

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

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Poetry and Miscellany.

WHISTLE THEM AWAY.

Have you any petty cares, boys?
Whistle them away,
There's nothing cheers the spirits,
Like a merry roundelay.
No matter for the headaches,
'Neath silk or hoddens-gray,
For the sake of those who love you,
Just whistle them away.

'Tis strange how soon friends gather
About a cheerful face;
That smiling eyes and lips count more
Than beauty, wealth, or grace;
But I have seen it tried, boys,
When trouble comes to stay,
The brave heart leaps to work, and strives
To whistle it away.

Then as you climb life's hill, boys,
Put music in your toll,
Turn to your traitor trials,
A whistle for a toll;
Be steadfast in the right, boys,
Whatever the world may say,
Temptations never conquer those
Who whistle them away!

—Marry A. Denton, in *Youth's Companion*

FEARLESSNESS.

BY ROSE H. LATHROP.

"Genevieve Chamberlain is too silent," remarked Hall Balkan. "When she comes into the room I feel as if I wanted to shake a secret out of her perfect mouth; but, as she is very dainty and very beautiful, I don't really do it."

The young woman who sat near him as he spoke, painting fancy work, and who could not quite compete with a great beauty, thought that Balkan was showing off, being irritated by Genevieve's apparent indifference and was trying to console himself by grumbling at her, although he would have been very critical of any one else who dared to do so. This young woman, who could reflect intelligently, was, nevertheless, a perfect child in guilelessness. She could stand in judgment over people, as a child does, and cause no antagonism at any rate, in a nature as generous as her own. She was the sort of girl who would remain sweet and naive as an old woman.

Nellie Featherly looked round at Balkan, in a moment, and responded:

"Now, there is nothing mysterious about me."

"You? I should think not! You are so fearless, straightforward and amusing."

"You have not quite illusion enough about me, I think," Nellie pouted over her satin scarf, which was bursting into dower and leaf. "You have made me out just one of the ordinary, useful, toss-me-aside kind of women, and, although you are right, I do hate to hear the fact repeated."

"I don't care what you think of yourself or how you construe my appreciation of you," answered Balkan, saucily. "I am perfectly content with enjoying your traits and sitting where you paint."

Nellie went on busily, with a dozen pretty attitudes and motions and a rather dissatisfied expression of countenance. Whether it was her work or her words which annoyed her, Balkan was not sure.

"That's exquisite, and no mistake," he went on, peering over at the drawing-board on her knees, upon which the satin was stretched.

"Oh, please don't say pretty things," Nellie cried. "Somehow, you seem insincere to-day!"

"If my dear Miss Featherly, I should not hesitate to tell the truth, rather than prevaricate. To be quite honest, I would tell you the truth about anything in the world you could ask me; though with others I might be as silent as Genevieve, instead of confessing to actualities."

"If I ever want to ask you anything I will remember this," the young amateur rejoined, with the nicest smiles into Balkan's nearest face.

Cecil Morton sauntered across the room, during the little pause ensuing and said that the day was too good for staying in the house. Why not go to walk before dinner? The young people, eight when all told, were visiting some dear old country gentlefolks to whom Nellie was nearly related, and who had asked them out of town for a week of sleighing, and other winter fun, the snow being in better condition than for years past. That evening they were to go sleighing by moonlight and it was super-energetic for Morton to talk of walking. But we all know how these restless people of energy or muscle rout us out of little lazy tete-a-tetes and fireside luxury. Neither Nellie nor Balkan wished to be stigmatized as both to exercise and so they rushed out of the parlor to find the others and get well wrapped up against a coolish ramble; while Cecil Morton smiled to himself in a mirror to think of the connection he could effect at will.

Nellie and Genevieve paired off, intentionally, as the group left the hall-

door ten minutes later. Something agitated Nellie's beautiful friend, as the former was able to discover through girlish intimacy, which is a very deep thing indeed. Genevieve's face looked calm and pale as she said, in a low, rather tragic voice, to the affectionate girl beside her:

"My heart is almost breaking. I am so wretched, and so surprised. To think of it! Never have I loved before, and every one always on their knees to me. And now, the very one who absorbs my thought—cold, cold, cold!"

"Don't be silly, Gen. You're so fired up at finding any one you can become romantic over, that you are as blind as a hickory nut, beside being dreadfully awkward when he's around. Moreover, Hall Balkan is perfectly splendid—so handsome and so manly! I don't wonder wonder you like him tremendously. And the idea of his not coming under your spell! As for me, I just know he thinks you are irresistible. I know you are in his mind!"

"You love me, and try to think me a vanquisher of all hearts, no matter how brave and free," murmured Genevieve. "But my former conquests have not been all-conquering, because Mr. Balkan is really the only true, fine person of enviable position and means whom I ever met in our set. There seem to be a thousand foolish bachelors to one downright hero!"

"I think Hall is a fine fellow," Nellie again admitted, softly, thrusting her little hand upon Genevieve's arm for a few steps, and then stopping her arbitrarily, and letting the others catch up with them. "How far north we seem!" she then exclaimed. "I am sure the Arctic Sea is over that hill of pines by the meadow. Ribbons of white cloud and this exhilarating atmosphere make me feel as if I were somebody else! Oh, we are explorers. Is that a Polar bear or a snow drift?" she concluded, pointing to a white banked gate post by the cattle lane.

Cecil Morton tried to shuffle the little party in such a way that he would come next to Genevieve; but he evaded him, by sheer force of desperation. And, as luck would have it, Hall Balkan came to her with his fine, hearty good cheer, and asked her to walk with him as far as a wide-spreading elm at a considerable distance down the high road; and Nellie Featherly heard him say it. A damask flush all over Genevieve's face made Balkan glance round to see if the sunset had begun yet; but the West was as gray as a flag-stone. Genevieve was willing, and they started off at a huge pace, and which the rest tried to imitate; but not too well, as every one of the girls thought that Balkan wanted to propose to his companion, and determined to let him have a chance.

At last the two figures in advance stopped under the delicate tracery of the great, bare elm-tree, and seemed to be talking earnestly. Then a cry went up from Nellie Featherly, for Genevieve had sunk to the ground, evidently in a faint, and Balkan knelt at her side.

"The walk was too rapid for her," exclaimed Nellie, off-hand. "Oh, Mr. Morton, why must you always be asking us to go for constitutional; they'll be the death of us!" And Nellie, whom no one had ever seen really provoked before, gave him a cross glance; and then went on a run, accompanied by the reproved Morton, toward her friend, while the others followed more or less ardently.

As faithful Nellie ran, she discerned a strange, black cloud rolling toward them all, down the snowy road. Soon the motion of two prancing horses became apparent; and as Nellie reached Genevieve's prostrate form, in the middle of the road, over which Balkan was bending in absorbed dismay, the plucky girl realized that a runaway team was in full career.

But this Nellie never thought of doing. On she ran, beyond Genevieve, whose danger was so imminent—and what could she do to avert the danger? In her muff was a ball of snow, which had been reduced by careful manipulation (under Morton's instructions) to an icy consistency; capable, as her teacher had explained, of killing anybody, if rightly aimed. It is by no means easy to swerve the direction of a maddened horse. But one of these was running away because the other wanted to, and he yet retained some common-sense. At any rate, Nellie drew forth her icy ball in a twinkling, and hurled it, by good luck, at the saucer horse (for they were

now close at hand) with such splendid vigor and true aim that it hit him furiously on the nose. He plunged aside, slipped on the hard crust of the old snow beside the road, and keeled over, carrying his rampant mate with him into the ditch. They were a powerful team belonging to Nellie's uncle, and were dragging an empty wood-sledge. Their driver was hallooing in the distance, as he ran wearily along.

Nellie pondered a moment over the success of her defense and gazed at the quivering limbs of the foe, and then turned back to Genevieve, panting. The girls were on the bank at the other side of the road.

Meantime, Balkan had but just looked up, realized the peril and caught Genevieve in his arms, while Morton threw his weight wildly upon the young man's struggling shoulders. It is always in some such way that a person weak in emergencies assists the real actors.

So swiftly do runaway horses proceed that it only seemed an instant since Genevieve had fainted.

Now all the girls swooped down from their perch helpfully, and surrounded their pale friend, whose swoon was so much in earnest that she had not stirred an eyelash. Nellie seized Balkan's hand and told him she must speak with him instantly.

"Did you offer yourself?" she severely demanded, when she had led him, peremptorily, out of hearing of the others.

"No," he gasped, gazing blankly, as a man does who is confronted with some Greek than he is prepared for.

"Didn't you propose?" exclaimed Nellie, in the same indignant tone, which showed Balkan that he was a criminal, whichever way he pleaded.

"Do explain!" he quavered, gently.

But Nellie was off to Genevieve with impertinent haste, kneeling down at her side, calling for soft snow from under a drift and rubbing the beauty's temples and lips with it, while she explained to Morton how to get Genevieve's hands warm; much to his satisfaction, for she did not object to his covering them with kisses.

The teamster came up, and Nellie found time to scold him for his stupidity.

"I know you by sight, Jim," she said. "But that sha'n't save you. Go you shall from my uncle's service!"

"But, Miss!"

"No 'buts!' You might have killed a dozen people, you goose!"

"As true as I live, Miss, I've always heard as how horses will run in winter, when the moon is near the full, as its been proved this day! So crisp-like everywhere, Miss, what can you expect of them."

"Swear you'll never leave your horses without tying them tight," commanded Nellie, haughtily.

"Faith I'll swear when I'm out of your prudence, Miss!" Jim humbly answered.

The horses were unhitched from the sledge, and the young people undertook to drag Genevieve home, which the stout poles at the sides of the conveyance assisted them to accomplish, as the girls could take hold of them and propel, while the young men dragged the cumbersome concern. The fair invalid was piloted on muffs and covered with new markets, and was pleased to revive nicely. It was first sunset and then deep dusk; when the catalfalque slowly reached home.

It may be supposed that dinner was a little late that evening.

Nellie came into the parlor before the others, looking lovely, in still another of her Worth dresses, and Balkan was waiting for her, ready to pounce.

Nellie's eyes, which looked unusually big and bright, because she had been crying all to herself, filled again with tears. She edged away into the anteroom, and he followed.

"I meant," she replied, soto voce, "that when you love her, and when she loves you, and when you come out into the 'backwoods' and have plenty of opportunities, and when we are all looking on from a respectful distance, it is perfectly stupid of you not to offer yourself to Genevieve, and I should have fainted and died both if I had been in her place! She showed great self-control not to have died. You had no business to stipulate the tree, anyhow, for of course she would expect everything to be settled before she got there. Oh! of course you think me outrageous to meddle with you and talk right out as if I were a novel, without respect of persons and open secrets; but I'm nobody in particular, and I will love Genevieve and put my finger into her affairs if I like to! And I'll just add this: that I'm going to ar-

range to have you both driven by the coachman to-night in the big sleigh, while we are apportioned off to little cutters. The driver's seat is way up."

"But, my dear Miss Featherly—" Nellie—

"Now, don't be disrespectful. Of course I can only ask for an outward show of respect after telling you to offer yourself to my dearest friend, whom we all know (goose) you are hoping to win; but that show of courtesy I stipulate for."

"But how can I ask Miss Chamberlain in marriage if I love you?" Balkan squeezed in, desperately.

Nellie sat down on the arm of a chair and looked up at him aghast, blushing and appealing.

"Oh, you can't be in love with me!" she panted.

"I wish you would not be so scornful," he answered. "You ought to have known it. Months ago, I was crazy about Genevieve, like the rest; but only for a week, for then I met you. A man don't sit staring all day at a girl unless he dotes on her! While I stare at you, your utter indifference to me is something appalling; but I had hoped to win you in the end. Then you take me by the throat, yank me in front of somebody else, with orders, martial in their haste, and now cast me into a perfect sea of premature-ness; for, of course, you'll spurn my all-unheralded revelation. But I'm as obstinate as you are, and love you I will, by Jove!" Balkan sat down on another chair-arm, and being trim as a marble statue for dinner, and not having time to brush his hair again if he tore it a little, thrust his thumbs in his pockets and glared at the fire.

A faint rustle of heavy silk at his elbow made him feel exultant.

"If she consents to it, you might propose to me, then, in the Russian sleigh!"

He turned, and the little creature's superb eyes met his. He caught her hands, and studied her face with blissful care.

"I thought I was of no great account," she murmured, all of a tremble; and was suddenly kissed in a way that made her feel that for the future she had some one to guard her against all harm, and give her all the happiness she could wish for.

—*The Independent.*

Capers of Cannon Balls.

Captain Meredith, John Ritchie and George Shields, known as "old horses" and "old-timers," sat around in the Press club one afternoon recently and talked about the times of the war and told of the funny capers that cannon balls and musket balls out.

Captain Meredith said he once found a dead Confederate behind a big tree. The dead man was resting on one knee, in a position to shoot. His musket was in his hands, the butt of the gun was against his shoulder, and one eye was open, squinting along the gun-barrel. There wasn't a mark on the body, but the man was stone dead. There was a ten-pound cannon ball buried in the tree. The man had been killed by the concussion. Mr. Shields said that he saw a cannon ball go into the ground about 200 yards in front of where he was standing. He thought that was the end of the matter, but in about three seconds the ball came out of the ground fifty yards beyond the place it struck. It then in its flight struck a stump, came off, broke a soldier's leg, and, rolling on a few yards further, upset a camp kettle and scalded a man's hands.

John Ritchie said he saw a man hit with a "spont" cannon ball. He walked over to where the man lay to see what he could do for him—give him a drink out of his canteen, or a chew of tobacco, or something—but all that was visible was a mass of about 150 pounds of flesh and blue cloth, mixed up like sausage, with an eye and two teeth sticking out on top.

Captain Meredith said that, speaking of cannon balls, one of the most novel sights he witnessed during the war was a cannon ball about as big as a flour barrel going through a horse lengthwise—that is, lengthwise of the horse. There was left of the horse its head, its four feet and the lower six inches of its tail. The Captain said he could always tell the body of a Confederate soldier from a Northern man on a battle field, because whenever a Confederate was wounded corn-bread oozed out.—*Chicago Mail.*

A Well-Known Cholera Mixture.

To make the Sun cholera mixture take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of alum, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor, and mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a wine-glass of water, according to age and violence of the attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained.—*Medical Classics.*

LADIES' COLUMN.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S WHIM.

At one time, and not so long ago, it was considered the height of inelegance for refined people to pass so much as a chocolate wafer between their lips before the rude public gaze. No less a personage than England's Queen has inaugurated the custom of sipping a cup of tea and eating a wafer while enjoying her afternoon drive. The tea is steeped in some convenient, tiny apparatus that is part of the royal carriage furniture, and the old lady enjoys the refreshment with comfortable disregard of the hundreds of curious eyes bent upon her. We are inordinately fond of importing high-toned "fads." Who knows but ere long the fragrant aroma of Hyson may blend with the grass and blossom odors along our park drives!—*New York Town Topics.*

BARBER SHOPS FOR WOMEN.

A curious feature of New York life, which is increasing steadily, is the presence of barber-shops exclusively for women. The work done is, of course, confined wholly to brushing, cleaning and making up the hair. Many of the customers keep their own combs and brushes too in the pigeon holes which one sees filled with cups in a barber-shop for men. The barber and her assistants are, of course, women, and to one of them a *New York Tribune* writer said the other day: "How often should a woman have her hair brushed?" "Every night and morning she ought to brush it herself," was the reply. "Many of them never brush it thoroughly at all, and as for cleaning it, all they know about that is to scour it once or twice a year with borax or ammonia, as they would their kitchens. This ruins the hair, yet they know no better. Many a fine lady goes about with six months' accumulation of dirt on her head under a \$25 bonnet, and would be horrified to think herself not as clean as she should be. Women who know how to care for their hair come here once a month for a dry shampoo to clean the scalp, and once a month I clean their hair itself with castile soap and water, drying it immediately by spreading it over a hot air register. The hair should have air and sunlight too. I think the hair of American women is becoming more and more scanty, while nearly all the fine switches and wigs of human hair in the market come from the heads of the German and Swiss peasant girls, who work bare headed in the fields, and whose tresses are so long and thick that they are glad to sell some of it for next to nothing."

COMMON SENSE AND MOURNING.

A movement has been started in England to put an end, if possible, to the custom which demands that women shall inconvenience and injure themselves physically by arraying themselves in mourning whenever a member of their family dies. Lady Harberton is the leader in this crusade of common sense, and she has recently set forth very clearly, in an article in the *Woman's World*, why mourning costumes, as they are now made, should be abandoned by every sensible woman. Lady Harberton bases her argument principally on a plea for the health of women. She points out that while the dress of a woman is not calculated at its best to improve the physical condition of the wearer, the dress of a widow possesses every bad and unhygienic quality of the ordinary female apparel intensified fourfold. It is always made extra long and clinging, so the proper exercise is out of the question. It is usually very heavy, and is surmounted by a species of head-dress furnished with one or two long streamers hanging aimlessly down behind, which are neither attractive in themselves nor conducive to the comfort of the unfortunate wearer.

This head-dress, the peculiarly objectionable feature of which is the long, heavy veil which custom decrees that every widow shall wear, is the worst feature of the mourning costume, both from a hygienic point of view and with reference to the discomforts which arise from it, especially in the warm season. The heavy clinging black dress is endurable, unhealthy as it is, because its weight falls on a part of the body calculated to sustain it. The veil which trails behind the young widow's head is a very different affair. It is constantly dragging the head backward and downward, and if worn long at a time results inevitably in a headache.—*New York Times.*

FASHION NOTES.

High shoulder trimming will be a feature of autumn wraps.

A hat made of moss is the latest action in London millinery.

With the waists made like a man's shirt, neckties are worn which drop as low as the belt.

Many of the season's colors, terra-cotta, willow green, gray, etc., appear in the zeekest feather fans.

A novelty in painted satin fans is a full tubing of closely set loops of "baby" ribbon across the top.

Very effective black parasols are made of black tulle, laid in accordion plaits over black bolting cloth. The handles are of black wood tipped with silver.

Simple white waists of French nain-sook, India linen, American surah, or China silk are worn over skirts of various kinds. They may be shirred, tucked, or plaited to suit the form and fancy, and are made with bishop sleeves.

The mania for violets has extended to parasols. A very pretty one, recently noted was of black silk covered with black tulle embroidered with violet, in the natural hues, and bordered with long-stemmed blossoms. The bonneted handle was mounted with silver and tied with a black ribbon.

A pretty toilet for summer evening wear is a gown worn by a New York woman. It is a skirt of cream-white China silk trimmed with rows of narrow moire ribbon, the silk pressed in accordion plaits from the hips, where it is joined by a close jersey-shaped bodice of cream lace, while the joining is covered by an immense sash of moire. A similar skirt is garnished with ribbon bands and sash of apple-green silk.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Kentucky has a mail carrier ninety years old.

In Chile the street-car conductors are all women.

The word "and" occurs 46,327 times in the Bible.

Philadelphia is to have a new church for colored Catholics.

Toddy is from the Hindostanee tari, tadi, the juice of the palmyra tree.

A Vienna criminal recently made his escape from justice by means of a balloon.

An Illinois man who bet that the world was round and failed to prove it had to pay over \$25.

The largest ruby known is among the crown jewels of Russia; its size is that of a pigeon's egg.

The age of Sato Yukichi, the Japanese dwarf, is about fifty years. His height is fifteen inches.

A pair of elephant's tusks of average length weigh about 200 pounds, and are worth about \$500.

The three Presidents who died on July 4 are John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe.

The American mosquito has appeared in England, and the people are vastly excited by the discovery.

The descendants of Rebecca Nurse, who was hanged as a witch in 1622, had a reunion in Danvers, Mass., recently.

British people drink annually five pounds of tea per head per annum. The French average is only half an ounce.

It is against the city ordinance in Casile, N. Y., for a donkey to appear on the streets unless accompanied by a man.

A cloud-burst in Nevada the other day dropped enough water on a region two miles square to form a lake of ten acres in extent and ten feet deep.

John Moore, of Indiana, declared himself guilty of robbery, paid a constable \$2 to arrest him, and then hired a carriage for \$3 to take them to the county jail.

Punch is from the Hindostanee panch, Sanskrit panchan, meaning five, because the drink was originally composed of five ingredients, viz.: Sugar, arrack, tea, water and lemon juice.

Italian excavators at Adulio, near Zula, Africa, have come upon public buildings and coins. In the sixth century a marble slab was found there giving the conquests of Ptolemy Evergetes.

A number of strange fish, formed like the white fish of Lake Erie, have just been caught at the dam near Meadville, N. Y. Some think they are ciscoes. They are in color regular strawberry blondes, with reddish gills and tails, and, so far as reported, entirely new to those waters. How they got there is a mystery.

The man who seems to have made the most out of the Oklahoma boom is ex-Governor Crawford, of Kansas, who received ten per cent. of the amount paid to the Creek Indians for the lands, on account of his services as an attorney in negotiating the sale.

State Library