

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor.

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

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LONG BRANCH.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AT THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT.

The Languid Girl Gazing Seaward—The Old Beau—At the Hotel—Large Demand for Donkeys, Etc.

Writing from Long Branch to the *Champion*, a correspondent gives these sketches of life at the noted summer resort on the Atlantic.

It seemed to the *Headlight* correspondent as though a camera with which to photograph some of the sights of the beach might beat a pencil in the making of sketches for this letter, and so the experiment was tried, but with only a kind of success in the first instance. Submitting the lens to the inducements of beauty, one of the belles of the beach at the great seaside resort was focused without her knowing it. The accompanying drawing shows how she was caught in an agreeably graceful pose as she gazed seaward, with one hand holding to her wind-blown hat. She was a handsome young woman, but she had no idea at that instant that a flash of light had been directed at her. No complaint can be made of the result. Then why do I qualify the assertion that this



THE LANGUID GIRL.



THE LANGUID GIRL.

first attempt in Long Branch photography was a success? Only because of the dialogue that ensued.

"Ah, how do you do," said an obtrusively jovial and forcibly vivacious voice, coming from a man whom I recollected as a theatrical agent. "You're photographing her, eh?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I was trying whether I could get a picture worth engraving."

"All right—all right—but if your shotgun of a camera missed the target just let me know, and I will show you twenty-seven different photographs of her. Who is she? Why she is—" and then he went on to name her as an actress whom he was promoting for a tour next season, and as to whom he went into a quarter of an hour of extravagant laudation.

All of which seems to prove that the professional actress can outdo her fair sisters in private life in focusing the eye of admiration, even when she is off the stage, and pretending to be careless of her poses.

There is one kind of person at Long Branch who doesn't alter with season after season's changes of fashion. He is the old beau of the turf, and I managed to fix my lens on a good specimen as he stood talking with a belle of the veranda. Considered as a fashion plate, the girl was edited and amended right up to date, and the contrast between her and the many-colored fellow was therefore great. His bald head, with its remnant of hair brushed straight forward from the back, parting nearly to the corners of his eyebrows, was uncovered by his polite removal of his black-banded high white hat. He carried a cane, and his white canvas overalls. But his chief characteristic, and one which he had maintained annually, according to my



THE OLD BEAU.

recollection, for not less than fifteen years, was a frock coat of so light a drab that it was almost white. This garment was buttoned closely to his wish-bone to below the level of his hips, and it set off his tall, straight figure admirably. He was an early arrival from the coterie of sportsmen who keep the Montmorency Park horse race going from the Fourth of July to the end of the season, and

who augment their gambling on the turf by spending most of their evenings in the gorgeous club houses of the Branch. The two palaces of chance, hitherto famous for their splendors at this resort, have now a rival in a third and equally pretentious concern, and so Long Branch becomes more than ever before the Monte Carlo of America. The ancient beau had just had his first go at faro in one of these resplendent dens, and his luck had been pretty good.

"Oh, because he smiled over five hundred, and a thousand would surely have made him laugh outright. Now, his smile had only seven teeth in it, and what a sight his mouth must be when laughing!"

Dudes of sixty may as well take it for granted that girls' words and thoughts are at a wide variance when blandly, deferentially conversing with them.

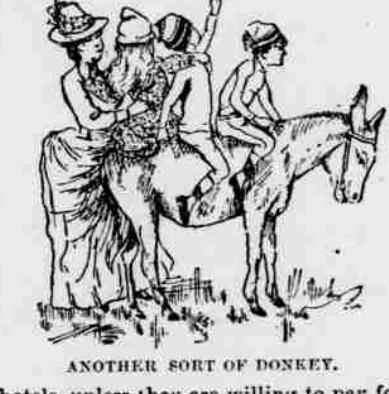
It is a far estimate that of all the marriages in wealthy circles 75 per cent. are the result of summer courtship. A saunter through the parlors, verandas and grounds of any Long Branch hotel will yield evidence enough to support these figures. If the ciphering be restricted to this particular resort, it may be added that not less than 25 per cent. of the



ON THE BOAT.

matches are made on the bluff overlooking the sea, and that at least 10 per cent. of the mutual understandings are effected under umbrellas. There must be something of the ostich in the fashionable lover, for he seems to imagine that an umbrella held pretty well down in front over the faces of a cooling pair will hide them from observation, but he forgets that the eyes of curious spectators may make an attack from the rear, and so the camera was able to make the negative from which this sketch of positive courtship is drawn. And this couple may be safely accepted, by the way, as exhibits of neat things in summer young folks. The checked coat of the beau, along with his soft black hat and his wide white band, are in the extreme of styles. To the strap across his shoulder hangs a case in which to carry a powerful field glass, with which to scan the ocean for distant craft. The sailor hat of the belle and her white flannel gown are also in obedience to the latest commands of fashion.

But all who come to Long Branch do not belong to the ranks of swiftness. An iron pier is one of the unfortunate constructions so far as keeping up the tone of the place is concerned, and excursion boats bring down multitudes of casual and miscellaneous visitors. These invaders are kept out of the first-class



ANOTHER SORT OF DONKEY.

hotels, unless they are willing to pay for such shelter by registering for dinner. Their luncheon baskets to certain booths on the bluff, where they are allowed to eat under shade, provided they quench their thirst to a reasonable extent with beer bought on the premises. The Shrewsbury River runs along back of Long Branch on its way to the ocean, and its shore invites excursionists, who come from New York in small steamboats, and who can there find a great variety of diversion.

I judge that there is a fine opening at Long Branch for donkeys. It may be that the over-supply of two-legged ones has created the impression that those on four feet could get no fair show. But this season one lone, long-eared quadruped has been put on the sand of the beach, and he is made to give five-minute rides at ten cents apiece. His owner and operator multiplies his income by letting three children occupy the beast's back at once, and so he is often seen laden with a considerable section of a picnic. This donkey is what may be called a monopoly at present.

The Soldier's Excuse.
A soldier who had just enlisted, was placed on guard over a cannon. It was not long before he abandoned his post and went to a tavern not far off, where he indulged in the flowing bowl.

"Fellow, why did you abandon your post?" exclaimed the captain who happened to put in an appearance.

"Captain," was the reply of the incipient son of Mars, "I've tried to lift that cannon, and I am satisfied that no one man can carry it away, and if more than one of the enemy comes after it, I can't stand them off."

An editorial in the *Missionary Herald* for June on "The Liquor Traffic with Africa," contains a table showing the exports of intoxicants from Boston to Africa for five years—1883-7—amounted to 3,500,000 gallons, valued at \$1,100,834.

"Captain Threebraser put Grinning Bill into the box to pitch."

Gilding the Dome of the Melbourne Exposition Building.



The Centennial Exposition at Melbourne, Australia, this summer, will probably be the most important yet held in the Southern Hemisphere. The main buildings and its annexes cover twenty acres, and have cost over 250,000 pounds sterling. The principal structure is of brick and stucco. The most difficult undertaking the contractors for the external painting had to encounter was the gilding of the gold ball which surmounts the top of the dome, and out of which the flagpole springs. This was a work of much risk to the painters, who were swung at an elevation of some 300 feet above the ground level.—*Frank Leslie's.*

A Famous Lady of the White House.



DOLLY MADISON. (From a painting in possession of a gentleman in Brooklyn.)

Baseball "As It Is Spoken."



"Petie Swipe stole second base."

They Did Not Live.
An English resident in Russia relates the following unhappy issue of an enterprise in which one of his clients engaged upon falling heir to a fortune:

"My friend was a great gourmand and had a passion for shell fish, and this was how he spent his legacy. I went to town one day and soon found out that the prince was in his usual impecunious condition."

"Where has your legacy gone to?" I asked.

"Why," he said, "you know that I am very fond of lobsters, and having a river on my estate, I thought I would try and acclimatize that delicacy there; but, unfortunately, I have spent all the legacy without succeeding. I quite forgot that the water was not salt!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The Development of Culture.

In the book store of the future.
Customer—"Have you any book on culture?"
Clerk—"Yes, sir; we have the 'Bostonian's Own Manual of Self-Defense' and 'Baseball as Played in New York.'"
Customer—"But haven't you any works on intellectual development, mental discipline, self help in philosophical research, or something of that nature?"
Clerk (doubtfully)—"I don't know, sir, but I will see. Boy, bring me that old box of antiques from the lumber room."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Objectionable Features.

Brown—"How do you like your new house?"
Smith—"Well, there are some objectionable features about it."
Brown—"What are they?"
Smith—"The landlord's."—*Life.*

The American system of ambulance service has been introduced in Paris.

METHODS OF GOLD MINING.

AN OLD PROSPECTOR'S INTERESTING EXPERIENCES.

Washing the Auriferous Particles From the Sands—Gold-Bearing Quartz—Captured by Rata.
A New York *Commercial Advertiser* representative gleaned the following facts concerning gold digging from an old Australian miner: "How do we get the gold?" he inquired in response to a question. "Wash it or crush it. It is found in different shapes in different places. Out west, where I worked first, it was alluvial washing from the river sand with cradles. The cradle I had once was a piece of plash fastened on an inclined plane with the grain of the plash lying upward so that any fine stuff, such as the grains of gold in the sand, would stick into the plash when washed over it. All you had to do was to get a decent head of water to turn into your cradle, feed in your sand by the shovel, and rock your cradle. The gold dust being heavier than the sand would stick to the plash and the dirt would wash away. Then you picked up your piece of plash carefully washed it off in a bowl of clear water, when the gold would collect at the bottom. Some fellows used a piece of fur instead of plash. Others only had a pan. They would take a pan half full of sand and puddle it awhile, and the gold going to the bottom, the top would be thrown away. That's the way prospecting along the river sands was generally done. If you could get a good 'color' it would be worth rigging a cradle."

"Two or three men generally go out together with picks and shovels. Their expenses are probably half paid at least by other miners who are earning steady pay. The prospectors come to a likely-looking spot, and probably decide by a toss-up whether or not to try it. Then they dig a pit in the ground till they sink through the same kind of stuff that is on the surface. Then they may come to a streak of the clay containing gold. It is something like pipe clay, very soft when first dug, but hardens in the sun, and was once the bottom of some stream. If it contains good gold all that is necessary is to drive a tunnel on the level and take it out. Sometimes it is 'pockety,' that is at a bend of the stream the gold seems to have settled in a lump by an eddy. The gold is extracted from the clay by puddling machines and crushers. Sometimes the pit streak will show off, as though the stream had jumped a precipice. Other times it will follow along for miles as crooked as a creek. When one of these holes is first opened, the miners are often sick with something like malaria, from the smell of the old stuff that has been covered up so long.

New Zealand has put out a lot of gold. It is found in the river sands, in the mountains and in beach washings, all of which, of course, as all alluvial workings, have originally come from quartz reefs washed out some time or another. There was one strip of black sand on the west coast beach which was very rich when first discovered. I was one of a party which tramped across the country to it through the bush, with our provisions and tools on our backs from Christ Church to Hokitika, about 150 miles. When we got there things were booming, and during a few months unheard of fortunes were washed out. But in a short time the place became overrun with rats. There was no way of keeping clear of them, until one day a little schooner arrived from Wellington with a cargo of cats sent by a man who first heard of the plague. The pussies sold rapidly for \$5 apiece and killed off the rodents, but the strip of beach got thoroughly worked out, and then the miners took to the mountains.

"Quartz mining is the same all the world over. Prospectors go out armed with sledge hammers. They see a vein of quartz in a bowlder, smash it up and perhaps find several small nuggets. They pick out these pieces of gold carefully and carry them until they get enough to send to a crusher. Often a prospector will make \$3 or \$4 a day smashing bowlders. These bowlders always lie near to some regular lead of quartz, and quartz leads always run east and west. Consequently, when there is a profusion of gold-bearing bowlders, the general plan adopted is to run a trench north and south through the surface-dirt to the bed rock, which at some point must cross the lead. White quartz is not by any means the most valuable; it is generally the poorest. Most gold is frequently found in dirty-looking veins, mixed with iron rust. Sometimes the quartz is so rotten with gold that it can be broken up by hand. It has to be blasted out of the rock and put through a crusher to separate the pieces with very powerful stamps, run by steam or water power, which pound the ore to powder. A stream of water then washes it over plates covered with quicksilver, to which the gold dust adheres and the dirt is washed away. When the plates get covered with the gold adhering to them and constituting amalgam with the mercury, they are scraped off and the amalgam melted down. The mercury evaporates, the gold while boiling in a crucible is purified with borax, and then run into bars the same way that it is in the assay office. It is not necessary always to see gold in the quartz to make sure it is there. Often dirt that does not contain more than three pennyweights of gold to the ton will pay to put through the crusher.

"Sometimes a stream will cut through a quartz lead or reef and save the trouble of trenching to find it. Quartz reefs are of no uniform width or depth or extent. They are from half an inch to a couple of feet wide, generally two or three inches, and their depth has never been discovered. After a heavy rain at a quartz diggings, sites of gold, little nuggets in scraps of refuse ore, will often be picked up in the road.

"There is one satisfaction about gold mining, and particularly about alluvial washings," concluded the horse-car conductor, "and that is that you always get your money as soon as you make it without having to collect it. The harder you work the more you make, and there is a very pleasurable uncertainty about it, for you don't know when you may find a nugget."

Appearance of Cotton Worms.

Columbus, Ga., Special.—Colonel B. T. Hatcher returned from his Russell county plantation Sunday night and reports that worms have already appeared in his cotton. Col. Hatcher has 1,700 acres in cotton, and, unless ruined by worms, will gather 1,000 bales. He will use paris green to poison the worms. The cotton crop is reported to be remarkably fine in Russell county, and unless disaster occurs, the yield will be the largest in years.

A Shrewd Trick.

P. K. Deiderick, a manufacturer of Londonville, N. Y., drove into the city of Albany Monday morning. After transacting some business at the Mechanics' and Farmers' bank, he came out and laid a package containing \$20,000 worth of bonds in his carriage. A stranger engaged him in conversation about his horses, while a confederate abstracted the bonds from the carriage seat. They both escaped, but one thief was afterwards arrested at Troy, N. Y.

Ante-Bellum Times.

The following is clipped from a paper published at Atlanta, Ga., in 1858:
CHOICE STOCK OF NEGROES.
A large lot of negroes on hand, consisting of single men and women, plough boys and girls. Also several extra fine families.
My old customers will find my stock, as heretofore in Atlanta, selected and constantly replenished.
ROBERT A. CRAWFORD,
Slave Trader, Cherry Street.

THE TWIN STATES.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The German brig *Anneau*, with trypentine from Savannah, Ga., for Glasgow, is reported ashore on Hatteras Shoals, N. C. The crew have been saved.

The Newton Normal School closed Friday. There having been about 225 teachers in attendance.

A Jew has been put into the penitentiary of the State at last. His name is L. Orton, and he is from Catawba. He was put in the "pen" on Wednesday.

Mr. Thomas Lowry, who lived five miles from Shelby lost his dwelling house and its contents by fire Monday. His loss is estimated at 2,500, upon which he had no insurance.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Representative Foran, Democrat, says that he calculates the next houses will be Republican by about ten to fifteen majority.

A row occurred at Yorkville, last Saturday night, between two darkies and a crowd of 300 railroad laborers. A colored man named Reckham was killed in the fight.

Miss Fannie Wyatt, an inmate of Bishop Duncan's family, at Spartenburg, died Friday. She was a native of Virginia and was about 77 years old.

Camp Anderson, at Greenville, was finally abandoned Tuesday by the Sumter Guards, of Charleston, who had lingered in their tents, when they left for Tryon, N. C., till all others had gone.

All the candidates for Greenville county offices started out Tuesday morning on a tour over the county, to attend to the series of meetings appointed by the executive committee. There are forty-three candidates in the county.

Human Butchery.

A horrible tragedy was unearched shortly before Monday midnight by officers of the Desplains street Station, Chicago. On the second floor of No. 150 South Sangamon street, lay the bodies of Henry Hush, a retired saloon keeper, and his wife. Both were past middle age, and were looked upon by their neighbors as a particularly happy couple. They were last seen Saturday evening sitting on the front stoop, and to all appearances as pleasantly disposed towards each other as could be imagined. Hush had fairly slaughtered his wife with a butcher knife and afterwards hanged himself.

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Aqueduct Bridge Blown Up.

An accident of a very peculiar nature occurred on the Virginia Midland, Monday. Some excavations were being made near the aqueduct bridge between Alexandria and Washington City, and it seems that the workmen overdid the thing. They put in a blast that not only made the desired excavation, but tore down the bridge and covered the track with a mass of earth and rock. The accident blocked the track completely and stopped the running of all trains for nine hours. The damage to the track was terrible.

Destroyed Tombstones.

A most atrocious and mysterious act of sacrilege and vandalism was perpetrated on Walnut Hill, near Cincinnati, Ohio, Friday night. Unknown parties entered the Calvary Catholic cemetery and the United Jewish cemetery, on the Montgomery Pike, just outside the city limits, and destroyed nineteen tombstones in the former cemetery, and five in the latter place of the dead.

The Executive Committees.

The Republican National Executive Committee are in session at their headquarters, 5 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The Democratic State Committee headquarters are at the Hoffman House, and business was commenced in earnest on Monday.

Chairman Bryce was in consultation until after midnight at the National Democratic headquarters with delegations from the different States.

Somerset county, Penn., has a female Hercules who can shoulder three bushel of wheat and walk away with it. She has never seen a railroad.

Selling Out.

I hereby notify the public that I have picked out EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS worth of

Spring and Summer Goods,

which I have put on separate tables. I shall sell them at ANY PRICE, no matter what you offer me, the goods are yours. I don't believe in carrying over goods from one season to another, and put camphor in them—I would rather sell them at ten cents on the dollar.

MY MOTTO IS: "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS" to keep the wheels rolling.

Below I will give you a few prices which will tell the tale.

150 Rolls of Straw Matting
from 15 to 25 cents per yard, worth 50 cents.

\$3,000 worth of SILKS and SATINS, in all shades, I shall dispose at 35 cts a yard; the real value is \$1.40 everywhere.

50 Pieces Plain and Fringed SATTEENS at 14 cents per yard regular price 25 cents.

250 Fine SILK PARASOLS to be sold at any price.

50 Pieces of SCRIM for window curtains, 1 3/4 yards wide, at 10 cents a yard, worth 28 cents, in eight different shades and patterns.

Clothing, Clothing,

150 MENS' DUSTERS at 45 cents a piece.
1,500 MENS' YOUTH'S and BOYS' ALL WOOL SUITS, in Sack and Frocks, the regular price \$12.50, they are now moving at \$4.75.
2,500 Pair of Durable WORKING PANTS at 75 cents a pair.

Furniture! Furniture!! Furniture!!!

I HEREBY notify the public that I am selling out my entire stock of FURNITURE AT ANY PRICE, and will not keep it any more. My other departments require my entire time and attention and compels me to make this move. I am determined that the Furniture MUST GO.

FOR CASH OR ON TIME.

ALL the goods I have mentioned herein will be sold, and MUST BE SOLD for cash or on time.

WHEN you leave home with the intention to visit my store don't be misled by druggers; come where you intended to go.

ALL these goods were bought for SPOT CASH, and I can give them away if I chose to do so, and considering the above prices it begins to look very much like it.

Remember the sign in front of my store.

Joseph Edwards,

"The Champion of Low Prices."

H. WEIL & BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail Merchants,
GOLDSBORO, N. C.

IN ECONOMY THERE IS WEALTH! IN THE JUDICIOUS EXPENDITURE OF MONEY THERE IS ECONOMY!

In buying our goods of us you will find that you are expending your money JUDICIOUSLY.

HAVE YOU VISITED

Our Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Department. If not, depend upon it you're behind the times in knowledge of the prevailing styles.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY

Of our Merchant Tailoring Department, and have your garments made by famous Northern Tailors. We guarantee to please all.

OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

is pronounced the most extensive in the city. They are NICE; they are NEW; they are NEAT.

REMEMBER THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM

When you enter our Shoe Department. We are selling only Shoes of well-known manufacturers, and guarantee satisfaction as to PRICE and QUALITY.

WE WILL DUPLICATE BILLS

From any Market in our Wholesale Department. Call and be convinced. Children's Carriages in the most unique styles.

CARPETS, MATTINGS, OILCLOTHS, ETC.

A large assortment of new and exclusive patterns, at Lowest Prices.

IT WILL COST NOTHING

To look through our Stock and convince yourself that we carry the most complete line.

H. WEIL & BROS.