

THE HEADLIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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A SUMMER SONG.

Ah! whither, sweet one, art thou fled—
My heart of May?
In vain pursuing I am led
A weary way.

The brook is dry, its silver throat
Rills song no more,
And not a linnets lifts a note
Along the shore.

Will thou return?—I ask the night,
I ask the morn.
The doubt that wounds the old delight
Is like a thorn.

Oh, come! I lean my eager ear
For laughter's ring;
Bring back the love-light cool and clear—
Bring back my Spring!

—Clinton Scottard, in the Century.

How She Wore His Ring.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"What is the matter with you, Frank?" said I; "I never saw you look so sulky before."

"Sulky!" Frank repeated, "I'm in trouble, and you have no sympathy for me. So much for friendship."

"Good heavens, Frank!" I cried, diving into my pocket and producing a well-filled pocket-book. "I had no idea—tell me how much you'll have. If there's not enough here I'll draw a check. The idea of keeping it from me, when you know that if I had only a dollar in the world I'd share it with the friend who saved my life—and an ungrateful wretch I'd be, too, not to do it."

"Oh, put up your pocket-book, Jack," said Frank. "Can't you think of any other trouble in life but want of money? Your ancestors have rolled in gold so long that I suppose you think the rest of us beggars. There, I know you're a kind-hearted fellow and my friend, but I'm not out of cash," he laughed.

But in a minute more his face was as gloomy as ever.

"Tell me what it is?" I said.

We were sitting on the bank of the river fishing. Frank had come out to our place to visit me. We had been at school together, and just as we were about to graduate, Frank saved my life.

I sha'n't tell you how, that would be another story, and I want to talk about this affair just now, but he saved my life at the risk of his own; was laid up for six months, and always limped a little afterward, and I vowed eternal gratitude, so did my parents. We all adored him, and we had been very intimate ever since.

He was twenty-five by this time, and an artist. I was twenty-four, and as Frank often said, "disgustingly rich."

He was usually the merriest fellow alive. I don't want to convey the idea that Frank was a sickly cripple.

He was a very unusually handsome young man, and his little limp only made him what the ladies call interesting.

It was quite in his favor with them, and I noticed that when he was intent on making a conquest, he limped more than usual. But as gracefully as possible, you may be sure.

He made a great many conquests. For my part, my weakness was not the tender passion, and I rather laughed at his affairs of the heart.

"I suppose it is a girl," I said, after a pause. He looked up at me with his long-lashed, gray eyes, for I sat on a rock some distance above him.

"Jack, I don't believe you have ever been in love, or ever will be," he said.

"Oh, I like the girls well enough," I said, "and no doubt when I am older I shall marry; but I don't think there's any of the 'Amanda Rosamanda' world would be a desert void without their sort of thing about me."

"I don't believe there is," said he, in a tone that did not make the remark sound like a compliment. "But, Jack, that sort of thing, laugh at it as you may, is solid fact after all, and hearts can break, and lives be shattered, and fellows go to the dogs because a woman—" He broke down.

My arm was around his shoulder in a moment.

"Why, Jack, old fellow, all the women like you," said I. "You're sure to get her if you try hard enough. They're often like that, I'm told—coquette with a fellow till the last moment."

"Oh, she didn't," said Frank. "She accepted me at once—yes, at once. It was love at first sight with us. I met her at a dinner. I took her and her mother, or maiden aunt, or somebody in a cap and eye-glasses, to the opera. I met her by accident, and walked with her. I asked her if she could love me, and she said, 'Oh, yes.' We were engaged. I almost ruined myself to buy a cluster diamond ring, and we had

the happiest winter that ever mortals lived through. Our wedding-day was fixed for October. Her father promised all sorts of amiable things, and I was fool enough to kiss another girl. She rather dared me to do it—you know the way some girls have—and by the most dreadful ill luck Jennie saw me; and, look here."

He took something from his pocket and held it out to me. It was a ring—a cluster diamond.

"She sent that back last week," he said, "and I've wanted to die ever since." And he rolled over on the grass and hid his face.

"Oh, go and make up with her, Frank," said I.

"I've tried," said Frank; "she won't speak to me—she won't look at me. She sends my letters back unopened. No; it's over, and I shall never be good for anything again."

He seemed to mean it.

"She's gone to Washington," said he; "and they say an old Senator is making love to her. She'll marry him; I know it is out of spite, but she'll do it."

"Go after her, and cut him out," said I.

"I start to-morrow for Mexico—a business engagement, signed and contracted for. I'm to do the sketches for a work on a certain part of the country, and I hope I'll never come back," said Frank.

I never saw any one look so desperate.

"Frank," I said, "if you really are as mad about the girl as you say you are, I'll promise you to go after her myself, force her to be reasonable, and coax her to make up with you."

"It's impossible to do anything of the sort," he replied; "but if you could—my God! if you could, I would lie down at your feet and worship you!"

"As I'm not a Japanese idol, or anything of the sort, I sha'n't ask you to do that," said I. "I owe you a little debt of gratitude, remember. I'll go to-morrow, and you can depend on hearing good news."

He shook his head.

"You're a dear, good fellow," he said. "I don't believe any other fellow living would do so much for a friend; I don't indeed. And, Jack, look here, I shall be down in Mexico soon, you know. Write to me, but don't mention her unless you should perform a miracle. Then—then—oh, good heavens! telegraph to me; send me those words, 'She wears it,' and I'll fly through fire and water, or, blood, to her side!"

"Wears what, Jack?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, "I felt as though you could read my thoughts. This ring; take it with you. If she ever says, 'I'll forgive him,' say, 'then put this ring on again.' And when she does—"

"All right," said I.

And he kissed the diamond, and put it in a little box and transferred it to me.

"And now her name and address?"

"You don't even know what?" he cried.

I did not tell him that he was desperately in love with another girl when we last met. He was in real trouble and I did not think it right to joke with him, and he wrote the lady's name: "Jeannette Donald," and the hotel where her people were stopping on a card, and said again:

"No use, Jack, no use; she said she would never trust me again. She meant it."

A week from that time I was in Washington, and Frank on his way to Mexico, and I had called on Mr. Donald on a business matter, concocted by my father to help me out.

Dear old dad was as deeply interested as I, and I had this been regularly introduced to Miss Jeannette.

She was a beautiful blonde, with golden hair and violet eyes, and the sweetest smile, and a little, pensive way that made me fancy that she regretted Jack.

But I was very artful. I laughed and danced with her, and walked with her, and talked with her, and made her acquaintance very thoroughly before I ever mentioned Frank. At last one day I said:

"You know Frank Ludwig, do you not, Miss Donald? I've heard him speak of you."

"I was once slightly acquainted with Mr. Ludwig," she replied.

Her tone prevented me from saying any more just then; but as time went on, I was more and more determined to do what I had promised.

The old senator had been in the field when I arrived, and I had been obliged to—well, to appear to be very much it

love myself, in order to drive him away, and he had said some very bitter things about "young puppies" before he vanished. But now he was paying his addresses to a young widow, who appeared on public occasions dressed principally in hughes, and leaning on his arm in the tenderest fashion.

In fact I worked hard for Frank's sake to keep other fellows away from Miss Donald, and to make her like me, and feel that I was a friend, and I had just got myself firmly into her good graces, when with a horror which I have no words to express, I suddenly discovered that I had fallen in love with her myself.

Yes—in love, and in what I had once laughed at as the "Amanda Rosamanda style." It was not a joke, but a serious truth that I felt that "the world would be a desert void" without Jeannette Donald. You see it was the first time I had been so much alone with a beautiful girl, and she had been so sweet to me, and she was the realization of my ideal of womanly beauty, with her golden hair and heavenly eyes, and—a thousand other things. However, I was not a falseascal. All that made no difference, I had come to Washington to work for Frank, and I would do my best for him. Conscious as I was of my own feelings, I dared delay no longer, and that very evening I took my way to Mr. Donald's house, determined to plead for Frank as though he were myself. She was alone at the piano, playing softly when I entered their private parlor.

She held out her hand to me. I took it, and could not help holding it a little longer than I ought.

"Miss Jeannette," I said, "I have a confession to make. My acquaintance with you seemed to come about almost accidentally; but the truth is, that I came from New York on purpose to know you."

"Is it possible?" said she, blushing like a rose.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Donald," I said. "I asked you once if you knew my friend, Frank Ludwig. He who used to talk so much about you. Oh, Miss Donald, you are so sweet, so fair, you look so gentle. How can you be so cruel?"

"I cruel! I do not know what you mean, Mr. Leslie," Jeannette cried.

"When a woman has won a man's heart, is it right to cast him away—to doom him to despair," I said. "My purpose in seeking you out was, from the first, to ask you to put this ring on your finger."

I was about to say "once more," when a hearty slap upon my shoulder startled me.

"Come, come," said Mr. Donald—he was a man with a loud voice and a Scotch accent—"come, come! You've been very sly, young folk, but I was the same myself in my time, and I'm not sure I'll object."

"We've not been sly, papa," said Jeannette. "Jack has never said a word to me before."

"Put it on, lad," said the old gentleman; "put it on her finger, and my blessing on ye both."

What could I do? I put the ring on Jeannette's finger.

Nothing else was possible. The old gentleman left us together, her head sunk on my shoulder. I have often wondered since what she thought of me, for I never uttered another word the whole evening.

As soon as I decently could I got away. I adored her; I knew that I should be miserable without her, but I could not play the part of a rascal.

Having stolen Frank's diamond ring and given it away might have been rather bad, from a detective's point of view, but I did not think of that. It would seem to him that I had been false, cowardly, treacherous, and had won his Jennie after promising to make all right between them.

I could never tell Jennie the truth after all she said to me that night, things that would have made me the

happiest of men, if I had dared to be, and as walked homeward I decided to shoot myself and end it all. I could write a letter of adieu, explaining all to Frank, telling Jennie how I loved her, telling my parents that without honor life was valueless. I had a pistol in my valise at the hotel. Well, the sooner it was over the better.

I was in an indescribable state of mind, for I loved life, and I saw it bright and glowing before me—but for my lost honor.

As I entered the hotel, I turned and gave a last look at the long, beautiful street. Before morning my eyes would close on the world forever.

"There's a message for you," said the clerk as I passed his office. I turned and took it. It was from the city of Mexico, from Frank, of course. I tore it open, these were the contents: "Don't go further with that matter; I'm married."

So I was when he next heard from me. —Family Story Paper.

LADIES' COLUMN.

WOMEN ON HORSEBACK.

There are very few accidents in riding for which the unpardonable ignorance of the rider is not directly responsible. Seventy-five per cent. of the women ride abominably, and poor form in their case shows much more plainly than in the man. Their shoulders are twisted, their hands unsteady, the toes are seen continually kicking the skirt, and they rise to the side. Here in New York we find much improvement in the public form, due to better instruction and the dread of scrutinizing spectators, but the actual knowledge of the horse is quite as deficient. There are women, of course, who go in for riding with precisely the same idea as they do for bathing at Narragansett—because the rest do so, and the opportunity of exhibiting a fetching costume is not to be lost. These will ride about as they swim—a groom and the saving rope will always be at hand, and it is quite necessary that they should. —Harper's Bazar.

VEILS IN FAVOR.

Veils, by the way, although not quite so large as Marie Stuart's, will come into great favor this season. Every hat will have its veil and wide hats will call for such wide veils that it will be necessary to gather them up by a piece of narrow ribbon, so as to fit these wide brims. Then there will be the square veils, the corners of which being weighted with tassels to throw entirely over hats, and three-cornered are semi-circular veils for small bonnets which some ladies secure with a steel spring. The irregular lozenge spots have vanished, and in their stead we are to have tulle with velvet spots, black net spangled with tiny glass beads, and very fine crimson net dotted with crystal dots so as to impart a slight rosy blush to the face. Everybody—summer girls and all—will need a supply of veils this season, and so delicate and beautiful are the many kinds of filmy stuffs appropriate for this poetic addition to a woman's toilet that with a little thought and study she will be enabled to accomplish wonders in heightening the charm of her face. —Detroit Free Press.

THE FANS OF 1891.

The summer gown is not complete without a fan which blends with it. A pretty fan, to be carried with a black net dress, is one made of black gauze on which the fleur de lys is painted. The sticks are of black shell. Another pretty black gauze fan has silver sticks, and embroidered all over the fan in silver threads are huge butterflies, silver tinsel being used for their wings.

One fan is made of white silk, with black point lace butterflies upon it. The sticks are of mother of pearl, and here and there upon them is a tiny butterfly done in black enamel. A fan which blends well with a violet gown is of green gauze. Painted over the lower part are violets, peeping out from beneath green leaves. This fan is not very large, and does not close. The handle is of gold, with a bunch of five purple enamel violets with diamond centers for its top.

Many of the fans to be used this summer are covered with jeweled bugs. Fans made of dark shades of silk will have upon them strange-looking beetles with jeweled wings. A very dainty fan is half of shirred crepe lisse. Where the shirring ends is indicated by a fine silver thread. The upper part of the fan is silk, with pink clover and its green leaves painted upon it. The stems can be seen through the shirring, and the clover looks as if it was just lifting up its head to peep out at the world from the shirred crepe. The handle is silver. A fan made of yellow marabout feathers has sticks of black shell. In one can be seen the face of a tiny gold watch. While ostrich feather fans, with pearl handles and the owner's initials formed of her favorite gem somewhere on the handle, are in vogue. —New York Recorder.

FASHION NOTES.

A novelty in tie fasteners is a silver duck's head.

The filbert furnishes a model for scarfpins and watch charms.

Diamond asps are worn as brooches and as ornaments in the hair.

A new brooch imitates in gold, a little shoe, the rosette of which is formed of pearls.

In spite of past predictions, the bordered robe seems to have taken a fresh lease of life.

Sleeves of black silk mull, jetted galloons, as well as bands of black marabout or ostrich feathers, still continue in high favor for decorating light evening gowns.

Slender garlands of flowers are placed around the upper edge of half open bodices for dressy evening wear, or are set diagonally across the chest and bordering the extreme edge of the sheath skirt.

What could be prettier in the way of a morning coiffure than a little cap of gauze, with a plisse-edge falling over the hair, while the plaine side is gathered into a puffed crown, a coquettish bow of velvet being perched upon the front.

The larger proportion of corsages continue to be made with the high, close officer's collar. There are, however, a few that are cut a trifle low and are finished about the neck with a ruche of tulle, silk muslin or crepe de chine.

There are many pretty styles for little girls up to twelve or thirteen years of age, but after that time their costumes are often mere copies of the styles worn by their elders, plain skirts, with equally plain bodices finished off with deep added basques, flouncs, Greek draperies, plain and draped bretelles, and simplified forms of all the styles in vogue.

Fruits in Arizona.

Fruit culture in Arizona has thus far progressed on a somewhat limited scale, but in the experimental tests already made it has been demonstrated that an excellent quality can be obtained, and that, too, early in the season. The orange, lemon and lime yield in abundance and are superior fruit in every way. In Yuma County the fig has been raised with success that stamps it as indigenous. Here the grape is hardy, thrifty and adaptable—maturing from three to four weeks before the California grape. The olive grows luxuriantly, but it needs a great deal of care in cultivation besides plenty of water. The plum can easily be raised from the seed and will fruit early, but thus far it has not been of a quality adapted for table use. However, as stock for prairie grafting it is desirable. The date has proven a success beyond all expectation. The soil is particularly adapted for its growth, and many fruit growers are now preparing to engage in its cultivation on an extensive scale. Apricots and peaches will do well.

The orange, lemon, olive and banana thrive well in Maricopa County.

During the next five years Arizona will take a rapid stride forward in fruit culture. New irrigation enterprises are being pushed forward, and as a consequence land is rapidly being brought into condition for orchard and vineyard growth. —Irrigation Age.

Illuminated by Fireflies.

A special from Ringgold, Ga., tells of a wonderful phenomenon which visited that historic city the other evening. Millions upon millions of fireflies issued from neighboring mountain ridges and took down the course of the Chickamauga River, which skirts that city on its southern border. The pyrotechnic display was grand. Trunks of trees skirting the river were plainly visible a quarter of a mile distant, and the entire mountain side was illuminated. The horde of fireflies was fully forty feet high, and it took a quarter of an hour to pass down the stream, extending over a mile along its course. —Chattanooga News.



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