

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSGOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

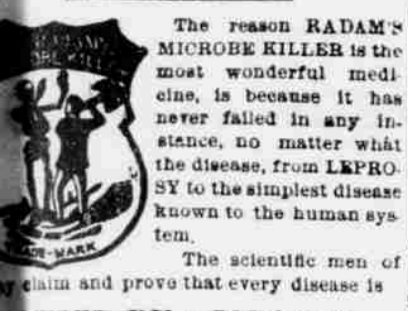
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icious. Water may be used instead of milk. Those left over may be reheated by steaming, or may be used for the foundation of puddings.

Recently published statistics show that of the 199,473 non-commissioned officers and men in the British army, 137,973 belong to the Church of England and 37,278 to the Catholic Church.

The Empress Frederick of Germany has purchased Kronberg Castle at Kronberg, in Hesse-Nassau, celebrated as having been the residence of Martin Luther. She intends to convert it into a charitable institution in memory of her husband.

Superintendent Byrnes, of the New York police force, estimates that 1000 men mysteriously disappear from public view every year, but upon investigation being made it is found that 995 of them have either gotten into trouble with a woman or are short in their accounts.

While an Austrian regiment was on dress parade recently, says the Detroit Free Press, a bug crawled into the ear of a sergeant. He put up his right hand to remove the insect and a court-martial reduced him to the ranks, fined him \$18 and obliged him to carry a weight of sixty pounds on his back for fourteen days. It is the big bugs who have the call over there.

The Cossack troops of the Ural will celebrate in 1891 the 300th anniversary of their formation. The creation of this militia, the Russian military journal says, dates from the year 1591, when the Cossacks of the Ural were first enrolled among the armed forces of the Russian Czar. For more than two centuries they were known as the Cossacks of the Yaik—a title which they lost during the revolt of Pugachev.

The Boston Cultivator admits that "improved farm implements have undoubtedly enabled farmers to cultivate and harvest larger areas; but it is not certain that crops by them cost less per bushel than they used to do. The more a man can do the bigger wages he claims, and this, with cost of machinery, its wear and tear, and the lower prices consequent on increased production, have given to the worker rather than to the capitalist or owner of land the advantages which improved machinery have conferred."

It is reported that a colony of about twenty-five Northern farmers have purchased 3000 acres of land in Cullman County, Ala., and will begin co-operative farming. There is to be a joint stock company with a capital of \$200,000, limited to 200 shares, and no person can have more than one share. The farm work is to be performed by the shareholders themselves and their families, and the profits are to be distributed as dividends. They expect to introduce manufacturing as soon as practicable, as they have a forest of valuable timber, and an inexhaustible supply of coal.

The German Emperor will shortly issue an edict to the Prussian ministry directing that teachers in national schools must be familiar with the principles of political economy, to enable them to demonstrate the errors of socialistic teachings. In religion less attention must be paid to mnemonic exercises and more to the comprehension of the ethical side of religion. In the higher schools recent modern history, especially of Prussia, must be taught, and the benefits which Prussian Kings have always conferred upon workmen must be inculcated. It is stated that the edict was drafted before Prince Bismarck resigned.

It is proposed to erect in Chicago a \$1,000,000 steel tower. At the base its dimensions will be on a colossal scale. The first story will be used for stores, and in a huge court there will be an exquisite flower garden. A circular drive thirty feet in width, with so many curvings that before a carriage reaches the top, a distance of nearly three miles will have been traversed, is to be inclosed with the frame work. Foot passengers will be carried to the top in an electric car or elevators, as they choose. Another feature will be the restaurants, three of which will be at the top, conducted respectively on the German, French and American plans. That the visitors to the conservatory may view the city without crowding, a large boulevard is planned sufficiently wide to permit all carriages or pedestrians easy access.

CRADLE SONG.

"Sleep, my baby. The bee has gone to sleep;
The dew is on the clover and peace is on the deep.
While mother sings above thee a little slumber song,
And prays beneath her singing, God save my babe from wrong.
O sleep, my baby, sleep.
O lullaby, my baby. The stars shine overhead
To light the way of angels who come about thy bed
To keep their watch above thee until the morning breaks,
And from the dreams they brought him my little darling wakes.
O sleep, my baby, sleep.
O lullaby, my baby; take thou this good-night kiss,
And may it tell thee, darling, what love a mother's is.
Take thou this kiss to dream of the while I breathe a prayer
That God Who gave shall have thee forever in His care.
O sleep, my baby, sleep.
—Eden E. Resford, in Youth's Companion.

The Avenger of Her Sex.

It was a day of perspiration. Heat and humidity had joined forces early in the morning, and before noon humanity was routed, and waved the wilted handkerchief of capitulation.

A young man entered a downtown elevated station as though he owned it. No one who watched him would have been surprised had he displayed a night-key to the ticket peddler's booth; but he did not. He haughtily cast down the half-dime of passage and joined the limp and dragged wayfarers without.

Had he not been so aggressive in his bearing, he would have been insignificant. He was very slight; he was short; he was narrow-chested. His shoulders were drooping continuations of his arms. Sparse light hair tanned his upper lip, which was bracketed by a supercilious smile. Through gold-rimmed glasses his little eyes squinted inquisitively. His light summer coat floated unbuttoned in the breeze, as if enlarging his presence. His waist was girded by a broad, black sash.

Arthur Chumpney was his name—Mr. Chumpney, of New York City, as he often proudly proclaimed it. Time had been, and not four years since, when Artie Chumpney, Deacon Chumpney's lad, at Chumpney's Four-Corners, Delaware County, had sufficiently individualized him.

But a maternal uncle had wrought a wondrous change. He had transplanted this rural squash, and behold! a city pickle had come forth. A real estate agent's clerk has to be spry; and ere the warts had faded from his hands Arthur thought that he "knew it all." No one could "do" him; he was playing ball every time!

Yet at the "Corners" he had been deemed "a pore spirited coot that never could do nuthin' an' never would." "He's afraid of his own shadow; an' if you speak up peart or sudden to him, he blushes awful, he's so ashamed of hisself."

Strange, that environment should so affect one's nature. And yet, in the menagerie trade, a leopard is a leopard the world over, and must be sold for spot cash.

Arthur entered a car and took the only unoccupied seat. It was beside a woman who was nearer to caps than to frizzes, and who knew it. There was no artificial girlishness about her. She was gaunt and dark and sharp featured. Her nose was long and piercing, like a double barreled probe; her eyes asked a question, and then answered it definitely; her arms were anthropoid in length and articulation; her hands, which mittens caressed, made one crawl to look at them. In one of them she bore a reticule. Her brow was bound by a green veil. She alone seemed unconscious of the weather. Heat and humidity, when they had encountered her, had shrugged their shoulders dubiously, and had passed by on the other side.

She gave Arthur one penetrating glance, which her nose seemed to say was quite sufficient. "Humph!" she ejaculated, and it wrinkled contemptuously.

So, too, he had looked but once to be satisfied. "A curious old jay," he muttered to himself, as he twirled the sparse hairs into skeleton shape. He lolled as comfortably and as indolently as the sticky seat would permit, his back half turned against her, his legs outstretched in the aisle, his open coat flapping upon either side. He adjusted his glasses, and taking a newspaper from his pocket began to assimilate the gossip of the day.

The train rolled, it rattled, it squeaked, it stopped. There was an influx of femininity; heated, wearied, glowing femininity, clad in the calico of labor and bearing the basket of economy. They swayed and jolted through the aisle; they hung on the straps, as the squeaking ceased and the rolling and rattling recommenced. Here and there men, keen and alert in expression, yet whose eyes said that business and kindness were not antagonistic, sprang to their feet with natural chivalry. But Arthur did not move. One glance he cast, to see if he might detect the bonnet of luxury. One glance sufficed. He stretched himself yet more arrogantly and continued his educational process.

"Mind your eyes!" he angrily squealed at a wan woman, with a shawl and a baby mutually involved, who had stumbled over his feet. "Do you think that patent leathers grow on trees?"

The wan woman clung more closely to the indeterminate bundle, but answered not a word. She was used to unkind speech; it reminded her of home and husband.

But she of the gaunt elbow upon his left flushed and bustled as though heat and humidity had regained courage, and had actually attacked her. She prolonged a finger; she tapped Arthur on the shoulder.

"Young man," she cried in buzz-saw tones, "aren't you going to give this poor woman your seat?"

He stared in amazement over his glasses.

"I never do," he drawled; "not if I know myself. What do you take me for? Stand yourself, if you want to; you ought to know how by this time. Ah, no; I've cut my eye-teeth, old lady."

He lolled more extensively than before; his coat flapped more widely. His eyes and nose and chin were eagerly engaged with the details of a fashionable wedding. He saw, he heard nothing.

The indignant female gave a snort of defiance, it may be of warning. "He never does!" she muttered. "I couldn't find a better subject if I went to Harlem."

One deft, rapid motion did that spatulated hand make from the reticule to the side-pocket of the flapping coat of the unconscious Arthur, who was mentally personating the best man. Then she sprang to her feet and gave her seat to the wan woman, the shawl and the baby.

More jostlings, more scramblings, more rollings. Heat and humidity returned from the pursuit and ravaged the bodies of the vanquished. Arthur still stretched himself and read. The keen, alert business men swayed easily with the motion; the wearied women exhibited the centrifugal force of each curve. The gaunt and angular female, with one hand upraised grasping the strap, stood as rigid as the Goddess of Liberty enlightening the world.

But as the rolling intermittently slackened and the squeaking increased, she suddenly released her hold and fumbled through her reticule; then she uttered a series of shrill screams, which startled the alert business men, the baby in the shawl, the gyrating women, and the locomotive, which hitherto had deemed itself proficient in that line. It recalled Arthur from the wedding breakfast, where he had been doing the elegant to an American duchess.

"Oh, I'm robbed, I'm robbed!" she cried. "And by that bold, bad man." And she pointed full the doubly-articulated finger of accusation at the agitated Mr. Chumpney.

Immediately there was a confused din which drowned the squeaking of a stopping at a station. The alert business men, the guards, the station-men pressed forward. The debilitated women screamed surprisingly, and dropped their baskets. The bewailed baby doubled its fists, grew red in the face, like the sun, and yelled. The angular female still vociferated in tin-horn tones: "It's him! Don't let him escape! Catch him, kill him, the rascal, the thief! Oh, my precious earnings!"

"What have you lost, madam?" inquired one of the aforesaid representatives of commercial activity.

"My all! My pocket-book? Oh, don't let him escape!" she incessantly piped, like a siren in a fog.

"Come out of this!" shouted the guard, laying a heavy hand on Arthur's shoulder.

"Oh, the rascal!" "the blackguard," "the thievish jude!" "Search him!" "Oh, he's a slick article!" resounded upon all sides.

Despite heat and humidity the excited

crowd surged through the aisles and out upon the platform, following the important guard, the trembling Arthur, the spare, swarthy, and sibilant female, and unanimously crying, "Search him! Search him!"

The guard plunged his grimy hand into the pocket of the widely-flapping coat and drew forth a purse. He held it above the pressing throng.

"That's mine, my all!" the virgin accuser cried, reaching her simian finger an amazing distance toward it.

"Excuse me, madam," interposed the guard. "That must go with this 'ere bloke to court, and you with him. There will be a perlice along presently. I seed one come out of the saloon beyant." And sure enough, a blue-coated refugee from English tyranny now forced his vigorous shoulders through the crowd.

"That's this? Thavin', is it? I know yez well," he ejaculated, grasping the collar of the widely-flapping coat. "Come along wid me!"

He took the purse in his other hand, which flourished the club of authority. He dragged his victim through the jeering throng, down the stairs, followed by the angular female, who stalked after them like one of the Fates released temporarily from the thread factory.

The squeaking increased and dwindled, the rolling began. Attended by heat and humidity, the alert business men, the wan woman, the baby and the shawl hastened away, as if dreading the vengeance of a score of irate trains, which had been thus delayed by crime and its punishment.

In the meantime, what had become of the arrogance which had so completely enveloped Arthur upon his entrance into the train? At the first word of accusation it had faded away like a tissue paper suit in a tropical storm. The four years rolled back. Again he was a barefooted boy at the corners, afraid of his own shadow, blushing for very shame of his own existence. He could not speak; his teeth chattered from trembling; his face flamed as though those fork-like fingers had raked it; the horns of his immaculate collar drooped, starchless like his backbone. His broad, black sash seemed an emblem of mourning for his own demise. He shrank in terror from the crowd. Would they kill him? Welcome the Tembs, the Island, Sing Sing, electrocution, if he might only escape from those horrible, threatening faces.

But though he was thus passive, Policeman X, who had him in charge, did not choose that he should appear so. No! He had a record to make, and here was his opportunity. So once and again he gave him a forward thrust, and then—ejaculating, "Ye wud, wud yez?"—a mighty drag back again, to the admiration of the passers-by, who afterward astonished dinner tables by accounts of a terrific struggle which they had witnessed between a burly ruffian and one of our city's defenders.

The grim and gaunt female stalked behind this tableau of justice for several blocks; then she slackened her pace, and finally she stopped short. But her desertion was unnoticed. She watched the pair as they struggled forward into the distance. A sardonic smile revealed the artificiality of her teeth as she did so.

"A good morning's work!" she exclaimed. "I must go and report progress."

She hailed a convenient cab. She gave instructions, in which possibly the word "Sorosis" might have been distinguished. She was rapidly driven away.

Arthur and his exultant captor, unsuspecting that this "dea ex machina" had thus eloped, reached the courthouse. A roundsman stood upon the stoop.

"What hev ye there, Mike?" he familiarly asked the officer.

"A snake teef. Wan of the wust of 'em. I've been on to him this twelvemont."

"He looks it," was the consoling comment.

They went before the commanding magistrate. He was a red-faced, squat man, seated behind a yellow-grained desk, and enveloped as to the neck with a smudgy handkerchief. Upon the desk, beside his feet, were an ink-stand and a sticky book.

"What is it, officer?" he queried, unwinding the handkerchief.

"A case of larceny from the pusson, sor."

"Are you the complainant?"

"O! am, sor."

"Then you were present at the commission of this offence?"

"No; yet ahnor, no more thin'yerself! How cud I be? 'Twas on the illvated train, yer ahnor, above me bate. Shure, I'm no thrack-walker."

"Silence, sir! Where is the person from whom the property was taken?"

"Oh, shure, a long, lane female in black, for all the wurruld like the Witch of Endy, was following us but a moment since. 'Twas she it was from he tuk it."

"I must discharge this man. There is no evidence on which to hold him."

"Phat, yer ahnor! Whin he sazed her by the two wrists and wrastled it from her like the thavin' blaggard that he is, shure!"

"Did you see him do it?"

"Av coorse not, yer ahnor; I was not there."

"Young man," said the magistrate, turning to the stricken Arthur, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"If you please, sir, if you please," he faltered, with trembling lips, "I want to go home. Do let me. I was sitting quietly in my seat on the train when a crazy woman yelled at me, and then they all rushed for me, and some one pulled a purse from my pocket, and then this officer throng me about the street as if I were a cage on a string. Look at my new clothes, sir! And I'm sore all over."

"'Tis a loy, sor. He was tryin' to escape. I mak' the charge agin' him, sor."

"Let me see that purse."

Policeman X handed this corpus delicti to the magistrate. He opened it.

"Why, there's nothing in it!" he exclaimed, in disappointed tones.

But hold! In the innermost compartment he found a roll of paper. He unfolded it, and read aloud as follows:

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This young man is not a thief, he's a bog. He did not take the purse, he took a seat and kept it. He was thus guilty of rudeness and lack of consideration toward frail womankind. I have punished him for it as I shall punish others. Hereafter I trust that this experience will teach him that to a true man every woman is a lady, and entitled to his chivalrous service. Place aux dames!"

(Signed) THE AVENGER OF HER SEX.

"You are discharged, sir," said the magistrate to Arthur. "But let this be a warning to you." And his feet resumed their extra-judicial position upon the desk.

From that day Arthur Chumpney was a changed man. He was scrupulously polite to wan women with babies and shawls; he was obsequious to females of gaunt visage and long hands. He seldom rides on elevated trains. When he does, like a traveled trunk, he uses a strap. As he says himself, standing is good enough for him every time.—Frank Leslie's.

Grapes From Spain.
A trade that has developed wonderfully in recent years is the importation of grapes from Spain. Twenty years ago not more than five hundred barrels were imported here. This year the importations from the city of Almeria, Andalusia, alone will be 180,000 barrels, representing 9,000,000 pounds of grapes. The consignees are chiefly Spanish houses, but the whole of this amount of fruit is sold by auction by Brown & Secomb, and despite this year's great grape crop of the Western States prices have never been better than now. Recently barrels sold at from \$3.50 to \$16, the grapes, owing to the dry summer in Spain, being in exceptionally good condition. In the next two weeks fully 100,000 barrels will be landed at this port. As the grapes are packed in corks, they keep in good condition through the winter.—New York Tribune.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
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