

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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State Library

It has been shown that the ratio of prisoners in cities is two and one-fourth times as great as in the country at large.

The first petroleum spring in England was just discovered near Northwick. A brewer's well has ceased giving water, and yields a copious supply of oil.

A few years ago the Argentine Republic did not raise wheat enough for home consumption. Last year it imported 7,000,000 bushels. Immense tracts of pasture are being converted into farm land, and the country is becoming a great grain-growing region.

Father Schleyer, inventor of the new language Volapuk, who recently died in Germany, was a Catholic Priest and pastor of a little church on the German side of Lake Constance. He was a poet and a linguist. In explaining how the language was created, Father Schleyer said: "One sleepless night the whole framework of the new language flashed out before him." The language has now been perfected for seven years, and there are three periodicals published entirely in Volapuk.

North Carolina can lay claim to the President's earliest namesake, asserts the New York Commercial Advertiser. Northampton, in that State, has a Grover Cleveland, now a sturdy lad of twelve, and whose father, upon going to Buffalo, N. Y., for medical treatment shortly before his birth, heard a speech from Mr. Cleveland, then almost to fortune and to fame unknown, and was so impressed with it that he gave the speaker's name to his next boy, prophesying at the time that he would be a President's namesake.

Hypnotism is, for the first time, becoming an instrument in the hands of French justice. A shoemaker named Picheau, living in the town of Painbrun, had persistently denied a robbery of \$40, of which he was accused. The judge before whom he was tried went at once to a professional hypnotizer, who had the man's eyes blindfolded, much as if he was giving a public performance, and at last discovered the stolen money under an old stone wall. Thanks to the hypnotizer the shoemaker was convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Mrs. Sorrenson, of Michigan, declares the New York World is a woman of resources. She refused to allow the laying of a railroad track past her house at Manistee and sought to drive the workmen off at the muzzle of a revolver. As the men proved to be proof against fear of a bullet, Mrs. Sorrenson brought out a rocking-chair, placed it across the ties, took her knitting and held the fort for a whole night and day. Of course, there was no chance of tiring out a Michigan woman supplied with a rocking chair and knitting needles. So, after forty-eight hours' delay, the fair obstructionist was carried to prison, and the rails were laid.

There is a droll incident related of the state concert in the Austrian Hofburg which preceded the great dinner given in honor of Emperor William of Germany. It was a superb affair, with all the chief Austrian singers, but when it was finished there was not a sound of applause. It is Austrian Court etiquette that the guests begin the applause. William had not known this, apparently, for he did not move a muscle. The result was a chilling silence. The artists are much puzzled by this, and when a lady in a blue dress was afterward presented to William, and he spoke of a hope for the pleasure of hearing her in Berlin, the diva, with a very sunny air and marked emphasis, replied that it was not at all likely that she would ever go there.

There are to be no more big rafts. The Glasgow Post, published near Joggins, Nova Scotia, announces that Mr. Leary has instructed his agent, Angus McDonald, to sell the timber used in frames, and other materials on hand at the Finger Board, as he will build no more rafts. The expense of constructing and then of breaking up the rafts, more than the cost of transporting, renders the big raft system more expensive than vessels. Nothing but Leary's unconquerable grit caused the last and only successful raft to be built. The financial failure of the experiment was assured long before, but Mr. Leary was determined to build a raft and tow it to New York if it took all his fortune to do it, and he is a man of such iron-willed stubbornness as to have carried out his pet scheme, after no matter how many failures. Now that he has succeeded he rests on his laurels and is content.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

I am so glad, so glad to know
That just beyond the mountains,
Lies the land of pure delight—
The land of crystal fountains—
The land of youth, of love sublime;
The land where friends are never sever,
But walk and talk, y. s. on and on,
Forever and forever.

I know it's only just beyond
The rough and rugged hills,
Where we will meet those gone before—
Where there's no pain or ill;
And we will take them by the hand,
Forget death's chilling river,
And in the sunshine of His love
We'll live and live forever.

Beyond the mountain's snow-crest peaks,
Beyond the sunset's glory,
We'll find a land where all is love—
The land of ancient story;
The land of peace, of milk and wine,
Where there's no fitful fever,
Where crystal streams we've seen in dreams
Flow on and on forever.

Beyond the mountain high and blue,
Beyond the stars above it;
Beyond the sun with dazzling glow,
Beyond all we can covet—
Is a sweet home for you and me
Beside the golden river,
Where friends will meet and loved ones greet,
And live and love forever.

It is not far beyond the hills,
Beyond the sun's splendor,
To where we'll meet on Eden's shore
In sunshine calm and tender—
Where hearts will no more be bowed down
Nor hands with cold will shiver,
But espers whisper sweet and low,
Forever and forever.

In that fair land are many eyes
Awaiting for my coming;
And in the shade of sylvan boughs
A true love-song are humming
I know they'll take me by the hand
To help me o'er the river,
Where I can view elysian fields
Forever and forever.

I love to think of that bright land
Where angry storms ne'er gather;
Where wreny winds with chilling wail
Are not allowed to enter;
Where all is gay, as blithe as May,
And all is summer weather,
And sunlight pure will light our way,
Forever and forever.

MR. WINTHROP'S COAT.

BY STEWART CHAPLIN.

Mr. Waldo Archer, the portrait painter, lived, about three years ago, in one of those pretty studio buildings on Thirty-seventh street, in New York city. If you have ever been through the street you must remember the buildings—Philadelphia pressed brick, each story set back further than the one below, and with a sloping roof of ground glass rising back to the next story.

Mr. Archer was not as well known then as he is now. He had not as yet painted that portrait of Leonard P. Jenkins, Vice-President of the Q. P. & W. Railroad, which made such a stir at the spring exhibition at the Academy in 1886. But he had already attained reasonable success, and had a pretty wife who was a painter, too—not of portraits, but of china—that dainty sort you have seen at the great china stores, wild roses with the morning dew on them and blackberry vines in their autumn colors. You felt almost certain you could see them stir a little in some passing breeze, as you looked at them.

Mrs. Archer had herself done the housework in the little flat some time—he did not find it much of a burden. And now, their only servant was an old colored man who had brought them a letter from some dear friends of theirs in the South. He had come to New York to look up a child he had lost after the war, but had only found that the child was dead.

The Archers did not know what to do with the old man, at first. He used to come in in the afternoon to see if they had found him a place.

Mr. Archer would be painting away at his easel on the blue coat perhaps of a General, or the ball dress of a lady of fashion, and his wife would be sitting in her low, rattan chair reading aloud to him from Robert Browning or Dr. Holmes, or some other of their favorite writers, when there would come a knock on the door, and in would walk Alexander Maxwell St. Clair, bowing low and swinging back at arm's length his high, white leaver hat.

He was a tall, gaunt old man, solemn in appearance until he began to speak, when his face lighted up finely.

Mrs. Archer always laid her book down at once and asked him to be seated, but he would only bow and smile, and remain standing, and say, bowing his head frequently while he spoke:

"Well, sir, any news for me to-day, sir?"

He always said "Sir," but he evidently asked the question of both.

There never was any news. Mr. Archer "loaned" him a little money now and then, "till he could find a place,"

and finally they took him themselves, in self-defence, Mrs. Archer said, and he soon became an established member of the family.

He could cook, and wash and iron, and sweep, and scrub, not only could, but did. He "tended" the door with much state and solemnity, made all the purchases at the grocer's and butcher's, and, in fact, rendered life quite another thing for Mrs. Archer. She said that formerly, when she read to her husband from Whittier or Lowell, she was always seeing visions of boiling potatoes and baking bread floating between the lines. Now she turned all such visions over to Alexander.

One day a handsome carriage with a faint red monogram on the panel, stopped before Mr. Archer's building, and in a few moments a gentleman was ushered in by Alexander—Mr. Winthrop.

Mr. Archer knew the name. He had seen it in the papers often. And he knew where Mr. Winthrop lived, in a great, double, brown stone house, with glittering plate-glass windows, on Fifth avenue, a corner house with a square oriel window projecting diagonally from the corner on the second floor.

Mr. Winthrop had seen some of Mr. Archer's portraits at the Academy Exhibition, and recently had been especially pleased with one he saw at a friend's house on Fifty-seventh street. He wanted to have Mr. Archer paint his portrait, and had come to arrange for the first sitting.

They agreed on Wednesday of the following week for the time, and at two o'clock on that day Mr. Winthrop's carriage brought him again.

He had Alexander go down to the carriage and bring up a package containing a Prince Albert coat he was to wear during the sittings. So he put it on, and after much discussion and many experiments as to his position, he was finally seated and Mr. Archer was at work.

Now the coat was a handsome one. Alexander had seen handsome clothes in his day, at the South, and he noticed this one as soon as it appeared on the scene. The material was a rich diagonal, and it was lined and faced with expensive silk, and fitted like a glove.

When Mr. Winthrop went away that day, he left the coat.

"I will leave it," he said. "I should be sure to forget to bring it every time." Alexander wrapped the coat up and put it away on a closet shelf.

After that Mr. Winthrop came nearly every Wednesday, for a good many weeks, and then the portrait was finished at last, and was sent away. It made a fine picture. Mr. Winthrop was a tall, well-built man, with a strong, vigorous face a little flushed, and a bushy head of hair just beginning to turn gray, and Mr. Archer had caught his best expression perfectly. Every one who saw it was delighted.

Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Archer had become very good friends, and Mrs. Archer had fallen into the way of sitting in the studio while the work was going on, with her painting or sewing. But Mr. Winthrop was a busy man, and after the picture was done it was a long time—nearly a year—before he came again.

One day the carriage brought him once more. The Archers were both at home. Mr. Archer was at work just then on a portrait of a pretty child with blue eyes and sunny hair, dressed in black velvet. They had a very pleasant half-hour together, and then Mr. Winthrop rose to go.

"Oh, by the way," he said, as he stood by the door, "it just occurs to me that I have a coat here. I forgot it when I went away. That was a favorite coat of mine. If you can lay your hand on it now, without trouble, I'll take it."

"Oh, surely," said Mr. Archer.

"I'll let Alexander get it," said Mrs. Archer.

"Coat?" said Alexander, when he was summoned in. "Coat?"—I wish I could give you my voice, as well as his words,—he strong melancholy in its tones, and a faint, illusive accent,—too faint and too illusive to be represented at all in type.

"Don't you remember the Prince Albert coat I had here, Alexander?" asked Mr. Winthrop.

"Seems if I did, now," said Alexander, bowing his head, a little on one side, at short intervals, and looking steadily at his own boots. "Seems if I recall that coat, an' yet!"

"Oh yes, Alexander," said Mr. Archer, "of course you remember that coat. Go and look for it. It must be here somewhere."

Alexander shuffled about the studio, looking not only in the closets, but in all sorts of impossible places, under chairs and behind boxes and pictures. Then he went shuffling through the other rooms, noisily opening drawers, inspecting shelves, looking into trunks,

Mr. Winthrop resumed his seat, meanwhile, and the talk ran on again. But Mrs. Archer exchanged looks with her husband.

Alexander returned after a short time. "I can't seem to find no coat about," he said, bowing and bowing, and looking at the floor, and the ceiling, and the pictures, and everywhere but at Mr. Archer. "Somebody must have happened to that coat."

"I will look for it myself, Alexander," said Mrs. Archer, in a tone of displeasure, and so she departed and looked through the drawers and trunks and closets, but with no better results.

"Well, Mr. Winthrop," she said, as she came back, "there certainly is something mysterious about the disappearance of that coat. I cannot find it. But we will have a thorough search for it, and will send it to you."

So Mr. Winthrop went rolling away in his carriage.

"Alexander," said Mrs. Archer, when he was gone, "don't you remember that coat Mr. Winthrop left here?"

"Coat?" said Alexander, bending his head on one side and beginning to bow, "why, yes, I do rememb' that coat perfy."

"And did you really look for it just now as hard as you knew how?"

"Well," said Alexander, "as weighing his words very carefully, 'well, now, not just as hard as I has sometimes done things: well, no.'"

"And did you really expect to find it where you looked?"

"Well, now," said the old man, "jus' where I look, why, no, I can't say I did expect to see it jus' there."

"Alexander," said Mrs. Archer, in a severe tone, "I believe you have never told me a falsehood. Do you know where that coat is?"

"Well, now," he said, "I suppose I do know where that coat is, well, yes."

"Why, I am shocked, Alexander," said Mrs. Archer. "Where is it? Who has it? Have you sold it?"

"No."

"Given it away?"

"No."

"O Alexander, have you been wearing that beautiful coat?"

"Well, now, Mrs. Archer," said Alexander, looking her in the face now, and holding up two black hands with their white palms toward her, "if you will please a moment, I wish to say a few words to save my character from sacrifice. I have not wore that coat."

"Who did?"

"Well, Mrs. Archer, Mr. Archer have that very coat on hisself, this very minute."

Alexander's feelings here overcame him, and he turned and fled to the kitchen.

Mr. Archer tore off his coat and looked at the tailor's name.

"I never had him make me a coat," he said. "Why, this does look like the coat, to be sure. But it looks like my coat, too, only a great deal better."

"O Waldo!" was all Mrs. Archer could say, as she sank into her low wicker chair.

"Don't you remember," he said, half laughing and half in consternation, "that I have said several times lately that I must be growing stout, my coat was getting so tight?"

Mrs. Archer nodded and laughed again.

From the kitchen came a faint snicker. It was the first time they had ever known Alexander to give way to levity.

"I shall sit right down and write to Mr. Winthrop," said Mr. Archer, finally. "I can't send him the coat now, but I'll tell him I'll paint him a picture to console him for his loss."

And he did.—*Youth's Companion.*

Discipline Among Royal Infants.

The young heir to the German throne is now at Castle Oherhof making mud pies and training his brothers to be soldiers. Even the smallest of Princes, according to the New York Herald, still in dresses, carries a rifle and knapsack, and is expected to obey orders. Two troopers in full uniform attend the Crown Prince as ordered to correct his military errors. On their way to Oherhof they gave the Berliners a chance to judge of their training. At the depot they stepped from their carriage in military order, with the Crown Prince at their head. As the crowd cheered he called: "Hats off!" All three little straw hats were doffed at the same instant to salute the crowd.

At the railway carriage the discipline gave way, and they went in with a hop, skip and jump, but immediately reappeared at the windows with flushed, pleased faces, saluting every one with much hauteur.

The Italian brigands prefer to capture an Englishman if possible, and their second choice is an American. They are about the only ones any considerable sum of money can be squeezed out of.

The Banana.

The banana or plantain was thought to be a native of Asia only, and carried into America by Europeans, until Humboldt expressed his doubt as to its being only of Asiatic origin. He quotes many old authors to prove that the plantain was cultivated in America before the time of Columbus. Brown, in the year of 1818 ("Plants of the Congo," page 51), says that there is no difference in the bananas of America and Asia that would prevent us from classing them as of the same species. The Greeks, Romans and Arabians mention it as a wonderful fruit tree. Pliny says the Greeks of Alexander's army saw it growing in India. Sagos sat in the shade, and from this the botanical name of Sapientum. Musa from Arabic mauz. Plumier says it was called thus for Antonius Musa, the freedman of Augustus. Candian state that "the specific name Paradiacum comes from the ridiculous hypothesis which made the banana figure in the story of Eve and of Paradise. It is a curious fact that the Hebrews and the ancient Egyptians did not know the Indian plant."

There are many varieties as of apples or oranges. The fruit is from the size of a finger to twenty-two inches long. The varieties planted here have been the Florida Hage, Narse or Orinaka, called by the Spaniards El Bolo, the fool. It is a splendid looking plant, but produces inferior fruit. The variety has been planted largely all over the State. As it will stand anything, it is a great success and an ornament. Other varieties have been tried, but from causes have failed to succeed well. The Cavendishii, a splendid variety, growing only six feet high, bears a larger number than most varieties and matures early, but it would not do. The Dacca was too tender. The Musa Rosacea, the banana which produces the mania hemp, does well, is a great ornament, but the fruit amounts to nothing. The only variety I have seen producing fruit in this State fit to eat is the Martinique, or Yellow Costa Rica. It is a beautiful plant, grows sixteen feet high, bears well, grows rapidly, stands the winters, the fruit is superior, 4 inches long by 1 1/2 inches in diameter, of a clear golden yellow, soft kidglove-like texture of rind, firm, soft, buttery, melting sweet pulp, aromatic and of a vinous flavor.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Superstition About the Ears.

There are many superstitions about the ears, and the literature of the past shows that such notions have always prevailed. Some of them have been brought together in an interesting way by a recent writer. The itching of the ear is ominous. This is a very old superstition, for Pliny says: "When our ears do glow and tingle, some do talk of us in our absence." In "Much Ado About Nothing" we read (iii, 1):

"What fire is in mine ears?"

Herrick alludes to the same belief: "One ear tingles; some there by Taut are snarling now at me"

Sometimes, however, it depended upon which ear it tingled. An old writer says of the superstitious man: "When his right ear tingles he will be cheerful, but if his left, he will be sad."

The Scotch ask: "Right lug, left lug, which lug lows?" So in Hull, England, it is said that slander is talked about you if the left ear burns, but if the right men speak well of you. In Lancashire this is reversed. The Dutch say that some one is praising you if the right ear itches, but if the left, he calls you names. In the latter case bite your little finger, and the evil speaker's tongue will suffer accordingly. In this country, it is said that people talk well of you if your right ear tingles, but evil, if the left.

In popular weather lore, when the ears ring at night, a change of wind is at hand. Foster, an old meteorologist, says: "Singing in the ears portends a change of weather."

The ear was in Egypt a hieroglyph of obedience. The saying: "Walls have ears," is very old. Chaucer says: "That fields hath eyes, and the wood hath ears." The phrase: "To set people by the ears," had its origin in a custom of stringing pots by the handles or ears, and clashing them together in carrying them.

It seems formerly to have been a form of endearment to bite one's ear. We read in Romeo and Juliet: "I will bite thee by the ear for that jest."

All Are Great Monarchs.

The King of Sweden is the greatest poet, the Emperor of Germany the greatest soldier, the Emperor of Austria the greatest linguist, the King of Bavaria the greatest musician, the King of Saxony the greatest scholar, the King of Italy the greatest hunter, the King of Belgium the best dancer, and the Czar of Russia the greatest smoker, among the sovereigns of Europe.

FUN.

A long felt want—a tall hat.

The fruits of dissension are no doubt put up in family jars.

"Meantime"—that one when another fellow lugged off your girl.

One may screw up his courage and have his attention riveted.

Why is a tin can tied to a dog's tail like death? It is bound to occur.

It was the lady who thought she was going to swoon who had a faint suspicion.

It seems hardly fair to ask a person to play downright well on an upright piano.—*Danville Breeze.*

The "dead beat" must have been unknown in ancient times, for they believed the world to be "square" in those days.—*Danville Breeze.*

A new novel has lately been published in raised letters for the use of the blind. It is said it evoked a great deal of feeling.—*Terre Haute Express.*

It is said that there are now six different painless methods of extracting teeth, but no one of them has ever been known to fool a fellow more than once.—*New York News.*

The Worst Always Happens: "I'm so sorry you split the ink," said the poet's wife. "Has it gone over your poem?" "No," returned the poet, sadly, "it went over my postage stamps."—*Life.*

A writer on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping eggs fresh, says: "Lay with the small end down." He does not specify whether this direction is for the hen or the housewife.—*St. Louis Humorist.*

"What is it that makes the rosy cheeks of the mothers and sisters turn pale, and steals the bread from the children?" asked a prohibition lecturer of a class of youngsters. "Rats," shouted a young wretch.—*Danville Breeze.*

"It is never too late to mend," is the motto of the *Prison Mirror*, published in the Minnesota State prison, Stillwater. Yet if a convict wanted to sit up beyond the regulation hour to mend his stockings, he would probably find that the motto wouldn't work.—*Siftings.*

His Realm.—Affable Clerk—"Can I be mistaken? Isn't this the Mrs. Crozier whom I met so pleasantly at Fire Island this summer?" His customer—"Why, yes; I'm Mrs. Crozier, and I remember your face; but I thought you told me you were engaged in religious pursuits?" Affable Clerk—"This is the nun's veiling department, madam."—*Tina.*

Fierce Fight Between Marine Monsters.

Mr. George Roy, officer of the watch on board the Maggie C. Moore, is our authority for the following remarkable incident which occurred on the morning of the 16th inst., about 700 miles north-west of Cape Flattery: He states that the attention of the crew was simultaneously directed or attracted to the existence of blood floating on the adjacent sea. Speculation was rife as to the immediate origin of so strange a spectacle, and a careful watch was kept to ascertain it.

Eventually it was found that a whale was blowing and spouting on the lee side of the schooner, where the blood was first noticed, and a partial solution to the phenomenon was gained when a swordfish darted up close, and following that terror of the seas came the enemy of wisdom, the thrasher (or killer, as the fish is sometimes designated). The thrasher sprang from the water some ten feet into the air, and with a penetrating crash alighted upon the whale. A fierce conflict ensued, and the result was that the whale appeared to be exhausted from the attack the thrasher made upon him. Recovering himself, however, the whale, after several efforts succeeded in diving below and came up on the starboard side of the schooner. The crew then took their whaling iron and struck at the thrasher, but unfortunately did not hit on a vital part. The thrasher, following the whale, made another savage attack on his victim, and hit for a second time within the sight of the crew. The whale appeared at this juncture to be in extremities, and the swordfish, realizing the position, made a further attack at the common enemy and stabbed the Jonah-swallowing monster.

All was now over; the whale's remaining strength was gone, and he was compelled to succumb to his fate with the grace of a doubly assailed warrior of the deep. After death he foundered "topsy turvey," and the thrasher was observed to be luxuriating on the choicest parts of the conquered dead.—*Victoria Standard.*

J. F. Morris, of Brunswick, Ga., has a curiosity in the shape of a postal card, on which are written 1400 words, which can be plainly read.