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BEFORE WE GREW SO GRAY.

Before we grew so gray, you know, We used to play together— Up in the attic when the clouds Were black with rainy weather; And where the sunshine shifted through The leaves where we were singing, I used to toss you high in air, Upon the limb a-swinging.

I can recall the tints that came Upon your brow so blushing; Methinks I feel within to-night The same old rills a-zushing. Ah! 'e'en the touch of just your hand Comes to me like the grasping Of flesh and blood and love I held Securely to me clasping.

Our hearts were gay in by-gone days When we both went a-Maying, Before the hand of time had laid Its frost on strands so graying, 'Twas in the sweet, delightful lapse Of days whose skies were golden— Whose skies a-tint with youthful dreams Bespoke the days of olden.

You used to say you loved me then— Ah! has your heart delayed you? You're old and gray, and so am I— Your glances have betrayed you, You touch my hand, it is the same I felt when we together Played hide and seek beneath the eaves When rainy was the weather.

You lay your head upon my breast— Your lips are sweet the same, dear, As they were once in days gone, When I was wont to claim, dear, Their every sip while holding close Your hand when we went Maying; Dear wife! No time can chill our hearts Though frost our hair is graying.

—H. S. Keller, in Chicago Sun.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"I am the most miserable girl in the world!" said Madeline.

Kate Offutt opened her eyes.

"You, Mad!" she cried, incredulously.

"You, just married to a handsome young fellow, the man of your heart—you, only eighteen—you, with a face like Hebe! Oh, come! who do you think is going to believe this nonsense?"

Madeline sighed.

"I'm only eighteen," said she, "that's very true. I've the longer to live and endure all these trials. I'm married to Christopher Morange; but he's gone away on a six months' voyage to Japan, leaving me with my mother-in-law!"

"But I've always heard that she's a nice old lady, and Chris is the very apple of her eye, so that, of course, she'll take the tenderest care of his wife."

Madeline shook her curly head.

"I never can get along with Mother Morange," whispered she.

"Madeline!"

"Well, it's true. She's as neat as wax, and I'm a dreadful little sloven. She wants me to be a spick-and-span housekeeper, and I hate it all. She's forever trying to make me understand what a great promotion I have attained to in marrying her son, and I naturally suppose that if I wasn't entirely equal to the position, Chris never would have raised me to it. Oh, I can't stand Mother Morange!"

"Madeline, you are a goose!"

"But that isn't the worst of it, Kate,"

whispered the pretty young bride, nestling close to her friend. "I've no money."

"No money, Madeline?"

"Chris told me whenever I wanted any money to go to his mother. Oh, Kate, I can't do that!"

"It was very thoughtless of your husband, Madeline," said Miss Offutt, gravely.

"So I've sold the ruby ring that was my mother's, and the bracelet with the opal eye that Grandmother Penhyer gave me, and now I've nothing left to sell.

And I'm so tired of Mrs. Morange's lectures on economy and exhortations on housekeeping! I shall say or do something dreadful before long, I am sure. Only think, she has ordered a whole piece of linen sheeting, and we're to begin hemstitching it right away! And I am to take a course of cooking lessons under her supervision, and I am to be taught clear-starching and account keeping, and a French method of darning stockings that won't show the mend—I, that never could endure a needle, and can neither knit nor sew!"

"Tell her so, dear," advised Kate Offutt.

"I did tell her so. 'Please don't set me to work like that,' said I, in desperation. 'I shall be perfectly wretched. I never could sew, and I hate housekeeping.'"

"What did she say?"

"Oh, she made big spectacled eyes at me and spoke such a speech! 'My dear,' said she, 'you seem to forget the sacrifice

which my son, Captain Morange, made when he married a penniless, insignificant chit like you, instead of Miss Zoe Gardner with a fortune, who was quite ready to snap at him. You forget what you owe him in every way. A wife who cannot earn money ought to save it.' And then—it was shockingly undignified, I know, but I couldn't help it—I burst out crying and said, 'I wish Miss Zoe had snapped at him and caught him, too!' And Mother Morange said I was a wicked, sinful girl, and she was quite right. But oh, I am so unhappy! Kate, I want you to do me a great, great favor. I want you to take me back to the city with you, and give me a place in your business."

Miss Offutt, the managing editress of a popular ladies' monthly, looked somewhat surprised at this proposal.

"Oh, I can do lots of things," pleaded Madeline, "so long as it isn't hemstitching and French darning, and so long as I haven't a mother-in-law to stand over me. I am sure I can learn to read proofs, and I've often heard you tell what hard work it was to read manuscript and pass judgment on it. Couldn't you teach me to do that?"

"You dear little Baby Butterfly!" said Miss Offutt, laughing. "You haven't an idea what you are talking about. Revise proof, indeed—an! manuscript! Perhaps you'll be wanting to write the editorials next! But don't look so dismayed. I'll manage to find something for you to do. I know you write a beautiful hand, and there are always the wrappers to direct until I can get some other work for you."

"Oh, Kate, thank you!" said Madeline, with a long breath. "I do so want to earn something for myself. I feel like a charity child. Of course Mother Morange won't be pleased, but I don't care whether she is or not!"

And Madeline's dimpled face grew hard and set.

"Quite unfeminine," said old Mrs. Morange, when the bride announced her reckless resolve. "I'm sure I don't know what my son will think of such an arrangement. I am surprised that Miss Offutt should lend herself to such mad folly. For my part, I entirely disapprove of it!"

But Madeline made up her obstinate young mind, and when Kate Offutt left Cornbury, she went with her to New York.

"I'm sure, Baby Butterfly," said Kate, jestingly, "I don't know how you will ever manage to endure the monotony of daily work. You that have never done anything but play all your life."

"It can't be half so hard as listening to Mother Morange's lectures," said Madeline.

Fortunately Miss Offutt occupied a position in the publishing house which rendered it possible for her to make things very easy and comfortable for the forlorn young wife. The hours were shortened—the pay lengthened.

Kate contrived to keep near her a good deal, but nevertheless Madeline did not seem quite happy.

"What are you looking so sober about, Baby Butterfly?" Kate asked her one afternoon, after a long day's work.

"Was I looking sober, Kate?"

"You little fraud, you know that you were!"

"To tell the truth, Kate, I've been thinking all day long—thinking that, perhaps, Chris would be annoyed at my leaving his mother's care and protection."

"Yes, I think that's extremely likely," said Miss Offutt, leaning back in the big leather-cushioned chair and bending the office ruler back and forth. "But you know you were determined to come."

"Yes, and it is so nice to spend money that I have earned myself!" said Madeline, gleefully. "But—oh, Kate, there comes the office boy with a telegram! It's for me—I know it is! Something has happened to Chris!"

"Nothing of the sort," said Miss Offutt, leisurely. "It's your mother-in-law, my dear—down with typhoid fever!"

"I must go to her," said Madeline, starting up.

"Is that an absolute necessity?" asked Miss Offutt. "There are plenty of trained nurses to be had."

"But I am Chris's wife. Nobody should take care of Chris's mother but his wife!" cried Madeline. "Dear Kate, look at the railroad guides. Find out how I can quickest reach Cornbury."

So Miss Offutt lost her new assistant, and young Mrs. Morange went back to the old stone house which was so indis-

solubly connected in her mind with didactic lectures and spectacled glances of reproof.

Her poor mother-in-law lay there, burning with fever, and lost in lapses of delirium, but through it all she kept calling ceaselessly for "Madeline! Madeline!"

"I loved her!" she repeated, over and over again. "I loved her, but somehow I couldn't make her know it, and now she has gone and left us! What will Christopher say? It was wrong—I know now that it was wrong—but I did it for best. And she has gone and left me! Madeline! Madeline! Will no one bring her back?"

But when her son's wife at last reached her and sat beside her bed, with a cool hand on the fever-throbbing brow, she became quieter, and from the moment of the crisis a steady improvement set in.

Madeline went to the big linen press in the closet one of those first days, to get some of the lavender-scented towels which her mother-in-law had worked with a big old English "M" in crimson embroidery silk, when a paper package fell out from under the folds.

Involuntarily she glanced at it, and read the label, in her husband's strong, dark handwriting.

"For Madeline."

"It's money!" she said to herself. "It's bank bills!"

For a moment she looked at it with blurred eyes and quivering lips.

"Chris meant this for me," she thought, "and I never got it."

But she put it back again without a word, and resumed her tender task of nursing.

"Madeline!"

Four or five weeks had dragged themselves slowly by. Mrs. Morange was up and dressed and sitting in the pale October sunshine, while a cluster of tuberoses in a vase beside her shed a spicy fragrance through the room.

"Yes, mother!" softly uttered the younger man.

"I like to hear you call me 'mother,' Madeline. You never used to."

"I never felt it before, mother!"

"You've been very good to me, child," said the old woman, wistfully. "I should have been dead and in my grave if it hadn't been for your good nursing. There was love in your touch. I felt it all the time. It kept drawing me back from the grave."

Madeline took the wrinkled old hand into hers. "Mother," said she, "let's forget the past. Let us begin anew!"

"But I haven't told you all, Madeline," faltered Mrs. Morange. "When Chris went away he left me a lot of money for your use. I—I—never gave it to you. I wanted to teach you to be economical."

"I know it, mother," said Madeline. "I found the roll of bills one day while I was looking out some linen for you."

"And you never said anything about it?"

"No, mother."

"And you will keep my secret?"

"Yes, mother."

"Kiss me, Madeline," said the old lady, with a quivering lip. "Forgive me, and be very sure that such a thing shall not happen again. I understand you now, and I comprehend what a mistake I have made."

At that instant a shadow darkened the colorless sunshine, and looking up Madeline saw her young husband standing up on the threshold smiling on the group. In an instant she was in his arms.

"And so Baby Butterfly is transcendently happy after all," said Miss Offutt, at her desk in New York, as she read a many pagel letter. "Well, I always knew things would come right at last."

—Saturday Night.

An Effect of smokeless Powder.

Judging by the observations of an English officer who attended the late French military maneuvers, the use of smokeless powder is likely to have a peculiar effect on the morale of soldiers in battle. He says that again and again he found himself in a position where he could hear volley after volley, field guns, too, sometimes being fired, so far as sound could indicate, within 800 yards, and yet after gazing intently for minutes he tried in vain to discover the whereabouts of the firers. One moment the sound would seem to be quite close, but a puff of wind would cause it to appear to come from miles off. If the men who fire are at all hidden, and are stationary, it would seem almost impossible to discover them at, say, 800 yards. —Durier Journal.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

LEG WEAKNESS IN CHICKENS.

Leg weakness and vertigo are both usually caused by high feeding with grain alone. Young chickens especially should have some animal food with their grain, and if they are not allowed to run out where they can get it in the form of insects and worms, they should be fed some chopped lean meat at least once a day. In feeding grain no one kind should be fed alone, for fowls need a mixture, like corn, rye, wheat, millet and rice. Change the food of the chickens, or mix several kinds together, and to those that are sick give two or three grains daily of ammonia-citrate of iron dissolved in their drinking water. But do not neglect to give some animal food. Get beef or heaves' hearts or livers and cook, then chop up fine and throw it out to your chickens. A small quantity, say a half ounce, to each chicken daily will be sufficient. —New York Sun.

A PIT FOR WINTER STORAGE.

A pit which is accessible in all kinds of winter weather is a very valuable adjunct to the kitchen garden, for, as a general rule, the vegetables keep much better and retain their flavor more perfectly when stored outdoors than when kept in a cellar. Last fall, writes a correspondent, I made a small pit as follows: A well-drained corner of the garden was selected and the pit dug four by eight by four feet in depth. This was lined with 1-inch chestnut boards nailed to locast corner-posts. The roof was made of heavy oak boards, having a pitch sufficient to shed the moisture as it came through the soil. A manhole eighteen inches square by twenty inches high was made in the lower corner at one end of the roof. The earth that had been dug out was thrown upon the roof, forming a good-sized frost-proof mound. A movable wire screen of half-inch mesh was fitted into the manhole to keep out mice, rats, etc. A water-tight trap-door closed the entrance. A short ladder is used in getting in and out. In this pit I have kept cabbage, turnips, beets, potatoes, celery, apples, etc., in the most excellent condition. The trap-door was propped open for ventilation nearly the whole winter. Nothing was frosted or injured by the cold. As this pit is simple and of easy construction, there is no reason why every garden should not have one. —Popular Gardening.

PERMANENT GRASS WITHOUT PLOWING.

My own long experience, and that of many of my acquaintances, writes A. B. Allen, proves that some of the best grass lands we possess either for pasture or hay have been obtained on clayey loams without plowing. After the forest was cut off and the ground cleared it was sown with grass seed early in spring and then simply harrowed and brushed. So many stumps stood on the land and it was so full of large roots that plowing if attempted would have been very hard work, requiring powerful team, extra strong heavy implements; and even with these it could only be partially done, leaving the surface in a very rough state. On such the seed did not take so well nor make so good and smooth a sod as when sowed without plowing. The roots left in the land proved a double benefit. Gradually decaying they lightened the stiff soil and made it friable, keeping it more open to rains and dews, at the same time fertilizing it to a considerable extent by furnishing food to the growing grass. I know meadows thus formed which have produced a ton of first-rate

Wheat, oats and bran are good egg-producing poultry feed to give at this season.

All varieties of plants that do not stand a test are simply weeds in the way of others.

Destroy all weeds and keep the ground clean around your house and outside buildings.

Give meat to the fowls in regular supply, warm mess in morning and regular supply of grit, gravel, etc.

The prize for the best 100-acre farm or less in England was won by a farmer who farms eighty-one acres of grass land, forty-one acres being in pasture. He keeps fifty-two cows, and spent \$3000 for extra food for his stock each year.

It does not pay to feed good food to poor stock. An experienced dairyman makes use of the remark that he cannot afford to feed \$20 worth of grain to a calf worth only fifty cents, and the expression applies in other directions on the farm.

Farmers should rigidly guard their hogs against disease by procuring any new stock required only after inspecting the herds from which they desire to select. Never buy from a neighborhood in which disease is known to exist or recently existed.

An extremely rich soil is not suitable for the large fruits. The growth of wood is too rapid and tender. Fortunately there is no great amount of such soil in this country, and when found it is better adapted to wheat, corn or onions than to pears or apples.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Fish may be sealed easier by first dipping them into boiling water for a minute.

Milk which has changed may be rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid the whitening process.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a teacupful of water applied with a rag will clean silver or gold jewelry.

Kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and render them pliable as new.

Wetting the hair thoroughly once or twice with a solution of salt and water will keep it from falling out.

Clear boiling water will remove tea stains; pour the water through the stain and thus prevent it spreading.

Paint stains that are dry and old may be removed from cotton or woolen goods with chloroform. First cover the spot with olive oil or butter.

A teaspoonful of borax put into the hot water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily.

Charcoal is recommended as an absorber of gases in the milk room where foul gases are present. It should be freshly powdered and kept there continually.

A disinfectant which combines cheapness with general worth is found in permanganate of potash. One ounce will make a bucketful of disinfectant. It is a crystal, and can be kept in this state until ready for use.

The Sugar Beet grows the Louisiana cane sugar crop for 1890-91 at 130,000 tons against 128,000 tons the previous year. The total beet-sugar crop of the world it estimates at 3,670,000 tons; the total cane crop of the world at 2,320,000 tons.

hay on the average per acre each year for half a century without application of stable manure or fertilizer of any kind. The stumps here were also left till so rotted they could be easily pulled by a yoke or two of cattle, piled up and then burned; these, too, added something to the fertility of the soil. —New York Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

It is not a good plan to have the poultry house near the barn.

Send layers to roost with their crops full to carry them over night.

Do not give layers soft feed enough to gorge them or make them lazy.

One advantage with the incubator chicken is that lice are more easily kept down.

Buy breeding fowls in the fall; they will be in a better condition to use in the spring.

It is considered that young fowls mated bring males and older fowls females.

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