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THE "DIXIE" CO., ATLANTA, GA. THE HAPPIEST HOURS.

What are the happiest hours? Is the time that is spent in life's spring The most blest when creation doth sing In its multiple measure of gladness, And to live seems so sweet, And the heart far too light to entertain sad-

One's joy to deplete?

What are the happiest hours? When the stream has embraced its own

When the bud, with its passionate quiver, Bursts into the beautiful flower? When the echoes respond to the voices? When from weakness, one rises to power, And transfigured, rejoices?

What are the happiest hours? When strong with the vigor of being One sees of life all worth the seeing, And tastes of the first fruits of pleasure? When all clouds roll away, And, one's cup, running o'er with good

measure, Will content for the day?

What are the happiest hours? When one knows that one's duty is done, When that long-drawn and thin thread is Spura

That some name as life or existence. The hours, happiest, best. Are those serving God in persistence; Those hours lead to rest! -H. T. Dodsworth, in Boston Transcret.

"CAPTAIN ADONIS."

DY HELEN FORREST GRAVES,

"How charming it must be to be rich!" said Sara Ponsonby, rocking dreamily to and fro on the vine-garlanded veranda, as she watched the gliding motion of a white-winged yacht on the blue Hudson River below.

"Rich?" echoed Helen Hyde. "That lon't signify, Sadie. To be lovedthat is the secret of true happpiness!" Sara Ponsonby was tall, large and

beautiful, like a Greek goddess. Her eyes were clear liquid blue; her nose was straight, from the torehead down, and her lips were as red as if they had been tained with ripe cherry-juice.

Helen was small and dark, with brilliantly black eyes, an olive skin, and a quick, glancing way, like a human but-

Sara was a poor governess, come to spend her vacation at Hyde Hall, and Helen was an heiress. The two girls had been in the same class at school, and till preserved a romantic friendship.

Helen showered kisses, gifts and protestations on the beautiful Greek godless, and Sara graciously accepted them, and on this plane the days at Beauvoir rolled away.

"To be loved!" repeated Sara. 'Helen, what do you mean? It surely an't be possible that you have a secretfrom me?"

Helen colored vividly.

"But remember, Sara," pleaded she, flinging her arm around her friend, "that you only came yesterday, and there has has been so much to talk about. Your new experience of life in that lovely New Orleans family-the bayous, the magnolia thickets, the orange groves-"

"Helen," burst in Sara, "you are in ove, and you haven't told me!" "But, Sara, I was only waiting -- "

**You are engaged!"

"Darling, what a fortune teller you are!" cried Helen, hiding her face on the marble-fair shoulders. "He's coming here next week, and I was going to give you such a surprise! What! tears? Oh, surely, surely, Sara, you are not vexed at

Yes, tears. Genuine tears, round, big and crystal bright, were dropping on her cheeks. Sara Ponsonby, one of the most selfish and calculating creatures in the world, was ill-pleased at the idea of Helen Hyde's marriage.

With a husband at Beauvoir, could she ever again be quite certain of a yearly welcome, a rain of presents, an equal proprictorship in all the good things with which Providence had seen fit to endow old Walpole Hyde's heiress?

"No dearest," she coold, "not vexed. an you fancy me so ungrateful as that? Only-only I am so utterly alone in the world! And you have been everything | pale?"

to me. Tell me about him, love!" For in a second she had resolved to make herself so agreeable to the man of men that she should always be sure of a

welcome at Beauvoir. "I never saw the man yet," she told. berself in one of those thought flashes, that I couldn't wind around my finger,

At that moment the maid in a blueribboned cap and a frilled apron of dotted Swiss muslin, brought in a card for Miss

"Old Mrs. Perkins!" said Helen, with

"And she is lame, and she has come so far. I must go down and see her, Sara; but I won't be long."

Miss Ponsonby looked dreamily after

"Except," she repeated, mechanically, following out the thread of her reflections, "one person. The only person I ever cared for, and him I could murder for his cool, insolent indifference! Except Reginald Lascelles!"

As she sat there rocking slowly, with a flush on her exquisite cheek, she caught sight of a photograph, half concealed in her friend's work-basket. With a quick, furitive glance around, she leaned forward and direw it out.

A low cry broke from her lips; she was looking into the calm, cold face of Captain Lascelles himself.

"So," she murmured," we are destined to meet again, Captain Adonis, as Valda Valdez used to call you! Well, it's certainly a fact that truth is stranger than fiction. And who knows? I may pay off my little debt to you yet!"

Old Mrs. Perkins was a tedious octogenarian, and it was nearly an hour before Miss Hyde found herself free again to return to her friend.

Sara Ponsonby still sat there, swaying languidly to and fro, with the ease and grace of a tall lily blown by the wind. The photograph, carefully restored to

its place, still lay among the ribbons and crewels in the dainty work-basket. "Have you been dreadfully lonesome?"

asked Helen, caressingly. "Not in the least, darking. I was only thinking of the family I am with down South, and of poor Valda's love affair. She, too, is engaged! Every-

body is getting engaged, I believe." "Valda? Is that the eldest daugh-

Miss Ponsonby nodded. "Valda Valdez," said she. "Isn't hat a pretty uame? And she calls her lover 'Captain Adonis!'"

"But surely that isn't his real name?" "No; only a nom d'amour, because he's so handsome. His real appellation,

however, isn't bad-Captain Reginald Helen Hyde started and grew pale, as

if a tiny poisoned arrow had sped to her very heart. "Impossible!" she cried.

"Why impossible?" asked Miss Pononby, in her slow, serenc way. "I assure you Valda is very beautiful. They have been affianced for some time. But 'Captain Adonis' has to walk very straight, for Valda, like other creole beauties, is a genuine daughter of the sun, and is jealous of his very shadow."

"Valda Valdez," repeated Helen. Engaged to Captain Lascelles. Does does he love her very much?"

"The most devoted swain I ever saw in my life," said Sara, carnestly.

"Reginald Lascelles!" said Helen It is not a common name. Does he look like this?"

She took out the photograph, holding it up with a hand that visibly trembled. "Why," cried Sara, with well-simulated surprise, "it's the very man? Do you know him, dear-this fatal, fascinating male coquette-this star-eyed Captain, Adonis?11

"A little," answered Helen, huskily. "And is he really such a dreadful flirt as they say?" "I never thought so before," said

Helen, with a quiver in her lip. . "Then, Sara, you have met him?"

"Oh, often!" smiled the Greek goddess. "To tell you the truth, Helen, I would have had a sly little flirtation with him myself, if Valda Valdez would have allowed it. We were posed in a tableau together. I was Cleopatra, and he-represented Mark Antony. Of courselft was his cue to be a little devoted; butfif you could have seen Valda's face! I really think she could have murdered; me!" and Miss Ponsonby laughed a soft, wellbred laugh. "There were no more tableaux after that! But, Helen, dear, am I talking you to death? You are so

"It is very warm," faltered Miss Hyde, and Mrs. Perkins's call has wearied me. I think, if you don't mind, I will go and lie down a little while."

"Mayn't I come and bathe your forehead with cologne, dear?" "So kind of you!" shuddered Helen.

"But I would rather be alone." Once in her own room, Helen Hyde

burst into a passion of tears and sobs that shook her slender frame as if it had been a reed at the mercy of some cyclone. And then when the bitter drops had washed away the first helpless an accent of disappointment in her voice. uncertainty, she sat down and wrote well as for grossly neglecting Valda and

such a letter as never in all her life before had she penned.

"Captain Adonis" indeed! The man to whom she entrusted her life should never be the common property of handsome governesses and fire-eyed creole beauties. But oh, if Reginald Lascelles were indeed false, then could no man be

"Why, my darling, how have I incurred your displeasure? Why have you written me so cold and cruel a letter?"

It was "Captain Adonis" himself, handsome as his mythological prototype. full of a certain smiling audacity that angered Helen more than ever.

"Captain Lascelles," she answered, haughtily, "please remember the old

'The moon looks on many brooks; The brook sees but one moon.'

"Your proceedings are perhaps not so wholly unknown to me as you imagine. Do you know a lady called Miss Ponson-

"Do I know a cold-hearted coquette who broke the heart of my best friend down South? Yes, of course I do," he answered.

"Do you know Miss Valda Valdez?" "The dearest little girl in the world? Of course. She is in New York now with her mother, and I am going to take you there to call."

Helen drew herself up with hauteur. "I think not!" said she, frigidly. "Then I shall bring Valda here."

"I decline to receive her!" flashed Helen.

"But, Helen-"

"Miss Hyde, sir, if you please!" "Are you really in earnest, Helen?" "Do I look like one who jests?"

"My own darling-" "Captain Lascelles, this joke has been

carried altogether too far. Leave me. Go to your Valda Valdaz. I resign in her favor."

Captain Lascelles arched his handsome evebrows in dismay. "Well, I can easily go to her," ob-

served he, "for, to speak the truth, she's

out there in the carriage. Wait just a minute. I'll bring her in!" Helen Hyde stood still overwhelmed by his smiling assurance.

At the same moment the other door opened and Sarah Ponsonby came in

with the soft, gliding motion of a ser-Helen turned to her with startled eyes and uplifted finger.

"Hush!" said she, "He is there!" "He? who?" "Reginald Lascelles!"

"Why--" "Don't you hear his footstep on the stair?" sharply interrupted Helen.

"Nonsensel" cried Miss Ponsonby.

Miss Ponsonby grew pale as the well known step approached, but it was to late to retreat.

And he came in, accompanied by beautiful little nine-year-old girl, with

soft dark eyes and silky curls fringing

"Here we are!" gayly spoke Captain

her brow. "Here is Valda Valdez, Helen," said he-"my little sweetheart-the girl I was engaged to before 1 met you. But she'll give me up. Won't you, Valda?" The little beauty executed a regular Maria Antoinette courtesy to the young

"Yes," she solemnly answered. "Captain Adonis' was very nice once, but I've got a younger beau now-little Sereno De Walden, in Madrida Villa, next plantation."

And Captain Lascelles triumphantly presented a handsome matron in black and satin and a gem of a Paris hat, as "Mrs. Valdez."

"You're not jealous now, are you, Helen?" Lascelles asked, gaily. "You see, they're very old friends of mine. and Valda here is my good daughter." Miss Ponsonby came forward at this juncture, all uneasy smiles.

"You're surprised to see me here, dear Mrs. Valdez, are you not?" said

Mrs. Valdez bowed coldly.

"In this world," she said, epigrammatically, "nothing surprises me." And turning to Miss Hyde she began to talk in quite another strain.

Not until afterward did Helen entirely comprehend this curious complication of affairs. Miss Ponsonby, it appeared, had been discharged from her Southern situation for flirting too openly with the handsome clergyman of the parish, as

her little sisters, and Helen was unwillngly forced to admit that her beautiful Greek goddess was at once treacherous and unprincipled.

"I told you nothing but the truth," said Sara, sullenly. "He was engaged

"You told me the truth in words, pernaps," said Helea, severely. "But the spirit was false."

"Oh, if you're so much in love with 'Captain Adonis' as that," said Sara, nsolently, "there's no use in my trying o disenchant you."

"No use at all," said Helen, calmly. And Miss Ponsonby packed her trunk that night and left Beauvoir.

"Engaged people are so dreadfully stupid!" said she. "And besides, that angrateful Helen never asked me to stay any longer." -- Saturday Night.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

BEANS AS GREEN MANURE.

Where beans are grown for sale while green as string beans, they are harvested about midsummer, and it is sometimes a question what to do with the stalks. They are then full of sap, and if plowed under after the last picking of beans is made will rot rapidly. Farmers know that stock fed on dried bean straw in winter make a very rich manure. All this the green bean straw has, with the advantage of furnishing moisture to make it at once available. The best growth of flat turnips we ever saw is growing this year where a lot of green bean stalks were plowed under as they grew about the 20th of last July. The crop promises an enormous yield, and will turn those bean stalks into more money, and quicker, than could be done by drying and feeding them to any kind of stock. Unfortunately, the bean is too tender to sow or plant early as an early green manure, but probably a crop of peas might be sown in April and plowed under a month later as manure for corn or potatoes. Pea vines are as rich in nitrogen as are those of the bean and will make as good a fertilizer .- Boston

WHIPPING BALKY HORSES.

Notwithstanding the fact that the press continually admonishes whom it may concern that it does no good to whip or pound a balky horse, almost every owner or driver of one does it to-day. It is probably the greatest piece of horse folly in existence. It is not a remnant of barbarism, but it is continual barbarity and brings out what original and acquired sin there is in man. The brain of a horse can retain but one idea at a time. If the idea is to sulk, whipping only intensifies it. A change of that idea, then, is the only successful method of management. This may be accome plished in scores of ways, a few of which will be named. Tie a handkerchief about his eyes, tie his tail fightly to the bellyband or back band; fasten a stick in his mouth, tie a cord tightly about the leg, uncheck and pet him awhile; clasp his nostrils and shut his wind off until he wants to go; unhiteh him from the vehicle and then hitch up again, or almost any way to get his mind on something else. Whipping or scolding always does harm. The treatment should ever be gentle. There are more balky drivers than horses .- National Stockman,

WELL LIGHTED STABLES. Nearly twenty years ago we were look-

ing over a fine herd of dairy cows, owned by a very intelligent dairyman in New Yerk. The cows were standing in the yard, and we were much impressed by the strong indications of tone, vigor and thrift which marked every animal in the herd. On inquiry we found that they were not highly fed, yet they looked and appeared batter than some herds that consumed a much larger daily ration. The owner explained the mystery by saying that he ascribed the superior condition of his cows very largely to the care he had taken in the construction of the stable, to have it well lighted. His stable was on the south and east side of the barn, and the wall was filled with windows with double sash. The stable was as light as day in every part of it. The owner reported that he had noticed two peculiar effects: (1) The color of the butter was much higher. Sunlight was the secret. One principal reason why winter butter is so much whiter than summer butter is that the cows do not receive as much sunlight in the stable as in the pasture. (2) He believed the light, and consequent increase of heat, decreased the consumption of food. At any rate he thought he could winter his cows in the new, well lighted stable, with a considerable saving of food over

what was consumed in the old stable .--Hoard's Dairyman.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. * Never skim milk for cheese.

Scatter your slops over the soil. The real dairy farmer grows his own

Sell as direct to the customer as pos-

One reason why corn should be fed to the fowls at night during the winter is that it is one of the very best materials for making animal heat.

Some hens are natural fighters, and one such among a lot of hens will monopolize food and roosting quarters to the detriment of all of the others.

Any kind of grease is certain death to poultry lice, while the odor of certain oils, like cedar, kerosene or spirits of turpentine will drive them away.

The size of the incubator should be

determined by the number of hens kept. It is surely a good plan to depend upon purchasing eggs for hatching during the To secure the best prices for holiday poultry it must be of the best quality,

well fattened, carefully dressed, so that when placed on market the fowls will present a neat appearance. While the guinea is a good table fowl it is not a good market fowl, and it is only in exceptional cases that they can be marketed to a good advantage.

Their meat is the nearest approach to

wild fowls in flavor of any known. Some of the much-puffed "washes" for peach trees by which the borer is to be circumvented would no doubt be effective on the larvæ if applied at just the right time, and to be sure of the right time apply every day from June to September. But an examination of the tree and a search for the boarer with u hoe and a knife in April and October of each year costs less and is much more

Water the horses early and often this hot weather, and especially before feeding, as the French breeders do. It France some worthless horses were kille! for dissection on purpose to determine the effect of giving water immediate i atter eating, and some of the grain was found undigested in the intestines twenty feet beyond the stomach, and it had caused inflammation of the mucous

HOUSEHOLD BINTS. -

Silk handkerchiefs should be quite dry before ironing.

To have the crust of a potpie brown set the pot on a few coals before the fire and turn it frequently.

If indetible ink gets spilled on a gar-

ment saturate the spot with lodine and

then wash out with ammonia. When meat is broiling it will cook more quickly if a frying-pan is turned over it. Frying may be hastened in the

will absorb dampness and keep the air dry and sweet. A new and delicious dainty is prepared by taking the stone either from dates or prunes and substituting a bit of

A small box filled with lime and

placed on a shelf in a pantry or closet

the kernel of an English walnut. " If a little corn starch is put in the salf for the table it will keep it from lumping, and the pretty little shakers will not have so hard a scolding in damp



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

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