

THE HEADLIGHT.

State Library

A. RUSSELL, Editor.

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

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MY FIDDLE.

Well, I kind o' keep her handy,
don't you know?
I can't so much inclined to tramp the
strings and switch the bow
As I was before the timbers of my elbows got
so dry
My fingers was more limber-like and caper
ish and spry
I can plunk and plunk and plunk,
And time her up and play,
And just lean back and laugh and wink
At every rainy day.

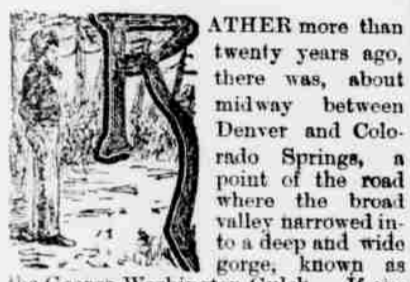
My play's only middlin'-tunes I picked up
when a boy—
The kind o' sort o' fiddlin' that the folks call
corduroy,
"The Old Fat Gal" and "Reestra" and "My
Sailor's on the Sea,"
I can't remember that I saw when the fiddle is
left to me.
And so I plunk and plunk and plunk,
And fiddle up my bow,
And play the tunes that make you think
The devil's in your toe!
That's how this is re old fiddle's won my heart's
inhabit' love!
From the strings across her middle to the
screamin' key above—
From her open, over bridge, and to the ribbon
round her throat,
She's a woin', cou'n' pigeon, singin' "Love
me!" every note!
And so I pat her neck and plunk
Her strings with lovin' hands,
And list'nin' 'clost, I sometimes think
She kind o' understands!
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

his bowie knife, and raised it preparatory to plunging it in the lad's back. "Hands off, you bully!" shouted the stranger in the doorway. The burly fighter glanced rapidly in the direction from whence these words came, but did not drop the hand which gripped the ugly knife.



Who are you, anyhow? The large man was evidently very angry.

PARSON JIM.



ATHER more than twenty years ago, there was, about midway between Denver and Colorado Springs, a point of the road where the broad valley narrowed into a deep and wide gorge, known as the George Washington Gulch. If one had about that time quietly investigated among the strange characters, who formed the curiously cosmopolitan population of that Colorado valley, with a view to learning who among their number was held in the highest esteem, we would have found that "the parson" was the man. Never let it be imagined for a moment that the parson of the Gulch was the orthodox parson, in the habit of wearing broadcloth of clerical cut and white cravats. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, certainly, but it was of the approved cowboy pattern; to a coat he was well nigh a stranger; being content to appear in a heavy red woollen shirt; while for trousers he substituted the highly ornamented and picturesque buckskin breeches affected by Mexicans, Indians and other denizens of the far West. It is also certain that the title of reverend had never been, verbally or in writing, prefixed to his name, and yet he knew, and the boys knew, that to be called "Parson Jim" was in itself a mark of distinction in a district where men were supposed to have no official titles or surnames, while Christian names were invariably reduced to monosyllables.

Parson Jim's record and capabilities were hardly such as would recommend him as a candidate for church in communities having claim to advanced civilization. He could not read the Pentateuch in the original Hebrew, or discuss the Thirty-nine Articles; but he was a dead shot with a revolver, and could ride the back of a bucking broncho. The Westminster Catechism was a sealed book to Parson Jim, but he could set a broken limb, raise a tent or build a shanty with the next man. And because he was as cool as ice when fiery blood coursed through the veins of other men—because he was brave as a lion—because he was gentle as a woman with sick men—because he had a big heart—because he spoke kindly words—and because nothing came amiss to Parson Jim, the rough specimens of humanity in George Washington Gulch loved and respected him as they never could have loved and respected a grave and learned doctor of divinity from the East.

Now, in a Western mining town it is a gross breach of etiquette, or to attempt to learn more than he chooses to tell of his history prior to his arrival in the camp. So long as he is "square" and behaves himself he is one of "the boys," and as such is bound to them by a sort of freemasonry. Hence, when Parson Jim came to the Gulch and announced himself as a preacher, the miners asked no questions. They did not take "munch" stock" in preaching, but they were disposed to give the newcomer a "show," and when time passed, and Parson Jim proved to their satisfaction that he was made of the right "stuff," they not only tolerated him, but made him heartily welcome.

There was no church in the Gulch, there was no school house, there was not even a hall of any kind. There was, however, a large frame shanty used for whiskey saloon, named by its proprietor "The Rocky Mountain Sample Rooms." In the West, he remembered, all the drinks are samples, no matter if the same consumer gets away with fifty glasses from the same barrel.

Parson Jim made his appearance in the gulch during the winter immediately following the summer when the Hon. Samuel Brown made his important discovery of the existence of silver in the valley. He arrived on a handsome roan mare, without bag or baggage, and made his quarters at the rude hotel connected with the Rocky Mountain Sample Rooms. During the evening there was a scuffle in the large bar room, and the newcomer looked in through one of the doors to see what was the trouble. A young and slender lad of perhaps 19 or 20 years was struggling with a brutal looking, muscular giant of twice his age. It was only a question of minutes when the big rough fellow would "down" his young opponent, and yet the dozen or so of onlookers made no attempt at interference. Just as the new arrival appeared on the scene the younger combatant got in a nasty blow which evidently hurt and irritated his opponent. Quick as lightning the big fellow drew

It was 6 o'clock in the morning, and the girl was still sleeping, when Parson Jim returned. Ah Wing felt much relieved, and at once handed the note to his master. It was written in a rough, unknown hand, but this is what he managed to decipher:

PAUSON.—You are understood to be a pretty good fellow. This girl's father was accidentally shot this evening in a scuffle with the coach people. She must be cared for, and I select you for the job. I know your record, and you are a worthy man in Colorado I would trust with an unprotected girl. I will see that you are supplied from time to time with money for her keep. Be true to this trust, or look out for KANSAS. The parson twirled the paper in his fingers, shoved it into his hip pocket, and then asked a few questions of Ah Wing.

"What kind of a fellow brought the girl here?" "Muechee fine Melian man," replied the little Chinaman.

"Would you know him again if you saw him, Ah Wing?" "Yes, siree. Ah Wing no fool." "Half an hour later the fair young stranger opened her eyes, and the parson, in his homely but pleasant way, proceeded to make her feel at home.

"I am afraid, miss, that you have just passed through serious trouble; but try and feel that you are at least safe and among friends. You are welcome to all this poor house affords, and anything that we can do for you shall be done."

But the girl burst into a flood of tears, and could speak no words but "Poor father—poor father!"

Later on, Parson Jim learned that she and her father were the only passengers on the preceding day to Denver; and that they were going through to Colorado Springs on their way to New Orleans. The coach was attacked by highwaymen, and, as the girl's father, Mr. Winship, rather unwisely resisted them, he was shot dead. Then the girl fainted, and remembered nothing until she had found herself in Parson Jim's best room. Her name, she said, was Ethel Winship.

Putting the girl's story and the contents of the note together, it looked as though the desperado Kansas had killed the girl's father, and, prompted by some feeling of remorse and pity, had undertaken to help the bereaved daughter.

A day or two later, when Ethel was somewhat rested and her grief less poignant, Parson Jim had another talk with her.

"What would you like to do?" he said. "Oh, sir, there is nothing for me to do. Get me work of some kind here in this place. We had no friends—father and I had lived and traveled together since my mother died, many years ago. We were getting poor, too, I know, and my father had some plans of his own, but what they were I do not know. If you will help me to get a living here, I shall be much obliged, and I am willing to try anything."

"My poor child," said Parson Jim, in his kindly voice, "I am truly sorry for you. If you can be content in my rough home for a while, stay here until we can manage something better for you. I have no one but you, and I care for you as for my own—only the boys in the camp. But these same boys will tell you that not a hair of your head will be hurt while you stay under my roof. I have plenty of this world's wealth—more than the boys imagine—and I can afford a slight addition to my family."

So she stayed, and found that Parson Jim's words were true. She had been treated more as a lady than she had been in any other place; and within a week lightened a couch of \$7,000 worth of silver ingots.

Late in the evening of a summer day, when, with the exception of a party of gamblers at the "Sample Rooms," all the citizens of the Gulch were soundly sleeping, a solitary horseman rode up to the unpretentious shanty which did duty for a parsonage. It was nothing but a two-roomed hut, rudely constructed and roughly furnished. On this occasion the "parsonage" was in sole charge of Ah Wing, a "heathen Chinese," who acted as Parson Jim's cook and chambermaid. Ah Wing was himself perched in some Chinaman's paradise, for his sleepy features, usually utterly void of expression, were illumined by a yellow smile. The parson was off, as he frequently was, on a trip down the valley, and the parsonage, being well removed from the main portion of the settlement, was seldom visited during his absence.

The dreaming Celestial was therefore much surprised, and indeed frightened, when he was awakened from his slumber by a violent hammering at the barred door. He cautiously drew back the wooden bolt and peered out into the warm, starlight night. Close to the door he beheld a stalwart man, with long black hair and a heavy moustache, holding in one hand the bridle of a large horse, while in his left arm he carried a girl—evidently dead or in a fainting condition.

"Where is the parson?" asked the stranger in a firm but quiet voice. "Parson Jim he go way muechee; he no come home till Sunday," replied the surprised Chinaman.

"Well, hold my horse, and hold him tight. This young woman is very sick, and I'm going to lay her on the parson's bed."

He entered the room, and tenderly laid his burden on the camp cot which Parson Jim used for a bed. Then he tore a fly-leaf from an old book which he saw lying around, and producing a short end of a pencil from his pocket, wrote hastily and somewhat clumsily a few words.

"See here," he said to the Chinaman, as he stepped to the door, "give this piece of paper to the parson as soon as he returns. This young lady is hurt a little and frightened a great deal, and she has fainted. Pretty soon she will come around. When she does see that you take good care of her, you yellow-skinned, white-livered duck. Perhaps you'll believe yourself all the better if I tell you my name is Kansas."

The Chinaman perceptibly trembled as he heard the dreaded name, but said nothing; and the handsome stranger sprang to his horse and rode away.

Ah Wing quietly surveyed his new charge, and saw that she was a yellow-haired, fair complexioned girl of perhaps 15 or 16 years, slender, and evidently unused to work of any kind. The Chinaman faithfully kept watch all night, and noticed that the girl passed gradually from her faint into an easy slumber.

One evening in the springtime he told Ethel of his love, and asked her to be his wife.

"I cannot answer that question, dear Jim," said the girl. "Myself is the only reward which I can offer any man, because I have nothing else. So I have long ago made up my mind to keep myself to offer, if needs be, as a reward to the man who shall kill or capture Kansas. If it were not for that firm resolve, I would say 'Yes' at once—for, Jim, you deserve my love and all I can give you. But do not ask me, dear. Perhaps Kansas will be captured, anyhow—and so I will give some one who will never think of reward. Then—well, don't think badly of me, Jim, dear; two things would make me a happy girl; vengeance on Kansas, and the right to call you my husband."

Parson Jim heard these words sadly enough, but he thought too much of Ethel and her resolves to seek hastily to turn her from her purpose, even for his own benefit.

Early in the following summer, toward sunset, Ethel sat on the porch of the parsonage quite alone. The parson was away, and had been away all day, and might not return until the following evening. One of the men from the Gulch approached and doffed his hat.

"Parson in, miss?" "No, Zeke; he is away to-day."

"Well, I'll just a'gain to tell him that we've got news that Kansas is likely to be up ter mischief way about ten miles along the valley ter night. It's the first time we'er got a pointer as ter Kansas' tricks, an' some us us thought as like enuff we might make up a little crowd to down his nose. Parson's mostly ready for his own rights an' squar, so I came up to tell him."

Ethel's eyes flashed, and the warm blood coursed quickly through her veins, as a wild thought occurred to her. She could ride like an Indian; and she was a dead shot; Parson Jim had taken a special delight in making her a good horsewoman and clever with a pistol.

"All right, miss; only it's risky work an' not fit for ladies. Mebbe ther parson wouldn't like fer yer ter go?" "Yes, he would, Zeke—yes, he would; don't you know—don't you remember all about my poor father? I will go, and if I get within range of Kansas I will shoot him without mercy."

So Ethel joined the party of fifteen or twenty armed men who rode out that night for the purpose of capturing, if possible, Kansas and his desperadoes. They rode in as wide a line as the valley would permit, so that no company of horsemen might pass them unnoticed, and this plan proved a good one. About 11 o'clock at night they espied four horsemen, evidently awaiting the coach, and closed in upon them. Zeke insisted on keeping Ethel Winship back, and made her promise to stay with him if the boys could effect a quick capture. But, no; the outlaws knew that certain death awaited them should they be captured, and resolved to fight dearly for their lives. There was a sharp, quick interchange of pistol shots. Three of the robbers and three of their pursuers fell from their saddles. The fourth desperado put spurs to his horse and dashed right through the crowd of miners, who, in their surprise at his action, allowed him to pass. The desperado man emptied all the charges of his revolver behind him as he galloped, threw the pistol down and drew another from his belt. He rode in the direction of Ethel and Zeke, and they could see that he was a magnificent man, with long black hair and a black moustache.

Joseph Edwards,

"The Champion of Low Prices."

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE NORTH WITH THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS THAT HAS EVER BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS CITY.

I WILL GIVE YOU A FEW PRICES, WHICH WILL TELL THE TALE.

LADIES' DRESS SILKS, in all shades, former price \$1.10, now 40c. a yard.
NUN'S VFLINGS, all wool, in the latest shades, double width, former price 60c., now at 42 1/2c.

A FULL LINE

Of Ladies' Dress Goods, Seersuckers, Ginghams, Henrietta Cloths, Poplins, all kinds of Embroideries, Hamburg Edgings. Of these goods we deduct 35 per cent. from the usual selling price.

100 Pieces of Straw Matting

Clothing, Clothing!

FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

A fine quality of CORK SCREW SUITS, former price \$30.00, we are now selling at \$25.50.
500 MEN'S SUITS, all wool Cassimere, worth \$15.00, we are now driving at \$6.75.
HATS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, FURNITURE. We take off 35 per cent. from the usual price this season.

Heavy Groceries,

Such as Meat, Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, etc., the regular supplies for farmers which will be sold to responsible parties ON TIME, until next Fall, for CASH PRICES.

Since my return home the rushes have been so immense that I would beg our city patrons to do their shopping outside of Saturdays in order to be able to give better attention to their wants and desires.

Remember the sign in front of my store:

H. WEIL & BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail Merchants,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

IN ECONOMY THERE IS WEALTH! IN THE JUDICIOUS EXPENDITURE OF MONEY THERE IS ECONOMY!

In buying your goods of us you will find that you are expending your money JUDICIOUSLY.

HAVE YOU VISITED

Our Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Department. If not, depend upon it you're behind the times in knowledge of the prevailing styles.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY

Of our Merchant Tailoring Department, and have your garments made by famous Northern Tailors. We guarantee to please all.

OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

promise need the most extensive in the city. They are NICE; they are NEW; they are NEAT.

REMEMBER THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM

When you enter our Shoe Department. We are selling only Shoes of well-known manufacturers, and guarantee satisfaction as to PRICE and QUALITY.

WE WILL DUPLICATE BILLS

From any Market in our Wholesale Department. Call and be convinced. Children's Carriage in the most unique styles.

CARPETS, MATTINGS, OILCLOTHS, ETC.

A large assortment of new and exclusive patterns, at Lowest Prices.

IT WILL COST NOTHING

To look through our Stock and convince yourself that we carry the most complete line.

H. WEIL & BROS.

Jealousy Cured her Illness.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean says: One of the most probable of wonders is reported from Hartford City, Ind. Miss Mary Jane Roberts is the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and three years ago she and a young farmer by the name of Co's plighted their troth.

Shortly after the engagement Mr. Co went on a visit to Cincinnati, friends and while in that city had a fall which brought on paralysis. She has since been a confirmed invalid, and not long ago her lover began to cast his glances in another direction until it was rumored that he was contemplating another engagement. The friends of the girl feared to tell her of this for a time, but it was impossible to keep her in ignorance.

A gentleman who saw the remains said: "It was the most terribly mutilated body I ever saw. It was cut in inch pieces. It telegraphed to Atlanta for a coffin, and as much of the remains as could be found were put in it. Mr. Roberts' brother went to Bolton for the remains the following morning."

Mr. Roberts is a married man, aged thirty-eight or forty. He has no children.

Slavery Abolished in Brazil.

Advices from Rio De Janeiro state that the Brazilian Senate has passed the bill abolishing slavery which passed the Chamber of Deputies last week.

What are you going through my pockets for, my dear? Wife—A little change, John. Husband—Have you no money of your own? Wife—Yes; but it is so much easier to find a man's pocket, John, than a woman's.—Hager's Base.



the parson's window still marked "Placed there over night in a mysterious manner, for no one was ever seen to do it. Parson Jim himself still preached every Sunday in the Sample Rooms, and was still a prime favorite with the miners, though they sometimes wondered why a man should elect to stay in a rough, out-of-the-way place like the Gulch.