

The Greensboro Headlight.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor. "HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWAY BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIED BY GAIN." W. P. DAVIS, Publisher. VOL. I. NO. 14. GOLDSBORO, N. C., FRIDAY, DEC. 9, 1887. Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fader's in the shock,
And the hen has tucked and gobble of the struttin' turkey,
And the cacklin' of the guineys and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's halcyon as he tips on the fence,
D. it's then the time a feller is a feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the horse-barn and goes out to foot the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fader's in the shock,
There's somethin' kind o' hearty-like about the atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here,
Of course, we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
And the hummin' of the hummin'-birds an' buzzin' of the bees;
But the 's'oo' aspect' and the landscap' I think the haze
Of crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a picture that no painter has the colorin' to mock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fader's in the shock,
The lanky, rusty rattle of the tassels of the corn,
And the rapin' of the tangled leaves, as gold-ens on the lawn,
The rattle in the furries—kind o' lonesome-like, but still
A-squashin' seems to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The stack-stalk in the meadow, and the reaper in the shed,
The horses in their stalls below the clove over-head,
O, it sets my heart a-clipin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fader's in the shock.
—JAMES WATSON BALEY.

HER ROMANCE.

HE kept a small shop on the corner of Third street, where the third floor was stored on their way to school and spent their pennies. They all called her Aunt Lucy. She was creeping along among the seventies when the church at Pennhollow, where she had attended for over fifty years, changed ministers. Wise old Parson Graves slipped quietly away to his farm, and young Arthur Winn, fresh from the college, succeeded him. It was like putting a book in the place of a living oracle, but the people had all hope that the book would sometime bud and blossom, as did Aaron's rod.

Young Winn had studied while among the hills where he had whittled to his profession, but a heart lesson, which was quite as much needed, and so he took Regina Hall to Pennhollow.

Regina had been my inseparable companion from the time of short frocks and pinafores, and Pennhollow with its great church, its neat fences and straight streets, could not fill the void which each felt at separation. Scarcely was the new text pitched ere beseeching letters began to pour in upon me to come to my dear, lonely friend; come and pass the winter in Pennhollow.

I had never travelled many miles away from my own home, and this winter opportunity was quite attractive. I took counsel with my mother, and it was agreed, somewhat sadly, I remember that the beseeching letters should have a favorable answer. The sadness inhered in the thought of leaving my dear parents quite alone through the dark and stormy months, while I had a gay time in the city. But were my parents thoughtful under such circumstances? From the beginning of the world until now, the very word parents stands for self-sacrifice. A pity for the children who allow the sacrifice to assert itself perpetually, and without large returns.

And in going to Pennhollow I got acquainted with Aunt Lucy and learned her romance. When I walked up the board walk with Regina, and entered the minister's pew, I was somewhat surprised to find it occupied. A little old lady, her round face framed in white cap frills, sat in the corner of the pew. Her dark eyes had a smiling twinkle, which certain permanent dimples intensified, making the wrinkled old face inviting and pleasant. She was very decorous all through the service, and instead of being hindered in our devotions by the proximity of a stranger, we were helped. A degree of spiritual exaltation possessed us quite beyond any previous experience. It may have been in part owing to the time-honored church, and the multitude of decorous worshippers; but when Regina and I, at the beginning of the service, were seated near the minister's pew, we quite agreed that our heavenly mood was largely due to Aunt Lucy. If sunshine such as hers can glorify the face of age, there is something in religion which our young enthusiasm has no power, as yet, to fathom, we said: something which grows and deepens with the passing years.

I found that Aunt Lucy sat in the minister's pew. She seemed to belong to the church in a way which nobody else did. As I got acquainted with the people, meeting them at their societies, and around their own tables—Pennhollow was a master place to ask the minister to tea, and of course I was always invited, too—I found they all claimed relationship with the little old lady in the minister's pew. They had per-sonally known her to give up her early store-neighbor living on a farm near the sea, so that she could go to such care, and let the church take care of her.

They took a right gracious way to supply the income of the candy sales. It was agreed that she should go out to pass the day with one family, then with another, until she had made the circuit of the parish, then begin and go round again and so on. As Aunt Lucy had a new house living on a farm near the sea, so that she could go to such care, and let the church take care of her.

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to the routine, but would go where she liked somewhat offener. I remember she came for the first time to the house of the young minister on the Sunday after Thanksgiving. An immense turkey, which did not get roasted on the regular day, for the reason that the minister's family was invited out, came to its post of honor for Aunt Lucy.

How eloquently she praised the captain who brought the turkey, and the captain's wife, who sent the pies. It was a fashion they had in Pennhollow, I suppose, to save the minister's wife the trouble of mixing the indigestible compound, and the minister's purse the unnecessary outlay. It was a real good send to Regina to have the pies, for she did not know much about cooking; and I did not, either, so that we naturally confined ourselves to simple things, which were easily made.

We learned a great deal about the people of the parish through Aunt Lucy.



"One night she talked about sea-captains." There was one blessed trait in the old lady—she praised everybody. We quite concluded, before the Sunday visit ended, that the church of the Holy Cross in Pennhollow had somehow managed to gather the cream of the city. Certainly, if every other church was made up of such perfect people as the young minister had, that day preached to there was an abnormal population in the city—a race of angels scarcely lacking wings.

After Aunt Lucy went away I said to Regina:

"There is a romance connected with this suave woman, and I am going to fathom it. She's right handsome, and I'll warrant she's a lover somewhere in the beginning of this century or the close of the last."

"She will not tell you if there is," said my friend.

"You notice how easy she talks; of course she will tell me."

"Yes, she talks easily of common things, the church and the sewing circle, but lovers of fifty years ago are not so easily brought to the light of day. She'll be a very Sphinx if you try to extract the secret of her aged maidenhood."

I believed in myself rather than in Regina, on this especial theme, and as a phrenologist had just told me there were carloads of white paper waiting for my pen, naturally I wanted to take so easily brought to the light of day. I began to court Aunt Lucy.

There was ample opportunity. I met her twice in the church on Sunday, and as often on week days "out to tea," when it was very delightful to walk home with her, and sit a while in her cozy room on Antler street.

I asked her about old times when the church was in its infancy, and about the people who filled its simple spaces before the great division which occurred during the war of 1812.

"One night—I remember the dim candle light, and just how she looked playing the busy knitting-needles—we had been to tea at Captain Bacc's, and she talked about some captain's great deal at her way home when rising and going to her bureau, she fumbled among her papers and brought me a miniature of a "sea captain," she said. The very young face was genial and honest, and I asked her if he went to the old church.

"Yes; we went to the old church together, when we were children."

"That's a beautiful picture, Aunt Lucy. Where was it painted?"

"In Paris," she replied, and her voice was low and tremulous.

"Tell me about him, Aunt Lucy."

"Why, I have never told anybody about him."

"But you can tell me. I am soon going back to my home among the green country hills, and it will be just as safe with me as though it were locked up in a chest and the key lost."

"I don't know what made me show you the picture. I have never shown the picture to one of the girls. But I do feel just like talking about him to-night, and I guess I will. We went to Ma'am Gordon's school together when we were children, and when I carried my books for me, and lead me, and I liked him better than any of the boys and girls, and he liked me. Then when he was not a bit more than fifteen, he went to sea. I did not want him to go, but he would."

"He said he meant to be a rich sea captain and know all about the wonderful countries all over the world. He was gone six years, and when he came home he was not a captain but was pretty near it. He came to see me the very first place he went, and brought me the

BANDITTI OF THE BORDER.

A Handsome Robber Chieftain and His Italian "Methods of Brigandage."

A San Antonio special to New Orleans *Picayune* says: Not since the Cortinas raid, years and years ago, has the Texas side of the lower Rio Grande been under such a reign of terror as now. Brigandage is supreme, terrorism is paralyzed, United States mails get through when they can, ranchmen stay close at home, labor in the fields even is accompanied by unctious hazards, and in no man's house is there a light to be seen after dark. The county officials have telegraphed to the State Government for aid, but Gov. Ross himself does not know what to do.

Sheriffs and United States marshals are powerless, and the bandit is once more in fact, as he was once in song and story, "king of the border."

Senor Manuel Guerrero, a merchant who is rated at \$200,000 and who has shops in both Roma and Rio Grande City, Starr County, is on his way to New York. He was seen by a reporter and gave the following account of the trouble:

"You must first understand," he said, "the condition of the country. It is hilly; the Rio Grande runs through one long ravine, is densely covered with chapparal and cactus, is sparsely settled and offers shelter impregnable for hundreds of desperadoes."

"They have always infested the country to a greater or less extent. If they killed a man in Mexico they stepped across the border, if in Texas they stepped across to Mexico. They had a practically unlimited field in which to work. Hitherto they have been disorganized. Now they are under a leader who is at once the most competent and dangerous man on the frontier of either country. His name is Antonio de Seurante. He is young, handsome, educated, and a most daring and unscrupulous scoundrel. He is a native of the country and knows it well. He has risen to fame in the past three months through methods peculiarly his own. He has new gone in for highway mail or train robbery."

"He has learned the methods of the Italian brigands and follows them exactly. His system includes capture, mistreatment and heavy ransom or death."

"His first victim was Senor Berrena, a rich ranchman who resides in Texas, fully sixty miles from the Rio Grande. This gentleman was found near his home, knocked down, beaten, bound hand and foot, tied on a horse and driven for a day and night through the thorny brush. During all this time he was blindfolded, and given neither water nor food. On arrival at the robber's headquarters, of whose location he is entirely ignorant, he was held for twenty-one days, until I myself paid the \$1,500 ransom exacted for his release. He was half starved, kicked, lashed and burned daily during all this time, and was hourly threatened with death, it being a frequent threat of Seurante to extract them all, and send them as presents to his friends. I paid the money because I knew it was a matter of life or death with him. It has since been refunded me. Berrena was seventy years of age, and the exposure and brutality to which he was subjected have since resulted in his death."

"He is now in the hands of a little number of the Seurante people, who know it, I have been extracting the levying of an assessment."

"I left Roma five days ago under a guard of six armed men, who escorted me as far as Pen station, on the Mexican National Railway. By Associated Press dispatches of this morning, I see that the expected demand has been made upon Senor Donato Garcia, of Rio Grande City. They want \$15,000 from him, and \$8,000 from me. My part of it, at least, they are not likely to get."

"The governor has of course promised the aid of the State troops, but I don't see the good that they can do, owing not only to the difficulty of the country and Seurante's secure hiding place, but to the fact that nearly all of the poorer class are in league with the band, and purposely hide their den and cover up their tracks. I estimate that some twenty-five men belong to the band."

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been, in deed and in truth, the bride of the church, guarded down to gentle rest by his blessed arms, and in the assuring hope of his divine promises.

While the minister spoke of her awaiting welcome from the great Captain of our salvation, I almost wish he had known her secret, for the heavenly thrill it would have given: his own heart, and the opportunity it would have afforded to say that word so consoling when life's chain is broken—reunion. But no luck was felt in Aunt Lucy's full world of bliss, that nobody on earth knew, except the visitor at the home of the minister, that she had lived her romance.—*Christian Leader*.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

WHAT THE HUMOROUS STORY TELLERS HAVE TO SAY.

A Distant Relative—A Sad Dilemma—Too Anxious—A Scourge—At the Zoo, &c., &c.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Don't marry a woman that knows more than you. If you do you will surely regret it. For this unpleasant fact you will find to be true. That she never will let you forget it.—*Tabula*.

SOLOMON'S CHILDREN.

"Solomon said," remarked the dominie, as he carefully trimmed a birchen switch four feet long before going into committee of the whole on the state of the country. "Solomon said, 'Spare the rod and spoil the children.'"

"Yes," said the trembling minority member of the committee, "but see what awful children Solomon raised."

And while the master thought and thought and thought, the minority went out to revise his report and forgot to come back.—*Burdette*.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

"Clara," he said tenderly, "if business reverses should come to me after we are married, and we should get to be very, very poor, would your love for me grow less?"

"Never, George," replied the noble girl.

"And could you go into the kitchen, dear, and make a loaf of bread with those dainty little hands?"

"You are very nice to say such a pretty thing about my hands, but, George, love, don't be foolish about the bread. Why, I would send one of the servants around to the baker's for it."—*N. Y. Sun*.

COLOR BLINDNESS.

Two ex-conductors of the Missouri Pacific met in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific yesterday afternoon and began to discuss the reasons for their discharge.

"I was fired," said one, "because I was color blind."

"I didn't know," said the other, "that conductors were obliged to undergo the same test in regard to colors as the engineers."

"They don't, but my color blindness went so far that I couldn't tell the difference between the color of the company's money and my own."—*Chicago Herald*.

MORE INTERSTATE BUSINESS.

"Better keep your head in the car," said the conductor on the Lansing train, as he passed through a coach and saw an old man with his head thrust out.

It was slowly drawn in, and the owner turned to a man on the seat behind him and asked:

"What harm does it do to put my head out?"

"You might knock some of the telegraph poles down."

"Oh, that's it? Well, if they are so mighty 'fraid of a few old poles I'll keep my head in. That's the way on the railroads since that new law went into effect."

THE REGULAR THING.

An old gentleman of Detroit was passing through the ceremony of taking his fourth wife the other day. At the impressive climax of the performance, somebody was heard sobbing in an adjoining room.

"My goodness!" exclaimed one of the guests in a dramatic whisper, "who on earth is that crying on this festive occasion?"

"That?" replied a mischievous member of the bridegroom's family. "That's nobody but Ed. She always boozes when pa's getting married."—*Detroit Free Press*.

HE KNEW IT.

"Well," he remarked, as he met a Woodward avenue grocer, "so poor I have gone to the wall."

"You don't tell me."

"Yes; he can't pay ten cents on the dollar."

"It surprises me, and yet it doesn't. I saw a little transaction five years ago which satisfied me and string that he discharged his conclusion, a poor man with a large family, because he thought him an unnecessary expense."—*Omaha World*.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE.

Employer (to commercial traveller)—Good morning, Mr. Smith; home again, eh?

Commercial Traveller—Yes, struck town last night on the 7 o'clock run from Boston.

Employer—Why, I came over from Boston on that train. Strange I didn't see you.

Commercial Traveller—Did you 'ake a parlor car?

Employer—No, certainly not.

Commercial Traveller—Well, that's the reason you didn't see me.—*Epoch*.

TOO ANXIOUS FOR A JOB.

Merchant (to small applicant)—Where to you live?

Small Applicant—Harlem, sir.

Merchant—I s'pose you'll be sick about three days in the week in order to see the ball game?

Small Applicant—No, sir; I don't care anythin' 'bout base-ball.

Merchant—What! You a Harlem boy, and tell me that you don't care anything for base-ball? You won't do, Johnny. We can't have any liars about.—*Tid-Bits*.

NO TASTE.

"Jenkins, I've got something to tell you. It grieves me to say it, but as a friend, I don't think I ought to keep silent."

"What is it man, what is it?"

"I saw Brown throwing kisses to your wife."

"Great Scott. I wouldn't have believed it."

"I thought not."

"You come to think of it, Brown never did have any taste."—*Washington Critic*.

A FATHER'S PRIVILEGE.

Man—As your first baby as a boy, I suppose you have the privilege of naming it.

Young Father—Yes, s'ces, I wouldn't allow any one else to name that chern, "Have you thought of a good name for him yet?"

"Dozens of 'em; splendid names; just the thing; but they won't any of them do."

"Why not?"

"My wife won't have 'em."

A SCIENTIFIC SCOURGE.

Small Huxleyan—"I say, mammy, dis yer friziology say if a chile h.b. a nam long 'nuff to reach to de sun w'en he's bawn, he done de dead 'n' berried seventy-sev'n year 'fo' eber he gwine feel de sech'."

Mammy (severely)—"An'ias S'bhry Nebudenzah Jones, shut dat ar book, 'n' go spit de kindlin' 'n' rest my po' larnin'. Pears like's it too much larnin' 'll make me mad."—*Harper's Bazar*.

CALLING.

Smith—I say, Dumley, you have had some experience in love affairs, and I want your advice. There is a pretty little widow in Harlem whom I devote-ly love. In paying my addresses how often ought I to call upon her?

Dumley—She is a widow, you say?

Smith—Yes.

Dumley—Seven nights a week, my boy, with a Wednesday and Saturday matinee.—*Epoch*.

MOVE UP.

"It is not often that conductors get off anything new," said a daily rider on an uptown line, "but 't'other night a raw hand fresh from the isle of green sod caused a good deal of merriment when he requested the passengers to move up front by yelling: 'Will yez plaze git in off de balcony?' For a wonder they complied. I suppose the novelty caught them."—*Philadelphia Call*.

WHAT HE HAD TO SAY.

Brown—Have you seen Dumley lately, Robinson?

Robinson—Yes, only a few minutes ago. He invited me to have a drink with him.

Brown—Did he have anything particular to say?

Robinson—Well, yes. He said if I would pay for the drinks he would fix it up with me some other time.

THE POSTER.

Lady of the House—You say you want to go to the matinee on Wednesday?

Kitchen Lady—Yessum.

"What play are you going to see?"

"I don't know the name of it, mam, but I seen the picture where one man was a standin' on two others and wavin' of a sword."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

A DIFFERENT COLOR.

"Do you know, Miss Smith," he said, "that when I see you I always look for a white horse?"

"I suppose you do, Mr. Brown," she replied, "and do you know what the color of the horse that I look for on seeing you is?"

"No."

"Cheer up."

MORE LUXURIES.

Young Mr. Waldo—Do you look upon a knowledge of Homer and Virgil as essential to one's advancement, Miss Breezy?

Miss Breezy—Not necessarily so, Mr. Waldo. Papa doesn't know one from the other, and yet I suppose he handles more land than any two men in Chicago.

THE FEVER NECESSARILY SLOW.

Patient—"Doctor, what makes dese brain fevers hang on so long? Dis an de seven 'nuff I've been in dis bed?"

Doctor (nursing)—"Searchin' for de brain, Mister Webster, an' what takes up de time ob dese slow fevers."

A SAD DILEMMA.

Gilboly—"Sad affair over at Jones'."

De Smith—"What's the matter?"

"One of the twins has died."

"That is an affliction."

"Yes, and the worst of it is the people don't know which of them is dead, they look so much alike."

AT THE ZOO.

The keeper gave the lion a large piece of meat.

Poet—"Does he get that often?"

Keeper—"He gets it regularly twice a day."

Poet, with clasped hands—"What a boon it would be if I could only get a position as lion here."

HE WAS THERE.

Wife (in horse whisper)—"Moichael! Moichael! Wake up! That's a murd'erin' thafe in de room!"

Michael—"Whist, now! Be aisy. I hev me ob on'm, an' of de funds anythin' I'll git up an' take it from 'im."—*Harper's Bazar*.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKETS.

The News of the North, East, South and West, Reduced to Facts

An Interesting Budget for our Easy Readers.

The unveiling of the statue of President Garfield, erected by the citizens of Cincinnati, took place December 1.

Judge Jamison, of Chicago, has refused the stay of the execution in the case of the convicted county hoodlums.

Fires are raging in the forests east and west of Staunton, Va., doing great damage to timber, and in several cases to buildings.

The sculling race for the championship of the world at Sydney, New South Wales, was won by William Beach, who distanced Edward Hanlan by two lengths.

There was a tremendous explosion of gas at the Odd Fellows building in Boston Mass. Five persons were injured, two of them dangerously.

A large quantity of dynamite kept in a tool box on one of the main streets in Hyde Park, Lackawanna County, Penn. exploded and caused great destruction of property.

J. W. A. Keridge, a prominent young business man of Aniston, Alabama, was found dead in bed at his home in Rome Ga. A quantity of morphine was found on a table near by.

By a collision on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between two freight trains three men were killed and five others injured. The collision occurred about 15 miles south of Pittsburg.

At Chattanooga Tenn., William Baldwin, saloon-keeper, attacked three police officers because they had arrested his driver for selling liquor on Sunday. Baldwin was killed, and one of the policemen will probably die.

A gas pipe bomb was found on the door step of the residence of United States Marshal Marsh in Chicago. The marshal took possession of the dangerous looking missile and turned it over to the police.

It has been discovered that a large number of bills of the old bank of Mecklenburg are afloat in Guilford and adjoining counties, North Carolina. They are said to be circulated mostly in the country where the unsuspecting are often taken in by them.

The fire department of Greensboro N. C. has almost been brought to a perfect degree of efficiency. A colored hook and ladder company has just been organized, and the city has offered to equip them with uniforms, etc. They will be subordinate to the white department, which is now in splendid trim.

The American bank of Pittsburg, Pa., closed its doors announcing that it would go into liquidation. Its capital stock is \$200,000. It is said by those in position to know that the bank will pay all claims against it. The stockholders are individually liable. The suspension caused excitement in financial circles.

The city board of Greensboro N. C. is discussing the propriety of electricity illumination for the city for next year. The contract with the Gas Company for lighting the streets expires December 1st. The Houston-Thompson Electric Light Company, which has placed a plant there, has also street lights over the city. It is, however, not now in use, as a contract has been made for them, which probably be adopted as soon as the present contract with the Gas Company expires.

Information reached Birmingham, Ala., Friday night of a most incredible piece of devilry done several days ago in a country neighborhood near Perida, a station on the Mobile and Montgomery division of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. The boy was Charlie Baker, a half-witted son of a farmer. He was eight years old and had a brother and two sisters. Having been gone from the house some time one morning with his brother and sister, he came back alone, his clothes covered with blood and told his mother he had killed them, showing a sharp butcher-knife with which he had done the work. They were found stretched on the grass in a pool of blood, both with their throats cut. The girl was dead and the boy barely alive. While the family were attending them, Charlie disappeared and search being made found him shortly after, a few steps from the same spot, dead, with his jugular vein severed, evidently by his own hand. The wounded boy is recovering slowly.

DISTRESSING HOMICIDE.

At a sale in Granville County, N. C., Lanny Bridges shot and killed John C. Ray. The weapon used was a pistol. Two shots were fired, both lodging in the head. Ray died in a few minutes. Ray was a brother-in-law of Bridges. He was about 49 years old and Bridges about 35. Bridges after the homicide, which took place in the house, immediately fled. A posse is in pursuit of him. Ray lived in New Light township, Wake county, and leaves a wife and four children.

Homicide Near Hillsville.

At Hillsville, S. C., last Wednesday John Cummings, colored, was shot, and instantly killed by Rivers Carroll, white. Cummings lived about three miles in the country, and was shot at his house. Carroll lives about three-quarters of a mile from town with his grandfather. Both Carroll and Cummings were in town and while there had some difficulty about some fodder. An inquest was held and the jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. Rumors as to the particulars are conflicting.

THE NEWS OF THE NORTH, EAST, SOUTH AND WEST, REDUCED TO FACTS.

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