

# WORLD HEADLIGHT.

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## HOPE.

Al, me! what battles I have fought  
I would know the runs that days  
The warming shades of weary days  
That take the lonely house of thought  
A restless riddle unobscured;  
A wild and haggard multitude;  
Distorted shapes that spring from tears,  
And torments born of wretched fears.

Sometimes amid the changing rout,  
A rainbowed figure glides about,  
And from her brightness, like the day,  
The whirling shadows sink away,  
I know that lyre of seven strings,  
The seven colors of her wings;  
The seven blossoms of her crown—  
Three violets twine for anemone,  
Small lilies white as silkweed down,  
The sea myrtle sprays her locks have kissed,  
And panicles that are berry-blue,  
And varied roses rich of hue,  
With innocent dew drops  
Of buds that bloom in Paradise,  
Come often, thou eternal child!  
Now string thy lyre and sing to me,  
Thy voice ecstatic, fresh and wild,  
Enthralls each dark-browed fantasy.

Beyond the walls she bids me peer  
To see a future dim and clear;  
Sweet faces shining through the mist  
Like children waiting to be kissed,  
A lovely land that knows not pain,  
Atlantis land beyond life's main,  
Where we who love may love again;  
Ah, me! is this beyond the plan  
Of God's beneficence to man?

DANSEK DANDELIOE.

## A DUEL BETWEEN HORSES.

IN 1851, when I saw the Rio Pecos River, which is the right-hand branch of the Rio Grande, the Pecos plains were a favorite grazing ground for vast herds of wild horses. For years later there were plenty of wild ponies on the western plains, but in the days of which I write there were herds of good, big horses, some of them standing seventeen hands high and weighing 1,300 or 1,400 pounds. I went into New Mexico with a Government surveying party, which was of semi-military character. A survey of that portion of the Rio Pecos lying in New Mexico was to be made, and there was to be a military post located between Pope's Wells and the Benita River. The country between was a plain 100 miles long by 200 broad, with many small streams and rich feeding spots. The herds of horses had been seldom disturbed by white hunters, and whenever the Indians wanted a supply they selected the ponies in preference, believing that they were the soonest broken and would stand the hardest riding.

We were well into the plains before we saw any horses, and the first herd we saw came very near bringing about a calamity. We were encamped in a bend of the river, and the surveyors and guards had just come in for dinner. There was a truce between the whites and the Indians of that date, but our party was a strong one, and the surveyors never went out without protection. A truce meant that the redskins would not kill if the other party was the stronger. We had two ambulances, three or four wagons, and from seventy to eighty horses. These last were staked out to the rich feeding ground. With no more warning than that we felt a trembling of the earth and heard a great clatter, a drove of wild horses numbering at least five hundred came charging around a heavily wooded point directly at our camp. The stream in front of our camp was about two feet deep and ran over a bed of gravel, and the horses were probably in the habit of coming here to drink. The herd was led by a sorrel stallion of magnificent look and limb, and was going at such a pace that the leaders were among our animals before a man of us moved. Nothing will rattle a domestic horse like the rear presence of his wild brother. A stampede of buffaloes sharply terrifies him, and in his terror he will act like a fool. The wild horse excites and makes him forget for the moment that he is man's slave, and he will do his very best to throw off the yoke of servitude and join the herd. It was well we were all together. Every man rushed for the horses, yelling and shouting to drive the intruders away, but when they went two of our mules and a horse went with them. The horse was a five-year-old stallion, worth at least \$500, and his flight created instant dismay in the camp. The mules would not be allowed to "chum" with the herd anyhow, and could be picked up after they had tried their legs a little, but the horse might never be seen again. A score of us mounted in hot haste and set off to recapture him. The herd had gone due west, in which direction a rise of ground hid them after a short run. As we reached this rise every man of us checked his horse. Below us was an almost circular valley about half a mile across, and in this valley the herd had come to a halt. It seemed that the presence of our horse had crossed the eye of the sorrel leader of the herd, and that the question of championship had come up to be settled at once. The two stallions were between us and the herd, and were already skirmishing. Every one of the horses had his head toward the pair, and was an interested spectator. At any other time our presence would have put them to flight, but under the circumstances they gave us no attention.

Now occurred a combat the like of which few men have ever witnessed. The horses were pretty evenly matched for size. Our champion had an advantage in being shod, but to offset this the sorrel was quicker. Their movements showed the broad disparity between wild and domestic life. Our horse was agile and smart, as the terms are, but the sorrel had the suppleness of a panther. As boxers feint for an opening, so these horses skirmished for an advantage. They approached until their noses almost met, and then reared up with shrill neighs, struck at each other, and under the broad disparity between wild and domestic life. The iron shoes of our horse hit nothing but air, but we heard the double thud of the sorrel's hind feet as he sent them home. They ran off to

wheel and come together again and repeat the same tactics, and again our horse got the worst of it. He was a headstrong, high-strung beast, and his temper was now up. When he wheeled the third time he came back with a rush, screaming out in his anger. The sorrel turned end for end like a flash to use his heels, but our champion dodged the kicks and seized him by the shoulder with his teeth. There was a terrific struggle before the hold was broken, and then they buckled into each other, and kicked with all fury for a few seconds. Every hoof hit something solid, but the iron shoes of our horse scored a point in his favor. When they separated we could see that the sorrel had been badly used, especially about the legs.



When the horses wheeled for the third time both were bent on mischief. As they came together they reared up like dogs and struck at each other, and for five minutes they were scarcely off their hind feet. Some hard blows were exchanged, and our horse had the best of the round. Indeed, when the sorrel wheeled and ran away he had his head down and he seemed to acknowledge defeat. He ran off about twenty rods before wheeling, and as he stood for a moment I looked at him through a field glass which one of the men handed me. His ears lay flat, his eyes looked bloodshot, and there was bloody foam on his lips. He had been severely handled, but was by no means defeated. Indeed, he had run away for the moment to adopt new tactics. When he moved up again he was the picture of ferocity. He came at full speed, reared, and struck right and left, and the second blow knocked our horse flat on the ground. It was a knock-out blow. The victor stood over him for a moment, watching for a movement, but as none was made he joined the herd, and all went off at a gallop. It was five minutes before our horse staggered to his feet, and he wanted no more fighting. He had three bad bites on the shoulders, and his legs were skinned in a dozen places, and it was a week before he got his spirit back.

Two or three times during the next ten days I saw lone wild horses, and one of the old hunters with us was asked for an explanation. He said they were "rogues"—stallions which had been driven from the herd in disgrace—and that they were always considered ugly and dangerous. He had known of their attacking a single horseman, but the presence of a large party like ours would cause them to flee. Two days after this explanation we were strung out for three miles along the river, on the march and survey. Something was lost by an officer, and one of the troopers was sent back to recover it. Ten minutes later the article supposed to be lost was found in one of the ambulances, and I was sent back to notify the trooper. He had galloped back to camp, a distance of two miles, and was searching around on foot when I arrived in sight. I was about to fire a shot to attract his attention, when from the cottonwood grove beyond the camp a horse came charging out. He was a "rogue," and bent on mischief. The soldier's horse was grazing, and the soldier had his eyes on the ground, and I was so astonished by the sudden charge of the rogue that I made no move to stop him or to warn the trooper. Indeed, a warning could have hardly reached him in time. His back was to the approaching horse, and the rogue seized him in his teeth, by a hold between the shoulders and dragged him twenty rods before flinging him to one side. Then he started for the cavalry horse, which stood with head up facing him, and I got out my revolver and spurred forward.

I was yet a quarter of a mile away when the rogue reached his second victim. He ran at full speed, with his ears back and lips parted to show his teeth, and the sight was too much for the domestic animal. He was on the point of turning to fly when the other collided with him. It was as if a locomotive had struck him. He went down in a heap and rolled over and over four or five times before he brought up. The trooper took a half circle to bear down upon the trooper again. The man was on his feet and limping off; but he would have been a goner had I been further away. I rode across the rogue's path and opened fire on him, and after shaking his head in an ugly way he galloped into the grove and disappeared. The trooper's horse did not seem to have suffered any by the shock, but soon after noon lay down and died. The man was actually crying when I rode up to see him, although he had taken a hand in several Indian fights and was reputed a brave fellow. The danger had come upon him so suddenly as to overcome his nerves. The horse's teeth had broken the skin through his thick clothing, and he did not have a bruise to show, but such was the sudden shock that he was on the sick list for two weeks.

We were within two days ride on the Bonita, and had been in camp two or three days, when one of the hunters rode in just before dark with some game and announced that a herd of at least 1,500 wild horses were grazing about three miles to the east of us. This was on the opposite side of the Pecos, which just here spread out over a rocky ledge, and was 200 feet wide and about a foot deep. Below our camp was an old grove with many dead trees in it. It was there we got our wood. In all other directions the ground was open. We had about twelve tents in camp, aside from the wagons and ambulances. The best feeding ground was on the west of the camp, and all the animals were staked out there. Outside of the bunch of animals

was a guard of two soldiers, and two more were between the animals and the wagons. There was no danger apprehended from the Indians, and the guard was not to get prowling wolves out of camp and to assist any horse which might get tangled in his hair. It had been a hot day, with "thunder heads" showing in the sky, but when the sun went down the sky was perfectly clear and all signs pointed to a quiet night.

It was just midnight when the sharp flash of lightning I ever saw, followed by such a crash of thunder as made the earth groan, and every man in camp out of his blankets. I saw the sharpest flash I ever saw, for I was awake in time to see most of it. It was so fierce that it seemed to burn our eyelids. I was hardly on my feet before there came another flash, followed by another roar. I knew it was going to rain great guns, and I jumped into trousers and boots, and grabbed up the best of my clothes and made for a wagon only a few feet away. The two wagons were close to each other, but the forward ends pulled away from each other so that the vehicles formed a V. While the space between the wheel of one and the high hind wheel of the other was not over a foot, the space between the tongues was six or eight feet. The sky was black as I rushed out of the tent, and all the camp fires had burned low. I flung my clothes into one of the wagons, and then hurried back and got my weapons and some other articles, and during this time the heavens seemed alight and the earth furiously rocked.

Men were shouting, horses neighing, and the din was such that I reached the wagon the second time there came a sound to drown all others. It was a steady roar like the rush of great waves, and it grew louder all the time. I could not understand it for two or three minutes. The noise came from the west, and I stood upon the wagon so that I could overlook the tents. A flash of lightning was followed by a momentary pitch darkness, and then came a long, tremulous flash, lasting three or four seconds. By its light I caught sight of the herd of wild horses bearing down upon us in a mad mob, and just as the lightning ceased they entered the stream.

The splash of the waters had the sound of breakers, and though I shouted a warning at the top of my voice no one could have heard me twenty feet away. Next moment that terror-stricken herd was in camp, while the clouds opened the rain came down in torrents. I scrambled back into the wagon, and what I saw during the next ten minutes can never be forgotten. The frightened horses leaped over the tents, or ran against them, fell over gully ropes, bumped against the wagons, and made clean leaps over the ambulances, and all the time each one kept up a wild neighing. I heard our own animals plunging and rearing and neighing, but knew that we were helpless to prevent a stampede.

As the first of the herd got through our camp to the wagons, two of them entered the V-shaped space and others kept them crowded in there. The lightning was flashing and the thunder roaring again, and the poor beasts were appalled at the situation. There were four or five lassoes and a dozen spare lariats in my wagon, and when I saw that the entrapped horses were making no move to get out I picked up a noosed rope, lifted the side cover of the wagon, and had the nose over the head of one in three seconds. The one behind him tried to turn when I sought to noose him, but his heels against something and twisted back toward me until my hand touched his nose as I slipped the noose over. Then I made the other ends fast, got out the lassoes, and standing on the front of the wagon, I noosed three horses inside of five minutes. It was no trick at all, for they were pressed right up to the wagon by the weight of those behind, and the awful war of the elements tamed them.

The herd was ten minutes working through the camp, and as they cleared off they took away every horse and mule that we had. Every tent was prostrated, much of our provisions and ammunition destroyed, and one ambulance smashed to pieces. One man was killed and three were injured by the rush of horses. As an offset a wagoner had lassoed two, I had five, and two more had hobbled themselves with tent ropes. In the course of a day we got all our animals back but one old mule, and managed to repair damages. Our captives were the



finest wild horses ever seen on the plains. My lot included three stallions, and I sold one of them right there with the noose around his neck for \$200. The others I kept until our return to Texas, taming them a little every day, and they got \$1,000 for the lot. The span of stallions went to St. Louis after a bit, and one of them proved himself the fastest trotter of that decade.

Is the old palace of Catherine the Great at Tserksa-Selo, near St. Petersburg, there is a room which is lined, walls and ceiling, with the finest amber. As the room is half as large as the great East Room in the White House at Washington, its value is purely a matter of speculation. This amber was a gift from Frederick the Great to Catherine II.

Cornelius (forgetting himself)—You will be a sister to me! A \$10 sleigh ride this afternoon, a box at the opera to-night, supper at Delmonico's, and a cab home! A sister to me? Great Scott! what kind of a fool human being do you take a brother to be!

## TELEGRAPHIC TICKETS.

**NORTH CAROLINA.**  
L. Heilbronner & Bro., of Tarboro, have made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. R. L. Lang is assignee. The liabilities are \$28,000. Assets estimated at \$10,000. Preferred debts aggregate about \$15,000.

A carload of cotton in transit, consigned to the Henrietta mill, was discovered on fire four miles from Shelby. The train was run to a tank and the fire extinguished without great damage. Pieces of exploded pyrotechnics were found in the car.

The entire force employed in the construction of the Wilkesboro Railroad have struck for an increase of 25 per cent in wages. The railroad authorities offered to allow the increase, but demanded twelve hours work instead of ten, as heretofore. Meanwhile work is at a standstill pending negotiations.

There was a destructive fire at Reidsville. The losses are estimated at \$25,000, and are as follows: G. S. Kenelle, store, \$10,000, insurance \$5,000; Williamson Bro. & Co., stock of merchandise, \$12,000, insurance \$6,000; H. J. Martin, livery stable, \$1,000, insurance \$400; Reidsville Times office, \$1,500, insurance \$400. Several small buildings were burned.

In Cabarrus county, some time ago, the barn belonging to Dr. Rufus T. Shimcock was set on fire and burned with much valuable forage and corn, together with reapers, mowers and other farm machinery. The loss was heavy. Henry Glover, a white man fifty years old, and his son, aged twenty-one, were talking with a man whom they thought a bitter enemy of Dr. Shimcock, and among other things they said: "We gave it to his old barn." This led to their being suspected of having burned the barn. They are now in jail at Concord.

While Hiram Cowan was plowing on his farm in Rowan county he heard the report of a gun, and at the same time felt a stinging sensation of shot entering his body. Medical attention was summoned, and over twenty No. 6 shot were in his body, three of which had penetrated the lungs. Twelve shot struck the house. According to Cowan's statement, his oldest son was in some bushes near where he was plowing, and the gun went off accidentally. His son was very much prostrated by grief and sorrow over the occurrence. He is eighteen years old.

**SOUTH CAROLINA.**  
Governor Richardson has appointed Col. J. Q. Marshall Secretary of State, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon. W. Z. Leitcher.

A few days ago Mr. Robert Gifford, of Hampton county, South Carolina, was violently thrown from his buggy by the Central Road, and severely injured by the smashing of an empty wheel. His face was badly bruised and the collar-bone broken.

Mr. Wing, the sawyer at Moses & Harry's mill, nine miles below Sumter, on the Central Road, was severely injured by the smashing of an empty wheel. His face was badly bruised and the collar-bone broken.

Peter Watson, a negro, was drowned in the Catawba river, where it traverses Fairfield county. He and a white man were crossing the river in a bateau, which suddenly capsized and threw both out. The white man swam to the shore but the negro soon sank.

A negro named Albert Dans, in attempting to jump from dredge to a tug near Port Royal, missed his footing, fell between the boats and was crushed, and before aid could reach him fell into the water and sank. His body has not been recovered.

An insane negro named Ward Martin, who was lodged in the jail of Spartanburg county preparatory to being brought to the lunatic asylum, committed suicide by beating his brains out against the wall of his cell. He had been in jail only a few hours, and it seems it was not thought necessary to take precautions against suicide.

At Sistrunks, one negro was killed and two negroes and a white man were wounded. Later it was learned that B. Lee Jeffcoat was retailing whiskey to negroes on the road, when they were fired into from ambush. One negro was killed and the wounded. Jeffcoat was hit between the eyes and is in a critical condition. The coroner and sheriff are at the scene of the affray.

**NORTH, EAST AND WEST.**  
Forty persons were killed and about five hundred injured by a tornado at Daeca, India.

The Burlington Road has restored rates on freight. This means an end to the freight rate war.

The city clerk of Bucyrus, Ohio, W. S. Welsh, has been arrested on the charge of embezzlement.

G. D. Allen & Bros., large land and cattle owners of Hartland, Kansas, have failed. Liabilities, \$190,000.

At Terre Haute, Ind., the State Normal School building was burned to the ground. Loss, \$180,000.

The upper Mississippi and its tributaries in Wisconsin and Minnesota are at flood tide, and doing a good deal of mischief.

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Bangle bracelets are coming in again. Paris walking dresses are gray with silver braiding or steel passementerie. Peculiar shades of green, plum, brown and tan are shown in the new gowns. The new Scotch gingham and satens show large designs. Stripes are popular.

It has become the proper thing for musical young ladies in society to play the harp.

Dressy short wraps are made of changeable velvet grace silks and are all the rage.

"Woman who goes out of the house five times a day" is the name of a Dakota Indian woman.

Black grenadines for summer wear have armure grounds with large designs closely woven in silk.

Mrs. Bonanza Mackay will be in Newport next summer, and intends to entertain on an elaborate scale.

The lapping front prevails in polonaises, and the skirt falls open to the waist alike in back and front.

Coral has come into popular favor again for earrings and necklaces. Only the most delicate pink is worn.

The wife of Judge Stallo, our Minister at Rome, Italy, talks very little English, being a German by birth.

Miss Laura Winkler, of Iowa, though totally blind, is one of the most successful temperance workers in the State.

One of the notable features of fashion this year will be the gradual disappearance of bridesmaids from weddings.

Dressy mourning bonnets are made entirely of loops of narrow watered ribbon, each pointed and finished with a bead.

There are one hundred women studying in the Harvard Annex this year. There is an endowment fund of \$100,000.

Some of the newest pique laces show arabesques and geometric designs, and gold threads are interwoven with them.

More black lace dresses are being made just at present over princess slips of black satin or surah than of colored silks.

The Greek ladies of "The Phanar," at Constantinople, have for centuries been renowned for their ability and requirements.

Bonnets grow smaller and the ribbons, aigrettes and bows on top are held in place by flower sprays, instead of big plumes.

The poppy, the peony and the hibiscus run riot in the new brocades, and quite put out of countenance less majestic blossoms.

Mrs. Hicks Lord, the wealthy Washington society leader, says she shall devote her unexpected legacy of \$100,000 to charity.

## Joseph Edwards,

"The Champion of Low Prices."

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE NORTH WITH THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS THAT HAS EVER BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS CITY.

I WILL GIVE YOU A FEW PRICES, WHICH WILL TELL THE TALE.

LADIES' DRESS SILKS, in all shades, former price \$1.10, now 40c. a yard.  
NUN'S VEILINGS, all wool, in the latest shades, double width, former price 60c., now at 42 1/2c.  
ALBATROSS, the latest of the season, former price 65c., now selling at 16 1/2c. per yard.

## A FULL LINE

Of Ladies' Dress Goods, Scarves, Gingham, Henrietta Cloths, Poplins, all kinds of Embroideries, Hamburg Edgings. Of these goods we deduct 35 per cent. from the usual selling price.

100 Pieces of Straw Matting  
Just direct imported from China, from 20 to 30c. a yard, actual value 75c.

## Clothing, Clothing!

FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN.  
A fine quality of CORK SCREW SUITS, former price \$20.00, we are now selling at \$6.85.  
500 MEN'S SUITS, all wool Cassimere, worth \$15.00, we are now driving at \$6.75.

BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, FURNIURE. We take off 35 per cent. from the usual price this season.

## Heavy Groceries,

Such as Meat, Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, etc., the regular supplies for farmers, which will be sold to responsible parties ON TIME, until next Fall, for CASH PRICES.

Since my return home the rushes have been so immense that I would beg our city patrons to do their shopping outside of Saturdays in order to be able to give better attention to their wants and desires.

## Joseph Edwards,

"The Champion of Low Prices."

The Latest Novelty in "Dude" Collars. What Came From Ridding a Fat Horse.

The long full skirts without drapery are very stylish, and are so arranged as to simulate an under and overdress. The panel is still a favorite mode of trimming for such skirts, as well as those cut in the ordinary mode.

Cut steel in all sorts of device is used on millinery as well as on dress trimming. Cut steel and colored beads together make a very attractive combination in passementerie and is very apt to be seen on black as a background.

Mrs. Margaret Dutton, of Shelbyville, Ind., was a great smoker until she reached the age of 100 years; then fearing that the practice might shorten her life, she gave it up. She is now 102, and bids fair to live many years.

Plain white muslin is used where there is a transparent effect desired in embroidery. Curtains are made very attractive in this way. An all over design in Italian coloring is especially appropriate for this sort of background.

That curious freak of nature, the black pansy, is imitated by Parisian flower makers, and appears as a flower for bonnet trimming the coming season. Variations in different hues perfectly copied from nature, are also favorites.

Susan King, the female real estate speculator, is a New York woman who worked her way up from the financial ground floor to somewhere near the roof. She is understood to be out of active business now, but once she was one of the best known women in the city.

The ineffable and mysterious expression observed by so many poets in children's eyes—as, for instance, those of "Philip, my King"—has become of late a studied effect with innumerable young ladies, as photo and chromo-lithographs bear witness. It is called the "Baby Starc."

Professor Goldwin Smith, in the *Landon Times*, predicts that if the movement to secure commercial union between Canada and the United States fails, it will be followed by ane action. He believes that the day will come when the English speaking race on the American continent will be one people.

Two Illinois farmers, living near Tuscola, went to law over a \$3 pig more than three years ago, and the case was appealed until it reached the Circuit Court. That court has decided that one of the litigants shall pay for the pig and the other pay the costs. Altogether, in costs and attorneys' fees, the pig has cost the two men \$1250.



—Harper's Magazine.



—Life.