

# THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

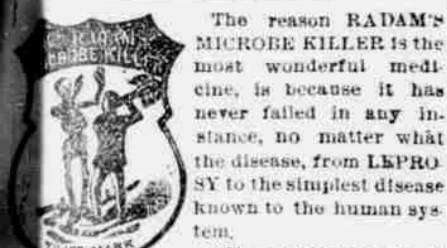
EIGHT PAGES.

VOL. IV. NO. 16.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY JANUARY 14, 1891.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

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### UNREST.

The farther you journey and wander From the sweet, simple faith of your youth, The more you peer into the yonder

And search for the root of all truth, No matter what secrets uncover Their veiled mystic brows in your quest, Or close on your astral sight hover, Still, still shall you walk with unrest.

If you seek for strange things you shall find them.

But the finding shall bring you to grief; The dead lock the portals behind them, And he who breaks through is a thief.

The soul with such ill-gotten plunder With its premature knowledge oppressed, Shall grope in unsatisfied wonder Always by the shores of unrest.

Though bold hands lift up the thin curtain That hides the unknown from our sight; Though a shadowy faith becomes certain Of the new light that follows death's night; Though miracles past comprehending Shall startle the heart in your breast, Still, still will your thirst be unending, And your soul will be sad with unrest.

There are truths too sublime and too holy To grasp with a mortal mind's touch. We are happier far to be lowly; Content means not knowing too much. Peace dwells not with hearts that are yearning

To fathom all labyrinths unguessed, And the soul that is bent on vast learning Shall find with its knowledge—unrest. —Ella W. Wilcox, in the Weekly.

### HER TRIUMPH.

Our city was so small and the pipe organ so large that it was an elephant on our hands, as good organists had to be hired from other cities at large expense, the only player in Hubbard being the one who manipulated the Presbyterian organ, which instrument we had tried to outshine. We were Methodists.

At the end of two years, during which we had endured any number of organists, good, bad and indifferent (mostly the latter), I was delighted one summer Sunday morning, upon entering the church, to hear real music, and surveyed with some curiosity the small figure of a young woman about twenty years old on the organ stool. She did not attempt anything intricate, but the music was all majestic, soulful, religious.

A few weeks later, one of the trustees asked me if we could give the new organ a room at our house, adding that possibly sister and myself might find her a pleasant companion in our little home. She had been in town about six months, writing in an insurance office, but she objected to a boarding house and wished to get into a private family.

She came to us quietly, every inch a lady. You might not call her pretty, but she had speaking eyes which made you forget everything else when she looked at you. They were bright when she was in conversation, but I soon noticed that when she was not animated they were sad, and I fell to wondering what sorrow had befallen her so early in life. She was pleasant and helpful but not confidential, and nothing eventful occurred until just after the holidays when she came in quite excited, saying that one of her young friends at home was to be married the next week, and she had leave of absence for a fortnight. She had said very little about her family, but I knew she had sent them a Christmas box, so if I thought anything of her emotion, it was for the joy of going home.

It was surprising—the vacancy she left in our house, and you may be sure we welcomed her return with much warmth. But though she evidently appreciated our feelings toward her, I observed that she was making a great effort to control herself. Thinking she was suffering from homesickness, I rapped at her door in the evening to ask if she cared for my society a little while. She was weeping so violently that she could scarcely speak, and when I put my arm about her she burst out:

"O, Miss Van Zandt, if I could only talk to you—to some one—who would help me—to bear it—and tell me—what to do! O dear! O dear!"

By soothing words and pats, I assisted her to something like calmness, and while I did not urge her to talk, she understood that my sympathies were with her.

Finally she told me that she had had warm feelings toward a young man two years her senior, since she was sixteen, but that he had tired of her apparently, or being influenced by another young lady. For a year she suffered torments at home, and then came to Hubbard to see whether time and absence would not kill her affection or bring back his. It seemed to have done neither, for she had met him at the wedding she had just attended, and although he had expressed

pleasure at meeting her again, he did not seek her society and his time was occupied with her rival. And so she felt her long trip had been for naught, and while her judgment told her to forget him, her rebellious heart clung to her girlhood's lover.

What could I say to comfort her? Nothing, excepting that God knew best, and probably that this great darkness was but the forerunner of a glorious dawn.

After this she spent most of her time after tea playing the organ at the church, and I believe it was a soothing outlet for her pent up feelings. I often went into church to enjoy the exquisite melody which floated out under her fingers. Sometimes she used such selections as Gottschalk's "Serenade," Jungmann's "Hemweh," or Marston's "Slumber Song," but more frequently it was her own improvisation.

One evening through the dusk I discerned another listener, who, however, slipped away before I could identify him. This occurred several times, until I placed myself where I could see his face as he passed, when I recognized him as Lawrence Roberts, whom I had known from boyhood. He had recently been appointed a teacher of science in the High School, and wise men said he was destined to make his mark in some college.

In May the cantata of "Esther" was given at our theatre. It was not worn so threadbare then, and though it was on the boards every night for a week, the house was always crowded, and families came up by the wagon-load from all the surrounding villages and cross-roads.

To Miss Hunt was assigned the character of Zerub, and I expect never to enjoy a rendition of it so much again. She had often sung to me in the evening, accompanying herself on our little organ, and while I thought her voice musical and pleasing, still it had a girlish quality and lacked power. But this rich contralto which rolled over the audience and sobbed and thrilled—could that belong to our Louise? Yes, through her great heart-sorrow had come her voice, beautiful, womanly, refined.

All the women were in tears and many of the men showed emotion, while I, who loved her and understood her longing, wept uncontrollably. It did not seem as though she could keep up that tension another night, but every evening of the cantata witnessed that same fervor and the same effect on her audience. Sunday she was prostrated, and her organ position for that day was filled by another.

In the fall, a year after she came to our house, she told me that her mother had moved to another city and had sent for her. The evening previous to her departure, Lawrence Roberts called to see her, as he had frequently done lately. Other friends came to bid her good-bye, and as I stepped into the garden to call her, I heard her say:

"You have been very kind to me, but I never suspected it would come to this. Tell me truly, I have not given you false encouragement, have I?"

As he answered in the negative, I called her name, delivered my message, and started for the house. They followed me, and as the air was so still, I could not avoid hearing her last words:

"Under any other circumstance I would not tell you what now you should know; my heart was years ago given to another and"—in a whisper, "rejected."

I parted from her with regret, and we kept up a correspondence for some time. Then I lost track of her.

Last week I met a gentleman who is an old friend both of Louise and her boy-lover, Clinton Hadley. He related to me this finale:

"One evening I attended a musicale given by a New York lady noted for her high-class soirees, and there met Hadley, whom I had not seen in several years. He looked as handsome as ever, but a trifle bored. We were talking over past events, when I suddenly said: 'Did you know, Clint, that your old girl, Louise Hunt, is on the programme tonight?'"

"He started. 'No! Why, she did not have much of a voice when I knew her. What has she been doing all these years? She must be—let me see—twenty-eight now. Quite an old maid, eh?'"

"And he laughed mischievously. 'Well, you are an old batch, which is just as bad. I have not heard Louise sing, but I know that she is creating enthusiasm wherever she goes, both on account of her voice and her charming manners. She has been studying with fine instructors and has a salaried position in a church choir.'"

"Hadley was thinking, and I knew he was recalling his youthful experience, so I let him think. Between you and me, I thought he deserved to be troubled, for he had courted her persistently two years or more, and as soon as she showed affection for him, had thrown her over, just as he did later with other young ladies.

"The whole musicale was very enjoyable, but Louise carried off the palm. I felt Hadley start when she came forward, small but dignified, gracious as a queen and twice as lovable. And such eyes!"

"Her first number was an aria, 'O Don Fatale,' from 'Le Prophete,' and Hadley had scarcely recovered from his dazed wonderment, when her second song was due, an English ballad called 'Faithful.'"

"Friendship has failed us, old trust has gone, Love that was dawning is dead; Life and its sunshine are clouded o'er, Aye, for the past has fled. You will forget, and our story will seem The dream of a summer day, But I shall remember its golden light When years shall have passed away. I thought you loved me once, I deemed the story true; The dream has gone, The love has flown, But still I am faithful to you!"

"'But where the world has sung you of sorrow, Hiding its golden beam, Then, love, I pray that you may remember Just once again our dream! And when the angels guide you to Heaven, O'er the dividing sea, Look on the shore and give me this welcome, 'I know you are faithful to me!'"

"I thought you loved me once, I deemed the story true; When shadows fall, And love is all, You'll know I was faithful to you!"

"Could it be possible that she knew her old-time love was to hear her, and was she singing to him? Hadley looked as though he thought so, and under cover of the prolonged applause he grasped me eagerly, saying:

"I want to meet her!"

"He had still that waked-up look on his face when later in the evening I said: 'Louise, allow me to present an old acquaintance.'"

"Too accustomed to all kinds of surprises to be taken off her guard, she offered him her gloved hand in a charming manner, saying:

"Good evening, Mr. Hadley, this is an unexpected pleasure."

"But he said, still holding her hand: 'Louise, may I speak with you alone?'"

"Certainly," and they stepped into an alcove, where he began:

"Louise, O, Louise! what a shame that we ever had any trouble! To-night you have brought up all the happy past, and I plead with you to forget all my unkindness and stupidity, and let us begin where we were before—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Hadley. Had it not been for that trouble, I would not have my voice, and as to beginning again, why, here comes my husband, and you will have to ask his permission. Mr. Hadley, Professor Roberts!" —Detroit Free Press.

### The Supercilious Camel.

Speaking of the wonders of the Nile, the *Illustrated American* says: "And of the animals the camel alone has any disagreeable self-consciousness. He is a most supercilious animal. He cannot forget that he came out of the prehistoric past; his haughty bearing seems to be a continual reminder of the fact that before even the pyramids, before the Sphinx—in the remote ages when Egypt was not—he was. He is most royally ugly. Nay, he abuses the privilege of royalty to be ugly. No King, no Queen, no Prince, no Princess in business or out would dare to be half as ugly. Like most royal personages, he has little intelligence, and so it comes about that this heir of all the ages has become the slave of the parvenus he disdains. Nay, he has even adopted the religion of his conquerors. He is a true Moslem in his passiveness, in his calm acceptance of fate. He has neither emotions nor opinions, neither hopes nor fears. He remembers that Abraham could not or would not right his wrongs; he expects nothing from Lord Salisbury. If he could speak, 'Kismet!' would be his favorite expression."

### The Longest Bridge in Europe.

King Charles of Roumania has laid the foundation stone of the new railway bridge across the Danube at Tchernavoda. His Majesty declared that the new bridge would be the longest in Europe and would form the shortest means of communication between the North and Black Seas, thus making an epoch in the history of Europe and affording evidence of the economical power of Roumania. —New York Times.

### LADIES' COLUMN.

#### THE NEWEST MACKINTOSH.

The newest mackintosh for women has reached the last need in this valuable outdoor garment. A few are already in the shops, and it is altogether likely that the demand for them will soon be great enough to warrant their importation in large quantities. The new mackintosh looks exactly like a serge gown and jacket, which is what it really is. The skirt is straight and plain, fastening underneath a kilted front with invisible buttons. The upper garment is very like a reefer's coat, double breasted, and with a high collar. It fits as neatly as any short coat, and the entire garment is as easily slipped off or on as the ordinary mackintosh coat. —New York Sun.

#### FASHIONABLE FURS.

Persian lamb and Astrakhan furs are in high tide of favor this season, the distinction between the two being, of course, that the lamb is lamb, the soft, closely curled fur of the young animal, and very costly; while the Astrakhan is the fur of the sheep and much less valuable. Real Persian lamb is often more expensive than sealskin, and is especially handsome for the fur bindings of tailor-made costumes, and for borders as well as for sleeves of stylish jackets. The gray kimmer, which is so beautiful for dressy occasions, is the undyed Persian lamb, and less expensive than the dyed fur, though not less beautiful, and it has the natural gray of the young lamb. It is much worn on gray reception dresses, and is very becoming to most people. Combinations of fur are still much worn, especially Persian lamb and seal. The new seal coats for young ladies are reefer, short, single or double-breasted, and jaunty in appearance. —Ledger.

#### A WONDERFUL SHOEMAKER.

Mrs. Pollock, a woman shoemaker of Pittston, Penn., is earning a competency for herself and children. Left a widow with a household of children to provide for she at first went out washing for a living, but came to the conclusion that she would make more money at the cobbler's bench. She had some knowledge of the trade, having assisted her husband when hard pushed, and trusting to practice to make perfect she hung out her sign and waited for customers. At first she was boycotted by the male cobblers in the town, but she indulged freely in printer's ink, made a cut in prices and secured a good run of customers. At first she received no sympathy from the women, who ridiculed her for trying to do a man's work. When the news of the boycott became known the wealthy women of the town took an interest in the case and brought shoes to the woman shoemaker to be mended. She now does a good business, has sent all her children to school and has recently hired a man as assistant. She says that she earns from \$14 to \$20 a week at her trade. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

#### NEW FABRICS.

Nearly all the new woollens are of wide widths, averaging from forty-four to forty-nine inches, and they cut to far better advantage. Many rough effects are introduced into the checks—flecks of white and knots of black, all apparently a part of the weaving—especially in homespun, which present a hazy surface, the two or three tones blending into each other. Many of the chevots show the same effects, together with rough and shaggy checks. Some of the surfaces are soft to the touch, like vicuna, and the varieties in the checks are endless.

A new fabric is "poile." It is checked and striped, and the patterns differ greatly; some very fine, with large black checks, while others have astrakhan stripes and multi-colors peeping from amid hair lines of black on a fawn and brown ground. Many of these darker stuffs are relieved by pin lines of bright colors which relieve the sombreness without asserting themselves.

The old full pink is coming in for evening, and the red tints of some of the brightest and prettiest rhododendron blooms, combined with white and black. —Housewife.

#### FASHION NOTES.

Torchon lace is coming in again as a trimming for sachets, toilet slips, etc.

The most unique screen of the day is one that has the cabinet ornamentation.

Have hats to match your cloth gowns and one for every-day wear, with a church or calling bonnet.

Cushions of every size and shape, covered with China silk, form the decorative fad of the season.

At "progressive dinners" the guests change partners at every course, which causes a good deal of fun.

About gowns—If you must be extravagant as to the number of these, let it be with regard to evening costumes.

Walking costumes in Paris are in all sorts of hairy cloths, fawn's grays and terra cotta being the favorite colors.

Fillets are much worn for evening coiffures. They are no longer trimmed with bows or flowers on one side, but with everything massed in front. Sometimes they match the dress in color and sometimes are of gold or silver, to be worn with any toilet. There is a Mme. de Stael sort of a cap made of tulle, looped over these fillets, that is ponderous and apt to be unbecoming. Still they are much worn by matrons at the opera.

#### Canada Enlists an Army of Pigeons.

Canada has quite recently established an organized system of messenger pigeon stations throughout the dominion, extending from Halifax to Windsor and connecting her principal seaports with the interior. General D. R. Cameron, director of the Messenger Pigeon Association, in speaking of the utility of the service, says: "I am of opinion that a most important branch of the pigeon service will be connected with the coast service. The evidence that these birds can be relied upon to cross 400 miles of the ocean is apparently thoroughly reliable." A report from Halifax states that it is proposed to put Sable Island in communication with the mainland by means of carrier pigeons. This locality has always been regarded as one of the most dangerous points on the coast, and wrecked mariners have sometimes been stranded on the island for weeks without being able to communicate with those who might rescue them. —Scientific American.

#### Sawdust Building Material.

A German scientist claims that by means of an acid process he can convert sawdust into a material firm in texture and extremely hard, impenetrable by a gimlet or drill, more impervious to the action of the elements than the ordinary metals or the common building stones, and practically indestructible by fire. It is claimed to be stronger than timber for joists and girders, and several times lighter than iron or steel, and, above all, the cost of manufacture is claimed to be so low as to bring it into competition with both wood and iron. —Commercial Advertiser.

#### The bicycle craze prevails in Denmark, and the ladies there ride them astride.



### ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—

U. S. Government Report, August 17 1889.



Small little fortunes have been made at work for you, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jan. Binn, Toledo, Ohio. See our list. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over \$500.00 a month. You can do the work and live on it. We never give you any. Even beginners are easily getting from \$5 to \$10 a week. Write for our free book and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for work. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. M. Hallett & Co., Box 950 Portland, Maine