

# THE HEADLIGHT

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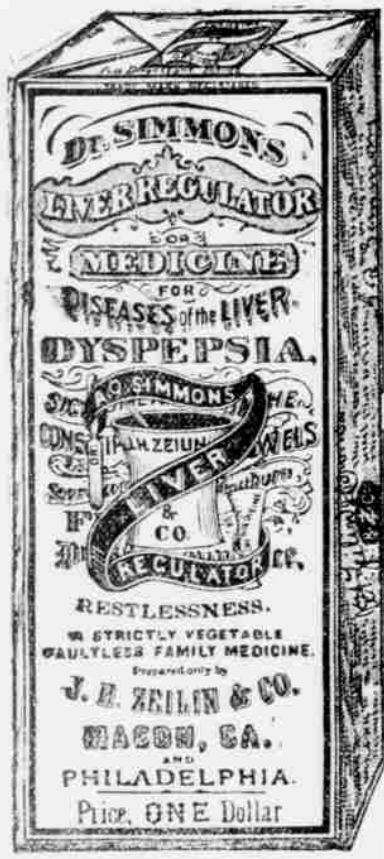
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### EVERY YEAR.

I feel 'tis growing colder  
Every year,  
And my heart, alas! gets older  
Every year.  
I can win no new affection;  
I have only recollection,  
Desperately and dejection,  
Every year.  
Of the loves and sorrows blended  
Every year;  
Of the joys of friendship ended  
Every year;  
Of the ties that still might bind me  
Until Time to Death resigned me,  
My infirmities remind me  
Every year.  
Ah! how sad to look before us  
Every year.  
When the cloud grows darker o'er us  
Every year;  
When we see the blossoms faded  
That to bloom we might have aided,  
And immortal garlands braided.  
Every year.  
To the past go more dead faces  
Every year,  
As the loved leave vacant places  
Every year.  
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us;  
In the evening's dusk they greet us,  
And to come to them entreat us,  
Every year.  
Yes, the shores of life are shifting  
Every year;  
And we are seaward drifting  
Every year.  
Old pleasures, changing, fret us;  
The living more forget us;  
There are fewer to regret us,  
Every year.  
But the true life draws nigher,  
Every year;  
And its morning star climbs higher  
Every year.  
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,  
And the heavy burden lighter,  
And the Dawn immortal brighter,  
Every year.

—William Cowler, in Chambers's Journal.

### "CROOKED JOE."

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

A great railway depot may not be the  
best school for a boy, yet poor little Joe  
Bryan had scarcely known any other.  
He could not remember when the long  
waiting-room, with their tiled floors and  
dreary rows of stationary settees, and  
crowds of hurrying people, were not  
quite as familiar to him and more home-  
like than his mother's small, bare house,  
which he knew as little more than a place  
for eating and sleeping.

At an age when any ordinary baby  
might have been frightened into convul-  
sions by the shriek of a locomotive, Joe  
securely fastened in his cot, would stare  
for hours through the great window, un-  
disturbed by the incessant rush and roar  
of arriving and departing trains.

He had been only six months old  
when the dreadful accident happened  
which, at one fell stroke, made him  
fatherless and transformed him from a  
strong, well-developed infant, to a piti-  
ful creature, which even death refused  
to take.

The older yard men told the story even  
yet—how young Michael Bryan, as  
straight and manly a fellow as ever left  
his green, old, native island for the bet-  
ter chances of the new world this side  
the sea, came whistling out of the round-

house that morning and stepped hastily  
from before an incoming locomotive,  
neither seeing nor hearing another rush-  
ing up the parallel track. His mates  
cried out to him—too late! Nobody  
who saw it would ever forget the look  
of agony which distorted his handsome  
face in that one horrible instant, when  
he recognized his doom, or the perpen-  
dicular leap into the air, from which he  
fell back beneath the crunching wheels.

In the excitement and consternation of  
the time no messenger had been sent in  
advance to prepare the poor young wife  
for her trouble, and she stood in the  
doorway with her baby crowing in her  
arms, when the stout bearers paused at  
her gate with their mangled burden. She  
uttered a terrible cry and fell fainting—  
the child's tender back striking the sharp  
edge of the door stone.

"What a pity that it was not killed  
outright!" said everybody but the mother.  
She herself always insisted that only her  
constant watching over the little, flick-  
ering life kept her from going in the  
first dreadful months of her bereave-  
ment.

The officers of the railway company  
were kind to poor Mary Bryan. They  
paid the expenses of the burial, and after  
little Joe had slowly mended, employed  
her about the depot to scrub the floors  
and keep the glass and woodwork bright  
and neat.

When Joe was seven years old his  
mother sent him to school. He went pa-  
tiently, day after day, making no com-

plaint, but she awoke suddenly one night  
to find him sobbing his heart out on the  
pillow beside her. Only by dint of  
long coaxing was she able to find out the  
cause of his grief. Some of the rougher  
boys—more thoughtless than cruel, let  
us hope—had called him "Humpy," and  
asked if he carried a bag of meal on his  
back.

Mary flamed with the fierce anger of  
motherhood.

"You shan't go another day!" she de-  
clared. "The ruffians! I won't have  
my darlin' put upon by the likes of  
them!"

So Joe's schooling had come to an un-  
timely end. Yet, meagre as was his stock  
of book learning, the development of  
his mind far outstripped the growth of  
his stunted and deformed body. Every-  
body liked the patient little fellow, rag-  
ging manfully at his mother's heavy  
water buckets and running willingly at  
every call of the station men. At twelve  
years old he had picked up no small  
amount of information, especially on  
railroad topics. He knew every locomo-  
tive on the road, understood the intri-  
cacies of sidetracks and switches,  
and could tell the precise mo-  
ment when any particular train might be  
expected with the accuracy of a time  
table.

Yet the very quickness and ardor of  
his nature deepened his sense of his in-  
firmity. The glances cast upon him by  
stranger-eyes, some pitiful, some curious,  
others, alas! expressive only of annoy-  
ances or disgust, rankled like so many  
arrows in his heart; not one missed its  
mark. How wistfully his eyes followed  
boys of his own age—straight, hand-  
some, happy—who sprang lightly up and  
down the steps of the coaches, or  
threaded their way along the crowded  
platforms. For one day of such perfect,  
untrammelled life he would have bar-  
tered all the possible years before him.  
Yet he never put his yearning into  
words, even to his mother.

"Crooked Joe's a rum 'un," said one  
of his rough acquaintances. "He senses  
his trouble well enough, but he don't let  
on to nobody."  
Mr. Crump, the telegraph operator, was  
Joe's constant friend. It was he  
who, at odd moments had taught the  
boy to read, and had initiated him into  
some of the mysteries of the clicking in-  
strument which to Joe's imaginative  
mind seemed some strange creature with  
a hidden life of its own.

It was growing toward dark one No-  
vember afternoon. Joe—never an un-  
welcome visitor—sat curled in a corner  
of Mr. Crump's office, waiting for his  
mother to finish her work. He was la-  
boriously spelling out, by the fading  
light, the words upon a page of an illus-  
trated newspaper, quite oblivious of the  
ticking, like that of a very jerky and  
rheumatic clock, which sounded in the  
room.

Mr. Crump, too, had a paper before  
him, but his ears were alive. Suddenly  
he sprang to his feet, repeating aloud the  
message which that moment flashed  
along the wire.

"Engine No. 110 running wild.  
Clear track."

He rushed to the door, shouting the  
news.

"Not a second to spare! She'll be  
down in seven minutes!"

The words passed like lightning. In  
a moment the yard was in a wild com-  
motion. Men flew hither and thither,  
yard engines steamed wildly away, the  
switches closing behind them.

The main track was barely cleared  
when 110 came in sight, swaying from  
side to side, her wheels threatening to  
leave the track at each revolution. She  
passed the depot like a meteor, her bell  
clanging with every leap of the piston,  
the steam escaping from her whistle with  
the continuous shriek of a demon, and  
the occupants of the cab wrapped from  
view in a cloud of smoke.

Some hundred rods beyond the depot  
the track took a sharp upward grade,  
from which it descended again to strike  
the bridge across a narrow but deep and  
rocky gorge.

Men looked after the flying locomo-  
tive, and then at each other with  
blanched faces.

"They're gone! A miracle can't save  
'em," said one, voicing the wordless ter-  
ror of the rest. "If they don't fly the  
track on the up-grade they'll go down as  
soon as they strike the trestle."

The crowd began to run along the  
track, some with a vain instinct of help-  
fulness, some moved by that morbid  
curiosity which seeks to be "in at the  
death."

But look! Midway the long rise the  
speed of the runaway engine suddenly  
slackens.

"What does it mean? She never  
could 'a' died out in that time!" shouted  
an old yardman.

Excitement winged their feet. When  
the foremost runners reached the place  
the smoking engine stood still on her  
track, quivering in every steel-clad  
nerve, her great wheels still whizzing  
round and round amid a flight of red  
sparks from beneath.

"What did it? What stopped her?"

The engineer, staggering from the cab  
with the pallid face of the fireman behind  
him, pointed, without speaking, to where  
a little pale-faced, crooked-backed boy  
had sunk down, panting with exertion,  
beside the track. At his feet a huge oil  
can lay overturned and empty.

The crowd stared, one at another, open-  
mouthed. Then the truth flashed upon  
them.

"He oiled the track!"

"Bully for Crooked Joe!"

They caught up the exhausted child,  
flinging him from shoulder to shoulder,  
striving with each other for the honor  
of bearing him, and so, in irregular,  
tumultuous, triumphal procession they  
brought him back to the depot and set  
him down among them.

"Pass the hat, pard!" cried one.

It had been pay-day, and the saved  
engineer and fireman dropped in each  
their mouth's wages. Not a hand in all  
the throng that did not delve into a  
pocket. There was the crisp rattle of  
bills, the chink of gold and silver coin.

"Out with your handkerchief, Joe!  
your hands won't hold it all! Why,  
young one—what?—what's the mat-  
ter?"

For the boy with scarlet cheeks and  
burning eyes, had clenched both small  
hands behind his back—the poor twisted  
back laden with its burden of deformity  
and pain.

"No! no!" he cried in a shrill, high  
voice. "Don't pay me! Can't you see  
what it's worth to me, once—just once  
in my life—to be a little use—like other  
folks?"

The superintendent had come from his  
office. He laid his hand on the boy's  
head.

"Joe," he said, "we couldn't pay  
you if we wished. Money doesn't pay  
for lives! But you have saved us a  
great many dollars besides. Won't you  
let us do something for you?"

"You can't! You can't! Nobody can  
The child's voice was almost a shriek.  
It seemed to read the air with the pen-  
it-agnony of years. "There's only one  
thing in the world I want, and nobody  
can give me that. Nobody can ever  
make me anything but 'Crooked Joe!'"

The superintendent lifted him and  
held him against his own breast.

"My boy," he said in his firm, gentle  
tones, "you are right. None of us can  
do that for you. But you can do it  
yourself. Listen to me! Where is the  
quick brain God gave you and the brave  
heart? Not in that bent back of yours  
—that has nothing to do with them! Let  
us help you to a chance—only a chance to  
work and to learn—and it will rest with  
you, yourself, to say whether in twenty  
years from now, if you are alive, if you  
are 'Crooked Joe' or Mr. Joseph  
Bryan!"

Visiting in C— not long ago a friend  
said to me:

"Court is in session. You must go  
with me and hear Bryan."

The court-room was already crowded  
at our entrance with an expectant au-  
dience. When the brilliant young at-  
torney rose to make his plea I noticed,  
with a shock of surprise, that his noble  
head surmounted an under-sized and  
misshapen body. He had spoken but  
five minutes, however, when I had ut-  
terly forgotten the physical defect; in  
ten, I was eagerly interested, and there-  
after, during the two hours' speech, held  
spell-bound by the marvelous eloquence  
which is fast raising him to the leader-  
ship of his profession in his native city.

"A wonderful man!" said my friend,  
as we walked slowly homeward. Then  
he told me the story of "Crooked Joe."  
—St. Louis Republic.

### Artificial Almonds.

The manufacture of artificial almonds  
has for some time been carried on at  
Utrecht in Holland. They are made of  
glucose and perfumed with nitrobenzole,  
which smells remarkably like almonds.  
They are perfectly innocuous in them-  
selves, but it is said that they are now  
largely sold mixed with real almonds,  
from which it is not easy to distinguish  
them. —Commercial Advertiser.

### FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

#### MANIA FOR BOB-TAIL HORSES

The mania for bob-tail horses is a  
silly one, and illustrates most forcibly  
the power of example on weak minds  
when it comes from the rich and titled.  
The clipped tail is a cruel deformity, and  
yet is adopted by its devotees in the  
same spirit that Swiss Alpine peasants  
regard the horrid goitre that adorns so  
many necks. And yet these American  
families that follow this horrid fashion  
consider themselves as possessing superb  
tastes. —Massachusetts Plowman.

#### GRADING EGGS FOR MARKET.

Extras, firsts, seconds, thirds and  
known marks comprise the classification  
of eggs decided upon by the Boston  
Chamber of Commerce. Extras comprise  
the best qualities, fresh-laid clean eggs  
in season, put up in the best manner.  
Firsts comprise fine marks of eggs, such  
as come in carload lots, or smaller lots,  
and are packed in fine order, fresh in  
season and reasonably clean, such stock  
as gives satisfaction to most consumers.  
Seconds comprise all stock that is mer-  
cantable and inferior to firsts. Thirds  
comprise all poor stock in bad order,  
rotten, etc.; stock not considered really  
merchantable. Known marks comprise  
such sorts that are well known to the  
trade under some particular designation  
or mark, of such quality as those familiar  
with the mark generally understand it  
to be in the season in which it is offered.  
Extra to pass at the mark must not lose  
to exceed one dozen per 100 dozen and  
firsts not more than two dozen per 100  
dozen, or one and a half dozen per bar-  
rel, if sold in barrels.

#### BEES HIVING THEMSELVES.

Whoever has kept bees has counted as  
chief among the difficulties in the busi-  
ness that of making them take to their  
new homes naturally. After most per-  
sistent efforts and often pain from bee  
stings the swarm will often fly away to  
some hollow tree and be lost. A New  
York man is said to have invented a  
self-hiver. When the swarm leaves the  
hive it is arranged so that it must pass  
through perforated zinc cages with holes  
large enough to pass the workers but  
not the queen or drones. The cage is  
connected with a passage to an empty  
hive near the one from which the swarm  
issues, and into which the queen bee  
soon makes her way, accompanied by a  
few workers who never leave her. When  
the swarm finds it has no queen it re-  
turns and makes its way readily into the  
new hive, and the job is done, while the  
first knowledge the bee keeper has of  
the swarm is seeing it at work in its new  
home. The self-hiver can be easily at-  
tached to different hives in succession,  
as they are found to be on the eve of  
swarming. —Boston Cultivator.

#### GROWING CABBAGE.

Cabbage is so easily raised, avers a  
New Jersey farmer, that no vegetable  
garden should be without at least enough  
for the family use. As a cooked vege-  
table it is very generally used, and in  
winter and spring a head of crisp, raw  
cabbage is to many persons as good as  
celery. Cabbage makes its growth so  
late in the fall that it can often be  
planted after early potatoes have been  
harvested. I have also raised it between  
the potato rows without any injury to  
potatoes or cabbage so far as I can dis-  
cover. By making the potato rows  
slightly wider apart than usual I can see  
no objection to setting a row of cabbage  
plants between them where one has not  
the ground to spare elsewhere. The  
potatoes will be harvested and out of  
the way by the time the cabbage is half  
grown, if the late varieties are the ones  
transplanted. Every farmer should raise  
his own cabbage plants, and there is no  
good reason why any person who has a  
garden should depend on buying them.

A little seed sown on a few square feet  
of good soil will not only give all the  
plants wanted, but they will be on hand at  
the exact time when they are wanted, and  
can be transplanted at once with but lit-  
tle check to their growth if done imme-  
diately after a rain. In the neighbor-  
hood of towns cabbage can be sold in  
considerable amounts, so that it may be  
made profitable to give more attention to  
its cultivation than it commonly receives.  
Then persons who raise cabbages in runs  
of limited space should raise enough of this  
vegetable to be given them for green  
food when they cannot obtain a supply  
from grass by running at large. —New  
York World.

#### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Apple blight is a fungus disease; rapid

growth and wet weather good develop-  
ers.

The Ohio grape will stand more rough  
usage and give the most fruit.

Save for seed the best developed ears  
of corn on stalks bearing two or more.

If Parker Earle has foliage enough it  
will be the best berry for general plant-  
ing.

If your stock in the "back lot" are  
dependent upon a small stream or the  
"slough" for water, keep a look out that  
their dependence does not fail.

It is better to cut the black knots out  
of cherry trees and burn them rather  
than to apply kerosene, as some recom-  
mend. Badly infested trees should be  
cut down bodily and the knots burned.

Pansy seed for spring flowering in the  
open border may now be sown. Young  
plants can be kept through winter in a  
cold frame, and old ones will winter  
with a light protection of evergreen  
boughs in the north.

August. To cots a smaller quantity must  
be given.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A young lady of Georgetown has dis-  
covered a way to make use of the old  
white straw hats after they have been  
cast aside. Take a bottle of pretty  
bright gilt paint, give the hat two or  
three coats; let it get perfectly dry and  
trim in black rose pleating or any color  
to suit yourself.

The following will be found a well-  
beneficial way to make use of the old  
white straw hats after they have been  
cast aside. Take a bottle of pretty  
bright gilt paint, give the hat two or  
three coats; let it get perfectly dry and  
trim in black rose pleating or any color  
to suit yourself.

While young pigs may not derive much  
benefit from pastures except through the  
exercise and contact with the soil, when  
the weather is suitable it is the safest  
place to keep them, as old pens with  
their unhealthy surroundings and bad  
atmosphere are particularly injurious.

Copperas and gentian together form  
an excellent tonic for horses. Mix four  
ounces of each thoroughly in the pow-  
dered state; keep the mixture tightly  
shut up in a box or bottle and give a  
tablespoonful of it in the horses' feed at  
each change from meat soups: Three  
pints of milk, twelve large potatoes, a  
tablespoonful of butter, two onions, salt  
and pepper to taste. Let all simmer, not  
boil, for two hours; then rub through a  
fine hair sieve. Serve with nicely  
browned toast cut in bits the size of  
dice.

When meat is to be boiled be sure and  
put it into boiling water to start with,  
as that closes the pores instantly and  
keeps the goodness in the meat. When  
boiling it for soup or bouillon put it in-  
to cold water and bring it to a boiling  
heat as slowly as possible, for in this  
case the object is to extract the strength  
and goodness from the meat instead of  
keeping it in.

In the care of the hair it is important  
to brush it thoroughly on the "wrong  
side." For instance, when the hair is  
worn rolled back from the face it should  
be parted and brushed, and if the coif-  
ure is low the hair should be combed up  
and also well brushed. Attention to this  
seemingly trifling detail, and to having  
the scalp massage daily, will insure  
young, bright hair to elderly people.

The magnitude of the Chautauque  
movement is illustrated, remarks the  
New York Commercial Advertiser, by the  
fact that the entering class, which is to  
pursue a three years' course, contains the  
names of 15,000 students.



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

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