A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1892.

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THE POEMS HERE AT HOME. The poems here at home! Who'll write 'em

Jes as they air-in country and in town-Sowed thick as clods is 'crost the fields and

Er these 'ere little hop-toads when it rains? Who'll "voice" 'em, as I heerd a feller say 'At speechified on Freedom, t'other day, And soared the Eagle tel, it 'peared to me, She wasn't bigger 'n a bumble bee?

Who'll sort 'em out and set 'em down, says I, 'At's got a stiddy hand enough to try To do'em justice 'thout a-foolin' some, And headin' facts off when they want to

Who's got the lovin' eye and heart and brain

To recko'nize 'at nothin' 'is made in vain-'At the Good Bein made the bees and birds And brutes first choice, and us folks after-What we want, as I sense it, in the line

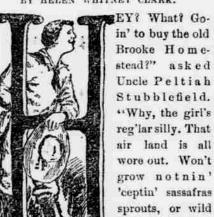
O' petry, is somepin' yours and mine--Someoin' with live-stock in it, and outdoors, And old crick-bottoms, snags and syca-Putt weeds in-pizen-vines and underbresh,

As well as johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh And sassy-like! and groun'-squir'ls-yes, and

As sayin' is-"We, Us and Company!"

Amaranth's Investment.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.



grow notnin' 'ceptin' sassafras sprouts, or wild chamomile!" "A fool an'her money is soon parted,"

remarked Aunt Rubina, sententiously. "Says she loves the ole place and is bound to keep it from goin' to strang-

ers," observed Cousin Melissa Brooke. The rural population of Pineyville township were mostly all either Stubblefields or Brookes, or connected with them by marriage.

"An' she's a-goin' to bring Reub's widder an' children from the city to live with her."

Uncle Peltiah looked amused. "Fine livin' it'll be in that old ramshackle of a house," he chuckled.

"Amaranth allus was hard-headed," groaned Aunt Rubina, who was a stout woman with a large flabby face and blue eyes, with white eyelashes. "But I wash my hands of 'em. If she wants to saddle herself with Reub's fam'ly, she needn't look to me for help."

"It's my 'pinion Sylvester Smalley will hey somethin' to say about it," smirked Cousin Melissa, with a crafty look.

And so the gossiping tongues wagged on, and all because Amaranth Brooke chose to invest the few hundred dollars bequeathed to her by a distant relative in buying back the old homestead, where she had frolicked away her childhood days in care-free happiness.

But Amaranth gave little heed to their meddlesome gossip. She had fought her own battles since the death of Grandfather Brooke left her alone and unprotected, with little or no assistance from the relatives who were now so free with their advice and unfriendly criticisms, and she was determined to manage her affairs in her own way.

But in regard to Sylvester Smalley the case was different. He was her betrothed lover, and would of course expect to be consulted in her affairs. And

Sylvester did have something to say, as Cousin Melissa had predicted.

Amaranth had been looking over her prospective purchase, and was on her way home, when he overtook her and at once broached the subject.

"No use to throw your money away on that old rubbishy place," he told her. "You can't raise a crop there, an' I wouldn't take it as a gift. An' your money, with what little I've got, would

build us a nice, snug house on that forty acres father give me, an' help to stock the farm besides. Then we could be married an' go right to housekeeping. Wili you, Amaranth?"

He looked at her tenderly, and for a moment Amaranth felt almost tempted to give up her plans and ambitions and accept his offer.

Taey were loitering slowly homeward and had paused at the old stile, where a scarlet-flowered tramper-vine showered its gorgeous trophies at their feet.

"Say yes!" urged Sylvester,

And Amaranth felt her determination weakening.

"But-but there's brother Reuben's wife and the children!" she faltered "They are quite destitute, and have no one to look to but me."

Sylvester frowned.

"Let Reub's wife look out for herself!" he returned gruffly. "I dare say ther's orphan 'sylums in the city where the young uns would be took care of."

Aramanth's eyes flashed scornfully a him as she drew herself up with offended dignity. "Brother Reuben's children shall

never go to the asylum while I live!" she declared indignantly. After a few more words their troth

was broken. Sylvester stalked moodily on his way, while Amaranth, with pang of sore disappointment at her heart, turned toward the graystone farmhouse, where she earned a small stipend over her board by doing the housework for a family of six.

The broken engagement offered fresh food for gossip among the Brooke and Stubblefield kith and kin, but Amaranth was not to be turned from her course by their censures and criticisms.

The old homestead was bought an paid for. To be sure the soil was rocky and sterile, and the dwelling in need of

The orchard trees-what was left of them-were gnarled and bent, and the fences and outbuildings in a sad state of dilapidation.

It was really scarcely worth the small sun asked for it, but Amaranth had determined to buy it, and buy it she did. An ancient cow and a half-decrepit

pony were included in the sale. And after the house had been treated to a few repairs and a thorough cleaning, brother Reuben's family were released from their uncongenial quarters in the city and comfortably installed therein.

Mrs. Reuben-a meek little woman, with no more idea of supporting herself than a canary bird might have-was yet a good housekeeper, and willingly undertook the management of domestic affairs, while Amaranth gave her attention to the raising of poultry and garden vegetables. And the children grew round as butterballs, romping under the gnarly old apple trees or playing hide-and-seek among the tall sunflowers and holly-

hocks that nodded in the door-yard. Later on, Amaranth earned a few dollars each week by the sale of her produce at the little village of Pineywood Centre, which was scarcely a stone's throw from her back pasture-bars. But with all her industry and economy, she found it a hard matter to provide for herself and the helpless ones depending on her, and there were times when she really fancied the wolf was already at her door.

The family connections held themselves aloof from her, and still continued their direful predictions.

Sylvester Smalley took particular pleasure in driving past the house, with Nancy Maria Stubblefield, to whom he had transferred his attentions, seated beside him in his spring buggy.

But no one offered a helping hand, and Amaranth was beginning to feel a tremor of despair, when something happened which no one-certainly not Amaranth-had ever dreamed would

It was nething more nor less than the building of a branch railway from the "Ozark Lead and Zine" mines to a point

on the Mississippi River some three miles beyond Pineyville Centre. The nearest route, according to survey, lay directly across one side of

Amaranth's estate, and she readily accepted the offer of two hundred dollars from the mining company for this small portion of her "worn out" farm land.

But the tide of prosperity did not stop

Roger Alden, the young surveyor, who had laid out the new railroad, suggested Pineyville Centre as the most convenient point for the smelting works to be erected by the mining company.

And so the sleepy little village waked up one fine morning to find itself in the midst of a most unexpected "boom." Car-loads of lumber and other build-

ing material soon arrived, and ere long the sound of the hammer and saw was heard in the land.

Tents were put up for the temporary use of workmen but were soon supplanted by neat cottages. Mercantile buildings and supply stores tollowed; streets were laid out, churches and schoolhouses were erected, and the farmer who

flocked in for miles around, tempted by this new market for their "truck," looked with wonder at the flourishing town, which had spung up, like Aladdin's palace, from the very wilder-

HEADLIGHT

Adjacent farms, which the owners would have gladly sold for ten dollars an acre but a short time ago, now brought more than ten times that

Amaranth, though offered a high price, refused to part with her property on any terms. By the advice of the young surveyor, however, she was induced to lay out a portion of her farm, fronting the railroad, in town lots, which were eagerly purchased at a satisfactory valuation, and the "Brooke addition" soon ranked as the most desirable residence portion of Pineyville Centre. And Amaranth found herself, if not

wealthy, at least comfortably situated. A stout hired hand attended to the farm work now. The worn-out meadows and corn fields were redeemed from their impoverished condition. The antiquated cow was supplanted by a small herd of Jerseys. The decripit pony was "pensioned off" on the fattest of pastures, while a span of "matched bays" drew the new carryall, when Amaranth, or Mrs. Reuben and her children, took an

The discomfited relatives, who had all but boycotted Amaranth in the dark days, now discovered that "blood was thicker than water," and hastened to make friendly overtures.

And Sylvester Smalley, who had not vet succeeded in building on the paternal forty acres, abruptly ceased his attentions to Nancy Maria and cast longing eyes toward the thrifty corn fields and well filled barns of the old

Long since had he repented of his shortsightedness, and after some skillful manouvering he one day succeeded in meeting Amaranth face to face, at the old stile.

"She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she ne pink flower that grows in the

and Sylvester felt that he must win her at all hazards.

He advanced with outstretched hands. "Did you really think I meant to give you up, Amaranth?" he asked, reproachfully.

But she drew coldly back. "Give me up?" Certainly! You gave me up long ago," she returned.

"But I didn't mean it! I-I own I was a fool, Amaranth," he stammered, desperately: "but I allus intended to come back an' marry you. An' 'tain't too late yet. Only name the day, an'

But Amaranth smiled as she glanced beyond him to a tall figure which was rapidly approaching.

"Very much obliged, I'm sure," she replied, demurely; "but I have pro:nised to be Roger Alden's wife, and the day is already named. Here comes Roger now. Will you stay and be introduced?"

But, with a disappointed scowl, Sylvester slunk away.

Millions of Squirrel Tails.

A good deal of uncertainty seems to prevail as to the likely supply or sealskins, but a recent feature in the fur trade is the liberal resort to the use of tails of animals which at one time were regarded as being of very second-rate importance. The most urgent demand for tails would appear to be in the instance of ermine. But the point only, being jet black, is inserted, after the well-known fact of their introduction, at intervals-in realty, the ermine trimmings of the sovereign and royal family not actually consisting of the tail of the ermine, but of the paws of the black Astrakham lamb or other suitable black

Squirrel tails are, however, largely used, and one or two millions of these find their way annually into the market, as well as martens' tails, which really make a beautiful fur. The musquash tail is also a large article of commerce, the musquash skin itself being, perhaps, the best natural low-priced fur that finds its way into our market, and far superior in point of wear to the dved rabbit skins that are sold in black and brown lustered goods familiar to trade. -New York Advertiser.

The cultivation of the pineapple in the Bahamas is a very profitable undertaking. At twopence each an acre of pineapples returns \$200 to \$225.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

WHEN COMBS TURN BLACK.

When the combs of fowls turn black it is an indication of the disease known as anthrax, a disorder of the liver, which is prevalent among fowls in the spring. It is a result of overfeeding, and is contagious, more especially as the condition of the flocks is such as to invite attack of the disease. The way to prevent it is to feed only so much as is needed, which is half as much as a fowl will eat if it is permitted. For a remedy for those not too far gone, make a solution of hypo-sulphite of soda in water as strong as can be made, and give a teaspoonful twice a day to each fowl. Keep the sick ones in separate coops by themselves, and bury the dead ones deeply some distance from the house and yard. Give no food to the sick birds until they improve, and then feed lightly for a few days. - American

LARGEST SEED NOT ALWAYS BEST.

T. B. Terry, of Ohio, says he finds that his best wheat, where the plants are crowded so as to produce the largest yield, does not produce as large and plump berry as wheat that grows more thinly and yields less. He believes the yield is largely determined by pedigree, and kept on selecting seed from the best parts of his fields with steadily increasing yields. The idea is well worth thinking about. Possibly one reason why Mr. Terry's wheat yields grow better is because he is constantly making his land richer. The fact is true, too, of corn if not of wheat. Nobody would think of selecting seed corn from the half-filled ears that set too late to fertilize all the silk, though the kernels of such ears are often twice as large as on ears well filled. But with other grains, oats and barley, for example, the largest, plumpest grain is best for seed. Oats that grow thinly and produce poorly are light weight, because most of them are affected by rust, which prevents development of the grain .- Boston Culti-

EXERCISE FOR COWS.

The difference between a free run of the pasture fields in summer and the in winter suggests the question whether in the latter case milch cows should not have more freedom and exercise in the open air than they commonly receive. The change from one to the other is so great that it appears to me the winter confinement running through a long period with little or no opportunity for exercise must be unfavorable for the largest production of milk, if not for the health of the animals. It is true that a cow with a well filled stomach loves quiet and rest, and when lying down and chewing her cud as is generally supposed she is in the best condition for producing milk. This, however, leaves the question whether along with close and long continued stable confinement there ought not to be short periods of moderste exercise, even if it has to be enforced by driving from the stables to the field and back again. All dairymen know that violent exercise, such as comes from running or being chased, is hurtful to cows giving milk, but this does not prove that close confinement without any exercise may not be equally so. When cows are let out of the stable in winter for a short time in the middle of the day, if the sun is shining, they will commonly stop on the south side of the building until they are taken in again. The exposure to the sun and fresh air may be beneficial, but if along with this there was a rather brisk walk for a few minutes I believe it would be more

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Do not fail to keep the box containing grit for the poultry well filled.

so .- New York World.

It sunflower seeds are fed now they will improve the glossiness of the hen's

Clover, chopped in small pieces and scalded, is an excellent food for laying

If you are going to have a barrel silo

it is high time that it should be The use of different fertilizers on the soil is the best method of testing it to

find its needs. In transplanting prune liberally, less the roots be unable to supply sufficient

sap for the top.

izer, or the result will be monster plants and meagre blossoms.

People have not yet learned to use noney. When its many good qualities are understood it will take its deserved place as an article of food.

Now a good many farmers are beginning to fill their silos. Bear in mind, however, that you want no immsture corn among the matter stored.

H. L. Jeffrey, of Woodbury, Conn.,

says that when the robber bees come around he puts a little dry wormwood in the smoker and they do not tarry The principal object in caponizing is to improve the quality and the quantity

of the flesh. Roosters of the large breeds should never be mated with Leghorn or Hamburg hens or with any The breeding of horses and that of sheep are both neglected on many farms

where they might be raised to advantage. The reasons for this neglect are not creditable. Dislike of the necessary care is one reason. It is a good idea to have the hives in

the neighborhood of several large trees. so that when the bees swarm they wil have a convenient place to alight. Hive can be much more readily removed fron trees than from bushes.

The germs of the berry crop for ne x season are now formed and they cannot be increased in number by manuring, but they can be made to grow larger and he plants or stalks more vigorous by a ittle manure and good care.

The fall is a good time to cut scions or grafting in the spring. They may be kept in the best shape over winter by outting the butt end into a potato and placing them on a shelf in the cellar. The potato supplies the needed moisture.

Keep a mixture of salt, charcoal and vood ashes canstantly before hogs, so hat they can take what they want and 10 more. Something of this nature seems to be required to arrest fermentaion in the stomach and promote general

A prominent beekeeper of the West

s devoting a great part of his time to

the perfection of a device for the selfniving of swarms. It is hoped that by the end of the season one of these declose confinement in stalls which occurs vices will be finished so as to properly perform the work expected of it. One cannot expect to be able to make good cheese unless he first trains himself

to know how to distinguish good from bad milk. It is a grave mistake to think that bad milk can ever be made right, and that which is sour or dirty in any way should be immediately discarded. Cleanliness always pays.

A "gage" of cream is the amount required to make a pound of butter, and the cans used by the patrons of the creamery are marked on the glasses in their sides to show the number of pounds of butter the cream which has risen will make. At present eleven cents a gage is in general a fair average price.

When using, add enough of the liquid to the water with which to water your plants to give it the color of very weak tea, using once in eight or ten days. You will be both surprised and gratified with the result. This is an excellent fertilizer for plants in the open ground, where it can be used a little stronger than on pot plants.

During the year 1891 forty-eight miles of new telegraph lines, representing seventy-one miles of wire, were constructed in Switzerland. The total number of telegraphic messages dealt with by the Swiss Telegraph Department in that year amounted to 3,680,875 as compared with 3,665,762 in 1899.



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

Don't give petunias much extra fertil. Boxal Baking Powder Co., 168Wall St., N. Y.