

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

EIGHT PAGES.

VOL. III. NO. 19.

GOLDSBORO N. C. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1890.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

WATTS & WATTS.
THE LEADING JEWELERS.
Goldsboro, N. C.



Diamonds, Watches, Solid Silverware, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles

At Greatly Reduced Prices.
All goods warranted as represented or money refunded.

I give my personal attention to the repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work warranted 12 months.
H. A. WATTS.

J. M. HOWELL,
— PRACTICAL —

Boot and Shoe Maker,

WITH 30 YEARS EXPERIENCE

Guarantee to please and satisfy the most fastidious. Repairing neatly and promptly done at prices to correspond with these hard times.

I make a specialty of Hand-Set Sole-leather and keep always on hand a variety of Shoe Findings, such as Lasts, Pegs, etc.



PEERLESS DYES
40 Colors
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

PEERLESS BRONZE PLANTS - 4 Colors.
PEERLESS LAUNDRY BLEACH.
PEERLESS INK POWDERS - 8 Colors.
PEERLESS SHOE AND HARNESS DRESSING.
PEERLESS EGG DYES - 8 Colors.

PORTER & GODWIN,
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

Plans and estimates furnished on application.

E. W. COX,
REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Office the second door from the corner of John and Walnut streets.

Specialty. Collections of House Rents

Dr. JAMES H. POWELL'S

DRUG STORE IN "LAW BUILDING," Corner store, north end, keeps constantly in stock Fresh Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c. Prices as low as at any drug store in the city.

Also offers his professional services to the surrounding community, at day or night.

THE NEW DAY.
Dol from the broken calyx of the night
The new day merges with a slow surprise,
And like some new-winged thing with startled
eyes,
Bests on the riven sheath ere taking flight.
But as her pulses quicken and grow strong
The purple mists are smitten from her face,
And slowly knowing all its new-born grace
The red pomegranate flushes o'er it throng,
Then up the cloudy way in stately wise,
Brushing the shadows back with mystic
hand,
She rideth slowly through the waiting land,
No thought of yesterday doth dim her eyes,
For lo, the new-born day that rules the earth
Is not a resurrection, but a birth!

—Lucy E. Tilly, in Harper's Weekly.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

We were on our way from Hong Kong to Foochow on the coasting steamer Namoa, when Captain N., my "fidus Achates" of the voyage, looked at the gathering clouds to the westward and remarked: "I hope it won't rain before we get into Amoy; we are just thirty miles away."

"How do you know the distance so exactly, Captain?"

"Look at that rock, and over beyond it, you can see through a rift in the clouds a little speck like a pin point on the top of that black mountain. The pin point is a tall pagoda on that high cliff, and the pagoda is as good a signboard for this town as if that whole black cliff were painted in white letters a mile high and half a mile wide—A-M-O-Y. I never see either the pagoda or the city that a cold chill does not run all over me."

"Will you tell me why, Captain?"

"Certainly, but it's a long story—well, here goes:

Amoy was one of the first treaty ports in China open to foreign commerce, and for a long time the noted hatred of the Chinese for foreigners was more intense there than at any other port. I was then Captain of a steamer on the first line plying between Amoy and the English colony of Hong Kong, some two hundred miles away.

One cloudy evening in November I went ashore in Amoy to make a few final preparations for my ship's departure the next day. While on shore I noticed that my footsteps were dogged by a disreputable looking coolie, who approached me with great earnestness in his manner as soon as he had reached a comparatively open spot, where the growing darkness shut out the teeming herds of a Chinese city. I saw that it would be impossible to avoid an encounter if this strange follower should prove to be a highwayman. So carrying my hand to my hip pocket, where I felt the friendly "grip" of my revolver, I waited for the man to come closer. I then saw that the coolie was in great distress and, moved by his earnestness, I stopped to listen to his tale. The man explained in Chinese and "pidgin" English that he had a brother in jail who was to be hanged in two days more for capsizing in a sail boat and drowning his passenger, a mandarin's son. The mandarin, bent on revenge, had thrown the boatman into prison, where the face of a trait had been gone through with and the innocent man had been doomed to die. The coolie said that his family were all wretchedly poor, but that they had managed, by the sale of most of their belongings, to raise money enough to bribe the jailer to allow the prisoner to escape, and all that was necessary to save his life was to get him away on some vessel to the nearest foreign colony. The poor creature fell on his knees and implored me to save his brother's life. He would give me anything—everything he had—only to give the hunted creature a hiding place, to save a fellow-being from the headman's ax! All this was uttered between broken sobs, and the poor man wept as it were he himself who was only to see two more suns rise before the earth would drink up his life blood.

I felt my sympathies intensely excited, and yet I knew the treacherous nature of the Chinese and the danger in interfering with their pleas of justice, and, wishing either to test the truth of his story or to prevail upon the coolie to choose some other means for his brother's escape, I said: "I'll stow him away and carry him down to Hong Kong for 500 taels" (about \$550), thinking that such a price would be utterly beyond the coolie's means. The poor man seemed staggered at the enormity of the sum, a large fortune to one of his class, but he rallied in a moment and said he supposed he would have to pay it; that it was a fearful sum, that he was very poor, and to raise so much money his family would have to sell all they owned; but he must save his brother's life; if the Captain indicated he would have to pay it.

My sympathies were now still more keenly aroused, and seeing that the unwelcome passenger would be sent, and not caring either to break my word or to profit by the poor wretch's misfortunes, I said: "Well, I'll do it for the regular fare" (about \$10), "bring him down to the wharf at 11:30; I am going off to my ship then."

The coolie seemed overpowered with joy and was still "kow-towing" his thanks as I moved away and he disappeared in the darkness.

I had no sooner reached the wharf, about 11:45 p. m., than I was touched by the same coolie, who now offered his services as "sampan" man. I followed him to the boat and there saw another man whom the dim lamp light showed to be as poorly clad as his brother. When we shoved off I noticed that both were very clumsy with their oars, but as my ship was close to the wharf we were soon alongside.

Here I handed my overcoat to the boatman and he picked up a bundle of Chinese fashion in a large handkerchief, and we went on board, leaving my new acquaintance in the boat. I sent my steward forward on an errand that would detain him for a few moments and then had the coolie deposit his bundle in a small closet in the cabin, and told him that that must be his brother's hiding place until we put to sea, and that he must be quick to get into it.

At a motion over the side the condemned man sprang out of the boat, which he had made fast at the gangway, and slid noiselessly aft through the cabin and into the closet. I turned the lock and put the key in my pocket.

But as he passed the cabin lamp curiosity had led me to take a searching glance at his strange passenger, and, in spite of his unkempt hair and soiled and tattered clothes, his light complexion and refined features revealed in the coolie's brother a Chinaman of the highest classes.

I then tried to scrutinize the boatman, but the man's back was to the light, and the steward returning just then I paid my sampan fare, and my strange acquaintance departed.

I turned in, wondering who my mysterious passenger might be, and my thoughts were not without vague misgivings of the noted treachery of the Chinese.

I woke early, and had hardly begun dressing before a herald came to inform me that the Viceroy of the province desired to see me at his "yamen" at 10 that morning. This strange summons I at once connected with my harboring an escaped prisoner, and, full of vague distrust, I had almost decided either to put to sea two hours before the advertised time, noon, and so temporarily avoid any explanations, or to plead press of business and refuse to obey an almost royal command. Disturbed by such doubts, I hardly felt relieved when another herald came to say that the Viceroy had concluded, as he desired to see the ship, to visit the Captain, and that my presence at the "yamen" would be excused.

Such a thing as a Viceroy visiting in state a merchant vessel was almost unprecedented, and I began to fear that I was implicated in the escape of a political prisoner of high rank.

Now the customary official messengers began to pour in: First, two clad in robes of state announced that his excellency would arrive in half an hour; then four more that he was coming in ten minutes; then four horsemen gallantly accompanied, rode down to the wharf where I was now waiting to say that their master would arrive in five minutes, then a procession of liveried servants bearing aloft on high poles red sign boards, on which all the virtues under the sun were ascribed in Chinese characters to their lord; soldiers with flags and swords and spears; men with whips and words to clear the way; mandarins on horseback; factors with long pheasants' tails in their caps, and a large rabble on foot—all proclaimed that his excellency had arrived. Alighting from a gorgeous green sedan chair, borne by sixteen men in livery, he greeted me most politely and accepted my invitation to take passage in my gig on to the ship. A large portion of his escort followed, occupying a small fleet of sampans.

The Viceroy was ushered into the cabin and, strange to say, selected a chair immediately in front of the door of the closet in which the refugee was concealed.

After a few courtesies had been exchanged I was informed through an interpreter that Prince Ichang, the leader

of an insurrection, who had been captured and condemned to be beheaded, had made his escape. Suspicion, they said, seemed to point to his being secreted on board my ship; a sampan had been seen to go alongside of her the night before about midnight; it reached the ship with two boatmen and one foreigner and returned to the shore with only one man, and he made off in great haste as soon as he had landed, leaving the sampan adrift. "Of course the Captain knew nothing about the escaped prisoner, and so he could have no objections to allowing the ship to be searched."

This was subtly put. To refuse to allow it would be equivalent to acknowledging that the man was on board, and would cost me my place in a company whose interest it was to placate the unfriendly Chinese. To allow the ship to be searched involved the possible discovery of the man, and in that case his recapture and certain death, as well as my own dismissal from the company. Either course might endanger the lives of the foreign community in Amoy, against whom the hatred of the Chinese needed only a pretext to begin a general massacre. I felt the color come and go in my cheeks and for a moment I thought of delivering the refugee up to certain death, saying that when I took him on board I was not aware of the nature of the offence, and then revulsion of feeling came over me. I thought "this man has trusted his life in my hands and, hunted criminal that he is, I will not betray him."

All this flashed through my mind in an instant, and when I turned to the Viceroy I felt the same spirit of helplessness, yet indomitable defiance that every true sailor feels in the fury of the storm. I said quietly, "Certainly, your excellency, my steward will turn over the keys to your servants, but they will find no such man on board my ship."

The search party went all over the ship, directed by the crew, and after probing into corners and peering in amongst the bales of silk and boxes of tea, no stranger was found. This was reported to the Viceroy, who said: "You have not searched this cabin; do so." I was wild with excitement and alarm, but my relief was intense when my furtive glances showed me that the search party did not dare to ask their master to move from in front of the door. This relief was of short duration, for he again asked if they had searched everywhere. "Everywhere except in that apartment behind your excellency's chair. We will look there too; where is the key?" I now became thoroughly frightened, and, fumbling for some loophole to escape, I told the Viceroy that that was a locker where I kept my wares, and—I was ashamed to confess it to so high a ruler under the "son of heaven"—that I sometimes hid opium and other contraband articles there. Would his excellency forgive me if I begged that that place be kept unopened, as my peccadilloes, if discovered, would cost me my post as Captain. "I'll save you from trouble by inspecting myself—the key?"

Doubtful whether to confess my complicity or to brave it through, I thought of the mysterious nature of the whole affair, and hoped that the strange passenger might, in some mysterious manner, have escaped. This straw of hope that drowning desperation clung to saved the day. I reached in my pocket and with trembling fingers pulled out the key.

The Viceroy unlocked the door, opened it and closed it hastily behind him.

My nerves were then so wrought upon that I could almost have heard the dew fall, and I fancied I heard a word within spoken very low. Then the door opened again, there was a rustle of silk robes, the door closed, and the Viceroy said in Chinese: "No one there!"

I felt my heart throb with one great bound and things seemed to reel around me. When I recovered my composure enough to look up with pleased and grateful eyes I saw an expression I thought I recognized, and in an instant I knew what my own unstrung nerves and the regal robes had before concealed—the miserable coolie of the night before was none other than the Viceroy of the Province of Fuk-kiel, the absolute ruler of twenty-five millions of people. I had no longer a doubt that my mysterious passenger and the royal fugitive were the same, and that the Viceroy himself was conniving at his escape.

The ship sailed on time and Prince Ichang was landed safely in Hong Kong, where he lived under English protection until a severe illness let him him have

that privilege most mortals enjoy—of dying with his head on.

Subsequent developments pointed to the fact that the Viceroy was influenced not only by personal friendship but by an enormous bribe with which the rich prince bought his own head, and that, fearing the treachery of any of his subordinates, he had planned and executed the escape entirely alone. Of my betraying him he had no fear, as the word of a "foreign devil" would then weigh nothing in a Chinese court.

Two years afterward I received from the Viceroy of Kwang Tung a gorgeous pair of vases and some magnificent embroideries, "in gratitude for past hospitalities," and I found that my coolie friend had been promoted to the government of one of the largest provinces of the Empire.—Washington Star.

FUN.

The weigh of the unjust—Fifteen ounces make a pound.

"Do you think bicycle riding is falling off?" "Yes, mostly."—Bazar.

It isn't the "ifs" of life that worry the gutter-searching gamin. It's the buts.—Merchant Traveler.

It takes more than a well starched shirt front to make a polished gentleman.—Kearney Enterprise.

In milking a cow sit on the side furthest from the cow and near a soft spot in the pasture.—Milwaukee Bluff.

Jasper—"Where is that very obliging clerk who waited on me the other day?" Clerk—"Oh, that was the boss."—New York Sun.

Common courtesy is quite distinct from a matter of common courtesy, but some people don't seem to know it.—Merchant Traveler.

She (at the piano)—"Listen! How do you enjoy this refrain?" He—"Very much! The more you refrain the better I like it."—Musical Courier.

The Weather Bureau has invented a new storm signal. It is of a yellow color, and denotes that the weather man feels in his bones that something or other is going to happen soon.—Chicago News.

Political Kicker—"I wonder if them fellows in City Hall see the handwriting on the wall?" Janitor—"I think not, mister. They have just whitewashed all the rooms in City Hall."—Lowell Mail.

A traveler had just returned from a voyage around the world. He was deluded with questions. "But how did you manage to get along in those countries where you didn't know the language?" asked a particularly brainless idiot. "Why, as there are dumb people in all lands, I followed their example."—Judge.

How Tenpin Balls are Made.

All the world is now either rolling or talking about tenpins. The balls are made of lignum vite, which grows in South America. The trees grow to be fifteen inches in diameter, but the outside of the wood is not hard enough to make a good ball, and only the heart of the tree is used. The largest balls usually made are eight inches in diameter, while the smallest ones are four inches. Twelve balls constitute a set for one alley, and they are worth from \$1.50 to \$3.50 each. They are turned in a lathe by a tool which moves in a true circle, and will make a ball from an inch to a foot in size. The block of wood is set in a chuck, and one end is turned into a hemisphere. It is then changed around, and the other end presented to the tool and the ball is nearly finished, needing only to be finished with sand paper and polished, all the work being done in the lathe. The balls get out "out of true" from use, and they have to be turned occasionally. The pins are usually made of maple, and are turned in a lathe.—Rochester Post-Express.

Advantages of Insomnia.

Insomnia is not without its advantages. I heard of a New Yorker only the other days, says a Chicago Herald correspondent, who has been able to double his income by learning to do with four hours' sleep per night. He habitually goes to bed between 2 and 4 a. m. and seldom rises earlier than 7. He seems thoroughly wide awake all day, and most of the night does clever writing for several publications, foreign and domestic, and accomplishes this without apparently tiring on the time that men of leisure give to amusement. He earns his living while others sleep.

A new phosphate company has been organized in Florida with the object of developing an extensive tract of phosphate land in that State.

CURIOS FACTS.

Four big sausages, made for S. B. Hill, of Letterkenny, Penn., filled a bushel measure.

An accomplished young man of London is employed by a fashionable stationer to write speeches for wedding breakfasts.

The year 2118, according to the President of the Manchester Geological Society, will see the exhaustion of the English coal.

Farmer Harms, of Kings County, Oregon, cut down a cottonwood tree recently, from which he took 700 pounds of fine honey.

An Allegan (Mich.) minister recently astonished some of the world's people down there by lifting a 300-pound box of chickens and depositing it in a wagon.

Mrs. Hiram Peters, colored, of Ritchie County, W. Va., has just found her son, who was stolen when an infant. He is now a clerk of courts in Iowa, and is worth \$20,000.

Governor Joseph C. Yates, of New York, was buried in 1837, at Schenectady. The other day the body, when taken up for reburial in New York city, was found to be petrified.

A Northampton County (Penn.) farmer while butchering the other day struck a bullock with a sledge-hammer, and left the animal for dead. When he returned from his breakfast the bullock was finishing a chest of meal.

A citizen of Hawkinsville, Ga., who was suffering from asthma, was advised to try a remedy sometimes used by the colored people. He got a hornet's nest, boiled it, made a tea, drank the liquid and was completely cured.

A girl at Reading, Penn., postponed her wedding because she was unable to secure the white horses owned by a certain livaryman for the date she had fixed. The animals are in great demand for weddings and are said to bring luck to the bride.

A newspaper in California relates that after a rain storm, which occurred there last November, many people of Angles Camp, Calaveras County, got money enough for their Thanksgiving dinners by picking up gold in the streets and in the shallow streams.

Many families on the shores of the Straits of Mackinaw, Mich., will buy no flour this winter. The recent wrecks there enabled them to get hundreds of barrels of it—and no questions asked. Some wreckers have flour to sell at twenty-five cents per barrel.

In some of the Indian villages of British Guiana, South America, a traveler noticed many tamed animals—such as parrots, macaws, trumpeters, monkeys, toucans, etc.—which were used as currency to adjust balances in the bartering between the different villages.

The feat of playing twenty games of checkers simultaneously and winning all but one, which was a draw, was recently accomplished by Clarence A. Freeman, in Providence, R. I. His contestants were experts from all over Rhode Island. The play lasted one hour and forty minutes.

Recently a party of hunters in the neighborhood of Fairfield, Iowa, brought to town in a wagon 847 rabbits, which they had shot in a day's hunt. Another party brought in 150, and it is a common thing for a single hunter to capture twenty or thirty in a day. The country is overrun with the pests, and much damage to fruit trees and vines is the result.

Thomas Edwards, of Erie, Penn., was walking along the street the other day when his dog came up, pulled his coat and tried to make him retrace his steps. He turned around and followed the dog a short distance and picked up a fine revolver. The dog seemed to know that the weapon was valuable, although it was too heavy for him to carry in his mouth.

Even vegetation seems to acknowledge that this is the age of electricity. There has just been discovered in the forests of India, a strange plant, which possesses astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of twenty feet a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged, if brought near. It is shunned by birds and insects; its power is increased during a storm; yet all magnetic force is lost when rain falls, even though the plant be sheltered by an umbrella.

State Pharmacy