

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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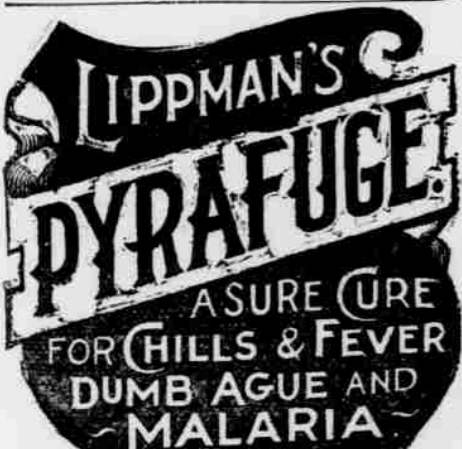
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IF days could be all morning, Rose-tint and breezy blown, The sun of noon just promised, The mist of night just flown, The dew on leaf and blossom Our glad feet to beguile— If days could be all morning, Then living were worth while.

If seasons were all springtimes, New blossoms on the old, Green blade uplifting green blades, Gold sunbeams on the gold Of ripened grain and orchard, Nature's unchanging smile— If seasons were all springtimes, Then living were worth while.

If roads all trended down hill, Beauty's unconscious curve, Just slanting as we tread them, And yet no direct swerve To make us feel we lower Ourselves each easy mile— If roads all trended down hill, Then living were worth while.

But morn means absent darkness; Down hill must have its up, And seasons, if all springtimes Would drain old Earth's wine cup Joy is twin of sorrow, Tears lie behind each smile; Life is a complete problem, While solving is worth while.

MY BOX FROM CHINA.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.



LONG residence in New York has made me acquainted with a goodly number of the devious ways of this wicked world. I know the appearance of the street beggar in all his guises, and have often seen the man who wishes to borrow a small amount of money to buy food, or lodging, or a railway ticket, and has lost or mislaid his purse; he is the son or other relative of a friend of mine, and has often heard my name mentioned in terms of the highest esteem. I have met the individual of polished manners who mistakes me for Mr. Blank, of Blankville, "one of our leading merchants," and after apologizing for his error, wishes me to look at a prize he has just won in a lottery. I have also been visited by a pretending namesake in search of another namesake, from whom the stranger might borrow the price of a ticket to Albany or Boston. The list might be extended, but the foregoing must suffice.

The stories that are poured into my ears are always plausible, and I have yielded to enough of them, and found afterward that they were utterly false, to convince me that the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. For a decade or so I have considered myself familiar with, and proof against, all the ways in which designing men seek to obtain money under pretenses more or less false—generally more. But quite recently I encountered a new expert in this field of enterprise, and am sure the reader will share my opinion that his ingenuity deserves the honor of publicity.

One day, about a month ago, a stranger presented a card on which was written: "S. M. Crosby, first officer steamship Glamorgan, Liverpool, England." Wondering what his business could be I consented to see him and met a medium-sized individual whose garb indicated the mariner, as it included a blue coat of "reefer" pattern and a blue cloth cap. He was bronzed and certainly looked like one who had spent much of his life on the water and had recently been in the tropics for a considerable period. As soon as we met he repeated the declaration on his card, that he was the first officer of the steamship Glamorgan, which had recently arrived at Philadelphia from Australian, Japanese and Chinese ports.

"Have you any advices," said he, "of a box from China by our steamer?"

"I have not," I answered.

"There is a box for you on board the Glamorgan," he responded, "which was taken on at Shanghai or Hong Kong, I am not sure which. It contains Chinese and Japanese curios to the value of about three hundred dollars. It is addressed to you at New York City, but there is no street or avenue named, only New York. We have been inquiring, and you are the only man of the name to be found in the city. We presume it is for you, as there is the word 'author' upon the box in addition to your name, and I'm told that you are an author. We want to be quite sure of your identity and that

the box is for you, as it is a valuable one."

I replied that I was the only individual in the city of exactly that name, and my profession was that of authorship, but I certainly knew of no box or its way to me.

"It is strange that you have no advices concerning it," said Crosby, "but after all it may not be so strange. I understand it is intended for a present and perhaps the party who sent it wanted to surprise you. Quite likely you will find a letter in the box that will tell you who it's from. There's no freight to pay on it; it was put on board by our own agent either in Hong Kong or Shanghai for some friends of theirs. The agents explained that it was present, and said they told the sender there would be no charge for freight. I came in the hands of the captain, and was not put on the steamer's manifest."

"I am very much obliged to the captain of your steamship and to you agents," I answered, "and also obliged to my unknown benefactor. When I receive the box I certainly hope to know more about it."

Then the conversation turned on the steamer's voyage, which my visitor said had been quite eventful, as at one time they had a good chance to go to Davy Jones' locker. "We caught a pampero off Madrina Point," said he, "that blew away every sail and destroyed four of our boats. We were sailing along as nice as you please when bang came that pampero like a shot from a cannon. Ever rag of canvas we had out was swept away like the snapping of our finger and the boats went smashing into splinters."

"About as bad as a typhoon," I remarked.

"A typhoon!" he exclaimed; "why, it was worse while it lasted; worse than a typhoon or a West India hurricane. Luckily it didn't stay more than ten minutes or me and your box would have been at the bottom."

Then he mentioned other incidents of the voyage, rattled off with great glibness the names of their stopping places and referred to little peculiarities of some of the ports of the far East, which certainly seemed to show an acquaintance with them. He mentioned, in the most casual manner, that while coming out of the Ly-ee-moon passage of Hong Kong Harbor they narrowly escaped collision with a French steamer which was just going in, and he spoke of an incident of their stay at the Tanjong-Pagar docks at Singapore. His conversation was fairly dotted with marine terms, but less so than the talk of the sailor as the dramatists usually present him on the stage.

He chatted on with great ease, and for a time had me quite off my guard. Then it occurred to me that his manner was decidedly more jaunty and free than that of the first officers or even the captains of tramp steamers under the English flag. His accent was not specifically British, and his manner of twirling an envelope, which I had given him to show my full name and address, was that of a man more accustomed to the handling of papers than of one in his purported position. A suspicion arose in my mind that he was not all his fancy and statements painted him, and while he was talking so engagingly I endeavored to "take him in." But I could not imagine what his object was, assuming that he was a counterfeit, inasmuch as he had distinctly stated that there was no charge for freight; he also said there were no custom house duties, the officials at Philadelphia having consented that the contents of the box, being intended as a present, might enter the United States free of charge, as though they were for the Metropolitan Museum of Art or other public institution.

Fifteen or twenty minutes passed in general talk, and then there came a slight lull in the conversation. I changed my position in my chair in the endeavor to hint that it was about time to bring the interview to an end; he took the hint and rose to go, remarking, as he did so, that he would send the box by express that very afternoon. He was returning to Philadelphia at once, having run over to New York for some custom house and other business, and I would be in possession of my curios the next morning. I thanked him and tendered a cigar, which he accepted unhesitatingly. My suspicion that he was an impostor had been pretty thoroughly dispelled by the knowledge he had displayed of Asiatic ports and waters and of marine life in

general, and by the absence of any request for money.

As we neared the door leading from the parlor to the hall he suddenly stopped and said:

"Oh, by the way, I told you there were no charges on the box. I forgot the wharf charges at Philadelphia; that is all you'll have to pay."

"Indeed!" I answered, my suspicion returning. "How much are those charges?"

"Two dollars and sixteen cents," he answered.

"Ah!" I said, "that's a mere trifle. Have you a bill for them?"

"Oh, no, I have no bill; the purser pays those charges to the wharfman and asked me to collect the amount from you, if I saw you."

"Certainly," I answered. "Just let that come as a 'collect' charge with the box."

"We couldn't do that," he said, "because we sail to-morrow morning."

"In that case," I suggested, "let your consignees in Philadelphia pay the amount, send me the bill and I will remit. They will be entirely safe, as they can hold the box for security until they receive the money."

"Certainly, we can do that," he replied, quickly, "though, really, they have nothing to do with the wharf charges, which are settled by the purser, as I just told you. It will make a little bother for them, but we'll leave it that way if you prefer it."

Here was a blow to my suspicions; the man was ready to comply with my suggestion even though it might be a trouble to the consignees.

I expected that he would want to borrow the price of his fare to Philadelphia, and was ready with an answer in case he should do so. But he had done nothing of the sort, and, as for the wharf charges, I was somehow in a position in which the light did not shine favorably on me. Here was a valuable present for me from some friend or friends on the other side of the world; the Glamorgan had brought it through the perils of a long ocean voyage and made no charge for the service; the Custom House had admitted the box free of duty, thus treating me with marked distinction; the steamer's officer had sought me out to make sure of my identity; and here was I ready to put the Glamorgan's consignees to trouble rather than part with a paltry two dollars and sixteen cents!

But still my suspicion would not go down and I delayed parting with the sum of money in question. So I said to my visitor, whose hand was actually touching the knob of the door:

"Will you kindly show me some documents to prove your identity?"

"Have you any doubt about it?" he asked, with a smile.

"Oh, we won't enter into a discussion on that point," I answered; "but I have long adopted a rule not to accept the statement of any man as to his identity, when the payment of money to him hinges upon it, unless I have some corroborative evidence."

"That's quite right," was the reply, as the hand of the stranger moved toward the breast pocket of his coat. "You can't expect a man to carry his commission with him all the time, but perhaps these will do."

He handed to me two letters addressed to himself in his own official character, and a document that appeared to be the manifest of the steamship Glamorgan. One letter had not passed through the mails and was directed: "On Board;" the other bore the postmarks of Liverpool and New York, having been sent by mail from the former to the latter place and marked: "To be called for."

My suspicions were gone now, and I returned the papers and proceeded to pay the two dollars and sixteen cents necessary for wharf charges. Mr. Crosby volunteered to give me a receipt for the money and I still hold it. It is written in a clear, clerical hand and is all that I have to show for my outlay of the amount named together with one cigar, half an hour of time, and the same period of mental perturbation. There is a steamship Glamorgan, but she was not in any American port at the time of the occurrence that I have narrated, and my visitor was not her first officer. Since the door closed upon his nautical form he has not communicated with me, and I am still waiting for my box from China.—Once A Week.

Wild boars are still very common in the forests of Germany. At a hunt, the other day, near Zell, twenty-seven of the animals were killed.

THE INCUBATOR.

FOR HATCHING EGGS IT BEATS THE HEN.

Anybody With a Vacant Garret and Back Yard Can Raise "Roasters" and "Broilers" Unlimited.

EVERY household with a back yard or an unoccupied attic can raise its own chickens. This is a novelty brought about by the progress of modern invention which has taken chickens in its clutches and got up a number of machines to look after them without the aid of hens. All the hen need to do is to lay the egg, the machines do the rest until the chickens are old enough to be broilers.

It bothered the farmers and chicken raisers for many years that the hens would lay more eggs at some seasons than at others, and that they would hatch more at some seasons than others, so that at times the chicken market was not well supplied and at other times it was overstocked. They figured out that if they could only hatch chickens when they pleased there would be a great deal more money in the business, besides leaving the hens free to go on and lay more eggs, instead of spending a month and a half trying to hatch some chickens and bringing them up until they were old enough to look out for themselves.

To do this work of the house a machine called an incubator was invented to do the hatching. There are several kinds of incubators, but in the main they are alike. An incubator is a big, square wooden box propped up on four legs to be out of the way of draughts. Under it is a large oil lamp, and on top is a flue with a cover on the end of a balance. Within there are trays, on which the eggs are placed. Any number of eggs can be put in the machine, though it is hardly worth while to run an incubator on less than 100 or 150 eggs. A large incubator will hold 500 eggs. The eggs should be good, freshly laid and put in the incubator without having been exposed to any heat over 104 degrees. Ordinary eggs from ordinary hens will do, unless the chicken raiser wants to breed for blood and quality. He can get high toned eggs which cost as much as \$5 a dozen, and out of which come highly bred chickens which are worth several dollars apiece.

It is not well, though, to begin trying to hatch chickens with costly eggs, as it takes a while to get the knack, and it is cheaper to experiment on ordinary eggs, so that if the machine is not handled properly the loss will not be great, while for eating purposes only there is not so much difference in the value of the young chickens to make up for the difference in risk.

When the eggs have been secured they are put in a place with a steady temperature of about 85 degrees until the incubator is warmed. The lamp is lighted and the balance adjusted so that the flue will be raised and the heated air will escape at 101 Fahrenheit. When the incubator has been at this even temperature for a day, the eggs are put in the trays, every egg in an apartment by itself. The temperature of the incubator at once falls, because the eggs are cooler than the air. Then it begins to rise, and in a day or two it is back again to a temperature of 101 degrees. At that temperature the eggs are kept for three weeks. Every morning and every evening the position of the eggs are reversed, which is easily done by putting one tray over another and turning it. The lamp needs to be kept filled and the wicks attended to so that it will not burn too high or go out. If the balance is well adjusted and the lamps kept properly fed, the eggs will be kept at a temperature of between 101 degrees and 103 degrees steadily.

Some people who raise chickens by machinery think that the eggs should be taken out and cooled from time to time to correspond with the times that the hen leaves the nest to get food for itself, but the general opinion is that the machine is a vast improvement over the hen, and that the reason so many eggs under hens do not hatch is because the hen does not sit there steadily to keep them at an even temperature.

At the end of three weeks the eggs open and the chickens appear. In some incubators the chickens drop out through the eggs into a tray placed below to receive them, while in other incubators the chickens climb up out of the eggs and

climb around over their unhatched brothers and sisters. For a day these freshly hatched chickens are kept in the incubator to dry off. If two-thirds of the eggs hatch successfully the experiment has beaten the average hen's record several times over.

When the chicks have spent a day in the incubator they are put in another machine called a brooder, which is also heated with lamps, but not to such a high temperature. They make their first meal in this machine of hard boiled and chopped up eggs mixed with a few bread crumbs. This is their diet for a few days, when they get milk and ginger mixed with bread crumbs and gradually oatmeal and cornmeal. The important thing in the brooder is to keep them warm and dry.

Three weeks is the time the chickens spend in the brooder. At the end of this stage they are old enough to eat oats, corn, ground-up oyster shells, and other articles of ordinary chicken diet. They are safe now, and there is little danger of their dying. Nothing remains except to fatten them up to be broilers. If there is a back yard the chickens can be turned loose from the brooder into the yard to scratch around there. It is a good thing for them to scratch around, as chickens need exercise, and their flesh has a different flavor if they get it. Where there is no back yard of available place for the chickens to scratch, provision is made for them by hanging up a cabbage about two feet from the ground in their coop. The chickens like the taste of the cabbage, and they chop up at it from the ground. Starting with the height of about a foot the cabbage and its successors are gradually raised until it requires an agile chicken to reach it. Daily exercise at jumping for the cabbage develops the chicken's legs and second joints, besides hardening its breasts and strengthening its wings.

The whole thing can be done in a garret where there is light and air. Until the chickens are turned out of the brooder they do not need much sunlight, but after that sunlight and exercise are good for them. The light can come in by putting glass in the roof instead of a dark skylight, and the food can be thrown on the floor, on which sand and gravel have been put in a layer several inches deep. The food from day to day should be thrown over the gravel and sand where contact would not injure the food, in order that the chickens may have to work for their meals.

In three or four months one of these artificially raised chickens will be ready to be broiled. Young chickens make the best of broilers. Before killing them they can be fed up for a week and permitted to get their food without having to work for it if a plump chicken is wanted, while if a firm chicken is preferred the amount of exercise can be increased at the same time.

After passing the broiler stage a chicken becomes a roaster. It is then in a condition to be roasted and weighs about twice as much as when it was a gay young broiler. The roasting period begins when the chicken is about eight months old and extends as long as the chicken is kept tender, for possibly six or seven months.—New York Sun.

Geology predicts that in 18,136 the earth will be coated and, it might be said, vested with ice. The cheerful few to take of this, according to the San Francisco Examiner, is that then the cholera microbe will cease from scrouthing and the yellow fever germ be a rest.

The cotton crop in the United States increased from 2,000,000 pounds in 1791 to 4,000,000,000 in 1891.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Largest U. S. Government Food Report.—ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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