

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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Noting and Miscellany.

SLEEP.

The best of all, God's choicest blessing,
Sleep;
Better than Earth can afford—wealth,
power, fame;
They change, decay; thou always art the same.
Through all the years thy freshness thou
dost keep;
Over all lands thine even pinions sweep.
The sick, the worn, the blind, the lone, the lame,
Hearing thy tranquil footsteps, bless thy name;
Anguish is soothed, sorrow forgets to weep,
Thou open'st the captive's cell and bid'st him roam;
Thou giv'st the hunted refuge, fro'st the slave,
Show'st the outcast pity, call'st the exile home;
Singular and king thine equal blessings reap.
We for our loved ones wealth, joy, honors crave;
But God, He giveth His beloved—sleep.
—Thomas Nelson Page, in the Century.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

Mrs. Jeannette Borroughs, for many years a client of the law-firm of Hibden & Holden, in whose office I was under-clerk, was at last dead; and by a will had left the greater part of her comfortable little property to a certain Miss Emma Brookes, who had for five years lived with her as companion.

Mr. Holden was appointed executor of the will, in which capacity it became necessary that he should immediately communicate with Miss Brookes; but here an unexpected difficulty presented. Everybody knew that the young lady had left Mrs. Royal some six months since to take charge of her father, who had become blind and paralyzed; but beyond the fact that she was in New York, nothing was known of her address. Advertisements were inserted in the papers; but, as after two weeks no answer was received, Mr. Holden began to think of employing a detective to hunt out the missing legatee.

It was just at this moment that Mrs. Royal's late cook suddenly remembered that shortly after she herself came into the old lady's service, Miss Brookes had visited a relative in Greenville, whom she called "Cousin Mary Dixon."

Here was at last a clue, and Mr. Holden straightway directed me to proceed to Greenville, and there hunt up Mrs. or Miss Mary Dixon, and through her ascertain the whereabouts of Miss Emma Brookes.

As Greenville, though a considerable town, could not boast of a directory, I had no other alternative but to canvas the place as it were; and thus, after a day's arduous work, learned from a clergyman that a member of his congregation bore the name of Dixon, and also, he thought, the Christian name of Mary. She was a widow, and resided on Orchard street. He did not remember the number, but the street being a short one I could easily find her.

This indeed I did, for the first person of whom I inquired on the street in question—a small boy—not only pointed out to me the house in which he said Mrs. Mary Dixon resided, but volunteered to arouse the inmates, which he did by vigorous pounding on the door, until I bought him off with the present of a nickel.

In answer to the summons, a neat woman presented herself with a broom in her hand, which she quietly dropped at sight of me.

I apologized, explaining that the performance on the door had not been mine and inquired if Mrs. Mary Dixon lived there.

"Yes, she lives here," the woman replied. "She owns the house and I and my son rent part of it from her. Do you want to see her particular?"

"I wish to see her on a little business matter."

"What sort of business?"

"A little private matter, which I will explain to Mrs. Dixon herself."

"Oh, there's no call to be so particular. I asked merely because she ain't at home, and I thought I could explain when she comes back. She's gone to Middleton to help nurse her sister's children, that's down with the measles."

I was vexed to find myself thus balked just as my search seemed crowned with success. But there was no alternative save to follow Mrs. Dixon to Middleton—a journey of two hours by rail—and I accordingly inquired her address in that town.

"Well, I don't know the number; it's at Mr. John Smith's she's staying. Somewhere on Cherry Street—Or, stay! it may be Peach, I dare say my son's wife knows."

Then lifting her voice, she called: "Mariar!"

There was no answer, but from the kitchen came the strong odor of baking bread, and the woman hurried off, exclaiming:

"Just wait a minute and I'll send Tom's wife."

In a minute, accordingly, there came quietly along the passage a tall, ladylike young woman, with a pretty child in her arms.

She was neatly and tastefully dressed, and struck me at once as being of an order quite superior to that of her mother-in-law.

Glancing at her from head to foot as she advanced, I noted her handsome, pleasant face and intelligent look, and in my own mind set down Tom as a fortunate individual.

I took down the address as she gave it to me and the next day was in Middleton, where I experienced no difficulty in finding Mrs. Dixon, though the finding of her relative, Miss Emma Brookes, seemed nearly as remote as ever.

Mrs. Dixon gave me an account of the family, and described Mr. George Brookes as "a gentleman-born, and one of those clever men who could do everything except work and support his family."

His wife had done the last, until, broken down in health, she died, and one daughter had married and gone to Nebraska, and the other, Emma, answered an advertisement for a companion.

She was a fine, self-reliant girl, Emma was, and Mrs. Royal had been very fond of her; and for her part she wasn't surprised to learn that the old lady had left her a legacy, for she had surely deserved it by her kindness and attention.

But where to find Emma she did not know, except that she was somewhere in New York, where her father always resided. He had been a daily newspaper reporter and in the habit of frequenting the public libraries, to some of which she had heard Emma remark, he was a subscriber.

Beyond this Mrs. Dixon could really give me no information; and with this slender clue I proceeded to New York.

My inquiry at the office of the newspaper met with no success. They remembered Mr. George E. Brookes, but knew nothing of his present place of abode, except that one of the staff of reporters was positive that he had removed to the country for the benefit of his health.

This was discouraging, but I proceeded to inquire among the libraries and here was more successful. On the list of subscribers to the Mercantile, was the name, "George E. Brooks, No. 8 India street, Green Point, Long Island," with a date of some six months previous.

In less than an hour I presented myself at the door of the designated house, which I found to be a plain, but respectable boarding-house kept by a widow by the name of Miles. My first inquiry was:

"Does Mr. George E. Brooks live here?"

Mrs. Miles surveyed me solemnly from above her spectacles, and replied slowly: "He did live here, young man."

"Then he has removed?"

"Yes, he has been removed to a better home."

"Will you be kind enough, madam, to give me his present address?"

She stared at me stonily, and apprehending that she had not understood my inquiry, I repeated it:

"Where can I find Mr. Brooks at present?"

"He is where I trust you will some day find him—in heaven!"

With some difficulty I obtained from her the information that her lodger had died some three weeks previous; that he had been kindly cared for by his daughter and a beneficial society of which he was a member; and that after the funeral the young lady had left the house, as she said, to return to the friends with whom she had lived before joining her father. She had mentioned the name of the town; but it had entirely escaped the landlady's memory in the trouble and worry of getting the two vacated rooms ready for new occupants. And thus again had Miss Emma Brookes, will-o'-the-wisp-like, escaped my grasp just as she appeared actually in my reach.

After transacting some business, I next day took the cars for home, in the hope that Miss Brookes, ignorant of Mrs. Royal's death, might have returned to her house, and there learned of what so acutely interested her.

On taking my seat in the car, the first person whom I recognized was the young

lady whom I knew only as "Tom's wife," but this time unaccompanied by the baby.

I saw that she recognized me; and some slight attention in regard to the window tash led us into conversation.

She replied to my inquiry that Mrs. Dixon had not returned home when she left there on Tuesday, but she expected to find her arrived, her sister's children being now so much better.

She said this so sweetly, and was such a pleasant, ladylike young woman, that I essayed to make myself agreeable by apiently remarking upon the prevalence of measles and whooping-cough, and hoping that her little one had escaped the epidemic.

At this she gave me a quick, inquiring glance and blushed.

"I mean the little fellow that you had in your arms when I saw you. I supposed it was yours, as the lady called you her son's wife."

A swift, laughing glance lighted her face.

"That was a mistake. Mrs. Landon's daughter-in-law had just stepped out and left the little boy with me."

It was now my turn to feel embarrassed, though this was almost swallowed up in an unaccountable sense of satisfaction at finding that my companion was not "Tom's wife."

"Pray excuse my absurd mistake!" I said. "It was only because Mrs. Landon told me that she would send her son's wife, and you came."

She laughed, and we chatted on quite pleasantly, until at Greenville she left the cars.

It was not strange that I should on the following day have suggested to Mr. Holden the advisability of my going to Greenville to inquire again of Mrs. Dixon in regard to Miss Brookes, of whom she might have received information since my first interview with her.

It was little more than an hour's ride, and a pleasant excursion for a summer's evening.

On ringing at the door of Mrs. Dixon's house it was, to my gratification, opened by my fair traveling companion of the day previous, and I was sure that she blushed at the—to her—unexpected meeting.

Mrs. Dixon had not yet returned, she said, though they were expecting her by the next train, which would be due in fifteen minutes, if I did not object to waiting.

Then she showed me into the parlor; and fearing that she was about to leave me there, I essayed to detain her by entering into a business talk.

"My business with Mrs. Dixon is of rather a peculiar nature," I remarked. "She has a relative—a Miss Emma Brookes—whose whereabouts we are very anxious to discover."

She looked up with an expression of surprise.

"Emma Brookes?" she said, doubtfully.

"Yes; who lived for some years with Mrs. Royal. May I inquire whether you know the lady?"

"I ought to know her," she replied quite gravely. "I am Emma Brookes."

She was not more surprised than myself. What a stupid idiot I had been! If I had only when I first saw her put the inquiry which I had just spoken, how easily the matter would have been settled!

But instead I had been racing about the country in search of Emma Brookes, and even traveled in company with her, and never found means to ascertain her identity.

I had to explain to her now about Mrs. Royal's death and bequest to herself.

She had heard of her friend's death, she said, a day or two before that of her father, and in consequence, instead of returning to her former home, had gone to Mrs. Dixon's house, only to find that lady absent. There she had awaited her return, only running up once to New York on some business.

Thus ended my amateur detective work. When I returned I informed Mr. Holden that I had at length found Miss Emma Brookes.

He actually complimented me, and hinted at promotion to the second clerk's desk.

I returned to Greenville next day, and brought down Miss Brookes to our office, and after that all was, as regarded my own interests, pretty easy sailing.

I had no difficulty in convincing my darling of my disinterestedness, for, as she has confessed since our marriage, she knew that I fell in love with her that day on the cars, before I had an idea that she was Miss Emma Brookes and Mrs. Royal's legatee. —Saturday Night.

The first bootblack probably came from the plains of Shinar.

LADIES' COLUMN.

THE NEW FEMINE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

"Know all about it? Of course I do," said a bright little lady the other evening. "There is a new craze in society, and it is a craze for wood carving. It is the latest fad of fashionable women having time and money at command. In Sweden this occupation has long furnished recreation and amusement to the fair sex during the dark and dreary winters. Learners are apt to become discouraged, but average patience will triumph over a few difficulties, and soon deft fingers will be able to turn out beautiful specimens of wooden sculpture." As this fad has started so late in the season and just at the time our select circles are hieing themselves off to their summer resorts, it is feared that when the cool weather sets in its votaries can be counted on the digits of one hand. —Baltimore Free Press.

WONDERFUL JACKETS.

Short jackets are very fashionable of black cloth, with various colored waistcoats trimmed with gilt buttons, and braided with gold. Another favorite style has a turn-down velvet collar and semi-fitting fronts fastened at the throat with three large buttons. Many rather dressy jackets are of greenish-gray cloth, cut out in tabs and turned back so as to form loops, through which a soft silk scarf is worn. These jackets are worn open with a vest of plain material fastened down the middle with gold buttons. The newest dust cloaks are of silk or woolen material, almost tight fitting, very long, fastening at the throat and waist with metal clasps, three-quarter length sleeves, widening from the elbow and slightly turned back with the shot silk with which the mantle is lined. Another style has the back fitting to the figure, the lower one plated, the flat sides of the cloak forming panels. Wide hood lined with silk and a ribbon holds the pleats in place, starting from the centre of the back. More dressy cloaks are trimmed with lace and passementerie. —Ladies' Gazette of Fashion.

THE CLOTHING OF RICH WOMEN.

Some of the richest women are the least extravagant in their clothes, as is the case, for example, with old Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, who does not spend above \$1000 a year, and the late Mrs. Gould not so much. Nelly Gould, who will inherit \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000 and already has an income of \$50,000 a year, spends about \$2500 in dress. The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart was a fortune to the dressmakers, who puts away \$8000 or \$10,000 a year on her fur-belows. When she died and an inventory of her effects was taken her great white mausoleum of a house on Fifth avenue was found to be run over with the most marvelous amount of clothes, laces, furs, bonnets, and jewels, most of them very youthful in appearance, though she was over seventy years of age. Mrs. Astor dresses with a solemn, handsome expensiveness at the cost of \$4000 or \$5000 a year, and all of the younger Vanderbilt women spend a great deal of money on their clothes. Mrs. George Gould, who was Edith Kingdon, the actress, and who has been the quietest and most careful of women since her marriage, spends money like water when it comes to a question of clothes, and must put a good \$10,000 a year in the hand of the dressmakers. Her dressmaker, by the way, is a woman who had a good deal of social position, but who, when financial misfortunes came, followed the example English women have set of late years, and went into the milliner's business. —Chicago News.

FASHION NOTES.

There are fans and fans, but the good old-fashioned palm leaf takes the prize. There is a new envelope that is square but has the flap from corner to corner, opening also up one side.

Nearly all the bouquets carried this season are in loose clusters and sprays most artistically arranged.

Some of the daintiest parasols of net and tulle are fringed all around with the petals of roses, poppies, lilacs or ferns.

Small low hats, low coiffures, undraped skirts, no bustles, full sleeves and wide belts, are the features in all fashionable toilets.

A scarf of lace, resembling somewhat the Spanish mantilla, has been introduced to wear on the head and shoulders at lawn parties.

Parasols ornamented with beetles, lizards and various fantastic creatures crawling about among silk and lace are being

used in Paris by some eccentric fashion-alle dames.

Butterflies made of colored, dyed, or painted feathers, large as life, and mounted on spiral wires, are one of the decorations of summer hats of lace, tulle, net and crepe.

The hats chosen for out-of-door entertainments have very low crowns, but wide brims, projecting over the forehead, and tapering to almost nothing in the back and at the sides.

Black lace toilets are as fashionable as ever, but they are now made up in combination with black velvet, and sometimes with green or purple velvet, but not with red or blue.

Sea wave velvet, exactly the tone you see when you look down into the hollow of the waves, is being made up into the simplest dinner gowns, with just a sash of cream crepe de chine.

White China silk with silver passementerie and sometimes with gold-dotted embroidery and gold passementerie or gold galleon, makes a lovely garden party or summer out-of-door festival gown.

The Queen chain has a competitor in a chain of delicate, light workmanship in what is familiarly known as the fancy vest style. Sometimes this chain is finished with a swivel and sometimes with a pin to fasten at the side.

Chipmunks Charmed by Rattlesnakes.

"Those knowing folks who ridicule the idea that a rattlesnake can charm the bird or animal it covets for its dinner, don't want to talk to me, after an experience I had a few days ago," said Edward Blaisdell of Hawley, Penn. "I was always a little skeptical myself on the power of the snake to charm, and consequently when I was taking a walk through the woods near Hawley one day last week, and saw a chipmunk sitting on the rock and giving no sign that my near approach to it disturbed it in the least, the thought that the influence of a snake had anything to do with the indifference of the little squirrel was the furthest thing from my mind, although it struck me as being singular, the agility with which the chipmunk makes itself scarce as a person approaches it being well-known to me.

"The squirrels side was toward me, and it was as motionless as if it had been a part of the rock itself. It was gazing intently in the direction of a log that lay a few feet from the rock. I stopped within less than a rod of the rock, and watched the chipmunk a moment. I had my revolver with me and made up my mind I would see what the effect of a shot at the squirrel would be. I fired, not aiming to hit the chipmunk, and the bullet furrowed the rock close by it. The squirrel did not move a hair. I fired again but the chipmunk paid not the slightest attention to the noise or the whizz of the bullet that struck the rock directly in front of it. I began to think that the little animal was dead. I stepped a little closer and got directly behind the squirrel and fired a bullet close over its head and into the log. The result was startling. Something fell from the log and began to thrash around among the ferns and low bushes. The chipmunk started up, ran to and fro on the rock in a dazed manner and then dodged with its peculiar chirp into its hole off to one side of the rock. I stepped forward to the log to see what was the cause of the disturbance there, and found an enormous rattlesnake. It had been shot through the neck, and was still writhing under the effects of the wound. I had been so taken up with the strange conduct of the chipmunk that I had not seen the snake, which must have been lying on the log among the moss that covered it in range of my bullet. That the snake held the squirrel under the spell of its fascinating powers which accounted for the chipmunk's indifference to my presence, there can be no doubt, the moment my bullet struck the rattlesnake and knocked it from the log the fatal spell was broken, and the squirrel, recovering in a few seconds from its effects, was able to escape into its hole.

"In that same vicinity, some years ago, Solomon Purdy, who lived near Hawley, discovered a red squirrel on a log, in a condition similar to the one in which I discovered the chipmunk. He knew the habits of rattlesnakes and understood at once what the situation meant. He got his eye on the snake, which was coiled on the end of the log, his head uplifted, and his eyes fairly glittering. He shot the snake's head off. The squirrel dropped from the log also. Purdy went to the spot where the squirrel had disappeared. He found it lying on the ground dead, although there was not a mark of injury upon it." —New York Sun.

IN SUMMER DREAMS.

In summer dreams beneath the trees,
While gently blows the languid breeze,
While thoughts go by at rapid pace,
And many an old-time pictured face,
Across the rusty memory flee.

How sweet to lie and watch the sun
Of grain that rise and fall at ease,
Or gaze aloft to azure space,
In summer dreams.

How sweet to watch the honey bees
Launch out across the fragrant bees,
And see the butterflies at chase,
O'er every field and flow'ry place;
What happiness we find in these,
In summer dreams.

—New York State Camp Journal.

FUN.

Volumes of gas must furnish very light reading. —Baltimore American.

"It is a good rule not to wear tight shoes," says an exchange. Yes—a good foot rule.

Motto for the buzz-saw (before and after taking)—"Hands off." —Burlington Free Press.

The husband who lavishly keeps his wife in pin money has the right to expect to be able to find a pin about the house when he wants one.

The Artist (to his model in a suit of mail)—"What's the matter, Foley! Can't you keep still?" The Model—"I cannot, sor. Yez shut a bluebottle fly in 'th' hilit." —Time.

The Chicago Idea.—"Will you share my lot with me?" asked he of the real estate agent's daughter. "What's it worth afront foot?" calmly inquired the sweet creature. —Chicago Mail.

Miss Boston—"Papa, I find our professor of pathology interesting." Mr. Boston—"Our what?" Miss Boston—"Our professor of pathology—our guide, you know." —New York Sun.

Typewriter Agent—"I called to see you in reference to your typewriter. Would you exchange if you could get some improvements?" Merchant—"I can't; I'm engaged to her." —Judge.

She (in the art depot)—"Didn't the clerk say, Jim, that them two people on that there pitcher were Paul and Virginia?" He—"I don't remember, Susan, whether he said Virginia or West Virginia." —Judge.

Delinquent Subscriber—"I don't like the Spread Eagle as I used to. I think the paper is rather dry." Sarcastic Editor—"I don't see how it can be dry. There is considerable due on your copy." —Pittsburg Post.

According to the descriptive writers on the London papers, the Shah of Persia, when on dress parade, must resemble greatly the front window of a pawn shop when the sale of unredeemed pledges is on. —New York Herald.

"Court the fresh air," was the doctor's advice. To a widow quite feeble, yet fair; So she set her cap for a rich man's son. And she easily caught the fresh heir. —Table Talk.

Eccentric Old Club Man (to a new footman)—"Now, then, Patrick, call me a cab." Pat (who thinks this is a lodge to try his sincerity)—"Och, no, yer honor! It's not meself that'll be calling you any name, at all!"

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ballroom, among other empty things asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced?" "No," was the reply, "but I have often had them bored!"

The Shah Loves Cucumbers.

If the Shah of Persia was as thin-skinned a person as his representative at Washington he would not have remained long in the British realm, for the Pall Mall Gazette prints a series of anecdotes concerning him of which the following is a specimen: "Something is known in England of the Shah's conduct at table. Here is a story bearing on this point: On one occasion the Shah had dinner at the house of his Grand Chamberlain, and a huge dish was placed before him bearing a pile of cucumbers (of which the Persians are passionately fond), almost worth their weight in gold. The Shah said never a word, but began to put himself outside of as many of these cholera-provokers as he could safely do. He had buried a couple of dozen of them and the host and his more prominent guests began to indulge the hope that their turn would soon come, when His Majesty quietly and solemnly stowed the remainder away in his bosom and pantaloons, and left the table literally loaded."

In Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Baden and Wurtemberg there is practically no one who cannot read or write.

The present permanent population of Oklahoma is about 20,000.

State Library