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WINTER WOODS.

In winter woods I roam, 'neath tracery of trees Swayed by the breeze Of biting winds, and dead and dull The listless leaves half rouse, half lull. The phantoms that my fancy sees In winter woods.

The button balls Stand out in faithful silhouettes That nature sets Against the blue to prophesy Of days to follow by and by— Ah me, in spring one quite regrets The lutton balls.

The tulip cups, With brave intent, defy the dir Of storms to win The guerdon of a summer day In some far-off, slow-coming May— My heart, there's many a lesson in The tulip cups.

Now here, now there, The birches rear their wan white arms 'Mid woody calms Of wasting winter's solitude, And weave some spell, some ghostly mood, And steep the mind in special charms Now here, now there.

'Mid vanished bloom The mimic stream purrs softly by While day is nigh, Then closer held in icy thrall It rests awhile beneath the pall Of night, and sleeps with scarce a sigh 'Mid vanished bloom.

In winter woods Through corridors of past decay I tread the way To coming life—and dead and dull The banished leaves now rouse, now lull The hopes and fears that hold their sway In wintry woods. —Marion A. T. Farley, in Observer.

The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating.

BY WILLIAM B. WICKAR.

Jane Waring (a spinster of twenty-seven years). John Gray (a bachelor of thirty odd). Scene—An old-fashioned cottage verandah, with flowering honeysuckle vines trained over a trellis, and a flight of steps to the ground. Miss Waring, in a light summer muslin frock, discovered "mending," with a large basket of work standing on a small wicker table by her side. A Leghorn shade hat hangs on a peg behind her. To her enters John Gray, clad in riding coat, breeches and boots.

GRAY (with one foot on the steps leading to the verandah)—Good morning, Miss Waring! Miss Waring (without rising, or looking up from her work)—Good morning, Mr. Gray! Have you been riding?

Gray (still standing with one foot on the steps, and flicking the other boot with his crop)—Yes; I just rode over from Woodlands.

Miss Waring (still very busy with her work)—Dear me! that's quite a ride, is it not?

Gray—A matter of ten miles or so. Miss Waring—And how did you come to ride in this direction?

Gray (gallantly)—You live "in this direction."

Miss Waring—True; but I live here always.

Gray—And I ride in it as often as I—dare. (Miss Waring is very much occupied in threading her needle.) May I sit down?

Miss Waring—Of course! (Gray seats himself on steps.) I do not believe that you can guess what I have been doing this morning.

Gray—Let me see. (Gazes about, and catches sight of the Leghorn hat.) Let me see—you arose with the lark—that is the way girls used to do in old-fashioned books, you know; and you impress me as being distinctly old-fashioned—you arose with the lark, then. (Miss Waring shakes her head.) No! Well, that is immaterial—you didn't arise with the lark; but, after toying playfully with a light and delicate breakfast—what! "No" again? Why, this will never do!—after a heavy meal you put on your sunbonnet and gauntlets, and a big flat basket over your arm, and sallied forth into the garden to pluck flowers—the prettiest flower of them all.

Miss Waring (ignoring the compliment)—No; nothing half so romantic. Gray—My imagination is limited. Don't make me guess again.

Miss Waring—I went down into the kitchen and made a pudding, which is being boiled this very minute.

Gray—I don't believe it.

Miss Waring—I assure you—

Gray—You may "assure" me for a week, and I won't believe it.

Miss Waring—How can I prove it, then?

Gray—Prove—(then with a happy

thought.) Why, "the proof of a pudding is in the eating!"

Miss Waring—Does that mean you expect an invitation to dine?

Gray—Yes.

Miss Waring—Well, I never heard of such a shameless way of begging an invitation!

Gray—Does that mean that I have got it?

Miss Waring—Most certainly not. Mother has gone to New York, and will not be back until after dinner.

Gray—Does that make any difference?

Miss Waring—Why, of course it makes a difference! We could not dine here together alone.

Gray—But—

Miss Waring—I will not have any discussion on the subject.

Gray—But why not? Why not discuss the whole subject of conventional-

isms, and find out, if possible, why it should be perfectly proper for me to sit here and talk with you all alone, or to go off and walk with you all alone in the woods; and yet it should be so very improper for me to dine with you, constructively, alone, but with your servants continually in the room.

Miss Waring—No; I will not discuss it. The subject would assume entirely too personal a tone at the present moment. Some other time, perhaps; but not now.

Gray—Then I am not to be invited to dinner?

Miss Waring—No!

Gray—What am I to do? It's too late to go back to Woodlands.

Miss Waring (smiling)—I might send you out a slice of pudding.

Gray—Did you really make a pudding?

Miss Waring—I really did.

Gray—What a nice little housewife you would make! (Miss Waring becomes intensely occupied in a most complicated piece of darning. Gray suddenly notices the nature of her work.) Darning, too, by Jove! What a treasure you will be to somebody, Miss Waring!

Miss Waring (with a slight contraction of the eyebrows)—Don't you think the conversation is becoming very personal?

Gray—Yes.

Miss Waring—Then don't you think we had better change the subject?

Gray—On the contrary I find the subject most interesting.

Miss Waring—You are incorrigible.

Gray—Then why try to correct me? Why not let me tell you what I think of you.

Miss Waring (resignedly)—If it gives you any pleasure.

Gray—Why not let me tell you that I think you true, honest, and, as I said before, old-fashioned? That I believe you to be careful, industrious and a good manager—in short, everything that the copy-books say a woman should be? And, notwithstanding that you possess all those virtues which are ordinarily stigmatized as unattractive, that I find you charming? Why not let me tell you that—that I love you?

Miss Waring—Mr. Gray! (She drops her work into her lap and gazes at him half-frightened, half-pleased and wholly astonished.)

Gray (who is looking at the toe of his boot, which he flicks with his crop, while he adds deliberately)—Yes, that I love you.

Miss Waring (looking more astonished and slightly amused)—Are you quite sure about it?

Gray (innocently)—Quite sure—(then looking up and noting her mocked expression)—you don't believe me!

Miss Waring—Hardly!

Gray—Why—why—you must believe me! I do love you! Indeed, indeed I do! Oh, tell me how I can prove it! (Miss Waring slightly shrugs her shoulders.) Have I not ridden over here on an average of twice a week for the last three months?

Miss Waring—Yes.

Gray—Have I not staid and staid and staid?

Miss Waring—Yes.

Gray—Have I not been unconscionably dull?

Miss Waring (with enthusiasm)—Oh, yes!

Gray—Well!

Miss Waring—And is that your idea of love? To ride over to see the beloved object whenever there is no wise else to go. Then to hang about the place until it is time to go home, in a lazy sort of way, talking when you are so inclined, and more often not opening your lips for half-hours together. Sometimes that

kind of behavior might not be altogether objectionable in a friend, but is hardly the sort of thing that I should expect from—my lover.

Gray (doggedly, as he rises)—Evidently I do not know how to show it; but I love you more than anything else in the world. Won't you believe me!

Miss Waring (looks at him more kindly; then, with a gleam of mischief in her eye, as she also rises as if to bid him good-by)—"The proof of the pudding, Mr. Gray, is in—"

Gray—"The eating!" (It would be quite impossible, in a stage direction, to explain how it all happened; but, as he had finished the proverb, John Gray held Jane Waring in his arms, and the latter was submitting to being kissed by him as if she had been accustomed to nothing else from her childhood up.)—Puck.

Hunting Wolves With Hounds.

A correspondent of the Toronto (Canada) Globe, writing of the ranching country of the Northwest Territory, says:

There is a certain annual loss of calves and colts from wolves. There are two kinds of these cattle lifters, the timber wolf and the coyote, of different habits but of precisely similar gastronomic tastes. The coyote usually hunts singly; the timber wolf, a larger and more formidable animal, is fond of society. They hang about the vicinity of cattle and attack calves or colts that have strayed a little distance or have been left behind by the band. There is no virtue in them while alive. Dead wolves are of value, as well for their skins as for the satisfaction and encouragement which they afford the rancher. They are therefore much hunted, and various breeds of dogs have been imported for their benefit.

But they are fast, cunning, and stay well, and, having killed an animal and, with their friends, dined on him, they do not return to sup on him, but look elsewhere. It is not therefore, so easy to find them. They post themselves on convenient eminences and leave for parts unknown directly they observe a cowboy and dogs, no matter how far off he may be. They have no use for man.

The timber wolves are very powerful animals, and when run by Scotch deer-hounds either get into some small brush or seek a convenient place to turn at bay. The Scotch deer-hound then declines to hold closer converse with a stranger to whom he has not been introduced. The boar-hound, on the contrary, at once seeks to thoroughly investigate his new acquaintance, but he is a slow animal, for whose arrival the wolf can only be induced to wait by pressing attention on the part of the other dogs. Ranchers are now crossing several breeds of hounds to attain speed coupled with power. They have even tried crossing with wolves. The new animal cheerfully hunts his vulpine kindred, but is not fast enough. Packs of hounds, more or less of foxhound relationship, for a dog's parentage is not always accurately determined, have been tried in Alberta, but it is found that when tired of running the wolf lays down, opens his mouth and invites some one to come on. This invitation is only accepted when the wolf's attention can be engaged by a man, or otherwise, in one direction, so that the hounds can run in on him in the rear. Then no room is left for complaint. A great many are killed in one way or another, but the cowboys say they are increasing in number.

Wonderful Work of a Watch.

Have you any idea of the extraordinary amount of work performed by your watch during the short period of one year, 365 days? Let us figure a little. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 147,630,000 during the year! At each rotation it rotates about one and a quarter times, or, say about 197,100,000 revolutions a year. In order to better understand the immense amount of labor performed by these delicate little wheels and springs let us go still further with our calculations. Take a locomotive with big six foot drive wheels as an illustration. Let the stupendous machine be run until its great wheels have made as many revolutions as the wheels of the watch make during the year, and you will find that the engine has had to make twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth before it has equalled the watch in point of wheel-revolutions. George Francis Train and Miss Bisland would be slow coaches when compared with such rapid travelers.—St. Louis Republic.

RAILROAD ON WATER

AN ODD AFFAIR TO BE OPERATED AT THE FAIR.

The Cars Will Shoot Along at a Speed of 125 Miles an Hour—A Unique Method of Transportation.

WORK is being carried forward rapidly on the Barre Sliding Railway, a queer structure on Midway Plains, just outside the World's Fair Grounds, says the Chicago Herald. The road runs along Sixtieth street from Cottage Grove avenue to the World's Fair Grounds. It is an elevated concern, and what makes it interesting is the fact that the cars run or slide on water.

It is also interesting from the fact that a terrific rate of speed can be attained. In fact, one of the chief difficulties in operating the road is to reduce the speed to a limit of safety. One hundred miles an hour is reached without any trouble at all. Occasionally the cars shoot through space at the rate of 125 miles an hour.

Already the trestle is finished at the lower end of the grounds, and piles are all driven ready for the superstructure, which will be put on in a few weeks. The road will have a carrying capacity of 100,000 passengers a day.

The sliding, or gliding, or skating, or hydraulic railway, as it has been variously called, is a beautiful illustration of one of the leading principles of hydrodynamics, cars being set in motion and kept going by the reaction from a horizontal stream of water ejected in the direction of the train from its under portion into bucket racks beneath the carriages.

It was exhibited to great profit at the Paris Exhibition, the Edinburgh Exposition, and at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, London, and attracted considerable attention from engineers and the general public on each occasion. Chauncey M. Depew rode on it at the Paris Exposition, and was so pleased with its simple motive power and the ease with which it traveled that he wrote a letter to President Palmer, in which he calls it "one of the most attractive and novel features of the Paris Exhibition."

In regard to its application to more practical usages in everyday life, he says in the same letter:

"Of course I know nothing of the availability of the invention for long lines and heavy traffic, but as far as the experiments went at the Exposition, I failed to discover in the examination I then made where the defect was, if any. It certainly would be a most interesting feature of our Exhibition if properly worked and constructed."

Besides being moved by the force of water, the sliding railway travels on water. The wheels and axles of the ordinary car are replaced by slides, which glide on a thin film of water running along the rope of steel rails. The friction is thus reduced to a very small percentage, and a rate of speed may be obtained of over 100 miles an hour if necessary.

The slides, or skates, which support the railway are hollow, cast-iron boxes, with no bottom, and a furrowed margin. A socket in the middle of the box receives the spindle which supports the carriage, and sufficient looseness of jointure is made to allow the train to travel around curves. The carriage has the gentle motion of any body gliding on the surface of perfectly still water. The tender carries water under the requisite pressure for supplying the slides, which are connected with the water tanks by pipes.

When the water is admitted into the hollow part of the slide it naturally seeks to escape, but its exit is impeded by the furrows on the margin of the under side of the slide, and the air is simultaneously compressed in the upper part. After a moment, this pressure becomes strong enough to lift the slide from the surface of the track, and the water, thus finding a means of egress, flows out equally from all sides of the slide, distributing a thin layer over the top of the rails. The pressure of the air keeps the slide from ever touching the rails after the train is once started, and it thus moves along as smoothly as a fairy bark.

The resistance in the motion of the train is so small that the tractive force of one pound weight is enough to move a ton. The pressure is maintained by engines located along the sides of the road at intervals, and these constitute

the principal expense of the road. It is claimed, however, that the expense even then is not so great as that of a steam railway.

The sliding railway does not require ballasting, as in the case of the ordinary steam road. This is, of course, a great saving of expense, as tracks can be laid at a much smaller cost. The lightness of the train makes it possible for it to travel on very light trestles, which again presents an item of considerable economy. There is no concussion or jar of any kind in running the road, so that the comfort of the passengers is much increased.

One of the principal advantages of the sliding railway is its perfect safety. A train has never been known to jump the track, and the absence of wheels and axles reduces the likelihood of accidents to very small percentages. If properly managed, there is no excuse for casualties, which, it must be admitted, is a great point gained, where hundreds of people are killed every year by steam railroads.

There is not even the usual danger of delays, for, should a main pipe burst, a self acting arrangement cuts off the communication with the propeller before and behind it, and the only inconvenience is in repairing the broken pipe, the traffic not being in the least interfered with.

With these advantages, and the fact that it will be an entire novelty in this country, the road should prove an attractive feature of the Fair, though as far as its usefulness in helping to solve the question of transportation is concerned it will not be worthy of consideration. Those who ride on it probably will do so more for curiosity than for any other motive, as it does not extend a sufficient distance to warrant passengers riding on it for convenience.

The Wheel as a Sleep Producer.

Dr. C. T. Hood is quoted by a Chicago paper as follows, in discussing the subject of insomnia: "One of the best remedies for insomnia is horseback riding, but not everybody can afford a good saddle-horse or could even ride one. The best thing I have found productive of the most beneficial results in reducing the passive cerebral hyperemia is bicycle riding. It increases respiration and heart action, stimulates oxygenation of the blood, and by the regular exercises and removal of the venous accumulation the torpid liver, the inactive bowels, kidneys and skin resume their normal action."

"I have sent patients to the cycle-riding school and they have come back saying it made them dizzy. They were drunk on oxygen and I made them keep at it until they overcame the queer intoxication. Properly used, I will say that the bicycle is one of the efficient remedies of the times."

Manufacture of Cod Liver Oil.

The process of manufacturing cod liver oil at Portugal Cove, Newfoundland is as follows. It requires, as a rule, two and a half gallons of liver to produce a gallon of oil. The livers are first carefully washed, and must then be "cooked" at once. For this process they are first put into a large tin boiler, which is plunged into a large iron boiler filled with hot water, the water not being allowed to touch the livers, which are thus gently steamed till a quantity of oil is floating on the surface. This is dipped out and filtered through bags of moleskin. The last filtration leaves the oil perfectly transparent, and without any unpleasant taste or smell. The oil is exported in sixty gallon casks.



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

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