

THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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A MYSTERY.

Our baby boy one day
Folded his violet eyes,
And from his waxen clay
His white soul flew away
To far off Paradise.

His little hands so fair,
We crossed upon his breast,
And standing by him there
We gave him to the care
Of one who doth best.

And when to final sleep
We laid him soft and low,
We could not help but heap
Upon him lilies deep
And roses pure as snow.

And then, with courage great,
His mother faced the years;
But oft, when it was late,
Among his toys she sate
And fondled them with tears.

But now another child,
With wondrous violet eyes,
Rests on her bosom mild,
And smiles as he had smiled
To-day in Paradise.

And something seems to say
To her, so sad before;
"The soul that flew away
Is back again to-day;
Sweet mother, weep no more!"
—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

Cleaning Out Pirates.

During the year 1868 no less than three trading vessels fitted out at Singapore for traffic in the Java Sea mysteriously disappeared, and no trace of them could be discovered. Two more were added to the list early in 1869, and about July 1 it was whispered around that a nest of pirates had been discovered on an island off the north coast of Java. If the news was true the chieftain of the gang must be a bold fellow indeed, and needed looking after at once.

The merchants at Singapore were talking of fitting out a ship to investigate when H. M. cruiser The Shark arrived. She was one of the old-fashioned ten-gun brigs once so numerous, and at that time was engaged in a survey of the south coast of Borneo, or about to be. As I was one of her crew I can relate what happened during the next two weeks first-handed.

It seemed that the story of the pirate was accepted as a fact, for we overhauled our armament, took in a lot of ammunition and strengthened our crew by fourteen men before sailing. These men were drafted out of a crew belonging to a man-of-war which had been wrecked on the Malay coast, and all were old hands. The captain got his bearings from some source unknown to us, and when we left Singapore the brig was headed to the east. We joggled along down the coast of Sumatra for a week without finding any unusual incident, and though we spoke a score of crafts none of them had any information about the pirate. The crew had begun to ridicule the idea when something occurred to open our eyes very wide.

One morning, about an hour after daylight, we came up with a Dutch trader, which was taking care of herself. All her sails had been cut away, ropes were flying in every direction and she was so low in the water that we wondered why she didn't go down. When a boat pulled off to her it was to find the captain mortally wounded and his wife and two sailors stiff and dead and horribly mutilated on the deck beside him. We got him off, but had no time to give the bodies burial before the little craft went down. The captain was a man about forty years of age, and though hardly alive when we found him he rallied enough to tell his story.

The trader had been trafficking along the Java coast and had finally completed his cargo and headed for Singapore.

Just at sunset on the previous evening he had been overhauled by a native craft carrying about forty men. He was then about ten miles off the coast and about five miles south of an island known as "Queen's Bower." He had no suspicion whatever of the natives, and the first thing he knew they boarded his craft and began to cut and slash. When they had finished the crew they began to plunder and strip the vessel, and were with her until midnight. Before leaving they bored her full of holes, and we had reached her just in time to rescue the captain. The first craft was joined by two others later on, and the three carried at least a hundred desperate fellows. The captain heard and understood enough to satisfy him that they were an organized gang of pirates and that they were also well equipped for their bloody business.

The island mentioned was not over twenty miles away, and as the Java Sea was and is a great highway, it did not seem possible that men would take such

a risk as those pirates had. The trader said that no less than three friendly sails were in sight when he was attacked, but all too far away to signal, even if he had been warned in time to do something. Owing to the shoals surrounding the island our craft could not approach near enough to use her guns and shell the fellows out, and we were not strong enough to land from our boats and deal with them. The sight of an armed vessel nosing around would put pirates on their guard, and so it was resolved to play them a Yankee trick. We ran into a bay on the coast and set to work.

You are probably aware of the fact that an English man-of-war, no matter how large or how small, is a pattern of neatness and regulation, and the cut of her sails will alone establish her identity while her hull is yet below the water line. We had, therefore, to undo and overhaul a great deal. We put everything in seeming confusion aloft, disguised her hull as much as possible, and when we left the bay The Shark had the look of a merchantman which had been through a typhoon and was too short-handed to make repairs. The Dutch captain died on the day after we found him, and his last words were a prayer that we might fall in with and punish the pirates.

It was just at daylight that we appeared off the north coast of the island and anchored on a bank about three miles from the beach. Men were sent aloft as if engaged in repairs, a boat was got down as if to work on the hull, and the bulk of the crew remained in hiding below. No doubt the fellows ashore had a lookout in some trees, and provided with a good glass he could see everything going on aboard. It was hardly sunrise when a small native craft with four men in her came out to within pistol-shot of us to make an investigation. Our captain hailed them and they replied with gestures of signify that they would return to the shore for help. They evidently took us for what we pretended to be, and we were piped to breakfast feeling that our ruse would succeed.

About eight o'clock, with the wind breezing up lively, three native sail-craft put out for us. A man aloft with a glass reported that each craft was crowded with natives, and it was now our plan to weigh anchor and make a little sail and pretend to be standing away from them as if alarmed. The object was to draw them as far away from shore as possible, and we had added a mile or more to the distance when the foremost boat came within hail. She hadn't a gun of any sort in sight, but she had forty-eight desperate-looking villains in plain view, and every one of them had a cutlass and pistol. While her captain was hallooing us in a language no one could understand, she was slowly edging along down upon our starboard quarter. At the same time a second craft was drawing ahead on the port side, and the third kept in our wake.

Only seven or eight men were in sight on our decks, and the natives seemed to have no suspicion of a trick. The breeze was a little bit too strong for their manoeuvring at first, but after we were about six miles off shore the two suddenly closed in to board us. Our captain had been closely watching them and waiting for this move, and of a sudden the drum beat to quarters and our decks were alive with men. I was captain of No. 3 gun crew and had the honor of firing the first shot. It was a solid ball, and it struck the craft on her port bow and went clean through her and dropped into the sea beyond. This opened the fight; the natives instantly realized that they had caught a Tartar, and they saw, too, that their only means of escape lay in capturing the ship. Therefore, instead of running away, as we had looked for, each craft bore down on us to board.

They were handled as easily as an Indian manoeuvres a canoe, and it wasn't five minutes after the first gun was fired ere they were on our quarters like wolves seeking to hamstring a deer. I fired another solid shot and then loaded with grape, and this last charge was fired right into a mass of natives waiting to clamber up the side. The gun next to me fired a solid shot, which tore through her bottom, and two minutes later she foundered right along side of us. The second craft got near enough to grapple, but the irons were thrown off, and two guns played solid shot into her hull until she went down stern foremost, leaving thirty men struggling in the water.

The third craft had forged ahead, sailing five feet to our one, and would have boarded us at the bows but for the

sudden destruction of the others. Their fate frightened her off, but she had scarcely laid her head for the island than it was brought around as if the crew had made some desperate resolve. Now occurred a curious thing. She had about thirty men on board, and she came down on us with every one of them shouting and screaming and tried to lay us aboard. We could have sunk her with one gun even, or we could have picked off the whole crew with our muskets before they had crossed the rail. Word was passed to give her a full broadside at the word, and when the smoke cleared away she was not to be seen. There were over twenty of the pirates hanging to the wreckage around us, however, and a boat was lowered to pick them up. You can judge of their desperation when I tell you that every one of them fought like a tiger against being picked up, and that we got only five out of the lot. The others we had to kill as they floated about with the sharks snapping at them. Two of the five leaped out of the boat after being pulled in and were seen no more, and the others gave us so much trouble that the captain swung them up to the yard-arm. Thus not one single man of the hundred or more who came out to attack us escaped with his life. I was in one of the two boats afterwards sent ashore to see what sort of a lair the pirates had made for themselves. The only human beings ashore were an old native woman, a one-armed Japanese, and a white boy about fourteen years of age. This boy was off an English trader, captured the year before, and had been held prisoner ever since. He said they were 107 men in the gang, and we found enough plunder on the island to load our ship. They had captured about a dozen different vessels, large and small, and in every case had plundered and sunk them. They did not always kill all the crew. Soon after the boy was captured they brought in an American sailor off a spice trader. The boy knew him only by the name of William, but remembered that his home was in Boston. It turned out that they had spared his life to make use of him as a blacksmith, but when they found that he had no knowledge of that work he was put to death. By order of the chief he was hung in chains on a tree about a quarter of a mile away, and was eleven days in dying. The boy went with us and showed us his bones still hanging.

The one-armed man and the old woman, assisted by the boy, were the cooks for the gang. They at first seemed very much alarmed, and protested their innocence of any complicity in the crimes of the pirates, but when they came to understand that all the villains had met their fate, and that we had come ashore to clear the island of its last bale of plunder, they suddenly ran into a rude store-house, blocked up the doorway with boxes, and opened fire on us with pistols. We had two men wounded before we could dislodge them, and they were then hanged to the same limb and their bodies left to the birds. What plunder we could not bring off we burned on the island, and before leaving we set the forest on fire in a dozen places, and the flames did not die out until the whole length and breadth had been swept clean of vegetation.—New York World.

Artificial Minerals.

Attempts have been made, not without success, to form minerals. Artificial ultra-marine has long been an article of commerce. The formation of the diamond is said to have been actually effected, but, in the opinion of the inventor, the process is so difficult and dangerous that the diamond merchant need not feel uneasy. The ruby and the sapphire have been largely reproduced in Paris, and, curiously enough, the coloring matter in both is found to be due to one and the same—chromium—in different states of combination. Red and blue stones, or an immediate violet form, which might be likened to the rare and beautiful oriental amethyst, have been obtained in one and the same operation, from the same lot of material. The jewels thus produced have so far all been small; large enough to form the pivots of superior watch works, but not large enough to rank as rare and costly ornamental objects.—San Francisco Examiner.

The new silk crepons are really beautiful, and great use is made of them as frills and fichus. Entire toilets of pink, lilac, cream and gray chiffon are imported. The fabric falls in most artistic folds, and, while resembling crepe proper, are altogether devoid of the wiry stiffness of the black badge of sorrow.

LADIES' COLUMN.

HOOP SKIRTS COMING IN AGAIN.

"Ladies are to be afflicted with the old-time hoop skirts again," said a fashionable modiste the other day, "just as surely as they have been emancipated from the thrall of the bustle. They have already become fashionable in a modified form. If you will take the trouble to watch the lower part of the skirt of any expensive spring costume you will perceive that it stands out stiffly. That effect is produced by a 'band skirt,' which is nothing else than a very narrow hoop skirt. Soon it will get wider, however, and grow from its present limit of a foot until the hoops multiply on each other and form the old-fashioned cone reaching to the waist. Fashion has no compassion on us women; we might as well submit with a good grace."—Nashville American.

QUEEN NATHALIE'S BEAUTY A MISTAKE.

A royal person about whom London gossips are busy just at the moment is Queen Nathalie. She has been seen driving in Piccadilly and it is reported that she is stopping at the Savoy Hotel. It has been customary to represent this modern Mary Stuart as the most beautiful woman in Europe, possibly in order to carry out the resemblance between her and that unfortunate queen whose beauty, like that of Helen of Troy, has become a recognized standard by which the claim of loveliness may be judged. Perhaps in the case of Nathalie the wish to make her appear beautiful has been the father to the thought that she is; and beauty in a woman against whom the fates war is, we know, the most potent element in inciting a romantic feeling in her behalf. Sooth to say, Nathalie is a big, black-browed, red-cheeked dame with large black eyes, and her general appearance is so far from that of the woman to whom she has been likened that she is decidedly coarse.—Boston Transcript.

PIN MONEY WELL INVESTED.

Twenty New York shop girls will be sent to Stamford, Conn., for two weeks' vacation every fortnight during the remainder of the summer. Their vacation is provided by the self-denial of the young ladies attending Miss Aiken's Stamford Seminary. When Miss Aiken's pupils returned to school after the Christmas holidays she suggested to them that instead of spending their pin money for confectionery and trifles dear to the heart of school girls they contribute it to a fund to be accumulated for the purpose of sending some of the New York shop girls into the country in the summer. They readily consented, and, besides, gave two entertainments, by which several hundred dollars more was raised. The visitors will be boarded in a farm house about two miles from Stamford village and all expenses will be paid. Twenty girls will be accommodated at a time, and after remaining two weeks will be sent home and twenty more will come to take their places. Miss Aiken proposes to establish a permanent society among the 2900 ladies who have attended her school during the thirty-six years she has kept it in Stamford, each one to pledge \$1 a year to a fund to send New York girls into the country. The Stamford society will work as an auxiliary of the New York society, which will have charge of sending the girls to Stamford this summer.—Chicago Post.

FASHION NOTES.

Shirt waists may be fashionable, but they have a "servant girlish" appearance. Fans made up to display the college colors, new last season, have reappeared.

Little bib pins come in blue enamel and gold, with here and there a small diamond.

A style of collar now fashionable looks as if it had been insufficiently starched and then wilted.

The sheath-shaped skirt continues to prevail, and all skirts are inconveniently long at the back.

All sorts of fancy waistcoats are being introduced as a part of the bodice, and the very swellest thing is to have these fancy vests fastened with exquisitely wrought gem-set buttons.

Stylish shoulder capes have undergone a complete change. For the summer months the designs are more lengthy, covering the entire arm and extending a quarter of a yard below the waist.

Rich black faille wraps, studded with cut jet or dull gold ornaments, are among the latest importations. There are many of them combined with odd patterns of

black lace, with high Medici standing collars elaborately braided and brightened with jets and handsome braided designs.

The Richelieu shoe of velvet is a recent novelty, and either matches the dress in color or is of Venetian brown, with silk hose to match. These shoes are not ornamented either with buckles or heading, and are simply fastened with flat silk lacings or narrow ribbon with a corded edge.

"Admiral of the Blue."

When we read that the Hon. John Byng, Esq., Admiral of the Blue, was shot on his own quarterdeck by sentence of a court-martial, we think, after the first feeling of pity, that his rank was a queer one—Admiral of the Blue! What did it mean? It was 130 years ago that he was executed. Of course the rank doesn't exist now, and anyway, it was an English rank; history will explain it. But the rank does exist now, and what is more, it exists in the United States Navy. The senior rear-admiral flies the blue flag with two stars, the next in rank the red, the third the white flag. Admiral Kimberly is rear-admiral of the blue in our Navy, Admiral Gherardi is admiral of the red, and their juniors are admirals of the white. When only junior admirals are together the senior of them flies the blue; but let Admiral Gherardi's ship appear, and down goes the blue, to be succeeded by the red, while Admiral Gherardi's vessel flaunts the blue. And then let Admiral Kimberly happen along. Down comes the blue and the red, to be succeeded by the red and the white; and behold, it is Admiral Kimberly's craft that displays the white starred blue ensign. Just this happened at the Washington Centennial two years ago, when the junior admiral was first on the ground, and had, unwillingly, it seemed, to go down one peg every time a senior appeared and broke his ensign at his fore.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Strange Fossil Discovery.

Our otherwise quiet little community was thrown into a fever of excitement on Saturday last when G. T. Suttle, while excavating for a levy, unearthed a mammoth foot supposed to be of the ostrich species. The leg was disconnected at the knee joint; the leg from the knee down was intact. This relic of ancient times (and it is undoubtedly such) was found about eight feet below the surface of the ground. The entire length of the limb from the joint to the end of the middle toe is six feet nine inches, the length of the toes are, respectively, nine, seven and six one-quarter inches each. It is thoroughly petrified and heavy as rock. Mr. Suttle has vainly searched for the balance of this wonderful creature, but as yet has been unable to find it. It is the opinion of old-timers here that this mammoth bird was killed by Indians and left on the bank of Little Cottonwood creek, after being stripped of meat, where it became covered by sliding earth from the mountain side.—Ely (Cal.) Independent.

The game of baccarat, remarks the Boston Transcript, is not the first game of cards that has brought disaster to the fortunes of the Gordon-Cumming family. The present Baronet's grandmother had a weakness for whist that led her to play for stakes as high as \$5000 a point. In one night, during a run of ill-luck, she is said to have lost thirty-two points, and her husband was compelled to part with a large property to settle the debt.



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