

THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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AN AVERAGE MAN.

A realistic story
Without any gush or glory,
With no sentimental limelight
And no firework display,
Bout a poor old ignoramus
Who was never rich or famous,
And who couldn't ignite the river,
And who worked out by the day.

A very common fellow
Was this Ebenezer Welton,
With the usual share of virtues,
And with vices two or three;
He'd no fatal gift of beauty,
But an average sense of duty,
Neither very good nor evil—
Just about like you and me.

And he was an average woman,
Very nice and very human,
Just about like Ebenezer,
Neither very good nor bad,
Off in harmony they'd warble,
Often they would scold and squabble,
But they loved each other dearly,
And they couldn't continue mad.

Never had enough on Monday
To supply the house till Sunday,
Never made enough in April
To support themselves in May;
If they worked hard in November,
They must work hard in December,
And the coarse bread of to-morrow
Was the hard work of to-day.

They worked on, grew gray and graver,
Yet they never made him mayor,
And she plucked no social honors,
And his wages still were small.
Then the load of years grew weighty,
And they died when they were eighty,
And they lay them in the graveyard,
And they left them there. That's all.

A realistic story
Without any gush or glory—
Yet this fellow Ebenezer
Represents the human clan:
His the average share of pleasure,
His the average lack of leisure,
His the average joy and sorrow
Of the common average man.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

A STORY FOR THE GIRLS.

"Yes, they're all going to be there—Nan, and the two Fargo girls, Jo Wadsworth—and oh, we'll just have a glorious time!" and Louise Alley looked up from the trunk she was packing, her dark eyes shining with an anticipatory joy.

"Well, you certainly deserve some fun if anyone ever did," rejoined her friend, May Stillman, fanning herself vigorously with a paper novel, "making a martyr of yourself stewed up here in town half the summer. Here, let me help you shut that trunk," and May, who was by no means a sylph, promptly sat on the lid till the lisp clicked in the lock.

Mr. and Mrs. Alley had been spending June and July abroad, the trip having been undertaken by the doctor's orders for Mrs. Alley's health. But it was out of the question to take Bess, who was just five, and if she stayed behind, Louise must stay, too, and as the house had to be kept open for Fred, who was in business down town, the three lived there for the two months together.

And now the travelers had returned, and Louise was on the eve of departing with her brother and May Stillman for a fortnight's stay in the Adirondacks. They were to leave by the night boat that very day, and when May left to go home and finish her own packing, Louise turned to and helped her mother with hers, for the rest of the family were going off at three to Long Branch.

It was a busy time, but everything was a labor of love for Louise, for was not every moment carrying her nearer to the joys that lay before her up in the north woods, where so many of her friends were already gathered, eagerly expecting her?

At last the Long Branch party were got off and Louise had gone up to her room to put on her traveling dress. But just as she took it from the hook the front door bell rang.

"Who can that be?" she said to herself. "I wonder if mother has forgotten something and sent back for it."

She slipped out into the hall and leaned over the balustrade as Delia answered the summons.

"Does Mrs. Alley live here?"

It was a woman's voice that asked the question, a high keyed voice that Louise did not recognize. Then, on Delia's replying that it was Mrs. Alley's home, but that the lady herself was away, the visitor went on:

"Yes, I know, but Miss Louise is in, isn't she? She is the one I want to see."

Louise, hearing this, nearly lost her balance and went head first over the balustrade. A strange woman inquiring for her; and at such a time!

She stepped hurriedly back into her

room and glanced at the clock on the mantel. It was ten minutes to four. May was to call for her with the carriage at five. She must contrive in some way to get through with her caller within the next ten minutes. There were so many "last things" to be done.

But now Delia appeared with the message:

"Please, miss," she said, "there's an old lady down stairs who wants to see you. She didn't send up her name because she says you expect her."

"Expected her?" Louise repeated the words mechanically. "Why, I don't expect anybody but Miss May. You're sure, Delia, it is not she, up to some of her tricks?"

"Oh no, miss," responded the girl. "She's a sure enough old person, and she seems kind o' feeble. Her bag was pretty heavy for the like o' her to be carryin'."

"Her bag?" gasped Louise. "Is she a book agent?"

"No, miss, I think not. She's been travelin' in from the country, I take it, an' looks clean beat out."

"Well, I will go down at once and see what she wants. The expressman has come for the trunk, has he Delia?"

"Yes, miss."

Louise paused for an instant with her hand on the door, racking her brain to try and gain some glimmering as to the identity of the person awaiting her in the parlor, some person who had said that she was expected.

"It's some one who knows the rest of the family are away too," she mused, but this fact did not enlighten her in the least, and finally she went down, still mystified.

Nor was she any wiser when she entered the drawing room and beheld a little old lady seated on the sofa. The top of her head could surely come no higher than Louise's shoulder, her face was yellowish and wrinkled with age, and her gown was black and severely plain.

Louise was certain she had never seen her before. Her surprise, therefore, may be imagined when the caller rose to her feet, and, coming quickly toward her, reached up on tiptoe and kissed her on the forehead.

"I'd have known you anywhere, my dear," she said, "from your resemblance to your mother."

"Yes, but—but—"

And here Louise paused. The old lady, whose face, when one came to look at it closely, had a certain sweetness of expression, seemed so confident that she was known that the young girl felt as though it would be almost like striking her to say that she had not the remotest idea who she was.

"I looked for you over at the station," went on the stranger, pulling Louise down to a seat beside her on the sofa, and gently smoothing with her wrinkled fingers the fair ones she still held; "an' I waited some time. Then I thought somethin' might have kept you, so I inquired the way an' come over in the cars by myself. But I'm most tuckered out. Can I go right up to my room? If I lie down for a spell I think I'd feel better."

Her room! She had come to stay then. Louise was utterly bewildered. Matters must be straightened out at once.

"I'm very sorry," she began, "but—but I think you must have mistaken the house. Was it Mrs. Theodore Alley you came to see?"

The old lady, who had half risen from her seat, now fell back again with a little gasp.

"Mistake?" she repeated. "There can't be any, can there, when you're Louise Alley? Didn't you get my letter?"

"I beg your pardon," said poor Louise, beginning to grow very nervous, "I don't know who you are."

"Then you didn't get my letter?" exclaimed the old lady promptly. "Praps I ought to have fixed it different, but I'm Abby Moorhead."

"Oh, mother's Aunt Abby!" exclaimed Louise, putting her hands out instinctively. "I—I thought you were out in Dakota."

"So I was, my child, but I got back this spring and was sick a long time up at my brother's, in New Hampshire."

"But how did you know where we were?" inquired Louise. "We've only lived here two years."

cident, and a passengers came to Timothy's for linen to bind up the wounds, an' if it wasn't Albert Bond."

"Oh, yes," broke in Louise. "He's a very old friend of mother's."

But at this point the old lady's body swayed to one side, and Louise sprang up and caught her in her arms. She was, as she had expressed it, "clean tuckered out," and was now on the verge of swoon.

Louise reached behind her and pulled the bell, and presently Delia appeared, the picture of amazement.

"Here, help me up to my room with Miss Moorhead," and Louise, with compressed lips, gently put her arm around the old lady's back.

Between them they got her up the stairs, where Louise applied restoratives, and presently she opened her eyes and looked about the daintily furnished room inquiringly.

"Is it all right, my dear?" she said feebly.

"Yes, Aunt Abby, but you must lie quite for a while, and try to get some rest. I will darken the room and come back soon, and I want to find you asleep."

"You are very kind, so like your mother," and the old lady's eyes followed the fair young girl out of the room.

And Louise? With lips still compressed she hurried back into the library, trying to feel that the struggle was all over, and that right had triumphed.

"The girls will be horribly disappointed, I suppose," she thought, "and May—"

Here the silver chiming of the tall hall clock striking the quarter after four warned her that if she wanted to keep May from stopping for her she must send a note at once.

"I'll write to her first. If she comes here and finds I'm not going, there'll be a scene, I know," soliloquized Louise, as she pulled down the handle of the messenger call. "But how shall I keep her from it?"

An instant's thought, and then she hurried on into the library, seizing paper and pen, and, not taking time to sit down, dashed off the following.

DEAR MAY:
Don't stop for me. Explanations at boat.
Yours,
LOUISE.

"There, I hope that isn't unjustifiable deception," and scribbling off the address, Louise sealed the envelope and called to Delia to give it to the messenger, who had just appeared!

"An she rang for another boy and sat down to write her note of explanation to Fred. This dispatched, she tiptoed into her own room, saw that Aunt Abby was sleeping, and then went into her mother's apartments and sat down by the window.

The whole thing had come about so quickly that she scarcely realized yet what she had done, and kept thinking she was wasting precious minutes when it was now nearly five and her traveling dress still hanging on its peg in the closet.

The sound of carriage wheels suddenly stopping startled her. Had May come after all, and must the battle be fought all over again?

No, it was at the Dryers' opposite. The girls were going away. There came the trunk down the stoop, then the goodbyes in the doorway and the flutterings of handkerchief from the carriage window till it turned into the avenue at the corner.

A lump rose in Louise's throat.

"It seems hard, almost cruel when I stayed here in New York those two months, looking—"

But here she interrupted her own thoughts resolutely.

"No, the hard and cruel part would be for me to send that well meaning soul back, when she had come all this distance just to keep me company. It isn't her fault that the letter went astray. All I must do is to keep her from knowing."

An extract from a letter written in October by May Stillman to Nan Van Wageningen:

"I've the greatest piece of news for you. You remember how Louise Alley disappointed us all so dreadfully by staying away from Saranac last summer, because a great aunt she'd never seen before came to visit her? Well—no, the great aunt hasn't died and left her a fortune, or even promised to mention her in her will, but she did give Louise a mine she had taken for a bad debt when

she was out in Dakota. And now somebody has discovered that the Louise Mine, as they call it, is a regular little bonanza. Louise wanted to give it back then, but Miss Moorhouse wouldn't hear of it. She's found out some way what Lou gave up when she stayed home that time, and declares that Louise Alley is one girl of a thousand. Well, she is, besides being a girl with several thousand's now."—The Argosy.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

WOOD ASHES AS A FERTILIZER.

The use of wood ashes as a fertilizer should be more generally understood. Hard-wood ashes are much richer in potash than soft-wood ashes and are relatively more valuable. Leached wood ashes are hardly worth more than the labor of spreading on the land as a rule, but on a light sandy soil they have a tendency to compact, which is an aid to its physical condition, but it does not act as a manure. Unbleached wood ashes is almost a special fertilizer for all fruit crops and only needs the addition of a little nitrogenous material to make it complete. They should never be mixed with such nitrogenous manures as hen manure and other animal excrements for they start chemical action in consequence, the nitrogen is thrown off in the form of ammonia and is wasted. Unbleached ashes form often a cheap source of potash.—New York World.

AMOUNT OF CHEESE IN MILK.

The amount of cheese which can be made from milk will vary somewhat according to the breed of cattle, quality of food, and method of handling the milk. In other words, it will vary with the amount of solid matter in the milk. The old rule for estimating used to be about nine pounds of milk to one pound of cheese as it came from the press, and this would shrink in curing at least ten per cent., so that ninety pounds of milk would give ten pounds of cheese at the press, which would be nine pounds when fit to send to market, and 8½ pounds when old and well ripened. Probably this is a fair estimate of the average product when the milk comes up to the standard of thirteen per cent. solids. With cheese, as with butter, it usually requires more pounds of milk to the pound of product when the cows are fresh in milk, or when giving a fresh yield upon good grass feed, than when they are giving less milk. A very wet season and rank growing grass also reduces the per centage of solids in the milk.—Boston Cultivator.

WEIGHT AND YIELD OF EGGS.

Geese, four to the pound, twenty per annum.
Bantams, sixteen to the pound, sixty per annum.
Houdans, eight to the pound, fifty per annum.
Guineas, eleven to the pound, sixty per annum.
Turkeys, five to the pound, thirty to sixty per annum.
Ducks, five to six per pound, thirty to sixty per annum.
Polish, nine to the pound, 150 per annum.
Plymouth Rocks, eight to the pound, 100 per annum.
Dark Brahmas, eight to the pound, and about seventy per annum.
La Fleche, seven to the pound, 130 per annum.
Crevecoeurs, seven to the pound, 150 per annum.
Hamburgs, nine to the pound, 150 per annum.
Game fowls, nine to the pound, 130 per annum.
Dominiques, nine to the pound, 130 per annum.
Black Spanish, seven to the pound, 130 per annum.
Leghorns, nine to the pound, 160 to 200 per annum.
Black, white and buff Cochins, eight to the pound, 100 or less per annum.
The eggs of the modern, improved breeds of fowls have gained one third in weight, as compared with eggs formerly had.
Light Brahmas and partridge Cochins' eggs, seven to the pound. They lay eighty to 100 per annum, or even more, according to the treatment and keeping.—Fancier's Journal.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The Japan Snowball is a favorite wherever introduced.
Six or more cows that turn no profit are not as valuable for the dairy as one that does.

If crops are grown in the orchard a corresponding amount of manure should be applied.

Skimming the "last wrung drop" of fat from the milk injures the quality of the butter.

The land is the only permanent possession, and that we can occupy only a little while.

Sheep fed for mutton make a greater gain in weight than steers for the amount of grain fed.

A sheep can be fattened well in sixty days; but it takes twice that long to fatten a steer.

Land well cultivated and kept clean year after year has fewer weeds and is easier to cultivate.

Every man makes mistakes. The difference is that some men learn by them, while others do not.

It is a curious fact that the great wool exporting countries lie south of the fiftieth degree of south latitude.

There is no trouble about propagating shrubs by cuttings providing one has a cold frame, suitable soil and the right sort of cuttings.

It is at the holidays that the large, heavy turkey sells the best; at other seasons a medium-weight will bring the best prices per pound.

One ounce of sulphide of potash to four gallons of water will destroy all mildews on plants if they are thoroughly sprayed with the liquid.

Many of the so-called "improvements" of the day have no more intrinsic value than the change of the cut of your garments in accordance with the dictates of fashion.

The raspberry-blackberry hybrids grown on the Rural New Yorker's grounds, up to the present season, do not give reason to hope for improved fruits through such crosses.

After the leaves have dropped in the autumn is a safe time to transplant almost any garden plants of the hardy perennial kinds. They should be well cut back a few weeks before moving them.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To remove finger marks from a hard wood door use borax.

Rub lamp chimneys in salt before washing. It will brighten them.

Wash the hands in cider vinegar before retiring. It will make them soft and smooth.

Pine may be made to look like some beautiful wood by giving repeated coats of hot linseed oil and rubbing hard after each coat.

An English lady declares that a mustard plaster on the elbow will cure neuralgia in the face, and that one on the back of the neck will cure neuralgia in the head.

One of the best known drainages for the pots of house plants is the finely cut cork in which grapes are packed for exportation. It is said to contain moisture for a long period.

To remove a grease stain from colored material, lay upon it a piece of butcher's paper and press with a warm iron. In a moment a grease spot will appear upon the paper. Put a clean piece over the grease spot and proceed as before until no more grease is brought out on the paper.

Russia has ordered a military survey of the Crimea.



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

State Library