

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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LIFE'S JOURNEY.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station
The track seems to shine in the light,
But it suddenly shoots over chasms
Or sinks into tunnels of night.
And the hearts that were brave in the morning
Are filled with repining, and fears
As they pause at the City of Sorrow
Or pass thro' the Valley of Tears.

But the road of this perilous journey
The hand of the Master has made;
With all its discomforts and dangers,
We need not be sad or afraid.
Paths leading from light into darkness,
Ways plunging from gloom to despair,
Wind out thro' the tunnels of midnight
To fields that are blooming and fair.

The rocks and the shadows surround us,
Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day
Above us, fair cities are laughing
And dipping white feet in some bay,
And always, eternal, forever,
Down over the hills in the west,
The last final end of our journey,
There lies the Great Station of Rest.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all railways,
All roads center here when they end,
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,
All rival lines meet here and blend,
All tickets, all mile-books, all passes,
If stolen or bagged for or bought,
On whatever road or division,
Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient, the train will move onward
And rush down the track of the years,
Whatever the place is you seek for,
Whatever your aim or your quest,
You shall come at the last with rejoicing
To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall store all your baggage of worries,
You shall feel perfect peace in this realm,
You shall sail with old friends on fair waters,
With joy and delight at the helm.
You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens
With those who have loved you the best,
And the hopes that were lost in life's journey
You shall find in the City of Rest.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

An Unsuspected Heroine.

You think him a coward, said the old doctor, but how can you be sure that he is one? Courage shows itself unexpectedly in many different ways and places. I have seen men who had been brave soldiers turn pale when they sat down in a dentist's chair, and I have seen women, who would scream at the sight of a mouse, bear without a groan the pain of a terrible surgical operation.

The other day, in an old station on the New Jersey coast, I saw a queerly shaped boat which reminded me of something that happened to me once.

Some years ago I took passage in a large emigrant ship, the Ayrshire, for this country. I had been at the University of Edinburgh, and was impatient to reach home. There was on board over three hundred emigrant passengers in the steerage, and six or seven passengers in the cabin.

One of the cabin passengers was an invalid, a very small, delicate young girl of twenty years, attended by her mother and nurse. She was not a patient sufferer. Her medicine was always too sweet or too sour; her pillows were too hard or too soft, and at the wind or a peal of thunder she would tremble and cry like a child from fear.

There were two young men in the cabin besides myself, and I am afraid that they found a good deal of amusement in provoking her terrors by telling horrible stories of corpse-lights on the rigging, or of sharks and devil-fish and other sea monsters, or the sailors' yarn of the great shadow of a fish which follows a ship on which is a human being appointed soon to die. She used to stand by the hour at the stern of the ship looking down into the cool, green depths to see if the shadow pursued her.

Her nervous system was shaken by long suffering, and I sympathized with her; but the other men voted her a nuisance. They were strong, and full of health and fun, and thought it a hardship that the cabin should be, as they said, turned into a hospital ward, with bottles and pillows.

One of them, Frank Lowe, had served in the French army in Algiers out of sheer love of excitement and adventure; the other, Bernard Knott, had been a volunteer in the United States Army during the Civil War. So you see that, notwithstanding their unfeeling behavior toward the invalid girl, they were not cowards.

It was one day near the end of the voyage, and we hoped to see land on the morrow. Early in the evening Knott and Lowe and I went down into the cabin, as the fog was so heavy that in the darkness we could scarcely see one another's faces on deck. The lamps were lighted, and we sat down at the table. I took up my book; the other men began to play dominoes.

Miss Murray, the invalid, was lying on a sofa, knitting, as usual, at some white

fluffy stuff. The young men called the poor girl Miss Muffet to each other because she was always scared and shuddering at some fancied object of terror.

Set in the woodwork at one end of the saloon was a long mirror, and draped about it were some faded red and gold curtains of moreen. Mrs. Murray, who was a chatty, cheerful little body, called our attention to the drops of moisture on the glass.

"You cannot see your face in it," she said. "The fog must be very heavy."

"Where are we?" asked Lowe. "Did the Captain work up our position this evening?"

"Yes," said Knott. "He figured it out by the dead-reckoning, of course. But I believe he does not know any more than I do where we are."

I noticed that Knott had no jokes to make that evening, and that he was restless. Throwing down a book that he had caught up, he paced up and down the cabin.

There was much shouting and tramping on deck, but I supposed that the crew were reefing sail in anticipation of a storm, and paid little attention to the commotion overhead.

Suddenly it seemed to me as if every bone in my body had been wrenched. I found myself on my hands and knees, with the floor of the cabin rising like a steep wall before me. Then I saw a queer thing. The mirror broke obliquely from corner to corner, and through the rent came a torrent of foul-bilge water. People have described the wrecking of a vessel in a storm at sea as a magnificent, terrible spectacle, but that is all that I saw at the moment of its occurrence—the mirror parting in the middle and the oil-water pouring into the room.

But that was enough. I knew that the ship was doomed.

The mate, Sanders, stood in the doorway.

"What is this?" yelled Knott.

"The ship has struck a bar and is going to pieces!" the mate answered. "All hands on deck!"

He spoke pretty much as he might have talked if he were giving an order to holy-stone decks, yet I knew that he had a wife at home, and a child whom he had never seen, but had hoped to see on the morrow. His coolness was habit, you see.

I don't know how we got on deck. We men helped the three women up, of course. That was habit, too. Good habits tell in a time like that just as much as they do in an evening party in a drawing-room on shore.

The Ayrshire was on the great sandbar which lies off the whole New Jersey coast. Hundreds of ships used to be wrecked there. Before the life-saving service was established the New Jersey shore was strewn with wreckage.

The emigrants were swarming on the decks. A fearful surf broke over us continually. The ship was irremovably settled in the sands, but it was rocked incessantly by the waves. All around us was the impenetrable grayness of the fog, through which came the terrible thunder of the breakers on the shore. It drowned the shrieks of the women and even the hoarse shouts of the Captain's trumpet.

"Surely we are on land?" piped Mrs. Murray, close beside me. "The ship is fast."

"On a bar," said the mate.

From the moment of her striking there was no chance of saving the vessel, which was rapidly going to pieces. The passengers and crew were huddled on the quarter-deck. Three boats were launched, but before one of them could be manned they were swept away like feathers in a storm.

We found afterward that we had gone upon the bar off the village of Point Pleasant. Our guns were heard on shore and the crew of men along shore came at once to our rescue, but the fog was so dense that we did not see their signal lights nor, with the wind blowing toward shore, hear the firing of their mortar. It was after hours of mortal agony and suspense that a wild yell of delight broke from the ship's crew; they rushed together, grappling a light cord which had fallen as if from the skies across the deck.

It was a line shot from the life-saving men's mortar on shore.

"Gently, men! gently!" shouted the Captain, hoarsely, as he himself caught the cord and pulled on it.

By means of the line the crew pulled a rope from the shore to the ship, and this rope served in turn to draw on board a great cable. The crew made the cable fast to the hull of our vessel, and it was pulled taut from the shore.

At that period of marine history, when a cable had been stretched from the land to a wrecked vessel it was generally supposed that the rescuers had done all they could, and it remained for the ship's company to find their way to the shore if they could, clinging to this rope. But now, slung to the cable, there came out to the vessel that same queer little boat which I saw the other day at Point Pleasant. It is shaped like an egg, with a hole in the top through which the passengers crawl to enter the boat. The car will hold about fifteen people. When the passengers are packed away in it and the lid has been screwed down, it is drawn back to land through the breakers, turning over and over as it goes.

It was a fearful trip to make, but it was the one chance for life to the people on the ship.

I cannot fitly describe the awful scene on that wreck; the darkness, the wet, the thunder of the sea, the hundreds of men and women standing there facing death, and fully realizing the perils that surrounded them.

It was the first time that the life-car had ever been tested by actual service, and even the Captain looked doubtfully at the strange-looking craft that had come out to the ship along the cable.

"Who will go in it?" he shouted.

"The women have the first choice. It is not a good chance, but it is the only one."

The men among the emigrants began to push their wives and children toward the car, but the poor creatures shrieked and fought against entering it. I did not blame them. It is bad enough to go down, drowned in the open waters, but to go down locked up in that iron coffin—

"Very well," cried the Captain.

"There is no time for choice. If the women will not go, the men shall."

At that little Miss Muffet stepped forward before them all, actually smiling.

"Come," she said to the terrified women, "if I go, you surely will follow me. I am nothing but a poor little cripple!"

She stepped into the dark box and lay down in it. Then the others crowded into it after her. Stout English matrons and pretty Irish girls, children and babies. When the car was full, its lid was screwed down tight and it was pulled out into the waves. Upon the ship no man shouted and no woman cried in the few minutes that followed. We could see and hear nothing.

But presently the car came back—empty. Then we breathed freely again, for we knew that the people it had carried had reached the land safely.

All of the other passengers were taken to the shore in the same manner. Over three hundred lives were saved by that life-car on its first night of service. Do you wonder that I took off my hat to it the other day?

Two years after the shipwreck which I have told you of, I met Mrs. Murray, and with her a plump, rosy girl who, she told me, was her daughter, the one that I had known on the Ayrshire as an invalid. Now the girl's eyes shone and the red blood glowed in her cheeks.

Miss Murray said that the voyage in the car had given her new life. But I thought that the new life had come rather with the wakening of courage and the spirit of self-sacrifice within her.—*Youth's Companion.*

Wonderful Golden Lilies.

One sometimes hears of the wonderful productiveness of the golden lily—lilium auratum, Lindley. Some years ago an instance was recorded of one stalk, under cultivation, bearing no less than thirty-five flowers. This happened in Pitlour, in Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1886. The record is quite beaten by a plant in the garden of a foreign resident at Karuzawa, (says the *Japan Weekly Mail*) which is now bearing no fewer than fifty-seven flowers on one stalk. The stalk itself is six feet high, and toward the upper end it flattens out, the bud-hanging like keys on a board. The upper extremity is cleft. Room is thus allowed for the remarkable luxuriance of flowering just described. In the *Far East* of September 16, 1872, it is stated: "This summer there grew in the garden of Mr. G. C. Pearson, on the Bluff, (111) Yokohama, two stems from one bulb. The two stems cut off and stuck in a bowl of ferns are portrayed on the first page of this number of our journal. One was a fair specimen of the ordinary flowering of the plant, having eighteen flowers upon it; but the other, upon a broad flat stem, about an inch and a half in width, but thin as lath, had no less than sixty-three buds, of which fifty-two were in full flower at one time."—*Pacific Mail Gazette.*

LADIES' COLUMN.

THE NEW BONNETS.

Some of the new Paris bonnets present startling combinations of color almost appalling to refined taste, but fashioned in very odd and picturesque shapes. A theatre bonnet of bright red velvet has a crown of shaded pink roses, with a decoration of black velvet. There are beautiful and artistic new shapes in Empire hats, carried out in black velvet and feathers, and the Toreador hat comes in a combination of terra cotta and black. A love of a Paris hat has a dear little crinkled brim of black cloth, with a low indented crown of black velvet, a fluff of white ostrich tips over the front, and narrow black streamers at the back; and another very effective bonnet has a crown formed of two circles of red velvet, connected by lines of jet passementerie and a trimming of black ostrich feathers, with narrow velvet strings also of black.

CUSHIONS OF PAPER.

During the Franco-German war the ladies in England were busy making paper cushions which they sent to France to be used for the wounded in hospitals. Hundreds of thousands of these cushions were sent and were of great service. Now all England is crazy on the subject of paper pillows again. They tear the paper into very small pieces, not bigger than one's finger nail, and then put them into a pillow-sack of drilling or light ticking. They are very cool for hot climates and much superior to feather pillows. The newspapers are printing appeals for them in hospitals. Newspaper is not nice to use, as there is a disagreeable odor from printers' ink; but brown or white paper and old letters and envelopes are the best. As they are torn, stuff them into an old pillowcase, and you can see when you will have enough. The easiest way is to tear or cut the paper in strips about half an inch wide, and then tear or cut it across. The finer it is, the lighter it makes the pillows.—*Mail and Express.*

NOVELTIES IN LINEN.

A gorgeous orange cover has large floral patterns with doves flying among the flowers.

The pink, blue, straw, buff, ecru, and pea green covers are either fringed or deeply hemstitched.

For lunch and tea cloths the delicate colored spreads are still used, and are shown in exceedingly rich patterns.

For the hemstitched borders the hem is two inches wide, and for the napkins accompanying the set one inch in width.

Some covers are hand embroidered in wide patterns on perfectly plain grounds; others display several rows of Mexican work.

Among the most serviceable, and, at the same time, the newest centre pieces, doilies and carving cloths are those which are finished in the German spechtel work.

Other doilies are of fine white or cream china silk, hemstitched or fringed, and painted with bits of color taken from Japanese fans—here an old flower, there a mandarin or a strange foreign scene.

A delicate but decided salmon colored spread is richly covered with Egyptian designs of sphinxes, obelisks, pyramids, and other strange shapes, each standing out plainly from the brilliant ground.

The doilies are exquisite works of art, and some are mere scraps of white, pink, blue, buff or green satin damask, with a single pond lily, rose or daffodil spray stamped on their smooth surface, and with fringed borders.

The German patchet work is a strong embroidery in the linen which, being cut out, leaves a handsome, durable, open-work embroidery. This embroidery is a favorite ornamentation this season, and appears on bedspreads and pillowshams as well.

A rose color cloth has a rustic border of wheat and forget-me-nots drawn with artistic accuracy, and a pretty amber cloth is crowded with dancing figures of nymphs and other graceful figures, while still another represents scenes in a Roman chariot race.

The choicest patterns are the ash-leaf pattern, the corn flower, large clusters and vines of wild roses, the red clover leaf and blossoms, large lozenges, clusters of lily of the valley, and great pond lilies floating on a fine satin damask surface, all of natural size.

Another design in doilies is a faint shade of pink or blue faïence, finishing nicely with a hemstitched border and a quiet bit of landscape painted with a few dainty touches in monotone, or a sea view; a snow scene, or a branch with a bird or birds in any possible arrangement.—*Good Housekeeping.*

FUN.

When is a shirt like a weary man? When it is done up.

Farmer—"What are you doing behind that fence?" Old Hen—"I'm laying for you."—*New York Sun.*

Lady Friend—"Do you write on space, Mr. Scribbler?" Mr. Scribbler—"No, madam, I just write on ordinary wrapping paper."

The blizzard season has opened in the great Northwest, and it looks as if the crop was going to be something to blow about.—*Boston Herald.*

Amy—"What makes young De Swim scowl so all the while?" Jack—"He has to, you know, in order to make his eyeglass stay on."—*Time.*

One reason why a fat man doesn't catch cold as easily as a lean man, is because he is so much wrapped up in himself.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A woman who favors equal suffrage wants to know if it is a crime to be a woman. No, but it is not manly. We will say no more.—*Boston Transcript.*

Dick (aged eight, with disgusted air, to Tommy aged ten, whose efforts at telling "a whopper" were not a success)—"If yer agoin' ter lie, why don't yer stand up ter it like a man?"

Clerk—"I see by the papers that Mr. Bliffers is going to be married." Employer—"Great snakes! Run around to his office and collect this bill before it is too late."—*New York Weekly.*

"I should like something a little historical in character." "How would 'The Last Days of Pompeii' suit you?" "Humm! What did he die of?" "An eruption, I believe."—*Judge.*

"You are a regular miser!" exclaimed Mrs. Snooper, when her husband refused to give her twenty-five dollars she asked for. "No, not a miser," replied Snooper, "merely an econo-mizer."—*Harper's Bazar.*

William Marshall, a boy sixteen years old, picked up an old shell on the Chattanooga battlefield last week, and took it to his home. The next morning he fired the end of a stick and thrust it into the shell. The adjournment was sine die.

Sunway—"I am in hopes of getting an appointment in the Agricultural Department." Maddox—"What qualifications have you? You don't know anything about agriculture, do you?" Sunway—"Well, I'm getting pretty seedy."—*Mansey's Weekly.*

FASHION NOTES.

Checks and plaids formed of checks are very popular, the more subdued colors being chosen.

The large netted laces so popular during the summer are still favored for evening dresses.

The correct thing in umbrella handles is braided or twisted silver, terminating in a heavy knob.

Entire coats are sometimes made of lengthwise alternating stripes of seal-skin and Persian lamb.

Silk mull underwear is popular with the ultra-fastidious. Such garments are made in full sets, and are very dainty.

The favorite way of arranging flowers on ball dresses is in garlands hanging at one side. Flower panels are also fashionable.

The figures in the new and richest brocaded silks are very large, a single pattern frequently covering an entire breadth.

A low toque of pearl velvet for evening wear was decorated with a Grecian band of silver, and strings and trimmings of white velvet ribbon.

Long ulsters of cloth are made double-breasted, with deep cape collars of fur, that may be turned high over the ears in a storm or when sleighing.

Felt hats edged with chenille are popular for children. Hats of plain silks, heavy corded silk and plush of all colors are also shown for the little ones.

An effective toque of black velvet has a coronet of jet interlaced with pink velvet ribbon, pink and black velvet roses, and strings of pink velvet ribbon.

A pretty bonnet recently noted was of black velvet, perfectly plain, the only garnitures being a gilt wing and a cluster of black violets directly in front on top.

A combination of two kinds of fur in one shoulder cape is a fashionable feature of the season. Sometimes alternate stripes of two furs, lengthwise, or carried around the shoulders, form the entire cape, while others have different side pieces, collars or V fronts, or perhaps a binding of different fur.

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