

The Goldsboro Star.

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

VOL. I.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1881.

NO. 12.

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.

The Fickle Tenderfoot.

JUNE.

I am a rustling tenderfoot,
I'm laying for a claim;
Can any of you rustlers put
A fellow on the same?
I ain't a hog, I don't want much—
A thousand to the ton, or such.

JULY.

I am a perfect tenderfoot,
I'm looking for a chance
To join some fortunate galoot
That's struck a circumstance.
I ain't a hog, I don't want much—
A hundred to the ton, or such.

AUGUST.

I am a struggling tenderfoot,
I'm hunting for some pard
That's got the downright moral root
To play a grub-stake card.
I ain't a hog, I don't want much—
A burro, can of beans, or such.

SEPTEMBER.

I am a weary tenderfoot,
I want some Eastern bum
Within his hand my hand to put
And sweetly murmur—"Home."
I ain't a hog, I don't want much—
An empty through freight car or such.

—Gunnison (Col.) News.

WORKING FOR A LIVING.

"What are we going to do?" Florence Ellis asked the question, with her eyes full of tears, and her pale face turned anxiously upon her sister. Irene Ellis, a tall, stately brunette, glanced up in unfeigned distress. "God will help us," she answered, solemnly.

Florence continued: "I am at a loss. How are we two girls to get along in the battle with poverty—we who have never known such a dreadful thing before and have never encountered life's hardships. Now, we are thrown upon our own resources and mamma's health in so wretched a state—poor mamma!"

"Florence, I wish you had accepted Captain Winslowe!"

"Don't!"

Florence turned away, her pale face even paler.

"Captain Winslowe did not love me, Irene. He only sought me for the wealth which was then ours. I have been told of his love for—for another. And," she added, bitterly, "he has held himself aloof since father's failure in business; and even when poor father died, he never came near us. Don't talk of him; he is a heartless, mercenary man."

Irene's eyes searched the pretty, drooping face before her seriously.

"Florence, I don't believe you really have so poor an opinion of Captain Winslowe in your heart as you give utterance to. You are deceiving yourself. Who gave you all this information concerning him?" she asked, abruptly.

"Mr. Terrill."

"I don't like that man, Florence! I believe he is scheming for some selfish end. He has loved you for months, and I am firmly persuaded that he would stoop to any mean and dishonorable act to gain your love; even to the slandering of a good man!"

Florence started.

"What do you mean?" she asked, hastily.

"Nothing; I have no more to say now. But answer me one question, Florence—honestly and candidly—do you care for Mr. Terrill?"

"No!" The reply was short and decisive. "No, I do not!"

Irene looked thoughtful.

"And you do care for Winslowe?" she affirmed. "I believe that, Florence, though you must not think that I am forcing your confidence."

Florence remained silent, but Irene had heard an old saying that "silence gives consent," and drew her own deductions.

"Here," cried Florence, suddenly, (perhaps she desired to change the subject), "here we are, discussing two non-entities, when we have real business in hand. Irene, you and I have a most difficult—perhaps impossible—task before us. We must contrive, in some way, to make money—to furnish the means of support to mamma, and not let her suspect the source of our revenue. It would kill her to think that her girls were working for a living. Poor mamma—reared as she has been, it is not in our power to prove to her the true dignity of labor. She thinks that every woman who works with her hands is irretrievably disgraced. Irene, I wonder which is the greater degradation, honest, though manual labor, or to

marry some man merely for a home and the fine things which his wealth can supply?"

Irene shrugged her shoulders.

"In mamma's estimation," she said, "there could be no greater or more lasting downfall and disgrace to her two daughters than to be compelled to work. But for my part, I glory in the strength and independence which God has given me. Do you know what I have decided to do?"

"No! What is it?"

The question was asked breathlessly. Irene smiled.

"I am going to work in a printing office. You know I once learned to set type—just for fun; and now I can turn my accomplishment to real profit. Mr. Merton, the publisher on Main street, has offered me a situation. I am quick, and a tolerable 'workman' already; 'practice makes perfect,' you know; and I am confident that in time I shall become a good compositor."

"But mamma!" gasped Florence.

"She will think that I am in school. You know we have a trifle left, and while our little capital lasts I shall be perfecting myself in my trade, and soon will be able to take good care of us all. I dislike to deceive mamma, but we must live; and what are we to do?"

"But," began Florence, dubiously, "what is to be my share in the programme?"

"Oh, you must stay at home with mamma. You like to cook and do housework, and with a little assistance from an experienced woman, you can soon perfect yourself in that business. And so, altogether, we can contrive to make mamma very comfortable."

Florence made no reply, but into her busy brain a strange idea darted, lodged there, and took root.

The two energetic girls carried out their schemes, and so carefully that poor, foolish Mrs. Ellis was spared the shock of knowing the truth in regard to their occupations.

Under the directions of an experienced and practical cook, Florence soon learned to make the most delicious cakes; and the odd plan which had originated in her brain was to dispose of this commodity—to sell enough every day to add to their slender income.

But how was this possible without her mother's knowledge? and such knowledge would be worse than death to the proud woman.

It was a rainy, disagreeable evening, and Captain Winslowe left his office with a weary step. He was a successful lawyer, and had been occupied all day with an important law suit which baffled and tormented him.

Springing into a street car to ride home—glad to be free from the torments and vexations of the day—his thoughts were full of the woman whom he so dearly loved. For Captain Winslowe was an honorable man, and he had given his whole heart to Florence Ellis.

What had been his indignation and surprise when one day, Mr. Terrill entered his office and astonished Winslowe by informing him of his own betrothal to Miss Ellis, and producing a cruel note from Florence in which she coldly gave Winslowe her dismissal.

Of course he had no alternative but to submit—but his heart was heavy, for he sincerely loved the girl.

Then followed her father's reverses and death; but Florence avoided him so studiously, that at last he understood that she wished to drop his acquaintance; and then all intercourse with the Ellis family came to an end.

Sitting in the street car, his mind busy with these sad memories, Winslowe observed an old woman in one corner.

She wore a long, waterproof cloak, and a great black bonnet with a heavy veil drawn over her face; but he knew by her bent and stooping figure that she was old and decrepid.

In one hand she grasped a small basket which had held cakes, though the stock being nearly all sold, but a few remained.

Somehow it occurred to him to find it difficult to see the old woman from the drooping figure beneath her rusty black skin. He peeped out, and the glimpse which he caught of it disclosed a tiny foot, small and delicate, not the size exactly that one would expect to see among the lower class. He found himself gazing at the little foot as though he were fascinated.

At length the old cake woman arose hurriedly, and reached up to the strap above her body to ring the bell. In her haste she dropped the faded black glove which she had worn, and which she had removed for some purpose; and to Winslowe's amazement, he saw that her hand was small and white, smooth and delicate, as any drawing-room belle's.

The car stopped and the old woman hobbled forward; it gave a sudden start, and she was thrown forcibly upon the track as the car dashed on.

Winslowe caught a glimpse of a death-white face, and he sprang from the car, his heart quivering with a nameless fear. He stooped over the senseless form, and uttered an exclamation of amazement and horror. Hailing a passing carriage he placed the unconscious woman within, and ordered the carriage to be driven to his own house. He bore the still inanimate form within, laid her on a sofa, and sent for his old housekeeper.

"Where am I?"

The old cake-woman struggled to a sitting posture. Captain Winslowe bent over her.

"Florence—Miss Ellis!" he asked, "for God's sake tell me the meaning of this masquerade?"

She staggered to her feet.

"Let me pass!" she moaned. "I—"

But he caught her hand in his.

"Listen to me," he cried. "I believe, upon my word, that there has been foul play. Tell me, Florence, are you engaged to Mr. Terrill?"

"Who told you so?"

"He himself, when he delivered me your cruel note of dismissal."

"My note of dismissal?"

Florence sank down on the sofa again in bewilderment. The captain seated himself beside her, and so at last the whole truth came out.

How Terrill had been at the bottom of all this trouble, thinking to win Florence for his own wife; but his scheme had failed in every particular.

And then Florence confided to Captain Winslowe the whole story of their financial troubles; and how, unknown to any one—even her sister—she had been for several weeks engaged in selling cakes on the street, in the disguise of an old woman, and had really realized quite a fair profit. He caught her in his arms.

"My poor darling," he cried, "how you must have suffered! But I thank God for clearing up all the mystery and trouble. And nothing can ever part us again, my darling—nothing, save death."

And, one day last week, I attended a grand double wedding, and saw Florence Ellis become the bride of Captain Winslowe at the same time that Mr. Merton, the wealthy publisher, became the husband of the fearless-hearted, independent Irene.

Dickens' Dogs.

Dickens' interest in dogs, Mr. Forster tells us, was inexhaustible, and he welcomed with delight any newly-discovered trait in their characters. The society of his own dogs he ardently enjoyed. He invariably kept two or more mastiffs to guard his house against the undesirable wayfarers who haunted the high road hard by.

Of all these, his special favorite was Turk, "a noble animal, full of affection and intelligence," who had as his comrade Linda, a "superbly beautiful creature," the scion of St. Bernard, brought over by Albert Smith. These two dogs happened to be with him when he fell lame, and, boisterous companions as they always were, the sudden change in their master's gait brought them at once to a stand-still. As he limped home, three miles through the snow, they crept at his side at the same slow pace, and never once turned away from him.

Dickens was greatly moved at the time by their solicitous behavior, and often afterward spoke of Turk's upturned face as full of sympathy mingled with fear, and of Linda's inconsolable dejection. A railway accident brought death to Turk and sorrow to his master; and then came Sultan, a cross between a St. Bernard and a bloodhound, built like a lioness, but of such indomitably aggressive propensities that, after breaking loose and well nigh devouring a small sister of one of the servants, he was first flogged, and then sentenced to be shot at seven the next morning.

"He went out," says Dickens, "very cheerfully with the half-dozen men told off for the purpose, evidently thinking they were going to be the death of somebody unknown. But, observing in the procession an empty wheelbarrow and a double-barrelled gun, he became meditative, and fixed the bearer of the gun with his eyes. A stone deftly thrown across him by the village black-guard—the chief mourner—caused him to look round for an instant, and he then fell dead, shot through the heart. Two posthumous children are at this moment rolling on the lawn; one will evidently inherit his ferocity, and will probably inherit the gun."

The description of Dickens' welcome by his dogs on his return from America—how they lifted their heads to have their ears pulled, an attention received from him alone; how Linda, weeping profusely, threw herself on her back that she might caress his foot with her large fore-paws; and how the terrier, Mrs. Bonner, barking furiously, "tore round him like the dog in the Faust outlines"—will show at once the tender

relations that existed between the great novelist and his canine friends.

Dickens' sympathy with dogs, and especially with their humor, was illustrated by his story of the very comical dog that caught his eye in the middle of a reading, and, after intently looking at him for some time, bounced into the center aisle and tried the effect of a bark upon the proceedings, when Dickens burst into such a paroxysm of laughter that the audience roared again and again with him. The dog came the next night also, but met with a very different reception; for, having given warning of his presence to an attendant near the door by a suppressed bark and a touch on the leg, he was caught in *flagrante delicto*, when with his eye upon Dickens he was just about to give louder tongue, and was whirled with both hands over the attendant's head into the entrance behind, whence he was promptly kicked by the check-takers into the street.—Next night he came again, and with another dog, whom he had evidently promised to pass in free; but the check-takers were prepared.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

To relieve asthma, soak blotting or tissue paper in strong saltpeter water. Dry and burn at night in the bedroom.

Summer weather entails a small plague of flies and insects; and it is therefore well to remember that the prompt application of an alkali to the bitten part allays the irritation and commonly at once relieves the suffering consequent on a class of injuries, which, though small, are often exceedingly annoying and even troublesome, especially in the case of children and persons with sensitive skins. Soda and ammonia will answer the purpose.

Laws of Life gives the following advice to invalids: Good digestion depends largely upon mental conditions and influences. Hence it is of great importance that pleasant, healthful topics of conversation be chosen at the table. The discussion of diseases at meals is especially harmful and annoying; it is very distasteful and altogether inconsistent with simple good-breeding. Equally ill-timed and injurious are fretting and grumbling about your food. Study to keep free from mental or emotional excitement before, during and after meals, and do not take any violent exercise immediately before or after meals. Take no food whatever (fruit included) except at meal times, and carry no food away from the table. Eat slowly and masticate all foods thoroughly. As a rule drink sparingly at the table, and do not drink freely within an hour before and after meals.

A White Man on Exhibition.

It is quite a common thing to see in our country men of savage tribes on exhibition in museums. The tables are now turned, for a white man was lately on exhibition in Africa. Mr. Joseph Thomson, a recent explorer of the central African lakes, writes of his experience with the Mahenge tribe:

A royal proclamation was sent over the country, making it known in African fashion that the chief, ever mindful of his loving subjects, had, regardless of expense, secured a real white man, and that all who desired to see this great curiosity must come at once, as he could only be detained a few days. In response to this invitation the people flocked to the exhibition in crowds. They issued, miserable and sooty, from the swamps and marshes in the east. They flocked down in wild array from the high mountains in the west. The fishermen from the rivers Uruaga and Ruaha sent their quota till Mkomokero was filled with visitors. I at once became all the rage, and it would have quite delighted any philanthropist to see the way in which they studied my every movement. Even the mystery of the toilet could not be veiled from their curious eyes, a fact which caused me much embarrassment. But as in the case of the lions at the Zoological Gardens, "the feeding" was the great attraction. A hush of expectancy would fall upon the crowd as the hour approached, and they watched with a feeling of awe the box being laid out and the camp stool set beside it, with the metal plate and cup, the bottle of salt, and the can of sugar, together with the knife and fork. As the boy appeared with the stewed fowls and sweet potatoes the excitement usually rose perceptibly, and a crush for front places would ensue, threatening to upset my humble meal. The climax usually was reached when, with all the gravity I was capable of assuming, I took the knife and fork in my hands. The fowls, however, were leathery, and my unavailable (sic) attempts to cut or carve reduced the whole spectacle from the sublime to the ridiculous, and afforded such food for satire and laughter to the wags of the tribe that I blushed and scowled.

HUMOROUS.

Men usually go to grass after their hey-day.

Be careful of flatterers. The men who pay compliments often never pay anything else.—*Steuenville Herald.*

It is said about two-thirds of the apples in Ohio have blighted and fallen off. They do not appear to thrive so well as the statesmen of the State.—*Picayune.*

A bride is reported to have lately said: "I told all my friends to have my name put on my presents, so that if divorced George should not be able to claim them."

"The mill will never grind with the water that is past," maybe, but the hand organ grinds right along with the airs that are past a couple of hundred years.—*San Antonio Advocate.*

The Shah of Persia has sent the Czar of Russia a gilt sword worth \$8,000. Why didn't he send him a suit of nitroglycerine bomb-proof armor, something that would be useful to him?—*New Haven Register.*

Daughter—"Well, mother, when I grow up I shall have my boots as tight as I want them." Mother—"Yes, my dear, I suspect when you get older you will walk yourself into the grave." Daughter—"Perhaps I may, but, anyway, I shall look well while I am walking there."

Anxious sister to brother George, who has just finished a sparring lesson—"Promise me, please, never to box again. If you want something for protection, learn to fence." George—"Well, if I were ever attacked I might not have a rapier with me." She, triumphantly—"Yes, but you might not have your boxing gloves, either."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The Latest Advertising Dodge.

"Clara Belle," in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, writes as follows from New York: A novel feature of the season at Saratoga and Long Branch is an advertising belle at each of those places. Two handsome girls of good form and top-lofty style have been hired for the purpose. They are fashionably dressed, but their mission is not to display dry goods. A dealer in hair, hair dyes, washes for the complexion, and toilet articles of a beautifying sort employs them and pays their expenses. They serve as models on which to exhibit the latest achievements in false hair and hair dressing. Their faces are carefully made up with such preparations as he manufactures. The plan is a bold one, but entirely feasible. The hotel balls at Long Branch and Saratoga are open to all who come; and these two professional beauties are personally respectable, know how to dance gracefully, can talk well enough, and certainly eclipse most of the amateur beauties. They stay at first-class hotels, lounge on the most thronged balconies, go to the horse races, and, in short, make themselves decently conspicuous in every possible way. There is a swindle in the matter, however, and I'll tell you how. These two girls are beautiful when unadorned, and the "make up" of their faces with washes and pigments is not at all needed; nor is any particular kinds of braid, frizzle or switch requisite to make their heads bewitching. But many a plain woman will foolishly suppose that the same adornment will produce in her equal attractiveness, and in that error will lie the hair-dresser's profit. It depends on the newspapers to let the public know who and what his professional beauties are, and whom they advertise, but I won't further his cause by giving his name. Both girls are tall, slender, delicately-molded blondes, with the air of duchesses, and they come from east of Avenue A.

A Strange Tortoise.

At a meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, a very fine specimen of the desert land tortoise, from Cajon Pass, San Bernardino county, in that State, was received. The specimen had been carefully prepared, and was as large as an ordinary bucket. The tortoise is a native of the arid regions of California and Arizona, and Professor E. T. Cox who was present, related a curious circumstance connected with it. He found, on dissecting one of them, that it carried on each side a membrane, attached to the inner portion of the shell, in which was about a pint of clear water, the whole amount being about a quart. He was of the opinion that this water was derived from the secretions of the giant barrel cactus, on which the tortoise feeds. This cactus contains a great deal of water. The tortoise is found in sections of the country where there is no water, and where there is no vegetation but the cactus. A traveler suffering from thirst could, in an emergency, supply himself with water by killing a tortoise.