

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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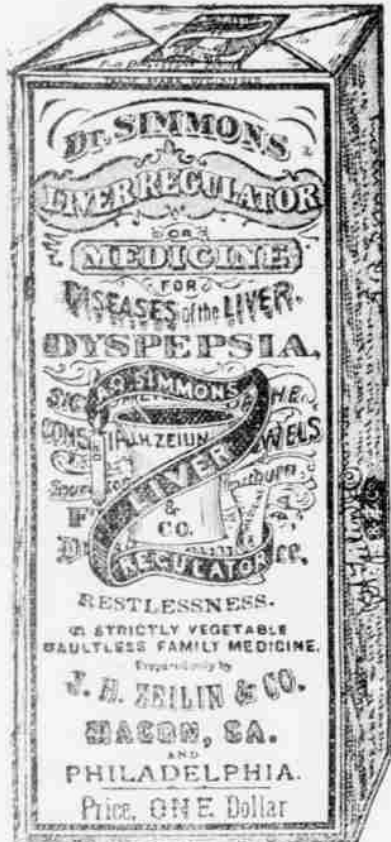
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AT LAST.

Daily and hourly we approach the verge,
The silent verge, which mortals call the
end.

I hear the lapping of the far-off wave
That bathes the shore whither we all do
tend.

I sit and listen long for one clear voice,
A gentle call, which says, "Come, cross
with me;

The tide is deep and strong; thou shalt not
fall;
Nay, do not fear, for I will walk with
thee."

—Frances H. Dering, in Harper's Weekly.

JANE'S INHERITANCE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Jane! Jane! we've come into a fortune!"

"Look, Janie—a lawyer's letter with
a red seal!"

"It's Grandfather Holcombe, Jane.
Your grandfather—not ours. I t's Janie
who is the heiress, Rody."

The shrill confusion of childish voices
met Jane Talford's ear as she came into
the shabbily furnished breakfast-room,
all ready for school with the solitary ex-
ception of her gloves.

The little bonnet, which she herself
had trimmed with cheap roses, was tied
under her round chin; and the serge
cloak took off something of the chilly
atmosphere of the room, where coal was
carefully economized and the window
fronted to the north—for Jane was a
teacher in a monster grammar school,
where punctuality was one of the chief-
est of virtues.

The four younger Talfords sat around
the table in different stages of bid and
tucker, eating oatmeal and drinking sky-
blue milk; and Mrs. Talford—a pale,
sweet faced widow, dressed in rusty
black—was vainly endeavoring to keep
up some semblance of discipline in their
midst.

"Mother," cried Jane, "what on
earth are they talking about?"

The stepmother glanced apologetically
up.

"The letter was addressed to me,
Jane," said she. "I opened it; and the
chickies are right. Your grandfather up
in Sullivan County is dead, and has left
you a farm of ninety acres."

"With a house on it!" cried Marmaduke,
the oatmeal and the words striv-
ing spasmodically in his small throat.

"And two cows!" piped Laura.

"And lots of real woods, with nut
trees and blackberries in 'em!" bawled
Roderick.

"And a puppy dog!" supplemented
little Roger, all in a broad smile.

Two red spots came into Jane's cheek.
She leaned her elbows on the table and
looked vaguely from one to the other.

"Is it really true?" said she.

"There's the letter," said her step-
mother. "Roger, keep your fingers out
of the sugar-bowl! Read it yourself,
dear. Laura, if you don't finish your
bread and butter quickly, you'll be late
for school!"

"But I never saw my Grandfather Hol-
comb."

"I know it, dear. He was very pecu-
liar and he never liked your father."

"Then," cried loyal Jane, "I don't like
him!"

"Nevertheless he has died in his bed,
at the age of ninety, and all that he has
descends legally to you," added Mrs.
Talford.

"A stony farm and a tumble-down old
house!"

"But it's something, Jane. And a
country home! I've always so coveted
it for the children. Marmaduke is grow-
ing so fast, and Laura isn't strong, you
know."

"Then, mother, you shall have it!"
cried Jane, jumping up and running
around to kiss the pale, pleading face.

"We'll go there at once and turn the
children loose in the pastures. You shall
be housekeeper, and I'll spend my sum-
mer vacations there."

"But, Jane, I can't stay there without
you!" urged Mrs. Talford. "It would
be too selfish."

"Selfish, mother! It's the very thing
you need; as for me, I've got to go
around and around in the old treadmill
to accumulate money enough to make a
doctor of Duke and a lawyer of Roderick
and a parson of little Roger. I promised
papa, you know. The three learned pro-
fessions!"

"You are the best and noblest girl in
the world, Jane!" said Mrs. Talford,
her faded eyes brimming over with tears.

How strange and beautiful the old
farmhouse looked, nantled over with
Michigan roses, with the blackbirds
whistling in the apple orchard below and

a persistent bluejay tapping at the bark
of the old pine tree that shadowed the
porch!

Jane had obtained a week's leave of
absence to see her stepmother and the
children safely settled in their new home,
and she also fell under the spell of this
sylvan wilderness.

She-patted the old horse in the baun,
made friends with the Juno-eyed cows,
and threw sticks into the river for Ponto
to swim after, greatly to little Roger's
delight.

"Oh, how I should like to stay here
always!" said she. "The city streets
will seem dustier and dirtier than ever,
after these fields of buttercups and
crowds of daisies! And, oh, it is so
lovely to be waked up by the singing of
birds in the morning, instead of the
milkmen's carts! But—the six hundred
dollars a year!"

"We could live very economically here,
Jane," coaxed Mrs. Talford. "What
with the fruit and the vegetables, and
the neighbors say there are plenty of fish
in the river—"

"Oh, it isn't the living!" said Jane.
"It's the money for the children's educa-
tion. Mother, dear, we've got to face
that!"

"He's buried in the old graveyard,"
said Noah Turnbull, who lived on the
next farm—"he never wouldn't hev
nothin'" to say to the new cemetery—
close by your mother, Jane. And it was
his last wish that the rickety old tomb-
stone should be took up, and a nice new
one put in its place, with his name cut
under hern. Didn't hev time to make
no will; but them was 'most the last
words he spoke. He never forgave Mr.
Talford for lettin' Emily Jane lie there
without no new tombstone over her."

"Poor father!" cried Jane, firing up
in defense of her beloved dead, "As if
he hadn't enough to do to keep us all!
I'm sure he would have done it if he
could."

"I never knew about that, Jane," said
Mrs. Talford, with a troubled counte-
nance, "or I'd have done without lots of
things to have the stone replaced."

"He wasn't best pleased," added old
Turnbull, "when Adam Talford married
ag'in. He thought ther' wan't nobody
good enough to take Emily Jane's place."

"Don't look so uncomfortable, mother,
dear," whispered Jane, hugging her little
stepmother. "He couldn't know what
a darling you were! Nor how good you
were to poor little Jane!"

"But the new stone must be erected
at once, Jane, if your grandfather felt
so about it."

"Mother, it will cost seventy-five dol-
lars at the least," argued Jane. "I was
up at the graveyard this morning, and
the old one is quite good yet, though
it's cracked across and sunk very low
into the ground."

"But I should feel so much easier,
dear. Your mother, you know—and
Adam's first wife! I—I should feel
quite guilty living here in the house
where he married her, with those last
wishes unfulfilled. To please me,
Jane!"

"Mother," cried Jane, with a second
caress, "I'd do anything in the world to
please you!"

Noah Turnbull went away and in-
dustriously promulgated the tidings that
"Adam Talford's second widdier beat
Emily Jane Holcomb all to pieces for
good sense and good temper. Emily
Jane was always a snappish creature, and
that Jane is a smart gal. Earns six hun-
dred dollars a year in New York City,
I'm told. Six—hundred—dollars! No
wonder city folks gets rich!"

The village stonecutter took the order.
He was a handsome, dark-eyed
young fellow, with vague ideas about
some day attaining to a studio in Rome
and a standard of "true art."

He was intelligent above the average,
and Jane and her stepmother became
much interested in the crude status of
"Pocahontas," which he was trying to
evolve out of an uncompromising block
of marble in the back shop.

"It encourages a fellow to have people
understand him like that," said Harmon
Faile, as he straightened the line of
Pocahontas's third finger.

And then he set to work to invent
some pretty bas-relief of ivy leaves and
crossed palm branches to be carved over
the names of "Hezekiah Holcomb" and
"Emily Jane, wife of Adam Talford"—
for Mrs. Talford and Jane had decided
that Grandfather Holcomb must have a
new tombstone also. This ivy leaves for
the young wife; and crossed palms for
the ninety-year-old patriarch!

"The living can economize in ever so

many ways," said Mrs. Talford, gently,
"but the dead should be cared for. It
won't cost so very much more."

Jane came down as soon as the sum-
mer vacation commenced in July, to see
about the setting of the stones.

The children were riotous and rosy.
Mrs. Talford even had become sunburned
and plump, but poor Jane was pale and
worn.

"You are working too hard," said
Harmon Faile, scarcely heeding her cor-
dial praises of the ivy clusters and ma-
jestic palms. "Miss Talford, you ought
to take better care of yourself."

"Every one has got to work," said
Jane, with a laugh.

"No, they haven't," said Faile, hur-
riedly—"at least not when there's some
one else able and willing to work for
them. I'm only a poor stonecutter, Jane,
but my business is beginning to look up,
and I can support a wife. Will you let
me work for you, Jane?"

Miss Talford was rosy enough now.
"But, Harmon, it isn't myself alone.
There are the children to be educated,
as my father desired—" she began.

"I'll help you with the children, Jane,
pleaded Harmon, "if only you'll let me.
I'll do anything in the world to win you
for my wife, I love you so dearly, Jane."

And after this what could Jane an-
swer but "Yes."

It was a sunshiny August day when
they all gathered around the two graves
in the old graveyard to see the new mar-
ble headstones erected. Noah Turnbull
was there, with his many straw hat on
the back of his head, and his hands, as
usual, in his pockets.

"Wal," said he, "old Gaffer Holcomb
would be pleased if he knewed what
was bein' done to-day. He used to
come and set here lots o' spells, and
smoke his pipe and dig round the roots
of the sweetbrier bushes and hundred-
leaved roses with his old spade. Dretful
peccoliar man he was. Set lots o' store
by the place Emily Jane was buried in.
Eh, what's that? Struck the pick again
a rock? Nonsense, Hiram Pinkerton!
Ther' ain't no rock hereabouts. Iron!
Ye don't call'ate you've struck an iron
mine, do ye! A square box, stood close
up again the foundations o' Emily Jane's
old head-stone! Git out! These ain't
the days o' Cappen Kidd an' his treas-
ures!"

"Wal, I dunno what ye'd call this,
then," said Hiram Pinkerton, as he
pried up the obstacle with such energy
that it rose nearly a foot from the ground
before it fell again.

"Wal, I do vow!" shouted Noah.
"Jest one o' Gaffer Holcomb's peccoliar-
ities. Eh? Money in it! Gold and
government securities? Folks was
s'prised when he died an' didn't leave noth-
in' but the farm. But they sort o' reckoned
he'd made some poor investments, an'
didn't like to own up 'bout 'em. An'
written', too! Bless and save us! What
did he write?"

It was Hiram Faile who read
aloud the words which were faintly
traced on the back of an old envelope:

"Being Dead, I Yet Speak. To Emily
Jane's Daughter: If you Fulfill my Last
Desire and Erect a Suitable Stone over your
Mother, you will Inherit what I Leave
Otherwise it will Never Be Known until the
Graves Give up Their Dead. In either case
you will Receive your Deserts from
HEZEKIAH HOLCOMB."

"He—allays—was—as queer as Dick's
hatband!" croaked Noah Turnbull.
"But this 'ere beats all!"

The new tombstones were set up that
day—the ivy leaves above "Emily Jane,"
and the drooping palms over the remains
of the strange old man who had plotted
this strange conspiracy within himself.

The children went to bed early that
night and whispered ghost stories to each
other, under the bedclothes.

The neighbors spread the news of the
strange occurrence far and wide.

Mrs. Talford's happy tears dropped on
the stocking she was darned by lamp-
light for little Roger.

"Wan't I right about the stones,
Janie!" she asked.

"You're always right, mother, dear!"
said Jane. "It isn't a great fortune, to
be sure, but, oh, it makes such a differ-
ence to Harmon and me."

And she sent in her resignation to
Grammar School 1001, and went dili-
gently to work on her wedding gown.—
Saturday Night.

Mr. Keith has contracted with the
Costa Rican Government for the con-
struction of a suspension bridge over
the Reventazon River. As security Mr.
Keith receives a concession of 890,000
acres of national territory.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

PLANTAIN.

The most efficient wholesale treatment
of plantain is choking it down with
dense crops of clover, or destroying it by
cultivated crops, but this course cannot
be used on large lawns. On small lawns
or with a few plants each plant may be
killed with a drop or two of sulphuric
acid dropped with a rod on the crown
of each plant, but care must be taken
not to walk on the lawn till rain occurs,
or the acid will cut the shoes. Without
killing the plants, it may be kept from
increasing by close lawn-mowing, sev-
eral times in the season, or as often as it
quickly throws up its seed spikes and
before the seed can form. Both species
of plantain are perennials, the broad-
leaved one being more common along
foot-walks, and the narrow-leaved more
frequently found in meadows and lawns.
Both are foreigners. The seeds of the
narrow-leaved are about the size of clo-
ver seed and become very readily mixed
with it, and foul clover-seed thus spreads
the weed.—Country Gentleman.

IMPROVING FLOCKS OF SHEEP.

Though the price of wool is extremely
low it is so necessary a product that if
properly managed it may always be made
profitable. Due regard must be had in
this to the improvement of flocks as well
as to the increase of weight and value of
the fleece. A farmer who grades up his
flock either for mutton or wool adds so
much to its salable value that this alone
makes a profit, though the wool crop
may not much more than pay expenses.
Continuing the same policy of flock im-
provement, the wool grower finds after a
while that he can sell his wool at greater
profit. By this time he will probably
begin to breed some thoroughbreds. In
a few years the grades will be discarded
as not sufficiently profitable in compar-
ison. The flock of scrubs is thus replaced
with one of pure blood with compara-
tively little expense except the first cost
of a ram and one or two thoroughbred
ewes with which to start the business.
This is the way that most of the success-
ful breeders began business. Few of
them had much money at first. They
have grown rich by beginning in a small
way, constantly improving their flocks
until they are worth many thousand dol-
lars. All the way up their sheep have
increased in profitableness, and what they
have done is possible to all who will give
equal attention and care to the business
of flock improvement.—Boston Cultiva-
tor.

ROOFED BARNYARDS.

It is, in my opinion, writes Doctor G.
C. Caldwell, a successful way of making
manure, to make it in a covered yard;
good manure can be made without ques-
tion by heaping in open space and fork-
ing over occasionally, but with less care
a better product is likely to be the aver-
age result when made under cover;
whether enough better to pay the cost of
the shelter is perhaps an open ques-
tion; if the shelter were only for the
manure the balance might be struck
against it; and if no coarse stuff goes
into the manure pile (it is singular ad-
vice of one writer that it should not) the
balance would certainly be against it.
But the cattle may enjoy this shelter and
profit by it, since it gives to them a
larger freedom to move about without
exposure to storms or cold; and with
the aid of their tramping a very con-
siderable addition may be made to the
value of the manure of the yard by work-
ing into the excrements the straw or
other coarse stuff which, under con-

ditions that may often prevail, cannot be
profitably fed; there must, of course, be
so much of such material that the ani-
mals will not be injured by too much
wetness under foot. This coarse stuff
put directly on the land is worth very
little for fertilizing; when more or less
decomposed in a well-aired mixture with
animal excrements it is worth much
more.—New York Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

It will not help growing chickens to
be out in the rains this month.

Pullets rarely make good mothers.
Save some of the old hens for hatching.

A warm stable and a good blanket
will save grain and give horses more
"get up."

If horse-owners would discontinue the
use of blind bridles there would be fewer
skittish horses.

A veterinary surgeon tells that silage
is not a fit food for horses, though excel-
lent for other stock.

Farmers who are breeding stock for
market should remember that it is the
high grades and not the scrubs that gain
remunerative returns.

The best kind of charcoal for fowls is
parched corn. Roast until it is a dark
brown, but do not burn it black. Feed
once a week in winter.

Tansy water is recommended as a de-
stroyer of the cabbage worm. Where
tansy grows in large quantities it will not
cost much to try the remedy.

Green fodder corn laid between layers
of straw will keep well and impart of its
good qualities to the straw, so that cattle
eat it in winter with greediness, straw
and all.

Turpentine and sulphur given in the
poultry food when the weather is damp
is one of the cheapest and best preven-
tives of gapes. Keep the fowls dry after
giving sulphur.

Apples that are packed in buckwheat
chaff for winter use keep longer, do not
lose their flavor and are less inclined to
rot, and if a few are affected the chaff
absorbs the juices, which prevents them
from affecting the rest.

Though not as large as the Shropshire
or the Oxford, the Southdown sheep
holds the highest position among the
mutton breeds for quality of flesh. It is
also a very hardy and active breed, sus-
taining where many of the larger breeds
could not thrive.

Shoots growing around the trunks of
young trees rob the trees of nourish-
ment. They should never be allowed to
start. If kept back for a year they will
cease to appear. Grass around the trunks
will be more serviceable to the tree if
the sod is cut and inverted.

RECIPES.

Escalloped Meat—Beef, veal or mutton
left over cold can be used for scallops.
Chop, but not too fine, season with salt.
Allow half as much bread crumbs as
meat and a bowl of gravy. Butter an
earthen baking dish, put in a layer of
meat, then pour over a little gravy, about
two spoonfuls, and on top a layer of
crumbs. Alternate the layers until the
dish is full, putting a thicker layer of
crumbs on top. Bake twenty or twenty-
five minutes.

Meat Hash—Corn beef is best, but
other meats can be used. Allow nearly
twice as much cold chopped potato as
meat, put two or three spoonfuls of
butter in spider and half as much
water. When hot, put hash in and
cover five minutes, set it on top of the
stove where it will brown on the bottom,
not burn; after a while turn it over so as
to brown the rest. Some prefer to use
half a cup of sweet cream, instead of
browning it.

Boiled Corned Beef—Put on the meat
in cold water; allow one quart of water
to every pound of meat. The slower it
boils the better it will be. For every
pound of meat let it boil fifteen minutes;
thus, a piece of beef weighing twelve
pounds should boil three hours. If the
beef is to be eaten cold, as soon as it is
taken out of the pot immerse it in cold
water for a short time, in order to retain
the juices. Tongues are boiled in the
same manner.

The increase in the consumption of
plate glass of late years has been enor-
mous. The production in 1889, meas-
uring 1,700,000 square feet, of which
1,042,000 square feet were polished and
377,257 feet sold rough—has risen to a
capacity of 8,000,000 square feet.



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