

# THE HEADLIGHT

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**THE TRUE.**  
Thus spake the god: "Take thou this lot of love. So sweetly turned is it that when thy true ideal Thou meetest—and she speaks—the strings will move In sympathy. The lot her presence will reveal. And to no other soul, however fond, Will these sweet tones of love respond."

I took the lot, and I went forth on my quest. Through all the long and weary day this notes beguile! The journey. When the sun sank to the west The strains were gentle as the singing of a child; And through the night, while burned the heavenly fires, Thought rose above the world's earth's desires.

But now the fractions late neglected lies Outside the palace gate. Oft-times the wind blows free And stirs the tinsel strings to plaintive sighs. And yet I heed it not—the notes are harsh to me. The True is won! So sweet her voice is wrought That all else seems discordant to my thought.

—Stevenson, in *Harper's Weekly*.

## Calcatroni's Revenge.

Of course you remember that affair which caused so much gossip, four or five years ago, at the wedding of Antonin Leroux, the banker's son, and Mademoiselle Combe aux Fontaines.

Leroux had formerly been associated with an Italian count named Calcatroni, who was often numbered among the banker's guests. He is seen there no more, however.

There were rumors about casting doubt on the solvency of the bank, and many persons predicted that the marriage would never take place, yet it did, and the presents were magnificent.

Among the guests was an old friend of the family, the learned Desroches, librarian of the Garde Meuble, a man whose position obliged him to cultivate two very different qualities; it was necessary for him to be at the same time the most courteous, and the most suspicious of men, to treat every reader in the library as a brother in science, an esteemed friend, but a man who must be closely watched, and whose pockets must be probed with a glance.

"I know many good women and honest men," he often said, "but there is no human being on earth who is not, at some time of life, tempted to walk off with a valuable book."

To return to the wedding. On leaving the church the bride party and guests went to Madame Leroux's home where a collation was served. In one of the parlors the presents were on exhibition, according to a despicable custom which forces every guest to contribute with a generosity often involuntary. Among the jewelry was a diamond necklace, the gift of the bridegroom's father, which attracted every eye, and put to flight all doubts as to the state of the banker's finances. It cost ten thousand crowns at the lowest estimation.

While every one was busily engaged in the dining-room a sudden clamor arose, and a whisper passed from one guest to another.

"The diamond necklace is stolen!" Mr. Leroux behaved like a true aristocrat. When the catastrophe was reported to him he turned red in the face for an instant, but recovered himself immediately and said in a tone of calmness:

"Do not excite yourselves, my friends, a mere money loss is not a mortal wound. I do not want a trifling disappointment to cast a gloom over a day like this. My dear children, may this slight and unforeseen shadow be the only one to fall across your life's pathway!"

"He is a plucky dog," muttered a philosophical guest, but all felt the situation a painful one, and most of the guests breathed more freely on finding themselves outside the house.

In ten minutes the rooms were empty, and then a servant informed Mr. Leroux that a gentleman wished to speak to him in the library. Hurrying in, he found Desroches, who was evidently much excited.

"Mr. Leroux," said the old librarian, "the duties of my profession have caused me to acquire the habit of watching the people round me. I saw the diamond necklace stolen. The thief is a man of about fifty, tall, slim and very dark. He must be a friend of yours for I noticed him shaking hands with you repeatedly in the society, after the marriage. I have been following him and was about

to speak to him when we were separated by the crowd in the street and he got into a cab and escaped me. I took the number, however, and you will have no difficulty in tracing the fellow. Of course I shall be delighted to testify. Shall we go to the police at once?"

At the last words Leroux sprang up and stood barring the door, as if he thought Desroches himself the thief.

"Wait a minute, please," he exclaimed. "I think I know the person you suspect—"

"Suspect? The Jews!" interrupted Desroches. "I tell you I saw it. Thanks to a mirror, I distinctly saw him put the diamonds into his pocket. He will sleep in jail to-night, that is, if he is sleepy. Only, we must not lose any time."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Desroches, the unfortunate wretch will sleep in his own bed. I am not very intimate with him, but we once had business relations with each other. I do not choose to

report to the office of the Prefect of Police, and reported the theft, giving all the details possible, and then went home with a lightened conscience. The next day Leroux was visited by an officer, and on seeing the librarian's sign prosecute him. There, Monsieur, you saw nothing, do you understand? Accept my thanks for your trouble."

Desroches left the house in a state of amazement. Such magnanimity seemed to him to savor of complicity, and after thinking the matter over carefully, he

and he clinched his fist and wished his officious friend with the Furies. He declared his intention of making no complaint in the matter, and dismissed the officer. Five minutes later he was in secret council with Coindart, manager of the best detective agency in Paris. He stated the case in a few words, and his listener added:

"And you wish us to keep watch on the Count?"

"Yes," replied Leroux, "you are to watch, but not to arrest him; on the contrary, you are to prevent his being arrested. An idiot of a man has gone and put the police on his track." Coindart took notes in shorthand, and Leroux added uneasily,

"It probably seems strange to you—"

"Nothing seems strange to me," interrupted the detective, "and this is not the first time I have had such a charge. If the public knew all our secrets they would be less astonished at the failures of the police to make arrests. I understand you wish our gentlemen to be put to no inconvenience whatever."

That evening, Calcatroni, on leaving the opera-house, stopped a minute to take out a cigar and was accosted by a stranger, who asked the favor of a light. He had the air of a perfect gentleman, and raising his hat politely, he said:

"Count Calcatroni, if you thing of going to your home now, I advise you to change your plans, or within fifteen minutes you will be seated in a cab between two police officers. You would do better to come and spend the night with me. And, by the way, where are the diamonds?"

The Count was astonished. After a pause he said, haughtily:

"You carry the joke too far. Who are you?"

"A fairy, a guardian angel," replied Coindart. "Your friend Leroux has commissioned me to watch over you. If you do not believe me, walk a little farther and you will see two men near your house awaiting your return."

"I will go with you," said Calcatroni, "and explain matters on the way. It was a debt of honor, fifteen thousand francs lost at cards, which I was obliged to pay to-day. I have pledged the diamonds for that amount, but will soon return them, Leroux need have no fear. Dear fellow, how kind he is to his old chum! Express my gratitude to him."

A week later when the banker received the message he said:

"I am willing to forgive him if he will give me back the diamonds at once."

"He cannot do that, for he has pawned them for fifteen thousand francs," said Coindart, and his hearer exclaimed:

"Pawned them—for fifteen—it is impossible!"

"They are worth more?"

"Suppose the broker should sell them!" cried Leroux, wildly. "Oh, Coindart, I beg you, find out his name for me!"

The next morning, instead of Coindart, the Count himself called at the

banker's house and proudly presented his card. He was not kept waiting a minute, and when the two men met no one would have thought that it was Calcatroni, for whom the police were looking.

"It is true that you are in great distress," he said in a distant tone, and Leroux stammered out a reply, which his visitor interrupted with:

"For a week I have imagined that friendliness toward me prompted you. But now I know why you did not wish the police to know of your transactions. This morning I did what I never before thought necessary—believing you to be an honest man—I examined the diamonds."

"Then you did not pawn them?" cried Leroux, joyfully, and the other answered scornfully.

"Pawned them, sir! Since when have gentlemen tried to raise money on bits of glass?" Leroux fell into an armchair, trembling in every limb.

"You thought to deceive every one, did you not?" continued the Count.

"And in order to conceal the gulf about to swallow your patrons' fortunes you stooped to decorate your son's bride with worthless glass-ware! I am now going to the Prefect of Police to expose your machinations; I do not fear arrest, for a man cannot be punished for stealing rubbish. To-morrow a crowd of depositors will besiege your bank and demand their money."

"Have pity on me!" cried Leroux. "Do not go! What will you take to keep silence?"

"Fifteen thousand francs," replied Calcatroni promptly. "If I speak, your diamonds will cost you more than that."

I never heard how Leroux raised the money, but after some delay Calcatroni put it in his pocket and left the house with the air of a man who had performed an act of justice. On his way home he posed a letter for Mr. Leroux. It was addressed to the Prefect of Police, and stated that the lost necklace had just been found behind a piece of furniture where it must have fallen. The banker's business had improved since then, his daughter-in-law wears a necklace of real stones, but when any one speaks of the Leroux family, Count Calcatroni says, grandly:

"I do not visit these people."—*From the French, in Epoch.*

**An Automatic Changemaker.**  
In a shop in New Orleans is now on exhibition an automatic money-changer, the invention of a liveryman of that city. The device looks like an ordinary box or rosewood with slightly curved top, and ornamented with sundry bits of plate glass. In the front of the box is a compartment containing a bell and a series of small zinc boxes containing compartments regulated in size to meet the demands of the money to be placed in the machine for change-making purposes. The backs of these cells are closed with moveable strip of metal, which slides down when the machine is in operation. These strips slide between the cells which are set on a slightly inclined plane and a large bow-shaped receptacle. Attached to the strips are small batteries four in number, the armatures of which rest against the back of the metal bands. In the front part of the machine is a small moveable arm, fitted with a slot. The money to be changed is placed in the arm, which is pushed back, allowing the coin to drop into the interior of the machine. By a clever contrivance the coin, no matter what its denomination is, strikes the set of cells in which it change rests and causes the magnet to draw away the slide which holds the coin in place. As soon as the armature is pulled back the metal backing to the small division is dropped one peg and the change which was in the compartment slides down the inclined base and drops through the horizontal arrangement into a receptacle below, where it is accessible to the clerk. Should change for \$5 be required, a metal ring is dropped through the arm and the bill itself is placed in a compartment where it is seen by all, and entrance to which is only made by ringing a bell. Beside being a change-maker the machine can register the amount of the purchases.—*New York Post.*

Although the summer of 1891 was exceptionally cool, murders and suicides were unusually numerous, a fact that maintains the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, that throws some discredit on the old theory that heat provokes to crime.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### BRITTLE HOOFS.

Dry weather is a cause of the brittleness of the hoofs, but this may be caused as well by an inflammatory condition of the system. The inner part of a horse's hoof is exceedingly tender and sensitive, and sympathizes immediately with any diseased condition of the animal. The horn contains a large quantity of water, and this is driven off when the foot is in a feverish state, thus causing the brittleness. First, this condition is to be changed by cooling medicine. Give a pouge of epsom salts, which is better than oil in this case. Repeat if necessary. Give cooling, laxative food, and keep the system in an open condition. To run on a damp pasture will be useful. The shoes should be removed and the hoofs pared, and when the horse is in the stable the feet should be kept in linseed poultice. The frog must not be pared at any time.—*New York Times.*

By far the greater proportion of butter is still made from cream, raised by setting the milk. There is always some loss, and generally a good deal of loss, in raising by gravity process. Ice water will, however, enable the skillful dairyman to beat the careless hand with the separator. Cornell University, in New York, experimented to ascertain which method gave best results. Bulletin No. 30 says: "Where the milk was set in the Cooley creamer with ice water at a temperature of forty-four degrees, the average per cent. of fat in the skim milk was .23; where milk was diluted with an equal weight of cold water and set in the open air, the average per cent. of fat in the skim milk was 1.38; where milk was diluted with twenty and fifty per cent. of cold water, the average per cent. of fat in the skim milk was 1.24; where milk was diluted with ten to 100 per cent. of its weight of hot water, the average per cent. of fat in the skim milk was 1.11; where milk was set in deep cans without dilution, in running water at sixty to sixty-three degrees, the average per cent. of fat in the skim milk was .89; where milk was set in shallow cans, at sixty and sixty-four degrees, the average per cent. of fat in the skim milk was .48; where milk was set in shallow pans and one-third of its weight of water at 120 degrees added, the per cent. of fat in the skim milk was .75.—*Rural Life.*"

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**  
Washing the hair frequently is about the only harmless way of keeping it light. All blonde hair tends to darken with age. Soda is apt to make the hair stiff and wiry.

Gravy will generally be lumpy if the thickening is poured in while the pan is over the fire. Set the pan off until the thickening is well stirred in, then set it on the fire and cook thoroughly.

Iceing for cake may be prevented from cracking when cut, by adding one tablespoonful of sweet cream to each unbeaten egg. Stir all up together, then add sugar until as stiff as can be stirred.

Solution for cleaning silver and brass: To one quart of rain water add two ounces of ammonia of precipitated chalk. Bottle and keep well corked, and shake before using. Wash silver in hot, soapy water and rinse in clean hot water.

Canned sardines make very nice sandwiches. Remove skin and bones and rub the fish fine. Mix the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, add a little melted butter and lemon juice, and mix to a paste with the fish, then spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

The growth of the Argentine Republic in the past thirty years has been remarkable. According to recent statistics the population of the Republic is now 4,000,000, as against 1,350,000 in 1861. There are now 7,000,000 acres under cultivation, where in 1861 there were but 400,000, and while in that year there were but eighteen miles of railroad in the country, there are now over 5000 miles in operation and 6000 more, including the great transcontinental route, in course of construction. The public debt has grown pretty vigorously, too, however. It has increased from \$17,000,000 to \$612,000,000.

**IMPROVED EMULSION.**  
Last year, writes Professor A. J. Cook, the Arkansas Experiment Station recommended a modified kerosene emulsion, found superior to the usual kind. A kerosene extract of pyrethrum made by filtering one gallon kerosene through two pounds of the powder is used instead of the pure kerosene. Dissolve one quart soft soap or one pound hard soap in two quarts of water. While still hot add one pint of the kerosene extract of pyrethrum, and violently agitate till a perfect emulsion is formed; properly done, the material will look like cream and the oil will never separate on standing, even though diluted. To emulsify, we must agitate the mixture violently. This is best done by pumping back into the liquid—easily done with a cheap dollar pump; cannot be done by stirring. This is more powerful than the simple kerosene emulsion and is safe on all foliage when diluted to a one-twelfth mixture, while one-fifteenth mixture is as strong as is safe to use in case of the regular kerosene mixture. We diluted the soft soap emulsion by adding as much water, and the hard soap by adding twice as much water as we took of the emulsion. This season currants, hollyhocks, potatoes and many other plants have been greatly injured by species of bugs sucking their juices. The pyrethrum emulsion has served to kill the bugs without injury to the plants.—*New York Tribune.*

**FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.**  
Cooked wheat bran furnishes bone material for young chicks.

Portable fences are becoming more and more a desideratum.

Castor beans and all oily plants are easily spoiled by wetting.

A sagging gate and a door that sticks cost more to use than they do to fix.

There is as much in the proper curing and handling of hay as there is in the kind.

If a Western farm can afford to build an irrigating ditch five or six miles long,

can an Eastern farmer afford not to ditch his rich, boggy meadow?

Economy is no relative of stinginess, though some people seem to think them brothers.

It is not a good plan to keep pullets and old hens, fat and lean hens all together. They do not require the same food and will do better separate.

If any farmers have gathered a short hay crop, there is yet time to supplement the pasture by a little "sailing" corn or millet. Be vigilant, however, or it may be too late.

Speculation is as dangerous to the farmer as it is to the city man. Getting into debt to buy more land or more implements is generally speculation.

It is a variety of food rather than large quantity that fowls require. More care is necessary in this respect when they are confined than when given a good range.

The best shade for a cow in fly time is the shade of a nice clean stable. Give a cow the chance to go into a stable when she pleases and she will soon show her ideas as to comfort and flies.

Before the winter sets in it would be well for the farmers to consider the annual loss from leaving the corn fodder in the fields. It is an old custom, but it entails a heavy waste and loss.

A horse that is subject to lameness in one neighborhood may escape that difficulty in another section. Tender feet may impair the usefulness of an animal on hard stony ground, but on sandy locations the feet may not be so easily injured. Street car horses when taken to the farms often proven valuable and certainly recover from lameness.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
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