

THE HEADLIGHT.

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A. ROSCOWER, Editor.

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

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THE OLD FARMHOUSE ON THE HILL.

From the Queen Anne cottages;
 Out of summer villas gay,
 Sprung of stately palaces,
 Whose marble fountains play,
 The architect ne'er yet designed—
 And design he never will—
 A pile that can compare with the
 Old farmhouse on the hill.

The millstone in man's grand
 Quest for old and rare,
 And all the luxuries of wealth
 He gathered round him there;
 To spite of all his bric-a-brac
 And store of wealth, he still
 Of the low, gable-roofed
 Old farmhouse on the hill.

He backward glances and he sees
 The mother as she sits
 Near by the hearth and croons to him,
 And dolly mends or knits.
 Again he hears of Simbad bold,
 And rattling Jack and Gill,
 The while the shrill whistles round
 The farmhouse on the hill.

He sees his father grave and stern,
 But ever good and just,
 Again his favorite maxim hears;
 "Be heaven put your trust."
 And 'en old Rover seems to hear
 A whining at the sill
 That he may join the group within
 The farmhouse on the hill.

—From the *Arkansas Traveler*.

obtain his affections, and to make him the suppliant instead of you."
 "Suppliant?" cries Dolly, with fresh flames from her burning heart ascending to her cheeks.
 "Yes, suppliant. Every one, my love, can see—the most of all—how you hang upon his smiles, and despair when he is indifferent or capricious."
 "Wrath makes Dolly absolutely speechless. If looks, etc., etc., Mrs. Dalton would, etc., etc."
 "Don't be a goose, Dolly," resumes her friend, not having as yet offered any visible injury from the lightning-glance to which she has been subjected. "Keep



—From the *Arkansas Traveler*.

Dolly springs up and catches her by the arm. "No, no, Marion, don't go! don't be angry. I will do whatever you tell me."
 "Then hearken and obey. Dick Wyndham is coming to-night. You know he is rather fond of you. Talk to him, and to him only, all the evening. Do not go in Mr. Lascelles's direction. I will keep my eye on him, and report to you how he takes it. If he approaches you in the evening look bored and dispirited, and reply to him by mien and looks."
 "I shall never be able to do it," groans Dolly.
 "You will with such a big stake to win!" (a little sarcastically.)
 "All! you don't know what it is to love!" cries Dolly.
 "Not as you do, certainly," retorts Marion, with an inflection of voice which Dolly is not quite enough to catch.

Dick Wyndham arrives in time for dinner. He is rather fond of Dolly—he is exceedingly hard up, and wants her money even more than her sweet self. He is bright and amusing, has a considerable fund of small talk, is devoted to sport, and has not Mr. Lascelles's stately or lofty manner of showing superiority. He has a genuine contempt for a man who talks art and plays classical music as Mr. Lascelles has for one who thinks of nothing but hunting, lawn-tennis, and polo, though he rides fairly straight and is an average shot himself.

Not a little disgusted is Lascelles, therefore, when Dolly, whose sorrowfulness and its cause have greatly soothed his complacency for the last twenty-four hours, seems to have eyes and ears for no one but this half-witted soldier at dinner. She is looking charming in a dress of a delicious apricot tint, which he has not seen before; it is a great connoisseur of dress; if he could only catch her eye he would beam on her. One of those glances which would have intoxicated her maiden soul. But whereas it has been his wont to meet her tender pleading glances every two minutes heretofore, to-night he might be Banquo's ghost, and she one of Macbeth's guests, for all she seems to see him. His memory serves him up variations of the theme of *sovereign femme varie*. He is so little congenial to his neighbor at dinner that she expresses the most unfavorable sentiments regarding him in the drawing-room later on, causing Dolly to halt between the desire to defend him hotly, and a sense of pleasure that some one besides herself has suffered by his coldness. Mrs. Dalton makes a pretext for calling Dolly aside.

"Excellent, my love," she cries, in high good-humor, pressing the girl's arm. "He is enraged beyond measure. He scarcely took his eyes off you. Go on and prosper."
 Thus stimulated, Dolly does go on and prosper exceedingly. When Mr. Lascelles and Dick approach simultaneously she devotes her whole attention to the latter, and has scarcely a word for the former, who presently retires in tragic dudgeon, and leans against the wall looking like Hamlet, Lord Byron, or any other blighted being in the sun.

In reality, Dick is the person most to be pitied, although his face is alight with smiles, and his heart aglow with anticipations of possessing a lovely woman, and satisfying the debtors who, metaphorically speaking, take him by the throat, crying, "Pay me what thou owest!" Innocent creature that he is, he expects no treachery, nor dreams that the milk-white bosom palpitates for the "infernal young prig" over the way. Dolly will play billiards and lawn-tennis with him on the morrow; in the afternoon they are to ride together; and, as he sits smoking in the smoking room, retired, he reflects on the most approved method of asking a certain question.

Up to this moment Clement Lascelles has not any necessity for putting his fate to the touch, because he had been absolutely certain of winning; but now that for the first time he has a rival—a rival who is progressing, by leaps and bounds in his lady's favor, he sees that something must be done. He cannot have been befooled. She loves him—or he, an adept at reading the secrets of souls, must for once have been deluded. Perish the thought!

With gloomy brow and stately step he retires from the smoking room, and seeks the solitude of his chamber, but not his couch. The dawn has not long broken ere he courts repose.
 "Marion!" cries Dolly a few hours later, bursting into her friend's room, whilst that lady—no early riser at the best of times—still nestles among her pillows, "read this" and she seizes her self on the bed in a state of great excitement, whilst Mrs. Dalton languidly peruses the letter thrust into her hands.
 "I call it great impertinence!" she remarks, returning it to Dolly.
 "Impertinence!" with wide-open eyes.



"Certainly!" and Mrs. Dalton, taking it back, quotes from it.
 "I don't pretend to offer you the one great passion of a life—passages beyond the ken of other mortals have tarnished the pure lustre that once surrounded my soul as with a halo yet, if you will take a hearty wish with the sorrows of the ages, dimmed by the darkling doubts with which an intimate knowledge of humanity clouds the spirit, take me to your tender breast and let me find shelter there from life's griefs and disappointments. What recompense a heart blighted as mine has been can bestow I will strive to make to your angelic sympathy and goodness."

"Is it not beautiful?" cries Dolly, in an ecstasy. "I wonder what he means! I suppose some horrid woman threw him over one!"
 "I think it is exceedingly impertinent, and I hope you will resent it."
 "Resent it!" almost shrieks Dolly.
 "Why, it is a declaration!"
 "Get me my blotting-book off that table!" commands Mrs. Dalton resolutely. "Now, sit still, beginning to write, you will answer it in this way, or I wash my hands of you, and to-morrow he will have reduced you to abject misery again."
 She writes hurriedly for a few minutes, and then, with heightened color, reads the draft aloud:
 "Dear Mr. Lascelles,—I have received your melancholy letter, and am truly sorry for all you seem to have suffered. But, for my part, I look upon the world as a very pleasant place, and have made up my mind to enjoy myself as much as possible; so, as I could not console you, and you, with the ideas you express, would make me miserable, I think you had much better look for somebody whose temperament is more like your own. I suppose you mean me to understand that you have been much more in love with some one else than you are with me, which, to say the least, is not very flattering. No, I must have a musical heart, or none at all.—Your sincere friend,
 D. S."

There is a desperate fight between Mrs. Dalton and Dolly before the latter can be persuaded to copy and forward what she considers a heartless and flippant missive. In the end Marion triumphs. Mr. Lascelles does not appear at breakfast, and Dolly, though her soul quakes within, laughs and talks to Dick.

Later in the morning, when they are playing lawn-tennis, Clement Lascelles, feeling much smaller than he has ever done in his life, seeks counsel from Mrs. Dalton. With an angelic smile she alternately pokes him with daggers and makes him gulp down bowls of poison; but she does him an excellent turn by taking a good deal of the nonsense out of him. How, O how, is he to win her? Has he the ghost of a chance?

Mrs. Dalton, looking solemn, declares her inability to reply to this. She hints at Dolly's youth and love of amusement. She hints, too, at Dick's unflagging good spirits and temper. And the upshot of it is that when Dick returns crestfallen, from his afternoon ride with Dolly, having spoken and received his answer, Clement Lascelles carries off the young lady to her boudoir on pretence of wanting to be shown something, and replacing the melancholy of Hamlet by the conquering airs of young Lovelace, takes her in his arms, swears he has been a fool, and has never really loved any one but her sweet self, and that if she accepts him her life shall be one round of pleasures.

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The use of paper fabric for building purposes—by the term paper being meant broadly a flexible sheet made of vegetable or other fibre, which has been reduced to a pulp, and then pressed out and spread and dried—is now advocated by some builders for the following reasons: First, continuity of surface—that is, it can be made in rolls of almost any width and length; second, or by gluing several layers together may be made stiff, and will stop the passages of air because there are no joints; third, it has no grain like wood and will not split; fourth, it is not affected by change of temperature, and thus it has an advantage over sheet metal as roofing material; fifth, it is non-resonant and well fitted to prevent the passage of sound; sixth, it is a non-conductor of heat, and can be made of incombustible material, like asbestos, or rendered fire-resisting by chemical treatment. The combination of paper with other substances, and solidifying the mass by pressure, renders practicable the production of a material capable of replacing wood for many purposes; and last, among its characteristics of adaptability to the case with which it may be made into sheets of any width and thickness, that will not warp or shrink from heat, cold or dampness.

A Drummer Keeps Warm.
 Said a travelling man in the *Palmer House* yesterday: "I never order a fire in my room at a country hotel. I carry a warming apparatus along which is both convenient and not costly to myself. It is a gas burner, and is packed in a box and a gas burner which would throw a flame at least seven inches wide.
 "It's this way," he continued. "I register and go to my room. The burner is, of course, plugged with cotton so that you can't get enough light to see the bed by. I yank it off with my nippers, screw on my own patent appliance, and then sit by the window and watch the city gas tank sink down towards the ground while my room gets warm."
 —Chicago Herald.

The Wrong Girl.
 The *St. John Telegraph* tells this story—A young man well known about town made an evening call on a lady a few evenings ago, and it is said that he is not very likely to "call again" for some time to come. It appears that he was very well acquainted with the pretty servant girl who generally answers the door bell, though he would not have his friends know it for the world. On the evening in question he rang the bell, and then stepped behind the door that remains stationary, and waited. Presently a head appeared around the door, and the young man leaned forward and impressed a kiss upon the fair one's lips. A shriek followed. The young man thought he kissed the hired girl. But it was the hostess.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

THE FUNNIEST THINGS THE HUMORI TS ARE SAYING.

The Sergeant's Order—Western Ball Room Politeness—Earning Their Money—Papa's Dilemma—An Arithmetical Problem, &c., &c.

INTEREST.
 There is a movement on foot in Boston to abolish usury. The brokers take much interest in it.



OPENING THE SEASON.

Mother (to boy who was badly used up)—Why, for goodness sake, Adrian—Adrian—Don't say nothing, Mother. Do you hear them shouts? We have beaten the champion Mudlung nine and killed an umpire!

LAW.
 It was in a Boston private school of fashionable repute, and the class of young ladies who had been studying the history and the Constitution of the United States were under examination.
 "How is law made?" said the instructor.
 "Oh," said a tailor-made damsel cheerfully, "the Senate has to ratify it, and then the President has to veto it!"

GIVEN AWAY.
 Mamma—I don't see where papa can be. He's very late to-night.
 Mildred—Why, he's fixing his cane or something. I heard him tell Uncle George, this morning.
 Mamma—What did he say?
 Mildred—He said "George, I've got to blow that new club of mine off to night."
 —Tid Bits

A SUBSTITUTE.
 Mr. Rural Hayseed, (in town on a visit, has just been shaved, and the tonsorial artist "touches" him for a haircut.
 Barber—Your hair looks pretty bad—comes over your coat collar, sir. Shan't I fix it for you?
 Hayseed—Wall, I don't care if you do. You might just pull the coat collar down a little.

OPEN.
 In the death of Leary New York loses one of her distinguished burglars. Mr. Leary was hit on the head with a hard burnt brick, and lived but a few days after the concussion. It may be truly said that during Mr. Leary's long career every door was open to him.
 —*Conner-Journal*.

A FALL.
 Visitor (to Montana widow)—And you say your husband met his death by falling off a scaffold?
 Montana Widow—Yes; poor John.
 Visitor—How far did he fall?
 Montana Widow—Er—oh, the fall was about three feet, I think.

NOT FOR HIMSELF.
 Medicant—Will you please gimme a few pennies, sir? I have a blind brother to take care of.
 Gentleman—A big robust man like you ought not to beg.
 Medicant (with dignity)—I am not begging for myself, sir; I am begging for my blind brother.

ACQUAINTED.
 Fogg, the eminent lawyer (who has a weakness for charging high fees), to nephew who has been speculating—What! you paid two dollars for one rabbit, Bobby?
 Bobby (seven years old)—Yes, sir.
 Fogg—Why didn't you consult your uncle?
 Bobby (who has heard of his uncle's fame)—Then it might have cost me five.

RIGHT FACE.
 A story is told of an Irish drill sergeant who had been put in charge of an awkward squad. At the word of command: "Right face," one of the recruits turned completely about, bringing himself exactly in the same position from which he started.
 "Holy Moses!" shrieked the drill sergeant. "That does yez mane by turnin' completely about, when I sez right face!"
 The recruit was as awkward in his answer as he had been in his manœuvring and the old sergeant, with the intention of sending him to the guard house, demanded his name.
 "Turner," said the man, whereupon Irish wit asserted itself and the old sergeant said:
 "Begorra, and yez couldn't help it then."

AN ITEM.
 Guest (to Florida hotel keeper)—What is this item among the "extras," "Weather vane, \$4?" Hotel keeper—Yes, sir; we charge \$1 a day for telling which way the wind blows, and there is no money in it at that.
 —Tidbits.

PROUD OF HIS DOG.
 Mrs. Smith—I left the house a few minutes this afternoon, John, and baby destroyed those two cigars you left laying on the footrest.
 Mr. Smith—The meddling little thing! She ought to have been punished. Those cigars cost me 20 cents.
 Mrs. Smith—And your terrier puppy completely ruined my new spring bonnet.
 Mr. Smith—Ho! ho! ho! The frisky little rascal. I tell you, Maria, there's mettle in that pup.
 —Binghamton Republican.

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 VEILINGS, all wool, in the latest shades, double width, former price 60c., now at 42 1-2c.
 ALBATROSS, the latest of the season, former price 65c., now selling at 16 1-2c. per yard.

A FULL LINE
 Of Ladies' Dress Goods, Seersuckers, Ginghams, Henrietta Cloths, Poppins, all kinds of Embroideries, Hamburg Edgings. Of these goods we deduct 33 per cent. from the usual selling price.

100 Pieces of Straw Matting
 Just direct imported from China, from 20 to 30c. a yard, actual value 75c.

Clothing, Clothing,
FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN.
 A fine quality of CORK SCREW SUITS, former price \$20.00, we are now selling at \$6.85.
 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:
Joseph Edwards,
"The Champion of Low Prices."

H. WEIL & BROS.,
 Wholesale and Retail Merchants,
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IN ECONOMY THERE IS WEALTH! IN THE JUDICIOUS EXPENDITURE OF MONEY THERE IS ECONOMY!

In buying our 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.

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

OUR DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT
 is pronounced 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.

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

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 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.

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