satisfaction; but at last he was satisfied and in ecstacy.

"Name the wedding day!" said Bessie, an hour or so later. "That I cannot do without consulting dear mamma. You

know, of course, that I am not Mrs. Moore's own child; that she took me, a nameless waif, from an orphan asylum?"

"Yes, yes; but that is nothing. You are your own dear self; I ask no more. But Mrs. Moore has been a mother to you, so let us go down to the sitting room and ask her blessing."

Mrs. Moore not only gave her blessing, but said that there was no man in the world to whom she would more willingly see Bessie married.

"But when you get the license, perhaps you ought to give her own name, for my husband and I never legally adopted her."

"Oh, mamma! And I never knew it! My father's name was Theodore Terrill, was it not? You don't know my mother's?"

"No, dear, but Harvey can find out. The matron of the asylum whence we took you told us that your father placed you there temporarily while he went in search of your poor mother, who had wandered from home during a temporary delirium. He gave her a copy of his marriage certificate, in case he might die suddenly, but she never saw him again."

"Theodore Terrill!" exclaimed Harvey Wilson in surprise. "My father had a chum of that name and called my second brother for him. I will write to the asylum, and if the father of my Bessie is the same man, how singular it will be!"

"I have lived long enough to learn that life is full of coincidences; it is the unexpected which generally happens," Mrs. Moore sagely observed.

"Perhaps my unknown father may have left me some money," cried Bessie. "Wouldn't that be nice?"

"It's all very nice as it is, darling."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Harvey," said Mrs. Moore, "yet a little money is always useful."

Judge, if you can, of Harvey's surprise when it was proven that Bessie was the lawful owner of the wealth which had so turned the head of Flavel Ashcroft! No words can describe the latter's disgust with himself when he found that the pretty girl whom he had courted and then forsaken was the one to whom he was forced to resign the riches which he had always known were not his own. Bessie would gladly have given him a share of the money, in spite of his conduct to her, but he gave her no chance. He vanished utterly and completely; even Miss Carroll never heard of him again. —Ladies' Home Companion.

### A Harvest of Dates.

Harvest work in this country—whether it be hop picking, orchard clearing or the reaping of grain—is easy enough compared with the toil and risk of gathering dates. In North Africa, Persia, Palestine, Ceylon and other lands where the date palm flourishes, the fruit is of the utmost importance to the natives. The tree has a height of from sixty to eighty feet, and its stem is bare nearly to the top, where the leaves and fruit are found in thick clusters. You would naturally think that it would be extremely hard to gather the dates (which grow in bunches weighing some twenty or twenty-five pounds) from so high and branchless a tree. But the natives find no difficulty in getting at the precious fruit. At the time of harvest, quite a busy scene is presented when the laborers are all at work. Fortunately, the stem of the palm is very rough, and this greatly helps the active men and women in climbing it. They put a stout rope around the trunk, and then fasten it about their bodies. They then throw it a little distance up the bark, and, when it has "caught," walk up the stem, leaning back, with the rope drawn taut as a support. By this means they soon reach the dates, which are either placed in a big bag worn around their waists, or dropped to other laborers on the ground below. When the harvest work is over, the fun and festival, which are common in England at this season, are seldom seen in the palm countries, though the people enjoy themselves in their own way.

### Remarkable Vitality of Seed.

It has been claimed that the seeds taken from ancient Egyptian tombs are capable of growth, but proof of the claim is lacking. It has been demonstrated, however, that seeds of a very great age are capable of development. Raspberries have been raised from seed taken from the stomach of a man who died during the time of the Emperor Hadrian, who reigned in the second century of our era. Think of it, a seed springing into new life after lying dormant sixteen centuries!

### LADIES' COLUMN.

#### RING FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

Society belles have revived, or are trying to revive, the old Italian custom, dating from medieval times, of the bride presenting the bridegroom with a ring. The ring is of iron or steel, wrought with letters of cabalistic meaning, inscribed with gold or silver, and sometimes set with a precious stone. "May God protect the wearer," in Arabic characters, is a favorite inscription. Moonstones or star sapphires, protecting the wearer from evil; or weird red and green Alexandrites, are often set in these rings. —New York World.

#### SLEEVE EFFECTS.

A long sleeve makes the hand look tiny; an elbow sleeve cuts off the best part of a woman's arm, shows that which is usually the worst, and certainly does not decrease the size of her hand; an extremely short sleeve—the regular cream-puff sleeve that permits the shoulder to show above it and the entire arm to be visible—is, for evening, a most desirable style, whether the arm be a plump or a slender one. If the arm is slender the glove can be worn to cover the elbow, and then the plump part of the arm would be visible. —Philadelphia Record.

#### ISHED FOR A WEDDING INVITATION.

That Queen Victoria attended in person the wedding of Sir Henry Ponsonby's daughter a few weeks ago has already been mentioned. The announcement of her gracious intention to do so is thus described: Her majesty was discussing with Lady Ponsonby, her widowed maid of honor, the details of the approaching ceremony one day, and at length inquired: "And is the wedding to be a very large and crowded one?" To which Lady Ponsonby replied: "Far from it. The house in Ambassador's court would not permit of a crowd; it is to be very select." "In that case," responded the Queen, "perhaps there will be room for an old lady among the guests—an old lady like me and Victoria's godmother?" The bride's mother gave a delighted assent to this suggestion. —Chicago Post.

#### A SHADE HAT.

Green straw is intertwined with pith to form a shade hat for the beach. Large green rose leaves with thorns and stems are raised in a centre of deep red roses, and these are veiled with soft brown silk tulle; but newer than these is a knotted straw, with a flounce of dark cream colored guipure lace caught in at the crown with black velvet, so that a heading stands up round it. Above this, at the back, where the brim is turned up, high loops of black velvet are bound together by a silver buckle studded with sapphire blue stones. A pretty bonnet shown at the same importing house is of green rushes, with rose morte velvet as strings, and an upstanding bow in front. It is wreathed with roses, which come under the generic name of damask, but are tinged with that rare shade of purple red which predicts decay. —New York Post.

#### A RUNNING CLASS FOR OGONTZ GIRLS.

A gentleman spending the night with a friend on the Chelton Hills arose early the other day to catch a train for New York. While driving to the station he passed the former place of Jay Cooke, now used as a school for young women, and looking at the grounds he saw fourteen young women running in Indian file up a driveway. Each young woman wore a loose bodice and short skirt of dark blue, black stockings and low, flexible shoes. They had their heads up, their shoulders down and back, and kept their mouths closed. On they ran rapidly, following an instructor, who led the way along the winding road until they disappeared.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the astonished New Yorker. "Who and what are they?"

"That's the Ogontz running class," replied his host with a smile. "Almost any fine morning you can see these girls start out for a mile and a half spin. The teacher of gymnastics is always with them and sees that none overtaxes herself."

The running class was organized a year ago, and is one of the features of Ogontz gymnastics.

#### FASHION NOTES.

Royale silk finds favorable mention in several French fashion journals.

Black silk gowns have vests and panels of black brocade with yellow or pink. The tendency is again for gold linings

in silver cups, bowls, cream jugs and the like.

Scallops are a neat and stylish finish for the foot of dress skirts finished in shallow scallops about three inches wide, and in addition to being bound they are outlined with soutache. Percale or cambric skirts are cut in deep leaf scallops that are faced.

It has become the style to trim hats in front underneath the crown brim. The pan-cake sailors are all provided with a little crown piece underneath the brim, and this little false crown is used as a vehicle for displaying fruit, flowers and folds of bright material.

The fancy for feather boas is on the increase, and as the long ones are expensive they are not likely to be common. Medici ruffs with flaring ends are the latest style of summer lingerie. Sleeves are trimmed with a great deal of braiding and lace ruffling.

Silver jewelry is the favorite wear, when even the appearance of what is worn is of importance in keeping cool. For this reason there is special pertinence in the introduction of brooches, bracelets and necklaces of silver filigree which gives a sense of thorough ventilation.

Napoleon blue, a grayish tint of blue, is one of the colors of the season, like the tint of the great hero's greatcoat, though there are people who insist that the coat was only ordinary pepper-and-salt that no woman would wear. The tint is particularly becoming to blondes.

#### Papers in Iceland.

Although Iceland has a population of only about 70,000, the majority of these being poor in this world's goods, yet no fewer than eight papers are published on the island. The majority of these are printed on excellent paper and with good letter press, one of them, the Fjalikonaan (Mountain Maid), even has an illustrated literary supplement. Aside from the local news, the papers are filled with discussions on political and economic subjects pertaining directly to the affairs of Iceland. The spirit of the articles are often extremely, sometimes even offensively, partisan and personal. Not infrequently the place of the books is occupied with a learned discussion of some kind. Comparatively little attention is paid to the ups and downs of European or American affairs, these being reported but very briefly. One characteristic of these papers is that almost the entire contents consists of original contributions. Splendid translations also are quite frequently published. The whole population of Iceland is educated, the number of illiterates being extremely low; as a result these papers have an abundance of correspondents even among the fishermen and peasants.

#### First American Newspaper.

"To Benjamin Harris," says *Current Literature*, "is due the credit of having published the first American newspaper. It was printed in Boston by Richard Pierce, the first number being issued September 25, 1690. It was the intention of the publisher to issue a monthly edition, but on account of some unfavorable criticisms, it was almost immediately suppressed by the authorities. But one copy is in existence, which is possessed in London. It bears the title 'Publick Occurrences, Both Foreign and Domestick.' The first newspaper that had any considerable existence was the Boston News Letter. This was published and printed by John Campbell and appeared an April 24, 1804.



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