

# Orange County Observer.

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**SONG OF THE STREET MUSICIAN.**  
 When the warm rains fall, when the bright sun shines,  
 When the sap is flowing back in the long grape vine,  
 When the birds 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 olive grows,  
 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 are the greenward 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,  
 Mingle with the night storm, muffled with the snow,  
 Listen at your windows to the twanging of the bow!  
 —Dora B. Goodale, 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 my regular place to sleep, but it comin' on summer I don'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 in it.

Three well 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's 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 came 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, whenever I got it. For a spell I was choir boy at St. Michael's, with a white surplice 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 a hard up, I used to sing for nickels front of Morrison's, just about this time of night—the "swatchy" songs that happens to be going, such as we chaps pick upon 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 regular, 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 as he has he, could help him. But I ain't givin' no one away in this story. 'Tis 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. I praps you've heard the name, but it isn't the same man as a school 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 knowed looked 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 right 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 popular then, but somehow they didn't seem to take.

"Can't you give us something different from those state chestnuts?" someone 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 none 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 Shouldest lead me on,  
 I loved to chase and see my path. But now I lead Thee on,  
 I loved the garish day, and 'spite of tears, Pride ruled my heart. Remember not my years."

Of course I haven't got learning, so they 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 already."

"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 a lady 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 showed 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 going 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."

I or my dad's was just awful, and that's the fact. Bags and patches, only the rags was worse. 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 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—opit, sort with little dim ins—outter 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 acquaintances 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'd do quite right to bring me this, Joe," she says, after a bit. "Mr. Smith is—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 left. And it was over a year 'fore I ever heard of or see Smith again.

But meanwhile Miss—fine 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 Wednesdays 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 set down a bit to listen.

Some one come shuddin' in and set 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 seely 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—'er crag and torrent-till  
 The night is gone,  
 And with the morn thou angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since—and loe 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 roard. 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 as—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 out 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 as I got my wit's 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 called I had a hand in it, too. For, don't you see, the opit and dimun' pin was one Miss Blank had give him for a birthday ever so long before—that's how she knowed it so quick. And that's all.—New York An. exp.

## SOME EFFECTS OF NATURAL GAS.

A Penn avenue physician, in speaking of some of the effects of heat from natura 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."  
 —Cottburg 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 hours or a day.

The writer saw such a meteor on the night of August 9, 1888, 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 210,000 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 40,000,000. 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 2d 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

### High-Gauge Thermometers.

Mercury extracted from cinabar ore mined in California is most highly prized by the manufacturers of thermometers. Making high register thermometers has become a business of itself, and considerable art and ingenuity are required to make a success of these valuable instruments. With the adjustment of the thermometer to a high scale of heat and the perfect accuracy with which it may be made to gauge temperatures of great intensity, many new uses have been made of it. For instance, in going about the city one finds the high-gauge thermometer in the hands of confectioners, brewers, hotel and restaurant cooks and others who in former days made no use of the instrument whatever in their respective lines. These high-gauge thermometers will register the temperature of ovens to as high a point as 600. Hotel and restaurant cooks, by computing the number of pounds in a piece of meat and the temperature of the oven, can tell exactly how long to allow a joint to cook and know precisely when it is "done to a turn." Confectioners use a thermometer indicating as high as 400 degrees to ascertain when the candy has been boiled to a sufficiently high degree. A specially made instrument is used by brewers, running as high as 55 degrees, for taking the temperature of their mash tubs.

North Carolina contains 48,580 square miles.

### Piedmont Air-Line Route.

Richmond & Danville Railroad.  
 Condensed Schedule in Effect Jan. 6, 1889.

Trains Run by 75' Meridian Time.

DAILY			
SOUTHBOUND			
	No. 51.	No. 50.	No. 52.
Ly New York	12:15 a.m.	4:30 p.m.	
Ly Philadelphia	7:20 a.m.	6:57 p.m.	
Ly Baltimore	9:45 a.m.	9:42 p.m.	
Ly Washington	11:30 a.m.	11:00 p.m.	
Ly Charlottesville	1:40 p.m.	3:00 a.m.	
Ly Lynchburg	5:45 p.m.	5:10 a.m.	
Ar Danville	8:30 p.m.	7:45 a.m.	
Ly Richmond	3:10 p.m.	3:30 a.m.	
Ly Burkeville	5:12 p.m.	4:27 a.m.	
Ly Keeseville	5:35 p.m.	5:07 a.m.	
Ar Danville	8:50 p.m.	8:05 a.m.	
Ar Greensboro	10:35 p.m.	9:42 a.m.	
Ly Goldsboro	11:55 a.m.	10:10 p.m.	
Ar Raleigh	2:10 p.m.	12:35 a.m.	
Ly Salisbury	4:45 p.m.	3:15 a.m.	
Ar Durham	5:55 p.m.	4:25 a.m.	
Ar Greensboro	8:30 p.m.	7:40 a.m.	
Ly Salem	10:15 p.m.	9:30 a.m.	
Ly Greensboro	10:45 p.m.	9:50 a.m.	
Ar Salisbury	12:21 a.m.	11:15 a.m.	
Ar Statesville	1:51 a.m.	12:12 p.m.	
Ar Asheville	2:44 a.m.	1:44 p.m.	
Ar Hot Springs	3:25 a.m.	2:19 p.m.	
Ly Salisbury	12:30 a.m.	11:23 a.m.	
Ar Charlotte	1:55 a.m.	12:40 p.m.	
Ly Spartanburg	4:40 a.m.	3:35 p.m.	
Ly Greenville	5:50 a.m.	4:48 p.m.	
Ar Atlanta	11:00 a.m.	9:40 p.m.	
Ly Charlotte	2:10 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	
Ar Columbia	3:00 a.m.	1:50 p.m.	
Ar Augusta	10:30 p.m.	2:05 a.m.	
DAILY			
NORTHBOUND			
	No. 52.	No. 51.	No. 53.
Ly Augusta	6:15 p.m.	8:45 a.m.	
Ar Columbia	10:40 p.m.	12:50 p.m.	
Ar Charlotte	1:15 a.m.	3:15 p.m.	
Ly Atlanta	6:00 p.m.	8:10 a.m.	
Ar Greenville	1:00 a.m.	1:51 p.m.	
Ar Spartanburg	2:11 a.m.	2:52 p.m.	
Ar Charlotte	4:50 a.m.	5:30 p.m.	
Ar Salisbury	6:25 a.m.	7:00 p.m.	
Ly Hot Springs	8:05 p.m.	12:10 p.m.	
Ar Asheville	9:45 p.m.	1:32 p.m.	
Ar Statesville	1:20 a.m.	6:03 p.m.	
Ar Salisbury	4:57 p.m.	6:43 p.m.	
Ly Salisbury	6:37 p.m.	7:12 a.m.	
Ar Greensboro	8:00 a.m.	8:40 p.m.	
Ar Durham	9:45 a.m.	10:30 p.m.	
Ar Raleigh	1:02 p.m.	7:50 a.m.	
Ly Salisbury	10:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.	
Ar Salem	10:50 a.m.	11:45 a.m.	
Ar Greensboro	3:10 p.m.	4:11 a.m.	
Ar Danville	5:45 p.m.	6:50 a.m.	
Ar Keeseville	12:11 p.m.	1:45 a.m.	
Ar Burkeville	1:30 p.m.	2:30 a.m.	
Ar Richmond	7:30 p.m.	5:15 a.m.	
Ly Lynchburg	12:40 p.m.	12:55 a.m.	
Ar Charlottesville	2:55 p.m.	3:00 a.m.	
Ar Washington	7:55 p.m.	7:00 a.m.	
Ar Baltimore	8:50 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	
Ar Philadelphia	3:00 a.m.	10:47 p.m.	
Ar New York	6:30 a.m.	11:30 p.m.	
* Daily, except Sunday.			

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE  
 On Trains 50 and 51, Pullman Buffet sleepers between Atlanta and New York.  
 On Trains 52 and 53, Pullman Buffet sleepers between Washington and Montgomery, Washington and Augusta. Pullman sleepers between Richmond and Greensboro. Pullman Parlor Car between Salisbury and Knoxville.  
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