

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIED BY GAIN."

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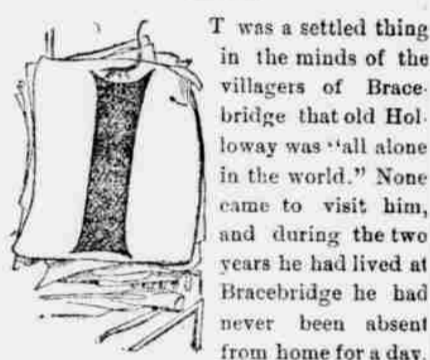
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MISUNDERSTOOD!
What inward pain we sometimes feel
When we have been misunderstood!
How doth affection's warmth congeal
When ill intent's cold out of good?
How many bleeding hearts there are
Whose greatest bliss was doing good,
Yet for their love received a scar
From dearest friend—misunderstood!
When death hath closed the eyes of one
Whose heart beat ever for our good,
How sad to know their setting sun
Was dimmed by us—misunderstood!
'Tis then we feel the pain we gave
A parent, friend or neighbor good,
And grief overwhelms us like a wave—
Too late! too late!—misunderstood!
Oh! could we but live o'er the past,
And weave our web of life once more,
Glad rays of sunshine would be cast
Where doubt and darkness reign'd before!
Hope is not dead!—the Present lives!—
Let us redeem it as we should:
The flowers that's crushed more fragrance
gives
Than had it lived—misunderstood!
But One there is who never fails
To read the heart of man aright,
Though toad on life's tempestuous gales,
God will sustain us by His might!
Let all our aims in life be pure—
Men may misjudge—still cling to good;
At last the victory shall be sure,
And we shall then be—understood!
—John Inre, in the Scottish Canadian.

A GARDEN OF ROSES.



It was a settled thing in the minds of the villagers of Bracebridge that old Holloway was "all alone in the world." None came to visit him, and during the two years he had lived at Bracebridge he had never been absent from home for a day.

His declining years—for he was well past the sixties—denied him recreation, though on wet days he would occasionally put his mackintosh over his shoulders and perch himself beside the pool—for which Bracebridge was famous—and patiently watch the float for hours at a time. It is probable, however, that had it been sunshine every day of the year the fish would have been minus one enemy. For the sunshine brought the children out to play, the sunshine allowed him to walk in the paths of his garden and watch the growth of his roses. On wet days he had neither children nor flowers, so he went to the fish for consolation.

Old Holloway had two sources of happiness. His tiny cottage was known as Rose Glen. If you ever went to Bracebridge you would never dream of going away without looking over the wicket gate and inhaling the sweet perfume of the old man's roses. They lined the gravel path, for all the world like floral sentries, as their owner passed between them to the porch. Rose trees were everywhere, and every single blossom was as familiar to him as the seals on his watch chain, and he patiently followed the progress of each petal and the unfolding of every bud with as much pride and care as he would that of the growth of his own child. Yes, the flowers brought old Holloway happiness.

But he loved the children more. He once said that, when their tiny faces were looking up at him and smiling, they, too, were flowers. Every child in Bracebridge knew old Holloway. They called him grandfather. You never met him in the lanes without a child hanging to his hand or his coat tails. Why, the dear old fellow would make a point of passing by the school just when the children were coming out. Then he would let them play on the grass of his garden. Let them? Nay, he would play with them, and his laughter seemed as free as theirs, his shouts of merriment as joyously innocent. Then when the sun began to edge the hills with gold and crimson, he would merrily drive them out of his floral domains, and watch them wave their hands as they turned the pathway at the top of the hill which led to the village. As he retraced his steps to the porch he would sometimes stand beside a tree of roses—great crimson blossoms—more beautiful than all the others. Their color was richer than the sweetest of the blossoms on the neighboring bushes, their perfume more fragrant. It grew apart from them, too, on the lawn. He would look at the name on the wooden tablet and read the simple word, "Marion." That was the name he had given to his favorite tree—"Marion," and murmuring the word he would enter the house very quietly.

One evening the children had all gone—he had bid them "goodby" as usual. He turned to enter the house. A whole week had passed since he had examined his favorite rose tree. Crossing the grassy lawn he came to "The Marion." One of the great blossoms was drooping, but just from the same green stalk a fresh bud was shooting forth. The old man took out his knife and cut off the faded flower. He looked at the bud thoughtfully. He seemed to read a story among the roses—a story that went to his heart. He looked again at the dead blossom in his hand. Then his eye wandered toward the bud. He burst into tears, and quickly turned away.

"My daughter, my darling Marion! I was cruel to send you away, very cruel. A father's love for you made me think it impossible for even a husband to love you as I did. Shall I ever see you dead—dead as this once beautiful blossom, which can never again help to sweeten my days and brighten an old man's life? Oh, come back to life again, and bring your little one with you. Come—come—come!"

He entered the house weeping. On the morning of the next day the children were on their way to school. They always passed Rose Glen, and old Holloway would invariably be at the gate. But this morning the children seemed more excited than usual; something had evidently happened, or was about to happen, which made their little hearts beat faster than ever. They had stated earlier than was their wont, for somehow they had got to know that it was "grandfather's" birthday, and each wanted to be there first. On, on they went, laughing, shouting and clapping their hands in delight. What was there to stop the happy ripple of their little tongues? It would seem—nothing. They were children—little children—and were as free as the birds which were singing in the trees and on the hedges about them. But, as they turned the road at the top of the hill which led down to the home of the roses, their laughter became silent, and their lips ceased to move. They gathered together in a bunch, not in affright, but more in childish sympathy at the sight before them. A woman sat on a grassy mound. Her face was pale, her cheeks pinched, her eyes looked as though they had shed many tears; but yet how pretty she was! She was dressed all in black—there was crape on her cloak and bonnet. She held something muffled up in her arms. The children looked and guessed it was a baby. The woman smiled and seemed to invite them to come near. Then one of the children gave the woman some flowers, and a flush of happiness came into her poor, wan face.

"Would you like to see my little boy?" she asked. And all the children gathered round while the mother drew aside the scarf from round her baby's neck, so that they might see it the better. It, too, had tiny black bows on its little hat.

"Oh, how grandfather would love to see him!" cried one of the children. "May we take him to grandfather? It's his birthday to-day. It would make him so happy."

"And who is grandfather?" she asked. "You don't live here, do you?" questioned one of the youngsters. "No," the woman answered. "I am quite a stranger here. But why do you ask?" "Because you don't know grandfather," came the logical reply. "Well tell me who he is." Then one of the children took the woman by the hand and led her to the corner from whence the hill started towards the spot where the roses grew. The cottage was pointed out to her. "That's Rose Glen," the child said. "Yes, I can smell the roses here. Oh, how sweet," the woman murmured, looking at the cottage. "That's where he lives," the little one went on. "Yes," said a child older than the others, "Mr. Holloway—"

little one, would it make him happy? Do you think he would kiss it just as he does you and give it a smile the same as he gives you? Would he take it in his arms like the tiniest of you?" She had won the sympathy of the children about her and they all cried out. "Yes, yes; let us take it to him." A wild gladness overspread her face. Her lips quivered, her eyes sparkled. Some sudden resolve had come to her. She drew her hand nervously across her eyes; then turning to the little ones about her quickly, she asked: "And if I let you take my child to him—what will you do?" They were quiet for a moment. Then the elder child, who had spoken before, said:

"I will carry him ever so careful. You can come, too." "I can come, too," she murmured; "I can come, too!" Silently she placed her baby in the little girl's arms. The children trooped down the hill toward the house, the woman following them with hesitating steps. The children had reached the cottage gate and the woman stayed outside, looking through the hedgerow and watching her little one with anxious care. One of the children, carrying the baby in her arms, crossed the lawn toward old Holloway's favorite rose tree, "Marion." There was just room for the child to stand beneath the great covering of green leaves and flowers. Then the other children ran to the porch. They cried out: "Grandfather! grandfather! Many happy returns of the day! many happy returns of the day!"

The old man heard their voices and came to the door. How those children danced and shouted! They got hold of both of his hands and his coat, and, with merry laughter, pulled him across the lawn to his favorite tree. Then every little tongue became still, as though waiting for him to speak. He looked at the picture before him. There, beneath the cover of blossoms, stood a little girl, looking up at him with a face lit up with smiles. She held out to him a baby. Scarcely knowing what he did he took the child from her arms into his own, and covered its tiny face with kisses. He looked round about him, not knowing what to do or whether to turn, but his lips were muttering one name.

Again the children took hold of him and pulled him along the path toward the wicket gate. They opened it, and the woman was still standing there, her pale face now ruddy, her once dim eyes brighter still.

"Marion! Marion!" the old man cried. She fell on his shoulder, with her arms about his neck. Just then the school bell rang out, and away the children ran up the hill, their voices shouting all the way. "Many happy returns of the day, grandfather! many happy returns of the day!"

Curious Tricks of Memory.

One of the queerest freaks of the memory is the trick—often enough noted, for that matter—which some people's memories have of seeming to recall only the things that the mind never made any effort to remember, and letting go irrevocably all the things that the mind did consciously attempt to store up. Possibly the Listener has once before told the story of a friend of his whose occupation is more or less literary, who can remember but one single piece of poetry, and that was a piece of doggerel that his seat-mate in school once learned! All the divine verse that he himself has often labored to commit is gone forever; but this piece of doggerel which the other boy labored to learn, but probably totally forgot in a month or a year, sticks fast in his mind. Everybody's memory has a tendency to hold fast to mischief and nonsense, and let serious and important things go. However, this very characteristic of the memory is a thing that can be made use of if we know how to do it. If we are bright enough at the right time to take in these useful things somehow after the easy and enjoyable fashion that we take the agreeable nonsense, the chances are that they will stick by us.—Boston Transcript.

LADIES' COLUMN.

THE RETURN OF ALPACA.
That wiry, ungraceful material is once more with us and promises to be considered very smart. It is very satisfactory for bathing gowns, as it holds much less water than flannel or serge and does not flop so dreadfully about one's figure. A very pretty bathing gown may be made of gray alpaca, with a yoke and trimmings of white. Some very smart bridesmaids' frocks are being made of pale pink alpaca in plain coat and skirt fashion with double breasted waistcoats of white alpaca. With these white Leghorn hats trimmed with pink and black ostrich feathers will be worn. A white alpaca skirt and coat worn over a pale green shirt is very chic.—Once-a-Week.

THE SPANISH GIRL'S MANTA.
Though the manta is exceedingly becoming to everybody, writes Fannie B. Ward, from Valparaiso, Chile, it suits the big black dyes of these Southern sisters far better than the Saxon blue or gray. It not only enhances grace and beauty, but hides slovenly dressing and all defects of figure. When properly draped it makes an old woman look younger, a skeleton form appears reasonably plump, a meal-bag-tied-in-the-middle shape almost slender, and renders a really handsome face perfectly irresistible. Some of the mantas—of rich silk, covered all over with magnificent embroidery and edged with real Spanish lace—cost from \$200 to \$1000. There are cheap varieties, all the way down to twenty dollars; and the coarser grades, such as are worn by servants and los pebres generally, can be bought as low as \$5.

A MODEL HOUSEKEEPER.

Edward Everett Hale says Mrs. George Washington was a model housekeeper. In a set of books kept expressly for that purpose Mrs. Washington made entry of housekeeping duties accomplished from day to day, and noted how she superintended the preparing of the supply of smoked meats for the plantation, how, with her own hands, she cut out the clothing of the slaves, and so on. Letters of Lady Washington's daughter and others testify that after the death of her husband the hospitality of the Mount Vernon home was kept up.

The statement that the room in which General Washington died was shut up just as he left it and that in the presence of others, at least, his wife never entered it again, is, perhaps, true.

FASHION NOTES.

Crimson and red are passe.
Many women are wearing bracelets above the elbow. The style is rather effective with Empire gowns.

The clinging skirt is now the rage, all narrow effects which diminish the width of the hips being sought after.

Three rows of inch-wide black satin ribbon set half an inch apart from each other round the skirt are a little newer than the silk ruches.

There have been fur capes, cloth capes and lace capes, but the newest cape is a creation of feathers. It is a decided novelty, and reaches just below the shoulders.

Sashes just now are of two styles, either very narrow, only a ribbon folded round the bottom of the basque and tied at the back, or of soft silk folded very widely round the waist and fastened with an enormous rosette at the left side.

Plat-val lace is one of the most durable and manageable members of the lace family and launders admirably. Roughen it, then with slightly damp fingers pull the lace from selvage to edge, and all of the figures will come out in fine style.

An evening dress recently worn by a pronounced brunette was of lemon-yellow velvet. There was no other color visible in the entire costume, which was severely plain and without trimming. Even the plaiting of chiffon about the half-low corsage was of the same tint as the dress.

velvet corselets and deep velvet cuffs, velvet trimming at the bottom of the skirts, velvet girdles or belts, and so on interminably. Butterfly knots are a favorite ribbon trimming, also four-looped rosette bows, the windmill bow, and the big flat scarf bow.

The old-fashioned diamond jewelry looks absurdly ponderous for present-day wear, and ladies of haut ton are finding that they must either have the family jewels reset or not wear them at all. Tiaras are not so much worn as they were a short time ago. Few women look well in a coronet, handsome though it is. Combs or pins are much more becoming.

How Words Change.
Long ago, when a certain article made of sturgeons' bladders came into use in England, it was known by its Dutch name "huizenblas," that is, "sturgeon bladder." The term was a meaningless one to English ears, and by some means or other was transformed into the word which we all know, "isinglass." The change was precisely like that which in some quarters has turned "asparagus" into "sparrow grass."

In the same manner the old word "berfy," which meant simply a watch tower, was transformed into "belfry." It became the custom to hang bells in such towers, and by common consent a change of spelling followed.

What is the derivation of the word "steelyard?" Most readers would reply without hesitation that it must have been invented as the name of a certain familiar instrument for weighing, an instrument made of steel, and about three feet in length.

In point of fact, however, the word meant in the beginning nothing but the yard, or court in London, where the continental traders sold their steel. In this yard, of course, there was some kind of balance for weighing the metal—a steel yard balance.

Language is full of such cases. "Blindfold" has nothing to do with the act of folding something over the eyes, but is "blindfelled" or struck blind! "Buttery" has no connection with butter, but is, or was, a "bottlery," a place for bottles.

A "blunderbuss" was not an awkward or inefficient weapon, but on the contrary was so terrible as to be called a "dondeebus," that is to say a "thunder-box" or "thunder barrel." The advance in the art of war is happily—or unhappily—typified by the fact that a weapon once so terrible has become an object of ridicule. Will the world ever find our present iron clads and mortars nothing but things to laugh at?—Chambers's Journal.

Where the Load is the Heaviest.

It depends on the kind of road whether the load should be heavier on the fore or hind wheels of a wagon. On a smooth road the heaviest part of the load should be toward the front, but when the road is soft or rough it should be on the hind wheels. The larger the wheels the easier a load is lifted over the rough spots or the stones on a road, because the leverage of the spokes, which are longer in a wide wheel, raises the weight with more ease. There is no lifting of the load on a smooth, level road, but a sliding motion of the box of the wheel on the axle. And the smoother the wheel works on the axle the lighter is the draught. But when the wheel comes to a stone or a hill, or works in mud in which it sinks, the load must be lifted bodily over the obstruction.—New York Times.