

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor.

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

W. P. DAVIS, Publisher.

VOL. II. NO. 6.

GOLDSBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1888.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year.

There are 20,000 Cherokees, 5000 Choctaws, 5000 Chickasaws, and from 2000 to 3000 Seminoles in the Indian Territory. The Creeks number about 8000 to 10,000 souls, but it is thought about half of these are colored.

Bangor, Me., having thus far existed without a street railway, is to redeem its reputation on this score, observes the *Chicago Herald*, by having an electric road, thus making an exception to the usual evolution of local transportation, which comprises a transition from horse cars to electric or cable motors. In this instance the proposed road is the direct successor of the hack.

Herndon James, aged thirty-five, who recently committed suicide in Mercer County, Ky., belonged to a peculiarly unfortunate family. His mother killed herself by cutting her throat; his father hung himself; an aunt drowned herself in a cistern; one cousin, a young woman, cut her throat with suicidal intent, but survived; another cousin, a young man, tried to shoot himself, and is now in a lunatic asylum.

Before Edward E. Munch, of Buffalo, N. Y., died he directed that his body be cremated in the Fresh Pond Crematorium, and his ashes scattered over one of the lower beds on the lawn in front of the retreat house. Mrs. Munch faithfully carried out the directions of her husband, according to the *New York Sun*, and for weeks afterward his light gray ashes were plainly visible on the flowers and plants where they had fallen.

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the destructive engine of war which bears his name, proposes, remarks the *Mail and Express*, to revolutionize the art of building heavy guns. The successful ordinance of modern times is the built-up gun. The Krupp and the Armstrong guns are manufactured from successive layers of steel. These are very likely to burst, the makers being unwilling to guarantee that a gun will stand firing more than a hundred times. Dr. Gatling proposes a steel gun cast about a cold core, so that the cooling will go on from the inside outward, making the middle hardest and the outside softest. The guns can be made for about fifty per cent. of the cost of built-up guns.

The "record" in rapid machine work has again been lowered. Heretofore the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, have held the first place with the record of an engine built in twenty-four hours, but the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has now taken the palm by constructing a full-sized (110,000 pounds) authentic-burning locomotive at the Altoona shops in sixteen hours and fifty-five minutes. The work was commenced in the morning, and in five minutes less than seventeen hours the engine was turned out ready for use. It is to run on the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The feat is unrivaled in locomotive building.

There was recently published a statement that it was discovered among the papers of General Sheridan that a life insurance policy of \$15,000 had been placed for him by his friend, General W. B. Franklin, of Hartford. A friend of the family corrects this in the *New York Star*, and the correction shows what a generous friend General Sheridan had in his old war comrade, General Alger. It appears that a few years ago General Alger, at that time Governor of Michigan, gave General Sheridan \$10,000 in money, upon condition that it should be invested in a life insurance policy, and that that policy should be kept up for the benefit of the widow. The money was invested in a policy for \$25,000, and inquiry since the death of General Sheridan, at the office of the company, was answered by a statement that there had been no default in the payments upon the policy.

The recent investigation into the Indian troubles on the Skeena River, British Columbia, has brought to light a deeply laid plot, by which, at two secret meetings held at Katamax last winter, it was arranged among the Indian tribes in that section to massacre all the white settlers. The massacre was averted by one of the Indians, who, at the risk of his life, threatened to warn the Government unless the idea was abandoned. The Skeena Indians are described by the *New York Post* as of low stature and degraded morals. They are all heathens and sturdily refuse to embrace Christianity. They are all wild and lawless, with no more notion of fairness than a wolf, whose character they exactly parallel, inasmuch as when they come to the store alone they are almost vexatiously meek and lowly, but when they collect in numbers they are loud-mouthed and menacing. Their faces consist mainly of mouth and cheek-bones, with small, flat noses.

THE OLD DINNER HORN.

BY REV. JOEL SWARTZ.
I've heard many a strain that has thrilled me with joy,
But none I can say, since the day I was born,
Has pleased me as well as when a small boy
I heard on the farm the old dinner horn.
The tube was of tin, a yard or so long,
And was blown for "the boys" at noon and at morn,
Its monotonous din was a "welcome, come in,
Come in, my dear boys, to the call of the horn!"

With appetite keen, near the noon of the day,
Whether reaping the grain or plowing the corn,
Or building the fence or tossing the hay,
Oh, sweet to my soul was the sound of the horn!
A mother's fond lips pressed the trumpet of tin,
She blew her full soul through the barley and corn,
I seem to hear still her "welcome, come in!
Come in, my dear boy, to the call of the horn!"
But the harvest is reaped and the fences are made,
And gone are the boys who furrowed the corn,
And all save myself, in the grave yard are laid
With the dear precious one who winded the horn.

The trumpet of tin I keep in my room,
Though dented and battered and homely and old
I prize and revere it—a precious heirloom—
Of mother and home—more precious than gold.

TURNUED ADRIFT.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.
"Rosamond! Rosamond!"
"Yes, Uncle Phineas."
"It's nine o'clock, Rosamond. The clock's just struck."
"I know it, Uncle Phineas."
"Well, take off them logs that hasn't got fairly to going, and put 'em keerful in the chimney corner, and kiver up the rest with a good coat of ashes. D'ye hear, Rosamond?"
"Yes, Uncle Phineas," with a sigh.
"Because, you know, Rosamond, nine o'clock's the time folks was abed."
"Yes, Uncle Phineas."
"And be sure you lock the big front door and bolt both the bolts, and put a cheer agin the hinges, so't it'll tumble over of any one tamper with the fastenings."
"I'll not forget, Uncle Phineas."
George Hand rose from his seat with a smile, as Rosamond Foster's troubled eyes met his own.
"Perhaps I had better be going," said he. "Evidently your uncle thinks my room will be better than my company."
"You won't mind him?" said Rosamond faintly.
"Not in the least," said George. "He's quite right. Nine o'clock is the time to go home. I'll come some other evening and finish my visit."
He had Rosamond's hand in his necessity for, as they parted; and the girl sighed softly as she bolted the great front door and adjusted the "cheer" to the exact burglar-catching angle.

George Hand had been very near saying the word for which her heart had longed all these months, just when Uncle Phineas' cracked voice made itself audible over the bend of the stairway.
It was rather hard, but Rosamond's life had been a succession of mute, self sacrifices, and this only made an additional one.
But Uncle Phineas renewed the subject next day with some acrimony.
"I tell you what, Rosamond," said he, "that candle-box is mo'n half empty!"
"Yes, Uncle Phineas, it's the middle of January, you know," said Rosamond, gently.
"I don't keer if it was the middle of April," snarled the old man. "That's no excuse for wasting candles. Arter this, the house has got to be shut up at half-past 8 o'clock at night, and all the lights out. I ain't going to end my days in the poor-house, not to please the shiftless young fellers in the place. Ef they ain't got homes of their own to sit up in, I ain't goin' to furnish one for 'em."
Rosamond made no answer. What comment had she to offer? Did not Uncle Phineas remind her a dozen times that day that she was a penniless orphan entirely dependent on him for the bread she ate, the clothes she wore? To be sure, there had been a hundred dollars for her, when the estate of Eliakim Foster had been divided, but Uncle Phineas had insisted on her laying that aside for the rainy day.

Some said it was sensible thrift; some called it an offshoot of the miserliness that underlaid his whole nature. But the old man deigned no explanation; he only sniffed a great sniff when he heard that Rosamond's only brother, Jared, had put his share into an invention of his own which he was trying to push

through the patent office. "Humph!" said he. "Fools and their money are soon parted."
To-day, however, he had no sooner settled the candle question than he broached a new subject.
"Give me that there money of your'n, Rosamond," said he. "I've got a good chance to invest it, where it'll double itself in a year or two."
Rosamond turned red, then white. She did not speak. "Don't you hear?" croaked the old man, impatiently.
"What are you standing there for? Give me the money, I say!"
"Uncle Phineas," gasped Rosamond, driven to desperation, "I haven't got it! I— I lent it to Jared!"
"Lent it to Jared!" thundered the old man. "Flung it into the fire, you mean—made ducks and drakes of it. Lent it to Jared!"
"He needed it," pleaded the girl. "And after all, he's my brother."
"And you never asked me?"
"I was afraid you would not consent, Uncle Phineas."

The old man snarled like an infuriated wolf; his wrinkled skin turned yellow. "Ef you're so very independent," said he, "you can clear out o' this house; my roofshan't shelter ye no longer. Clear out, I say!"
Rosamond stood appalled.
"But, Uncle Phineas, I've nowhere to go," she faltered.
"You'd oughter ha'd thought o' that afore ye was so free with your money," growled the old man, as he held the door wide open for her to pass out.

"But it's dark, Uncle Phineas. And it's snowing hard."
"What's that to me?" shouted the old tyrant. "Do you mean to start, or must I take you by the shoulders and put you out? Go, I say!"
There was something savage in the light of his eyes that appalled his niece, even when she opened her lips to remonstrate still further. Without another word she glided out into the twilight twilight.

Everybody in Beckerfield remembered that January storm for years afterward. Young people dated back to it, old inhabitants compared it with the memorable storm of their youthful days. The snow lay for weeks full six feet deep. Wild creatures, like foxes, wolves and weasels, crept out of the woods, and turning traitor to their instincts, sought food and shelter near human dwellings. Roads were impassable for weeks, railroads blocked up for days. And not until the spring sun unlocked the icy chain of Plimmit's Creek (one of the deepest and most dangerous streams in the neighborhood), did they discover the scarcely recognizable remains of a human body wedged among the roots of a submerged tree. Had it not been for the red shawl that Rosamond Foster wore when she left the farm-house, her remains could hardly have been identified.

But they brought her to the old Foster home, and Uncle Phineas gave her a decent burial. From that moment, however, he never held his head up.
"I know they couldn't convict me in a court of law," said he. "But it's murder all the same—it's murder. And I didn't never know afore how fond I got to be of Rosamond. There ain't no hired help I've had sence as ever done as she done. Poor Rosamond—poor little girl! And it was me killed her!"
They sent for the doctor but the doctor shook his head.
"It is not a case of medicine," said he, "The man is not sick. He has something on his mind."
"You don't keep a medicine to make a man forget, do ye, squire?" said Uncle Phineas, with a ghastly sort of smile.
"If we did, our fortunes would be made," said the doctor. "No, my friend, there is nothing in Pharmacopoea to meet your case, worse luck!"

So the solitary old man peaked and pined as the days went by, hanging moodily over the handful of fire, and refusing to speak to the sympathetic neighbors that came and went.
But one day when the chestnut trees were all in blossom, a carriage drove up to the door, through weeds that had grown knee deep.
"Company!" said Uncle Phineas, with a side-glance at the window. "Tell 'em to go away; I won't see nobody."
"But you will see me, Uncle Phineas," cried a cheery voice. "You will see Rosamond!"
Rosamond was alive and blooming, with cheeks like her name-flower, and blue eyes. Uncle Phineas looked at her with a troubled face.
"Rosamond was drowned," said he. "How is this? Are there two Rosamonds?"
"Dear Uncle, I am so sorry!" explained the girl. "But I never heard until yesterday of the girl who was buried in your name. I met the poor thing

shivering on the road; she seemed to have lost her way, and I directed her as well as I could, and gave her my little red shawl to tie around her neck. I took the train to Scranton, and went to Jared. I didn't know what else to do. And oh, uncle, my hundred dollars has more than quadrupled itself, and Jared's patent steam-saw is a success! He is a rich man, and we can pay you now for all your kindness to us when we were children."
"I reckon it won't take much to do that," said Uncle Phineas, with grim sarcasm. "But Rosamond, ye've lifted a thousand-pound weight off my heart to-day. You'll come back to me, Rosamond, won't you, dear?"
"For a little while, if you want me," the girl said, blushing beautifully.
"But I saw George Hand at the depot when I got off the Scranton train. He was so rejoiced that I was not dead—and I don't quite know how it happened, but I have promised to marry him in August."
So Uncle Phineas did not keep his

niece Rosamond very long after all. But the fact that she was alive and near him was enough to give him a new lease of life. And on her wedding day the old man actually relented so far as to give her another hundred dollar bill out of the old green chest that he kept back of the cherry-wood bedstead.
"George Hand is a smart, forehanded lad," said he. "And Rosamond is a good girl—a very good girl."—*Yankee Blade.*

The Corinth Canal.
Good progress, says *Iron*, is being made with the canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, which is being constructed by a French company. The company has received liberal concessions of land from the Greek Government, there being, however, a proviso that there never shall be any claim for a subsidy on behalf of the constructors. The canal will measure close upon four miles from sea to sea, with a width of 131 feet, and will be excavated to the depth of twenty-six feet below the sea level, mostly through solid rock, and the expenditure will be \$6,000,000. The depth of water will be the same as in the Suez Canal.

The work is being prosecuted by 2800 men, and is expected to take three years from now for completion. The appliances used at present include fifteen engines, each drawing from sixty to seventy trucks. At the western end of the canal, on the Gulf of Corinth, are situated all the large depots and offices of the canal company. Here a new town is growing up, called Isthmia. The depth of water a short distance from the shore is thirty fathoms. The work is most irksome and expensive, the canal having to be blasted rather than excavated. The sides of the canal are of solid granite, and there will consequently be no washing away or necessity of dredging. The largest docks will be at the eastern end. The tariff of the canal will be fixed at a low figure, so as to catch all the coasting trade, and it is fully expected that, in spite of the great expense of the work, it will pay well in the end.

Petrifications in a German Church.
It is a most surprising thing how indifferent the Germans are about their churches, says a gentleman writing from Bremen. Here in a prosperous, rich city, is a cathedral 700 years old, around which most of their history clusters, and one of the towers lies in ruins, and has so lain for many years. The bricks and mortar crumble at their feet, and the citizens pass by unheeding and careless, while opposite is a beautiful new "exchange," and fine stores are seen in all directions. As we push open the door of the cathedral a burst of melody pours forth; hundreds of children, led by a splendid organ, are singing some grand old German anthems. Their clear, pure voices awake the echoes high up in the roof and touch the heart, as children's voices always do. After the little ones have gone away a peep at the interior is enough—bare and cold, and white-washed as it is, so we follow the pretty fraulein, who has opened a door in the south aisle and ushered us into the blicker, where, for some unknown reason, nothing ever decays, but suffers a sort of petrification. A Swedish general killed in the "thirty years' war" lies there perfectly preserved, with his aid-de-camp by his side: a Lady Staurope of three hundred years ago has her teeth and her figure, and a gentleman killed in a duel centuries ago shows the wounds in arm and neck, and holds up hands with pointed, polished nails to our gaze. Against the wall leans a pussy cat of unknown age and playfully curled tail, and overhead are birds and game, with their feathers quite intact, and underneath lie heaps of bones and skulls—very nightmare of a spot.

Gideon Thompson, the oldest man in Bridgeport, Conn., is 83 years of age.

The Orchid Fad.
There is an orchid establishment in Jersey City, N. J., which is a branch of an establishment at St. Albans, England.
Rare and costly orchids of hundreds of different kinds were seen there by a *New York Telegram* reporter.
"What is the price of this one?" he asked, as he pointed to a large, yellow flower with ruffled edges.
"That one is worth \$250."
"Why are they so costly?"
"That variety is quite rare. You will notice that it has an extraordinary dark shade near the centre of the blow. Here is one that you might think more beautiful than the other, but it is much more common, and we can sell it for \$75."
"The prices of orchids range from \$1 to \$1000 each. Their cost depends on the rarity of the variety, the expense of collecting them in remote parts of the world and the difficulty with which they are imported."
"Then, too, they are very slow to multiply from bulbs, and it takes from ten to twenty years to produce flowers from the seed."
Why were not orchids introduced sooner?

"Attempts have frequently been made to do so, but they were failures because their culture, which in reality is very simple, was not understood."
"What kind of treatment do they require?"
"The orchid is an air plant. If planted in earth its roots will immediately strike out for its favorite element, and the plant will not do well until air is reached. They grow finely on pieces of wood or bark, and, in dry atmospheres, it is well to put them in pots containing damp moss."
"Is the orchid trade very large in America?"
"No; it is yet comparatively small. Perhaps the finest private collections in this country are owned by Mr. Kimball, of Rochester; Mr. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould. In England they are rapidly becoming famous, and it is probable that they will in time entirely supersede the rose all over the world, as they are more beautiful, fragrant and lasting."
"The finest bouquets ever made were entirely of orchids. They were from the Queens of England and Saxony. Many men were employed several days in collecting the flowers, which, for the two bouquets, cost about \$3000. They were gathered from all parts of the world."

Five-Cent Meals in Chicago.
Five-cent meals have been often dreamed of, but one that could be eaten has never been known, in this country at least. Everybody knows that there is enough good meat wasted in Chicago every year to feed all the people that so often go hungry, but the trouble is to use it. When the *Chicago Herald* called attention to the high prices prevailing the butchers at once replied that the trouble was everybody wanted porter-house steaks, and none would use the other pieces that were perfectly good, but not so easily cooked. But H. M. Kinsley, the restaurant man, thinks he sees a way in which he can benefit himself and some poor people at the same time. Such beef as he uses in his restaurant costs twenty-two cents a pound. An entire carcass costs eight and a half cents a pound all through. Buying by the carcass instead of by the loin he figures that he can save the steaks and roasts for the restaurants, and then, with good cooking, make the rest of the meat palatable, and thus sell wholesome food to the poor at a nominal cost. His scheme is to establish a large kitchen in the poorest district of the city, and he says he can furnish good soup and bread enough for four for twenty cents, and can feed a family of six for half a dollar. Nothing but the best material is to be used, nothing that is left over from other meals, but simply the meat that is not served in the restaurant. "The scheme is not a charitable one," said Mr. Kinsley, "it is wholly and purely a business proposition, but if at the same time I can furnish good, cheap food to poor people, food that is fit for their children to eat, such as much that they now use is not, I think I will be doing a good thing at the same time. Such a place I will have running by winter."

Bremen's Roland.
But the quaintest thing in Bremen is its statue of liberty, the "Roland," as it is called. It is a colossal figure, eighteen feet high, and was erected in the centre of the town in 1412. In one huge hand the giant holds a shield marked with an eagle (that symbol of liberty in all ages), in the other a naked sword. It was the gauntlet thrown down to all the world that Bremen would be free, a freedom so successfully maintained that even now, though a part of the German empire, Bremen is a free city and has a free port.

FUN.
The home stretch—The clothes line. Prophets of Evil—The wages of sin. To make a long story short—Cut away all but the wisdom.

The young man who is too fresh generally finds himself in a pickle sooner or later.—*Oil City Herald.*
It is confidently asserted, that not all the men killed by falling beams are victims of sunstroke.—*Time.*
Judges are the ones who lay down the law, and when it is nicely laid down the lawyers jump on it.—*Epoch.*
The first assisted Italian immigrant to this country was a person named Christopher Columbus.—*Puck.*
The sacred cow of India is the only representative of the bovine tribe which can be classed as a beast of prey.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*
The artist who put up gilt signs may not be much of a correspondent, but he turns out some brilliant letters.—*Merchant Traveler.*
Ships are about the only thing we know of that can travel mile after mile on tacks and show no signs of pain.—*Danville Breeze.*
"How fond Charley Roberts is of his father! He fairly worships him." "Yes; he takes after his father in that respect."—*Harpur's Bazar.*
Blinks—"Struck it, by Jove! Traveled in elevators for ten years. Never struck one before waiting at the floor I wanted to leave. Ninth floor, please." Elevator Boy—"Elevator's stuck. Ain't runnin' to-day."—*The Cartoon.*
Guest (indignantly)—"Waiter, there are feathers in this soup." Waiter (inspecting it)—"Why, so there are. I thought I was giving you bean soup. It's chicken broth, sir; costs ten cents more." (Changes figures on the check.)—*Chicago Tribune.*
Wife—"Shall we go to the picnic to-day, dear?" Husband—"Just as you say, love." Wife—"Well, if we go, we must take the baby." Husband—"Oh, by the way, there's all that cordwood to cut and split. I guess I'll stay at home."—*Burlington Free Press.*
He—"Getting married seems to be very dangerous now. No fewer than seven brides have been instantly killed on their wedding day this year. She (gingerily)—"But no true woman will shirk her duty, Tom, through craven fear of death."—*New York News.*
He was telling the boys that he had never been troubled with corns, and he was an object of envy and admiration—but this did not last long, for as he moved away the peculiar joint motion of his knees betrayed the fact that he wore patent wooden legs. Acorns do not grow on basswood.—*Atlanta Constitution.*
"I'll take your caramels and gum drops, Mr. Peduncle," said Willie, candidly, as he pocketed the confectionery given to him by the young man, "but I'll tell you right now that Irene isn't at home and isn't going to be, either, unless Mr. Hankinson comes. She told the girl so herself five minutes ago. I heard her."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Girl Braiders.
Ladies whose gowns are ornamented with those intricate braids once so fashionable and still largely worn hardly suspect whence the rich handiwork comes. Some hundreds of Brooklyn girls, either in factories or at their parents' homes, or in humble lodgings of their own, make the braids by hand. They receive patterns and materials from the business house which sells the braid to the retailers, and are paid when the article is turned in.
"The business isn't very profitable," said a ruddy, blue-eyed English girl, as she bent over her work. "We are paid from twelve to twenty cents a yard, in accordance with the difficulty of the pattern. If one works all day and is clever with the needle, one may make \$10 a week, but that is rare. One is lucky to make \$7 a week the year round, and many girls do not average above \$5 a week. Summer is the best season. I suppose the braid for winter dresses is made then. We do not work directly for the shops, but for middlemen. The designs, you see, are on paper. When the braid is finished it is torn from the paper, rolled up in a bundle or wound on a board and taken to the employer."
"Is no braid made by machinery?"
"Yes; but it is not so pretty or durable as the hand-made braid."—*New York Telegram.*
Next year a cedar block pavement on a concrete foundation, announces the *Atlanta Constitution*, will be tried in Chicago, as a substitute for the granite blocks. The objection to a granite street pavement is that it makes too much noise.