

# THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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### BEYOND THE SUNSET.

The road that passed his father's door  
He thought stretched on forevermore,  
Through fragrant vales of tangled grass,  
O'er many a misty mountain pass,  
Out into wonders unexpressed  
Beyond the clouds of the west,  
Through lands and cities of renown,  
To where the mighty sun goes down.

And so he left his father's door  
And said, "I will return no more."

He traveled forth beyond the bridge,  
He climbed the lofty mountain ridge,  
He passed the river and the town  
To find out where the sun went down;  
But when he sank at close of day,  
The sunset still was far away.

He trod through many a wind-swept glen;  
In mighty towns he mixed with men;  
The breath of many an alien breeze  
Fossed him o'er unfamiliar seas;  
He breathed the spicy gale that blows  
From Southern archipelagos,  
And in the quiet Eastern calm  
He sought sweet sleep beneath the palm.  
But when he looked at close of day,  
The sunset still was far away.

He thought to leave his father's door  
And travel on forevermore.

A withered pilgrim, bent and gray,  
Kept on his unfamiliar way.  
Deep vested in furs, a man of men,  
A universal citizen.

He circled all the earth; once more  
He stood before his father's door—  
Though many years his father slept  
Upon the mountain side unmoved—  
He stood there wrinkled, worn and brown,  
He stood there as the sun went down,  
And in the twilight dim and gray  
The sunset was not far away.

Out from the many millions hurled  
He sank down weary of the world,  
With all his tired journey o'er  
To die beside his father's door.  
And said, a sad smile on his brow,  
"I pass beyond the sunset now."  
—S. W. Fox, in *Yankee Blade*.

### TAKEN BY TARTARS.

In 1873 I was a sub-lieutenant in the Royal British Navy, serving on Her Majesty's gunboat Tickler, commanded by First Lieutenant (now Captain) Charles Napier. We were cruising in Chinese waters, keeping our eyes open for a lot of Tartar pirates who are the pests of these seas, and are dreaded by all honest trading vessels. We were lying at the mouth of the Ho-Tong, a small river or creek emptying into the Pacific, and Commander Napier had sent me, with a boatswain named Joe Maxed and a launch's crew of twelve men, up the creek to hunt for and, if possible, to destroy the stronghold of a certain Tartar pirate who had recently made himself particularly obnoxious.

We got into the creek and rowed up about five miles without finding anything or anybody, and without being molested in any way whatever. Then I thought we had gone far enough, but, being young and panting for glory, I determined to reconnoitre a little further inland. So, taking with me Joe Maxed and two men, and giving orders to the men left in charge of the boat that if we did not return in forty-eight hours they were to come in search of us, we started upon what was undoubtedly a very fool-hardy trip.

The whole river bank on either side was a dense jungle for about half a mile, breaking into a belt of pine forest and then into the open. Here and there were narrow cuttings down to the river side—the river was only about eighty feet wide, about the width of a fairly wide street—and occasionally one came upon a tiny village with a clearing and small rice farms. The inhabitants of these villages, we suspected, all took a hand in the piratical excursions which the Tickler was endeavoring to suppress, but on the present occasion it was the head man of a small tribe, which even attacked the village pirates themselves, that we were after.

It was early morning—about 5 o'clock—when we started out upon our excursion. We thought to take advantage of the cool morning air and, if necessary, rest in the shade during the intense heat of the day. Of course we were well armed. We each carried a Colt's navy revolver, the men had each a rifle and cutlass and I my sword. Being fully aware of the possibility of losing our way and not getting back to the boat, we blazed the trees along our route and cut a path through the undergrowth. We also kept a lookout for ambushes, for there was little doubt that our pirate knew perfectly well that we were after him. We were not quite so well acquainted with the country as he, however. We made the discovery too late and to our bitter cost.

After about two hours' cutting and hacking at the dense undergrowth and having reached the belt of pine trees I ordered a halt, and we sat down to

breakfast. For two of our party it was their last meal. I do not know how it happened, for I had risen to my feet and was again moving onward expecting the men to follow instantly, when I heard Joe Maxed's voice shouting to me:

"Mr. Martin! Lie down on your face! Flat down for God's sake!"

It saved my life. I just turned an instant, in time to see my two poor abled-bodied seamen on their backs with a dozen arrows in the body of each, and Joe on his face on the ground. The whole wood seemed to be alive with the most horribly-rigged Tartar villains I set eyes on. Some had masks on their faces and all carried javelins and great swords. Well, I threw up my hands. I couldn't do less.

In an instant we were surrounded, and, leaving the two dead bodies where they lay, we were dragged along until we came to a large clearing about a quarter of a mile away, the existence of which we had never suspected. Here was a sort of a village of bamboo huts, little more than an encampment of about eighty or a hundred men. We were in the hands of the pirates we had come to exterminate. There was nothing for it. They would exterminate us. We had not a chance. Our men wouldn't come after us for two days. There was no hope of a release. We might just as well make up our minds to it.

Up to this time we had been so far apart, separated by our guards, that we could not speak to each other or suggest any plans. When we reached the clearing, however, we were brought together, and marched before the most villainous looking rascal I ever set eyes on—evidently the chief of the band. Joe was filling the air with the most lovely and choice selections from his truly magnificent vocabulary of Billingsgate, and calling upon each and every separate Tartar to let him have the use of his hands and the cutlass and meet him on fair ground. What would they do with us? We were very soon to know.

With a hospitality we could not understand, the chief signed us to sit down, and presently a great dish of delicious rice was placed before us and we were, by signs, invited to eat. Our morning trip had made us both hungry, notwithstanding that we had already had some breakfast, and not even the sad memory of the death of our comrades could prevent our "pitching in." Then came bowls of most refreshing, sparkling spring water. What would come next?

We noticed, as we finished our repast, a fiendish grin spread over the features of our host. He made a sign and said something which we, of course, did not understand. Two fellows came up and evidently said all was ready, for at another few words we were seized, made to stand on our feet, our arms bound securely to our sides, our ankles tied together and we were dragged off.

Presently we came to a spot where not a tree of any kind formed the slightest protection from the sun's rays, and where at a distance of about six feet apart we saw two large, deep holes.

"Now, what are they going to do?" asked Joe.

I had no time to answer, for in a minute we were dumped, feet foremost, one into each hole. Then the beggars began shoveling the sand soil in on top of us.

"They're going to bury us alive!" said Joe.

It was worse than that. That would have killed us too soon. They only buried us to the necks, leaving our heads free, but so securely fixed in the soil that we looked like a couple of living heads on a magician's table. Great God! what horribly conceived torture was this! While we were buried helpless there a brute came and with a sharp knife carefully shaved a round patch from the tops of our heads, then another smeared some sticky substance thereon. Were they going to set fire to us? Worse ever than that!

Do not suppose that all this was done in silence. By no means. A horrible, yelling, jeering, booing crowd surrounded us, and how they came and spat in our faces and slapped us with flat pieces of bamboo. This went on for a couple of hours, and the sun was beating down upon us with almost unbearable power. Then the flies came in myriads and bit and stung us. Then came a cry from Maxed, which I quickly echoed:

"I'm bursting! If this don't stop soon I'll burst!"

The rice and water we had swallowed was swelling, and the weight of the soil creating an enormous resistance our agony was intense.

"Great God! Why didn't we tell the men to come sooner?"

Then poured forth the cheeriest words of encouragement to me a man could think of.

"They'll never obey you, sir; they'll get anxious and come."

His words were prophetic. They were hardly out of his mouth when we heard the heartiest British cheer I ever heard ring through the clearing—then a volley and another from good British rifles, and then the short snapping of the revolvers—and then I fainted.

A week later, lying in my cabin on the Tickler, I heard how one of the men, angry at not being chosen to make the inland excursion with me, had followed us a short distance through the forest. He had seen the attack and at once scampered back to the boat. Realizing that ten men would be of little use against so many Tartars, they had rowed down the river right back to the Tickler and reported my capture to Commander Napier, who had come himself with a brigade to my rescue, with the results that you have already read.

Every pirate in that scoundrelly crew was shot or cutlassed in the attack. Not one escaped.—*New York Recorder*.

### How Some Builders Build.

A glance at the business directory will reveal the fact that there are many hundreds of persons in this city who follow the calling of builders. Few of them are rich, all of them are hard workers. The development of the upper West side of the city and the Annexed District has been the cause of so many launching out into this branch of business.

A prominent builder told a *Mail and Express* reporter the other day that some so-called builders resort to all sorts of schemes to procure money enough to put up a structure and pay the laborers. He said that one of these builders who can scrape up a few thousand dollars will buy a lot worth \$7000 or \$8000, making a small cash payment, giving a mortgage for the balance. Provided with his lot, he can go to one of the many loan associations, and by agreeing to pay an exorbitant share, beside the interest, procure what is known as a "builder's loan."

The cellar is then dug and the foundation laid. Credit can be had for bricks enough to put up the basement or ground story, and arrangements can be effected with a dealer for brownstone. As soon as the first story is up, the builder at once proceeds to raise more money by mortgaging it. With the money he receives he builds the second story, which, as soon as completed, he mortgages, applying the proceeds to the construction of a third story, and follows out the same line of conduct if a fourth story is needed. When the building is completed it is patched with three or four more mortgages.

It is then put on the market and a sale is often forced. A speculator buys up the mortgages, and after giving the builder a few hundred dollars from his profits, puts it in the market. The builder goes on the hunt for another lot upon which to put another building, satisfied with a small profit. The man with the money who buys up the mortgages is the one who reaps the benefit.—*New York Mail and Express*.

### Alfalfa Roots Seventy Feet Long.

"I spent a few days near Humboldt, Nev., recently," said George D. Evans to a *San Francisco Call* reporter, "and I saw a field of alfalfa several acres in extent growing out in the desert, and I was assured that not a drop of water had fallen on it, nor had it been irrigated, for more than two years. In spite of all this it was growing rapidly, and that too in the midst of a country where a grasshopper would starve to death in twenty-four hours. How do I explain it? Quite a simple matter, but it interested me greatly. It had been supplied with water when first planted from the sink of the Humboldt, but when that became exhausted the alfalfa, contrary to expectation, continued to thrive. Now, strange as it may seem, the roots of the grass had actually penetrated to a depth of seventy feet below the surface and had reached a subterranean lake, whence the moisture was drawn."

A turtle four feet across the back has been located in Current River, Missouri, for fifty years. The other day a hunter shot it between the eyes, but the ball glanced off and imbedded itself in a tree, while the turtle swam placidly into deep water.

### LADIES' COLUMN.

#### MODES IN HAIRDRESSING.

There have been many changes in the methods of coiffures. The hairdressers have taken an excursion trip back to the Seventeenth century, and are showing favor to the high puffs and ornamentation by use of flowers, velvet bands and knots of ribbons.—*New York Recorder*.

#### HOW DO WOMEN SLEEP?

A German physician answers the above query as follows: "The fact is women require a larger amount of sleep than men. The nervous excitability of the female constitution is generally greater than is the case with the stronger sex and a woman's sleep is consequently lighter. Her dreams are more vivid and leave a more lasting impression on the memory. Women addicted to dreaming usually sleep an hour longer than those who do not dream, for dreams induce weariness. Any one who sleeps without dreaming rises on the morrow refreshed from his couch, which is otherwise not the case."—*New York Mercury*.

#### SLEEVES PRETTY THIS YEAR.

Sleeves are so pretty this year. All the full, high effects at the shoulder are passe, and we can speed their going, for the majority of women look like turtles with their heads poked up out of their shells. Now they are cut with an equal amount of fullness. In fact, some are enormous, but it all droops in soft folds down over the arm, the pattern in reality being an exaggerated mutton leg.

Sleeves of very thin materials are cut half as large again as the lining, or if they are unfined, are wrinkled on the arm like a mousquetaire glove, and come far down over the hand, finishing sometimes in a soft full ruffle, in which case, when it falls as far as the knuckles, no glove should be worn. The newest sleeve of braided or embroidered gowns is a tight sleeve, reaching half way above the elbow and finishing at the top with a very full puff of the material, which must be wide enough to fall almost to the elbow. This is good style for India silks trimmed with lace.—*Chicago Herald*.

#### MARIE ANTOINETTE'S SLIPPER.

In an old French household in New York the most carefully cherished heirloom is a slipper which was worn by Marie Antoinette in the last days before the French Revolution. It was one of the precious relics in the baggage of a court lady who fled with her husband to Louisiana when the storm broke. She left the tiny, blue, faded slipper to her daughter, with the injunction that it should go down in the family, to the eldest daughter, if she never allowed herself to have corns. It is a pretty slipper, and has been carefully kept in the jewel case of one Frenchwoman after another, so that it is perfectly preserved. It is short, very narrow and very high heeled, and is a brocade blue, lined with soft white silk. The sole is of course grained leather, and three satin straps over the instep fastened with a paste buckle. The pointed toe is embroidered with silver threads, and the edges are bound with silver braid. The condition regarding its inheritance has always been strictly regarded. The women of the house have taken great care of their feet that they might rightfully claim the unhappy Queen's slipper, and for a hundred years there has not been a pinching shoe worn in the family.—*New York Press*.

#### FASHION NOTES.

The coat-tails of basques are shorter than those of last season.

The hat of the hour has a lace straw brim and a chiffon crown.

Black velvet ribbon having a gold edge and stripes is announced.

White is worn constantly with green or blue sleeves and deep belts.

Round or slightly oval brooches are taking the place of the long lace pins.

Chenille spot tulle, in various colors, comes in dress lengths for evening wear.

To wear at the sea-shore you want a thin, silver-gray homespun, flecked with white.

Elastic belts of silver wire have square buckles in front studded with amethysts.

Cream-grounded, flower-brocaded waist-coats are just now the height of fashion, and hats are flat plates with heavy wreaths of roses beneath the brim.

Black satin royale—better known as satin de Lyon—is this season called upon to furnish some of the handsomest

costumes to be seen in the fashionable world.

The shirred mull hat should be white, pink or blue. If it is trimmed with fluffy rosettes of the mull, when it wilts in a fog or sea turn it and it will do so with the more uniformity.

Londoners are wearing Oriental shoes with four straps buckling on the instep and Grecian slippers in velvet calf and footwear of Swiss prunella in gray or fawn finely embroidered.

The simple gown of white is almost a thing of the past. Even the dresses in this pure tone when made of the richest material are hardly considered finished unless lavishly decorated.

It is the thing to trim cotton dresses with black lace, arranged as a narrow dounce across the hem in front and caught up in festoons. The sleeves and the front of the bodice are covered with black lace also.

A shy damsel of sweet sixteen is a picture in a gown of white serge, which is made as close fitting as a riding habit, the bottom of the skirt, the corsage and the sleeves being edged with three rows of delicate silver galloon.

Duck-foot yellow is the old name of the newest and oddest shade in gloves. It is worn with gray gowns. Duck's-egg green is another new shade, the London taste at the moment running to ducks exceedingly. Pale heliotrope, pale pink and lemon are worn with evening gowns.

#### Logan at Bull Run.

It is well known that John A. Logan, who was a member of Congress at the time the war began, left Washington when he saw there was going to be a fight, and seizing a musket walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to take part in the battle.

He had on a swallowtail coat, but he stood up to the rack as long as anybody did. He was back in Washington next morning, a good deal out of breath, and was telling his fellow Congressmen all about it.

"Who gave you this account of the fight?" asked a member from the North Woods of New York.

"Why, I was there myself," said Logan. The New Yorker evidently had not heard the news, for he seemed a little mystified, and asked, as if wishing to solve the mystery of Logan's sudden reappearance: "Are the cars running?"

"No," said Logan, "the cars ain't running." "But every other blank thing in the State of Virginia is, as near as I could find out."—*Chicago Herald*.

#### A Writing Telegraph.

A person can now sit down in Chicago and write a letter to a friend in New York, and the friend can read it as fast as it is written, and both will have a written copy of the letter. This was proved the other afternoon, when W. E. Gump made a test of his "writing telegraph" between Chicago and New York, which was fairly successful. This was the longest line over which the machine has been operated. It had previously been tried between Pittsburg and New York with success.—*Pittsburg*.

There is a curiosity near Corazze, Va., in the shape of a pine tree. It begins from the ground as two separate and well-developed trees, and continues so for a distance of fourteen feet, when they join and go upward as one.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Attest U. S. Government Food Report.*