

# THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor & Proprietor.

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

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## SONG OF THE STREET MUSICIAN.

When the warm rains fall, when the bright suns shine,  
When the sap is flowing back in the long grape-vine,  
When the lambs begin to bleat and the leaves begin to grow,  
Merrily I follow with the fiddle and the bow.  
My father has a harp, its sound is very sweet,  
We stand beneath the balconies together on the street;  
He is thinking of the land where the pleasant olives grow;  
But I can think of nothing but the twanging of the bow!  
Happy are the orchards, rosy with their fruit;  
Happy are the long nights when the string is mute;  
Happy is the greensward where the maidens go  
Dancing to the music of the fiddle and the bow!  
Now the earth is frosty, now the sky is pale,  
The leaves begin to fall and the winds begin to wail;  
Mingled with the night storm, muffled with the snow,  
Listen at your windows to the twanging of the bow!  
—Dora K. Godale, in the Independent.

## JOE'S STORY.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Mother died some time last May. There wasn't any one I belonged to then, so I had to hustle for myself, like most of us newspaper chaps have to. I hadn't any regular place to sleep, but it comin' on summer I didn't care so much, 'ceptin', of course, when it rained. Then a fellow can generally find cover somewhere, if it isn't so nice.

But this night I'm going to tell of was pleasant and warm. The "cop" didn't drive me off my private settee in Central Park till high one in the morning. Guess he overslept himself.

When I'm roused up that way, I generally make Morrison's, way down town, my headquarters. It's a high-toned place, so it's cheaper for me to stop outside. But there's the light from the windows, and every time the big doors swing open a fellow can see, just for a minute, eating and drinking going on, and if he imagines a good deal, why it's almost as good as being inside.

Three swell looking chaps was standing outside when I got there. Not for the same reason I was, though. They'd been to the theater, or somewhere else, and as I heard one of 'em say, it was too early in the evening to think of going to bed.

It was Jack Meagher said that. "Handsome Jack," they used to call him in our ward, where he was raised. All us fellows know "Handsome Jack" by sight. Though you'd never think he come from any such low down place as Water street, to look at his swell rig and hear him talk.

But they say he's one of them kind that catches on easy to real gentlemen's ways. And he's great on faro and poker, so of course he's hand and glove with chaps that's trying to see life through a club winder.

Now, though it's me says it, I've a bit of a voice of my own, wherever I got it. For a spell I was choir boy at St. Michael's, with a white surplus and all that sort of thing. But the others chaffed me about not having any shirt, so I left.

Sometimes, when I was stuck on papers or extra hand, I used to sing for nickels front of Morrison's just about this time of night—the "catchy" songs that happens to be going, such as we chaps pick up on the street.

So when "Handsome Jack" sees me he calls out:  
"Hello," he says, "here's Joe, the boy that sings." And nothing to do but the three of 'em must take me inside for a song.

There was another one of the party I knowed by sight. He used to buy papers of me reg'lar, one time. I heard 'em say his folks left him a pile of money and he was gettin' through it as fast as "Handsome Jack," and such as he, could help him. But I ain't givin' no one away in this story. I'm not one of that sort. I ain't a New York reporter, and don't you forget it. So this man was Smith—John Smith. P'raps you've heard the name, but it isn't the same man—it's a second cousin of his. But it was him that set me down to one of the little tables with a plate of sandwiches.

After we once got inside, Smith didn't seem to have much to say to the others, or to anybody else, for that matter. He stood leaning up against the bar counter with a cigar in his mouth, but I see he'd forgot to light it. Some of the young fellows he knew joked him a bit, but he didn't seem to notice it much. And I kind of wondered what ailed him—good looking, plenty of money, and all the rest of it.

"Handsome Jack," with a friend of his, sat down to the table nigh mine,

with the drinks between 'em. I've got a pair of sharp ears of my own, and I heard the other one say:

"Smith's about squeezed dry, eh, Jack?"

"Yes, poor fool," Jack says, as easy as you please; "nothing more to be got from him. If he wants to borrow anything, just give him the cold shake. That's just what I shall do. A fellow's got to look out for number one in this world."

The man with Jack nodded. And I remember thinking what a healthy lot of friend's Smith's money had bought him.

Well, after I got through, I stood up like a little man to pay for what I'd had—in my way. I sung 'em two or three of the things that was popularest then, but somehow they didn't seem to take. "Can't you give us something different from those stale chestnuts?" some one says, and I pulled up short. I was going to leave them then and there, but Smith it was who stopped me.

"Never mind 'em, 'oe," he says kind of low like: "can't you think of something a little different—something new of us have heard?"

Whatever made me do it I don't know to this day. It was what they used to sing at St. Michael's. Just one verse was all I could remember then:

"I was not always thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to chide and see my path. But now Lead Thou me on;  
I loved the garish day, and spite of tears,  
Fridays ruled my heart. Remember not past years."

Of course I haven't got learning, 'specially kind as a fellow picks up in the street. And I never used to sense the meaning of the church music, like I did the tunes. And when I got through I wondered what made it so still in the room for a minute.

Smith was the first one spoke. Not spoke exactly, for it was a kind of a groan. Then he yanked his hat over his eyes and went out.

"Guess you needn't go on, Joe," says "Handsome Jack," looking up; "you've drove one man off 's ready."

"Too rich for Smith's blood," another one laughed, and so they were going on, when a young fellow, who hadn't spoken before, put in his word.

"Let up," he says, kind of serious like. "Don't kick the man, now he's down. The girl Smith was engaged to used to be leading soprano at Trinity, and people came from far and near to hear her sing that as a solo. It kind of upset him hearing it, I suppose."

"Well, some laughed and some sneered, but I didn't wait to hear what else was said. A fellow shoved a quarter in my hand and I slid out.

Smith was standing under the electric light on the corner, with his hands in his pockets and his hat over his eyes as I was goin' past. He caught me by the shoulder—not rough, though—and twisted me round.

"Joe," he says, sudden like, "if I had some of the money I've thrown away, you should have a new suit of clothes from top to toe."

For my duds was just awful, and that's the fact. Rags and patches, only the rags was worst. And before I knowed what he was doin', he went down on his knees, and after fumblin' about his vest a bit, pinned up the biggest tear of all, so's the bare skin didn't show quite so bad in where my trousers was ripped from knee up.

Course I didn't think nothing much of it more than it was kind of a freak took him, till next mornin'. And if you'll believe me, Smith had took a pin—opil, sot with little dimuns—outer his necktie for to pin up my rags with.

I didn't know what to do at the first of it, not having any idea where to look for Smith. And not movin' in what you might call the highest circles, my 'quaintances mostly wasn't them I'd care to ask advice of regardin' jewelry.

But there's a young lady lives up nigh Washington Square that was awful good to mother while she was sick. She belongs to a "guild." I think they call 'em, and teaches a mission school down in our ward, where I used to drift in sometimes of a Sunday. I took the pin to her and told her the whole story.

She turned whiter'n one of the marble statues in her parlor when she sees the pin. But she never spoke for a minute.

"You did quite right to bring me this, Joe," she says, after a bit. "Mr. Smith is—a—a friend of mine, and I will see it returned to him. If, as you heard, he has lost all his money—"

And then she stopped, and I walked to the window. She stood there lookin' out at nothin' ever so long. Then she gave me a dollar and I left. And it was over a year 'fore I ever heard of or see Smith again.

But meanwhile Miss—the young lady I'm speaking of—Miss Blank, I'll call her, got me a steady job carrying out papers for a newsdealer she knowed.

And Wednesday and Fridays she paid me for blowin' the little organ to the mission chapel I was telling of.

I was late that day, and when I got to the mission little Mike Dwyer was blowin' in my place. There wasn't a soul there to hear, but Miss Blank was kind of playin' all to herself, so I sot down a bit to lis'en.

Some one come shu'lin' in and sot down near the door. When I looked round, he'd dropped his arms on the top of the settee for'ard of him and laid his face down on 'em.

"Half drunk, likely enough," I said to myself—for lots of that kind drift into the mission—it being sort of in the slums, as you may say. But its folks of that kind the mission is trying to get hold of. And this man, so far as I could make out by his seedy rig, seemed to be something in that line of business.

Whilst I was in the choir boy line, I heard some pretty good singing as a matter of course. But talk about your sopranos—Miss Blank just went ahead of anything.

Curious wasn't it, that she should all at once have struck in on "Kindly Light?"

"Solong Thy power hath blessed me; sure,  
It still will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen—o'er crag and torrent—  
Till the night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since—and lost awhile."

She and the organ stopped all at once. It was still as death in the vestry, and I heard her give kind of a sob.

"Great Heavens," says the man behind me. And I look round again to shake my head at him. But you might have knocked me out with a feather duster in one round. It was Smith—but his own mother if she'd been alive never'd knowed him. Pale and peaked, with a shiny coat and trousers fringed at the botto's—well, he didn't look much like the Smith I see at Morrison's, you can bet.

All the same, I knowed him; and went for him like a shot, for he was making a break for the door.

"Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith," I sung out, "stop, I want to tell you about your scarf pin. Miss Blank has got it, and—"

"Arthur!"

It was only a word, but it turned me round like a top. There stood Miss Blank, staring at Mr. Smith—only, staring isn't the word—who I was hanging onto like anything. For I was bound to make myself square about the scarf pin.

"Arthur," she says again, and sank down onto the settee like she was faint. He never said a word. He put his hand over his face, went square down on his knees front of her and dropped his head in her lap.

I ain't none too bright about things like that; but I've read love stories in the papers before now, and I see that wasn't no place for me, so I lit out soon's I got my wits about me, and let 'em fix things up their own way before any one come in.

Was they married finally? Well, I should say so. And I always call'd it I had a hand in it, too. For, don't you see, the opil and dimun' pin was one Miss Blank had give him for a birt'nay ever so long before—that's how she knowed it so quick. And that's all.—*New York Ar. exp.*

## Some Effects of Natural Gas.

A Penn avenue physician, in speaking of some of the effects of heat from natural gas, said:

"The use of natural gas has been a general topic of complaint with a large number of my patients. I am not prepared to say that deafness is on the increase, but natural gas as it is now used in dwellings has a decided tendency in that direction. The great trouble is this: The gas is turned on to such an extent that a very high temperature is obtained and maintained throughout the day and night. This at all times is unhealthy. The heat is entirely without moisture, that will naturally dry up the delicate membranes, produce a dry catarrhal disease which very naturally affects the ear and throat, producing both hoarseness and deafness.

"With coal it is different. There is a certain amount of moisture given out in the combustion along with the various degrees of heat obtained. Of course, any heat is dry in the abstract, but when combined with steam or any moist substance the effects are very different. A number of our patients declare that the gas has made them deaf. That can only be, as I have said, because the excessive heat dries up the membranes in the head."—*Fittsbury Dispatch.*

The Cubans are greatly excited over the rumor that there is a plan in this country to buy their island. The Spanish Minister of the Interior, however, declares that Spain will never consent to part with Cuba or any other colony for any consideration whatever.

## SHOOTING STARS.

### THE SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF METEORIC SHOWERS.

#### Some Rare and Historical Celestial Phenomena—The Wonderful Relationship Between Comets and Meteors.\*

There are few persons who have not witnessed the striking phenomena of the so called "shooting stars." They are visible any clear night, and with a little patient observation several may be seen during an evening. Flashing out in various quarters of the heavens, they are seen to dart across the sky, with motions more or less rapid, and with brilliancy more or less marked, some down toward mother earth, others across the stary arch, leaving behind them a phosphorescent glow generally visible only for a moment. Larger meteors (and the term at this stage can only be used in expressing their size by their light) often leave behind them a very marked glow, much like a faint cloud, and which when the meteor's flight is thus marked, usually remains suspended in the sky for some considerable time. The writer saw such a meteor on the night of August 9, 1883, which left in its path a greenish glow, visible to the naked eye for fully twenty minutes. Such occurrences are rare, however, and a few are witnessed in a lifetime. Instances are on record of meteoric showers visible in broad daylight, and well-attested statements have been made of single meteors of great size seen to fall in various parts of the country between sunrise and sunset.

Meteoric showers have in numerous instances been so marvelous that the fall presented an appearance like that of a light fall of illuminated snow. One of the earliest of recorded phenomena of this character, and which is well attested, was witnessed by Humboldt and Bonpland early on the morning of November 12, 1799, during their visit to the east coast of Mexico. Another well-attested statement is that of Arago, the well-known astronomer, who on the night of November 12, 1833 (and here note that both occurred on the same day of the same month, and divided by a space of thirty-four years), witnessed such a marvelous shower: that he estimated during his observation of three hours 240,000 visible meteors passed over the heavens. A rough estimate of the number of meteors, sufficiently bright to be seen by the naked eye under favorable circumstances, and those invisible, owing to the daylight, and which enter the earth's atmosphere during the space of twenty-four hours, is about 7,000,000. Some well-known scientists, taking into consideration those which would be revealed if the eye possessed the light-grasping power of our larger telescopes, in case that number to about 400,000,000. We often hear of the falling of "great balls of fire," with startling explosions following. Scientists tell us that these so-called balls of fire are really compact groups of small meteors. When such a group comes within the attraction of the earth it is drawn rapidly toward her surface. The encounter with the atmosphere separates them and at the same time consumes them, producing no little agitation of the air, and thus causing the sound. This action of separation and burning would give a result in some cases much like that of a rocket exploding in the air, with which display all are familiar.

Instances of meteoric bodies falling to earth are comparatively rare. To enable it to reach the earth the mass of matter composing a meteor must be of sufficient bulk to prevent complete dissipation or consumption during its passage through the atmosphere to earth. However, "showers of stones" are matters of history. On the 26th of April, 1807, such a shower occurred at L'Aigle, in Normandy. The number of meteoric stones within a space of fourteen square miles was over 3000. This fall was accompanied by "bright light and loud explosions." The height at which meteors first appear visible is a much disputed question. Estimates made by well known observers give results varying from forty to ninety miles; the average velocity accorded them being about twenty-six miles per second, or nearly half as fast again as the earth travels around the sun. Some meteors, however, have been observed to possess a velocity of over 100 miles per second, or 300,000 miles per hour.

Perhaps the reader will ask: "Why are these bodies burned up?" The answer is this: Suppose two bodies moving in space with such great velocity and in independent orbits encounter; what will be the result? A sudden check of their motion converts that motion into heat. This rule applies in all cases. In the case of the

earth and the meteors the action is identical. The mean rate of motion of the earth in her orbit is about nineteen miles per second. Moving along at this rate she encounters a cloud of meteors whose motion is further increased by the attraction of the greater body. The cloud of meteors encounters resistance in the earth's atmosphere and the friction produced converts the motion into heat: so great that the meteoric bodies are rapidly dissipated. Of course, some heat is generated in the earth's atmosphere, as its share of the encounter, but the relative amount of the bulk, or quantity, is trifling. It is stated that the amount of heat ordinarily developed by the above described encounter is enough to vaporize any known substance almost instantly! The fact that the greater number of meteors are consumed and disappear before they reach the earth is sufficient evidence that their mass is small. Such of these meteoric visitors as have been discovered on the surface of the earth and afterward analyzed show, in general, only terrestrial elements.

Distinction is made between "accidental meteors" and "meteoric showers." As relates to the first named, their visibility is common at all times and might be called "accidental" because they usually appear in widely different quarters of the sky and possess widely different paths. "Meteoric showers make their appearance in certain portions of the sky—that is they appear to radiate always from some particular constellation. These showers always take place on certain nights of August and November of every year. It is believed, from the fact that the occur annually, that the meteors causing them revolve in orbit around our sun, and intersect the earth's orbit at points reached by her in August and November. Further, that these rings of meteors are of varying thickness at different points, giving us showers of varying splendor. The greatest display by the November meteors takes place every thirty-four years. The orbits of the August and November meteors have been calculated by Leverier and others, who discovered the wonderful relationship between meteors and comets.

The polariscope shows us that comets appear to shine by reflected sunlight. Schiaparelli, of Milan, established the identity of the August meteor shower and comet III of 1862. This astronomer's theory of the wonderful relationship existing between comets, meteors and nebulae is worthy of careful consideration. It is about as follows: Clouds of meteoric particles exist and move about through space. Leverier states that a cosmical cloud entered our system in January in the year 126, and by passing too near the planet Uranus its path became transformed into an elliptical orbit around the sun. This orbit, as calculated, agreed with the calculated orbit of Temple's comet of 1865 and this latter orbit agrees with the calculated orbit of the November meteors.—*Washington Star.*

#### Identification by Thumb-Marks.

Curiously enough, the thumb-mark of one person is entirely unlike that of any other, those of no two human creatures in all the world resembling one another in the least. So strongly individual are the little spiral grooves in the skin of the ball, that the police authorities of China, have made it their practice for centuries to identify criminals by taking impressions of their thumbs instead of photographing their faces. These are stored away, and if the delinquents are again caught offending against the law other impressions afford means of comparison. The Chinese say that considering the alteration made in the countenance by hair and beard, and the readiness with which the features of the prisoner may be distorted before the camera, their method is decidedly superior. By it, indeed, error is rendered impossible.

The application of this device to railway tickets would not be so very difficult it is thought. Of course, the point which the railroads have been trying in so many ways to secure, as a defense against scalpers and such, is the identification of each ticket holder with the original buyer. This, if thoroughly accomplished, would prevent the pasteboards from being sold through brokers or thieves. Many schemes have been already tried, such as securing each passenger's signature on the ticket when he buys it, to be duplicated when the coupon is taken up by the conductor. The thumb-mark would offer no disadvantage worth mentioning. Each person when he buys a ticket will be asked by the agent to press his thumb upon a corner of the cardboard, the surface of which has been prepared chemically so as to receive a clear impression. A duplicate impression is made by the passenger alongside the first one when the conductor calls for the fare. Thus each traveler is completely identified.—*Pittsburgh*

## LADIES' COLUMN.

**Women Physicians in India.**  
Lady doctors in Indian hospitals receive rather higher salaries than men of the same grade, as they have no pension or regularly increasing salary promised them. A lady doctor must undertake to serve five years; her passage out is paid; her salary is 350 rupees a month, and at the end of five years she receives 800 rupees as passage money. She has one month's holiday during the year on full pay and is not excluded from private practice.

#### A Delicate Girl's Work.

A reporter has a window that commands a view of a sewing-room over a gentleman's furnishing store. Every morning when the reporter gets up he sees a slender girl sewing by the work-room window. Often when he comes home at night she is still sewing. She is making eyelets in shirt fronts. It is nice and delicate work, though she does it with the persistency of a machine. She takes thirty stitches every minute. That is 1800 every hour or 18,000 every day. In a week she takes 108,000 stitches. Her hand moves a yard for every stitch. In a week she measures off precisely six miles and a quarter of space with that hand. The pay for this prodigious amount of effective labor is \$1 a day, and she is considered a high-priced, skilled workwoman.—*Philadelphia Press.*

#### Chance to Become Housekeepers.

A project that has been contemplated for some time by Mr. A. J. Drexel, the Philadelphia millionaire, has been put in practical shape by the purchase of the Louella mansion at Wayne, Delaware County, and the selection of trustees and managers for the Drexel Industrial College for Women. The object of the institution is to instruct females between the ages of thirteen and nineteen years in all duties appertaining to the care of a household, and to teach such trades and businesses as will make them practical women, able to earn a respectable livelihood. The benefits of the college are to be extended, first, to the daughters of clergymen, and second, to daughters of respectable parents, who, through adverse circumstances, are unable to give their children proper training and education.

The entire expense of the purchase, new structures and endowment will be met by Mr. Drexel, and the amount, it is said, will reach \$1,500,000. In connection with the college instruction will be given upon the plan of the Cooper Institute, by which pupils will receive tuition while residing at their own homes.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

#### Muslins in Style Again.

There will be a great rage for embroidered and printed muslins, white and colored, on delicate grounds, during the coming season, according to Jennie June, because they make up so well in straight skirts. The newest styles revive the borders in graceful patterns round the bottom of the skirt; borders between which and the small designs upon the upper part of the skirt there is no abrupt transition, but a gradual lessening until the lines are lost in the soft blending of shades or figures in the folds. The gathered bodice will undoubtedly be more fashionable than ever; but the surplice waist, which had it all its own way last year, will divide the honors with the fluted folds of the Grecian bodice this season, and the full sleeves be partly superseded by the flowing and loose, open sleeve of thirty years ago. There is talk of reviving the "spencer" of fifty years ago, and indeed the smocked and gathered bodices are a close approach to it. A spencer of black silk with a ruff of lace over a white or light muslin skirt, accompanied by large, black, chip hat and plumes, would look well upon a moderately tall and slender young American girl; and it is to be hoped some of them will try it.—*New York Star.*

#### Fashion Notes.

Plaid crape is used in Paris for dresses. White is pretty for house dresses all the year around. Large brimmed hats are features of spring millinery. Green is again to the front in greater variety than even. Most of the new tints are delicate and beautiful.

At an entertainment given by a mission band at Toronto, Canada, one of the characters, "Britannia," stood on the American flag while introducing the representatives of the various nations to the audience. Professor Marshall, of Queen's University, who acted as chairman, remarked that the flag was placed there to show Great Britain's relations to the United States. This declaration, getting into the local journals, caused much indignation and protest and the university authorities have been asked to reprimand the professor.

State Library