## THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor.

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

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One of the curiosities exhibited at the Cincinnati Centennial is a petrified watermelon, which was found near the quarries of the Southern Granite Company, at Lithonia, Ga.

In the manufacture of cotton the United States is the second nation in the world, led only by Great Britain, which uses fifty per cent. more than this country. We consume two and one-half times as much raw cotton as Cermany, and three times as much as France.

The Moderation Society of New York has a perambulating tank of ice water. which is driven about the city all day and makes frequent stops that the thirsty may take advantage of the water. The tack holds 300 gallins, and on hot days is filled three times and uses up 2100 pounds of ice. This is the second season of this mode of assisting temperance.

Probably the lady who purchases ribbons for trimming is not aware, remarks the Chicago Times, that she is contributing to an enormous industry, but such is the case. The demand for this fashionable article is now so great that one State alone-New Jersey-turns out 36,675,000 vards a year. This is 110,025,-000 feet, or not quite 22,731 miles.

The Amphitrite, one of the double turreted monitors, which have been fourteen years under construction in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is to have her steam trial immediately. The Terror, Miantonomah and Monadnock, sister ships of the Amphitrite, are also progressing, but it will be a long while before any of these vessels, which will be of excellent service for coast defense, can be fully equipped and put in commission.

Sheriff Grant, of New York, according to the Courier-Journal, has declared that he would not hold his present office after January 1, for five times the present value of the position, which is \$40,000 per year. The new law requiring executions in New York to be by electric shock goes into effect on the date named, and Sheriff Grant fears that it might fall to his lot to execute a criminal and that thereby his name might become in you ask for?" some way attached to the new system.

A French inventor, M. Pagan, has sister. iscovered a way to stop the headway of "If Tom Carson gets rich in the grecently lessen considerably the dangers | ingly. collision at sea. The havre and Boroux papers speak of a coming test of he machine by one of the French war earners. The machine consists of a umber of parachutes, so placed that nev can be tossed overboard readily and wed by a cable. The resistance, withat being great enough to produce a bock, rapidly overcomes the headway the vessel.

Says the New York Post: "The Liberjournals in Belgium are calling attention to the great increase in the number of convents in the kingdom. In the thirtyfour years from 1846 to 1880 the number such establishments increased from to 1590, and the number of inmates from 11,968 to 33,363. In the Province Luxemburg, where until recently nonks were almost unknown, there are now quite a number of monasteries. In town of Bruges, the capital of West Manders, it appears that the religious bodies maintain no less than forty

leading Chicago restaurateur, avers the Prairie Farmer, comes pretty near ing the problem of how to furnish poor with good food at almost inal cost. He will buy the entire cass of beef at an average cost of aight and one-half cents a pound, re we for his restaurant the choice pordons that would cost him twenty-two cents a pound, and with the remainder ake soup. With the meat and bread proposes to furnish from a large chen at five cents a meal, excellent ed to individuals and families. The seme is not a charitable one, but purely ousiness venture, run for profit.

Mrs. James Nader lives on a small farm r Pottstown, Penn. A year ago she the mother of twenty-two living children, the youngest being a few onths old. There was a mortgage for on the little Nader property. The der of the mortgage one day, a year said in a joking way to Mrs. Nader if her family numbered twenty-four dren within the coming year he ald lift the mortgage. A few days he called to collect the year's interest the debt. Mrs. Nader quietly consted him to a cradle in her sitting a, exhibited to him a pair of three ks' old twins, and reminded him of promise. The mortgage was canand the twins presented with \$100

A SONG.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear; There is ever a something sings alway: There is the song of the lark when the skies are clear,

And the song of the thrush when the thies are grav.

The sunshine showers across the grain, And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree; And in and out, when the eaves drip rain, The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear, In the midnight black, or the midday blue; The robin pipes when the sun is here, And the cricket chirrups the whole night

through. The buds may blow, and the fruits may

And the autumn leaves drop crisp and

But whether the sun, or the rain, or the

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear--James Whitcomb Riley.

## THE NEW NEIGHBORS.

"I hope they'll be nice," said Celia, thoughtfully biting her crochet-needle, and looking through the porch-vines toward the next house.

"They won't be," said Maggie, swinging her pretty foot from the railing on which she was perched. "I'm certain of it; and besides, Celia, what if they are? It isn't like y they'll have much to do with us. Anybody rich enough to buy the Moulton House associating with the poor little dot of a house next door! Oh.

Maggie spoke with calm conviction, and an entire absence of despondency. She was a sensible and independent little person. Celia was watching the unloading of a van at their new neighbor's gate.

"I am afraid they are awfully rich!" she admitted. They've unpacked some of the things out of doors, and the furniture is lovely-plush and stamped leather, and cherry bedroom sets; and they've a grand piano."

"Well," said Maggie, gaily, "let 'em have 'em. We've got cane-seated chairs and a cretonne sofa, and pine bedsteads | it? The beast." and a melodeon; and what more could

"Well, a few things, perhaps," said Celia, smiling at her bright younger

amer in short order, and conse- cery business-" said Maggie, banter-

"Pshaw!" said Celia, getting red. "In all probability you can have them," Maggie concluded, and jumped down and tripped away.

She went around to the rear of the house, and down to the garden.

It was not a large garden, and there was not much in it now but encumbers and tomatoes. But it was a remarkable garden, nevertheless; for Maggie had made and tended it herself. Her mother and Celia had protested, but Maggie had gone determinedly to work. For the possession of a garden substantially reduced their grocery bills, if Tom Carson was in the grocery line; and Maggie had decided that they couldn't afford to hire Pat Murphy this year. And she was proud of her garden.

They had had lettuce and onions, and beans and peas; and Maggie's round face was browner, and her robust health more robust, than they had been in May.

It was Maggie's tomatoes that made the trouble. She burst into the sitting-room a week later, with excited speed.

"What do you think!" she demanded. breathlessly. "They keep hens-yes, there are fifty, if there's one; and they hain't a sign of a hen-park; and I've just been chasing them out of my tomatoes -my tomatoes!" said Maggie almost tearfully. "The fence-pickets are so wide apart they can hop right on. They'll have to put up another fence-that's

"They seem like nice, quiet people," Celia commented. "I presume they'll be willing to do something."

"Nice and quiet!" said Maggie, with sarcasm. "I should think so. The pokiest old couple you ever saw. Seventy if they're a day, and-well, just misers; I know they are. He-what's the name? Tisdale?-well, Mr. Tisdale, he wears the dreadfulest old clothes; a coat that's just as shabby, and a lent-in old hat. And she goes about in an old sacque that must have come out of the rag bag; and you ought to see her bonnet-such a thing!"

"Perhaps they're in reduced circumstances," said Celia, reprovingly.

"With that lovely house and furnishings?" said Maggie, unanswerably. "Oh, no! And-to come back to the hensthey must fix that fence. I can't lose my lovely tomatoes. Think of all the cans we were to have, Celia-Chili sauce and pickles, and the little yellow ones in preserves! Oh, I won't give them up to Mr. Tisdale's hens!"

And Maggie wandered away into the yard again, in aimless anxiety.

Mr. Tisdale was just over the fence, hoeing about the roots of a grape-vine. Maggie looked at him in contemptuous astonishment. What niggardliness! to do himself, and at his age, work which he could so well afford to hire done. He was decidedly common-looking; he had a broad face and small eyes, and a stubby gray beard, and he had on a coat with frayed sleeves, and a patch on its back.

Maggie stood irresolute; Mr. Tisdale did not look inviting. Then she stepped to the fence firmly.

Even then a straggling flock headed by a highly-colored, pugnacious-looking rooster, was coming through the pickets and toward the tomatoes.

"Mr. Tisdale!" said Maggie, timidly. Mr. Tisdale hoed on without response. "Mr. Tisdale!" she repeated.

He did not turn the fraction of an inch. Maggie gazed at him. "If you please-" she cried, with the

strength of indignation. But her neighbor stooped to unclog

his hoe in utter silence. Maggie grasped-What a boor! what

a brute! What could Celia say now? The flock had reached the tomatoes. She could see them contentedly pecking there - a dozen of them. What should

The old man raised his head at this juncture and looked at her. Maggie looked sternly into his sharp little

"I want to ask you, sir," she said, with severity, "about your hens. They're ruining my tomatoes as fast as they can; and I've worked over them all summer. and we can't afford to lose them. Won't you-"

She stopped-not because she had finished, but because Mr. Tisdale, after a blinking inspection of her, had turned about and gone on hocing withou a responsive syllable.

Maggie's face burned hotly; her pretty lips trembled.

"If I were a man!" she murmured, with her little brown hands clinched. "How can he! What does he mean by

The clucking in the tomato patch had reached a triumphant pitch, and a fresh flock was wandering through the fence.

Maggie forgot Mr. Tisdale. The hack was coming down the street from the noon train, laden with passengers; but she cared not for the observation of hack passengers, nor, for that matter, of kings and queens.

She seized her white, beruffled apron in her trembling hands and rushed toward the garden.

There was a wild cackling, a frightened peeping of little yellow balls, and a frenzied scattering.

"Shoo-shoo!" cried Maggie, her voice unsteady with indignation and approaching tears. "Shoo!"

If the hens were alarmed and temporarily routed, the brilliantly-tinted, sulky-eyed rooster was not.

He stood motionless on the spot where Maggie's onslaught had found himmotionless save for a rising, a swelling, and a trembling of his gay, red comb, while his eyes grew flercer.

Maggie shook her apron with cyclonic

"You impudent old thing!" she cried, the laughter struggling through her tears, and charged upon him valiantly. She felt a sudden whir in the air, an angry up-rising of yellow legs and bright feathers, and she put her hands to her face with a little scream.

A sharp peck came down on her fingers; she heard his fluttering wings in the air, close to her face.

She lowered her head into her apron, and fought at him with one courageous fist. And then she heard rapid, striding steps, and a rattling crash through the dry bean-vines; there was a panicstricken squawk, choked in its first stage, a flapping of wings, and silence.

Maggie took her head out of the apron. It was as though her fairy godmother -if she had one-had been at work. Mr. Tisdale's rooster lay on the ground in an expiring flutter, his sheeny neck

twisted, his warltke eyes forever dulled. And close at her side, anxious and agitated, and withal most attractively nicelooking, stood a strange young man in a well-fitting, travel-stained sult, and a soft traveling-cap. Fallen among the tomato-vines were a cane and umbrella, strapped together.

"Are you hurt?" he said. He had taken out his handerchief, and was pressing it to her hand, on which the blood had started.

"I saw it from the hack, you see, and I lost no time in getting over. Do you think your hand is badly hurt?" "No," said Maggie, bewilderedly.

But she was not quite dazed. She saw that the back had stopped at the Tisda'es' gate, and that a trunk was unload-

He had come on a visit; a relative, probably. She felt a thrill of regret at

peck. How very good in you! And look at your handkerchief!" "My handerchief!" said the young

"No, she said, gratefully; "it was just

man, reproachfully. For Maggie, her pretty, brown face

flushed and her eves softly smiling. looked very sweet, despite her rumpled hair and her wrinkled apron; and there was something more than mere polite concern in the young man's pleasant

He took her arm, still anxious, and led her to an unturned box at the edge of the garden. There was room for them both, and they both sat down.

"Thank you! I do feel a little queer. I was frightened," Maggie admitted. "And-I can't thank you enough for your goodness. What should I have done? I think he really meant to kill me-and just because I wanted him to go home!"

He joined in her laugh, reassured by her brightness.

"Home?" he repeated. "What! next door?"

Maggie nodded.

"They have so many chickens, and they're all so fond of my tomatoes." They laughed. Somehow they felt as

though they had been acquainted a long "I must see to that," said the young man, decisively. "I'll speak to Wilson

about it. He must have a park built, certainly."

"Wilson?" said Maggie, timidly.

"My man-gardener, or whatever you please-he does a little of everything," he explained, smiling. 'They came on ahead, you know-is your hand better?he and the housekeeper-to get things settle 1 a little. Why, you didn't think," he queried, studying her puzzled face, "that they waned the house? that they were the prople?"

He could not help laughing. And he took a card from his pocket-book and gave it to Maggie, getting up to bow with burlesque formality. It bore the ande of Harlan C. Tisdale.

"les-yes, we did!" said Maggie, rather faintly. "Mercy, I'm so glad!" And then she blushed, and could have bitten her tongue; but Mr. Tisdale

looked delighted. 'I-you see, he was so horrid," Maggie explained, confusedly. "I spoke to him about the fence, and he wouldn't

even answer me; he didn't pay the slightest attention." "Oh, Wilson! Did he have his ear-

trumpet?" said Mr. Tisdale. "Ear-trumpet? no," said Maggie,

wondering what was coming next. "Oh, well, he's awfully deaf!" her new neighbor observed, with twinkling

And they both laughed again; he raily, she bewilderedly, and both with

by enjoyment. "My mother came with me; we're all he family," said Mr. Tisdale, bastily, as 3 aggie, half frightened at the odd, new pleasure in her heart, rose. "You must come over and see her. You're sure vou're not hurt?"

"Very sure," said Maggie, flushing under his enger eyes.

## How They VoteZin Mexico.

The election for President in Mexico has recently taken place, and a correspondent of the Boston Herald tells how the voting is done in that country. The election takes place on Sunday, and the polls were open all over the City of Mexico. At most of the polling places, situated in the "zaguans," or porticos of houses, there were two men sitting at a small table. There was no ballot box or electoral urn, merely printed forms on which the citizen voting indicated in writing his preference for elector and then signed his name. It was very quiet at all these places, and no soldiers were to be seen at the polling places, and no show of power in any form. All was as democratic as an election in any rural town in Massachusetts. No loafers were permitted, and nobody came up with a bunch of ballots urging the voter to take this or that ticket. There were no ward politicians out, nor did any wear a badge. Any one who desired voted without let or hindrance. All the stories of troops at the polling places, and of high-handed interference with the popular will, turned out to be mere bugaboos, like too many Southern outrage yarns in our Presidential contests. True, very few people voted, for the average citizen down here is no politician, and so long as he car go to bed at night in peace and get up it he morning unawakened by canonading, he lets politics run as they please.

John Detwiler, of Mansfeld. Ohio, claims to be the oldest active traveling salesman west of the Aileghenies. He has been on the road constantly for thirty-five years.

LADIES' COLUMN.

The women of the Irish coasts and

Seafaring Irish Women.

islands are as skillful as the men in handling the oar and rudder. They know every sunken rock and dangerous current of the intricate channels between the great island of Aran and the mainland, and take boats in and out in all weathers. For many years a Grace Darling of this western coast, the daughter of a pilot who lived on Eights Island, went out in storm and darkness with her old father, never trusting him alone, as she knew his weakness for the whisky. This brave girl never flinched from facing the wildest gales, fearing that disaster might befall her father and the vessels it was his business to guide to a safe anchorage if she were not at the helm. Many a ship's crew beating about between Aran and Owey owed its preservation to Nellie Boyle. Two sisters have taken the postboat into Aran for many years past, their father, John Nancy, being now old and infirm .- Woman's World.

The Art of Whistling.

The London Saturday Review, speaking of Mrs. Alice Shaw, the American lady whose whistling performances have been astonishing London society, says that many people have been asked out to hear her, regarding the whole thing as a joke, and have come away in simple wonder at the unlooked-for display of her powers. They have found her a sound musician and a subtle mistress of her particular art. They have found that, through her special medium, she could fill Covent Garden with ecstatic trills or sink into the softest whispered notes, the execution of which only years of rehearsal could achieve. It may be difficult to conceive a whistling prima donna; but the fact is that whistling as a fine art is worthy of attentive study. Those who have once heard Mrs. Alice Shaw cannot fail to realize that, if whistling were cultivated as a fine art by those who, in addition to musical endowment, have strength of vocal chord, a high-roofed palate, and a flexible buccal perture, they might be tried to take part in a concert, as of many clarionets, with an effect more thrilling than the most exquisite instrumental music has ever conjured up, and which, from its novelty alone, would be more surprising than any concert hitherto heard, whether instrumental or vocal.

Different Ideas in Style.

The beauty of Catherine of Russia, it is said, consisted in her green eyes.

A damask cheek, history says, is about all that was required to captivate the poet Cowper.

Queen Elizabeth had red hair-not the

gorgeous Titian red-but an out-and-out Lucretia Borgia was a model of beauty in her time, and is said to have had

scarcely any neck at all. A Kamschatdale belle is four feet high, and one of Patagonia ranges anywhere

from six to seven feet. Lady Jane Grey had a long, thin neck and a multitude of suitors who were always discoursing on her beauty.

Ben Jonson was inspired to write of a beauty with "flowing hair, a sweet neglect, and a face marked with simplici-

The beauty Byron dwelt on mostly is said to have had glossy hair, slanting eyebrows, glowing cheeks and constant The Circassian beauty is a young

woman with dark, piercing eyes and kinky hair, standing straight out around her head. This is the way Spencer, they say, de-

scribed his beautiful lady: "Her eyes are like sapphires, teeth like pearls, hair

like gold, and her hands are of silvery

Cleopatra's loveliness, it is said, made a great impression upon both Marc Antony and Casar, but if the Queen of Egypt was like the rest of her race, as shown in tablet, tomb and monolith, she was far

Helen of Troy had a long nose, ending in a good deal of tip and running down in a straight line from her forehead. Yet both by Menelaus and Paris, and indeed by the entire Trojan and Greek nations, she was considered one of the handsomest women of the age.

- Fashion Notes.

Tucked waists are a feature of thin muslin dresses.

White wool costumes are effectively trimmed with mouse-gray velvet.

There is a decided revival of black in Paris for dresses; indeed, whole toilets

The old-fashioned corded and crossbarred organdy muslin is again in high favor, as well as lace-striped batiste,

and chambray and Scotch ginghams as

India pongee grows more and more the rage, and is used indifferently for gowns, hats, wraps or blouses, which are usually trimmed with a sharply contrast-

ing darker hue. Among flower-bonnets lately seen abroad, one especially notable was of realistic red clover, and another of thistle and four-o'clocks upon a foundation of

twisted grasses.

A ground-hog-Sausage. Around New York-Water. Is the wife of a Pasha a masha?

Poor quarters-English shillings. The most reliable weather reportclap of thunder.

The thermometer must register, even though it does not vote. As a rule, orchestra leaders are moral

heroes. They all face the music. "Feathers marked down," advertises

a dealer. That is dishonest .- Life. There will be a cold Dey in Algiers

when the monarch of that country It is a queer coincidence that dates and numerals are both natives of Arabia.

It is said of one fashionable young man that he never paid anything but a compliment.

"Yes," she said, "the waves in a storm reminds me of our hired girls at home." "Hired girls, madam?" "Yes, they are such awful breakers."-Ocean.

"Yes," said Quiggles. "I have a good

deal on my hands just now." "So I perceive," replied Fogg; "why don't you try a little soap and water?" Tramp No. 1-"1 say, Jem, I've got a dandy new name fer me old shoes. Call

'em corporations now." Tramp No. 2 -"Fer why, me boy?" Tramp No. 1-"'Cause they've got no soles." "What makes you jam everybody up in this corner?" yelled a man in a crowd to a policeman. "I want to preserve or-

der," replied the policeman, as he proceeded to pound a man into jelly. A new reporter was sent to investigate a rumor that a well-known citizen had become insane. The next morning the following paragraph appeared in the paper: "There was a report yesterday that something was the matter with Mr. Sander's head. It is as sound as it has always been. There is nothing in it." The reporter's career ended there and

then. - Mercury. Peppermint Farms.

The name "peppermint," is said to have been first given to the plant by Ray, in 1704. Its commercial history dates from 1750, when it was first grown in Michham, Surrey, England. It is claimed that Mr. Barnet, of Wayne County, N. Y., was the first to engage in its culture in this country. This was in 1816. In 1835 it was started on White Prairie, Mich., and is still quite extensively grown there. The time for planting is in the spring. The underground stems are set in furrows two and a half feet apart. The second crop is taken off, as it gets too troublesome to keep weeds down. It should be harvested when the plant is in full bloom. The crop, after being mowed, is left to dry in the sun before being drawn to the distilleries. The annual production of oil of peppermint in this country is about 125,000 pounds, sixty per cent being raised in Michigan and forty per cent in Wayne County,

About 2000 pounds of well-dried leaves yields eighteen pounds of oil. The vield per acre ranges from three up to twentyeight pounds, or say an average of sixteen pounds. Something like 10,000 acres are under cultivation in this crop, and \$1.50 per pound is calculated as the cost of production, and a margin for profit. The balance is distributed among the manufacturers and refiners. The range of price in the New York market since 1861 has been as low as \$1.75 last December, and as high as \$4 in March 1885. It is rarely below \$2.50. In 1885 and 1885 it was over \$3. It is much adulterated, and this seriously affects the genuine article. - Prairie Farmer.

A Lapland Forest Giant. In Lapland there has just been felled

s pine tree which is described as one of the largest ever grown in sweden. It was 120 feet high and at two feet from the ground had a diameter of 12} feet. These are large dimensions for Scotch fir; an 1 yet there are pines beside which it would be but a dwarf. There are specimens of the giant pine or sugar pine of California, for example, that rise to the height of 200 feet. The spar of the Douglas pine at Kew, England, is 159 feet; there are mast spars of the Cowdi piae 200 feet long, while a specimen of the Wellingtonia giguntea has been described as 450 feet high and 116 test in circumference.