

# THE HEADLIGHT.

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**OBSOLETE MARTYRS.**  
They have no place in storied page,  
No rest in marble shrine;  
They are passed and gone with a perished age—  
They died and made no sign.  
But work that shall find its wages yet,  
And deeds that their God did not forget,  
Done for their love divine—  
These were the mourners, and these shall be  
The crowns of their immortality.  
Oh, seek them not where sleeps the dead—  
Ye shall not find their trace;  
No green grass hides their face;  
No sad and unsexen is their silent grave—  
It may be the sand or deep sea wave,  
Or lonely desert place;  
For they needed no prayers and no mourning-bell—  
They were tumbled in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken;  
And dried sad eyes till theirs lost light  
We shall know at last by a certain token  
How they fought and fell in the fight.  
Salt tears of sorrow unsheld,  
Passionate cries unchronicled,  
An insistent strife for the right—  
Angels shall court them and earth shall sigh  
That she left her best children to battle and die.

—Edwin Arnold.

### An Egyptian Incident.

"I am going to put an end to this Egyptian plague," growled Colonel MacPherson. "We come here every winter, sail up the same old river, look at the same old pyramids—no modern additions or improvements—see the same abominable old images that have worn the same grotesque aspect for fifty centuries and broil on the same uncomfortable decks and all because that boy of mine wants to become known as an Egyptologist. To the deuce with beetles and sacred cattle. I'm tired of it all!"

Out of breath with exertion necessary to this long sentence, Colonel Tavish MacPherson leans back in his comfortable armchair and close his eyes for a nap. The cause of his trouble is not very apparent, and as he sits there under the awning, with his half pay running on at the Horse Guards, with the rents of his deer forests and sheep farms in the Highlands faithfully collected and accounted for by the factor, and with his membership fees paid up to date at the Carlton and United Service clubs, one could imagine that even Egypt would appear something other than a house of bondage. The Colonel's dahabeah, with her big three-cornered sail trimmed to the breeze that ruffles the waters of the Nile and bears her onward to Assuan and the Great Cataract, is as quiet and restful albeit picturesque an object as one would care to see, as on this December evening, 1870, she creeps up the river, the lookout man on the bow watching that the channel is followed, and the steersman, impassive as a mummy, leaning upon the long handle of the tiller.

Forward on the deck face downward or curled up in all sorts of odd positions lie the crew, a motley collection of Arabs, Nubians and Osmanlis. There is nothing stirring. The mark of the desert is on all around. Even the sun, now nearly on a level with the Nubian mountains away on the horizon, looks tired and dusty. The intense quiet bothers the Colonel; so he yawns and growls once more. He is a widower with two children—the elder a lad of eighteen, who has already made something of a reputation as a student of Egyptian remains, having been enamored of the land since the evil day when the Colonel first proposed to winter on the Nile. The second is a gentle lad of ten years, well liked by everybody. He gives his vote for Egypt every winter, because Jack asks it as a favor. They are ashore now after relics, and have promised to report when the dahabeah ties up for the night at Assuan before warping her way through the cataract.

The Colonel's eyes follow a movement in the tangled group of figures on the deck. Two men rise, shouting at each other the while. The Colonel and the dragoman, who had just poked his head out of his room on the deck, look on lazily. Suddenly one of the disputants makes a rush at the other—the gleam of steel is seen and the crew close around the men. A quick stroke, a shout, anger changed to agony, and a Nubian lies on the deck with the dagger of Aboo, a powerful Arab, in his breast.

All this so quietly that there is nothing stirring to be seen in Egypt, when he reaches the group, and stooping over the wounded man, draws the dagger out. It has left an ugly wound, but not dangerous

and as the wounded man is taken in charge by his comrades, the Colonel turns to the dragoman for an explanation.

With many profuse apologies the dragoman tells how the two men were sleeping side by side when the Nubian inadvertently put his foot against the Arab's face. That was all, and the dragoman smiled and bowed.

The Colonel, an old disciplinarian, looked black as night. In effective English he ordered the dragoman, after he had discovered that the matter was not reckoned important enough for Egyptian law to recognize, to anchor the dahabeah and send a boat ashore with the culprit and his baggage. To the dragoman's question as to how Aboo was to get back to Cairo the Colonel thundered that he might walk. The dragoman bowed and smiled—it was a habit he had learned from a French friend in Cairo—and translated the Colonel's remarks to Aboo, adding to them such little pleasantries as he thought of. He could walk. His shoes—this with a smile and a bow, directed to Aboo's bare feet—his shoes might wear out, but—

So Aboo having obtained his dagger and an old ring—his only articles of baggage—goes ashore muttering revenge, which the dragoman interprets to the Colonel with a smile and a bow. The dahabeah glides on and in an hour is moored at Assuan. The wandering relic hunters return and all aboard retire, for is not the cataract to be traversed at sundown to-morrow?

Before sunrise Colonel MacPherson was awakened by the shout of the young gentleman's body servant, who cried excitedly: "Waik, master! We can't find Master Bob. Here is a bit of paper that lay on his bed."

While the Colonel rubbed his eyes and looked at the scrap of Arabic the man produced, a commotion occurred outside and the dragoman rushed in with Aboo's dagger in his hand. It had been taken from the breast of the Nubian stabbed to the heart during the night.

The boat that had been towed astern of the dahabeah after Aboo's trip ashore was gone. There was no doubt, explained the dragoman, with his customary smile, that the Arab had lain ashore until the lights went out, swam aboard, knifed his enemy, and left again in the boat. At this the Colonel, still holding the paper in his hand, turned pale and tremblingly gives in to Jack who knows Arabic. Dragoman and crew crowd around while he slowly reads: "Aboo might have killed the English dog to-night, but to steal the pride of his tent was a better revenge."

They searched for the fugitive with shrinking hearts after a time, but never a trace of the boy, dead or a living did they find. Almost mad with grief, but not until the hot weather threatened his life, Colonel MacPherson returned to Cairo and laid the terrible affair personally before the Khedive. But it was all in vain. Year after year he haunted the Nile, promising backsheesh to an unlimited extent for the restoration of his boy, but the Arabs shook their heads—Aboo had disappeared without leaving any trace. To the father who searched for his lost boy there was no lack of interest now in Egypt.

"Forward by the right, march!"

Clear and loud comes the command and the ugly, ill-conditioned steeds of the camel corps moved forward with ungainly step. The wells of Aboo Klea are within sight and Sir Herbert Stewart, who marched nine days ago with 1500 picked men across the desert to reach the Nile and thence to press on to Khartoum, feels that his mission will be successful and that Gordon will be speedily relieved.

So does Captain Jack MacPherson, of the Egyptian army, attached for the present to the camelry, as he sails along on one of the ships of the desert.

This is an unseaworthy ship, and as it tosses more than usual he ejaculates, "Ugh, you brute, if there is an Arab at the wells I will trade camels." With this he looks forward to the rocky defile by which the route lies, and sees fluttering above a ledge an Arab banner. For an instant he looks at it through his field glass, and then rides in haste back along the ranks. A word in Sir Herbert's ear. The troops are halted and a zarsba is in process of formation when with beating of war drums and discordant yells that remain unanswered—for the throats of the men are too parched and thirty to hurrah—a great body of Arabs straits from the underwood around the entrance to the defile, and headed by many stan-

dard bearers, rush in upon the British square.

Of the fight for life in that square and the determination with which the Arabs fought to break the ranks there is no need to tell. How Burnaby went down, fighting gloriously, and many another brave man beside him, history records.

With the utmost coolness (for he has been through many such scenes) Captain MacPherson, after the first rush, picks up the rifle of a dead soldier, unclashes his cartridge belt and plays away steadily at the nightshirt brigade, as the soldiers have nicknamed the Arabs from their long white robes.

But see! what change is this in his face as the foe forms in a compact mass for another rush? And listen to the request he makes to the men around him "Don't shoot within a dozen yards each side of that banner," he says in such a tone of voice that the soldiers look up in surprise and see a white, so face.

"Let them come right up before you fire," he adds, "and wait till I give you the word. You'll agree to that, won't you, Roberts? It's a matter of life and death." This is to the officer in command of the company.

"Matter of death to us all, I think, if the dragoman doesn't speak in time," growled Roberts, frowning at the advancing dervishes; "but have your way."

MacPherson makes no answer; the pallor of his face increases; now it is ash gray as the Arabs rush in on the square. Of all the oncoming hundreds he sees only two men—one the standard-bearer, and beside him a young fellow, wonderfully light of skin for an Arab, and with a cap on his head instead of the usual tangled headdress of greased hair worn by the dervishes.

Kneeling as the Arabs come within fifty yards of the square he takes deliberate aim. A flash, and at the same instant the standard-bearer falls prone to the earth. The fair-faced Arab seizes the banner and rushes to the front. Another shot and he, too, falls. In a voice that rings above the din of the battle MacPherson gives the order to fire, and the Arabs, met by a volley at such a range, stagger, and through the smoke are seen to fall back a few paces. Instantly MacPherson rushes out from the square, and before his comrades or the enemy have time to interfere he is again in the midst of his comrades, trembling and pale, but bearing in his arms the young Arab, who still grasps the banner he plucked from the dead leader's hand.

The Arabs, mightily thinned in that last brush, fall away. The fight is over and the mer, crowded round MacPherson, who is bathing the wounded Arab's thigh where the bullet entered, ask what it all means.

Roberts, who is under the impression that the banner was the prize coveted by MacPherson, and that his care for the Arab is an afterthought, remarks that the game was hardly worth the candle. But MacPherson, looking up for a moment, says, pointing to the wounded Arab:

"My brother."

Instantly the men, most of whom have heard the story of the Colonel's bereavement, crowd around the stretcher. Sure enough, the resemblance cannot be disputed.

"See," says MacPherson, becoming less constrained as the intense strain of the last few minutes is relaxed. "I can trace on the back of his right hand the outlines of an anchor. I remember when he put it on he was a very small cub. His hand looked as if it was poisoned, and he came to me and got me to scrape most of the ink out again. That's why the mark is so faint. Roberts, send a man out there to bring in the big fellow I shot. That was Aboo, and I think you will find a bullet in his head."

The last words are spoken faintly and MacPherson falls back in the arms of a soldier. Where he stood there is a pool of blood, and on examination it is found that he, too, has been wounded in the thigh.

They were an odd-looking pair, the brothers, as they walked together in the garden of the army hospital at Cairo. It was fortunate that Jack knew Arabic, for his long-lost brother had to learn English over again, having heard never a word of his mother tongue from the night when Aboo, after gagging him, tumbled him into the boat lying astern of the dahabeah until his brother's bullet brought him back to civilization. Of his wanderings he could tell little except that his captor and he had been wayfarers for years in the Soudan and along the desert highways until the insurrec-

tion broke out, when he was pressed into the Mahdi's service, Aboo being a volunteer. After awhile, he told his brother, he became rather fond of fighting.

"Impium!" said the Colonel, as his elder son translated these remarks, "there is some of the MacPherson in him yet," then. He nodded paternally toward Bob, and then, turning to Jack, said tenderly, "God bless you, my boy, for bringing back my Benjamin, even with a bullet!"—*Toronto Globe.*

### LADIES' COLUMN.

THE BIG HAT MUST GO.

Paris has declared war on the big hat at public performances. French papers are ridiculing it with merciless satire, and prominent critics have gone so far as to refuse to attend performances where the big hat is allowed. It is thought that the beginning of the end is come, and that soon amusement goes all over the world will be delivered from the tyranny of the constructive mountain of millinery, for, of course, Paris sets the fashion for the rest of the world.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

### THE SCOOP BONNET.

The scoop bonnet is a favorite because it is generally becoming and is so shaped that while being a bonnet it has the youthful appearance of a round hat. The distinctive feature of the scoop bonnet is that it has no brim at all, and that it lies perfectly flat upon the front of the head, just over the forehead. This gives a very nice chance for a becoming face trimming. Women with small, regular features find the scoop bonnet very becoming if trimmed with a standing bow, which is placed on the front of the bonnet in the most upright, aggressive manner possible. A comb the edge of the bonnet there must be a heavy ruffling of some kind of velvet, and at the back another upright bow. This makes a very pretty hat, and one which will probably be fashionable all winter.—*New York World.*

### A WOMAN AS TRAIN DESPATCHER.

It is said that the office of train despatcher on the New London Northern Railroad is held by Miss Lizzie E. D. Thayer. As this is a single-track road, her position is one of great responsibility, since she controls the movements of all trains from one end of the line to the other. Miss Thayer was for some time assistant to the former train despatcher, and upon his resignation, pending the appointment of his successor, she proved herself so thoroughly capable of doing the work of the place that the position was conferred upon her. She is at her office from seven in the morning until six at night, superintending the 181 miles of track under her care. She has a man assistant, but the responsibility is all hers. During her two years of service there has been no accident for which she is to blame.—*New York Witness.*

### EARNINGS OF LITERARY WOMAN.

Women are more favored in literary work at present than are men. For example, Mrs. Burnett has a larger income from royalties than is received by any man. Mrs. Humphrey Ward will make a small fortune out of her "David." Elizabeth Stuart Phelps commands the highest prices for all the magazines. Mrs. Margaret Deland sets her own figures. Sarah Orne Jewett receives as much for a short story as does the most successful male author. Anna Katharine Green sustains a comfortable home solely from the proceeds of her pen. Ella Wheeler Wilcox sells everything she writes. Amelie Rives writes little, but what she does write and sell brings her the best prices. Maria Parloa lives on the income of her pen. Mary J. Holmes receives a larger yearly check from her publishers than does many a bank president. Amelia E. Barr is kept busy supplying stories and articles at flattering figures. "The Duchess" makes several thousands of dollars each year with her pen, while "Mrs. Alexander" does the same. "Octave Thanet" has more than she can do at the most remunerative rates of payment, and one might go through an almost endless list of women, such as Julia Magruder, Elizabeth B. Custer, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Miss McColland, Mollie Elliott Seawell, Louise Chandler Moulton, Ellen Olney Kirk, Grace King and a score or two of others.—*Chicago Post.*

### FASHION NOTES.

Next to wool, silk is the easiest to dye of all the textile fibres.

Brown will be the standard color in dress goods for winter.

Ornate vases of Berlin ware are among the new importations.

Oxford ties of black ooze calf are suitable for all house gowns.

Rough fancy clothes are fashionable for long cloaks and mantles.

Safety matches lie concealed in a miniature little wood basket of silver.

Sleeves are still made high on the shoulders, and are made very full about the top.

Scotch plaid overgaiters are seen on the feet of the chic young women of the "smart set."

A new material this season is "black velvet plush." Enthusiastic women declare it to be a "splendid imitation."

Here is one of the axioms on which the art of good dressing is founded: Fashion must be followed, but at a becoming and discreet distance.

Very handsome dresses for the season are made of black drap d'ete or Bedford cord, garnished with bands of real black ostrich feathers, often with an additional decoration of rich black silk passementerie above the feather band on the skirt, on the panel showing at the left side of the gown, and on the bodice and sleeves.

Blue English serge costumes, with coat and dark blue felt hat to match, will be fashionable during the entire season. Tweeds in brown and blue mixtures are also popular. Golden brown crossed with red forms another pretty combination. These tweeds are of various qualities, but a special sort is that worn by the fishermen in the Orkney Islands during the winter when they are unable to carry on their ordinary vocation.

The perfection of American silks and tapesries now brings within the reach of the moderate purse the new satin damask hangings in colonial or Louis XV patterns. They are lined with silk and draped now in irregular festoons, falling to the floor only on one side the opening. Some of the portieres, called Derby, are reversible and require no lining, expressing the colonial patterns on both side alike. They are looped or draped with heavy cords.

### Eyes Made to Order.

A writer in the *Captain* has been paying a visit to a specialist in the art of making artificial human eyes, and found upward of 4000 on the premises. Despite the large amount of choice such a number must offer, the visitor was told that in most cases it was necessary to make a size to order. "I suppose," it was observed, "you manage to get good prices for your eyes?" "Sometimes," was the reply, "but you would be astonished at the way some people will haggle over a few shillings in the price of this specially designed article." The firm has a large hospital connection, and patients are sent to them for the purpose of having new eyes fitted as well as supplied. It is said to learn that many dealers, who merely buy, are not at all particular as to whether they fix a right eye into a left socket, or vice versa, as long as they have in stock something approaching in color to the remaining optic.—*London News.*

T. C. Weeks, a Boston broker, who recently failed for \$423,360, has made offer to his creditors of one mill on a dollar, which has been accepted and the offer confirmed by the court.



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

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