

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

EIGHT PAGES.

IV. NO. 13.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 17, 1890.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

The reason RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER is the most wonderful medicine, is because it has never failed in any instance, no matter what the disease, from LEPROSY to the simplest disease known to the human system. The scientific men of the world have examined and proved that every disease is CAUSED BY MICROBES.

Radam's Microbe Killer

Eliminates the Microbe and drives it out of the system, and when that is done you cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple case of Malaria, Typhoid, or a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same time, as we treat all diseases constitutionally.

Breath, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Disease, Chills and Fevers, Female Troubles in all its forms, and, in fact, every disease known to the Human System.

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations.

See that our Trade-Mark (same as above) appears on each Jug. Beware of cheap "History of the Microbe Killer" given away by

W. L. SHANNON, Druggists, Goldsboro, N. C.

NO HURRY! NO WORRY!

TAKE YOUR TIME. As we guarantee as fine or finer baking after hours delay as you have with other yeast powder dough baked once.

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT

(which means use) **ROLAN BAKING POWDER.** Then go Ahead." Every package warranted to give tire satisfaction or your grocer will and your money. Manufactured by SMITH, HORPEL & CO., Baltimore.

Sell Bros. & Co., Goldsboro, Sole Agts. LEADS ALL COMPETITORS!

I. S. D. SAULS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Heavy and Fancy Groceries.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

FAMILY GROCERIES

—AND— FARMER'S SUPPLIES,

including Oats, Bran, Hay, Shipstuffs, Corn, Meal, Flour, Meat, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, etc.

SEE ME BEFORE BUYING.

I. S. D. SAULS, Goldsboro, N. C.

We Take the Lead.

We are now handling the very best

BEEF

that has ever been brought to the city

Best Quality and Lowest Prices.

MUTTON, PORK AND SAUSAGE

Always on hand. We pay the highest market price for cattle.

S. Cohn & Son,

City Market and Old P. O. Building.

AH, THERE!

Do you need a pleasant, easy shave, first-class hair cut or anything, in fact, belonging to the

Tonsorial Art,

Then call on

William Best

The army of the United States in 1889 consisted of 2188 officers and 24,549 enlisted men.

It is the London Echo's prediction that before the close of the present century that city will have 5,000,000 inhabitants.

A Berlin statistician reports that the number of suicides in the various countries of Europe, including England, was seventy-five per cent. greater between 1880 and 1890 than during the preceding decade.

Says the Washington Star: The greatest doers of things in modern times—Oliver Cromwell, Frederick the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Otto Bismarck and, after a long interval, Henry M. Stanley—have been men of colossal egotism. The egotist puts no brakes on his own genius, whatever he may put on other people.

Oyster lovers will hear with alarm, opines the Mail and Express, that the oyster beds along the shore of Maryland have been so depleted that there is danger of their entire exhaustion soon. Competent authorities state that unless stringent protective measures are adopted speedily the succulent bivalve will become extinct along the Maryland coast.

Light is let in on the financial condition of Cuba, notes the San Francisco Chronicle, by the refusal of the public executioner to give the finishing touch to any more criminals until his back salary of \$170 be paid. This ought not to trouble the Cubans as long as they have a file of soldiers who can hit a mark. In fact, it would probably be cheaper to abolish the office and allow the military to do the judicial killing.

Miss Irene Hoyt, the heiress of a New York millionaire, has taken up a curious fad. She is a collector—a collector of corner lots. She has picked up a number of fine pieces of property in New York, and has made many such investments in other cities. Wherever a corner lot seems worth adding to her interesting collection she always becomes its purchaser, no matter what the price. Her highest delight is found in such acquisitions. Miss Hoyt is perhaps the first collector, assumes the Chicago Post, who has made corner lots a specialty, but there is no reason why her inexpensive and amusing fad should not be as popular as the pursuit of old coins, autographs and postage stamps.

An unique gathering has been held in Louisville, Ky., of the famous Withers family of Meade County, all the members of which are over six feet six inches in height, and whose average weights are 191 pounds. There are six brothers, all of whom, but one, are well-to-do farmers in Meade County. The object of the reunion was to welcome W. W. Withers, a brother, who has been absent in Texas for the past ten years. They were present when the train came in, and the six, when standing together, attracted a large crowd, which viewed them as a importation of Kentucky giants. One of the characteristics of this family is their great affection for each other. They are proud of their unusual statures, but never boast of their strength. Their mother, Mrs. Mary Withers, is still living, and is eighty-nine years of age.

The question of the consumption of timber by the railroads has been for some time under investigation by the Forestry division of the United States Department of Agriculture. Circulars have been sent out to all the important railroads for information on points connected with the subject, and from the replies to these it is found that the round total of timber ties in use on railroads in the United States is nearly 516,000,000, and 80,000,000 are annually required for renewals. Including the bridge and trestle work the annual consumption of timber on railroads is computed at 500,000,000 cubic feet, requiring the cutting of the best timber from over 1,000,000 acres of forest land per annum. To meet this demand, under our present wasteful management of timber land, the area to be preserved for this purpose would probably exceed 50,000,000, or more than ten per cent. of our present forest area. As railway managers prefer "hewn" ties, and "one to be cut from small trees," the timber consumed by railroads, or twenty per cent. of the total consumption, is taken from the young growth. Then, sixty per cent. of all ties are oak, the most valuable of all our timber.

HIS OLD YELLOW ALMANAC.

left the farm when mother died, and changed my place of dwellin' To daughter Susie's stylish house, right in the city street, And there was them, before I came, that sort of scared me, tellin' How I would find the town folks ways so difficult to meet.

They said I'd have no comfort in the rustlin', fixed-up throng, And I'd have to wear stiff collars every week-day right along. I find I take to city ways just like a duck to water, I like the racket and the noise, and never tire of shows; And there's no end of comfort in the mansion of my daughter, And everything is right at hand, and money freely flows, And hired help is all about, just listenin' for my call, But I miss the yellow almanac off my old kitchen wall.

The house is full of calendars, from attic to the cellar, They're painted in all colors, and are fancy-like to see; But just in this particular I'm not a modern feller, And the yellow-covered almanac is good enough for me; I'm used to it, I've seen it round from boy-hood to old age, And I rather like the jokin' at the bottom of each page.

I like the way the "S" stood out to show the week's beginnin' (In these new-fangled calendars the days seemed sort of mixed), And the man upon the cover, though he wa'n't exactly winnin', With lungs and liver all exposed, still showed how we are fixed; And the letters and credentials that were writ to Mr. Ayer I've often, on a rainy day, found readin' very fair.

I tried to find one recently, there wa'n't one in the city. They toted out great calendars in every sort of style; I looked at 'em in cold disdain, and answered 'em in pity, "I'd rather have my almanac than all that costly pile," And though I take to city life, I'm lonesome, after all, For that old yellow almanac upon my kitchen wall.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Century.

Recta's Night Harangue.

BY JOHN J. A'BRECKET.

There were a thousand things that troubled Mr. Burnham's mind. Not all at once, of course, because if troubles do never come singly, they don't invade a mortal like a plague of locusts—hundreds at a time. But there were always a few little worriments which settled on poor Mr. Burnham like three or four bees in the calyx of one flower, sucking the sweetness out of it. But the flower which yields up its sweetness to the invading bee has this advantage, that it can keep up a brave front and distill as exquisite a perfume even if the winged marauders filch every vestige of sweetness from it.

And the worst of it was that, as a rule, Mr. Burnham created, or, at least, entertained most of his worriments. If he went into a restaurant for his lunch, he could not tell what it was he wanted on the menu, and instead of falling back on roast-beef, which is a safe escape in this complication, he would balance shad roe and Kennebec salmon and spring lamb, until he was vexed at himself and almost lost his appetite.

But the poor man had one somewhat justifiable source of mental trouble. It was a sweet little girl, six years old. She was a worry? Yes; she was. And this was only because she was the dearest little thing in the world. She was perfectly healthy, so she was exuberantly active. Mr. Burnham was afraid she would break her leg or get run over. She was as pretty as an orchid. Mr. Burnham used to sigh at the prospect of her marrying some handsome, worthless fellow when she was seventeen. The absurdity of borrowing trouble a dozen years away, if it came at all, was no help to the good man. He was always dealing in futures of that kind.

The chief thing that troubled him was Nina's education. Through a dreadful dispensation of fate Nina's mother died when the little fairy was only five; so the task of educating the child devolved upon Mr. Burnham entirely. And he had very strict, conscientious views about education. He felt that the formation of Nina's character depended on him, and he was so dreadfully afraid that he might not model it aright. His business kept him away a good deal; and though he had obtained the best governess he could find for his little girl, he felt that parental care was an all-important factor. He was always

thinking what he could do to improve Miss Nina's mind and disposition.

The result of this constant straining after the best educational methods led him one day to conceive what he regarded as a happy idea, and an original one, too. Much of the happiness of the thought for Mr. Burnham lay in this fact, that he felt it was a bright spark thrown off by his own mind, and which hadn't occurred to anybody before.

He was hurrying along Broadway one day when he saw a sign telling of talking dolls. Dolls had always seemed to Mr. Burnham to have their value in a child's education, because they fostered the sense of responsibility in the little one.

But here was a doll that could do more than that. "I have to be away so much from Nina," he said to himself, as he stopped and read the sign. "Now what an advantage it would be if she could have something that would say nice things to her when I am not by!"

His ideas were somewhat vague on the subject of talking dolls. He was really arguing as if he could go into the shop and select some conversational Madame de Stael of a doll, who would discourse etchies like a traveling missionary. He went in. A young man with a prominent nose and a retreating chin advancing briskly and asked what he wanted. Mr. Burnham said he would like to see some of the talking dolls that he might interview them.

The beautiful puppets were lying on their backs in a show-case, laid out as if this were an undertaker's establishment for dolls. The clerk extracted one exquisitely pretty doll with fluffy golden hair, round staring eyes, and a complexion that put a rose leaf to shame. It was dressed in a beautiful lace frock with pale blue ribbons strung through it. The clerk seized it, wound up some apparatus in its back and then held it perpendicularly. At the same time Mr. Burnham heard a strident voice, like a lusty dwarf's, say with almost painful precision:

"Jack—and—Jill—went—up—the—hill— To—draw—a—pail—of—water— Jack—fell—down—and—broke—his—crown— And—Jill—came—tumbling—after."

This was what this golden-haired doll had to say. Somehow this brief history of Jack and Jill seemed to lack a moral, because the contemporaneity, so to speak, of their adversity, did not really have a lesson in it.

He turned to some of the others. Each doll had a square printed label setting forth the extent of her loquacity. But the talking dolls really seemed to have a strange liking for Mother Goose melodies. One frivolous thing said: "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., but the accents of her speech did not seem reverential enough to Mr. Burnham. There was actually no more tenderness in her tones than if she were reciting the multiplication table.

Then Mr. Burnham's mind went through another convulsion, and the result of it was that he determined to go to the man that made the dolls, and have some little sentiments of his own, directed to Nina's improvement, injected into the doll's powers of speech.

The result was that one day he came home with a very beautiful doll. He wound it up, and then gravely placed it on his knee, while Nina looked hungrily at it in an ecstasy of delight over its lace gown and fluffy hair.

Suddenly her blue eyes dilated and her little mouth expanded as if it were a blossom about to bloom. She heard in her papa's voice these words: "Now I wouldn't do that! Do you think it nice? How do persons who act that way turn out? Be good, and you'll be happy, and papa will be proud of his little girl."

Nina shrank away from the uncanny thing. Its glittering eyes and tight little pink lips were perfectly motionless, and yet it was talking in her papa's voice. She had glanced quickly up at his mouth when she heard the first words, but it was as set as the dolly's and had almost as sweet a smile on it.

She was just about to cry when Mr. Burnham carefully explained to her that it was only a little bit of machinery in the doll's breast that talked that way.

Gradually, the child got to like it and would wind up the machinery and hear the doll say with dignified precision and great unction: "Now I wouldn't do that! Do you think it is nice?" and the rest of it.

She set it off several times during the day, and Mr. Burnham felt that he had hit on a very ingenious scheme for watching over his little girl when he was away.

Of course he had to take chances that, as a rule, the doll would dissuade Nina, from doing something that was not right; but he felt that there was a corrective sound in the words, and that there was no danger of her being prevented from doing what a little girl ought to by the doll's speech. But if she were doing anything he would not wish her to, the sound of her papa's voice coming from the talking doll would have peculiar force, in its combination with the small voice of her conscience. He told Nina that the doll's name was Recta. Mr. Burnham knew Latin, and Recta means "Right" in that language.

That night Nina had become such friends with Recta that she wished to take her into her little bed with her, and her papa, after cautioning her against kissing it for fear the paint would come off on her mouth, allowed her to do so.

So Recta was laid with her fluffy head of hair on the same pillow where Nina's rested, and they went to sleep together. It was about one o'clock, when the house was all in slumber and quite dark, that two bold, bad men came in at the rear door. They had not been invited, and they would not have been welcome had they been seen, for they moved in quite different circles of society from Mr. Burnham and his little girl.

Knowing they were not looked for, the two young gentlemen let themselves in and made as little noise as possible so as not to disturb anybody. They even had some consideration for the policeman, who might be taking a little nap in some ous way, and tried not to disturb him either.

They were burglars, and they proposed to collect Mr. Burnham's plate and any little things that might look pretty in their own apartments over on the East side.

They got several pieces of silver which they put in a bag so as to carry them conveniently, and then they stole upstairs, leaving the bag at the foot of them till they should come down. Nina's room was next to her papa's, and both led off from a very pretty sitting room.

The men got into the sitting room and were groping their way about. One of them had just taken a silver candelabrum from the mantel-piece, and said in a hissing whisper to the other:

"Bill, you bag 'tother one and let's get. We've got enough, and this is too risky."

Just as Bill was reaching out a grimy hand to take the other candelabrum they heard on the still air these words of dignified expostulation, with a slightly strident quality in the tones which seemed to give a sarcastic finish to them:

"Now I wouldn't do that! Do you think it is nice? How do persons who act that way turn out? Be!"

They only heard this much. They were so paralyzed that they had to hear as much as this; but as soon as they recovered they dropped the candelabra, scuttled down the stairs like two black cats, and were out on the street in a jiffy.

Consequently they did not hear Recta say: "Be good and you will be happy, and papa will be proud of his little girl." They ran right out into the policeman's arms! He was coming up the street with that easy, rolling gait which an officer has when he is simply walking on his beat. He rattled on the curb-stone with his club and clutched the first of the two men. The other ran like a deer down the street; but they got him, too, afterward.

Mr. Burnham heard the noise the men made, and also heard Nina scream "Papa," in a frightened way. He rushed into the little girl's room and found her cowering under the coverlid, with Recta clasped tightly to her for protection. He called "Thomas!" as loudly as he could, and in a few moments Thomas came down and lit the gas, and found the bag of plate at the foot of the stairs. Then they knew that the house had been "burgled," and later the policeman told them he had caught the burglar.

Nina had awakened in the night, and, hearing a footfall in the next room, wound up Recta to give her papa a little surprise. The speech was a perfect success as a surprise, and Mr. Burnham felt prouder than ever of his idea.

When the burglars learned how they had been caught, "Bill" turned to the other and said, disgustedly:

"It's a pretty hard go for a cove to be dropped on by a doll-baby!"

But they were not used to doll-babies that talked at night. That is their excuse for being so flurried over Recta's night harangue. Mr. Burnham felt that the talking doll had more than paid for itself. —New York Independent.

Best Paid Men in America.

A gray haired man of possibly fifty-eight or sixty years, of medium height, rather rotund in build, and possessor of a pair of beady black eyes, took a pen in his chubby hand and indited, "A. Bonzano, Phoenix, Penn.," on the register of the Gibson Hotel, Cincinnati, a few days ago, says the Times-Star. He seemed to be simply and solely a well to do business man who had come to the city to transact business, and by his nervously quick manner a casual observer might think that he would do his business briskly and shake the mud of Cincinnati from his feet as soon as possible. Now, who was he, this man Bonzano?

The richest salaried man in America, outside possibly the President of this great and growing nation.

He is merely an "employee" of the Phoenix Iron Company, of Phoenix, Penn., and a civil engineer. Here in the West we know not Bonzano, as he is in the East, but nevertheless the men with capital out here, who are backing up great bridge projects with their spondulix, are gradually coming to realize the almost absolute necessity of having Alphonso Bonzano look first into the project and then give his very valuable professional opinion concerning the feasibility of said project. Now as to his salary. An unblushing reporter put it straight to the old engineer last night:

"My salary, my son," replied M. Bonzano, with a very strong Teutonic accent, "is simply enormous. Does that satisfy you?"

That is all the old man has ever been heard to say on that apparently delicate subject, but there are at least two men in this city who should know what the salary of this wonderful old man is annually. The reporter met them and requested accurate information on the subject. The answer was simply stupendous. They replied in almost the same voice:

"About \$50,000 a year."

The answer may sound more like an exaggeration, to draw it mildly, than a solid fact, but almost any civil engineer of your acquaintance, precious reader, will verify this incontrovertible fact. They say, that is those who know him, say of Bonzano:

"He is a man who loves his home and family, trusts his God, helps the needy in distress, and does his work more accurately and quickly than any other man of his kind in America."

British rule in India has resulted in some good. It has abolished the custom of burning widows alive on the funeral pyres of their husbands except in a few places not often visited by the authorities. It has also put a stop to the custom of offering up female infants to the spirits of the waters. The Ganges no longer bears their bodies to the ocean. The introduction of railways has done much toward abolishing caste distinction. The members of the different castes are now obliged to touch each other in railway ticket offices and they often occupy the same compartments in railway carriages. They are often obliged to drink from the same cup or go without water, which is very hard to do in a country where the climate provokes thirst. It has not, however, accomplished much in changing the religious ideas of the people. Christianity has made but little progress in India since it has been under British rule.

Montreal, Canada, has an estimated population of 200,000.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, August 17 1889.

State Library