

# THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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### QUIET WAYS ARE BEST.

What's the use of worrying,  
Of hurrying,  
And scurrying,  
Everybody hurrying,  
And breaking up their rest?  
When everyone is teaching us,  
Frothing and beseeching us,  
To settle down and end the fuss,  
To settle down and end the fuss,  
For quiet ways are best.  
The rain that trickles down in showers  
A blessing brings to thirsty flowers;  
Sweet fragrance from each trimming cup  
The gentle zephyrs gather up.  
There's ruin in the tempest's path;  
There's ruin in the voice of wrath;  
And they alone are blest  
Who early learned to dominate  
Themselves, their violence abate,  
And prove by their serene estate,  
That quiet ways are best.  
Nothing's gained by worrying,  
By hurrying,  
And scurrying,  
With fretting and with flurrying  
The temper's often lost:  
And in pursuit of some small prize  
We rush ahead and are not wise,  
And find the unwonted exercise  
A fearful price has cost.  
Tis better far to join the throng,  
That do their duty right along;  
Erewhile they to raise a fuss,  
Or make themselves ridiculous,  
Calm and serene in heart and nerve,  
Their strength is always in reserve.  
And nobly stands each one;  
And every day and all about  
By some within and some without,  
We can disagree, with near a doubt,  
That quiet ways are best.  
—The Evangelist.

### A SAILOR'S STORY.

We had touched at St. Helena to leave a detachment of soldiers and some stores, and had left that historic spot several days behind us, when the brig caught fire and we had to abandon her. There was no hope of saving her from the first, and we congratulated ourselves on having a smooth sea and time to provision the boats and get the people off. One hour after noon on the 12th day of February, 1862, the brig Gull, bound from Liverpool to the Cape of Good Hope, and having forty-eight souls aboard, burned to the water's edge and sank, leaving us 850 miles off the African coast. With the other boats I shall have nothing to do, for never a one was afterwards heard of. In the boat to which I was assigned there were nine people—four of us belonging to the crew and the other five passengers. Of these three were young Englishmen, going out to the Cape to try farming, and the other two were women. They were aunt and niece, and just why they took passage on the brig or whether they were going beyond the Cape, I can't tell you. Being only a plain sailorman, I knew nothing about the passengers, except as I picked up a word here and there. The aunt was nearly fifty years old and the niece not over twenty, and if there was ever a handsome girl afloat in an English ship I never had the luck to see her. There was some confusion, as a matter of course, when we took to the boats, but we got away from the brig in good shape, with no one lost or hurt and with water and provisions enough to do us for a week. We were in charge of the boatswain, and but for a terrible accident I know we should have pulled through without mishap or suffering. He was an oldish man, a good sailor, and he had authority over all in the boat. When the boats got together it was found that the Captain had the only compass. He ordered that we were to hold up to the east and to keep together, and when we headed away for the African coast the long-boat was leading and the rest of us were strung out in line. Had the weather been fair our mishap would have been nothing to talk about; but at midnight that night, while we were following the long-boat by the lantern hung aloft, a fierce and sudden squall came out of the east and almost proved our destruction. It was followed by a gale which soon kicked up a tremendous sea, and we got over a drag and lay head to it all that night and all next day until an hour before sundown. During all these long hours we had to keep bailing to prevent being swamped, and by daylight it was impossible to see a cable's length away for the flying drift. It was bad enough for the men, but those two poor women might as well have been dead. They lay on the bottom of the boat, covered up as best we could do it, and when the gale at last broke I hardly expected to find them alive. They were, though, and at the hour named food and water were served out and the boatswain began seeking to cheer everybody up.

By night the wind had died flat away and the sea was fast going down. The worst was over, and we could now shake ourselves and utter congratulations. The passengers had been terribly sick, and each of them had given himself up as lost, but now that things had mended we could almost be said to be a jovial crowd. While the boatswain got one of the men to singing to increase our courage, he whispered to me that he was full of anxiety. We had two water-kegs, but they were leaky and had lost much of their contents. We had sheltered the ship's bread as much as we could, but a good half of it had been spoiled. You might figure that we had dropped to three days' supply, and that wasn't the worst of it. That gale must have drifted us at least a hundred miles farther off the coast.

The boatswain talked these matters over with me because he knew me to be, begging your pardon, a sober, steady lad who could look the worst in the face and help to meet it. We were not to say anything to the rest until next day. As there was no wind to move us, and as everybody was badly used up, it was decided that we lay to as we were for the night. It had come nine o'clock or later and some of the men were asleep, when the boatswain went forward and stood on the thwart with his arms around the mast to steady himself. I think he was looking about to see if he could find anything of the other boats. Just how it happened no one could tell, though three of us had our eyes on him when he suddenly pitched overboard. We were still pitching briskly about, and perhaps it was a sharp dive of the boat which sent him to his death. If he rose to the surface he did not call out. He simply went right out of sight and never even called out as he was going.

Little or nothing was said that night as to who should command the boat, but morning had hardly dawned when there was a row about it. Being a lad not yet out of my apprenticeship, I was of course out of the question, but each of the three other sailors was determined to act as captain. From words they came to blows, and another horror fell upon us. The three young men were drawn into the quarrel, and the six had a savage fight with such weapons as could be laid hold of. It was a dead calm, with the sea quieted down, and a couple of great sharks were lying off our port quarter. No one had seen them, nor did any one see them until two of the young men were knocked overboard. It wasn't ten seconds before both were seized and drawn under. The horrible climax to the row cooled the men off at once.

One of the sailors had been stabbed in the back, another badly hurt about the head, and the third young Englishman had his right arm broken. Nor was this the full extent of the calamity. In their fight they had knocked the water kegs about, and lost us nearly all their contents, and a good share of our bread had been ground up under their shoes.

The sailor who had been stabbed took command of the boat, and when things had settled down breakfast was served out. We had not to exceed two gallons of water and a dozen biscuits, and the day was hot and without a breath of air stirring. The water ought to have been doled out drop by drop; but no sooner was it seen that a small quantity was left than Davidson, the one in command, declared that each should have his share on the spot. Their injuries had made the men terribly thirsty, but the water was fairly divided and each one drank his portion. After that the sailors lay down and went to sleep, and the young Englishman, whose name was Hearne, came over to us and we tried to do something for his arm. You can guess that it was little we could do, however, and he was soon suffering terrible pain.

The aunt I now heard called Mrs. Morton, while the grown girl was addressed by her maiden name, Edith. Before noon the aunt took very sick, and we were terrified at our helplessness. She was soon in a high fever and raving, and we hadn't even a drop of water to give her. Hearne was also mad from thirst, and feeling that the sailors had brought destruction upon us all he would have killed the three while they slept had I not restrained him.

Davidson was the first to wake up. His wound had begun to inflame and his throat was dry, and he held the water-kegs up in hope to find a last drop. They were as dry as bones and he uttered deep curses as he threw them overboard at the dorsal fins of sharks circling around us. When night came it was still calm.

The aunt was still raving and sick unto death, while Hearne had crawled into the bow of the boat to suffer alone and in silence. The sailors had sat up, cursed their luck and lain down again, and I had gone among them and taken all their knives and concealed them in the stern sheets.

About 9 o'clock the aunt sank into a stupor, and all of us slept for some time. We were finally awakened by Davidson getting up and hoarsely calling for water. In his torment he caught sight of Hearne in the bows, and he rushed forward and seized him. I ran to pull him off, but before I could reach him both had gone overboard. They went down grappled together, and though I stood with the boat-hook ready I never caught sight of them again. The two other sailors sat up, asked me what had happened, and then fell back and slumbered as soundly as before.

Morning came to find the aunt dead, and fearful of what would happen when the sailors awoke, I prevailed upon the girl to let me lift the body over the rail. She protested at first, but when I told her my reasons she turned away and I committed the body to the deep. It was sunrise when the sailors awoke. With a leader those men would have suffered and endured for a week and made no complaint. They no sooner saw that the calm still continued than they began cursing and threatening and they looked at the girl with such wolfish eyes that she covered in terror. Presently they went forward and sat down close together and talked in whispers, and the girl crept over to me and said:

"I know what they are planning. They intend to kill me!"

I gave her one of the knives and told her I would protect her to the last. If I hadn't had the knives I think she would have been so terrified that she would have gone overboard. The men talked for an hour or so and then lay down and slept again. I made sure this time there was no weapon they could get hold of, and the day, up to 4 o'clock, dragged without incident.

I was half mad with hunger and thirst by that time, and I knew the poor girl was if anything worse off. We talked in low tones of the good things we had eaten and the springs we had drunk from, and we kept our heads constantly wet with the salt water to alleviate our thirst as far as it could. At 4 o'clock or soon after the men awoke and called to me. They wanted to kill the girl and drink her blood and eat her flesh. I reasoned with them and told two or three deliberate falsehoods, and finally prevailed upon them to wait another day. I felt they would do so, and slept soundly that night. The sun came up next morning the same ball of fire, and any sailor could have told that the calm would last another day. What happened along towards noon I can never distinctly remember, for I had little reason left. I remember of hearing the men cursing and demanding the girl, and of their coming aft. There must have been a fight, but I remember none of the details. It is like trying to recall a dream of years ago. What I can remember back to was waking up in the cabin of the German steamer Bergen very ill and very weak. She had picked up our boat the day before. In it were two living skeletons—the girl and I. We were alone, and there were two blood-stained knives on the bottom of the boat to deepen the mystery. The girl pulled through as well as myself, but there was no after-romance. She thanked me over and over again with tears in her eyes, but there was no love. She was a lady bred and born, and I only a poor sailor lad. —New York World.

The rapid, the startling growth of the debt of Canada, states the *New England Magazine*, which has increased from \$78,209,742 in 1870, to \$233,000,000 in 1890, with a population almost at a standstill and a stagnant trade, has struck calm, impartial observers with the idea that there has been something wrong in the government of a peaceful young State of enormous extent and great natural resources. Of course, a large portion of this debt was incurred for the construction of railways, improvement of canals, and similar political and commercial works; but the results or returns do not compensate for the vastness of the new debt, with its oppressive load of interest. They freely comment upon the fact that while the United States have reduced their debt from \$59 to \$16.50 per head in twenty years Canada has run up her's from \$21 to \$47.

### LADIES' COLUMN.

#### A \$4000 LINEN CHEST.

Mrs. Crawford writes from Paris: "A very fashionable wedding was that of Mlle. de Riquet Caramen and Comte de Mortemart. M. de Mortemart made some handsome presents to the bride, so did the Duchesse d'Uzes, whose hand is still always in her pocket.

"The young lady's parents gave her a trousseau of house-linen that cost \$4000, and the Comtesse's coronet of brilliants, pear-shaped and round pearls, which the Comtesse de Caramen used to wear at the balls of the Tuileries.

"Her late grandfather's gift is a silver and a rock-crystal centre-piece for a dinner-table. He left it to her mother in trust to be handed to her, in sign of his great affection for her, on her wedding day."

#### CHILDREN'S FROCKS.

Children's frocks are made in the simplest style, the yoke top with straight widths set in full, hemmed and tucked at the edges, and confined only by a sash, or for older girls, leather belts have been much worn. The yoke is lined, but the lower part is simply straight and unlined, and these frocks are so pretty and so easily laundered that they are deservedly popular. The sleeves consist of a straight width of material gathered on over a shaped sleeve lining. For very young children the Tudor front is made in this yoke fashion, and no sash is worn, or the pinafore over-dress is set into a low yoke of insertion or trimming, and the under-dress is high, and has full sleeves, and no sash is worn. This is very effective if carried out in two colors.

#### AN ENTERPRISING WASHINGTONIAN.

In Washington is a young woman in one of the departments, who, knowing the demand for flowers there, turned her spare moments to floriculture, and last year she sold over a hundred thousand violets at good prices. She bought a little farm near town and in the morning and evening she gives it her personal supervision, and, while it is not yet sufficiently remunerative to warrant her in giving up her place at the desk, it will be so within a year or two, and ever after she will be an independent woman at a work she loves. Another, living in the country, set about making old-fashioned pound cake for the city trade, and within three years has built up a business which pays her a handsome profit, and gives her so much to do that she has no time to thank of voting and steering the ship of State. —Truth.

#### NOTES ON GLOVES.

A new dressy glove has a point on the wrist, plain or embroidered.

If gloves are even dampened with perspiration, pull them in shape, dry in the air and pull in shape again.

Mend a break with cotton of the same shade. Gloves are stitched with cotton "to make them wear longer," the gloves say.

When gloves are laid away in a box they should be wrapped in paraffine tissue paper. Never lay gloves together, clean and soiled.

A fad of the season is the use of yellow, pearl, white and lavender chamislo gloves, plain or stitched with black. They cannot be worn as close fitting as kid gloves, as they are not elastic. They soil easily, but the yellow and white especially wash well with a little care in using refined soap and drying on the hands to keep them in shape, if not the owner of glove lasts. —Fashions.

#### A YOUNG WOMAN ENGINEER.

Chicago is a great city, enterprising to an astonishing degree, and in more than one respect is unlike any other city on this continent. She gained the World Fair site over all her competitors, and she now has a woman engineer, who has successfully passed the ordeal of a rigid examination.

A contemporary says she was not let off easily either because she was a woman; in fact, the writer says her examination was, if anything, a little more severe than usual.

The young woman walked into the Board of Examiners' room in the City Hall, presented her application in a manly way, deposited the official fee (\$2), and then made her way into the line of the applicants to await her turn.

Among other questions she was asked was as to the size of the blow-off required for a seven-horse power engine, and what she would do if the valve stuck fast. When the examination was finished the examiners wrote at the end of her paper "accepted," and Miss De Barr

is now a full-fledged licensed steam engineer. —Scientific American.

#### FASHION NOTES.

Black velvet sashes go with striped wash silk gowns.

A great deal of satin is used for lining transparent gowns.

Silk mitts for young girls are worn with evening frocks.

The box knot pattern in black and white laces is popular.

Rustic straw hats are trimmed with fruit and velvet ribbon.

All muslin frocks are lace trimmed. No other garniture seems appropriate.

It sounds incongruous to trim a simple spotted or figured print with a flounce of deep lace round the skirt and the basque, but so fashion dictates.

Linon lawns with full, round, belted bodices, very full sleeves and skirts bordered with three narrow frills, are both fetching and fashionable.

Face veils match the hat or its trimming in color, drawing the line at red veils, which, at the minute of writing, are thought not to be in good taste.

Jacket bodies are on the top wave of success just now, whether cut square or round. The tiny fronts are of lace, passementerie, velvet, silk, wide sash ribbon, embroidery, etc. Short revers are made by turning the upper corners back, and another style has the upper part of the jacket fronts cut down to meet in a point over a plastron.

#### Habits of Wild Ducks.

At the period of incubation ducks make their nests whenever the desire to deposit the first egg comes upon them. If they have neglected to provide a suitable retreat, it is too late to mend matters. Since then I have passed and re-passed the spot, and have seen the eggs handled frequently, but for all that Madame Duck does not desert her rocky home. Jock suggests that I go to his camp, three miles distant, for dinner. On the way we cross an immense marshy flat, and in the middle of this is a beautiful spring, some eight yards in diameter. The water is fairly blue, icy cold, and no bottom can be seen at the centre, but about the edge, where the water is from one to ten feet deep, are massive rocks that are fantastically draped with aquatic mosses and algae so that it seems like looking down into fairyland. The waters of this spring run for a quarter of a mile and then sink to reappear a mile away, bursting into the creek from crevices in the volcanic rock. The swamp is a great breeding place for teal, and three or four ducks with their young broods are swimming in the miniature lake. As we burst upon the scene one duck dies off, but the rest stay to comfort their young. How do they do it? Bring them in to shallow water, where they can rest upon the bottom and stick their bills up through the moss. Then the old ones swim out into deep water and resort to the same tactics. We drive the ducklings from their place of concealment and they swim out to their parents with half of their bodies exposed. Though the moss is just as inviting they will not hide where they bring feet bottom and their mothers bring them back to shore. Young ducks can dive, but have not the power of remaining beneath the water for any length of time until they can make a strong flight. The power of remaining beneath the water is acquired by practice and is not innate. —Forest and Stream.



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

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