

# The Goldsboro Star.

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

VOL. I.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1882.

NO. 18.

## 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.,

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

### It Shall Be Well.

If thou shalt be in heart a child,  
Forgiving, tender, meek and mild,  
Thou with light stains of earth defiled,  
Oh, soul, it shall be well.

It shall be well with thee indeed,  
Whate'er thy race, thy tongue, thy creed,  
Thou shalt not lose thy fitting meed;  
It shall be surely well.

Not where, nor how, nor when we know,  
Nor by what stages thou shalt grow;  
We may but whisper faint and low,  
It shall be surely well.

It shall be well with thee, Oh soul,  
Though the heavens wither like a scroll,  
Though sun and moon forget to roll—  
Oh, soul, it shall be well.

### THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

The radiantly-colored leaves of the October morning were drifting down on the walk; the distant woods were glowing like a giant kaleidoscope, and the sweet, pine-scented air was blue with the intense blueness of an American autumn, as Doctor Dulany sauntered down the village street.

"My lines have fallen in pleasant places," said he, to himself. "When old Doctor Holden asked me to come here and take charge of his practice for three months while he went to Europe, I had no idea that I was stepping into an earthly paradise like this, and—"

But at this moment a tall, square-shouldered young man stopped, directly in front of him, holding out a welcoming hand.

"No!" cried he, "Surely my senses can't be playing me false! It is Frank Dulany! And what in the name of all the heathen gods has brought you here?"

Dulany laughed. "I knew you lived somewhere in this vicinity," said he; "I am here in charge of old Holden's patients for three months, before I go South for the rest of my life. Tell me something about Mossbridge and the Mossbridgians."

Mr. Kirke linked his arm in that of his friend, and together they walked down toward the little stone hospital on the shore of the river, where incurable diseases, gratis-patients and out-door relief were lumped together, as they often are in country towns; and as they walked they talked, with the careless abandon of college friends.

"But you haven't told me anything about the ladies," said Dulany, carelessly.

"I'm coming to that," said Kirke. "We have a dozen pretty girls, at the very least, but only one beauty. And I tell you what, Dulany, you had better beware of Gerald Granger."

"And why?" Dulany asked. "Because," Kirke laughingly made answer, "she is a meretricious beauty—a slaughterer of human hearts—in fine, a first-class coquette."

"And you think I shall become one of her victims?" said Doctor Dulany.

"Think?" echoed Kirke. "I don't think at all—I'm quite sure of it!"

"But I'm only a poor young country doctor. Why should she trouble her head about me, if she is, as you say, such a peerless beauty?"

"Because," said Kirke, "she'd flirt with a chimney-sweep, if there was no one else on hand upon whom she might whet her powers. It's in her. She's born to rule human hearts, and trample on them afterward."

"And how have you escaped this common doom of all mankind?" asked Dulany.

"I haven't," Kirke answered, with a comical grimace. "My scalp hangs at her belt with half a hundred others. She refused me a year ago. She don't mean to marry in Mossbridge. She has announced her determination to become the bride of some city millionaire; and I think she'll do it, too—for, by George, she's handsome enough to be a crown princess!"

Doctor Dulany thought over all these things afterward, when he was by himself in his little office. "I don't mean to become the prey of this rural Cleopatra," he said to himself; "and I rather think that my obscurity is my security."

"The young doctor who has taken old Holden's practice, eh?" said Miss Granger, a little disdainfully. "He is to be at Miss Mix's to night, is he? Very well—I shall soon dispose of him!"

Gerald Granger was a tall, imperial beauty, with dark, long-lashed eyes, a complexion like cream-and-roses, and a soft, languid voice; and, at Miss Mix's social gathering that night, she looked

as lovely as a dream of Circassia. But, to her infinite dismay and amazement, Doctor Dulany took no more notice of her than he did of old Mrs. Percy, who wore a wig and blue spectacles. He wore a coolly polite—that was all; and Miss Granger did not know what to make of him.

"But he's rather handsome," she unwillingly admitted to herself. Miss Granger put on her prettiest dresses and decorated her hair with the sweetest flowers out of her aunt's little conservatory, and really devoted herself that autumn to the business of captivating Doctor Dulany.

"The man must be made of cast iron," she said to herself. "And only an insignificant little country doctor at that! It's perfectly ridiculous! The idea of his visiting Miss Herbert just because she has a mania for charity and poor people! And he took Lucy Villars down into the woods to botanize after autumn flowers—the hateful school-miss! And he's going to join Mrs. Gracey's Shakespeare Society. I never was a blue-stocking, and I never will be. Let him go!"

But Gerald couldn't content herself with this system of philosophy. Doctor Dulany was the first man who had ever resisted her fascinations, and she was determined that he should be the last.

And she tossed her head, and froze up, like a fair icicle, in his presence, and the flinty-hearted fellow never even seemed to know it.

"A charming young man," said Mrs. Gracey—"so intellectual, so perfectly well informed on every subject."

"So truly generous and good to the poor!" said Louisa Herbert.

"The most delightful companion in the world," said little Lucy Villars, who was developing into a dangerously pretty blonde.

"Oh, Gerald, if you could only hear him talk about his home and his mother."

"Pshaw!" said Gerald, so short and sharp that Lucy looked up, wondering what was the matter.

Miss Granger was somewhat pensive that evening. She had always regarded Lucy Villars as a child; but after all, she was nearly seventeen, and undeniable pretty. But what a fool Doctor Dulany would be, to fling away his rich nature and rare capacities on a thoughtless elf like Lucy, just out of boarding school!

"Aunt Susie," said she, suddenly, "I think I should like to join a sisterhood, or go into a convent, or something of that sort."

"What?" said Aunt Susie, in dismay. "I'm tired of all these senseless balls and parties," said Gerald, bursting into tears.

"My love," said Aunt Susie, "you are not well. Your nervous system is all run down. We'll send for the doctor."

Doctor Dulany came just exactly like a "human machine," as Gerald declared in her anger, felt her pulse, asked half a dozen conventional questions, and advised early hours and a tonic.

"I can't bear that man!" said Gerald; and she burst out crying. "The poor darling is quite hysterical," said Aunt Susie. "Never mind—good old Doctor Holden is coming back next month, and he will understand your constitution!"

And then Gerald cried more bitterly than ever, and Aunt Susie was hopelessly puzzled.

Doctor Dulany was at the hospital, next day, just at twilight, and as he came into the feverish ward a soft-gray shadow glided out at the other doorway.

"Who is that?" he asked, quickly. "Not old Kate, nor yet Alice Evans."

"It's Miss Granger, sir," said the head nurse. "Alice has the neuralgia in her face, and Miss Granger would take her place."

"She must not do it again," said Doctor Dulany, with quiet authority. "I am not quite sure of the non-contagious character of some of these cases."

"She says, sir," declared the old nurse, "that she wants to do some good in the world. But we was to be sure and not tell you, sir."

Doctor Dulany smiled. "There are more ways of doing good in the world than one," said he. "And Miss Granger must come here no more."

He hurried through the various wards and made such good speed back along the lonely road that he overlooked the gray, gliding shadow at the entrance to the village street.

"Miss Granger," said he, "I detected your identity at once."

"What of it?" retorted Gerald, almost fiercely. "I supposed I had a right to enter a Public Hospital so long as my uncle pays taxes for its support."

"Not in the least; but—" "I know—I have known all along," went on the girl choking down the angry sobs in her throat, "that you hated the sight of me; but you have no right actually to tell me so! Oh, I am so wretched! I wish that I were dead."

Doctor Dulany planted himself directly across the path, so that she could neither walk over, under, nor around him.

"Miss Granger," said he, "will you be kind enough to tell me what you mean?"

"No!" flashed out the girl, "I won't!"

"But you shall!" quietly declared the doctor. "The reason that I did not want you to enter the hospital, is that I have an idea that some of those fever cases partake of the typhoid nature, and—"

"What then?" said Gerald. "What have I to live for that I should shrink from exposing myself?"

"Everything!" said the doctor. "Nothing!" said Gerald.

"Nevertheless," said Dulany, quietly, "I forbid you running this risk."

"What is it to you?" she cried, passionately. "If I dreamed that you cared whether I lived or died—"

She stopped suddenly, with crimsoning cheeks. Had she said too much? "I do care," said Doctor Dulany. "Very much, indeed. In fact, had I not been told that you were a heartless coquette—"

"It is false!" said Gerald, hurriedly. "I might even venture to say more," he pursued, his eyes fixed intently on her face.

"Say it, then," she whispered, making no effort to withdraw the hand which he had taken.

"Well, then," he returned, laughing, "I love you. Is that definite enough?"

"And I love you!" she answered, "Oh, Doctor Dulany, you must have seen that long ago! But, tell me, when did you first begin to—care for me?"

"From the hour in which I first saw you," said he.

And so our village coquette was conquered, and surrendered at discretion; and, to the surprise of all her friends, she has married the quiet young country doctor.

### A Sad Tale from the Sea.

Mrs. George L. Hunter, the wife of Captain Hunter, of the schooner Thomas J. Lancaster, which was wrecked north of Cape Hatteras, has returned home to Philadelphia widowed and childless, having left the bodies of her husband and three children buried in the North Carolina sands, near the burial place of four seamen and the second mate. Tied high up in the rigging of the Lancaster, while the strong vessel was pounding herself to pieces, Mrs. Hunter saw her infant child torn from her arms by the sea, which had only a moment before swallowed up her husband and his eldest daughter, and still clinging, wet and nearly frozen to the mast, the heart-broken woman heard above the roar of the sea a plaintive, sobbing cry, "Mamma, come save me," which told her that one child still lived. Through twelve hours of wind and rain and darkness Mrs. Hunter battled against the ropes which obstinately saved her life by fastening herself there out of reach of the storm and of her child, who died even after succor came, and the five survivors of the ill-fated ship were brought to land. When the captain's body was found, his pocket had been robbed of \$75, which he had secured before leaving the cabin when the vessel struck the reef. The poor woman was thus left destitute, but not friendless, for she met kind assistance from Lieutenant Newcomb, of the United States army, and keeper Midget, of the life-saving station, who made her as comfortable as it was possible to do in that uncivilized place.

### Why Some People Fail to Succeed.

They neglect details.  
They overlook the small things.  
They have no eye to business.  
They hope for fortune to drop in their laps.  
They let their help waste and destroy.  
They fail to advertise.  
They have too much outside business.  
They talk politics too much.  
They fail to invent or have new ideas.  
They are penny wise and pound foolish.  
They imitate their neighbors.  
They are not polite or accommodating.  
They think most things take too much trouble.  
They fail to push business.  
They know not that the best is cheapest.  
They know not the power of method.  
They are illiberal to home enterprises.  
They attend to everything but their own business.  
They become rusty and lose ambition.

### After the Frost.

After the frost! Oh, the rose is dead  
And the weeds lie piled in the garden-bed,  
And the peach tree's shade in the wan sunshine,  
Faint as the veins in these hands of mine,  
Streaks the gray of the orchard wall  
Where the vine rasps loose and the last leaves fall  
And the bare boughs writhe and the winds are lost—

After the frost—the frost!

After the frost! Oh, the weary head  
And the hands and the heart are quieted,  
And the lips we loved are locked at last  
And kiss not back, though the rain falls fast  
And the lashes drip and the soul makes moan  
And on through the dead leaves walks alone  
Where the bare boughs writhe and the winds are lost—

After the frost—the frost!  
—James W. Riley.

### HUMOROUS.

"Love's young dream" usually merges into matrimonial nightmare — *New York Daily News*.

You cannot convince the young man without a fall overcoat that the evenings are chilly. He won't have it.

Patti thinks of giving her first concert in the New York Stock Exchange. She has heard that the price of seats there is \$30,000 each. — *Philadelphia News*.

Advice from the Greek: "Know thyself" is good advice. And to find out all about yourself in the shortest time get nominated for office. — *Lowell Citizen*.

Dictionary holders have come into general use. Something is wanted now that will hold an umbrella until the owners want to use it. — *New Orleans Picayune*.

There is a girl in Plymouth County who has had eighteen different lovers, and not one of them ever got his arm around her. She weighs 384 pounds. — *Boston Post*.

The fellows who are too bashful to look at a girl, are just the ones to stick a friend for the loan of two dollars with all the gall of an army mule. — *Rochester Herald*.

The barber's children are little shavers; the upholsterer's are little tackers; the butcher's are young lambs; the carpenter's are chips from the old block; the baker's are cream baby tarts; and the angry man's are little pets. — *New York News*.

A poor old lady has petitioned the city for a license to have a peanut stand on Boston Common. Funny old woman, why does she want to have a peanut stand when it can lie down splendidly? — *Boston Times*.

Morris the tailor, met Guttenheimer, another tailor, the other day, and said: "How is business?" "Only sew-sew," said Guttenheimer; "how is it with you?" "Oh mine is mending," said Morris. — *Evansville Argus*.

Requires practice: Lady Customer—"Will you please direct me to the dress department?" Obliging Floor Walker—"Certainly; walk this way." Lady Customer—"My dear sir, I couldn't walk that way if I practiced for two years."

There is only one woman we know of who can let other women pass by her without looking after them, to see whether their polonaises are shirred in the elbow and cut bias on the watch pocket. The woman in question is a tobacco sign. — *Olive Logan*.

### Reed-Bird Shooting in Delaware.

As they go southward in the fall, our favorite meadow singers, the bobolinks, take to the marshes and become reed birds, much sought after by sportsmen and pot hunters. At Chester, Delaware, the headquarters of the bird shooters of the State, there are forty professional "pushers." The shooting begins the first of September. The Philadelphia Times makes a brief estimate of the results of a month's shooting. At Chester, at the Lazaretto, and the two hundred club houses that line both banks of the Delaware from League Island to Marcus Hook, there will be at least nine hundred shooters daily. At the former two places 2,000 birds daily—taking the scores of those who push themselves and of the professional shooters—will be killed. Eight hundred gunners daily from the private club houses is but a fair count, and, giving them each a score of 10 birds daily, the total will be 10,000 birds killed every day in the month of September, an aggregate of 300,000 scored at the above places alone. This is but a meager approximation of the grand total, probably ranging over 1,000,000 when the marshes from Bombay Hook to Bordentown are included in the estimate.

There are more whoops on the inside of a barrel of whisky than there are hoops on the out side. — *Texas Siftings*.