

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

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"IT COULD NOT HAPPEN NOW."

Ere country ways had turned to street,
And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet,
Some merry April morn:
The willows bowed to nod the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look, and she would look
And both would look away.
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame, her mother.

Our girls are wiser now,
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
Would rearrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass
Which bow she ought to wear;
And often she'd neglect her task,
And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown, and ask:
"Why do you blush like that?"
And now she'd hunt with footsteps slow
That meet with cowslips yellow,
Down which she met a week ago
That stupid, staring fellow.

Our girls are wiser now,
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so woe-begone and sad,
And make his mother cry.
"He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse!
My boy, so blithe and brave.
Last night I found him writing verse
About a lonely grave!"
And, lo! next day her nerves he'd shook
With laugh and song and caper;
And there—she'd find a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissue paper.

Our girls are wiser now,
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.
—Frederick Langbridge, in Good Words.

Old Siegel and His Son.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Many years ago, while making a tour through that beautiful tract of mountain scenery in the south of Bavaria known as the Saltgammert, I stayed for a fortnight at Berchtesgaden. I spent much of my time there in fishing for grayling and in talking to the chamois-hunters, with many of whom I had made acquaintance during a previous visit. I used often to sit for hours listening to their hunting-stories, and on one occasion I hunted with them.

The mountains immediately around Berchtesgaden are kept as a royal chamois preserve, and as the King was expected to arrive shortly, none but his Majesty's own jaggers were allowed, during the time I was there, to disturb the chamois.

I was, however, very anxious to have at least one day's sport, and arranged with old Siegel and his son Franz, chamois-hunters whom I had known for some time, and on whom I could depend, to have a "jag" on the morrow. Siegel persuaded Gotting, a friend of his, to come with us.

We started early in the morning, and after tramping for several hours up through the dark pine woods, which became more scant and scrubby the higher we went, emerged at last on the open snow-fields.

We now separated: Franz and Gotting made a long detour to the left, while Siegel and I hastened on to reach some commanding position above, in case any chamois were driven up. After an hour's more climbing, we halted on the top of a precipice, which shaped in the form of a crescent, made a complete cul de sac for any chamois driven up by our friends below.

We had hadly been watching ten minutes when two chamois appeared in sight, bounding up the mountain-side and coming directly toward us. When the foremost had come within range, I fired and missed, as most men would have done, firing as I did at so small an object from a height almost perpendicularly above it.

The beasts turned, and springing with wonderful speed over the sharp rocks, were soon out of sight. I fired a second shot just as they were disappearing, and think I struck one of them, but it contrived to get away, and we never saw it again.

Siegel and I, somewhat crestfallen, trudged on up the mountain, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides, and halting now and then to give the others time to overtake us.

Suddenly we heard, far down below us, a shot, and then all was again silent. We were much surprised, as it is one of the first rules in this kind of hunting never, except when absolutely necessary, even to raise the voice, much less, of course, to fire a rifle, which scares the chamois completely.

We knew that Gotting and Franz, directly below us as they were, could not possibly have seen a chamois, as our

shots must have driven them quite out of reach. After a minute's anxious listening, we fancied we heard shouts, and fearing we knew not what, called loudly Franz's name.

We then heard—and this time quite distinctly—the voice of Gotting saying: "Come down! come down! It's all over! Franz has shot himself!"

Siegel and I were standing together ankle deep in the snow. I glanced into his face, and I think I shall never forget the look of misery I saw there. Before I knew what he was about, he had seized his rifle, and presented the muzzle to his head, and was feeling with his foot in a frenzied manner for the trigger.

I snatched the piece away, just in time; he did not try to recover it, but throwing himself on the snow, burst into a most passionate, most eloquent torrent of praise of his son's many virtues. He told me what a good son he had always been to him, anxious to fulfil his slightest wish.

I at length succeeded in partially soothing him, and in rousing him to action. We scrambled down as fast as we could, guided by Gotting's shouts.

It was a long time before we reached them: to me it seemed an age. I accused myself of being the author of all this misery, and my anxiety was heightened by the reflection that we were in reality poaching, and we should very likely, in consequence of this misfortune get into trouble on our return.

We found poor Franz lying shot through the back and in great pain among stunted "knie-holz"—a plant something like our whinbush. It appeared that he had, contrary to all jagger rules, carried his rifle capped, and that in walking through the knie-holz, he had stumbled and fallen, and his rifle had somehow or other exploded, causing a severe wound.

We stanch the blood as well as we could with our handkerchiefs, and then held a consultation. Gotting said he knew of a chalet some way off to which he thought we might manage to carry Franz.

I lifted him up as carefully as possible, and walked for some way over the abominable knie-holz, which threatened to trip one up every moment. I managed, I think, to go about two hundred yards with my burden, and then, exhausted, had to lay him down. His father tried to carry him next, but unnerved and half-blinded by his tears, had also soon to give it up.

Gotting was the only one of the party who could carry Franz for any great length of time over the rough ground we were now compelled to traverse; he was a small man, but seemed to be all wire and muscle.

It was, however, evident that the slow pace we were obliged to go we should never, even if we knew the exact direction—which, by the way, none of us did—get to the chalet before nightfall. Some other arrangement must be made.

Gotting proposed that he should stay with the wounded man, while Siegel and I should go forward and attempt to reach the chalet. Gotting was the only one of the party who had ever been there, and that was years before. He gave us directions how to find it.

We were to pass to the right or left of certain peaks he pointed out to us, and then he said we should see a large field of snow. We were to cross this, and the chalet was in a hollow about half a mile above and to the left.

Well, we started—Siegel and I—leaving all the provisions except a few sandwiches with Franz and Gotting. A weary walk brought us to the peak where, according to Gotting, we were to see the snow field. But there was nothing of the sort there; peak rose upon peak, but there was no great, level snow-field stretching away at our feet, such as he had described.

We looked at each other in dismay. To add to our distress, the weather, which had hitherto been beautiful, began to get overcast. Light wreaths of mist were setting on the highest summits of the mountain, sure signs of a coming storm.

However, there was no use in going back. We should perhaps not be able to find Franz and Gotting again if, bewildered as we now were, we attempted to get back to them. Our only chance was forward.

Tired and dispirited we walked on, turning around only to look at the gathering clouds which were now piling themselves dark and threatening behind us. The wind, too, began to rise. We determined to go downward; indeed, we were too much exhausted to go any higher, or waste any more time in looking for the chalet.

The ground seemed to get more rough the lower we went, and the tremendous gusts of wind which whistled round us made the descent most dangerous. Great, spattering raindrops now began

to fall and we halted on a ledge of rock, utterly worn out.

The storm increased and in a short time was at its height. The rain came down in torrents, completely drenching us. The lightning with blinding flashes played all around, hissing and illuminating for an instant the awful grandeur of the scene, while the thunder pealed and crashed overhead, each crack and wall of rock echoing the sound and increasing it an hundred-fold.

We had thrown our rifles away, afraid that the lightning would strike them, and stood waiting for the storm to abate. When we resumed our decent we were trembling with cold in every limb. The air, which was warm enough before, was now piercingly cold and the wind drove snow and bits of ice against our faces with blinding force.

I went first, and for a long time neither of us spoke. Only when a particularly dangerous place was crossed I gave the warning "Look to the right" or "To the left" as the case might be.

Siegel led the way when I was tired, and thus we proceeded with greatest caution, as a false step would have been almost certain death, till we got to more level ground.

Here we again encountered thickets of knie-holz. We were already congratulating ourselves on having got the worst over, when we were suddenly stopped by a precipice or "Wand," down which it would have been impossible for a goat to go. It was a sheer descent of at least eighty feet.

This was a dreadful disappointment. We walked along the edge for some way, but as far as we could see the Wand extended to the top. I had already thrown myself on the ground and had given up all hopes of life, when a shout from Siegel who had gone on a little way, made me once more spring to my feet.

I hastened to him. He was standing over a narrow hole in the rock almost hidden by bushes of the knie-holz.

"We are saved! we are saved!" he cried. He explained to me how, when I had given up in despair, he suddenly thought that he remembered the place we were in, and had remembered, too, that if it were indeed the part of the mountain he supposed it to be, there was a regular hole in the rock forming the Wand by which the chamois hunters scaled this otherwise inaccessible place. He had gone on, had found the opening, and fearful of losing the spot had stood over it and called till I came.

We slid safely down this chimney like hole, which is not much more than twenty feet in depth, and easily descending the lower part of the Wand, which is here much broken, arrived, famished and half frozen, at 10 o'clock at night, at a woodman's hut Siegel knew of in the valley below. Here we obtained warmth and shelter.

Three of the woodmen immediately started up the mountain and returned in a few hours with poor Franz, who was very much exhausted, not so much from cold—as Gotting had contrived to light a fire, and they had provisions—as from loss of blood.

I once asked Siegel what he would have done if he had not found that opening. "We should," he said, "have struck our alpenstocks into the ground, and have walked round them all the night to keep off sleep, which if I conquered us would, of course, have been fatal. If we lived till day broke we should have tried to find our way back to the others."

Whether we were likely to succeed in so doing, cold, hungry and exhausted as we were, the reader may judge.

As for Franz, he completely recovered from his wound, and I have hunted many a time with him since that memorable day. —*Youth's Companion*.

Famine in Russia.

Notwithstanding the abundant harvest in South Russia last year, in the interior whole provinces are suffering from a state bordering on famine. The inhabitants of entire districts in the Government of Orenburg are actually dying of starvation. Four years of bad crops have totally exhausted the poor peasants, so that numbers of villages there have eaten up the last seed corn.

The adult population allow themselves the luxury of a pate of bread once in two days, while children crying for bread are fed by their mothers several times a day with very small bits of millet cakes, which, in ordinary times the poorest peasant would not look at. These cakes, when they are just baked and still warm, look more like cement, and when they become cold are harder, if possible, than stones. —*London Standard*.

Australia has just made to a projected railroad a grant of 16,000,000 acres, or 20,000 acres a mile. The grant to the Pacific railroads amounted to about 6400 acres a mile.

LADIES' COLUMN.

Freaks of Fashion.

A correspondent of the *Los Angeles Times* illustrates the omnipotence of fashion by the fact that the society belles of Vera Cruz have been seized by a mania for sealskin sacs, which they persist in wearing in a latitude where the Christmas temperature sometimes exceeds 100 degrees in the shade.

Cloth of Glass.

A cloth of glass has been invented by a Frenchman which has been described as being more beautiful and brilliant than "the imagination can conceive or realize." The warp is of silk forming the groundwork of the material, and the design is wrought in the wool of finely-spun threads of glass. The extreme fineness of these glass threads is best understood when one is told that some fifty or sixty of the original glass strands are required for one thread of the wool. The cost of this material is enormous as not more than one yard of the cloth can be produced in twelve hours of time. —*Commercial Advertiser*.

Dress in "Old Hickory's" Regime. Mrs. James K. Polk ridicules a current newspaper statement that at General Jackson's inaugural ball the ladies wore calico dresses without any flowers. "Now that is an absurdity. It is quite too ridiculous for anything. The ladies of that date dressed as richly and as becomingly as the ladies of the present generation. At my own last reception at the White House I wore a gorgeous pink satin from Paris with point d'Alencon lace, and it was this dress my great-grandmother wore at a reception in the neighborhood a few weeks ago, and without the slightest alteration." —*Atlanta Constitution*.

Gray Hair in Style Again.

Gray hair is in again. Perhaps you think that by the laws of nature it never was out. What is nature compared to art? Mrs. Cleveland was so remorselessly young that to be old seemed almost a discourtesy. The consequence was that every woman in Washington, however ancient, was apparently youthful as to hair. You cannot imagine, I infer, that women dyed their locks! Perish the thought of a change so crude. The proper term to employ for this self-administered change of hue in hair is to "oxidize" it. Peroxide of hydrogen is the agent which bestows upon the locks that bronzy tint so greatly admired. What else it bestows in the way of headache and other discomforts it were too long a task to state. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Morton both leave nature unadorned and so adorned the most. In other words, they have the courage of their whitening tresses. Therefore oxidizing the hair will no longer be in vogue. We shall next hear of powder for young and old in the mode of Pompadour. —*Philadelphia Times*.

Fashion Notes.

The violet was the flower of Lent.

Low hats have Dame Fashion's favor this spring.

Empire sashes are made in most gorgeous designs.

Bamboo stands, cabinets and hanging shelves are in favor.

Mohairs and challies will be equally fashionable this summer.

Paris sends over valuable neck scarfs of embroidered crash, as well as others of the finest embroidered crape.

Gold color and black threatens to take the place of the green and black, so long considered the height of style.

New imported petticoats, whether cotton or woolen, have their colors all repeated in the lace that trims them.

Marguerite gaudets, the deep close elbow cuffs, may be either of velvet or of stuff to match the dress trimming.

In elegant dress toilets the coiffure is invariably arranged to correspond with the Empire, Grecian, or other style of dress adopted.

With white muslin any color may be worn; but yellow, old rose, tan and green will be most used for sashes and knots this summer.

Marie Antoinette Fichus of white or colored linen, trimmed all around with lace, will be worn with empire or Directoire gowns this summer.

The taste for plush fabric is steadily developing, and during the year the demand for it will be largely in excess of any previous annual requirement.

The newest black veil is of plain net, hemmed at the bottom, with a faint pattern of gold thread wrought on the hem and other lines of gilt above it.

London sends zephyrs and gingham in all manner of plaids and stripes, along with the most delicate and vividly-colored lawns, satens and batistes.

The Directoire poke bonnets, which project out over the forehead and are

piquant and becoming to certain young faces, will be more popular than last year.

Insects of various kinds are found on the new French bonnets; butterflies hover among the flowers, bees, dragon flies and ugly spiders are again a la mode.

The stripes and plaids now on exhibition are voted "loud" by women of quiet, elegant tastes, and "perfectly chic and stylish" by those who seek striking and novel effects in dress.

Some of the new summer sateens show a fox-and-geese game. It is suggested that a chess pattern, with a difficult problem or two, would be an excellent thing for seaside or mountain wear.

The novel tints in millinery are English rose, magnolia, anemone pink, wisteria, lily-leaf green, oak heart, summer sky and opal. The same colors appear in straw and braid hats as in bonnets.

The new washing surahs that now come in all the delicate fine shades will be largely used for summer frocks, for ties, for draperies, chemisettes, and will be especially valuable for hat and bonnet trimming.

A Great Chinese River.

Shanghai, writes Frank G. Carpenter, is about midway on the Pacific coast between the northern and southern boundaries of China. It is near the mouth of, though not on the great river, the Yang-tse-Kiang, which divides the empire into two equal portions and which forms the great central avenue of trade. This is one of the greatest and one of the longest rivers of the world, and it vies with the Nile in the rich deposits which it carries down from the mountains of Tibet and spreads over the rich plains of China. Its waters when it enters the sea are as yellow as clay, and their contents are, I am told, as rich as ginseng. They form a fertilizer which the Chinese use by irrigation, so that it is spread over much of the 945,000 square miles which forms its basin and makes this land produce from two to three crops per year.

The Yang-tse-Kiang has a fall nearly double that of the Nile or the Amazon. It is so wide at its mouth that when we sailed up it in coming to Shanghai we for a long way were hardly able to see the banks, and this width extends up the river for hundreds of miles. It is navigable for ocean steamers to Hankow, a city of the size of Chicago, which is situated on its banks 600 miles above Shanghai, and river steamers can go 1300 miles up its winding course. Above this there are gorges and rapids which the foreigners now think can be passed, and there will then be an opening into the interior of China by this means for more than 2000 miles. The Yang-tse-Kiang is so long that it would reach from San Francisco to New York and push its way out into the Atlantic if it could be stretched out upon a plane of the face of the United States. It is longer than the distance from New York to Liverpool, and it is said to be the best stream in the world as to the arrangement of its branches. Its boat population is numbered by hundreds of thousands, and it is a city hundreds of miles in length, made up of junks, ships and barges. These Chinese junks are gorgeously painted and carved. They have the same style of sails and masts that were used thousands of years ago, and their sails are immense sheets of cotton patched together and stretched on rods of bamboo which look like fishing poles. The sailors are pig-tailed men in fat clothes of cotton, who sing in a cracked gibberish as they work, and who understand how to manage their rude sails so well that they can often pass ships of more modern make. All of the Chinese boats have a pair of eyes painted on the sides of their prows, and the Chinese sailor would no more think of navigating without these than he would think of eating without chopsticks. If asked the reason he replies:

"No have eyes no can see. No can see, no can go."

Bishop Fowler, while sailing up the Pih Ho to Peking, happened to sit with his legs hanging over the boat so that they covered up one eye. He noticed that the sailors were uneasy, and they at last came to him and asked him to move his legs as the ship could not see to go.

The chair back has gone through almost as many evolutionary stages as the animal kingdom itself. Originally designed as a protection from sudden attacks in the rear, it became, from protecting even the head of the house, reserved for those holding the highest rank in households or courts. When the long white wig came into use the chair back had to be sacrificed to the exigencies of fashion, since which time its significance has been lost.

THE OLD VANE.

Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak!
Tho' skies be blue or gray,
Here, from my perch, a word I speak
To all who glance my way.
Flushed by the morning's earliest light,
Before the town's astir,
Kissed by the starry beams of night,
With every wind I whir,
Ever a message true I speak,
Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak!
Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak!
The farmer heeds me well:
Over the fields, his hay to seek,
He hies, when rain I tell,
Slave of the breeze; yet tyrant I
To those who watch below;
Joy or regret, a smile or sigh,
Uncaring, I bestow.
Ever a message true I speak,
Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak!
Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak!
I watch the snow-elves weave;
Keen arrows of the rain so bleak,
Sun lances I receive.
All's one to me; my task I do,
Untiring, year by year,
A lesson may this be to you
Whose glances seek me here!
Ever a message true I speak,
Creak-a-ty-creak! Creak-a-ty-creak!
—George Cooper, in Independent.

FUN.

All commercial travelers are journey-men.

The cry of a sick dog is a bark in distress.

The most conscientious mechanics have their little vices.

The average man never knows what paying the paper means until he settles his first plumbing bill.

Naturally enough a person who has been ejected from a place of public meeting has no more to say.

A merchant who complains that trade is at a standstill may not be doing a stationary business.

There is a cheerful ring in an engaged girl's laughter, and also on her finger, if it is a three-carat diamond.

"Samson, what did you ever make out of that blooded pup of yours?" Samson—"Sausage."

Proprietor (second class lodging-house)—"Will you show these people their 'bunks.'" New Clerk—"Oh, yes; I used to be a 'bunko steerer.'" —*Graphic*.

How will the new Electrical Execution law get over the revolting scenes of executions when the revolting details are carried out at 900 volts per execution? —*Life*.

"How are those hour glasses? Do they work easily?" "Oh, my! yes. This one is particularly good. I ran through in less than fifty minutes yesterday." —*Maid and Express*.

If a cashier leave Chicago at 3 o'clock P. M., and another leave New York at 5 o'clock P. M. on the same day, how soon will they dine together in Montreal? —*Life*.

The proprietor of a sausage factory announces that "parties sending their own flesh to be chopped will find their orders attended to with punctuality and dispatch." —*New York News*.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.
From Ash-Wednesday to Easter she ponders upon it:
While he scrapes around
To raise cash for that bonnet! —*Puck*.

A man fails in business for \$20,000. His creditors levy upon his assets and obtain \$1000 in settlement of their claims. How much does his wife make by the transaction? Answer, \$12,000. —*Life*.

Wherein Her Success Lay.—Mother (to daughter)—"I understand, my dear, that you made quite an impression at the conversation the other evening." Daughter—"Yes, mamma." Mother—"What subject did you discuss?" Daughter—"I didn't discuss anything, mamma; I let others do the discussing." —*Harper's Magazine*.

Various Locations of the Capital.

The Capital of the United States has been located at different times at the following places: At Philadelphia from September 26, 1776, until December, 1776; at Lancaster from December 31, 1776, to March, 1777; at Philadelphia from March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; at Lancaster, Penn., from September 27, 1777, to September 26, 1777; at York, Penn., from September 26, 1777, to July, 1778; at Lancaster, Pa., from July 2, 1778, to September 26, 1778; at Lancaster, Pa., from September 26, 1778, to November 20, 1778; at Lancaster, Pa., from November 20, 1778, to January, 1785; New York from January 11, 1785, to 1790; then the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been at Washington.