

THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

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Loss of appetite; bad breath; bad taste in mouth; tongue coated; pain under the shoulder blade, in the back or side—often mistaken for rheumatism; sour stomach with flatulency and water-brash; indigestion; bowels lax and costive by turns; headache with dull, heavy sensation; restlessness, with sensation of having left something undone which ought to have been done; fullness after eating; bad temper; bitter feeling; yellow appearance of skin and eyes; dizziness, etc. Not all, but always some of these indicate want of action of the Liver. For

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SUCCESS.

To some theme 'tis thy intent to rise,
Thou must attend how best to tune thy lyre;
Else will disdain thy well picked notes inspire.

Here's the secret of the triumph lies,
When thou would'st rear a cork of mighty size,

Advance but slowly as a growing fire,
Scan well thy path lest hasty action tire,
Or like a flame thy arduous impulse dies.
Proceed with hope; believe the goal in view,
Let not mere failure prey upon thy heart;
Great oaks, remember, from small acorns grew.

Though it be trivial, well perform thy part;
And, persevering till thy labor's through,
Full crowned success will into being start.

—Edward K. Cowing, in *Detroit Free Press*.

AN IDYL OF THE "HT."

It is sunrise at the HT ranch. Four or five cowboys sit gloomily about, outside the ranch house, awaiting supper. The Mexican cook has just begun his fragrant task, so a half hour must elapse before these Arabs are fed. Their ponies are turned into the wire pasture, their big Colorado saddles repose astride the low fence which surrounds the house, and it is evident that their riding is over for the day.

Why are they gloomy? Not a boy of them can tell. One is from Princeton, too. They have been partners and companions and "worked" the HT cattle together for months and nothing ever came in misunderstanding or cloud. The ranch house is their home and theirs has been the unity of brothers.

A week ago a pretty girl, the daughter of one of the owners, came to the ranch from the East. She was protected in the venture by an old and gnarled aunt, watchful as a ferret, sour as a lime. Not that the pretty girl needs watching; she is indeed in every move propriety's climax. No soft or dulcet reason woos her to the West; she comes on no love errand. She is elegantly and profoundly tired of the East, that is all, and longs for Western air and Western sights. She has been at the HT ranch a week and the boys have met her, every one. The meetings or meetings were marked by awkwardness as to the boys, utter indifference as to the pretty girl. She met them as she met the ponies, cows, horned toads and other animals, domestic and indigenous to eastern New Mexico. While every cowboy was blushing conscious of her, she was purely and serenely guiltless of giving him a thought.

Before this pretty girl came the boys were friends and the calm tenor of their relations with each other had never a ripple. She was not there a day before each drew himself insensibly from the others, and a vague hostility shown dimly in their eyes. It was the instinct of the fighting male animal aroused by the presence of the pretty girl.

The dark, vague, impalpable, differences which cut off each of these creatures from his fellows and inspired him with an unreasoning and unmeasurable hate had grown with the brief week of their existence. A philosopher would look for trouble soon on the HT.

"What did you go take my saddle for, yesterday, Bill?" said Jack Moore to a cowboy by the name of Bill Watkins.

"Cause I allows I'll ride it some," says Watkins. "Thought it might like to carry a high-grade cow-puncher, once."

"Well! don't take it no more," said Moore, moodily, ignoring the gay insolence in the reply. "Leastwise, don't come a-takin' of it an' sayin' nothin'." You can palaver Americano, can't you? When you aims to ride my saddle again, ask for it; if you can't talk, make signs, an' if you can't make signs, shake a bush, but don't go to Lujunin' off no saddle of mine no more."

"Whatever do you allow is liable to happen if I take it agin tomorry?" inquired Bill in high scorn.

Bill was of a more vivacious temper than the gloomy Moore.

"You takes it agin an' I mingles with you a whole lot, mighty prompt," replied Moore in a tone of obstinate injury.

These boys were brothers in affection before that pretty girl came, and either would have gone a-foot all day to lend his saddle to the other. Going a-foot, too, is the last thing, let me assure you a cowboy will do.

"Well, don't you fail to mingle none," said Bill, with cheerful ferocity, "on account of its being me. I crosses the trail of the short horn like you, over on Panhandle onct, an' puts him in the fire an' has plenty of fun with him."

"Stop the play now, right yere," said Tom Rawlins, the HT range boss, who was sitting close at hand. "You all spring trouble 'round yere an' I'll be in it. Whatever's the matter with all you people anyway? You're like a passel of sore 'head' dogs for more'n a week now. You're shorly too many for me to sabs an' I c'lar gives you up."

The boys started some grumbling reply, but the cook called them to supper just then, and, one animalism becoming overshadowed by another, they forgot their rancor and vague animosities in thoughts of supplying their hunger. Toward the last of the repast, Rawlins arose and going to another room began overlooking some entries in the ranch books.

The pretty girl did not eat at the ranch table. She had little banquets in her own room. Just then she was in her room and began singing in a low tenor some tender little love song that seemed born of a sigh and a tear. The boys at supper heard her, and their resentment of each other's existence began again to flame in their breasts and burn deeply in their eyes. None of these savages was in the least degree in love with the pretty girl, either. They might have become so, all or any of them.

The singing went on in a cooling, soft way that did not bring you the words—only the music.

"What I says about my saddle a while back, I means," said Moore, finally, turning dark looks on Watkins.

"See yere!" said Watkins in an exasperated tone—he was as vicious as Moore—"if you're p'intin' out for a war jig with me, don't fool 'round none for reasons, but jest let 'er roll. Come a-runnin', an' don't bother none with ceremony."

"A man don't have to have no reasons for crawlin' you none," said Moore. "You're fair game, you are. Anyone's licensed to chase you 'round jest for fun an' exercise."

"You can gamble," said Watkins, confidently, "any man as chases me 'round much will regard it as thrillin' pastime. He won't get fat at it, none whatever."

"As you all seem to feel that way," said Moore, "I'll step out an' shoot with you right now."

"Well! I'll shore go you," said Watkins.

They arose and stepped out at the door. It was gathering dark, but it was light enough to shoot by.

The other cowboys followed in silence. Not one said a word in comment or interference. They were grave and serious, but passive. It is not good form to interfere with other people's duels in the Southwest. The pretty girl was still singing, and the strains fell softly on the ears of the cowboys. Every one, whether onlooker or principal, felt inspired with a licking, pleased anticipation of the blood to be soon set flowing. Nothing was said of distance. They separated to about forty paces and turned to face each other. Each wore his "Colt's 45," the loosely buckled letting it rest low down on the right hip. Each threw down his big hat and stood at apparent ease, with his thumbs caught in the pistol belt.

"Shall you give the word, or me?" said Moore.

"You give it," said Watkins. "It'll be a funny passage in American history if you get your artillery to the front any sooner than I do, then."

"Be you ready?" asked Jack.

"Shore."

"Then—go!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!" went both pistols together, and with a rapidity not to be counted. Moore got a crease in his left shoulder—a mere wound to the flesh—and Watkins fell with a bullet in his side. Rawlins, the range boss, came running out. He understood all at a look. Hastily examining Moore he discovered that his hurt was nothing serious. The others carried Watkins into the house.

"Take my pony, saddled at the fence, Jack," said Rawlins, "and pull your freight. This yere man's goin' to die."

"Which I shorely hopes he does," said Jack Moore, bitterly, "I'll go, though; I ain't got no use for none of these yere he-shorthorns around the HT."

So he took Rawlins' pony, and when he stopped riding in the morning it was no marvel that the poor pony hung his head dejectedly, while his flanks steamed and quivered. He was almost 100 miles from his last corn, and cooled his nervous muzzle as he took his morning drink in the Rio Pecos, a stream far to the west of the HT.

"Some shooting scrape about their saddles, Miss; that's all." So reported Rawlins to the pretty girl.

"Isn't it horrible!" shuddered the pretty girl, in reply.

The next morning the pretty girl and her guarded and twisted aunt paid the injured Watkins a visit. This sight so affected the other three cowboys that they at once saddled and rode away to the northwest to work some cattle on the Ocate Mesa. They intended to be gone three months. They looked black and forbidding as they galloped away.

"It's a pity Jack Moore ain't no better pistol shot," said one, as the picture of the pretty girl visiting the wounded Watkins arose in his mind.

"That's whatever," assented the others. The pretty girl was full of sympathy for the stricken Watkins. It occurred to her, too, that his profile was clear and handsome. He was certainly very pale and this stirred the depths of her feminine nature. She and her aunt came to see the invalid every day. Once, the pretty girl said she would bring him a book to read and while away the hours, which seemed shod with lead.

"I can't read," said Watkins, in a tone of deepest shame. I never learned. I should like to read, too, but there's no one to teach me. So that settles that," and the rascal expressed a deep sigh.

Watkins lied. It was he who was the Princeton man.

So the pretty girl came every day and gave Watkins a reading lesson, while the gnarled aunt read a book and watched them through the open door.

"By the way," said Watkins one day, "where's Moore?"

"Why?" asked the range boss, to whom the question was put.

"You tell him," said Watkins, his eyes beginning to gather rage, "that when I get out, I'll be lookin' for him with something besides a field glass."

"Oh, no!" said the pretty girl, rising and coming toward his couch. Her tone showed disturbance and fear at the thought.

As he gazed at her the look changed in his eyes. Hate for Moore gave place to something else.

"No," he said at last. "Tell him it's all right, Rawlins."

The pretty girl thought him very noble.

Watkins was out in five weeks and could go about the ranch. One night Rawlins thought he heard a pony in the yard and arose to remedy the matter. As he stepped out a couple passed him in the moonlight. It was Watkins and the pretty girl. The catiff's arm was round her.—*Kansas City Times*.

A River Too Narrow for Oars.

The Quillmane, or Kwakwa, in East Africa, is the most northerly of the several channels through which the great River Zambesi discharges itself into the sea. No steamers at present call at any of the mouths of the Zambesi, and as the Quillmane is too small for steam launches, the journey up-country from Quillmanaa has to be begun in boats.

In many places the river is too narrow for even oars to be used, and native paddles are therefore chiefly employed. The travellers sit in the deck-house for protection from the sun, and watch the paddlers at their work.

The main road between the Kwakwa and Zambesi, a distance about three miles, is open, but is a mass of water and mud. At other places, the tall grass six or seven feet high, almost meets over the traveler's head. In this case the passenger is carried by natives in a "machila," or litter.—*New York Journal*.

A Big Bird Story.

At Italy, in Ellis County, Texas, the other morning, a monster bird was noticed circling around the town. Suddenly it descended with great rapidity into the yard of Charles Waller, seized Waller's four-year-old boy in its talons and ascended slowly, but with seeming ease. Grasping his gun, the child's father mounted his horse and went in pursuit.

The bird made direct for the creek bottom, two miles from town but after carrying the child half way the burden became too great. It slowly descended, lighting near a deep ravine.

The father dismounted and crept up the ravine within a few yards of the bird, and shot it in the head.

The child was unhurt, but the talons of the bird were still in the child's clothing when killed. The bird was standing on the child's chest. The bird measured eight feet from tip to tip of wings.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

LADIES' COLUMN.

A FAMOUS COLLECTION OF RINGS.

Mrs. William Astor's collection of rings is the most famous in this country. She has bought many of the old French jewels and has several of the rings belonging to the Empress Eugenie. One is the noted "Napoleon ring," which represents affily in diamonds with drops of dew upon the petals. The dewdrops are pearls and the petals are diamonds. Another is of turquois, band and setting, the band forming leaves in a wreath and coming up in the center to the shape of one large forget-me-not. She also has a snake ring which came from Egypt. This is constructed of fine gold wire, which scintillates and moves as if alive; each scale of the snake's back is a tiny wire on which is a ruby, an emerald and an amethyst. The effect is marvelous.

A WOMAN LOCKSMITH.

A novelty up town is a woman locksmith who has worked at the trade so long that she is able to perform satisfactorily all of the lighter duties of the work. Her husband, who has a store for plumbers' supplies over on Sixth avenue, has been crippled by inflammatory rheumatism until he is not able to walk more than a block or two at a time. It has been coming on him gradually, and with every recurrent attack he has doubled his exertions as a father, until his wife can now fit a key to a lock, trunk or door, or attend to any of the other duties of the work as well as a man. She is an active little woman, on the wrong side of forty, and extremely ambitious in a mechanical way. She said a few days since that she had made so many friends among the people in whose houses she had worked in the neighborhood that she had now a special line of custom which nobody could take away from her.

"At least," she said, "no man can take it away from me. Perhaps if there was another woman locksmith I might be in danger."—*New York Sun*.

THE DODO.

Most interesting of extinct birds is the dodo, which was a kind of pigeon somewhat larger than a swan, very stupid and unable to fly, its wings being almost rudimentary. It weighed fifty pounds when full-grown, had a huge bill, was provided with a tail that resembled a feather duster and waddled about on very short legs. Its name means in the Portuguese tongue, "simpleton." The dodo is first mentioned by the Dutch admiral, Van Neck, in his account of a voyage to the island of Mauritius in 1593. His sailors and those of subsequent vessels which touched there destroyed the unfortunate bird wantonly and it was entirely extinct 100 years later.—*Washington Star*.

The Mystery of Sitting Bull.

The late General Cadmus Wilcox, who lost his life recently by falling in a street excavation near the Treasury Department in Washington, had a queer theory about Sitting Bull. He believed the old fox was once a resident of Arizona, where he led a band of renegades till the country became too hot for him. He also believed there was some evidence tending to establish the correctness of the theory that Sitting Bull was a white man, a graduate of West Point Military Academy, where he was known to the candidates as Bison McLean, of Missouri.—*Chicago Herald*.

FASHION NOTES.

Ordinary tailor-made gowns are constructed most simply.

A Longfellow luncheon is the latest fad of out-of-town society.

An expensive but common necklace is formed of black pearls strung on an invisible gold chain.

Hair combs of Spanish style, either of gold, silver or tortoise, are to be worn by women this season, as was the fashion many years ago.

Variety in the style of shoulder capes is infinite. Any kind of material "goes," and each and every woman believes her cape the fashion.

The smallest toque yet invented is made of two rows of jet beads and a cluster of black feather pom-poms and a bow of pink ribbon.

Among the most recent productions in deposit work is a coffee set of eggshell china in pale sea-shell pink, with engraved silver exterior.

There seems to be a new way of arranging the black crape mourning veil that is not worn over the face. The art is exclusive with milliners.

Small muffs for evening wear have been received in Paris. They are made in shades to match the gown, and are suspended by a gold snake chain which goes around the neck. They are of lit-

tle use except as a means of showing off jewelry and lace.

The fashion of narrow puffs around the armhole of the bodice is decidedly pretty upon slender women and children, and is also far more becoming to even stout figures than the abnormally high-standing, distended leg-of-mutton model. These puffs, pointed at the ends, which reach under the arms, are put on over the close sleeve after it is finished and adjusted.

The Old Printing and the New.

November 29, 1814, a newspaper was for the first time printed by steam instead of manual power. It is interesting to note that without this adjunct the impression of an edition of the *Evening Sun*, as now issued daily, even with a great number of presses, would consume a week. The new invention was first applied on the London *Times*, which at that time required many hours to work off its edition of between 3000 and 4000 copies. The machine was set up, not in the *Times* printing-house, but in adjoining premises, for fear of the pressmen, who had threatened the inventor with destruction "to him and his traps." They were directed to wait for expected news from the Continent. "It was about 6 o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the press-room and astonished its occupants by telling them that the *Times* was already printed by steam, and that if they were peaceable their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured." Editorially the *Times* said: "Our journal of to-day presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself," and, after describing the process, "the whole of these complicated acts is performed with such a velocity and simultaneousness of movement, that no less than 1100 sheets are impressed in one hour."—*New York Sun*.

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