

THE HEADLIGHT.

State Library

A. ROSCOWER, Editor.

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

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NOT THE SMARTEST FOLKS.

You may notice it on de pallin',
You may mark it on de wall,
Dat de higher up a toad frog jumps,
De higher he will fall.
And de crow dat fly de swiftest,
Am de wisest in de corn,
And de fly dat am de meanest,
Get up earliest in de morn.
De brook dat am de shallowest,
Chatters most upon de way,
And de folks dat am de silliest,
Ar de ones dat mo' ter say.
And de rooster dat am youngest,
Am de one dat crow de loudest,
And de man what am de coward,
Always make de biggest boast.
And he am not de greatest man
Who toles de biggest muscle;
Nor am he de finest gal
Who war de biggest bustle.
You cannot judge de kin' ob man
By de number ob his walkin',
An de one dat de smartest folks
Why do de fumes' talkin'.

SAVED BY A WIRE.



BY CLARA G. DOLIVER.

THIS morning I saw the sun rise; there were broad stripes of velvet and carmine across the eastern sky which faded into golden haze that reached to the zenith; but while all about me exclaimed in admiration of its beauty, I was silent, for I felt a chill of anguish, sent by that mysterious chain which links our present to our past.

I have forgotten a thousand happy hours, but the suns and storms of more than twenty years have faded to dim those sensations of despair with which I once saw the sky painted in brilliant colors by the rising sun.

I was about seventeen at the time, a romantic, visionary boy, with only one very marked trait, and that was a decided dislike for monotonous work. In fact, when I remember myself, I am unable to judge any but hastily, however preposterous in his ideas, or foolish in his conduct.

When my father died he left me, a penniless, friendless orphan, to the care of his brother, my uncle Jabez, whose great ranch in California had been for some time one of my "brags" among my school fellows.

Strange steel gallop I awkwardly out of the yard, the great hat flapping and the shot-gun swinging, that my breath was fairly taken away with astonishment, and I did not realize until some time after that Tibby, in a moment of inspiration, had nicknamed me Boston. To this day the name clings to me in the family, as nicknames are apt to cling, when they hit the mark; no doubt my prima manners and formal speech, my soft hands and city-made clothes, made "Boston" seem peculiarly appropriate.

I walked Tibby out of sight, and then looked at Tyler in blank amazement, as much at a loss what to say or do as if I had been suddenly landed in the midst of savages; at this juncture I was thankful to hear my uncle's voice calling to me from the door of the kitchen to come and have something to eat.

Aunt Jane greeted me with some show of kindness, which seemed like fondness after Tyler's reception, and, incidentally won my lonely and homesick heart.

This affection was afterward modified, though not destroyed, by the discovery which I made, that being a Missouri woman, my aunt "bipped" that is, rubbed snuff on her teeth with a tooth-brush; her expression at such times was so idiotic that I always fled from the room, fearing that disgust would destroy the only link that bound me to my new home.

With such surroundings it may be believed that I was anything but happy; I—who considered myself so superior—became a mark for the unceasing wit of the family, the butt of rude jokes, the laughing-stock of the Mexican sheep-herders.

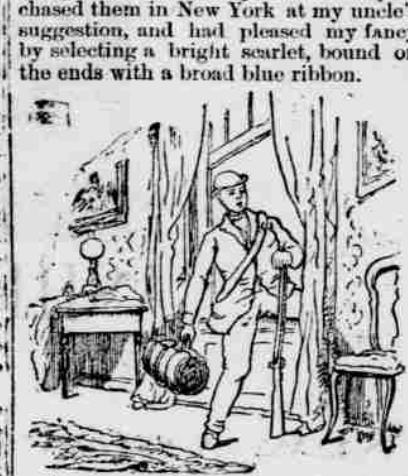
My little store of high-school learning, my skill in algebra or geometry, gained me no credit on Corralitos Rancho. I could not shoot duck on the wing, dip sheep, or lasso a steer. My smattering of Latin and Greek went for nothing; unable to speak Spanish, I was voted an ignoramus, for all on the ranch were so familiar with that tongue as with English—a necessity, where two-thirds of the "hands" spoke nothing else.

In spite of all rebuffs, however, I continued to assume a great many airs of superiority. I shirked work, wore my good clothes, used needlessly elegant language, and behaved generally like a prig. I hated my cousin Tyler, while he, with all his boorishness, looked rather kindly upon me; he had a good heart, and was an excellent friend, now and then took me to the side of the river, and made me feel that I was not so far from home as I thought.

As the distance between myself and Corralitos gradually increased, an inexpressible feeling of loneliness and isolation crept over me, aided by the desolate silence of the open plain; not a living creature did I see, and the only sounds that I heard were the rustling of leaves in the undergrowth, as some shy wild thing crept back to its hiding-place at sight of me.

I knew that wildcats made their homes under the stunted mesquites, and a panther was within the bounds of possibility; for the herders not infrequently reported the sheep raided by them, and Tyler even killed one while I was at the ranch.

My blankets were my own. I had purchased them in New York at my uncle's suggestion, and had possessed my fancy by selecting a bright scarlet, bound on the ends with a broad blue ribbon.



As soon as the family had retired I rolled them up and bound them with a stout strap; for I intended to walk all the first night in order to get a good start, for I did not doubt but that I would be pursued.

I slipped stealthily from the window, unnoticed even by the dog, and walked briskly until I struck the San Luis road, when I fell into a steady, comfortable pace suitable for an all-night tramp.

It was quite dark when I started, but about ten o'clock the moon rose. They retired early on the ranch, and their light cheered my drooping spirits, making me feel less like an escaped convict.

I rested once or twice by the roadside, and wished more than anything else that I had something to eat or drink; not because I was hungry, but merely to break the monotony of the march.

The dusty road—it was the middle of September—cut through a wide, treeless plain, bounded on one side by a dim line of mountains, and broken only by an occasional patch of low growing shrubs, or by telegraph poles which lifted themselves at regular intervals, like gaunt reminders of a distant civilization.

I remember glancing up at them placidly, and observing that they had no cross bars at the top. For many hours I plodded on patiently, making mental calculations as to the number of miles I should have traversed by daylight.

I thought myself happy to have escaped with my life, and had few regrets for the fortune which I fancied I was leaving.

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With a sudden throb of terror, I grasped the truth—it was a drove of Spanish cattle.

From an unreasoning impulse of defending myself I did the most insane act possible. I swung my gun to my shoulder and discharged both barrels; with horrible distinctness the shots pealed out on the still night air, and the fierce drove, which a moment before had been intent on water or pasture, now rushed forward with a roar of rage that almost paralyzed me.

It was a terrible situation, a moment of despair, a glance into the face of a frightful death. There seemed to be no refuge; neither tree that I could climb, nor bush where I could hide, only the telegraph pole, beside which I stood, reared itself above me. I threw down my gun and began to climb; a few knotty protuberances at the base favored me, and though I had little skill in exercise of this sort, some strange power seemed to give me intelligence and address far beyond my nature.

Great drops of sweat stood all over me. I felt a ringing in my ears, as though a thousand gongs were beating; time no longer existed for me; every thought, breath, sensation was crushed into an agony of effort, until at last I reached the top of my frail refuge and clutched the wire in my hand.

I tried to steady my nerves amid the horrible uproar, and at length forced myself to look down. Through a cloud of dust I saw a sea of wide, branching horns, heads tossing, tails lashing, huge bulks bending and rearing.

I could see them look up at me with glaring eyes as they pawed the earth, following with balled fury.

The telegraph pole was stout and well set, but I shook so with their blows and jerks that I feared each moment that it would fall.

Fifteen or twenty minutes had passed before it occurred to me that my red blanket, plainly visible in the moonlight, was the exciting cause of their animosity. It was no easy matter to unfasten it with one hand, but at length I succeeded, and allowed it to drop to the ground.

I could not see them any more, but I was sure that they were torn and bleeding from the wrist to the fingers; to relieve them I occasionally rested my elbows on the top of the pole (there was no cross-piece), helping the strain on my arms by pressing my knees against the wood, until every muscle in my body was wrenched to the utmost; the pains in my back, especially, were almost insupportable.

At first, I was conscious only of terror and of suffering, but as time dragged slowly on my mind began to wander. Scraps of conversation heard in the past and long since forgotten, returned to me; they were wholly trifling and disconnected, but they came back with every tone as clear and distinct as if they had just passed through my ears.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKETS.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

News Collected by Wire and Mail From All Parts of Dixie.

Orders have been given to largely increase the working force on the new railway from Shelby via Morganton to Cranberry, N. C.

The Suffolk and Carolina Railroad is completed to Chowan river. It is an important connecting point between Virginia and North Carolina.

Rev. A. R. Hunter, late of the Diocese of Colorado, has accepted a professorship in St. Augustine Normal School, at Raleigh, N. C.

The residence of Atlas Jewers, in Anson county, N. C., was burned a few nights ago with all its contents.

At Raleigh, N. C., a cotton mill company, with a capital of \$40,000, has been organized and the necessary amount subscribed.

At Charlotte, N. C., three tenement houses owned by James M. Davis, were burned. The houses were outside of the district which has water supply. The loss is fifteen hundred dollars.

Adeline Allen, a negro woman tried at Winston, N. C., for murdering her infant by drowning it in a mill-pond, had been convicted of murder, with recommendation for mercy.

At Manning, S. C., Stephen Murray, a negro, while trying to steal a ride on the down train of the Central Railroad, was killed by striking a cross tie.

At Palatka, Fla., arrangements have been made for a boat race in which Tecmer, Hamu and McKay will row on St. John's River at Palatka for a purse of one thousand dollars.

News has been received of the burning of two colored school houses in Chatham county, N. C. All evidence points to the fact that both fires were incendiary, and the authorities offer a reward for the incendiaries.

James Wilson was found dead in his house near Excelsior, N. C. A neighbor went to Wilson's house and found him lying dead on the floor. It is thought death resulted from natural causes, but a jury of inquest has been summoned to investigate the matter.

The roaring noise in the wells in the vicinity of Glenwood, Johnston county, N. C., continues. The same phenomenon is now reported in Duplin county. At nearly regular intervals, one well there on the premises of C. Byrd, is thus affected. The sound is that of boiling and trembling, and is audible at a distance of nearly a hundred yards from the mouth of the well.

At Salisbury, N. C., Johnson & Ramsay's tobacco factory was burned, with all its machinery and stock of tobacco. The latter was insured. There was no insurance on the buildings, the tobacco being property of J. L. Herrick. At one time the town was in danger of destruction.

A company, consisting of John B. Marshall, Professor C. H. Judson and George Westmoreland have bought the Greenville S. C. ice mills. The sale of the mill was made to satisfy a mortgage held by Mrs. Susan Hall, of Charleston, S. C. The property sold for \$6,000, which is only \$600 above the amount of the mortgage.

The report of Dr. T. J. Roberts, superintendent of the eastern North Carolina insane asylum for colored patients, at Goldsboro, says there are on file sixty-five applicants. There are 175 patients. A reward has been offered for the discovery of the men who, on the 1st inst., at Oyster Shell Landing, Hyde county, N. C., murdered Reddin Supton, white, in the store of J. M. Supton, his brother, and then burned the body in the building. There is no clew as yet to the men who committed this terrible crime.

A BLAZE IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

Men and Women in Their Night Clothes Leap into the Ice Streets of Brooklyn—Two Men and Two Women Burnt.

Fire broke out early Sunday morning in the three story and basement frame boarding house Nos. 105 and 107 Clark street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The boarders, most of whom had not time to dress, endeavored to escape with their goods as best they might into the icy streets. Several were severely injured by jumping from windows, and were carried by ambulances to hospitals. The place is known as the old Harper Mansion, and was kept as a boarding house by Mrs. McComb.

The flames were discovered about 2 a. m. in the basement, and burned away the stairs, causing great confusion and panic. Several women leaped from the windows in their night dresses. One gaiter policeman, who was in the district telegraph office in Montague street, got on the scene early and rescued three women from the flames. Two men and two women were burnt, one man having his skull broken and another his leg. The two women injured jumped from a third story window and struck feet first on the pavement, breaking their ankle bones. The two men were taken to the Clinton House in Fulton street, and from there to a hospital. The name of one was Mr. Gordon. He was injured by jumping from a third story window front and striking on the balcony. He was dangerously wounded. The damage is estimated at \$50,000.

REAR-ENDERS EXPORTS.

Breadstuff exports from the United States during January past aggregated in value \$8,122,277, against \$14,528,809 in January, 1887. Exports of the principal articles of provisions during January past were valued at \$6,826,950, against \$8,151,442 in January, 1887.

ATLANTA'S PUBLIC BUILDING.

In a letter to Congress the attorney general says that the accommodations at Atlanta for Court officers and Government business are insufficient, and as therefore urges early action in appropriating money for the extension of the Government building at that place.

CLEARING THE CORRIDOR.

All telegraph offices have been removed from the corridor of the House of Representatives, adjoining the main entrance where the day clerks crowded thickly for a long time, and where the throng that gathered impeded the passage.

CONDUCTOR'S LICENSE.

The House committee on labor after hearing further suggestions on the bill to license railway conductors, authorized Mr. Burnett, of Massachusetts, to report it to the House adversely.

POSTOFFICE INSPECTOR APPOINTED.

Hon. J. L. Webb, of Shelby, N. C., has been appointed a postoffice inspector.

THE BLAIR BILL PASSED THE SENATE.

The Blair educational bill passed the Senate by a vote of 39 for to 29 against.

Not a Paradise for Doctors.

The Chinese penal code provides that when an unskillful physician, in administering medicines or using the acupuncture needle, proceeds contrary to the established forms, and thereby causes the death of the patient, the magistrate shall call in other physicians to examine the medicines of the wound. If it appears that the injury done was unintentional, the practitioner shall then be treated according to the statute for accidental homicides, and shall not any longer be allowed to practice medicine. But if he has been designedly departed from the established forms, and have practiced deceit in his attempts to cure the malady in order to gain property, then, according to its amount, he shall be treated as a thief, and if death ensues from his malpractice, then for having thus used medicine with intent to kill, he shall be beheaded. There appears to be nothing in the "celestial" code answering to the laws of barbarian nations concerning civil damages recoverable by parties made to suffer from "unintentional" malpractice. —Chicago News.

WASHINGTON.

THE MALITIA FORCE OF THE NATION.

The Secretary of War has transmitted to Congress a tabulated statement of the militia force of the United States, which shows that at last return there were 82 general officers, 1,105 officers of the general staff, 1,638 officers of the regimental field, and staff and 5,385 company officers, making a total of 8,210 commissioned officers. There were 18,431 non-commissioned officers; 2,900 musicians, and 71,396 privates making in all 92,627 enlisted men and a grand total of officers and men, for 19 militia for an 189,357 men. The number of men available for military duty (morganzized) is set down at 5,292,763, but in some cases the figures are based upon estimates made in the War Department.

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The night was so quiet as the

Corralitos Rancho was thirty miles from the nearest neighbor's, and sixty from Soledad; but the distance did not bother me. I had often seen men at the ranch who had spent weeks in the open air with no other baggage than a shotgun and a roll of blankets. The air is so dry in that part of the country that shelter at night is quite unnecessary, and game of all kinds was then very plentiful.

The climax of my woe was reached when Uncle Jabez compelled me to spend the whole day with the Mexican workers dipping sheep. I hated hard work, the smell of tobacco in the wash made me sick, and the sheep gave me a great deal of trouble, while my awkwardness amused the herders. I ate my supper and went to bed in a great rage. The next day I cleaned my gun—a gift from Uncle Jabez—loaded all my cartridges, and stowed away as much ammunition in my clothing as I thought I could conveniently carry, besides pro-

When, days after, I next had a feeble perception of what was going on about me, the first thing I saw was my aunt Jane's pale and careworn face.

The Power of Language.

And so Tom has got home from college, Mr. Bigbee. I understand he is quite a linguist.

He didn't mind it. I found (to newly arrived guests)—"I can give you a room, but it only contains a single bed."