

THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

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LIGHTS.

A little lamp can send but a brief and feeble ray.

The great lights bravely beam, and their radiance far away

Is the comfort of the nations and the furtherance of the day.

All men remember when the great lights were lit,

The day is kept in honor, and they name it as they sit

And watch the guiding flame, thanking and blessing it:

But the small and struggling lights which a breath of storm might kill

Each fail to light a continent, but doomed to smallness still,

Is there no one to praise them for their service of good will?

Yes, one, the Lord of all, who is the source of light,

He sees them where they burn in the blackness of Earth's night,

And the larger and the less alike are precious in His sight.

He is the secret source by which their flames are fed,

From the beacon's wide, white ray which flashes overhead,

To the intermittent ray which the half-spent tapershed;

And to each he says, "Well done," which has bravely sought to burn.

And when the dawn ariseth, and each is quenched in turn,

Absorbed into the perfect day for which pure spirits yearn;

Each little flame that struggled to make the night more fair,

Shall find its place in Paradise and burn in heavenly air;

And the Father of all Lights shall be its welcome there.

—Susan Coolidge, in the *Independent*.

DR. DAPSON.

BY OPIE P. READ.

The following confessions of Zeb. W. Teal were presented to me by the author:

It doesn't make any difference where I was born or where I was reared. I am the proprietor of a grocery store, and by a closeness that involved much self-sacrifice I have managed to buy a home; but this can be of no interest to any one who may read these confessions. I must have been thirty-five years old before the thought that I ought to marry some gentle and confiding woman occurred to me. I had never gone into society and consequently knew but few women, and those whom I did know had haggled so much over the price of sugar or dried codfish that the thought of marrying them was a shock to my fancy. I was at that time living in a large city and boarded at a house situated several miles from my place of business. One day while going home on a horse car, I noticed a woman sitting opposite me. Of course, I noticed women every day, but there was something about this woman that especially attracted me. Her face was not impressively handsome, but there was an intellectual cast about it, an evidence of cultivation that I could not help admiring. I must have gazed at her, indeed, I know that I did, but she did not appear to take any notice of me. The next evening when I started home, there she was again on the car. I regarded this as fortunate, but was compelled to content myself with simply looking at her. Just before getting off, I asked the driver if he knew her name, but he said that he did not. The next evening when I started home, I was disappointed in not finding her, and I got off and waited for the next car, but I did not see her.

One night I was suddenly taken ill of pneumonia. One of the boarders was dispatched for a doctor, and was instructed to get the nearest one. Shortly afterward the messenger returned with the woman whom I had gazed at on the car.

"Is it possible that you are a doctor?" I asked.

"It is not only possible," she answered, smiling, "but it is an established fact."

"I am glad to see you again, at any rate."

"See me again?"

"Yes, for I was disappointed when I found that you were not on the car the other evening."

"I don't remember having seen you before," she replied. I was unreasonable enough to allow a sharp sting to enter my pride. She had not even noticed me. She felt my pulse, wrote a prescription and said that she would call again the next day. She came early at morning and declared that I was much better.

"But I think you'd better come again," said I. "Pneumonia is a tricky disease, you know. I had a friend that was pronounced cured, and the doctor ceased his visits and my friend died."

"I have known a patient to die before

the doctor's visits ceased," she responded, smiling in a way half professional and half woman.

"But you don't think that I am in a similar danger, do you?" I asked, somewhat alarmed, for courage was never numbered among my virtues.

"Oh, there is no cause for immediate alarm," she answered. "I will call again to-morrow."

"Can't you come this evening?"

"That would not be necessary."

"But can't you come any way? I rather like the society of doctors. I know a great many physicians."

"What physicians do you know?" she asked.

That somewhat stumped me. I had never been sick before, and as I was a humble if not a modest grocer, I knew no doctors, but I was, as the Congressmen say, equal to the occasion, and I replied that I knew Dr. Prouty, Dr. Snell and Dr. So-and-So.

"I don't know them," she said.

Neither did I, but I was determined to maintain my position. "Can't you come this evening?" I implored rather than asked.

"I will come to-morrow morning," she replied, and in a way so unsentimental that I was almost angry, she marched out. By this time I was really in love with her, and in order to keep up her visits, I was resolved to feign sickness; so, when she came the next day and asked me how I felt, I answered that I thought I was worse.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered.

"But I do know. I have a pain in my side and feel shaky. By the way, I have not asked your name. I wish to say that I am a very peculiar man."

"My name is Dapson," she answered.

She came early the next morning, and after taking my temperature, remarked that I was so far restored to health that further attention from her would be unnecessary.

"Doctor," said I, "it is much better to be on the safe side. To tell the truth,

pneumonia runs somewhat in our family, and the worst phase is, that my people have suffered most from the dread disease after having been pronounced

dead."

She sat down and laughed. "You are the first man I ever knew to regard with friendliness an increasing doctor's bill."

"That's all right," said I, wincing a little, for my economical nature shuddered at the thought of paying out

much money and I was about to suggest that the bill might be cut down, when the doctor said: "It is an odd characteristic of human nature that men should hate a doctor's bill with so strong a degree of warmth. Men who cheerfully pay an undertaker shy at a doctor."

"Probably they think that the doctor causes both bills," I remarked, attempting to be witty.

"And thus contributes to the support of two worthy vocations," she quickly rejoined.

"Yes; they render each other self-sustaining. By the way, you are coming one more time, aren't you?"

"I don't see why I should."

"But I do."

"And why should I come?"

"Because I love you."

"Why, what an impudent patient you are!"

"That's all right. I love you and want to marry you."

"To save your bill?" she archly asked.

"Come, doctor, don't make sport of me. Ever since I first saw you I have loved you. I used to watch for you and when you failed to be on the car, I was grief-stricken. Now, after this confession, won't you agree to visit me until I am able to visit you?"

"Your very peculiarity attracts me toward you," she said.

"Then I wish that my peculiarities were stronger. I wish they were strong enough to draw you to my arms."

"Oh, what a trifling rascal you are, to be sure. I don't really believe that you have been ill at all. It was merely a design against me."

"No, I was not aware that you were a doctor. If I had known it I would have been ill long ago. By the way, when will you be ready?"

"Ready for what?"

"To be my wife."

"I am not looking for a husband."

"Yes, but the greatest treasures are sometimes come upon by accident."

"You are quite philosophical for a grocer."

"Ah, but let me tell you, Miss Doctor, that the grocery business requires more

philosophy than the medical profession. The grocer understands the weakness of the flesh."

"I must go," she said, arising.

"When shall I expect you?" I asked.

"You need not expect me."

She did not come the next day, and I sent for her. She did not come until night.

"I suppose you are worse," she said smiling.

"I am dying."

"Then I can do nothing for you."

"Yes, you can save me with the medicine of love."

"With the medicine of nonsense."

"Well, that is the formula for love's tonic."

"I did not come to be insulted."

"Nor shall you be."

"Tell me plainly what you want."

"I want to marry you."

"But don't you think that I prefer to look higher than a grocer?"

"Possibly, but I don't prefer to look higher than a doctor. You suit me well enough. Probably you don't know it, but at one time in my life I could have married a seamstress."

"That's encouraging, surely. Could you have married anyone else?"

"Yes, I think that a female barber was once smitten with me. She did not say so, but she shaved delightfully, and on one occasion refused to charge anything; and I confess that this was a strong pull in her favor. If she had refused the second time I believe that I should have proposed."

"I don't know whether to love you or be angry."

"Let me decide. Love me."

"All right, I will."

"When will you begin?"

"Let me see what time it is," she said, looking at her watch. "A quarter past nine. Well, I will begin at ten o'clock."

I could not help laughing at this. We continued to talk; she said not a word of love, but looked at her watch occasionally.

"Isn't it nearly ten?" I asked.

"Wants two minutes."

"Do you love me now?"

"I will in one minute and a half. How is the grocery business anyway?"

"Picking up all the time."

"I have never known many grocers to get rich," she remarked, holding her watch open. "I knew one that—" She shut the watch with a loud snap, and looking affectionately at me, said: "I love you."

* * * * *

There are many mean people in this world, and I think the very meanest is a quack doctor, a fellow named Piddins C. Jones. Why do I think so? I will tell you. The other day, in speaking of my wife, he said: "Dr. Dapson never had but two patients. She killed one and married the other."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

236,000 Horse Power From a Mill Race.

Colonel Hope, of London, England, has organized a company for utilizing the enormous water power of Lake Superior and constructing very extensive works in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie. The waters of Lake Superior fall at the Sault about thirty feet to the level of Lake Huron, and the velocity has been recorded by General Powell, of the United States Service, as a little more than 90,000 cubic feet a second. Colonel Hope, who has just returned from spending several weeks on the spot, made careful and accurate measurements and calculations, and finds the actual velocity and volume of water to be 122,000 feet per second, equivalent to 236,000 horse power.

His company intend to build a tail race five miles long on the Canadian side, and a canal five miles long on the American side. These canals will be each 1000 feet wide, the widest in the world. They will construct large dry docks on both sides, to be filled and emptied by gravitation. They will be the only dry docks in the world, so far as Colonel Hope knows, filled and emptied by this method. On the Canadian side the principal works will be above the rapids, and on the American side below the rapids.

The reason of this is that the land for factories and mills is furnished on the Canadian side above and on the American side below the rapids. There will be blast furnaces and ship yards, and it is expected that there will be paper mills, flour mills and other industries, whose motive power will be supplied by this company or by one of the several subsidiary companies which it is the intention of Colonel Hope's company to form.—*Canadian Manufacturer*.

LADIES' COLUMN.

NEW METHOD OF WAVING THE HAIR.

There is a new method of waving the hair at the side, by which it will remain in undulations for two or three weeks.

Tiny little curls and combs can be cunningly inserted wherever they are required,

and for those who prefer to wave their hair themselves, there is a clever contrivance, by which a tress is twisted between wires, and kept firmly in place until the desired effect is produced.

In Paris the coiffures are worn flat to the head and to meet the wants of those who tend to follow the coming fashion of the catogan, M. Sobociński has introduced a new twist for the back of the head, which ends at the nape of the neck in curls.

This is a long strand of hair which, to be manipulated, is held in the centre, the two ends intertwined, and the curled points slipped through the loop at the top. This produces a pretty effect, and it can be also formed into a true lover's knot.—*New York World*.

A VERY FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

At a recent very fashionable wedding the bridesmaids wore pink silk dresses brocaded with white marguerites; white silk shirred hats trimmed with white plumes and pink roses.

The moss-green velvet Henri Deux coats were lined with pink silk.

The two little pages of honor, who acted as train-bearers, were attired in white "Jack Tar" suits, and a wee maid of honor walked in demurely just a little in advance of the bridal party, in a dress of pink chiffon of many airy short skirts,

her dimpled neck and arms bare, and her head a mass of short golden curls.

"Cupidine" she was called, and she carried a silver bow in her hands, twined with orange blossoms, and six little arrows were slung across her shoulder at the back, these tipped with gold and feathered with valley lily sprays.