

# THE HEADLIGHT.

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Last year the Argentine Republic shipped 445,000 tons of grain to Europe. This year it will send 2,500,000 tons. The Government is at present assisting immigrants from the coast to their destination in the interior.

### DROUGHT.

From week to week there came no rain, The very birds took flight, The river shrank within its bed, The borders of the world grew red With woods that flamed by night.

No rest beneath the fearful sun, No shelter brought the moon; Lean cattle on the reeled fence Searched every hole for drink, and men Dropped dead beneath the noon.

And ever as each sun went down Beyond the reeling plain, Into the mocking sky uprist, Like phantoms from the burning west, Dim clouds that brought no rain.

Each root and leaf and living thing Fell sicklier day by day, And I, that still must live and see The agony of plant and tree, Grew weary even as they.

But oh, at last, the joy, the change; With sudden sigh and start I woke about the middle night, And thought that something strange and bright Had burst upon my heart.

With surging of great winds, a hull And rush upon the plain, A hollow murmur far aloft, And then a roar upon the roof, Down came the rushing rain.

—A. Langman, in Scribner's.

### A Startling Experience.

BY LILY TYNER.

Josie McClure was always plucky. Every one said so, and what every one says is pretty apt to have some truth in it. She was plucky from the hour of her birth, when, a poor, puny, posthumous little creature, she was sent into the world to assuage the sorrow of a half-brothered widow-mother—a delicate creature whose near friends were few and whose resources were slender.

Josie grew up the delight of her mother's heart. A quick-witted little red-haired termagant, some were pleased to term her, but these were, as a rule, such of her schoolmates as had cause to fear her just wrath for misdoings of their own. Big boys who tormented their smaller brethren and girls who stooped to petty treacheries were Josie's special detestation. But Josie's school life could not last as long as that of most girls. It came upon her all at once one day that she had a mission in the world, namely, to assist in providing for herself and her mother. I shall always believe that I lost the notion in her head of becoming a telegraph operator. She used to come up to the depot of that sleepy village nearly every day on her way home from school and watch me at my work. I was station-master, train-dispatcher and general operator all in one.

"I don't think I could ever learn to send a message," she said one day, as she stood watching me.

"Oh, yes, you could," I answered. "In fact, I think you'd soon become an expert."

She looked up sharply with her bright, red-hazel eyes.

"What makes you think so?"

"Your quick nature and good sense," I said. "I don't believe you'd ever lose your head."

"No; I am pretty cool. Remember when Crutchen's horse ran away with Grace and me? I made Grace drop out over the rear of the wagon. Neither of us was scratched. I was just as cool that moment as I am now. Grace was screaming murder."

"If you had a position like mine," I laughed, "there wouldn't be much to scare you. It's all I can do to keep awake—some days."

"I'd rather go farther West," said Josie.

Briefly it happened to suit her.

She took a few lessons of me. I gave her something of a start. Then she went to the city and took a regular course of instruction. The next I knew she had been assigned to a station five hundred miles further toward the setting sun. Her mother and herself removed at once from our midst and Josie was lost to me, save for a sparkling little epistle I used to receive every week or ten days detailing her various experiences.

I'm sure I don't know how I should have gotten on without her letters. I missed her so at first. It turned frightfully dull and sleepy at my station, but I managed to keep awake and attend to things as they deserved. Several months passed. Winter slipped away and spring moved along slowly. Josie's letters came regularly to gladden my heart.

"Haven't much excitement out here," she wrote. "No Indians and only an occasional train robbery. No smash-ups, no collisions, nothing lively. Not many messages. Sometimes I think I'll call you up and chat a little; then the round-about way puts me out of the humor.

Take a vacation and visit us soon. Mother will be so glad to see you. She's crazy about her chickens; raising an enormous number. And such luck! They're always falling into the soft-soap keg or something else. Mother's health is just splendid. As for me, I've gained fifteen pounds," etc., etc.

It was this that put the notion in my head. I obtained a substitute and took my vacation in early June.

The evening of the next day I alighted from the way train at the town where Josie and her mother lived—at the station where Josie herself was a fixture.

A trim little figure came running toward me. It was she. She had on a plain gingham dress and a jaunty cap was pushed back from the auburn hair curling on her forehead. She gave me a good hearty handshaking and ordered me into the station.

"Gracious!" said I; "not much more than a shed. Do you have it all to yourself?"

"Pretty often. There's a man around sometimes, but he's a lazy sort of a creature and, to tell the truth, I haven't much confidence in him. I've got my eye on him pretty close. He went off this afternoon with a queer-looking character, some stranger friend of his. Where they went to is a mystery; might have been fishing, though folks don't fish at mid-day. Now," she went on, changing her subject with her old vivacity, "it's just about half an hour till supper time. I'll give you full directions how to go and you start at once. Walk first and you'll be in time. And won't mother be pleased, though! You see, I've got my supper here in a tin pail. I've got to stay and see the express go by all right—"

I interrupted her with the wish that she would allow me to remain with her. But she shook her head.

"No, I haven't enough supper for two and mother's all alone. You can come back after me if you like, though I don't mind the walk alone. Haven't the slightest idea how it feels to be afraid. Start right along now; it's a good mile."

She gave me the directions and I set out, rather reluctantly, it must be confessed.

The station stood somewhat above the village, the railroad wound past on an embankment, crossing a river gully on a high bridge a short distance to the west.

I followed Josie's directions; went down through the village and up the road leading to her home. Mrs. McClure gave me a delightful welcome and a supper beyond description. We had a pleasant talk of old times and new. She spoke of Josie's goodness and filial affection until tears came into her eyes and my own as well.

Then I rose to return to the station.

I shall never know precisely what thought it was came into my mind and caused me to hasten my footsteps. Time had flown. It was 8 o'clock and after, and growing quite dark. The sky had clouded over, as if a storm were impending, and the quiet of the village was unearthly.

I hurried on; I almost ran, and finally reached the station. But what was my surprise to find Josie was not there. She had not gone home, for her tin pail stood upon the table and a handkerchief lay on the floor beneath. I glanced in the pail. Her supper was yet untouched. The place was growing dark and no lamp lighted. Suddenly, "click, click," from the table. I listened and knew that some one was calling up this station. "T. W., T. W." I knew that Josie was "T. W." Whoever it was calling persisted so that I grew uneasy. Where could the girl have gone? At length, as she did not come, I answered the call. "Well, what is it?" "About the express," the answer came. "There is no mistake?" I hesitated. What should I say? "Repeat instructions. 'T. W.' is out for the moment." I knew only that the express would come from the west, and this was a man talking at a station fifty or sixty miles to the east. He answered after a moment: "Matter of life or death. Express will leave A—in ten minutes. Should switch at P—(Josie's station) and wait for special from east to pass. Other train blocked with freight. For God's sake, fix it right. No direct wire from here to A—"

A cold chill ran over me. Where was Josie? How could I call up the other station? I made an attempt but got no answer. I waited a little, but no Josie. It was growing darker. I rushed out on the platform and looked up and down. There was a small shed across the track. I ran over and wrenched open the door, but could see nothing for the darkness.

"Josie," I called despairingly. Hark!

What sound was that, faint and familiar, click, click-click. "I listened without breathing. 'I am here,' it said. 'Bound and gagged; tied down so I can't get my hands free or stir. Unloose me quickly.'"

I groped my way into the shed, stumbled over piles of wood and came to something warm and human.

It was a moment's work to release her. "Great God!" I cried, "who did this?"

She caught her breath with a gasp. "Back to the station," she cried, "don't waste a second." We ran together. She caught the key and called up the office I had spoken with. "Villainy," she telegraphed. "Wire to A— cut. Station man here in plot. Call up A— by D— and G—."

"Too late," the answer came back. "Express has left A— by this. Flag it!"

Josie turned and looked at me for an instant almost despairingly.

"What shall I do? The special has left there. The express has started. They will meet on the smelt track. The scoundrels came on me just as I had taken a note of the special, so I should make no mistake."

"We must flag the express!" I cried. "We must flag both," she said. "This may not be all that has been done."

While speaking she had turned to light the lamp and I could see how pale she was.

"A lantern," I said then. She hastened to a box in the corner and took it out. We trimmed and lighted it.

"This is only one," she said. "We need two. Take this and go down the track—you know, to the west. Stop the express and tell them—that is all. I will run to the nearest house, get another lantern and go the other way."

I shuddered.

"Suppose those men come upon you? No, you shall not go alone. I will go—"

"Hush!" she said. "Go quickly. The express is most here."

And I obeyed. And as I ran I trembled at the thought of her peril. I trembled so that the lantern shook, but I ran on.

### JOSIE SENDS THE STAKS.

This was as far as Sam could write, poor boy. He always shudders when he speaks of that night. But it was nothing after all so terrible. I got the other lantern in great haste, not from any neighbor, for there was no time, but out from behind the box in the corner. Luckily I remembered in time. Then I ran—fast as I could, but feeling pretty shaky as I crossed the bridge on the tracks and heard the water far below. Sam turns pale when I mention the bridge.

On and on I ran in the darkness with my little lantern swinging until I heard a low humming of the rails begin and saw a distant light grow bright.

"Heaven give me strength," I prayed, and stood there waving my lantern wildly. The light came nearer. I kept on swinging my lantern. I stepped from the track, but kept on signaling. Thank heaven the light came more slowly, the special was stopping gradually—when at my ear I heard voices of suppressed rage. With a terrible oath some one seized me and flung me with furious force upon the ground.

Then I knew no more. But it was all right; the special picked me up and came along slowly with men out ahead.

And Sam, dear boy, had met the express, so all was well.

The people on the special made me a nice little present, though I'm sure I didn't want them to. Indeed, they made a great fuss over me.

I had run so far I suppose they knew it must have been exhausting. The scamps who laid the plot made off, but afterward were caught.

And Sam—Oh, well—Sam is my husband now.—New York Mercury.

David Kimball Pearsons, of Chicago, according to the Tribune of that city, has given, within a short period, \$700,000 to educational and charitable institutions, his most important donations being \$100,000 to Beloit College, \$100,000 to Lake Forest University, \$50,000 to Knox College, \$50,000 to the Chicago Theological Seminary, \$60,000 to the Presbyterian Hospital, and \$30,000 to the Young Men's Christian Association. His gifts to the educational institutes were made upon the condition that an equal sum should be raised for them from other sources, and this was accomplished in each instance. "No college," says Mr. Pearsons, "to which I have made a donation has solicited a cent from me."

### Life in Japan.

From an article in the Century by the artist Wores, we quote the following: "In Japan women have always held a higher position than in other Asiatic countries. They go about freely where ever they please, and the seclusion of the Chinese is wholly unknown to them. The schools receive as many girls as boys; and as a result of my observations I can safely say, without idle compliment, that the former are brighter than the latter."

"By degrees, and under these favorable conditions for general observation, some of the causes of the people's happy spirit of independence began to be revealed to me. The simplicity of their lives, in which enters no selfish rivalry to outdo one another, accounts in a large measure for this enviable result. Regarding one another very much as belonging to one family, their mode of life is more or less on the same plane, and consequently a spirit of great harmony prevails. A very small income is sufficient to supply the ordinary necessities of life, and everything else is secured with but little effort. Household effects are few and inexpensive; and should everything be destroyed by fire or lost in any way, it is not an irreparable calamity. All can be replaced at a small outlay and life go on as before."

"The tenant upon renting a house is put to little expense to furnish it; indeed, he requires absolutely no furniture at all. The clean, finely woven mats which cover the floor serve as table, chair, and bed; and as it is the universal custom to remove the shoes before entering a house, there is no danger of one's bringing with him the dirt from the streets."

"His bedding consists of cotton quilts, which are spread out on the floor at night, rolled together in the morning, and stored away in a closet during the day. A few pictures (kakemono) and specimens of beautiful script decorate the walls, a few vases contain sprays of flowers, and a number of cushions on the floor complete the furnishing of a room. Yet it does not seem empty or cheerless; for the general arrangement of harmonious colors, the different woods employed in its visible construction, and the beauty of the finished workmanship, make a most harmonious and pleasing combination. Paint is never used to cover the wood, much less to substitute a false grain."

### The Sledge and the Deer.

The body of the sledge, which the reindeer pulls, is placed very high on a pair of long thin runners, having a gradual curve and projecting about four feet beyond the actual sledge, so that they break the shock when the sledge is being driven over rough ground. All the parts of the sledge are lashed together with reindeer skin thongs, and it is owing to the great elasticity and pliancy thereby given to the whole fabric that these flimsy constructions resist the very rough treatment to which they are as a rule subjected. The method of harnessing the deer is of the simplest; a broad leather hoop passes round the neck; to this is fastened the long thong, which serves as a trace, and which passes down the chest between the fore legs and out between the hind legs. The driving is done with a single rein, which is fastened to a crooked piece of bone or wood, fastened immediately over the ball of the eye, one of the tenderest parts in the reindeer, and which, if scientifically jerked to the right or left, causes the animal to answer to the rein very quickly. The outside deer on the near side is the only one provided with this arrangement, and the biggest and oldest deer are always placed in this responsible position, the others being kept to their work by the "chave," or long driving pole. A good "leading" deer is the most valuable of a Samoyede's possessions, and will often cost as much as three or four ordinary deer. The usual number of deer harnessed to a sledge is three, but this, of course, varies according to the weight carried, age of the deer, etc.—Murray's Magazine.

### Hindoo Jewelers' Marvelous Skill

The Swami of southern India have always been greatly celebrated for their skill as jewelers, but the forms and figures usually made have been of a character that was inadmissible in western society. A Parsee gentleman, having obtained the appointment of Indian jeweler to the Queen of England, obtained sufficient influence among the Swami to induce them to abandon their old style, and the result was a beautifully wrought casket for Princess Louise, of a workmanship comparatively unknown.

### An Indian Burial Place.

About ten days ago, writes T. C. Hoemaker to the Washington Star, I visited the Indian graves near Romney, West Va. It seems that ashes played an important part in the burial ceremony, as I found from half a peck to five bushels of ashes in each grave. The method of burial so far as I can judge from careful examination was as follows: They dug or scooped out a hole from one to five feet deep by two feet wide and three feet long in the hard stiff clay which underlies a covering of two feet of soft sandy loam. These holes were filled with ashes and cinders among which were parts of the skull, and horns of deer and bones of other animals, though they showed no signs of being burned or charred. On top of these ashes the body was placed and then covered with the sandy loam.

At the bottom of one of these graves we found a pot made of clay, about twenty-two inches in diameter by nine inches deep, the sides of which were of elaborate ornamentation, the principal being a carved face about every six inches around the top. In the pot was the upper shell of a turtle, jaw bone of a squirrel and several clam shells—evidences of food placed in the grave for use on the journey to the "happy hunting grounds."

The pottery consisted of three kinds—yellow, brown and black. The first was for common use with but little ornamentation; the second was ornamented to some extent, but the last was the Royal Worcester of Indian art production, and was, without doubt, placed in the graves of those only who were greatly distinguished.

Among the articles found was a knife made of copper roughly beaten out. The blade was five inches long by one and a quarter inches broad, and its dull, sandstone sharpened edge must have required strong muscular exertion on the part of the operator to remove the scalp of his dead enemy.

The graves are scattered over a space of about ten acres, and are on what is called the Island farm, which consists of about ninety acres. The owner thinks the entire island was a burying ground.

### Making Neckties for Men.

"Neckties are made out of grades and designs of silks and satins made specially for that purpose," said a manufacturer to a reporter for the New York Mail and Express recently. "These materials are made from patterns designed by men who do nothing but study up new things in neckties. There are in this country from fifty to seventy-five factories and ten or twelve first-class makers. The latter usually secure exclusive rights to certain styles of goods from the makers by buying either the entire stock offered to the American market or a large portion of it. The success of making up these goods, though, is just like a chance in a lottery."

"Are the styles of making up neckties originated abroad?"

"Not now. They were until a few years ago, but now our styles are superior to the European, and they often come over here for our patterns. However, there is a tendency for English fashions for the fall."

"Who are employed in making the neckties, men or women?"

"Women. There are more than 1200 thus employed in New York city alone. They are all on piece-work, and make more or less money according to their expertness. A good finisher can make \$3 or \$9 a week. She takes a necktie after it is put together and finishes each detail perfectly, so that it is ready to box. The finishers must see that all of this kind are exactly alike in point of finish and make-up."

"We have one girl who does nothing but turn the bands of neckties, and she makes \$15 a week. She turns twenty-five or thirty dozen bands a day."

Greater advance seems to have been made in Russia in the displacement of wood and coal as fuel than in almost any other part of the world. Naphtha dregs are used everywhere, and the railroads and manufactories have adopted the new fuel to the exclusion of the usual articles. It is fully 35 per cent. cheaper than either wood or coal, occupies much less space in storage and can be handled more readily. Its use has already become common for domestic purposes, and it is rapidly supplanting all other means of furnishing heat.

In four years Europe will be connected by steam with the very heart of the Dark Continent. Perhaps American steamers will also be running to the seaward terminus of the Congo Free State Railroad.

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