

# THE HEADLIGHT.

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## THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,  
Lies a village white and still;  
All around it the forest trees  
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;  
Over it sailing shadows go  
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,  
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,  
Grow in the middle of the street.

Over the river, under the hill,  
Another village lies still;  
There I see in the cloudy night  
Twinkling stars of household light,  
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door;  
Mists that curl on the river shore;  
And in the road no grasses grow,  
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,  
Never is sound of smithy or mill;  
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,

Never a clock to toll the hours;  
The marble doors are always shut,  
You cannot enter in door or hut;  
All the villagers lie asleep;  
Neither a grain to sow or reap;  
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,  
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,  
When the night is starry and still,  
Many a weary soul in prayer  
Looks to the other village there,  
And, weeping and sighing, longs to go  
Up to that home from this below;  
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,  
Whither have vanished wife and child,  
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:  
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"  
—Rose Terry Cooke.

## THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

BY FREDERIC P. POTTER.



TRAVELING recently from Chicago to New York, I found in the morning, upon crawling out of my berth, that the train was standing stock still. The porter told me that it had been standing thus for an hour and a half, while I had been sleeping the sleep of the just.

"Freight train done wopped up on de track ahead," said the porter. "I reckon we don't get out o' here under no other hour or two."

I dressed and peeped out, and saw we were alongside the platform of a country station. I took a good breakfast in the dining car, and then went out to stroll up and down the platform.

Presently I went to the locomotive and stopped to admire it. There is nothing much better to look at, for that matter, than the locomotive of one of these through express trains on the great trunk lines. How it throbs as it stands, straining with pent-up power, as if impatient to leap away at fearful speed!

This one was hissing fiercely, while the measured thud of the air pump sounded as if it might be the regular breathing of a sleeping giant.

In the cab sat the engineer alone, waiting, I stopped and gossiped with him a moment about the engine. Then I offered him a cigar, which he took with thanks and asked me to come in. I swung myself into his cab.

The engineer—a bright, pleasant-faced man about forty years old—explained to me the uses of the numerous valves and levers about him. They were all as bright and shining as polish could make them, for an engineer is as proud of his engine as any housewife is of the neatness of her dwelling. I glanced at the two shining steam-gages with the clock between them, and then I noticed what seemed to be an ordinary white moth, mounted in a gilt frame, hanging against the wall of the cab.

"Is that for ornament?" I asked, pointing at the moth.

The engineer smiled. "Well, partly for ornament," he said, "but a good deal more for sentiment. I put that moth there because it saved my life, and the lives of two hundred and fifty people as well."

"How in the world could an insect save human lives?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you, if you want to hear the story. I reckon there's time enough before we're able to get out of this."

I settled myself in the absent fireman's seat, and prepared to listen.

"It wasn't such a long time ago," said the engineer; "only a year ago last spring. I was running this very train, and this very engine—old 449. My fireman was Jim Meade—same fellow I've got now. You can see him over there, leaning up against the telegraph office."

"Jim's a good boy, but he is very superstitious; believes in ghosts, dreams and warnings. I used to laugh at his fancies, but I don't make as much fun of

him as I did—not since we saw the Woman in Black.

"We were scheduled to leave M— about one o'clock in the morning, and to arrive in S— at about six. On the night when this thing took place a fearful storm of wind and rain had been raging since early evening, and was at the height of its fury when I started for the round-house.

"It was about midnight, and the wind seemed to sweep clear around and through the building. It was terribly dismal. Jim was there, and the engine was all ready, so after getting my working clothes on, I ran the machine down to the station. Our train, the Vestibule Limited, was an hour late. I gave the engine a thorough oiling, and made sure that all was in order.

"As we sat in the cab we could hear the storm raging outside, while the rain, driven by the gust of wind, beat fiercely against the windows.

"It's going to be a bad run, Frank," Jim said. "I wish we were in S— safe and sound."

"I laughed. 'What makes you so terribly glum, Jim?' I asked.

"Oh," said he, "I just feel creepy somehow. Seems like there's something terrible going to happen. I can feel it 'n my bones."

"I laughed again. 'You got a little wet coming over, I guess, Jim,' said I. 'And the sound of the wind isn't very encouraging, that's a fact.'

"To tell the truth, I was a little nervous myself, notwithstanding my easy way of treating Jim's notions.

"Presently our train came in, long and heavy, consisting mainly of sleepers. It used to make me nervous to know that the lives of hundreds of my fellow-men were in my keeping, but now I think nothing of it. That night I was nervous. What if the frightful storm had made a switchman careless, or if a rail had been loosened by the settling of the track somewhere? On these fast trains a man must rely on the vigilance of the

employees; for in order to make schedule time, he must run at such a speed that often he cannot see a signal before he is upon it.

"But I laughed at myself for my fears as I backed down and coupled on to the train. I set the brakes and found everything in good order.

"By and by the little gong above my head clanged sharply, and with a puff and hiss of escaping steam we were off into the night and storm, rattling over switches, past signal lights and between long lines of cars, till, with a roar and rumble, we rushed over the long iron bridge and away through the hills, waking their slumbering echoes with our shrill whistle.

"Then I pulled the throttle wide open, and the clank and roar soon settled into a hum, for old 449 was doing her best, and we were making fifty miles an hour.

"The darkness was intense save where the headlight, an electrical device, cast its funnel of light into the gloom. Jim had a hot fire, and kept steam up to a high pressure, so that we fairly flew on past sleeping hamlets and still farm-houses.

"At our first watering station I made sure that all was working smoothly while Jim inspected the headlight. The operator handed out the orders, which showed that the road was clear as far as our next stopping place. On we went.

"The darkness grew more intense, if possible, while the wind shrieked by. The rain became more blinding, till nothing could be distinguished in the gray murk which enveloped us.

"Suddenly, through the mist and rain, I saw, looming right before us, the gigantic figure of a woman wrapped in a long, black mantle, which seemed to flutter in the wind. She waved great spectral arms about in swift, twisting movements. As I sat, looking in horror, the figure vanished with a final wave of her arms.

"I was too much astonished and stupefied even to make a move of my hand toward the throttle. At that moment Jim had been bending over the fire. As he looked up he exclaimed:

"Hullo, Frank, what's up? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I did not answer. My mind was too full of that strange figure I had seen.

"We were now nearing Rock Creek, where there is a trestle over a deep stream. I felt more nervous than ever.

"We dashed around the curve and whizzed by Rock Creek Station, which is only a mile from the trestle. As we passed I glanced at the steam gage for an instant.

"A cry from Jim caused me to turn

quickly toward him. He sat rigid, his eyes large and staring, his jaw dropped, the very picture of terror.

"He pointed with a shaking finger out into the darkness. I turned and looked, and then I began to shake myself.

"There, on the track, was the same hideous figure of a woman, outlined on the background of light from the engine, now motionless, now whirling in a witch dance, but all the time motioning us back.

"'Frank,' gasped Jim, but scarcely above a whisper, 'don't go over that trestle! Don't go, for heaven's sake! Don't go till you're sure it's safe!'

"I suppose I was pretty badly scared. At any rate, I put on the air-brake for all I was worth. I couldn't have resisted the impulse to stop the train.

"As we came to a stop I could hear the roar of the water in Rock Creek right ahead. I stepped out of the cab, and met the conductor coming up.

"'What's the matter? What's the matter?' he asked, impatiently.

"I felt decidedly foolish. There was no gigantic woman to be seen now. Nothing could be made out more than a few feet away in the blinding storm.

"'Well,' said I, 'we've seen something, I don't know what it is—seemed like it was a great black ghost—that was waving its arms and warning us not to go forward.'

"The conductor looked at me curiously. 'Are you crazy, Frank?' he said. 'I should think you were. But we're so near the trestle we'll take a look at it.'

"We took our lanterns and went ahead, leaving Jim with the engine. He looked scared all over. But I tell you we hadn't gone five rods before we stopped in horror.

"There at our feet lay a black chasm, filled with the roar of the river, as swollen with the spring rains it dashed down toward the lake. The bridge was washed away!

"Only a few splinters of wood and twisted iron clung to the abutment, while now, far out over the blackness, that awful black figure of a woman danced again on the thin air, relieved against the shaft of light that the headlight threw.

"It was flinging its arms about as if in wild glee.

"The conductor stared at the chasm and then at me.

"'Was that the thing you saw what you stopped the train?' he asked.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, it's something more than luck that saved us to-night, Frank.'

"We went back slowly to the train, feeling very queer, and thankful, too, I can assure you. Several of the passengers had come running forward by this time. Among them was a young

fellow from Chicago, about eighteen years old, who was smarter than the whole of us, as it turned out.

"When this boy saw the Woman in Black, he turned and looked at the locomotive headlight. Then he ran up toward it. I looked at it as he did so. I saw a peculiar spot on the glass.

"'There's your woman in black!' said the Chicago boy.

"And there it was, sure enough—that same moth miller that you see there in that frame. He was clinging to the inside of the glass. As I tapped on the glass, the creature flew back and lighted on the reflector.

"That's the whole story, sir. The moth, by fluttering on the glass just in front of the electric illuminator, had produced a great black shadow, like that of a cloaked woman, on the darkness in front of us; and when he flapped his wings in his vain attempt to sail out through the glass, he gave his mysterious shadow the look of waving its arms wildly.

"'Then when he flew back out of the direct shine of the light, the figure disappeared, of course.'

"We never knew just how he got in there, but no doubt it happened when

Jim went to fix the light at the pumping station.

"'Anyhow, he saved our lives by scaring us with that Woman in Black.'

"So you see why I keep the moth in the frame. It's to remind me of the way we were saved that night. Yes, you might call it accidental, but I call it providential."

"'All aboard,' called the conductor of the limited, coming out of the telegraph office with a paper in his hand.

Jim, the fireman, ran and jumped into the cab as I stepped down to go back to my car.—Youth's Companion.

## LADIES' COLUMN.

HARMONY THE MAIN POINT.

It is no longer necessary that a hat or bonnet should match a costume. That both should harmonize is quite another matter. Black is a woman's stronghold in the matter of headgear. With a touch of color here and there, as the case requires, the woman of ordinary ingenuity may produce any number of fine effects, using a single capote of jet as a foundation. Let her try it once with a band of tiny pink roses nestling under the brim, as if they were afraid of this wicked world. Just on top let her place a sweet Alsatian bow of black ribbon. Smart isn't the world for this chipper little hat. It is just too awfully swagger for anything.—New York News.

A STYLISH TAILOR COSTUME.

In Paris, pale fawn color and moss, or the paler pine green, are used in combination. A very stylish tailor costume worn by a young lady just returned from this great centre of fashions is made of soft fawn colored summer cloth, with a braiding around the skirt hem of dark green soutache braid. This braiding goes all around the skirt, including the back breadths, and it also appears on the front of the very ample French guard waistcoat. The three-quarter jacket is of the fawn cloth, with facings, revers, and deep-cape collar of dark green cloth. The garment is lined with green and gold shot surah. A navy blue traveling costume made by Worth is stitched on the hem of the skirt with very heavy threads of dark blue rope silk, and the deep princess coat has revers and collar of pale almond cloth tufted with dark blue spots. The vest is of the same tufted fabric.—New York Post.

THOUGHT SHE WAS A MAN.

What would be the surprise of the Parisian Academy of Inventors who sit in solemn conclave on the results of other people's ingenuity to learn that the C. M. Westover who some years ago invented a cart for carrying dirt out of mines and tunnels, to the great saving of animal labor, is a woman. Under the impression that she was a man, they have conferred upon her the title of Membre d'Honneur, with a first class diploma and a big gold medal.

All this Miss Cynthia Westover found in a large official-looking envelope that came to her addressed to C. M. Westover, Esq.

It is a question if, when the members of the French board discover their mistake, they will appreciate the humor of their situation. They will probably only wonder anew at the versatility of the American woman.

Miss Westover used to be the private secretary of Mr. Beattie when he was in the Street Cleaning Department.—New York World.

FASHION NOTES.

White cotton duck makes inexpensive and exceedingly pretty costumes.

The Russian blouse is worn by children of all ages, from tiny tots to well grown girls.

The hair is waved down either side or waved back from the forehead carelessly, as is most becoming.

New importations of London sailor hats for women are said to be the "swellest of the season."

Skirts are now trailing only four or five inches on the ground, for which we may be profoundly thankful.

A pretty traveling cloak of gray beige has shoulder cape lined with scarlet surah and finished with a turn down collar of mouse gray velvet.

Ancient Venetian lace in heavy antique patterns is used for the yokes, plastras and half sleeves of light dresses.

Sunshades are extremely elegant. They are mostly large with rich handles finished with China or Saxony knobs.

The newest gauzes show colored streaks upon a black ground. They are made up over colored silk to match the stripes.

A popular glove for the summer will be the pale yellow wash chamois skin. They have been found to wash as well as the white ones, which will be worn quite as much as last year.

The ribbon sash is much more prevalent and much more in the way than the hat streamer, about which we hear so much talk, and which is caricatured in the most ridiculous fashion.

An exquisite fan of great delicacy is of white silk, upon which are painted butterflies with the wings outlined with

pearls. In one corner of the mother-of-pearl sticks were the owner's initials in silver.

Rosettes of plaited ribbon in two colors, loops of silk or velvet ribbon in drooping rows, one above the other, braids of silks formed of lined silk folds braided in and out like strands of hair, and puffs of silk between bands of velvet, all are used to finish the bottom of skirts.

The long-handled parasol is defunct, the short club style being most popular. Not only the handle, but the stick to the length of a foot, was of Dresden or Sevres china in delicate garlands of flowers, the knobs showing the powdered head of some favorite of the French or English court.

Cheap Roads of Crushed Stone.

It would be quite easy to have good roads, thinks D. A. Barker, if all would do their part of the necessary work. For three-fourths of the highways, or for all except the main roads, the only thing needed at first is to lay down a cubic yard of finely crushed stone without grading or any other labor. After a road district has a roadbed like that, the whole length, then the grading can be attended to. It is an easy matter to go uphill if the road be hard and smooth. The town of Bergen, in Genesee County, N. Y., owns a large-size stone-crusher, and the Road Commissioner says the whole cost to the town, where the stone is donated, and the crushed stone drawn by the road districts, is only about eighty cents per lineal rod. The stone should be crushed fine, then it will cement together, and where the road is narrow lay the stone on one side of the centre, so as to have a dirt track when the roads are dry. The best way is three tracks; stone in the middle.—New York Tribune.

A Curious Alsatian Bread

They make a curious bread or cherry "kuchen" in Alsace. They soak a half-pound loaf of ordinary white bread for half an hour in three cups of boiling milk, then stir into this the yolks of six eggs, half a cup of butter, and half a cup of granulated sugar. To this, three pounds of ripe cherries are added, and finally the whites of six eggs. It is then sprinkled with sugar and allowed to cool, though it may be eaten hot. This is one of those fruit breads in which the German cook certainly excels. The peach cakes and apple cakes, which are made of light bread dough sprinkled with sliced fruit, are simple and delicious and thoroughly wholesome. The Yankee kitchen has no inexpensive cake that compares with them in deliciousness or in wholesomeness.—New York Tribune.

A Pleasant Prospect Ahead.

Up to the present time explosive bullets have been distinctly set down as being beyond the pale of recognition by civilized belligerents. The very notion of firing a shot into the body of an antagonist that would burst and tear him all to pieces was regarded as horrible and barbarous to the point of savagery. But now such sentimental views are put aside altogether, and in the next war between great and Christian powers explosive bullets are to be a common form of projectile, not fired singly, but discharged into the ranks of the foe in streams. At the same time bombs filled with diabolical combinations of chemicals many times as powerful as gun powder will rend whole regiments limb from limb, while those who may happen to escape the flying fragments will be smothered to death by poisonous fumes.—Boston Transcript.



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