RADIGHT

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

EIGHT PACES.

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LIFE IS ALL RIGHT.

The summer winds is sniffin' round the bloomin' locus' trees, And the clover in the pasturdis a bigday for

And they been a-swiggin' honey,; aboveboard and on the sly, Till they stutter in their buzzin'and stagger

They's been a heap of rain, but the sun's out-

as the fiv.

And the clouds of the wet-spell, is allicleaned B. WELV. And the woods is all the greener, and the

grass is greener still; It may rain again to-morry, that I don't think it will.

Some say the crops is ruined, and the corn is drownded out, And prophasy the wheat will bern failure,

without doubt; But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet,

Will be on hand one't more at the 'leventh hour, I bet!

Does the medder-lark complain, tas he swims high and dry, Through the waves of the wind and the blue

Does the quail set up and whistletin a disap-

pinted way, Er hung his head in silence and sorrowall the day?

Is the chinquek's health a failure? Does he walk, or does he run?

Don't the buzzards come around up there, just like they've allus done? Is there anything the matter with the roos-

ter's lungs or voice? Ort a mortal be complainin' when dumb animais reject?

Then let us, one and all, be contented with our lot;

The June is here this morning and the sun is shinteg bot.

Oh, let us fill our hearts with the glory of the day. And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow

far away! Whatever be our station, with Providence

for guide, Such fine circumstances ort to make us satis-

fled; For the world is full of roses, and the roses

full of dew. And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you.

-James Witcomb Riley.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

BY CORNELIA NEPOS.

I was coming up the street to-day, hurrying home to dinner, when a brass band struck up "My Grandtother's Clock." I was in haste, but I stopped to hear it, not because I particularly admire the air, but because there came hefore my mental vision a most distinct memory of a childish adventure of my clock. In recalling it, I am well aware that much of the story must have been told me by older people, but my own share will never leave my manory.

I was six years old when my father died, and my grandfather offered a home to my widowed mother and myself.

I know now that poverty alone would not have driven my mother to accept this offer, but she knew that she had an incurable internal disease that might spare her life for years, but would make it difficult for her to earn a living. She could take charge of my grandfather's housekeeping, but was often compelled to remain for several days together in her own

To say that my grandfather was an illtempered tyrant gives but a faint idea of his utterly unreasonable demands and love of power. Sometimes he would not speak to any member of the whole household for a week; he would refuse to come to the table when meals were served, and give way to furious rage when, two hours later, the food was set before him utterly ruined by delay. Only the extreme gentleness of my mother's disposition made her life endurable, and she was happy only when alone with me, directing me to sew and knit, and allowing me to help her when she was able to make delicacies for the table.

Our sitting-room was on the first floor, and was a combination of study, library, sewing-room, and school-room, for in the cold weather it was the only place in the house, excepting the kitchen, where we were allowed to have a fire. The diningroom between sitting-room and kitchen shared the warmth of each. In one corner of this sitting-room, where every article was of the fashion of a century before, was the clock that governed the household movements. It was ten feet high, and four wide, with a mahogany case and two partitions as the sides where the weights hung. The pendulum swung by itself in the central division, and above was the big white face with the dial. There was no mechanism about it, excepting the clock-work to record the time and strike the hour, but it was a reliable time-keeper and the especial object of pride to my grandfather. I think

most intense fear, having felt the weight of his heavy hand for every trifling offence that came to his knowledge. I hated him as only a child can hate, having no active sense of the duty of suppressing that emotion. I hated him for ai vays speaking unkiadly to my mother, for his mean, saving spirit that kept us all half clothed and half-starved, when I knew he was a rich man. I hated him for denying me every childish pleasure, and trying to make my mother bring me up by his or n iron rules. And with this hatred w he knowledge that when he died I . ould have all his money. He had a superstitious/horror of making his will, believing that it would be followed by his

death, and I was his only heir-at-law.

He made no secret of this himself, but

health and my sickly weakness, and tell

me I would nover live to spend his money,

much as I might desire it. He had been particularly savage on that point one Friday evening in December, when he had returned from Stockton to find me lying on a sofa with nervous headache. He shook the tin box in which he had his money in my face, and told me that I would never spend

it, as his life was worth ten of mine. 'Lying there with your pasty, white face?" he growled, "and eyes like gooseberrics. A nice substitute you are for my son! You are not worth your funeral expenses!"

Something had made him more illtempered than usual even, and he kept up a running fire all the evening of trying speeches, scolding my mother for waste and extravagance, threatening to cut down the meagre housekeeping allowance still lower; swearing at me for a wretched, sickly mite, not worth my salt. It was a miserable three hours, and at ten o'clock, when he went to bed, mother and I cuddled into each other's arms and had a good cry.

It was a bitter cold night, and I was curled up in a nest of shawls in a warm room, and gave a little shudder at the prospect of the icy-cold chamber and sheets above us. Mother noticed it.

"Suppose you stay here," she said. "I will come down in the morning before your grandfather is awake and call you; and you are so comfortable you will soon fall asleep."

Stay there! Stay alone, with that horible clock in the room, all night! I, who had never slept alone in all my life! And yet, it was so cold up stairs, and my nest so deliciously comfortable. The own, connected with my grandfather's i physical sense conquered, and I saw my mother depart with the candle, for we d'ared not have a light left burning. I tried to sleep in vain. The clock ticked as if every stroke was made with a hammer on my brain; the darkness was intense, and suddenly I heard stealthy steps in the hall. The climax was too much for my strained nerves, and I. sprang to the door of the dining room, forgetting that it was always locked at night, and the key in my grandfather's room. No chance of a stolen crust in that house.

A hand on the hall door drove me nearly frantic, and with the instinct of concealment only, I opened the clock case and curled down the door, holding the pendulum fast in my shaking hands. The door opened, and the steps came into the room. Darkness all around us, and my terror of burglars almost an insanity, my situation may be imagined.

"He's not asleep yet," a voice said, and I knew the speaker was our man-servant, Robert. He always sits up o' Friday night to count the money and sort it out."

"Sure he's got it?" said a strange

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. Don't drive him over every Friday of his blessed life to draw it out o' bank?"

"We can get it now, then. If we knock him on the head, there's only a lot o' women in the house."

"No," said Robert. "We'll get the money, but I'm not hankerin' for a rope round my throat yet. We'll wait awhile." "Let's go outside and see if the light

is burning in his room vet." Creeping softly, slowly they crossed the hall to the kitchen, and I lay almost unconscious, too much terrified to move. It was some minutes later when a light came across the room, striking the glass of the clockface, and I heard my grand-

"H'm! I was mistaken! I thought only one of 'em went to bed. That brat is coddled to death! Sleeping down

He poked about awhile, stirred up the shawis on the sofa and went off, having passed the entire time in muttering abuse

of my mother and myself. "Let them steal his money!" I thought.

in guilty delight. "Let them knock him on the head. Serves him right!"

Then in the darkness I seemed to see him with a great gaping wound in his gray hair, and the blood streaming down his face. Would I be hung, too, if the men killed him? I would have all his

It was terrible-was it not?-for a child to besitate, but I did; and when I crept out of the clock-case and went softly up the stairs, I liagered, haif resolved to go to my mother and let the robbers do their worst.

My timid knock was answered by a snarling permission to enter. Before the torrent of abuse I saw preparing was delighted to taunt me with his robust

"Grandfather, Robert and another man are down stairs, waiting for you to go to sleep to steal your money and kill

A grim look came into his face, "That's a nice lie!" he said.

"It is true! They came into the altting room, and I was getting warm. They did not see me, and they said they would wait till you were asleep, because Robert don't want to kill you."

"Highly considerate of Robert!" "You don't believe me," I said, "but it is true! They are watching your window now, to come in when your light is

"I do believe you. Will you help me to save my life and my money?"

"Yes," I answered, afraid to refuse. "They cannot jump from these windows, and there is only one door. I'm going for the police, to Stockton. I can slip down to the barn and saddle Jupiter while they are at the front watching my light. Will you stand close to the door, and as they creep in, will you shut it on them, and lock it? Wait until you hear me bark like a dog, then blew out the candle, stand close to the door, and trap them. Can I trust you?"

"Yes! I will do it!"

Cold as ice, my heart beating like a hammer, I saw my grandfather wrap up for his cold ride, take the cash box out of theroom, and go softly down the stairs. In one hand he held a pistol.

"In case I meet them," he said.

But he did not. I could hear his stealthy stens cross the hall, ereen through | defion is a buge mound, eight feet high. the kitchen, and, after a time that seemed In each side is a grotto, with back and bours to me. I heard the bark like a dog, | sides of mastery. From the top of each I blew out the candle and pressed myself against the wall close to the door. Colder and colder I grew, my heart seemed choking me, my head ached frightfully, but I never stirred.

After what seemed hours of time, the creeping steps came up the stairs, and two shadowy forms passed me into the room. I caught at the door, shut it, and turned the key. One shout I heard inside and then fell in a dead faint in the hall. My grandfather came at last with policemen and found me on my mother's bed, murmuring deliriously, but with the key of the door clasped tightly in my hand.

I was ill for weeks, but came back. not only to health, but to happiness. My grandfather never again spoke harshly to me, but would tell friends and neighbors of his "plucky little girl, who was worth

He forgave me for stopping his check for the first time in his memory, and was gradually won to a sort of surty good. nature to my mother, and more liberal expenditure in housekeeping. Indeed, it was soon remarked that I "could do anything with the old gentleman," and I was his favorite until he breathed his last in my arms, leaving me his fortune, including his clock .- New York Ledger.

Animals With Hindsight and Forestight. Nature has unabled some animals to see objects behind there as well as is front without turning around. The hard has this power in a marked degree. Its eyes are large, prominent, and pleuest laterally. Its power of sceing things in the rear is very noticeable in greyhound coursing, for though this dog is mute while running, the hare is able to judge to a nicety the exact moment at which it will be best for it to double. Homes are another instance. It is only meaning to watch a horse driven inversably without blinkers to notice this. Let the driver even attempt to take the whin in hand and if the horse is used to the work h will at once increase his pace. The ga raffe, which is a very timid animal, is ap it can see as well behind as in front fends itself .-- Chicago Herald

The use of parchment was known at a very early period. The invention is accredited by some historians to Eumenes H., King of Pergamos, who reigned 197-150 B. C., but according to Herodotus the Indians wrote on skins before that time, and it is certain that parchment was made and used in Egypt centuries before and delicacy might well compare with modern paper was manufactured in Syria and Arabia. The ancient processes of making parchment did not differ essentially, probably, from those new in use. For certain purposes to which parchment is applied no substitute for it has ever been found. The finer sorts are called vailum, and are prepared from the skins of calves, kids and lambs. The skin is first freed from bair, then put in a lime pit to cleanse it from fat. The pelt is than stretched on a frame where it is first scraped with a flesh knife, then carefully rubbed down with pumice stone. Lestly it is polished with finely powdered chalk or fresh stacked lime and then dried gradually, being stretched occasionally to prevent its wrinkling. A green color is given to the parchment with a solution of crystalized verdegris, to which a little cream of tartar and nitric acid have been added, and a blue color with a solution of indigo. The heavier perchanget that is used for drum-heads is made from the skins of older calves, he goals and welves; that for battledores is from the skins of asses. The kind of valuum sometimes used in binding is made from ply skins. All of these are prepared by essentially the same process sed in making vellum .- Chicago Inter-

A Sea Dial Formad of Flowers

Probably nowhere in New England, and probably nowhere in the United States. tre there more wonderful floral designs than on the grounds of the State Lunatic Hospital, in Danvers, Mass. The Italian figalit and landscape gardener, Ettore Just Lari, has completed his designs for e sesson, and shows over one hundred different heds, of which three large ones attend erest attention.

The main one is about seventy feet in circumference at the base, and the fourgrotto a stream of water is forcibly driven and distributed by a trickling flow to a good beneath, from which another fountain sends a timy stream into the air. In sach intentice, also, are munerous plants -lobelia, centusy plant, palm, nirembergio, germium, vinca, ivy and many other saltable varieties. On the front is a calendar, the year hammed in by a seroll, and the day of week and month in an oval frame. The top of the mound is flat, and on it rests a great vase, made wholly of plants. The vase is five and one-half feet high and six and one-half feet in diameter and contains about three enriosds of loam. The vase is filled with choice tall plants, so that the whole marvelous design has quite an altitude.

"Sol's Clock" are the words on another design at one corner of the principal driveway. A pole of growing houseleck, placed at the proper angle and toward the north star, easts a shadow on Roman annorals of 3t, Helena set in a horseshoe of althermanthers, the center of which is a had of blue lobelie.

Another design is in the shape of a mound, stringgated by a handsomely formed turnet of houselock, supporting a neat weather wans. In the bed beneath are letters of growing plants which mark the pelists of the compass. On the front the weather prodictions are given daily. The word "weather" is permanent, and over it is placed each morning the word "fair," cloudy," or "rainy," according to the forecast in the morning papers, the boxes containing the words being portable, as one those used in arranging the calendar on the main design. In this bed the tason's pinnes are also given. A true-colored moon of proper shape reposes in a dark bed, and over it appears the appropriate description: "New moon," "first quarter, etc .- Non York Mail and

No Treasury in the world ever contained so vast a sum of money, beasts the San Francisco Chamicle, as that of the United States. The last statement shows that there is in the Treasury vaults over six hundred millions in gold and silver proached with the utmost difficulty, or coin and bullion. Of gold coin and account of its eyes being so placed they bullion the amount is \$363,504,319; silver coin and bullion, \$315,343,180. When approached this same faculty or- By the side of this vast accumulation the ables it to direct with great precision fac frequences of other countries, and those capid storms of kicks with which it do- recorded in history, sink into insignifiA Donkey Kills a Stallion.

A remarkable and fatal fight between a stallion and a donkey occurred on Philip Hendricks's farm, near Deckertown, in Sussex County, N. J. Both animals were powerful and had been enemies for weeks. The donkey was very dark and strong and was called the "Knight of Malta." The stallion was a valuable horse and was Eumanes Hyed. Parchment that in color | being trained for the race course, One day the stallion and donkey were left in adjoining fields. The stallion soon saw the opportunity afforded for a fight and tore down the field to a broken piece of fence. The donkey happened to be directly on the other side and close to the fence. The stallion jumped straight on his back, landing with his fore feet across the donkey's back and his hind feet on the ground toward the fence. The stallion fastened his teeth in his enemy's neck, and at the same time struck the donkev's side with his fore feet with a good deal of force.

The donkey ducked its head and at the same time elevated its beels. The stallion was thrown to the ground, and quick as a flash the donkey turned around and began a fusillade with its heels on its prostrate enemy. It kicked hard and with lightning rapidity. The hard heels of the donkey were driven again and again into the stallion's body and blood was soon flowing freely. The horse kept up a constant whining and the donkey brayed loud and long. In five minutes the tide of battle turned completely. A few more of those terrific kicks and the stallion was rendered helpless. The farm hands began to fear the stallion would be killed, so they took rails from the fence and began beating the donkey. The infuriated animal then started for them, when the nearly dead horse made an offort to rise. The donkey saw it, and before the men could intercept him, he rushed up to his fallen for and turning, gave the stallion one tremendous kick, breaking his jaw, and then following it with another kick in the stomach, tearing the ficsh open and exposing the intestimes. The stallion gave a pitcous moan and then a grap, and rolled over dead. The donkey will survive .- New York

Two "Scoops."

When the Prince of Wales visited America, the New York Hereld man got a scoop on all his esteemed contemporaries by holding a wire against all comers. This was at Niagara Falls, and there was but one wire at that time to New York. The Herald reporter started sending in his messages, and until he had finished none of the other men could send in theirs. He telegraphed every mortal thing that he could think of, described all the suits the Prince of Wales wore and what the Duke of Newcastle said and did, and what every member of the snite thought and were likely to think about, and finally he had to fall back on the only book available, a copy of the New Testament, most of which was telegraphed to the Herald in New York. By the time he had finished with the volume it was then too late for any of the other newspaper men to send in a special. If the men in the Herald office read all the dispatches that came in from the New Testament, the big sum of money paid for the telegraph bill would not have been altogether wasted.

In America the only trouble that correspondents have is to get the news. Once they have that, there is no doubt about its being telegraphed. In Europe the correspondents have another difficulty to contend with, and that is, even after they have their special information, and after they hand it in to the telegraph office, it is sometimes not sent. During the troublesome times in Spain a while ago, a newspaper correspondent found that no matter what information he managed to get it was never forwarded from the Spanish telegraph office. The Government of the day took care that no news that it did not wish to go abroad should be sent. This correspondent then wrote to his friend in London that when he received the next dispatch he was to count every fifth word and cable only every fifth word to New York. He wrote his dispatches after that on this principle. Whenever he got a good piece of news he telegraphed a long rigmarole to his friend in London, which when read as it was sent appeared to be a long talk of financial and domestic troubles which were bothering him at that ime, but when every fifth word was taken out it gave the news he wanted to send. This the Spanish people never got "on to," and so the correspondent secured many scoops for his paper .- Detroit Free Press.

To find the amount of hay in a allow 512 cubic feet for a ton.

FUN.

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Electricity is a mighty dangerous force, but some people make light of it .- Life.

The grave digger is always finding himself in a hole in the pursuit of his oc-

Speaking of classic fore the employment of a Latin professor is an instance of classic hire. How happy our neighbors might be if

they would only do as we think they ought to do! Love is blind, and that's why lovers

think lighting the gas is unnecessary. -Boston Courier. Old Maid-"Don't tell such blood curdling stories; you make my teeth

chatter." Old Beau-"Look out they don't fall out."-Epoch. "The brave Dame Fortune's smiles command," which brings this fact to

view, that 'tis the man who has the sand who gets the sugar, too. Education without experience is of about as much use to a man as a lace pet-

ticoat would be to the wife of an Eskimo fisherman. - Boston Courier. The following contradictory inscription is on the door of one of our public

offices: "Positively no admittance, Please close the door."-Life. Lady (who has just missed her train, to porter)-"Porter, how long will the

next train be?" Porter-"Oh, er, sixtoen carriages and a van, mum."-Pick-Mrs. Struckitt (who recently enter-

tained a Count)-"Have you ever had any foreign noblemen as guests?" Mrs. Manorborn (quietly)-"No; only as ser-

Low Comedian-"Ah, old friend, have you seen De Ranter in his new play?" Comic Villain-"No, by all things malt, I have not. Do the gods look kindly on him?" Low Comedian-"Well, he doesn't have much to do in the first or second act; it's in the third where he wins his laurels and the public heart." Comic Villain-"Ah, some happy stroke of geuius." Low Comedian-(with touch of nature)-"Yes, he don't come on at all."

A Bumble-See Too Hot for a Toad.

The other day as I lay in my hammock I saw a huge toad winking and blinking lazily under the large leaf of a foliage plant. He looked contented and happy, and just as if he didn't care whether school kept or not. A bumble-bee came buzzing around the flowers. That toad opened his eyes, looked around, deliberately winked one eye at me, and then to all appearances went to sleep again. He was not asleep, however, for the next moment, when the adventurous bee came a trifle nearer, he made a little spring, opened his countenance till I thought he would actually drop in two, there was a red flash-and the bee had disappeared. I was just beginning to wonder where it had gone when I observed the toad begin to look melancholy. I then noticed that his white vest was puffed out like an Alderman's. In less time than it takes to tell it he was the most lonesome looking toad I ever saw. He seemed to reflect a minute and then he got into an attitude in which the old prints represent Nebuchadnezzar when he was out to pasture. His big mouth was close to the ground, while his hind feet stood on tiptoe. He had swallowed something hot and was now going to get rid of it by reversing the process. After several violent efforts, during which his whole anatomy. heaved with emotion, the troublesome Jonah was ejected and lay on the grass before him. The toad wasn't winking at me any more. Instead he was venting looks of revengeful spite at the unfortunate author of all his troubles, which by this time presented a sorry appearance. Soon he cautiously approached, and with a lightning-like movement the bee again disappeared, this time to stay. For a moment the toad moved cautiously as if to avoid stirring up again that burning fire beneath his vest, and then, seeing that it was all right, hopped back with an elated air and went to sleep under the lest .- Ashland (Ohio Com.

It is now announced that Commissioner Morgan has determined to substitute as rapidly as may be possible on the Indian reservations, non-partisan public schools; under the supervision of the Indian Bureau, for the schools under charge of several religious bodies-Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, Quaker, Roman Catholic-which have received Government support since General Grant's first. administration under the contract sys-