

# THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

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## A DROWSY DAY.

The butterflies fit here and there  
About the lawn, dust-deep road.  
Like flecks of gold, in quivering glare,  
Flashed and faded, and leaves that  
showed  
Life in each leaf all breezy June,  
Drooped languidly along the way;  
And a lone bee, with muffled croon,  
Sounded moodily to say:  
"It is a drowsy, drowsy day."  
No silver ripples stir the brook  
Whose glassy flow slips noiselessly;  
There seem no life whose eyes may look;  
The clouds are ships becalmed at sea.  
The song lies hushed in panting throat  
Of bird; grasshoppers tire of play;  
The cricket seldom chirps its note,  
And only then to say:  
"It is a drowsy, drowsy day."  
So noontide lapses into eve.  
The far-house pans flash ruby-clear;  
And bats their secret places leave,  
And lady-birds again we hear.  
The fire-flies gem the gathering shade;  
The swallows sleep, in circling play;  
And weary flowers, in field and glade,  
Seem whispering to say:  
"It is a drowsy, drowsy day."  
—George Cooper, in Independent.

## THE NEW NEIGHBORS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"I hate those people," said Tinette, with a very emphatic nod of her curly, yellow-head.  
"My dear, my dear! isn't that a heathenish sort of speech?" reasoned her mother.  
"Well, it's the truth," declared Tinette. "And where's the use in disguising it? A woman who would drive my darling little kitten out of the garden with a broom! a man who don't like dogs! and Mrs. Parry said they were going to be such nice neighbors."  
"You must remember, Tiny, that people don't like their flower-seeds and young lettuce plants to be scratched out of the ground, even by your pet kitten."  
"But, mamma, Fairy wasn't scratching—Fairy never does scratch. She was only playing about. And you know some people dislike cats, out of sheer depravity."  
"We must respect the prejudices of our neighbors, Tinette."  
"I have made up my mind, mamma," said Tinette, with the air of a martyr, "I shall send Fairy to Uncle Bob. He likes cats. And then," with a sob rising spasmodically up in her throat, "I hope Mr. Vallinger, and that ogress of a mother of his will be satisfied."  
"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Wylie.  
And she went out to the butcher's cart, which stopped daily for orders in front of these little suburban cottages.  
"Mamma can talk about sweetbreads and veal cutlets, when poor Fairy's life is in danger," said Tinette to herself.  
"Oh, I do wonder if I shall grow as callous as I get older!"  
Just at that moment, however, a trim little maid servant, in a ruffled white apron, presented herself, bearing a bunch of radiant red and gold tulips.  
"For Mrs. Wylie, please, miss," said she. "With mistress's compliments."  
The tulips were so fresh and dewy and fragrant, and the little maid looked so smiling, that Tinette's heart melted for the time being.  
"I suppose," she thought, "she means it for a sort of flag of truce. I suppose she's ashamed of shaking the broom at poor Fairy so spitefully. But it's too late now; the die is cast; the carrier is to call for Fairy at noon."  
And—a sort of natural consequence of her rage and temperament—Tinette Wylie rather enjoyed the thought of the sacrifice she was making. She was only seventeen, and very romantic at that.  
Mrs. Wylie was fond of tulips. She put the gold and scarlet treasure into a vase of water and beheld them with admiring eyes.  
"Very kind of Mrs. Vallinger, I am sure," said she. "I wonder if she would let me have a bulb or two, in exchange for something that she might fancy out of my flower beds?"  
"I wouldn't ask any favors of those horrid people," said Tinette.  
"But that wouldn't be a favor: it would only be an exchange. And really, dear, this is such a pretty little attention that I feel I must send something back. Run, darling, and gather me a basket of those big strawberries, that are just beginning to ripen, down by the south terrace. Put a few vine-leaves over them, and tie the lid down with green ribbon-grass, and I'll send them over, by-and-by. I do like to live in peace and harmony with my neighbors!"  
Tinette obeyed, reluctantly enough. Down by the south terrace, however, she found some delicious cream-colored ones just opening, and discovered the tin

perfection of a humming-bird's nest, so that, in the course of time, her mood softened, and the strawberries were not only culled of the largest and sweetest, but were covered, under the basket-lid, with half-open rosebuds.  
"There may be something in the new neighbors, after all," said she to herself.  
When she had gathered the fruit and flowers, she took a blue-and-gold edition of Mrs. Browning's poems, and went down into a certain woody nook that she loved, to read and dream.  
"I can't be there when dear little Fairy is sent away," thought she, with a quivering lip. "The darling! she is so happy in her nest of cotton wool in the basket. Little does she dream that she will never see me again—or at least not until I go to spend the day, next week, with Uncle Bob at Eyrie Cottage!"  
It was when she was trying to lose all recollection of her sorrows in the musical numbers of "Little Ellie and the Swan's Nest," that Mrs. Wylie sent a neighbor's chubby-cheeked child over to the Vallinger cottage.  
"You'll find it on the dining-room table, Bessy," she said. "Take it over to Mrs. Vallinger with my compliments, and if she'll hang it down the well for half an hour, the fruit will be much fresher and cooler for tea. And here's a bunch of pansies for you, Bessy; and be sure you do the errand correctly."  
While Bessy was gone, the postman, who was also general carrier, called for the package for Eyrie Cottage. Mrs. Wylie ascended to give him the basket.  
"The little creature must be fast asleep," said she to herself. "She's as quiet as can be. Well, I'm glad to have her taken away while Tinette is gone. It will perhaps save her a pang; and after all, a kitten is a very insignificant thing to make trouble between neighbors, if only Tinette would think so."  
Her olive branch was graciously received at the cottage next door.  
"Strawberries, eh?" said Mr. Vallinger. "Tell Mrs. Wylie we are much obliged. We have heard of the exquisite fruit she raises, and are glad to have an opportunity of tasting some of it."  
So she hung the basket down the well with a long stouthead, and went to her son's study to tell him what had happened.  
"The neighbors appear to be quite friendly," said she. "I'm glad I adopted your suggestion, Walter, and sent over those tulips. If that crazy little yellow-haired child—"  
"Gently, mother," said the young man, smiling. "She is a very pretty young lady!"  
"Would only keep her mischievous cat at home, we might get along nicely," said the old lady, without heeding the interruption. "But I always did detest cats! Don't you suppose, Walter, we might poison the creature without any one being the wiser?"  
"The young lady with the golden tresses, mother? I'm afraid a coroner's inquest would bring the whole matter out."  
"Nonsense, Walter!—the cat, of course! A little strychnine, now, carefully placed between layers of fresh fish, or just a grain or so of arsenic on a little meat—"  
"Mother, you are a second Lucretia Borgia," said Walter Vallinger, with a gesture of mock horror. "I dare say the cat won't prove as troublesome as you are inclined to anticipate. And I prophesy that we and the next-door neighbors shall be great friends, after all."  
When tea-time came, Mrs. Vallinger prepared a modest feast—cold tongue, edged around with a green fringe of parsley; sponge-cake, daintily iced over; and a glass pitcher of real cream, procured from the people at the end of the lane, who kept cows.  
"Come, Walter," said the old lady, in great glee. "Bring me the basket of strawberries from the well. They have hung there, within three feet of the water, long enough to be deliciously cool. And tea is quite ready now."  
Walter obeyed. It was his habit to wait on his mother, with a sort of loving, unquestioning loyalty.  
He brought the basket in, untied the knot of pale-green ribbon that fastened down the lid, and out leaped a half-frozen kitten into the midst of the lettuce salad, which formed the centre dish of the banquet.  
"Kill the creature!" shrieked Mrs. Vallinger, recoiling. "This is one of those people's practical jokes, I suppose. I never knew anything so dreadful in all my life."  
But Walter had rescued the kitten from his mother's avenging hands.

"It's a pretty little creature," said he. "And it's bad luck to maltreat a present. No, we'll keep the little shivering ball of snow, mother, and try and teach it to respect our garden-beds. But it is rather a singular proceeding on the part of our neighbors—now, isn't it?"  
Three days afterward there came a knock at the door and Tinette Wylie stood there with pink cheeks, sparkling eyes, and hair all instinct with the gold of the declining sun.  
"Is this Mr. Vallinger?" said she.  
"Miss Wylie, I believe," said Walter, who had the kitten nesting in its cotton-lined basket on his study-table in full view.  
"Oh, treacherous Fairy, who was already so entirely reconciled to her new lot that she had not even a recognizing purr for the little mistress who had loved her so dearly!"  
"I am so sorry—so ashamed!" began Tinette. "But I never even knew it until this morning. Oh, what must you have thought? What sort of people must you have supposed us to be?"  
"I beg your pardon!" said Walter, himself beginning to get a little confused.  
"The kitten, you know," explained Tinette—"I feared—that is, I was quite certain that she was going to be an annoyance to you, so I packed her in a basket to send to my uncle, who lives on the other side of the mountain. And I gathered some strawberries on the same day, and mamma thinks she must have sent the wrong basket—because, when I went to Uncle Bob's to see how dear Fairy was getting along, there was no Fairy there, and I couldn't understand what he meant when he thanked me for the lovely strawberries and roses. So then it flashed over me all of a sudden, and mamma can't think how she could have been so careless, and oh, please, with a pretty clasping of the hands that had a pink dimple in every knuckle, "do forgive us, and let us have Fairy back again!"  
"But I don't think," said Walter Vallinger, "that I can spare her. I've become very fond of that kitten, do you know, Miss Wylie?"  
"I thought you hated cats," said Tinette.  
"So I did," said Walter—"at least I didn't like 'em. But I have changed my platform in regard to this particular cat. She is the dearest, gentlest, most sagacious little creature—"  
"Oh, isn't she?" cried Tinette, with kindling eyes. "I knew you would find it out in time!"  
"And my mother is as fond of the kitten as I am, strange to say," he went on. "You will let us keep her, I am sure!"  
Tinette's eyes fell; her color rose; this was too severe a trial of her loyalty.  
"Couldn't—couldn't we own her together?" she murmured.  
Walter Vallinger could not resist this appeal. He took the basket and placed it in Tinette's hands.  
"You have the best right to her," said he.  
"How can I ever thank you enough?" said she.  
She was almost ready to cry, but she laughed afterward, while he related their amazement, when the kitten leaped into the midst of the lettuce salad, their perplexity and their gradual conversion to the cat question.  
And it was a full hour before she went home to tell her mother what charming people the next-door neighbors were!  
"And I am to take Fairy over to see them every day," said she.  
"I declare," said old Mrs. Vallinger, "I didn't think it would be possible for me to miss a cat so much! She was a deal of company for me. By the way, Walter, how very pretty that young girl is?"  
"Very," said Walter.  
Mrs. Vallinger said no more, but her thoughts traveled far into the future. Like all women she was a born match-maker.  
"Who knows what may happen," she said to herself.—Saturday Night.

## A Four-Year-Old Girl Barber.

Mr. Wick, of Chelsea, England, is the father of a very rare infant, of which he and Chelsea can both be proud. The infant's name is Nelly. She is four years old, and on Wednesday, backed by her father, she shaved five men inside of thirty minutes for a silver medal. No medal was given to the men, who seem, however, to have deserved something. This precocious young lady did the job very neatly, with ten minutes to spare, taking only a little more than two minutes to a man. The men were picked out very stubby.—New York Sun.

## BELLS.

AN INTERESTING STORY ABOUT THEIR MANUFACTURE.

The Biggest Bells in the World—The Monster Czar Kolokol of Moscow—The Huge Bells of China and Japan.

Russia leads the world in the making of chimes, peals and church bells. In the city of Moscow alone, before the French Revolution, there were several hundred large bells, and many splendid ones have been added since. The simple fact that Russians regard the sound of bells not only as a holy summons to church, but also as a part of the very act of worship, accounts for their love of bells and their extravagance in procuring them. The Russians never tire of ringing their bells, and in Moscow the sounds which are produced on the Sabbath, without regard to harmony, are absolutely painful.  
The "Great Belle of Moscow," or "Czar Kolokol" (emperor of bells) is by far the largest in the world. Its weight is about 440,000 pounds, and its cost in simple structural material was about \$300,000. To this were added precious jewels and plate amounting in value to \$1,000,000 by the Russian nobles at the time of the casting. The dimensions of this bell are twenty-one feet in height and twenty-two feet in diameter. It was cast by order of the Empress Anne in 1734 from the metal of a gigantic predecessor, which had been greatly damaged, and is ornamented on the sides by several figures, one of which represents the Empress in flowing robes. The bell was ordinarily suspended from beams, which, being destroyed by fire in 1734, permitted the heated bell to fall to the ground and break, since which time it has been dumb. The Emperor Nicholas had it raised in 1837 and placed upon a low circular wall in the Kremlin. It is now consecrated as a chapel, the opening in its side being large enough to admit two men standing abreast. The bell is carefully guarded, and the Russians will not allow a particle of it to be carried away.  
The cathedral of Moscow has another monstrous bell weighing 120,000 pounds. It is suspended in the tower of Ivan Veliki, and when it is rung, three times a year, all the other bells are silent. The ringing is said to produce a trampling effect throughout the city. In the same tower are forty other bells, each of which weighs many tons. The bells of Russia are fixed, immovable, to their beams. Their tongues are slung by means of ropes drawn in such a manner as to cause the blows to fall on the surface at three points directly opposite to each other.  
The bells of China rank next in size to those of Russia. In many parts of China can be seen enormous bells lying on the ground, their weight having broken down the towers in which they were suspended. The bells are of excellent workmanship and are adorned with inscriptions inside and outside. They are of inferior tone, however, and not of a good shape. The dulness of their sound is increased by the fact that they are struck with wooden mallets instead of iron clappers. The great bell of China, in Peking, weighs 120,000 pounds. It is fourteen feet high and twelve inches in diameter. In Nankin there is a bell, now lying on the ground, which weighs 50,000 pounds.  
In Japan there are many large bells. They are of the same shape and composition as those in China, and are by no means musical. They are suspended in low towers near the temples, and are sounded by means of wooden beams swinging from the roofs, to which straw ropes are attached. The bells of Holland and the neighboring countries come next in point of size. They are hung about every church and public building in endless variety, and as the people are exceedingly fond of the tone of bells, they are never left at rest. In some cases a single tower contains not less than fifty bells.  
Here is a partial list of the biggest bells in other countries: In Vienna and Olmutz there are two bells weighing each 40,000 pounds. A bell in Rouen, France, weighs 36,000 pounds. The largest bell in Westminster, England, weighs 30,000 pounds; one in Erfurt, Germany, the same weight; one in Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, 30,000; one in St. Peter's, Rome, 17,000; the "Great Tom" at Oxford, 17,000; one at Rennes, France, 16,000; the Jacqueline, Paris, cast in A. D. 1490, 15,000; the "Great Tom" of Lincoln, Eng., 12,000; and the bell of St. Paul's, London, 11,500. The

weight of the bells in the United States falls considerably below these figures, although in tone they are, perhaps, better.  
The composition of bells has been about the same in all ages, namely copper and tin, the proportions alone being different. And the experience of ages has shown that those are the only capable metals of producing a proper ringing alloy. Iron and steel and sometimes gold and silver have been put into the composition of bells as an experiment, but solely to the injury of the tone. Iron and steel have been found the least suitable, owing to the harsh, disagreeable sounds which they alone are capable of producing, while silver and gold, incapable of producing the full, clear tones requisite in a bell. People talk of the "silver tinkling of a bell." Now, the fact is that if a bell were made of silver there would be very little tinkling.  
The tone of a bell is the result of its vibrations. When struck a bell changes shape, and these changes constitute the vibrations. At one moment a bell is an  
Men and Things in Liberia.  
Henry W. Grimes, ex-Attorney-General, of Liberia, Africa, arrived in New York city recently, from that young republic. He is a bright young colored man, a West Indian by birth, and is full of information about his adopted country, to which he is warmly attached. But while enthusiastic about its future Mr. Grimes does not hesitate to point out defects in the Liberian Government when he finds them. "The country is advancing steadily," he remarked, in discussing its affairs, but the people are ahead of the Government. Our Government, as you are perhaps aware, is modeled after that of the United States, only we elect a President every two years instead of four. This is too often. The Government is hampered also from the lack of good, able men as public officials. The salaries are small, and men of ability prefer to engage in other pursuits that are more lucrative. But all this will be remedied in time, of course.  
"The country is improving rapidly in agriculture. Over 1,000,000 pounds of coffee was exported from our country, Montserade, last year. Our exports of ginger, arrowroot, etc., are increasing rapidly. We need better means of transportation, though, very much. The roads are poor and there are no railroads whatever. Nearly all transportation is by water, and this is slow, toilsome and expensive. There is a fine field for American enterprise. Concessions for railroads could be obtained, and legitimate investments would find good returns. There are no revolutions to be feared. The people are peaceable and law-abiding."  
In answer to a question about the progress of Christianity, Mr. Grimes replied: "It is not gaining ground as rapidly as I should like to see it. The Mahometan missionary is more successful. He comes into a village with perhaps nothing but a mat. On this he sits and instructs people that there is one God and Mahomet is His prophet.  
"The climate is healthful, the temperature ranging between seventy and eighty degrees, seldom over ninety degrees.—New York Tribune.

## Sending a Map or Picture by Telegraph.

The fac-simile telegraph, by which manuscript, maps or pictures may be transmitted, is a species of the automatic method already described, in which the receiver is actuated synchronously with its transmitter. By Lenoir's method a picture or map is outlined with insulating ink upon the cylindrical surface of a rotating drum, which revolves under a point having a slow movement along the axis of the cylinder, and thus the conducting point goes over the cylindrical surface of a spiral path. The electrical circuit will be broken by every ink-mark on the cylinder which is in this path, and thereby corresponding marks are made in a spiral line by an ink-marker upon a drum at the receiving end. To produce these outlines it is only necessary that the two drums be rotated in unison. This system is of little utility, there being no apparent demand for fac-simile transmission, particularly at so great an expense of speed, for it will be seen that instead of making a character of the alphabet by a very few separate pulses, as is done by Morse, the number must be greatly increased. Many dots become necessary to show the outlines of the more complex characters.  
The pantograph is an interesting type of the fac-simile method. In this form the movements of a pen in the writer's hand produce corresponding movements of a pen at the distant station, and thereby a fac-simile record.—Scribner.

How Stephen Girard Made a Man Rich.  
Seeing a story about old Stephen Girard the other day reminded me of an incident that shows one of his peculiarities. Girard had a drayman who was a decidedly poor man. One day the drayman, who was an industrious, bright fellow, with a good many mouths to fill at home, was heard to remark that he wished he was rich.  
"What's that?" sharply said Girard, who heard the grumble.  
"Oh," said the man, "I was only wishing I was rich."  
"Well, why don't you get rich?" said the millionaire harshly.  
"I don't know how without money," returned the drayman.  
"You don't need money," said Girard.  
"Well, if you will tell me how to get rich without money I won't let the grass grow before trying it," returned the other.  
"There is going to be a ship load of confiscated tea sold at auction to-morrow at the wharf; go down there and buy it in and then come to me."  
The man laughed. "I have no money to buy a ship load of tea with," he said.  
"You don't need any money, I tell you," snapped the old man. "Go down and bid on the whole cargo and then come to me."  
The next day the drayman went down to the sale. A large crowd of retailers were present, and the auctioneer said that those bidding would have the privilege of taking one case or the whole ship load, and that the bidding would be on the pound. He then began the sale. A retail grocer started the bidding and the drayman raised him. On seeing this the crowd gazed with no small amount of surprise. When the case was knocked down to the drayman the auctioneer said he supposed the buyer only desired the one case.  
"I'll take the whole ship load," coolly returned the successful bidder.  
The auctioneer was astonished, but on some one whispering to him that it was Girard's man who was the speaker his manner changed, and he said he supposed it was all right. The news soon spread that Girard was buying tea in large quantities, and the next day the price rose several cents.  
"Go and sell your tea," said Girard to the drayman the next day.  
The drayman washed, and he went out and made contracts with several brokers to take the stock at a shade below the market price, thereby making a quick sale. In a few hours he was worth \$50,000.—Globe-Democrat.

## Pioneers Justice in Michigan.

A story that Judge Reilly occasionally repeats when the subject of Michigan justice is up for discussion, runs substantially as follows:  
When Gratiot County, Mich., first began to be disturbed by pioneers, and after it had its first Justice of the Peace, a farmer named Davidson walked three miles to secure a warrant for the arrest of his neighbor named Meacham for assault and battery. To save the constable a six mile trip the defendant walked with the plaintiff. They encountered his Honor just leaving his house with his gun on his shoulder, and Davidson halted him with:  
"Squire, I want a warrant for this man for striking me."  
"I'm in an awful hurry," said the squire. "Come to-morrow."  
"So'm I in a hurry, and I'm going to have a raising to-morrow."  
"Meacham, did you hit him?" asked the Justice.  
"Yes."  
"Davidson, did you strike first?"  
"No."  
"Meacham, had you rather work for Davidson three days than go to jail?"  
"I guess so," answered Meacham.  
"And will that satisfy you, Davidson?"  
"Yes."  
"Then make tracks for home, and don't bother me another minute. My son has just come in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up the same beech, down at the edge of the slashing, and I'm going to have some bear meat if it upsets the Supreme Bench of Michigan. Court stands adjourned at present."  
—Detroit Tribune.

## No Poetry in His.

"No," he sighed, wearily, as the train sped on toward the big city, "no; there isn't much poetry in my life."  
"What might be your business?" asked the man in the same seat.  
"I am employed by a leading publishing house to examine all verses submitted to it for publication."—Judge.

State Library