

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

EIGHT PAGES.

VOL. II. NO. 52.

GOLDSBORO, N. C. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1889.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

There's many a nobleman dwells in a cot,
The palace holds many a clown;
And princes have beds of the tamarind bark,
While beggars have couches of down.
Brave kings are in cotton, serfs glory in silk,
While slaves live an emperor show;
For the worth of a title is stamped on the heart.
But the world doesn't look at it so.
Here misers are prodigally flinging their gold
To spendthrifts who hoard in their wake;
There mumbles a rake in the gown of a priest
To a priest in the garb of a rake.
Sweet saints they are living in hovels of sin
And sinners in Sanctified Row;
The heart in the breast is the only true test—
But the world doesn't look at it so.
There are generals lying in graves unmarked
And privates with monuments grand;
The ignorant staid in the chambers of state,
But the quiet mind ruleth the land.
A shadow divergent each object of earth
Descends from oneness in the sky;
And fancies are many as beings have birth,
But the one God ruleth on high.
So I laugh at that title; that's only a sham,
And at estate—but a silver-washed plate
Stuck upon the door of a tenement grand,
Belonging to nature's estate.
Its inmates are constantly changing and pass
Each year out of sight, like the snow,
Whose going but stirs up the filth of the street,
And the Almighty will look at it so.
—Arkansas Traveler.

THE COMPANY'S MONEY

"Good-by, old fellow, good-by. I trust you will have a good voyage, if you must start in such beastly weather," I said, as I shook hands with Hugh Greyham, the truest friend I have in the world, and saw him go out into storm and night. He was to take the steamer early the next morning for Liverpool, and I felt a little uneasy at his going in the worst days of severe February. My wife drew up her chair close by mine, lighted my pipe, and said: "Now, George, that he has gone, suppose you tell me that little yarn you promised, about the time you and Hugh had such a quarrel?"
All right, I said, it was this way. You know what sort of a man my father was, Ellen—hard, cold, money loving, bigoted. One naturally wants to speak of one's parents with reverence when they are lying in their graves, but—well, let that pass. I did not love my father, simply because I did not—so we'll just leave the matter there. My mother died the day I was born, so of her I knew absolutely nothing. A few years after her death my father married again. Do you know that people have a habit of speaking disparagingly of stepmothers? I cannot understand it. Mine was an angel. She was a fair, stout woman, and sometimes, even now, I covet the rest and peace I used to feel with my poor little head laid on her bosom, with her soft arms about me. God bless her forever! Many a cold night when my relentless father for some trifle had sent me up to my bleak room supperless to bed has this sweet woman stolen after me, and folding me in her warm arms has sung me to sleep. She loved me sincerely, poor hapless boy that I was! I think I adored her.
Well, she made my father educate me and give me my training in pharmacy; so when he died I was twenty-two years old and a drug clerk on a very small salary. My father was supposed to be not rich, but very comfortable. And so he was, but on reading his will we found the bulk of his property given to charity—myself entirely ignored and my sweet mother left a paltry \$7000 to recompense her for more than a score of faithful years with him! Well, she didn't complain—not she; she only said:
"Georgie, dear, we'll take our seven thousand and fight our way through life together."
We moved to a city further south. I bought out a business in a poor part of the town and went to work. The city grew gradually toward us and you know the rest. I prospered always and we were very happy. We lived just for each other and she managed our modest home. It was a home with an angel in it, and again I say, God bless her.
After I had been in business about five years I met Hugh Greyham. He is an Englishman, you know, and had come to this country to look after some investment made in real estate by a syndicate in London. I liked him from the first and mother and he became the best of friends. He often left his elegant hotel to spend a week with us and declared he was happier there than anywhere else. In the fall of '86 he was making us just such a visit, and one night we all three sat up very late talking. I was in es-

pecially good spirits because I had in my cash box a clean \$3000 to take to the bank the next day. Hugh had also in his pocketbook \$1500, but as he said, he was "not feeling" so awfully good, as it belonged to his company and not to himself. I remember about one o'clock mother drove us off to bed.
The next morning I was aroused out of a deep sleep by Hugh. He looked anxious and excited.
"Why, what is the matter, old boy?" I asked, hardly awake.
"George I have been robbed in the night—my hunting watch is gone, and, God help me, the company's money too!"
"Gracious heavens!" was all I could say as I sprang up and got into my clothes with all possible dispatch.
Well, as you may imagine, we went into an exhaustive search—upstairs and down—everywhere. Then we called in the police. Not a trace—not a track could we find. Window locks, door locks, all unharmed. What could it mean? Four days we devoted our best energies to this affair, and at the end of that time was as far off as ever.
On the fourth night I had a splitting headache and had to go to bed, but Hugh and mother sat up later, as usual. The next morning I went down to breakfast feeling much better and eager to begin search again. Mother and Hugh were at the table. I kissed her as usual and said a hearty "good morning" to him. He nodded slightly and immediately got up and went out. I looked at mother for an explanation. Her eyes were full of tears and her whole expression was unutterably sad.
"Mother," I said, "don't be so distressed. We must find Hugh's things. Don't give up."
"We have found them, Georgie," she said very sadly.
"You have," I exclaimed. "Do tell me where, where?"
"Oh," she said, "I found them late last night where the—careless person must have dropped them."
A red flush covered her face. Was my mother telling an untruth? I questioned her closely, but got little satisfaction indeed. She evaded my questions. I felt a little hurt at her want of confidence, but I went to work and tried to forget it all.
Later in the day I learned that Hugh had gone West without a word of farewell.
And now followed the most unhappy weeks of my life. My dear mother was entirely kind and gentle with me; even, perhaps, more affectionate than usual. But there was something between us. I could not tell what, but something. And she! the most cheery brightest woman in the world—she seemed utterly oppressed with sorrow. My heart ached over it all, but what could I do? Lo, the weeks went on, gloomy enough, and two months had passed when I was startled out of my sadness by a sudden misfortune which occurred to myself.
I had drawn \$1300 from the bank to pay a bill for drugs, and for the night placed it for safe keeping in a small escritoire in my bedroom, of which I always kept the key in my vest pocket. (You see, little lady, in those days I was a spoony fellow, and this was the sacred depository of your letters.)
On going to the escritoire the next morning I found it securely locked, but on opening it the money was missing. The house had been robbed a second time.
I ran to the breakfast room with my bad news, and there sat my mother, with the old bright, jolly look on her dear face, looking perfectly happy and contented. I was delighted to find the sadness and gloom gone, but alas! I must tell my direful news.
"Mother," I said, "mother, I've been robbed! My money (you saw me put it away last night, didn't you?) is all gone!"
I thought she would utter an exclamation of distress, or surprise at least, but what did this unaccountable woman do? She got up, led me to the sofa and pulled my head down on her broad shoulder, as she had done a hundred times in my childhood days, and kissed my forehead and eyes, and then, with a sort of tender humility, kissed my hand.
"Oh, Georgie, my boy, my own boy," she said, "I've got a story to tell you. Don't say one single word, only listen, my darling. Oh," she exclaimed suddenly, "these miserable, miserable, miserable weeks, when I thought—but let me tell my tale. You know, dear, last October Hugh lost his watch and money and we all tried so faithfully to find them. Well, I was worried nearly to death about it all. I hardly slept an hour at

night. On the fourth day, you remember, you received a letter from Ellen, and as a man was waiting to see you in the store, you handed me your keys and said: 'Mother, please put her letter away for me.' I took the keys, but being myself very busy at that moment, did not put the letter in the desk just then; but that night, after you retired, I unlocked the little escritoire, and there in your own most private drawer lay Hugh's watch and money! And he was standing near and saw it, too. Georgie, dear, don't say a word, not a word just yet; hear it all, my boy, before you open your lips. I was stumped for a moment, then I fell on my knees at Hugh's feet. I said: 'Have mercy. Oh! please have mercy on my poor boy,' and he, looking so shocked and sad, said: 'For your faithful sake, dear madam, no one shall ever know this but you and I.'
"You know what followed, Georgie—how I went about heart-broken, and all day long, and all the long rights, the horrible thought kept dawning in my head: 'Your boy is a thief! Your boy is a thief!' and yet I loved you Georgie, all through, my boy—all through.
"Well, yesterday you had a great deal to do and were very tired in the evening. After dinner I told you to lie down and rest. In two minutes you were fast asleep. I sat reading and occasionally looking at you, thinking how profoundly you slept. After a while, still with your eyes fast closed and evidently fast asleep, you got up and started out of the door. I followed, you went to your bedroom, unlocked your escritoire, took out your money, went down to the next floor and, without stopping, on down into the cellar. You know I keep a few stores there, and had yesterday (with your help) put in a barrel of new apples. You went to this, lifted the top, and most carefully took out about a dozen, then, just as carefully, put your roll of money into the barrel and covered it again with the apples. Then, very slowly, you turned around, walked up the steps and sitting room, lay down on the sofa and resumed your nap as quietly as if nothing had happened. Well, I ran back, locked the cellar door and took a seat by your side and cried my heart out for very joy, like the silly goose that I am.
"It was all explained now. You did steal Hugh's watch and money, Georgie, but you did it as unconsciously as if you had been dead when it was done. Oh! this has been certainly the happiest morning of my life," and she began anew to weep and laugh over me in the tenderest and most absurd fashion.
"But, mother," I said, "seeing is believing. Let's go and find the money."
We went. It was all there—just a little soiled from cellar dust and apple juice.
Well, mother wrote a long letter to Hugh, and he came and ate his Christmas dinner with us, and was almost as glad and happy as mother was, but when we went upstairs to bed he laughed and said:
"Shut your eyes, old fellow, until I hide my watch," and since then we have no end of jokes about my sleep-walking.
My pretty young wife looks up with a pair of anxious blue eyes.
"But, Georgie," she says, "this is dreadful! You are liable to walk any night and get into all sorts of trouble."
"No, indeed," I say, "I will never walk in my sleep again."
"But how will you help it, Georgie?"
"Why, haven't I just engaged a pair of white arms to hold me tight?"
She got up, drew back the curtain, and remarked in a casual manner that "it was raining very hard, indeed."
—New York Graphic.

A Curious Clock.

One of the most curious clocks ever made will soon be finished. A bronze figure four or five feet tall, and alone worth \$700, grasps a rod which runs through a hollow brass globe, nearly eight inches in diameter. The globe is engraved with meridians and the parallels and the various countries of the earth. The oceans will be colored in silver and the continents in various hues. All the chief cities of the world are laid down. Over the bronze figure's head is suspended a plate glass disc, which is a dial for indicating local time. None of the machinery appears. It is all hidden within the globe and in a little pill-box affair behind the glass dial. The globe is the ball of the pendulum. It swings back and forth, and at the same time revolves. A stationary belt about the globe's equator bears the figures of the dial, and a glance will show you the time of day at any city you may name. When this clock is finished it will be marked at a fancy figure, and the builder says it will find a ready sale.
—New York Star.

A Two-ton Shark.

Ed. Roberts and J. Dutra, two fishermen, caught a basking shark Sunday night. They were about four or five miles from the shore and had 200 feet of net out. The shark ran into the net and got tangled. Fighting furiously to get free, the fish only wrapped himself tighter in the folds of the net. The fishermen let him alone until he had drowned himself, and then, with the assistance of seven boats, pulled him into the bay. The basking sharks are not man-eaters and are not dangerous. The one captured is between thirty and thirty-five feet long and weighs about two tons. As the liver of this species is about one-third of the whole fish, the amount of oil that can be tried out of its liver will be between 100 and 150 gallons.
—Santa Cruz (Cal.) Surf.

Cheese a Fair Substitute for Meat.

In the dietary of the laboring classes, cheese plays a not unimportant part; it has been pronounced by a high authority to afford a concentrated and economic food. It can be always at hand, it requires no cooking, and may be considered a fair substitute for meat, combining heat-giving and flesh-forming elements in very useful proportions. From the great variety of cheeses thrown upon the market at the present day, no exact estimate can be given of its nutritive value, for this depends upon the amount of butter and casein which it contains. One cheese may be made from the richest of unseparated milk, produced from high-class cows, fed on rich pasture; another may be made from the thinnest of skim-milk; and ingenuity can now make cheese with very little, or, indeed, without any milk at all. Beans are said to answer the purpose. It does not appear that any injurious ingredient are employed in the falsification of this article; simply substances foreign to that which it professes to be. A fair sample of cheese ought to contain two thousand six hundred and sixty grains of carbon (beside free hydrogen), and three hundred and fifty grains of nitrogen in each pound. It is an economical food, especially if, as Sir Erasmus Wilson maintained, not more than one ounce ought to be eaten at a meal. But this limit of quantity is surely only the fad of a particular mind.
—Argonaut.

Cost of Living in Mexico.

The cost of living in Mexico depends entirely upon what the man wants to spend. The very best of meals may be had, at the Cafe Reclamier, for sixty-two and a half cents, Mexican money, equivalent to forty-five cents American currency. When I say the "very best of meals" it must be borne in mind that the best of such meals as one can get here is meant. Six to eight courses are served, and after one accustoms himself to the absence of butter, white bread, pies, cake and all sorts of deserts, he will find he can make a pretty good meal from the purely Mexican dishes.
No one breakfasts in Mexico before noon. Business men take a cup of chocolate, a slice of pain Anglais (sweetened bread) and a glass of spirits. At noon every one breakfasts, and at six dinner is served. The cost of furnished rooms is the same as in most American cities, depending, of course, upon the location, style of furnishing, etc. One can live here on a few cents a day, or he can spend the biggest kind of an income—it all depends upon the tastes and ideas of the individual.
—Dixie.

Bugs That Laugh at Heat.

A few days since Frank Woodward, of Albany, N. Y., who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Smith in Fair Haven, received a peculiar present from California. It was sent to him by Leland Stauffer, the millionaire Senator, whose wife is an aunt of Woodward, and also of Mrs. Smith. Mr. Woodward opened the box and found three salamanders packed in cotton. These bugs are more read about than gazed upon. They were found in caverns by some of Mr. Stauffer's employes, and Mr. Stauffer sent them East. The three bugs traveled the 3000 miles without "visible means of support," unless it was the cotton, but on arriving they were very frisky and evidently in good spirits. They are chunky little fellows about two inches long, and resemble nothing as much as they do a piece of steel. They look like raw steel and act like it—that is, they seem to be metallic and invulnerable. They are alike insensible to heat and cold, and can be toasted on a red-hot stove or seared upon an ice cake without their composition being in the least disturbed.
—New Haven Palladium.

A New Pickpocket Dodge.

The Eiffel tower has, it seems, suggested to an unprincipled individual who this country can claim as a subject, a new trick for putting other people's money into his own pocket; but now that publicity has been given to the dodge, it is doubtful whether he will try it on a second time. The pickpocket in question, well-dressed, and of melancholy but most respectable appearance, went up the tower the other day, taking his seat on the left beside a Frenchman who looked as if his pockets might be worth attention. The Englishman, in a sad tone, inquired of his neighbor whether any one had yet committed suicide from the top of the tower, and on receiving a reply in the negative, he muttered that he would be the first to do so. The kind-hearted Frenchman took an interest in the apparently forlorn and desperate man beside him, and, thinking he had discovered it was financial difficulties that had caused him to meditate self-destruction, he, in as delicate a manner as possible, offered a loan. His offer was, however, rejected, the forlorn one asserting that he had a large sum about him, contained in the pocketbook which he attempted to thrust into the Frenchman's pocket, telling him to divide the money among the poor after his death. Finally, the guardians persuaded the melancholy man to come down from the top of the tower and go home. The Frenchman, shortly after he lost sight of his companion, discovered, of course, that his purse had gone with him.
—London Standard.

Walking Down Hill Makes Bow Legs.

"Bow legged people are generally thought to have involuntarily deformed themselves by crawling when in infancy," said a physician and surgeon to a Dispatch writer. "Not so," continued the M. D., "for in a number of years of practice I have paid attention to the many malformed people who have had their limbs bowed, even after maturity."
"Why?" was the inquisitive interjection.
"Well, it is a peculiar fact that persons residing in altitudinous houses—of which there are numberless in both Pittsburgh and Allegheny—are the ones to whom I refer. The daily ascent and descent of hills, where the horse cars or inclines do not traverse, has been the cause of more crooked limbs than was ever thought of. The ascent of a hill, of course, makes muscular development; but in the descent a person throws the entire weight of his body upon the knee and ankle joints, which relax in order to ease the strain upon the forelimb, and the main weight falls for support upon the ankles. There is a superabundance of avoirdupois bearing down on them, which naturally causes them to crook, thus throwing the limb from the ankle to the knee into a 'bow' shape.
"The only remedy I could suggest would be for all hill denizens to descend."
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Umbrellas With Glass Windows.

There need be no further excuse for allowing your umbrella to drip down the neck of your dearest friend in a rain-storm, or running amuck of the hurrying wayfarer coming from the opposite direction. The rainy day collision is one of the greatest profanity provokers of wet weather, and the Englishman who invented the glass window by which one's course in a storm may be sighted, deserves the thanks of Christian men throughout the world. This window consists of a small oval piece of glass with a brass or silver frame which is easily mounted in a rib of the umbrella, while it is fixed to the silk by sewing it through the little perforated holes in the frame. These windows can be placed in new or old umbrellas in a manner which will not injure the fabric in the least. As to whether the umbrella will roll up tightly has not, however, been made apparent.
—Clothes and Furnisher.

Primitive Dentistry.

Old Uncle Hugh Johnson, of the Copper Creek neighborhood, the man who astened securely a twine string around his teeth of his lower jaw, and then, being the other to an ash-hopper, jumped up and threw himself backward with such force as to extricate the entire lower jaw, simply to rid himself of toothache, is yet alive, and was here the other day, looking after a lawsuit he has against one of his neighbors.
—Mount Vernon (Ky.) Signal.

The growing scarcity of whalebone is tempting many an old whaling skipper to leave his fireside to again try his luck in the Arctic regions.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An I-glass—The mirror. A Glass I—In the mirror.
The stepping-stones to success are "rocks."—Life.
It is the bearded lady whose face is her fortune.—Life.
First in war and first in peace—The letters "w" and "p."
The good die young. This is particularly true of chickens.
"Not in our set," as the false tooth remarked to the old grinder.
A man experiences that "sinking feeling" when he falls overboard.
Two heads are better than one—On the shoulders of a museum freak.
No wonder time is so often killed; it is struck every hour.—St. Louis Magazine.
A youth—the subject of the rhyme—Spent all his strength in killing time. As years rolled on—the truth is grim—Time took his turn and slaughtered him.
—Merchant Traveler.
There is no reason in the world why a "baby show" shouldn't be a howling success.
A real life-saving station is always managed by sailors, and not by doctors.
—Picaresque.
This is the turning period in the life of the farmer's boy if there is a grindstone on the place.—Binghamton Republican.
When a washerwoman changes her place of residence one may ask her "where she hangs out now" without using slang.
When the maiden dons a muslin gown, And the dog has a muzzle on too, 'Tis then we wish to get out of town And down by the ocean blue.
—Boston Courier.
Mrs. Parvett (to the maid)—"Now, Lucy, you may do up my hair." Lucy—"Yes, mum. Shall I do it up in paper or get a box?"
A hard storm is often alluded to as a rain of cats and dogs, but a biting storm is probably when the fall is confined to canines exclusively.—Harper's Bazar.
A man was arrested the other day for stealing an umbrella and tried to get off by saying that he was trying to lay something by for a rainy day.—Boston Post.
The sheriff's notice thus supplies A moral and a tale; The man who failed to advertise, Is advertised to fail.
—Philadelphia Press.
"Post no bills!" ejaculated Fleecy, reading the well-known sign seen in many parts of the city. "Humph! I never do; I always prefer sending them by the collector."
—Judge.
When it ain't rainin' it's takin'; When it ain't lakin' it blows; When it don't blow it's a-haulin'; So get in your coat 'fore it snows.
—Detroit Free Press.
At the Jeweler's—"But, Max, don't you think it extravagant to give \$300 for a diamond to wear on my hand?" "Not at all, my dear; you don't consider how much I shall save on your gloves."
—Flying Dutchman.
Here lies a man who laughed at death, For many years he mocked her; Some say he died for lack of breath And some accuse the doctor.
—New York Sun.
"You must stop this smoking during business hours," said the head clerk. "What's the matter?" inquired one of the boys. "The boss says he can't appreciate his five-cent cigar when you clerks are puffing your Henry Clays."
—Epoch.
Mr. Swallowtail—"Sir, I come to confess a great wrong I was about to do to you and to beg your pardon. I was about to elope with your eldest daughter." Papa—"Come again; what was the difficulty, my dear fellow? Didn't I have enough money? Let me lend you a couple of hundred."
—Chicago Herald.
A tenderfoot whittled beside a wood shed. When some cowboys of Glassboro City Caused a shower of bullets to whiz round his head; And he looked on their efforts with pity.
For he gazed from his dream with a beautiful smile On the demons of carnage and bloodshed, And murmured, "A miss is as good as a mile." As he carved the ball out of the woodshed.
—Harper's Bazar.
Petrifactions in a Cow's Stomach.
Two years ago last November a heifer belonging to James Brown, near Comstock, swallowed a pair of woolen mittens. The calf grew to be a milk cow, and was apparently doing well until a short time ago, when Mr. Brown noticed that she was not doing as well as usual. She seemed in much distress when she moved around, and had a great desire to lie down all the time. Finally she died, and Mr. Brown cut her open to see what was the matter with her. Upon examination one of the mittens and a part of the other were found in a petrified state. When knocked against each other they rattled like stones. They are really wonderful, and many are anxious to see them. W. H. Wilson, of Drain, has them, and any one can see them by calling on him. Mr. Brown values them very highly.—Drain (Oregon) Echo.
General Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, has taken the field and declares that "the English sparrow must go. By legislation and private bounties, traps, poison, encouraging natural enemies, and by the shot-gun! The vine pest phylloxera injured France more than the German war, and the United States may suffer more from the English sparrow than from her two wars."