

The Goldsboro Star.

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

VOL. I.

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The Old Farm Gate.

In gilded saloons, where the fairest of belles flung round me their subtlest of glamour and spells,

I broke through their magic, I mocked at their art,

Unmoved in my fancy, untouched in my heart; But yielded a captive, well pleased as my fate.

When Dora I met at the old farm gate—

When Dora I met,

When Dora I met,

When Dora I met at the old farm gate.

I passed, red in hand, on my way to the brook, And planned as I went little fishes to hook.

She stood there in silence, half smiling, half shy,

And moved from the pathway to let me go by.

Ah! who would not bite when such charms were the bait?

So Dora caught me at the old farm gate—

So Dora caught me,

So Dora caught me,

So Dora caught me at the old farm gate.

We had met and had parted full often before,

But we met on that morn to be parted no more;

The light in her eye and the flush on her cheek

Embodied my tongue of my loving to speak.

What cared I for trout? They might lie there and wait,

Now Dora said "yes" at the old farm gate—

Now Dora said "yes,"

Now Dora said "yes,"

Now Dora said "yes" at the old farm gate.

—Thomas Dunn English, in Harper's Weekly.

HUMOROUS.

All things are equal in this world,
We have no choice or pickin's;
The father shoes the boys and girls—
The mother "shoes" the chickens.
—Salesmen.

The man who was the coolest person at the battle of Waterloo has just died. He hid in the icehouse of the chateau during the contest.—Boston Post.

"Melican man's gun shotee pletty good" was the patronizing observation with which Yung Kee returned their weapon to a group of astounded militiamen at Carson City, Nev., after making five successive bull's-eyes on the 200 yard target.

Put a new suit of clothes on a boy and then warn him not to climb fences, play marbles, or roll on the grass, is the way New Englanders exhibit their philosophy.—Free Press. Western philosophy is of a different sort. A boy out there is presented with a seven-shooter and told to "make his mark," which he generally does a few times, after which he depends gracefully from some tree as the fruit of a disordered life.—New Haven Register.

"Paul," exclaimed the fair daughter of a bonanza king, addressing one of her suitors, "Paw has settled \$500,000 on me, and I thought there'd be no harm in telling you." "Florinde," he said nervously fingering a few nickels in his waistcoat pocket and striving to hide the evidences of the profound interest which the communication excited, "Florinde, do you think I'm so sordid as to let such a consideration affect me?" "No," she added, nonchalantly, "I didn't suppose you'd care much, so I engaged myself to Mr. Slacker last night." It was a ten strike and he flopped, but she was a cool girl, and summoning a servant told him to set the sufferer out on the back stoop until he felt better.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Rich Gold Deposit in Connecticut.

The recent discovery of gold in the town of Ashford, Windham county, Conn., has caused much interest among speculators in eastern Connecticut. A short time ago, Mr. Darius Barlow, a farmer, of Ashford, purchased forty acres of ledge land of O. L. Dean, which was supposed to be comparatively worthless. Two local prospectors, imaginative fellows—Steve Lewis and one Huntley—had conceived the idea that a large amount of gold was imbedded in the flinty ledges, and they acquired an interest in the land. They carried on prospecting operations quietly, and finally struck an apparently rich deposit of gold. Specimens of the gold-bearing rock were sent to a mining company in New York city, who assayed them at the rate of from \$18 to \$27 a ton. The company were desirous of investigating further, and desired the Connecticut prospectors to send on three hundred pounds more of the specimens, saying that if the rock would assay \$30 a ton they would put \$10,000 into the working of the mine, and send one hundred men to begin operations at once. The three hundred pounds were shipped to New York. The assay is not yet completed. The last batch is said to be much richer in gold than the first.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Bone Fertilizers for Melons.

An Indiana farmer tried four different fertilizers for melons—poultry droppings, well rotted cow manure, barn yard manure, and old bones (gathered upon the farm and reduced by placing them in alternate layers with ashes the previous year), mixing all liberally in the different hills, which were eight feet apart each way, and he says: "Such a crop of melons as came from the hills that had the bone-dust I never saw before."

Salt for Sheep.

An important point which many sheep raisers overlook is the providing salt in places easily accessible. It is said that in Spain, whenever sheep are kept in the neighborhood of rock salt hills or sea salt, and have access to it, they thrive better than in other localities, and wherever this is the case the same results ensue; sheep give more and better wool, and the mutton is more highly esteemed than that from other localities. This also applies to cattle, and in fact to all like stock. Salt is necessary to a perfect sanitary condition, and should not be overlooked. Place it where stock can have easy access to it. They will not abuse the privilege.

Manurial Value of Leaves.

"It was in one of the Middle States," says a writer in the *New England Homestead*, "where this experiment of mine with leaves was tried and the soil was a light sandy loam. There was not fertility enough in it in its natural condition to produce over twelve bushels of shelled corn to the acre. Having previously applied commercial fertilizers of various names and brands on the same description of land with a resulting balance on the debtor side of the ledger, and not being able to obtain stable manure except at an exorbitant price, I set about the collection of leaves for the compost heap. A neighbor very kindly gave me permission to remove all the leaves from his woodland that I might desire, and in the hollows and along the fences I found them in large quantities in a fresh as well as a partially decayed condition. I collected 150 one-horse loads in the course of the fall and winter. Afterward I could not help thinking that my neighbor's wisdom was in inverse proportion to his generosity. The leaves, except enough to furnish bedding for a horse, a cow and a pig, were deposited in a basin-shaped barnyard. The contents of the stables were daily added to the pile, and a load of leaves was added from time to time, the precaution being taken to keep the mass well moistened. By March my compost heap had attained to gigantic dimensions. It was then carefully worked over with a manure fork and covered with two or three inches of earth. During the process of fermentation, which soon ensued, water was occasionally added to check the tendency of excessive heat and hasten the decomposition and oxidation of the leaves. A marker somewhat in the shape of a sled, with runners for feet, was run both ways across the field, and at the intersection of the lines some of this compost, which when opened was found to be tolerably well rotted and of a dark color, was dropped. Now for the result. The corn was planted the first of May. The plant from its first appearance was noted for its dark, rich color, a color that is retained nearly to the period of maturity. The growth was rank and the foliage luxuriant. There were about twelve acres in the field. It was cultivated twice and hoed once. Care was taken to keep the ground as level as possible. The product was a little over twelve hundred bushels of sound and merchantable corn in the ear, besides some inferior ears which I fed to my pigs. It must be remembered that all the animal manure in the compost heap was derived from a horse, a cow and a pig. Consequently most of the plant food which fed and nourished those 1,200 bushels of ears of corn was furnished by the manure of these animals. To be sure, it cost me some labor to collect the manure, but it is a true of all agriculture. Now when I read of the disparagement of forest leaves, and of the fertility of the soil I recall the little experiment of mine more than twenty years ago and smile with incredulity. And I think I am justified in doing so by the results of that experiment. Since that time I have, as opportunity offered, made use of leaves to enlarge my compost heap, first using them for bedding for my animals, and for that purpose consider them of great value.

Recipes.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Three-fourths of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. Put the fruit on alone, or with the addition of one pint currant juice to every four pounds raspberries. Boil half an hour, mashing and stirring well; add the sugar and cook twenty minutes

more. Blackberry jam is very good made in the same way, only omitting the currant juice.

APPLE CHEESE-CAKES.—Take, say one pound of apples, boiled and pulped through a sieve, one pound powdered white sugar, the juice and grated rinds of three large fresh lemons, and four eggs well beaten. Mix these ingredients carefully, and put them into a saucepan in which you have a quarter of a pound of fresh butter melted. Stir it constantly over a slow fire for half an hour, and let it cool. Line pie dishes with fine puff paste, pour in the apple mixture, and bake, without upper-crust, in a quick oven. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve when perfectly cold.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Boil a pint of green peas in water with salt, a head of lettuce, an onion, a carrot, a few leaves of mint, and a sprig of parsley, some pepper and salt to taste, and a lump of sugar. When thoroughly done, strain off the liquor and pass the peas, etc., through a hair sieve; add as much of the liquor as will bring it to the right consistency; put the soup in a saucepan with a small pat of fresh butter; let it boil up, and serve with dice-shaped bread fried in butter.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—Boil the potatoes with their jackets on, and allow them to cool in order to have them solid. Peel and cut into slices about a quarter of an inch thick; slice an ordinary-sized onion for half-a-dozen potatoes. As soon as a tablespoonful of butter has melted in the pan, and the onion begun to color, put in the slices of potatoes; stir them a little; season with salt and pepper. Fry the potatoes until they are a golden brown, and then chop up a tablespoonful of parsley and sprinkle it over them just before taking them out.

What the Clerk Wanted.

Old Pinchem sat in his private office the other day figuring up his profits for May, when his head clerk, looking as pale as a sheep and as red as a cow by turns, entered and began:

"Mr. Pinchem, I—I—"

"Have you got those goods off for Kalamazoo?" interrupted the old man.

"Yes, sir, they are off. Mr. Pinchem, I have long—"

"And about that order for starch?"

"That has been attended to, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted to speak to you."

"Ah! speak to me. Why, I thought you spoke to me fifty times a day."

"Yes, sir, I know, but this is a private matter."

"Private? Oh! Ah! Wait till I see how much we made on that 10,000 pounds of soap. Six times four are twenty-four; five times two are ten, and two to carry are twelve; three times seven are twenty-one and one—ah! well, go ahead; I'll finish this afterward."

"Mr. Pinchem, I have been with you ten long years."

"Ten, eh? Long years, eh? Any longer than any other years? Go ahead."

"And I have always tried to do my duty."

"Have, eh? Go on."

"And I now make bold—"

"Hold on! What is there bold about it? But never mind—I'll hear you out."

"Mr. Pinchem I want to ask—ask—I want to ask—"

"Well, why don't you ask then? I don't see why you don't ask, if you want to."

"Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask you for—"

"You want to ask me for the hand of my daughter. Ah! Why didn't you speak right out? She's yours, my boy! Take her and be happy. You might have had her two years ago if you had mentioned it. Go long, now—I'm busy."

"Mr. Pinchem."

"What, you here yet? Well what is it?"

"I wanted to ask you, for—"

"Didn't I give her to you, you rascal!"

"Yes, but what I wanted to ask you for was, not the hand of your daughter, but a raise of salary."

"Oh, that was it, eh? Well sir, that is an entirely different matter, and it requires time for serious thought and earnest consultation. Return to your work, and some time next fall I'll see about giving you a raise of a dollar a week. Six times four are twenty-four and two to carry; and three times—"

Detroit Free Press.

Immense Power.

"Do you know," said the captain, "that a fathom of steel wire rope, little thicker than your cane and weighing half a pound a foot, will pull as much as a hemp rope half a foot thick and weighing a pound and a-half a foot?"

"I have known a piece of wire, cap," said I, "no thicker than a straw to draw a man weighing 200 pounds; the whole length of Broadway."

"Oh, come, now!" exclaimed the obtuse Briton.

"Yes, sir; it was a hair-pin."

THE HOME DOCTOR.

A superior remedy for a sore throat is, on returning to rest, to rub on the outside a little volatile liniment and swallow slowly a few drops of paregoric, letting it dissolve in the saliva and spread along down the inflamed parts. The liniment is generally sufficient alone. Volatile liniment is simply a mixture of sweet oil and aqua ammonia (called liquid hartshorn). These are put into a vial and shaken using such proportion as to form a semi-liquid soap. An ounce or two can be got cheaply at the druggist's, and, if tightly corked, it will keep for months. Rub it on with the fingers. This is also good for soreness of the chest or joints, or for lameness, stiff neck, etc.

An improved kind of glue dressing for wounds has recently been suggested, consisting in the addition of acetic acid to ordinary glue and a little oil of roses to cover the odor of the glue and the acid. This compound, spread on paper or muslin, is found to furnish a good substitute for adhesive plaster in surgical use. It is easily and quickly prepared, simply by putting into a vessel of boiling water a bottle containing one part of glue to four, by measure, of the acid, and letting the bottle remain in this bath until the glue is fully dissolved and mixed with the acid. It is best kept in a wide-mouthed bottle, well closed by a long cork, which can always be removed by heating the neck of the bottle.

Corn silk is said to be an efficient and powerful remedy for dropsy, bladder troubles and diseases of the kidneys. The *Louisville Medical News* gives an account of the medical properties of corn silk and the cures that have been effected by its use. The way to use it is to take two double handfuls of fresh corn silk and boil in two gallons of water until but a gallon remains. Add sugar to make a syrup. Drink a tumbler of this thrice daily, and it will relieve dropsy by increasing the flow of the urine most enormously. Other diseases of the bladder and kidneys are benefited by the remedy, which is prompt, efficient and grateful to the stomach. The treatment can be continued for months without danger or inconvenience.

Very few young mothers are able to control their nerves so completely as to keep from being startled when confronted with a cut finger with dripping blood and the loud cries which announce a catastrophe. Sometimes she cannot collect her thoughts sufficiently to recall any of the good remedies with which she is acquainted. One way to avoid this is to write out a list of help in trouble and tack it up on the door of your room, after the manner of hotel regulations. There is nothing better for a cut than powdered rosin. Get a few cents' worth of rosin, pound it until it is fine and put it into an empty, clean paper or spice-box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut, put a soft cloth around the injured member and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness. In doing up a burn the main point is to keep the air from it. If sweet oil and cotton are not at hand, take a cloth and spread dry flour over it, and wrap the burned part in it. It is always well to have some simple remedies in the house where you can get them without a moment's loss of time; a little bottle of peppermint, in case of colic, chlorate of potash for sore throat, pepsin for indigestion and a bottle of brandy. Have them arranged so that you could go to them in the dark and reach the right remedy, but be sure never to do it, even if you know they have not been disturbed; always light a lamp or the gas, and make sure you have what you are after. Remember that pistols are always loaded and that poison may be put in place of peppermint.

Ottar of Roses.

In northern India, whence we obtain the little ottar of roses that we get, it is estimated that it takes about 20,000 blooms to yield one rupee-weight of oil—about 176 grains weight—considerable less than half an ounce, yet this small quantity is sold on the spot for \$50. Of course, the yield will vary with circumstances. At Ghazepore the roses are planted in rows in fields, and the roses are gathered before midday and distilled in pot stills, with twice their weight of water. The water which comes over is placed in open vessels, covered with a damp light cloth to keep out flies and dust, and set to cool, just as we set milk to throw up cream. In the morning a thin film of oil will have risen to the surface, which is carefully swept off with a feather and transferred to a vial. And this process is repeated daily during the blooming season. Women and children do this work, or, rather, enjoy the profitable amusement.

GULF VOLCANOES.

How They Destroy Myriads of Fish Along the Southern Coast.

Some of the interior papers speak of a plague that destroys the fish in the waters along the Southern coast. In such state of things now in progress? It has now appeared in the fishing grounds off this portion of the coast, and no complaint has been made of it in the coast newspapers. It has been stated that the fish of the Gulf of Mexico have several times been subjected to epidemics of some mortal disease, which destroyed them in great numbers, so that their dead bodies have been drifted ashore in such quantities as to poison the air with their decay and putridity. Such an event is reported to have occurred in 1844, another in 1854, while similar but less extended visitations have been observed at other times.

Unfortunately, no proper examination of these phenomena have been made, and hence not enough is known of the facts and attendant circumstances to afford complete material for a solution of the mystery. Some have supposed that the fish were poisoned by decaying vegetable matter poured into the sea from tropical rivers; but if this were the case the poisoning would invariably take place in and at the mouths of such rivers; but there is no evidence to this effect, and deep-sea fish have as often suffered as those that live nearer the surface and near the shore.

It is likely that these fish plagues are caused by the poisonous effects of the sulphur fumes of submarine volcanoes in the Gulf of Mexico, Mexico and Central America are situated with active volcanoes which are subject to violent eruptions, and their internal fires may find an outlet under the sky on dry land case, especially in deep water, would be quenched and absorbed or dissolved in the vapors would be to a great extent, sulphurous and carbonic, which would be readily taken up by water without, perhaps, leaving a trace of disturbance on the surface; but the two former gases would so poison the water that immediately absorbed them that no animal life could live in it. In this way it is possible for vast quantities of fish to be destroyed without their being affected by any disease or malady whatever. So far as we know the fish in the Gulf of Mexico are not subject to any epidemic disease, and whenever they are healthy and vigorous when caught they are good for food, in spite of volcanic disturbances that may have slain their fellows.—New Orleans Times.

Unpunctual People.

You may take it for granted that unpunctual people are thoroughly selfish. Their own inclinations are paramount to the convenience of others. The unpunctual man is apt to think that the greatest evil he occasions by his special infirmity is temporary inconvenience or disappointment. But this is not so. If one of his delays should disturb only the arrangements for one day of a single person, he may congratulate himself. What bitter disappointment, and what serious annoyance and loss, may come from a letter a little too late for the mail, a bill paid after the promised time, an appointment not kept, a commission deferred! Note for ourselves and think on these things. Punctual people are always reliable. Do all that you promise to do, and all that you are rightfully required and expected to do, as certainly, so far as it depends upon yourself, as the sun rises and sets, so that the hearts of all with whom you are in any way connected may "safely trust" in you. Then you will become "pillars of support" in the family and in society instead of broken reeds. Let your word be as good as your bond, and when you say you will do a thing, do it.

Telegraph Cables in Sewers.

An important experiment looking to the disuse of telegraph poles in cities is being made in Washington, D. C., by the Mutual Union Telegraph Company. Having received permission to run their wires through the common sewers of the city the company began the work of placing the wires June 6. The wires which are needed for the city service, and for connection with lines outside the city, are twisted cable form and covered with a non-conductor and water-proof coating. Outside the city limits these wires emerge from the sewers and join those placed upon poles. The cable made of the twisted wires is attached firmly to the arched roof or top of the sewer, and thus raised above all interference from water, except in case of floods. The cables are laid by men enveloped in rubber clothing and provided with safety lanterns, provision being made for conducting fresh air to the workmen by means of India-rubber tubes attached to their rubber suits. The wires are passed down through the man holes of the sewers.