VOL. V. NO. 10.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1891.

Subscription, \$1.00 per Year.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constreated, the food lies In the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache tensues; a feeling of lassis tude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Completor has been the means of restoring more people to health and happine by giving them a healthy Liver than any mency known on earth. It acts with extraordimery power and efficacy. NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED,

a course family remody for dyspensia, althous Constipation, etc., I hardly ever an Onlin miss, and have hever been dis-inged in the ellect producest; if seems to used a professiour for all diseases of the W. J. McElner, Maron Ga.

HE NOT IMPOSED UPON! using to see that you get the Genuine, striggished from all frauds and imita-us by our red Z Trade Mark on front Wrapper, and a the side the seal and patture of J. H. Zeilin & Co.

FURNITURE.

e have just received an immense stock of Farniture consisting of a fine selection of

Bed - Room Suits.

Hall and Diving-Room Furniture.

which we now offer at

WAY DOWN PRICES.

- A nice selection of -

Baby Carriages,

of the latest designs at very popular

Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. We premise to save you money.

I. SUMMERFIELD & CO.,

EAST CENTRE ST.

LEADS ALL COMPETITORS!

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Heavy and Fancy Groceries.

Keeps constantly on hand a full

FAMILY GROCERIES

-AND-

Including Oats, Bran, Hay, Shipstuff, Com, Meal, Flour, Meat, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, etc.

SEE ME BEFORE BUYING.

1. S. D. SAULS, Goldsboro, NC.

Do You Need Machinery?

Then write to "Dixie" and your want- will be published free.

If you purchase from any of our advertisers, and will so inform us,

WE WILL MAKE YOU A PRESENT

of a veget a subscription to "Dixie,"

THE "DIXIE" CO., ATLANTA, GA. A SONG FOR ALL SEASONS.

Ah! little one, it is a merry world: Say so and be not thus forlorn! 'T is all in say-so.

Dare the sharp thistle and the prickly And make thy lay so: If tisa merry world, then I Will pluck the thorn, and whistle though

Thou, youth, since life is all in love, thou too Say so, and be not thus east down;

T is all in say-so. And if on thee a maid doth nought but Yet make thy lay so:

Since life is still in loving, I, When my love frawns, will whistle though Nay, man, a kindly and a merry world!

Say so, when thou art near thine end; 'T is all in say-so, Murmur good-by to life as thy best friend,

And make thy lay so: Best life, if I must leave thee, I Will speak thee fair and whistle though

-Janes H. Morse, in The Century.

RETRIBUTION.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

Twenty years ago and a Vermont county seat. It was a dreary December day, cold and cloudy, though not actually storming, and the large fancy goods store of Hopkins & Co. was almost deserted by customers, when an old lady, wrapped in rich furs, entered. A moment later a young girl, poorly clad. but with a sweet, sad face, and carrying a large bundle, followed her, and passing to the rear of the store left her parcel, returning to the front counter to wait patiently to speak to the saleswoman who was attending to the old lady.

The customer, after selecting some Enitting goods, said:

"I should like to see the person who knits these hoods and give her an or-

"I am sorry, Mrs. Emerson, but it is against the rules of the store. All orders must be left with us; but I can assure you the most minute directions will be carefully delivered."

"That will not do," was the decided answer. "I want to see the woman." "Very sorry," the girl replied, "but

I do not dare to break the rules." Mrs. Emerson paid for her goods, not noticing that the girl who had been

close beside her had left the store. She was stepping into her carriage when the same girl spoke to her. "I beg your pardon," she said, a faint

blush coloring her pale cheeks, "but I overheard what you said in the store. I have not promised to keep any of the rules made for the saleswomen, and I need the order you mentioned so much I ventured to follow you."

"Oh! You kuitted the hon!?" "Yes. I knit a great many articles

for Hopkins & Co."

stifust step into the carriage for a few moments. Drive slowly, James," said Mrs. Emerson, adding, when she had drawn the fur robes over her new companion: "The reason I could not leave my order is easily explained. I am, as

you see, an old lady nearly seventy, and I cannot use my eyes much for sewing or reading, but I am very fond of knitting. Most of my work goes to fairs or charity, so while it is an amusement to me, it is not wasted. I have bought goods several times from Hopkins & Co. because there were new stitches in them. but I find raveling them out does not help to learn them. So what I wanted to ask you was whether you would teach them to me. I will pay for your time, say a dollar an hour, and you could come

each morning until I learn all the new

ones you can show me." "And I know so many," the girl replied, her color deepening with pleasure, "and most of them I invented myself, so they are really new. Some I learned from my old narse, a Scotchwoman, who

knew a great many." "Then you can soure the time to teach

"Ob, yes; and," she said frankly,

"the money will be a great belo to me. I cannot make a dollar in a day, much

less an hour, knitting for stores." "I am quite anxious to begin," Mrs. Emerson said, with a pleasant little laugh. "Can you give me a lesson now?"

"With pleasure," was the reply. The coachman, having received his orders, the carriage was driven to a handsome residence, where, a few moments later, Mrs. Emerson and her teacher were seated in a cosy sitting-room, busy

over needles and wool.

really drawing from her young companion the simple story of her life. A widow, living alone and in weak health. Mrs. Emerson had kept alive and active all the warmest sympathies of her heart. Most of her relatives, all very near ones, excepting one nephew, were dead; but, while feeling the loneliness this implies, she had made friends with the poor, the sick, the helpless, till it only needed an expression of sorrow or want to arouse her interest.

The first sight of Alice Ward's sweet pale face had wakened this interest, and before the first hour of the knittinglesson was over, Mrs. Emerson had resolved not to lose sight of her young teacher. Her story was a very simple one. The only child of a country clergyman, she had been carefully educated, especially in music, to fit her for teaching. Her mother had fied while she was a mere child, and she had been her father's housekeeper, companion and pupil until his sudden death threw her friendless and perniless upon the world. Finding it impossible to obtain scholars in the little country town, she had sold the furniture of her cottage and come to the city, to struggle, as so many struggle, for bread.

For two weeks Mrs. Emerson devoted two hours a da, to studying new knitting stitches, and then she made a proposal that seemed to Alice like a foretasce of heaven. In learning knitting these two -one nearly seventy years old, the other not yet twenty-had learned to love each other, one with the tender pity of prosperous old age for helpless youtn, the other with a passionate gratitude for words and looks of kindness far outweighing the more substantial benefits conferred. So, when Mrs. Emerson proposed to Alice to come to live with her as a companion, with a liberal salary, the girl could scarcely believe in her good fortune. And the life that followed fully realized her fondest hopes.

Mrs. Emerson, played for all her choicest music, and learned much that was new, for her pleasure. She wrote her business letters, was her agent in her charitable duties, and found every hour filled with active usefulness. And her own heart, full of noble aspirations and sweet womanly sympathics, expanded in this genial, loving atmosphere, until Mrs. Emerson's love for her was warm and tender as a mother's.

It was not an idle life. She read to

She dreamed dreams, too, this younghearted old woman in which her nephew. traveling in Europe, returned to love this gentle girl and bind her still more glosely to her. For, having but one

avenue for motherly love, Mrs. Emerson had lavished it upon her sister's son, who owed to her his education and a handsome income, already settled upon

"I cannot bear to feel that you are waiting for me to die, that you may be independent," the old lady said when she settled a large sum upon her nephew.

A year had passed, a year of happiness for both, since Mrs. Emerson had met Alice Ward, and there was still between them the strongest love. But the old lady was not yet quize satisfied. Uniformly cheerful, gentle and loving, Alice could not entirely couceal from her employer and friend that there was a shadow upon her life that even the present happiness had not lifted. The con-

fidence long withheld came quite unex-

Alice was in her own room, adjoining Mrs. Emerson's, busied with some letters, and did not know she was not alone. Mrs. Emerson, who had come in to ask some trifling question, saw her take from her desk a photograph, and as she looked at it tears rolled down her cheeks, until, with an impatient look of scorn at her own weakness, she suddenly tore it in two and threw it upon the floor. One piece, the face portrayed upon it, fluttered to Mrs. Emerson's feat. Her own face was very white as she lifted it, saying.

"Who is this Alice? Why have you

"He was a coward, a traitor!" the girl said quickly.

"To you?" "Yes! Oh, I am sorry you saw me, Mrs. Emerson. It is all over, long ago." But there was a choking sob in her voice as she spoke.

"Tell me about it, dear. Perhaps it will take away some of the heartache to speak of it."

"It was before my father died. He came to Hopeville, and -and, oh, Mrs. But while Mrs. Emerson was appar- Emerson, he did make me believe he ently absorbed in the lesson, she was loved me! I cannot see that I was un- uses it for a walking-stick.

maidenly in any way; but I loved him with my whole heart, when he had tried to win it, in a thousand ways-not before. His name was Walter Hutchin-

"I know you well enough to be sure of that," was the gentle reply.

"I thought he would speak to papa; but one day, when we were walking to gether, he told me he dared not ask me to be his wife, because he would offend his aunt, who was anxious to have him marry a rich, fashionable girl."

"Oh! He was fond, then, of his aunt?"

"I do not think so. He always spoke of her money as far more important than herself. I think she could not have been a very lovable person, because once she had a very sudden dangerous attack of illness that called him away for a week, and when he came back he seemed quite disappointed that she had not died. I remember, when I asked him how she was, he said: 'Oh, confound her, she'll keep her money-bags to herself forever, I believe. I thought I was sure of them

"Was it this ogress of an aunt who prevented his making you his wife?"

"So he said. And I don't think I wanted to marry him after I knew that he was not manly enough to make his own for upe. But-but I did love him!" and the tears dropped again over the lost dream.

"You were fortunate to lose him. He was, as you say, a coward and a

Never had Alice heard Mrs. Emerson's voice so stern, seen her eyes flash so angrily. It had been part of the old lady's castle-building to conceal from her young protegee the very existence of her dearly loved nephew. She had put away his picture, had sent her letters to mail by her maid, had never mentioned his name. She had believed if these two met, unprepared, they must love each other, and had omitted all mention of Alice in her letters, for the same reason that she kept her in ignorance of his

And now, where no shadow of doubt could fall upon the story, she learned at what value this idolized nephew held her love, what gratitude her life-long indulgence had won.

It hurt her pride too sorely for her to take Alice into her confidence; but in many subsequent conversations she drew from her more fully the story of the summer Walter Hutchinson had spent at Hopeville, the persistent wooing by which he had won a pure, innocent heart, only to throw it aside.

It might be that when Alice was olde: and her present secluded life was changed for one where she saw more of society, her heart would find a restingplace in a more worthy love. But there had been but that one hero in her past, and the wound his want of faith and honor had left was deep and lasting.

Six months later, Walter Hutchinson was speeding across the Atlantic to take possession of the inheritance for which ais sordid soul had most impatiently waited. A spendthrift, a gambler and atterly reckless, he had never made his hand one income meet his expenditures, and his debts, incurred upon the expectation of his aunt's fortune being his own, were enormous.

He was too late for Mrs. Emerson's funeral, and the house was closed and empty. Seeking the lawyer who had for years managed his aunt's business, he curtiy made inquiries about her estate.

"Ah, yes," the lawyer said, "there was a will-yes. The entire property was left to Mrs. Emerson's adopted daughter."

"What' She was trazy!"

"Oh, not at all. The will was most carefully worded. Mrs. Emerson expressly stated that she had already settled upon you a sufficient fortune."

"But-the woman-the adventuress who wormed herself into the old fool's good graces, who is she?" cried Walter, beside himself with rage.

"The lady who inherited Mrs. Emeron's fortune, and who is at present on her way to Europe with my wife and son," said the lawyer, with dignity, "is Miss Alice Ward, daughter of the Rev. William Ward, of Hopeville."

And as the name passed the lawyer's lips, Walter Hutchinson recognized the retribution that had fallen upon him .-The Ledger.

Mr. Gladstone is the owner of the materially to the comfort of the fowls. largest lead pencil in the world. It is the gift of a pencil maker at Keswick, and is thirty-nine inches in length. In place of the customery rubber cap it has a gold cap. Its distinguished owner

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

BREEDING DUCK.

The ducks for next year's laying, to be used as breeders, should be selected from the flock now, and the culls sold. As a duck will lay about 150 eggs, but a few are necessary for supplying all the eggs needed for hatching. A drake and five ducks make a fair proportion, but two drakes and ten ducks may be kept in one flock if preferred,-Farm and Fireside.

TO GET RID OF MOLES IN THE GARDEN.

Moles are a great nuisance in the garden, and it is desirable to rid the garden of them. It is well known that the principal food of moles is grubs and other insects of the soil, and they do not attempt to eat seeds of any kind so long as they are hard, but a writer in the American Garden has learned from experience that if grains of corn are soaked in "Fowler's solution of arsenic" (kept in any drug store) until they become soft and then dropped in the "mole runs" the moles will suck it sufficiently to produce

There are other methods of exterminating them, however. A large-mouthed jar placed in the run or a cow's horn are frequently used with success in catching

A dead-fall with sharpened spikes is used also with successful results.

CHARCOAL FOR PIGS.

Now that the corn-feeding season has come care should be taken to provide fattening hogs with charcoal. Its alkali helps correct the acidity of stomach which often makes fattening hogs' teeth rot when they are fed all they will eat of corn on the cob. It is not the hardness of the grain that does this. Soft corn makes sore teeth, though it may be very easily ground with the teeth. The seat of the trouble is in the stomach, and wood asless and charcoal are the cure. The charcoal also probably furnishes some nutrition. It is nearly pure carbon, and the same though these when given a run rarely

PROTECTING VINES PROM PROST.

is considered one of our wide-awake men, cooking. matter, and the elements for several feet oyster-liquor. Stir this into the wellion against the ravages of the frost .- | turn out. Woodland Democrat.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Fruit bruised in handling soon rots.

It never injures an orchard to manure

Shade trees are an injury in the gar Make a garden of your farm as far as

Hens, hogs and sheep are all benedicial

to an orchard. Clean out the currant bushes and other small fruit plants.

One advantage with ducks is that they are less liable to disease than almost any other kind of poultry. Poultry manure is the richest that can

be secured on the farm and it, should be carefully stored away. Clean hay or straw makes a good covering for the floor in winter, an I will add

Take care of your poultry as though you expected some eggs through the fall and winter, and you are sure to get

Give the hennery a good cleaning up and whitewashing to begin with, and then keep it up through the fall and

A barrel of sand, gravel, or grit is a

splendid resource for the laying hens. If

it is not furnished for winter use by the thoughtful farmer then his flock of hens fail of one necessity. The time to fatten fowls is when they are wanted for the table, not when their

eggs are waated. The regularly laying hen is the brightest looking and most active one of the flock.

There is always a time in the winter, when the ground is frozen hard and there is no snow, when all stubs that have grown since the after-harvest cutting, and anything that was left over. may be attended to. Use a heavy hoe, and whatever you strike will break like pipe-stems. Keep the farm clean and it will be a bad place for berry-pickers to nake a living, and there will be no cause for a trespass suit.

The best medicine for cholcra and roup in the flock is in the form of a preventive. It consists in a reasonable logree of cleanliness, and that is reached oy a few minutes' work each day.

Horse blankets are now in order. Hunt up those which you laid away last spring and use the poorest of them for cold, rainy days. Don't be afraid to spend a few dollars if your supply is short, and don't overlook the fact that in buying horse blankets, like in buy ing anything else, the best is the cheap est. You might just as well go through he winter without an overcoat as without good blankets for your horses.

RECIPES.

Chocolate Cake-One cap of butter, we cans sugar, three whole eggs and whites of two eggs, one cup milk, three and a half cups flour, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half terspoon cream tartar. Bake, and frost with chocolate icing.

Torst for Garnishing - For posched egs, out the bread into rounds with a chemically as the starch of corn or other arge cake-cutter before tonsting. For grain largely composed of starch. Burned small birds or asparagus, remove the corn on the cob is an excellent way to crasts and cut into oblong pieces. For feed charcoal to pigs. The burned corn minces and fricasees, cut into small is also good as occasional diet for fowls, squares or diamonds. For a border, cut, after toasting, into 14 inch squares, and suffer from indigestion .- Buston Culti, theu into halves diagonally, making triangles or cut into long-pointed triangles.

Stuffed Potatoes-Take ten large, R. A. Platt, who is an old newspaper bong and smooth potatoes of uniform man, but now foreman on the celebrated size, scrub, and rinse clean, put into boil-Biggs vineyard, incidently gave us some ling water, cook fifteen minutes, take out valuable information this afternoon, reis- and cool enough to bandle, cut off one tive to the preservation of the vine when | and and dig out the centre with an apple it is subject to the frost. As it is known corer, fill with chopped meat-beef, by every viticulturist of the country that | phicken or yeal chopped fine and seasoned small particles of frost sometimes fall in with salt and butter; fill the cavity, put certain districts at this season of the year. The end on and tie or sew with coarse and as the young vines are very tender. thread. In cuiting off the end cut it serious damages are often sustained by its slanting, then you can fasten it on better, ravages in a single night. Mr. Platt, whe lay in dripping-pan in hot oven and finish

is ready for the Irost should it come. Ovster Omelet - Put six large or His theory, which is said to be correct twelve small oysters in a pan over the in every sense of the word, is to have fire and heat until the juice flows. Drain piles of straw or manure covered with off the juice and cut each oyster into tar placed at different points over the small bits. Season with salt and vineyard, and if any indications of frost | cayenne. Cook one teaspoonful of flour appear he simply toucies a match to the in one tablespoonful of butter, add the above the earth's surface are soon com- beaten yolks of three eggs, add the oysposed of one dense mass of smoke, ters and the whites beaten till stilf, which continues until after sunrise, Cook in a hot omelet pan, and when when all danger is passed. This is a brown underneath place on the grate in simple but nevertheless a positive protec | the oven to dry the top. Fold over and



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