

The Goldsboro Star.

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

VOL. I.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

NO. 14.

BEEF!

Parker & Peterson

Desire to inform their friends and the public that they can be found one door west of Express Office, where they keep constantly on hand

FRESH BEEF, MUTTON, VEGETABLES, Etc.,

Which they will be pleased to sell you at lowest cash prices. Respectfully,

PARKER & PETERSON.

MISTAKE!

I went to New York and found Dry Goods Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, etc., cheap, and bought too many. They must be sold at some price. I ask the public to call and see what bargains they can get.

MRS. MOORE

Will sell the most fashionable

MILLINERY

UP STAIRS CHEAP.

C. C. PERKINS.

Books and Sewing Machines.

Come here when you want School Books, Note Books, Blank Books, Bibles, etc. Everything in the Book line at lowest prices.

Different Makes of SEWING MACHINES.

From \$16 up. On time or for Cash.

OFFICE AT THE

Messenger Book Store.

J. H. PRINCE,

Agent and Proprietor.

Goldsboro, N. C., Aug. 6-11.

GO TO

Dodson's Gallery,

West Center Street,

For good Pictures of all styles. Frames, etc., for sale. Prices as low as the times will allow.

J. M. DODSON, Artist.

New Groceries!

J. F. DOBSON.

Three Doors South of Market,

Keeps a full stock of Groceries, Cigars, Liquors, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.

Bottled Beer Till You Can't Rest.

CALL.

FUCHTLER & KERN

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

OR, CHAMBER

AND KITCHEN

FURNITURE!

REDSLEADS, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING GLASSES, and FURNITURE

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

& 59 East Center St.,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Chief for Rheumatism.

WHEAT CLARE FIBER IS.

New material is a strong, tough, elastic fiber, cut from the pine leaf and chemicalized for Mattresses and Bedding purposes. It retains all the curative virtues found in pure pine, which is so beneficial to those suffering from Rheumatism and Fever. It generates Ozon—oxygen air—purifying the atmosphere of the apartment in which it is placed. It makes a comfortable, durable and elastic Mattress, and will not break or mat down.

FOR SALE BY

FUCHTLER & KERN,

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

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.

Summer in Norway.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* thus narrates her impressions of the almost uninterrupted daylight of a Norwegian summer:

One comes actually to yearn for a little Christian darkness to go to bed by, much as he may crave a stronger sun by day, to keep him warm, he would like to have a reasonable night-time for sleeping. At first there is a stimulus, and a weird sort of triumphant sense of outwitting nature, in finding one's self able to read or to write by the sun's light till nearly midnight of the clock. But presently it becomes clear that the outwitting is on the other side. What avails it that there is light enough for one to write by at ten o'clock at night, if he is tired out, does not want to write, and longs for nothing but to go to sleep? If it were dark, and he longed to write, nothing would be easier than to light candles and write all night, if he chose and could pay for his candles. But neither money nor ingenuity can compass for him a normal darkness to sleep in. The Norwegian house is one-half window; in their long winters they need all the sun they can get; not an outside blind, not an inside shutter, not a dark shade, to be seen; streaming, flooding, radiating in and around about the rooms, comes the light, welcome or unwelcome, early or late. And to the words "early" and "late" there are in a Norway summer new meanings: the early light of the summer morning sets in about half-past two; the late light of the summer evening fades into a luminous twilight about eleven. Enjoyment of this species of perpetual day soon comes to an end. After the traveler has written home to everybody once by broad daylight at ten o'clock, the fun of the thing is over; normal sleepiness begins to hunger for its rights and dissatisfaction takes the place of wondering amusement. This dissatisfaction reaches its climax in a few days; then, if he is wise, the traveler provides himself with several pieces of dark green cambric, which he pins up at his windows at bed-time, thereby making it possible to get the seven or eight hours' rest for his tired eyes. But the green cambric will not shut out sounds; and he is lucky if he is not kept awake until one or two o'clock every night by the unceasing tread and loud chatter of the cheerful Norwegians, who have been forced to form the habit of sitting up half their night-time, to get in the course of a year their full quota of day-time.

Settling the War.

In the winter of 1864, Pony Mountain, in the Shenandoah Valley, was full of game, and Federals and Confederates used to shoot squirrels and trap rabbits when off picket duty. Care was taken to avoid each other, but many collisions occurred, and more than one poor fellow's bones are bleaching under the dark pines to-day. One day a member of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry encountered a "Johnny" face to face as they both turned a thicket. Both had guns on their shoulders, and both were too surprised to speak for some time. Then the Confederate yelled out:

"Say, you Yank, what are you down here for?"

"To put down the rebellion."

"You can't do it, no how."

"Bet you ten dollars we can."

"Look here," said the "reb," as he came closer and put down his gun to indulge in gestures, "I'll play ye a game of euchre to see which side is going to whip."

This was agreed to, and cards were produced. The first deal and made: "reb" took the second march. At the next deal, the score was even, and pretty soon they stood four to four. The play was careful, but the Confederacy had the winning cards, and as the "Johnny" took the last trick with an ace, he jumped up and yelled: "I knew it—I knew it! Now, Yank, are ye squar?"

"I am."

"Then go back and stop this 'ere war 'ording to agreement, and mount yer critter and go home. Whoop! 'Rah, fur me! I knew there must be some way to settle this doggone war if I could only git beyond the pickets!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The thirty-eight States of the Union contain 2,299 counties. Texas leads off having 151 counties, followed closely by Georgia's 137. After Georgia in the table come Kentucky with 117 counties; Missouri, 115; Virginia, 105; Illinois, 102; Iowa, 99; Tennessee and North Carolina each 94 and Indiana 92. As a rule the Southern States have more counties than the Northern States.

BEAUTY MARKS.

Unattractive Faces Made Fascinating by Artificial Dimples—Scars that Deface Transformed into Spots that Beautify.

"No, sir, I will not give you a word about the dimples, if you wish to place my name in connection with it. It has been done before, and I am adverse to newspaper notoriety," savagely retorted a physician as a New York *News* reporter introduced himself and the object of his mission.

"But," outbroke the surgeon, as he cast a smile of confidence toward the invader, and a larger smile, without dimples, spread over the reporter's countenance, "I will give you all the facts if you agree to not mention my name. I do not wish to make a specialty of dimples; and if it becomes publicly identified with my name through the press, I might spoil my best surgical and medical practice."

Agreeing to his demands, the physician then told all in relation to the manufacture of dimples.

"You see," he commenced, after throwing himself comfortably back in an easy arm-chair, "Mrs. D.—about two weeks after her engagement to her present husband, became the victim of a small abscess on the very middle of her right cheek. It looked remarkably repulsive, and to some might create the impression that it would end in disfiguring her pretty face for life. She came to me to have it removed. I began the operation and soon had it completed, but at this time one great obstacle presented itself, to the young lady's great sorrow. She would have a small scar on her cheek, which would always appear like a pistol-shot wound. She told me her intended had not seen her since she had the abscess, and as he was not to come back until a few days before their wedding, if he beheld this scar it might hurt his feelings very much. I told her nothing could be done, but a few minutes after she smiled about some remark I made, and then I noticed the scar in her cheek sunk in the folds of the skin, and with the exception of a little puckering, appeared exactly like a dimple, and, indeed, added to make her face the more agreeable.

"I then concluded if the slight rough flesh could be removed around the scar by a simple operation, so as to cause it to disappear from view and sink into the folds of the skin and face more properly, it would then be turned into a real artificial dimple, as good and perfect in every respect as one naturally set there. Of course the operation was performed on both cheeks, the lady being under the influence of an anesthetic. I carefully watched developments and had the young lady call with her mother to see me regularly, and in a short time I found the dimples were an emphatic success."

"How is the operation done?" interposed the writer.

"A slip of muscular tissue is removed from the main muscle of the cheek between the masseter and the zygomatic major muscles. After administering the anesthetic, a keen-edged little instrument is brought into requisition, and with this the delicate but deep incision is made which finishes the operation."

"After this young lady got her dimple, I almost immediately had like calls from several ladies who had mole marks, burns, and other scars on their faces, which they desired to have removed and replaced with dimples. Some of them I refused to operate upon."

"They nearly all desired to have the dimples to make them better looking. I told them they could never have their faces changed after having dimples put in, and that they would stay in forever, but these warnings only made them more anxious. When I first commenced work on the dimples I expected to hear no more about it after Mrs. D.'s case, but she has told me since that everyone who knew she never had them before, and who almost to death to find out how she got them."

"Then I had a call for a very beautiful woman on Madison avenue, whose features were as perfect as an idea statue. I begged of her not to have the operation performed, as already her face was beautiful without additions. She said her face was growing too full, and unless she had dimples in her cheeks she would have a face looking bloated. Her point was a well taken, and it was decidedly true, her face was getting too round to retain its charms to full beauty and more so when she smiled or laughed. I made the dimples, and when the lady now laughs, her beaming hazel eyes, mouth of fine teeth and pretty dimples give her a look that at once fascinates and creates intense admiration. She must have long studied her need of dimples, for they make a vast advantage in her appearance."

"How much does it cost for a pair of dimples?"

"Well, it's according to the trouble—for some it might be done for

five dollars, and others may be fifty or one hundred."

"Is there any chance of dangerous trouble to some of the muscles of the face that might result in permanently disfiguring a person for life?"

"Well, I cannot say there is; if there was, a physician would be taking desperate chances in his business, and, in fact, that is one of the reasons why I myself do not wish to strongly advocate the dimple operation, and do not intend to allow it to become a specialty with me."

The reporter left the physician, promising if ever he was shot through both cheeks by a cannon ball to call back and undergo the operation at half-price.

Poetical Dunning.

In 1846 George P. Morris and N. P. Willis were conducting the *Home Journal*. Both of these gentlemen were poets and of course their whole characters partook of the gentle nature of creatures of that ilk. But they published their paper for money and then, as now, there were delinquent subscribers. Neither Willis nor Morris had that business sense that would lead them to amass fortunes and were not rough enough to cry out to those indebted to them: "Here, you! Pay me that \$2 you owe me!" or, "Pay up or we'll stop your paper!" They approached their debtors in a gentle manner, putting the matter in what might be called a poetic light. Their announcement in a paper of the year named with the end in view of having its delinquent subscribers pay, deserves to be called one of the curiosities of literature, and we can imagine Willis sitting down to write it with only the pleasantest feelings toward all whom he addresses. It is headed "Have you forgotten?" and begins "Not to you, we hope," proceeding as follows:

Dear reader, are we obliged to address you this reminder that the trifling remittance of \$2, due to the *Home Journal*, is still unmet. You have read of the just-minded Persian, who, going into his garden exclaimed: "Hast thou grown, Oh vine, while I have slept? Hast thou budded, Oh tree, while I was idle?"—watering them promptly and gratefully for their unforgetful and untiring service. Recollect, Oh unmindful reader, that, for the five minutes easy remembrance which we ask of you, we labor the whole year untiringly in return—sending you fifty-two remittances, like this in your hand, for the one remittance of two poor dollars, which you keep forgetting. Would you, yourself, think well of a friend who should neglect acknowledging fifty-two such favors—particularly if your subsistence depended on the acknowledgment?

It is by punctual returns alone, than, we can live, and afford our paper at so low a price.

Will you remember—without letting another day pass over? Yours for very little,
MORRIS AND WILLIS.

To the friendly but forgetful subscriber.

Discovery of Egyptian Mummies.

The finding at Thebes of thirty-nine mummies of Egyptian royal and priestly personages, which has been hailed in Europe as the greatest archeological discovery since Sir Henry Layard's researches at Nineveh, grows in importance. Two-thirds of the mummies are now identified by means of the inscriptions upon their cases and the manuscripts found. They are, for the most part, kings and queens, with their children, ranging through four dynasties, beginning with the seventeenth and ending with the twenty-first; or, stating it roughly, from 2,000 to 1,700 B. C. The mummy of the Pharaoh of Israel is among these, in a perfect state of preservation, and the mummy of Thotmes III., in whose reign the obelisk that stands in Central Park was first erected. The imagination falters in the attempt to realize that these figures have been brought back from the vast and shoreless sea of Egyptian antiquity to our own day, and our very doors. Lotus flowers that look as if they "had been plucked a few months ago," are found lying in the wrappings of kings who were dead centuries before the Pharaoh of Israel was born, and the passage of nearly 4,000 years has not dimmed the beauty of the colors of the inscriptions and pencillings, "which are as bright and fresh as if the artist had touched them but yesterday." This is a wonderful prize for archeological science, the full meaning of which scholars probably are just beginning to appreciate.

To give an idea of the immensity of the spirit trade in the country it may be stated that the amount appropriated by government for the maintaining of storekeepers and gaugers alone is above \$1,500,000, and the number of distilleries registered and operated above

FINDING LOST CARS.

How the Many-Lettered Freight Cars Are Traced.

Travelers up and down any line of railway having a terminus in this city are in the habit of seeing daily hundreds of fugitive freight cars extending in broken lines along the side of tracks and reaching many miles out of the city. They belong to a hundred different railway companies, each car bearing the initials of the proprietary road, and in the general office of that company, whether it be in New York, Pittsburg or San Francisco, there are records which show just where that car is standing and why it is there. For instance, if the car is detained an unwarranted length of time at Germantown junction the Pennsylvania railroad receives a "searcher either by telegraph or train service, asking why the car is not sent home." In this way a great railroad stretching half way across the continent, and with its rolling stock scattered over every state in the Union, keeps an account of its stock, numbering in the case of the Pennsylvania railroad more than 30,000 freight cars of all kinds. Occasionally one of the number is lost altogether, and then the complicated railway detective service is set at work. The clues to its whereabouts are traced out, and in some the lost car is found somewhere between Texas and Montreal. Yesterday afternoon Superintendent Reilly of the transportation department was notified of the recovery at Worcester, Massachusetts, of a Pennsylvania railroad freight car that has been missing since November 7, 1880, and had in the meantime traveled thousand of miles over New England railroads. Speaking of the matter, Chief Clerk McCully said: "The New England railroads seem to entertain the idea that our cars are sent up there for their convenience. As soon as a car is unloaded it should be started back to the road from which it came, but in New England they turn it over as the common property of the road, and it is run back and forth, carrying local freight. It is not an uncommon thing when a car is loaded here and sent to an Eastern point that it is not again heard from for three or four months. In the meantime there are more than 100 clerks in this office employed on the car accounts, and week after week searchers are sent out from here for the missing car." Yesterday letters of inquiry were dispatched to all parts of the country aggregating 2,992 cars that had gone astray between the 1st and 10th of this month. Every freight conductor on the road sends in a daily report of the cars that have been in his charge, and a fair idea of the magnitude of these accounts may be had from the fact that the entire movement over the Pennsylvania railroad exceeds 40,000 per day. The accounts are entered in different colored inks to distinguish loaded from empty cars. There are received at the Fourth street office 2,500 conductor's reports every day, and one hundred and twenty clerks are employed in the freight department alone. When a Pennsylvania railroad train is sent out over another line the conductor reports the number of each car and its destination. The absent cars are in this way traced from road to road, as, for instance, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway to Chicago, thence by the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific to Council Bluffs, and by the Union and Central Pacific roads to San Francisco. In the course of two months the car returns by the same route, and if any accident on the way destroys the car it is charged against the road on which the accident happened. Lost freight cars which were formerly headed up by traveling agents are now traced by "searchers," official documents which contain the number and description of the lost car, and the date at which it was last seen on the Pennsylvania road. These documents are forwarded in the wake of the car, receiving many official signatures on the way, and finally overtake an agent who has the car in charge.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Surah gowns made up for autumn are good imitations of the pattern sateens that have been worn through the summer, having their three flounces, their draperies and basques bordered with brocade in the familiar way. The woolen gowns are made upon a pretty model having overskirts that face apart to show skirts composed of platings alternating with wide bands of plain velvet, and basques of the polka style.

The fall wraps are frost jackets of moire and blue, ecrú, garnet and in seal brown, which is the favorite color for cloth, beaver and chinchilla cloth, as the season advances. Visites of chenille, silk, satin, and cloth are also worn.