

Goldsboro Star.

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

GOLDSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1881.

NO. 5.

ough when anybody talked of what
gs the Lady Blanche would do with
signals, her rockets, and all her
and complete apparatus for sal-
first time that a vessel stood in
eril watching on that dangerous
Needle.
Three years passed, and the lifeboat did
hing. They happened to be excep-
silly disastrous years from the Pol-
rosters' point of view, for though wrecks
enough took place on other parts of the
coast, no craft of any consequence found-
ered on the Needle. By this time
Harold Trecorpe was captain of the life-
boat's crew. He and seven other men
received twelve pounds a year apiece
from the earl to go out practicing some-
times with the boat, and to hold them-
selves in readiness at any time when
their services might be wanted. If they
saved lives, they were to have each a
bounty of one pound on every human
head rescued. Nay, they were to have
fifteen shillings, too, for every dead hu-
man body they brought to shore. Thus
had the earl and his daughter tried to
enlist the cupidity of these men on the
side of humanity, hoping, may be, that
some higher agencies would work too
for the reclaiming of a population as
barbarous and debased as any in these
isles.

Peter Pencorow lived in a pretty
house which his patron had built for
him near the large white shed where the
lifeboat was kept. There was a phar-
macy in the place, with two rooms hold-
ing three beds each, which were to be
reserved for half-drowned men and
women who might be drawn out of the
sea; and there were a great number of
useful appliances for restoring lives that
might be just flickering out. Some-
time the Earl and Lady Blanche would
visit the village to see if everything
was in good order; but since their car-
riage could be seen five miles off as it
came down the steep road on the rock

ter, sitting outside her father's house on
fine afternoons to make nets, would
drop her hands into her lap and look
out with a dull, wistful expression
over the sea, so broad, blue and mys-
terious. Her finely-shaped head might
have been a storehouse of knowledge and
great thoughts, but it was empty. She
could neither read nor write; she
knew nothing of the world except in its
most sordid aspects of dire poverty,
drunkenness and brutality. She had
never set foot in a church, and had no
idea of a God save that she had heard
and believed that there was something
above those skies which were now so
golden with sunlight, now so black
with thunder. Occasionally such natu-
ral impulses of good as were in the
girl's heart would well up in short
scraps of advice which she gave to Mark
Brathwaite: "Mark, yo'll not get drunk
like father. There's no good in drink;"
or, "Mark, if I were a mon, I'd learn
summut and become a scholar."

This is what Margaret Pencorow was
at eighteen, and on the night alluded
to in the first line of this story, when
her worthless father stood, drunk as
usual, on his watch, and unheeding of
the storm that was gathering.

The storm broke presently with
frightful fury. Long streaks of light-
ning rent the skies, and the waves were
dashed upon the shore with a roaring
as loud as the thunder. In despite of
the deluge of rain the crew of the life-
boat came to the shed to get all in
readiness, and a great many other fish-
ermen and their wives trooped out of
the cottages; but this was only be-
cause sleep on such a night was impos-
sible. Most of the eyes that looked
seaward with expectant glances were
rather hoping for a visible wreck
than for a vessel that would save life.

Mark
Treco

half crazed at daybreak, announced that
she had suddenly been swept away by
a wave, but whither he knew not,
though he had swum, and dived, and
sought for hours, risking his life twenty
times. "God knows where she went,"
he cried, sobbing.

And doubtless God did know.

At present there is no more Needle
Rock off Polloot. Lady Blanche had it
blasted, and a fine lighthouse has been
erected where it stood, to warn vessels
of the other dangerous rocks in the vi-
cinity. It is called "The Margaret
Lighthouse," and Mark Brathwaite is
the keeper of it.—*London Truth.*

Facts About the Herring.

Professor Huxley, in a lecture stated
that 2,500,000,000 or thereabouts of
herrings are every year taken out of the
North Sea and the Atlantic. He assumes
that their number is even greater—
3,000,000,000. Now, he says "prodigi-
ous as is apparently this number, it is
not more than one shoal, covering a do-
zen square miles," and that shoals of
much larger size are on record. It is
safe to say that, scattered through the
North Sea and the Atlantic at one and
the same time, there must be scores of
shoals, any one of which would go a
long way toward supplying the whole
of man's consumption of herring. Prof.
Huxley believes that all the herring
fleets taken together do not catch five per
cent. of the total number of herrings in
the sea in any year. The fecundity of
the herring, though great, when com-
pared with a land animal, is small when
the reproductive powers of other fish
are studied; but still 10,000 eggs is com-
puted to be the spawn of a herring. Grant-
ing that a proportion of these eggs,
many of them, are never matured,
and that only one-tenth would more
than supply any drain man might make
on the herrings. This increase is prob-
ably very much larger; for how account
otherwise for the enormous amount of
destruction of herring due to the fin-
whales, the porpoises, the gannets, the
goats, the cyd fish, and the dog-fish,
which accompany the herrings, and per-
ennially feed on them. It is no
uncommon thing to find ten or twelve
sh.

Summer Time.

Oh, summer-time, so passing sweet,
But heavy with the breath of flowers,
But languid with the fervent heat,
They chide amiss who call the effect,
Thee with thy weight of daylight hours,
Oh, summer-time, so passing sweet!

Young summer, thou art too replete,
Too rich in choice of joys and powers,
But languid with the fervent heat,
Adieu! my face is set to meet
Bleak winter, with its pallid showers,
Oh, summer-time, so passing sweet!

Old winter steps with swifter feet,
He lingers not in wayside bowers,
He is not languid with the heat;
His rounded day, a pearl complete,
Gleams on the unknown night that lowers;
Oh, summer-time, so passing sweet,
But languid with the fervent heat!

—Emily Pfeiffer.

HUMOROUS.

The cook is the only man one will
take sauce from.

Why is a joke that is acidulous not
good? Because the cream of a joke
never should be sour.

One swallow does not make a summer,
but a little repetition has frequently
been known to make a bumper.

Michigan has a man with three arms.
He is the only man alive who can take
two girls sleighing and enjoy it.

A woman out West threshed 350
bushels of wheat last year—and proba-
bly her husband into the bargain.

A Western paper reports the birth of
a male child with wings. The nature
intended him for a bank cashier.

The spring poet has wed his throat
up in red flannel, simulating a
"This is the verse
known."

Men who are their own
find it a great deal more
enemies to somebody
themselves.

Proverbial Philosoph
the hash will cause mo
than seven illuminated
wall can overcome.

Brooklyn Ea