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YESTERDAY.

There were blossoming roses and cloudless skies.

The freshness and fragrance of summer Love unspoken in tender eyes, Tears and parting and bitter pain.

There were frost and tempest and flying mist,

Shorn fields buried beneath the snow, Lips in longing and anguish kissed, A dream—the sweetest that life may know.

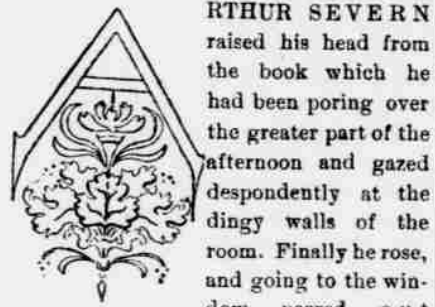
To-day—what matters the dull to-day, Morning or noon or its eventide?

Through the hours in their passing the heart always

Shall cherish only what Fate denied.

—Mary H. Kront, in Home Maker.

SEVERN'S TEMPTATION.



THUR SEVERN raised his head from the book which he had been poring over the greater part of the afternoon and gazed despondently at the dingy walls of the room. Finally he rose, and going to the window peered out through the cracked and grimy panes of glass, now streaked with rain, which was driving violently from the east. From early morning the rain had been falling incessantly, and as darkness began to close around the village the wind blew more violently than ever and the rain fell in heavier torrents. A large brown patch appeared on the ceiling above and the water began to drip down and form little puddles on the carpeted floor. It was a melancholy day, and Severn felt that it accorded well with his own evil fortune. He occupied the only habitable room in a large, old, tumble-down house that stood off on one side of the village near the river and had been falling to decay for years.

Severn was striving to make his way through college, and when the landlord's agent suggested his taking a room in the "old Holloway House" at a much lower figure than he could obtain lodging for elsewhere, he felt constrained on account of his poverty to accept the offer. His parents were poor, and, moreover, averse to his taking a college course, so that he was unable to receive any aid from them. For some time past he had found himself inextricably involved in financial embarrassment, and he had often been on the point of giving up the whole thing, but the letters which came from Mary Eldridge, full of encouragement and loving sympathy, always induced him to take a brighter view of the circumstances.

He had met Mary at the academy at Melville and a mutual admiration for each other's scholarly attainments had been the first step in the formation of a friendship that ripened into love. Mary had gone to Wellesley to complete her education and Severn was in his sophomore year in college. Miss Eldridge came of wealthy parents and had always been surrounded with the comforts of a well ordered home. Severn knew that her unselfish disposition would exert no conditions to their engagement, but he was fully determined never to let her share his lot until he had completed his education and secured a competent income.

During the last year a series of misfortunes had overtaken him. A friend, to whom he had loaned the money with which he expected to meet the bulk of his expenses, suddenly died, leaving the debts wholly unliquidated. Severn himself had undergone a severe illness during the fall, and to satisfy his numerous obligations he secured a few hundred dollars from Mr. Holloway, who was always ready to make loans at usurious interest but remorseless in exacting his claims. Finally he began to receive letters from home urging him to return to the farm. "Unless he could give some aid they would lose the old place," his mother wrote.

If duty called him home he would go, but he felt that if he did his prospects were gone. An idea struck him. If he could induce Mr. Holloway to give him time on his loan and trust him for his rent until he could get to earning something, he would send the money home which he had been accumulating for the payment of the debt. He went to see Mr. Holloway, but the response was so chilly that he felt almost guilty of some heinous crime.

"It is not business," said Mr. Holloway, "not business." Would like to oblige you, but must have some method.

A daunting letter from the agent, fol-

lowing conspicuously close upon his visit to Mr. Holloway, filled his soul with bitterness. The way out of his difficulties seemed as dark as the day on which we find him brooding over his evil fortune in the "old Holloway house." The water fell in torrents and the river in the rear was so swollen by the rain that it had overflowed its banks and was washing the foundation stones of the shabby old structure. The room was chilly and wet, but he built no fire, and though darkness came on early he hardly observed the change, but sat pondering over the hopeless outlook without even the ghostly light from the seams in the rickety stove to reveal the outlines of the room. The wind continued to rise and the rain to fall faster, until the old shell quivered and quaked, but Severn paid no attention. His soul was shaken by storm also. There was as much darkness within as without. He knew his own disposition too well to attempt to study until he could quiet his nerves, so he sat in the darkness until long after midnight listening to the howling wind and the roar of the swollen river.

Suddenly there came a crash; there was a heavy fall of plastering, and for a minute Severn thought that the old house was about to give way. To have its walls fall upon him he knew would be almost certain death, but with a thrill of melancholy pleasure he hoped for a moment that it might happen. The old building creaked and strained, but there came a lull in the storm, and it finally settled back to its normal condition.

Severn lighted the lamp to see if his books had been damaged and to investigate the injury to the room. A large patch of plastering had fallen from the wall and lay scattered over the floor. After the investigation he felt calmer and went to bed for the night.

The next morning, contrary to his usual neatness, he left the broom in its corner and the room continued to present a very dilapidated appearance. In the afternoon after returning from class he seated himself in his chair and gazed listlessly at the heap of rubbish on the floor. Stooping forward he took up a bit of broken plastering and slowly picked it to pieces, thinking of Mary and wondering if the days would ever brighten.

He had been pursuing this aimless occupation for some time, when suddenly he observed that the face of the piece which he held in his hand was less discolored than that which surrounded the edge of the broken patch. He drew his chair closer to the wall, and in examining found that a hole had once been made through the lathing about a foot square. The pieces had afterward been spliced and a new coat of plastering overlaid. His curiosity was now excited to know the object of the opening, and so he brought a hammer from a chest and proceeded to draw the nails. After removing the pieces he reached in and began to explore. There was nothing to be found, however, so he washed his hands and began to clear away the debris.

As he was about to replace the pieces of lath he thought he saw a string hanging down into the cavity. He reached his hand again into the opening, took hold of the filament and pulled, but it promptly broke. He examined the fibers and discovered that it was an old piece of silk cord, now extremely rotten and discolored. He became more curious and resolved to trace the mystery to its source. He reached his hand into the cavity as far as he could, following the cord. Again he pulled, and this time it resisted and he felt something at the other end move slightly. He gave a stronger pull, but the cord broke, this time at its point of attachment.

He impovished a hook by driving a nail in the end of a piece of board, and with this succeeded in drawing something toward him. Finally he was able to reach the object. He drew it in front of the opening, and with both hands lifted an old mahogany box out upon the floor. For some time he sat staring at it in curious suspense.

"Well, you are a queer fish in queer waters," said Severn to himself with suppressed excitement. "I guess you must have lost your bearings or you would never have been swallowed by this shark of a wall. I'll find out what's inside of you at any rate," and taking up a hammer he struck the old lock a heavy blow. He struck it again and again, but finally it broke and the lid flew open.

Severn drew back in astonishment and

wonder, for his eyes rested upon a large leathern bag and beside it were two bars of gold. With trembling hands he loosened the strings of the sack and opened it, to find it full of gold coins. There were several compartments in the chest. In one he found a sparkling row of rings and as he held them up to the light he saw by their brilliancy that they were diamonds of rare value. He found some papers that purported possession of a large amount of English property in one Cyrus Holloway, great-grandfather of his present landlord. There was an inventory of the contents of the box and the amount counted up into the hundreds of thousands.

He was overwhelmed by the discovery and sat down to collect his thoughts. He remembered now of having once heard that Mr. Holloway had come of wealthy ancestry, but that during the revolutionary war the largest part of the property had been lost, and that the fortune of the present Mr. Holloway was mostly of his own acquisition. There could be no doubt that the box belonged to right to his landlord, but the temptation was terrible. There was no chance of discovery if he kept it himself, and besides it could add no material happiness to the legitimate owner, for he already had a sufficiency.

To Severn it represented all the comforts of life. He could pay all his debts, free his father's farm from the mortgage, complete his education and afterwards provide a home for Mary.

The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead as he struggled against the tempter. Finally he arose and with compressed lips donned his hat, and locking the door behind him he turned his steps toward Mr. Holloway's.

"Of course it's mine, every cent of it," said Mr. Holloway, when an hour later he stood before the open box. His eyes gleamed with satisfaction as he beheld the contents. He tucked the box under his coat and left the house, with an admonition to Severn to keep quiet for a few weeks.

Severn felt intensely relieved. "I have been saved from a worse fate than poverty," he thought, as he sat down to his books.

That evening Mr. Holloway's agent called to announce that Severn would be allowed time on his loan, and that he might have a much better room in one of his new houses, with unlimited time for the payment of rent. Severn was overjoyed; he sent the money to his mother, moved into his new quarters and afterward, by mysterious good luck, secured lucrative work, by means of which he completed his course in college very comfortably. On the day of graduation Mr. Holloway met him at the door of the church, and, after granting a congratulation, invited him to call the next morning at his office.

At the appointed time he was on hand. "I need an honest man to attend to my business, and if you wish to take the position I offer you will be able to pay what you owe me," said Mr. Holloway.

A year later Severn went away for a few weeks, and when he returned Mary came with him. Mr. Holloway proved a good friend in his way, and when he died a friendly share of the proceeds of the old chest passed as a legacy to Mr. Arthur Severn.—Chicago News.

Derivation of "Dollar."

Few persons have ever troubled themselves to think of the derivation of the word dollar. It is from the German thal (valley) and came into use in this way some 300 years ago. There is a little silver-mining city or district in northern Bohemia called Joachimsthal, or Joachim's Valley. The reigning Duke of the region authorized this city in the sixteenth century to coin a silver piece which was called "Joachimthaler." The word "joachim" was soon dropped, and the name "thaler" only retained. The piece went into general use in Germany and Denmark, where the orthography was changed to "daler," whence it came into English, and was adopted by the Americans with still further changes in the spelling. The Mexican dollar is generally called "piastre" in France, and the name is sometimes applied to the United States dollar. The appellation is incorrect in either case, for the word piastre or piastre has for the last fifty years been only applied with correctness to a small silver coin used in Turkey or Egypt, which is worth from five to eight cents.—Boston Cultivator.

Chicago is to erect a monument in memory of James A. Garfield.

LADIES' COLUMN.

BEBE RIBBON AS A TRIMMING.

Bebe ribbon is a much used variety of the many widths of ribbon so greatly and so variously employed for trimming dresses, bonnets, parasols, etc., to say nothing of the decoration of fancy work, where ribbon of this sort figures conspicuously. Bebe ribbon trims admirably evening gowns of soft silk and combines well with lace, enhancing the light effect of that particular decoration. Sheer wools are also suitably trimmed with narrow silk or velvet ribbon, which is put on in straight rows or made up in a series of loops more or less long, or in tufts or pompons, and when these are placed in juxtaposition on a gown, to hold lace in place, they are frequently connected by two or three strands of the same ribbon.—St. Louis Republic.

AN ECCENTRIC WOMAN.

Mrs. J. H. Ammon, who has just died at Cleveland, Ohio, was a woman conspicuous alike for her generous charities and her quaint eccentricities. She first achieved something more than local fame about five years ago, when she underwent an imprisonment of several weeks for refusing to impart to the Court certain information which she fancied herself bound to hold in secrecy. Upon her release from prison, at the urgent entreaties of her townspeople, who loved her for her good deeds, she built at the side of her residence on Euclid avenue a counterpart of her cell in the jail where she had been forced to atone for her conscientious silence. In token of her enduring eccentricity she made a request, almost with her very last breath, that the newspapers be represented at her funeral. Evidently she had a poor opinion of the journalistic enterprise of the local press.—New York World.

THE CARE OF JEWELS.

When the brilliancy of your diamonds is dimmed or your gold ornaments become tarnished it is not necessary to hurry them off to the jeweler. With a little care and attention you may restore their beauty and save delay and annoyance. With a good nail brush and a box of bran you may do wonders. Carefully brush the diamonds with soapsuds and rinse in cologne water. Then place them in the box of bran and shake them thoroughly. You will be surprised at the brilliancy they will acquire. By drawing a slip of tissue paper through the interstices of rings or brooches, you can remove any particles of bran which may adhere to the ornaments. Cut stones should never be wiped after being washed. Rinse and place in sawdust until they are quite dry. If your opals have been scratched, you can renew their polish by rubbing with oxide of tin or putty spread on a chamois skin and moistened. Afterward polish with powdered chalk and then wash the opal with a soft brush. Amber, when tarnished, should be rubbed with pulverized chalk and water; then with olive oil and dried with a woolen cloth. Pearls may be kept from tarnishing by shutting them up in a box of ashwood. Gold ornaments should be washed in soapsuds and rinsed in pure water. Cover with sawdust and leave until quite dry, then rub them with a chamois skin. Silver filigree ornaments, when tarnished, should be washed in a weak solution of potash. Then rinsed in a water composed of one part salt, one of alum, two of saltpeter, four of water. Rinse again in cold water and then dry with a chamois skin. Oxidized silver should be cleaned with a solution of sulphuric acid, one part to forty parts of water. Nickel and silver may be kept bright by being rubbed with a woolen cloth saturated in ammonia water. Ivory may be cleaned by rubbing with a brush dipped in hot water and then sprinkled and rubbed with bi-carbonate of soda.—Once-A-Week.

FASHION NOTES.

Dresses made with wateau plaits and jacket fronts are fashionable for little girls.

A combination of different colors is becoming more and more popular every month.

The skirts of thin materials, such as vailing, foulard and chaille, often have small ruffles at the foot, with rows of trimming between.

There is a new style of veil which is figured only on the part which covers the upper portion of the face, while many of the newest styles have a fine fringe, or a dotting in gold.

Most of the waists of simple morning and afternoon toilets have short, round waists and finished off either with a band of ribbon or a metal girdle.

The newest novelty is the black kid with wide stitchings of "Kaickerbocker yellow." They are very neat and pretty, and can be worn with any costume.

Waists for tiny girls' dresses are quite short. They are plain yokes with shirred fronts, shirred belts, collars and cuffs. Very full sleeves are quite the rule.

Little girls may be dressed in a wonderfully becoming and picturesque fashion. At a recent reception were two tiny girls in Directoire dresses of white satin. They wore bands of gold, with ostrich tips in their hair. Ostrich tip shoulder-knots, with lace, were worn at the top of the sleeve.

A new and pretty trimming for blouse waists is made of embroidered handkerchiefs, which are cut diagonally across from corner to corner. One section is set over each shoulder, the points meeting front and back. Lapels, revers, cuffs and a front trimming, somewhat resembling an infant's bib, are also of the handkerchief points.

A Big Australian Plant.

Early last winter Baron Ferd. von Mueller, of Melbourne, Australia, upon whom McGill University, at its last conference, conferred the degree of LL.D., wrote that he had recently discovered an additional specimen of the giant Podia, of which only ten have been found during his forty years of exploration in Australia. As he had sent the others to Europe, where they now may be found in the Royal Gardens, Kew, and in the principal gardens of Continental Europe, he was anxious for McGill University to possess the unique specimen in the Western Hemisphere. A recent letter from him informed the college that he had taken it upon himself to ship the plant on March 25th last, and that it was not only to be considered a personal donation from himself, but that he would bear all the expenses attendant upon its safe delivery to the university. This specimen has now arrived and is being placed in permanent position at the Botanic Gardens, when it will, in the course of the next few months, be in condition for inspection by visitors.

The specimen weighs, by estimate, considerably over a ton, and, although the age is unknown, it is in all probability several centuries old. It belongs to a very small genus of ferns, of which only four species are known.—Montreal (Canada) Gazette.

Strange Effects of Extreme Cold.

Dr. Moss of the English polar expedition of 1875-77, among many other things, tells of the strange effects of the extreme cold upon the candles they burned. The temperature was from thirty-five to fifty degrees below zero, and the doctor says that he was considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame "had all it could do to keep warm." It was so cold that the flame could not melt all of the tallow of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down, leaving a sort of skeleton candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt odd-shaped holes in the thin walls of tallow, the result being a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white with a narrow tongue of yellow flame burning on the inside and sending out many streaks of light into the darkness.—St. Louis Republic.



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

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