

The Goldsboro Star.

"Hear Instruction and be Wise, and Refuse it Not."

VOL. I.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1881.

NO. 9.

Entered at the Postoffice at Goldsboro, N. C., as Second-class Matter.

All communications on business should be addressed to Geo. T. Wasson, Editor and Proprietor, Goldsboro, N. C.

A Forest Scene Beside the Amazon.

On the third evening after our departure from Bogota we encamped on the banks of the Rio Patamayo (a tributary of the Amazon), in a grove of majestic adansonia or monkey fig trees. High over our heads we heard an incessant grunting and chattering, but the evening was too far advanced for us to distinguish the little creatures that moved in the top branches of the tall trees. The next morning, however, the noise recommenced, and we saw that the grunters were a sort of small racoons, and the chatters a troop of monos or capuchin monkeys.

After a consultation with the Indians we fastened our monkey, Billy, to a string, and made him go up the tree as high as we could drive him without betraying our presence to his relatives. We had no traps for catching them, but our plan was to let them come near enough for us to shoot one of the mothers without hurting her babies. Billy's rope, as we had expected, got entangled before long, and finding himself at the end of his tether he began to squeal, and his cries soon attracted the attention of his friends in the treetop. We heard a rustling in the branches, and presently an old ring-tail made his appearance, and seeing a stranger his chattering at once brought down a troop of his companions, mostly old males, though. Mother-monkeys with their babies are very shy, and those in the tree-top seemed to have some idea that all was not right.

Their husbands, though, came nearer and nearer, and had almost reached Billy's perch, when all at once their leader slipped behind the tree like a dodging squirrel, and at the same moment we heard from above a fierce, long-drawn scream; a harpy-eagle was circling around the tree-top, and coming down with a sudden swoop he seized one luckless mother-monkey that had not found time to reach a hiding-place. The poor thing held to her branch with all her might, knowing that her life and her baby's were at stake, but the eagle caught her by the throat, and his throttling clutch at last made her relax her grip, and with a single flop of his mighty wings the harpy raised himself some twenty feet, mother, baby and all. Then we witnessed a most curious instance of maternal devotion and animal instinct—unless I should call it prescience of mind; when branch after branch slipped from her grip and all hope was over, the mother with her own hands tore her baby from her neck and flung it down into the tree, rather than have it share the fate she knew to be in store for herself. I stood up and fired both barrels of my gun after the robber, but without effect; the rascal had already ascended to a height of at least two hundred feet, and he flew off, with his victim dangling from between his claws.—Dr. F. I. Oswald, in St. Nicholas.

Feat of a Surveying Party.

Ambrose Lomprax, of Natchitoches La., was with a party of surveyors that were attacked by Apaches south of El Passo State of Chihuahua. Lomprax joined the party the day before, and that night he lost his hired boy. He saw what signs of the presence of the neighborhood. The next day started, and he lingered a mile behind. When he reached the Sand Hills the fight Lomprax says the party were brave men, and did not know how to fight Indians. He tried to lead the party, but was taken prisoner by the Indians, and would have been killed had not his lost Mexican boy appeared and told the Indians that he was wealthy and could be ransomed. He was secured and could not see the fight. The surveyors, thirteen in number, fought desperately against the Indians, who numbered forty-five or forty-six. Six of the latter were killed and nine wounded, and all of the whites were killed, six of them being dispatched while lying on the field wounded. Lomprax says the Indians were under the most rigid discipline. After the battle they took Lomprax into the Sierra Madre mountains, where they buried their dead. For more than a week the Indians depredated under Uris in Sonora, committing a number of murders. They went down the coast of the Gulf of California, and in crossing to an island Lomprax made his escape and got safely to Guaymas, after a severe five days' tramp. Lomprax says the Indians were under the command of Victorio, as he knew that chief very well by sight.

South America is sending great quantities of tongues in cans to the London market.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

In a recent sun disturbance a protuberance was thrown up from the surface which was 255,000 miles long, but in a few hours it subsided to only 18,000 miles.

A Paris manufacturer claims to have discovered a process for substituting the leaves of the eucalyptus tree, which in burning emit a delicious perfume, for tobacco leaves in making cigars.

The director of the bureau of statistics at Vienna has made some interesting researches concerning the comparative longevity of women and men in Europe. He finds that out of 102,831 individuals who have passed the age of ninety-nine years 60,303 are women, and only 42,528 are men. In Italy 241 alleged centenarian women are found for 141 men of that age.

A spider's web affords an excellent barometer. An old sportsman of Coldwater, Mich., claims that one preserved in his house has proved almost invariably correct. When rain and wind are expected, the spider shortens the thread which suspends the web. When reefs are let out, fine weather may be certain; but if the spider remains inert, rain will probably follow within a short time.

Near Schunga, on the western shore of Lake Onega, Russia, a new kind of coal has been discovered more highly carbonized than any formerly known. On analysis, it gives about ninety-one per cent of carbon, seven or eight per cent of water, and one per cent of ash. In appearance the coal has an adamantine luster, and it is very hard and dense. Its specific heat is set down as 0.1892. Although the proportion of carbon is so high, it yields none of the reactions which would justify its classification as a true graphite.

At a meeting of the Physical society, London, on June 25, Dr. Guthrie showed a new experiment in magnetism. When a magnet is suspended over a disk of copper and the disk rotated the magnet is repelled upward. In the experiment a horseshoe magnet was suspended from one end of a scale beam and counter weighted. As an explanation of the phenomenon of repulsion it was suggested that the vertically resolved force of the induction current before the magnet might be greater than that behind the magnet.

The printers of Vienna propose to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Gutenberg's art in that city in a manner befitting so memorable an event. An illustrated book, prepared in the best style of the history of the art in the Austrian capital from its infancy, is to be one feature of the celebration. Another will be an exposition of all the inventions and improvements made during the gradual development of printing. Twenty prominent printers and publishers of Paris will attend the festivities, and all the leading cities of Europe are expected to send representatives.

Flower Clocks and Barometers.

Even the most casual observer of nature must have noticed the closing of certain flowers upon the partial or entire withdrawal of light. Thus the chickweed is sensitive to cloudy weather and acts almost as a barometer, and every one knows the action of the "pimpernel," or "poor man's weather glass," (*Anagallis arvensis*, L.). This pretty little plant is frequent on Newport island, where I have found it, especially on the cliffs beyond the first beach. It is adventitious from Europe. Tennyson, who is an acute observer, says of it: "The pimpernel dozed on the sea." The well-known Marvel of Peru is also called "Four o'clock" from its habit of opening at about that hour. If we watch any plant we shall find that it has a pretty definite time of expanding or closing its petals. A particular way of doing this, then, speak of the waking conditions of the plant. A search has been bestowed upon the subject in order to find out the physical action and cause of the phenomena. In his recent volume on "Movement in Plants," Mr. Darwin gives the results of his painstaking investigations of this and kindred subjects. As generally happens in his work, while he is steadily aiming at some particular point, he disposes of any quantity of obscurities as side issues on the way.

Linnaeus, noting the precise times of opening and closing of flowers, constructed a floral clock in his gardens at Uppsala, where the hours were indicated by the conditions of different plants. Afterward DeCandolle did the same for the latitude of Paris. The clock of Linnaeus in Sweden runs slower than that of DeCandolle in France. Climate as well as latitude, and particular seasons also, would influence this sensitive horologe. Those interested will find DeCandolle's list given in Figuier's

"Vegetable World," American edition, page 134.

Of a few familiar plants the hours of opening are about as follows: Morning glory, 3 to 4 A. M.; pimpernel, 8 to 10 A. M.; Marvel of Peru, 4 to 7 P. M.; evening primrose, 5 to 7 P. M.; night blooming cereus, 7 to 8 P. M.

"Thus in each flower and simple bell, That in our path betwixt us lies, Are sweet remembrances who tell How fast the winged moments fly."

The hours of closing are as definite as those of opening, and thus we may arrange quite a dial, the hours being indicated by particular plants. The plants may be confused by means of artificial light, but upon withdrawal of the unnatural conditions, will, sooner or later, resume their normal record.

It is curious to watch the different attitudes flowers assume in repose. In the botanic garden in Cambridge the writer used to go out toward evening to watch the changes. The movements are sometimes very quick, especially those of the foliage, which also has its time of sleep. Thus in the little *Marsilia*, a water-plant, with four obcordate leaflets, these turn in upon each other from the expanded condition, so as to meet face to face. There is quite a perceptible little "click" when the movement occurs. The petals of some plants droop in slumber; others fold crossways; still others curl up lengthwise. So with the rayflowers of the Composite. The whole aspect of a garden is, hence, quite changed in the evening. In fact, it does not do to allow our investigations to cease with the daylight.

The Fly.

Much has been said of the fly of the period, but few write about him who are bald-headed.

Hence we say a word. It is of no use any more to deny the horrible truth. Although beautiful as a peri in other ways, our tresses on top have succumbed to the inclemency of the weather, and our massive brow is slowly creeping over toward the back of our neck. Nature makes all things even. If a man be possessed of such ravishing beauty and such winning ways that his power might become dangerous, she makes him bald-headed.

That is our fix.

When we have our hat on and go chasing down the street, with that camel glide of ours, everyone asks who that noble-looking Apollo with the deep and melancholy eye is; but when we are at the office with our hat hung up on the French walnut sideboard, and the sun comes in through the rosewood shutters and lights the shellac polish on our intellectual dome, we are not so pretty. Then it is that the fly, with gentle tread and seductive song, comes and prospects around on our bump of self-esteem, and tickles us and makes us mad.

When we get where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, we haul off and slap the place where he was, while he goes over to the instand and suickers at us. After he has waded around in the carmine ink awhile, he goes back to the bump of spirituality, and makes some red marks on it.

Having laid off his claim under the new mining law, he proceeds to sink on it. If we write anything bitter these warm days; if we say aught of our fellow man that is disagreeable or unjust, and for which we afterwards get licked, it is because at times we are exasperated and are not responsible.

If the fly were large and weighed two hundred pounds, and came in here and told us that if we didn't take back what we had said about him he would knock us out of the window with our remains and let us fall a hundred feet in the busy street, it wouldn't worry us so much, because we could strangle him with one hand, while we wrote a column editorial with the other. We do that frequently. But a little fragile insect, with no home and no parents, and only our five million brothers and sisters, wins our confidence, and then tickles our scalp till we have to write with a sheet of tar roofing over our head.—Boomerang.

A Duke's Fear.

The Duke of Wellington, whose life was for years almost daily in peril on the battle field, was for years afraid to travel by railroad, having conceived a terror of locomotive engines from seeing Mr. Huskisson killed by one. At length, in 1843, he made his first journey, being in attendance on the queen, who herself did not use them until 1842. The injury done to the railroad cause by the death of Huskisson was in a great measure neutralized by the simultaneous news that Mr. Stephenson's locomotive engine carried the wounded man fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes. To the end of their lives some people in England could never be brought to travel by railroad.

Manners are the shadows of virtues.

A MAGIC MAD-STONE.

How a Kansas City Good Samaritan Prevents Hydrophobia.

"I will give a hundred dollars," said Mr. J. M. Dickson, at the Pacific house, "for any case where a person bitten by a mad dog and my mad-stone refuses to stick." Then, after a pause, he added: "I will also give \$100 for any case in which my mad-stone will stick on a person who has not been bitten by a mad dog."

Mr. Dickson is a brother-in-law of Mr. John Hall, proprietor of the Pacific house. The brother-in-law conducts the establishment. On last Wednesday he applied his stone to a patient who had been bitten by a mad dog. The sufferer was a colored girl from Sedalia. She was sixteen years old, and her name was Lamson. On the interior surface of the thigh, near to the groin, was the wound made by the rabid animal. It was eight days since the girl had been bitten, and the tooth marks had scabs over them. In nine days all the horrors of hydrophobia result from the introduction of the virus. Mr. Dickson took the girl back into room ninety in the hotel.

Two women attendants divested the sufferer of most of her clothing and laid her upon a cot. The wound was exposed. Mr. Dickson took a knife and removed the scabs. Blood commenced to flow. The mad-stone was then applied. The patient trembled violently. Every portion of her frame quivered. She was on the verge of hysterics or spasms. Like a needle to a magnet the stone adhered to the bleeding spot. Mr. Dickson placed the point of his knife blade under the porous cube of the mineral, and attempted to raise it. By means of the leverage thus established, he raised one end of the little stone. He then withdrew the knife, and the stone fell back to its former position with the elasticity of a piece of india rubber.

For fifteen minutes the stone stuck to the scarified place; then it fell off. A greenish-yellow, ill-smelling pus was seen upon the portion that had been next to the wound. This, Mr. Dickson says, was the virus drawn from the wound. He cleansed the stone, immersed it in sweet milk, and again applied it. Again did it adhere. A peculiar sensation, a sort of series of thrills, pervaded the system of the patient. Her nervous excitement gave place to another feeling, more intense but indescribable. Her breathing became heavier and thicker. Her eyes, with pupils dilated, were fixed on the ceiling. Four times did Mr. Dickson apply the stone, and four times did it come off, having one side covered with a foul yellow fluid. Each time the stone remained about fifteen minutes. Within half an hour the girl's heavy breathing and strain began to subside. Gradually it began to decrease. Mr. Dickson attempted to apply the stone a fifth time. It refused to adhere. Repeated attempts resulted only in failure. "Get up," said he; "your system is as free from hydrophobia as mine." Then there was a scene of wild transport. The girl was locked in her sister's arms, crying and acting hysterically. The sister, a married woman, thrust her hand into her pocket, and pulling out \$10, all the money she had, pressed it upon Mr. Dickson. He, however, refused to accept of any remuneration.

The girl remained until after the crisis (the ninth day) was passed. She then returned to her friends in Sedalia, with a lighter heart than she had on leaving that town. Mr. Dickson is a tall, commanding-appearing man, of about forty-five. He is a Missourian, having been reared in the vicinity of Palmyra. The stone, he said, had been in the possession of his family for about seventy years. It was given to his father by a gentleman named Captain Massie, who was an intimate and long-cherished friend of Mr. Dickson, senior. The stone is a light, porous grayish-buff cube, about the size of a large die. For the benefit of those who do not throw dice, it may be well to say that the cube is about a third of an inch in diameter from side to side, not diagonally. Captain Massie had a stone exactly twice the size of this one. With a fine saw Captain Massie cut in two the stone, and gave half of it to Mr. Dickson, retaining the other half himself.

This was long before the elder Mr. Dickson was married. For many years the stone was kept on the Dickson farm, near Palmyra. Men came hundreds of miles to be healed by it. Among those was William H. Tyner, of Tennessee. Mr. Tyner lived eight miles east of Memphis. A mad dog bit him and two other persons. It also bit some stock. Mr. Tyner went to Memphis and took a steamboat to St. Louis. From there he voyaged on the Upper Mississippi, and from a landing went to Palmyra. On the eighth day, about noon, he reached the spot he sought. Tyner had been badly lacerated by the beast. He had been thrown down and torn. Mr. Dickson, senior, laid him down and

worked with him all the afternoon. The stone was put to him in many places and a wonderful amount of greenish yellow matter withdrawn. With great repudiation Mr. Tyner awaited the ninth day. It came, but with no evil symptoms. Tyner lived for many years, and wrote many a thankful letter to the owner of his preserver.

The two persons who, besides Tyner, were bitten died terrible deaths in the throes of hydrophobic frenzy. The stock also died.

About twenty-five years ago two Saline county boys were bitten by the same dog. The father of one of the boys took his son to Palmyra and had the stone put to the lad. Recovery followed. The father of the other boy was an ignorant, positive man, who had an opinion of his own that mad-stones were humbugs. This man did not take his boy to Palmyra, consequently he was a witness to his son's horrible death, which took place in a few days. A man came in from Topeka about twelve days ago, having received a rabid dog's bite on the back of the hand. Mr. Dickson put on the stone. It drew, but not so hard as in the case of the Lamson girl. The man writes that he has totally recovered. Mr. Dickson estimates that since the stone has been in his family it has been applied about fifty times, and each application has been a successful one.—Kansas City Mail.

Wifely Devotion in America.

Referring to the courage, intelligence and devotion shown by Mrs. Garfield since the assassination of her husband, and the tributes the people have paid to her in consequence, the Springfield Union, without in the least detracting from the credit to which the noble lady is entitled, says the splendid traits she has shown as a brave and loyal wife are but the legitimate outcome of our American civilization, and illustrate, in a lofty and conspicuous place, what American wives may be and what unity of heart and life is possible in our domestic life. Mrs. Garfield is the type of thousands of other wives in the country. The Union adds:

It is not right to say that such wifely devotion is impossible in other countries, but it is certain that nowhere else is it so possible as to be expected. In no other society may the wife be so clearly the equal of her husband, the helpmeet in all his duties, the lightener of his cares and the soother of his sorrows. "They twain shall be one flesh" is thoroughly illustrated to-day in the White House, but the White House is happily the imperial example of the true American home. There are unhappy homes and disordered marriage ties enough in this country, Heaven knows, but the national recognition of the mutual devotion in the President's family is a proof that the heart of the people is right in its appreciation of the sacredness of the marriage vow. With such a conspicuous example before the people, it is to be hoped that more earnest thought will be devoted to our domestic life. If the marriage bond appears now more sacred, let it be guarded more securely. The loose laws of divorce have occasioned loose ideas of marriage. These laws must be rectified, society must be raised to the elevation of its best thoughts, the debasing intonations of cynics must be hushed, the man must learn to regard the woman as an equal partner and the woman must labor to become the very right hand and not the mere toy of the man. Such is the privilege and dignity of American wives, and such will be the outcome, if the beautiful example at the White House impresses itself as it should upon the husbands and wives of the nation.

A Barbarous Rite.

Certain classes of Hindoos in Bangalore observed on a recent Sunday the barbarous rite known to the English as "treading the fire," performed in honor of some barbarous deity. A pit a foot deep, six feet broad and thirty long, was dug. Some five or six cartloads of wood were thrown into the pit and set fire to. As soon as the wood was reduced to living coals of fire the whole was spread out and the fire flattened to the surface of the pit. The votaries of Thurmarajh (the presiding deity) then ran over the bed of fire the whole length five or six times, each time cooling the feet in water.

"When we are old, Claude, we shall still be lovers," she said, gazing into his eyes with the rapture of a gifted woman who writes poetry for the Boston papers. "The warm hues of our youthful affection shall never fade, but only grow brighter as we draw nearer to the sunset; we shall still sit out in the hush of the summer eyes and feed our souls on the poetry of the stars!" "Well, hardly," answered Claude, "unless you want me to remain up till daybreak basting your old back with arnica."

Father Rudolph, a Roman Catholic priest at Clyde, Ohio, has left the ministry and married.