

The Goldsboro Star.

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

VOL. I.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882

NO. 20.

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.

se10-1m

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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.

se17-1f

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

Different Makes of 9 SEWING MACHINES.

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Messenger Book Store.

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Goldsboro, N. C., Aug. 6-1f.

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West Center Street,

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

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Three Doors South of Market,

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

Bottled Beer Till You Can't Rest.

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FUCHTLER & KERN

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

PARLOR, CHAMBER AND KITCHEN

FURNITURE!

BEDSTEADES, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, PICTURE FRAMES, LOOKING GLASSES, and FURNITURE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

57 & 59 East Center St., GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Relief for Rheumatism.

WHAT CLARE FIBER IS.

This 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 Ozone—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.

se23-1f

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.

CLIMBING PIKE'S PEAK.

The Sensations of a Traveler Two and Three-quarter Miles Above Sea Level.

In a letter dated Colorado Springs, Col., a correspondent says: I shook the sand of Pueblo off my feet and took a train for this charming retreat—charming, at least, compared with the other places that I have seen in Colorado. It is located at the nearest point to the base of the mountains, where the country stretches off into a long level plain. The town is laid out in squares, and the straight streets are bordered with shade trees and rippling streams in irrigating ditches. Public and private fountains are continually playing, and the dust is kept from being whirled into clouds by the prevailing high winds through the free use of sprinkling carts. The town nestles at the foot of the giant Pike's Peak, which towers 14,336 feet above the level of the sea. One does not realize the height of this great dome at a glance on a clear day. The eye must first rest on the top of each lower peak, as one rises above another horizontal distance of twelve miles. Then as the great peak is seen lowering above all the rest the spectator appreciates its enormous elevation. When clouds rest upon the lower peaks, while the gray giant raises his head into the blue sky above, the sublimity of the scene is heightened.

But a full realization of the grandeur of this mountain is reserved for the man or woman who is willing to sit on the back of a twelve-hand-high mountain pony for eleven or twelve hours while he lazily traverses twenty-four miles of the very roughest kind of road. I, with a party, tried it. We went through narrow canyons and gorges, where the little mountain streams rushed and tumbled and roared over the broken rocks, and we climbed the mountain sides where the trail was not a foot wide, and the sides in places were so nearly perpendicular that great shelving rocks 1,000 feet above seemed ready to dash themselves upon our defenceless heads. At times it seemed as if we would surely be crowded off the narrow pathway by the projecting rocks and hurled into the chasm 1,000 or 2,000 feet below us. At any one of a hundred different points our lives depended upon the sure-footedness of the ponies, not at all in any skill in horsemanship. Our guide's special instruction was to give the pony his head and hang on to the pommel. Here and there great promontories of rock, with 1,500 feet of perpendicular walls, stood out like huge sentinels on our march, and many of them had their titles of Major, or Captain, or Sergeant. Gradually the tall, stately pines of the ravines gave way to a less and less thrifty growth as we approached the timber line. Finally there remained only short, stumpy trees, hardly thirty feet high, though probably 100 or 200 years old. After we passed the timber line we had yet four miles of rocks to climb, and as I looked up at that long steep ascent and back over the eight miles of ravine from which we had just emerged, my courage, like that of Bob Acres' began to rapidly ooze away. Twelve hours of daylight seemed hardly enough to enable us to complete the ascent and to make the return trip; but thanks to the faithful ponies and to our persistence in clinging to the pommels, we at last reached the summit and sat down. If a drunken man can stand while chairs and furniture seem rushing around him, then I might possibly have stood in that highly rarified air. But, like the drunken man, I found it easier to sit down. As I dismounted, or, rather, stepped off, the slight exertion threw my heart into a violent palpitation. My ears felt as if they were being beaten upon by muffled trip-hammers, and my respiration was so rapid that I thought I must stop breathing just for a rest. After staggering about five feet to the door of the United States signal service station, where we were entertained with a lunch and a cup of coffee, I ventured out again, but the rarified air and the great wide world below bewildered the senses, and my muscles refused to do even fatigue duty. So I sat and gazed in almost stupid wonder. I learned that nearly all who visit the Peak experience similar sensations. It is a kind of seasickness, accompanied sometimes with hemorrhage from the nose or mouth. Many women faint, and some cannot be restored until they are carried below the timber line. It is an exceedingly dangerous trip for anybody who has any disease of the heart. The two men at the signal station, though strong and hearty, have to be relieved alternately every month to get the air of the plains, as they grow irritable and quarrelsome up there, and even get to fighting, so much does the rarified air accelerate

the circulation and the nervous action. Three kinds of animals I found up there that seemed to thrive without any change of air—white quails, chipmunks, about three times as large as those common in the East, and having tails nearly as bushy as a squirrel's tail, and which the sergeant at the post said closely resembled the rats of Jerusalem.

A City of Perfumes.

A writer in *All the Year Round* says: The Tunisian Arabs have a passion for flowers, and as soon as their spring commences, even the poor and the raggedest may be seen with a delicately-scented blossom stuck above his ear, the stock resting amid the folds of his turban and the flower projecting forward over his dark cheek. I have been told by those who have thirty years knowledge of these people, that they will almost go without bread to buy flowers. And there is something in the sight of a gaunt toil-worn Arab, whose sole garments may consist of a piece of coarseness and a ragged old turban, with a bunch of delicate spring blossoms drooping their cool freshness against his swarthy cheek, which stirs a strange mingling of sympathy and pity and admiration. The perfumes distilled at Tunis have been famous from time immemorial, and I really think the Tunisians are right when they declare that their roses are sweeter than all others. There is one very large, rather pale rose in particular, from which the famous attar is extracted, which exhales an odor so powerful and yet so delicate that it scarcely seems a figure of speech to speak of "odors of Paradise," and one can understand that the Mohammedan's heaven would hardly be complete without it. But at Tunis it is not only the rose which is made to yield up its sweet breath, to be afterwards imprisoned in cunning little caskets and sparkling crystal flasks enriched with gilding, suggestive to the wandering fancy of the Arabian Nights' haunted traveler (and who is there who is not continually haunted by that wonderful book from the moment he finds himself among oriental scenes?) the imprisoned spirit of some fairy in eternal subjection to the powerful genie man. The odors of the violet, the jasmine, the orange-flower, and many others are extracted with equal skill, and in the bazaars mingle their scents with the perfume of sandal-wood and other sweet-smelling woods whose names I do not know, and with that of the curions and most odoriferous dark substance which the natives call amber. If you go by perfumes the vendor will perhaps offer you a little ivory box (Arabian Nights again!) or porcelain vase containing a scented unguent for the hair, or may be a string of beads to hang around your neck, apparently thinking it of small consequence in what way you perfume your person so that the desired odor is conveyed to the senses. In Arab houses incense sandal-wood is frequently burned on charcoal braziers. The Arabian women of the higher class are extravagantly fond of highly-scented ear-rings, bracelets, etc., and a lady told me on being introduced into the apartment of a newly-married wife, she saw suspended on the wall a magnificent kind of necklace, almost as large as the collar of the order of the golden fleece, formed of scented woods and amber, enriched with plates, and beads of pure gold finely worked. The ornament perfumed the whole apartment, and my friend was informed that in well-to-do households it was always to be found in the chamber of the newest wife.

Goose Bones as Weather Prophets.

Kentuckians put no trust in Vennor. The Louisville *Post* tells of a weather prophet much more popular that way: The goose bone has long been an honored weather prophet. In some of the back counties of Kentucky the farmers make all their arrangements in accordance with the predictions of the goose bone. In some localities the goose bone is laid aside, labeled with the year, and it is said that one old farmer in Breathitt county has the bones extending back for more than forty years. To read correctly the winter of any year take the breast bone of a goose hatched during the preceding spring. The bone is translucent and it will be found to be colored and spotted. The dark color and heavy spots indicate cold. If the spots are of a light shade and transparent, wet weather, rain or snow may be looked for. The *Post* reporter examined three bones, one from Southeastern Kentucky, one from Jefferson county and one from La Porte, Ind. They indicated a motley winter, with a mild December and January and a cold February.

The dodo, now extinct, was found only on the island of Mauritius. It is said that sailors killed them in large numbers, using their breast-bones for sharpening knives.

A Federal Scout's Adventure.

A writer for the *Detroit Free Press* gives some interesting reminiscences of Castle Thunder, at Richmond, established by the Confederate government as a place of detention for Confederate deserters, suspected persons, and the captured attaches of the Union army. One of the occupants of the Castle in the winter of 1864-5, says the writer, was a Federal named James Hancock, claiming to be a scout attached to Grant's army. He was captured under circumstances which seemed to prove him a spy, and while waiting for his case to be investigated he was sent to Castle Thunder. Hancock was a jolly, rollicking fellow, having wonderful facial expression, and great powers of mimicry. One evening, while singing a song for the amusement of his fellow-prisoners he suddenly stopped, threw up his hands, staggered, and then fell like a bag of sand to the floor. There was great confusion at once, and as some of the men inspected the body and pronounced it without life the guards were notified of what had occurred. The post surgeon was called in to say whether it was a faint or a case of sudden death. He had just come in from a long, cold ride, and his examination was a hasty one.

"Dead as a door-nail!" he said, as he rose up, and in the course of twenty minutes the body was deposited in a wagon and started for the hospital, to be there laid in a cheap coffin and forwarded to the burying-place. When the driver reached the end of his journey he was gone! There was no tail-board to his vehicle, and thinking he might have jolted the body out on the way, he drove back and made inquiry of several persons if they had seen a lost corpse anywhere.

Hancock's "sudden death" was a part of his plan to escape. While he had great nerve and an iron will, he could not have passed the surgeon under favorable circumstances. On the way to the hospital he dropped out of the wagon and joined the pedestrians on the walk. When the driver returned to the castle and told his story, a detail of men was at once sent out to capture the tricky prisoner, and the alarm was given all over Richmond. To leave the city was to be picked up by a patrol; to remain was to be hunted down.

Hancock had money sewed in the lining of his vest, and he walked straight to the best hotel, registered himself as from Georgia, and put in a good night's sleep. In the morning he procured a change of clothing and sauntered around with the greatest unconcern, carrying the idea to some that he was in Richmond on a government contract, and to others that he was in the secret service of the Confederacy. Shortly after dinner he was arrested on Main street by a squad of provost troops who had his description to a dot. But lo! no sooner had they put hands on him than the prisoner was seen to be cross-eyed and to have his mouth drawn to one side. The men were bewildered, and Hancock was feeling "for letters to prove his identity," when the hotel clerk happened to pass and at once secured his liberty.

Four days after his escape from the Castle the scout found himself out of funds, and while in the corridor of the postoffice he was again arrested. This time he drew his mouth to the right, brought a squint to his left eye, and pretended to be very deaf. He was, however, taken to the castle, and there a wonderful thing occurred. Guards who knew Hancock's face perfectly well were so confused by his squint that no man dared give a certain answer. Prisoners who had been with him for four months were equally at fault, and it was finally decided to lock him up and investigate his references. For seven long days the scout kept his mouth skewed around and his eye on the squint, and then he got tired of it and resumed his accustomed phiz. The minute he did this he was recognized by everybody, and the Confederates admired his nerve and perseverance fully as much as did his fellow-prisoners. The close of the war gave him his liberty with the rest, but ten days longer would have seen him shot as a spy.

POOR MAN'S SOUP.—Put one ounce of butter into a saucepan with three large onions shred fine and fry them a pale brown color; add half a teaspoonful of flour, stir for a few minutes, but do not allow the mixture to darken; then add one quart of common stock previously flavored with carrots, turnips, celery, leeks and parsley boiled in it; stir until the soup boils, and season it to taste with pepper and salt. Peel one or two potatoes, cut them into small pieces and put them to boil with the soup. Cut some crusts of bread in long pieces, dry them in the oven, and at the time of serving throw them into the soup; then stir into it off the fire the yolks of two eggs beaten up with a little milk and strained.

What Wild Animals Cost.

In Europe there are large gardens devoted to a wholesale traffic in wild beasts, birds and reptiles, for exhibition purposes, and all the pretensions of great showmen to the contrary notwithstanding, from these zoological establishments come the attractions of the menageries and museums. One of the largest in the world is Carl Hagenbeck's Handel menagerie and Thier park at Hamburg. In the same manner that a dry goods or grocery establishment would issue its price list, a semi-annual circular is issued by Hagenbeck, giving the ruling prices for the wonders of animal life. The last issued gives the following information as to the value of animals:

Double-horned rhinoceros, two, one with horns six inches long, \$2,250 each. One male and two female lions from Abyssinia, \$1,620 for the lot. Pair of Persian lions six years old \$1,000. Cape lionesses, \$250 each.

A happy family consisting of one male Abyssinian lion, one female Bengal tigress, a pair of black bears, a striped hyena, and a pair of Danish dogs, about fifteen months old, feed and sleep together, \$2,000 for the lot. Leopards from India and Africa, \$350 per pair; single, \$175.

Spotted and striped hyenas, \$100 each. Happy family of two polar bears, a black bear and a bulldog, \$600.

Female Polar bears, \$250 each. Female Thibet bears, \$125 each. Brown bears, \$100 each. Male black panther and female leopard together, \$600.

Zebbras, broken, \$1,250 per pair. Male zebbras, \$650 each. Female zebbras, \$725 each. Wild llamas, \$250 per pair. Double backed Bactrian camels, \$700 per pair.

White Baestrian double-humped camels, \$875 per pair. African riding dromedaries, \$500 per pair.

American tapirs, \$500 per pair. Chamois goats, \$250 per pair. Kangaroos, \$300 per pair. Pelicans, African, \$100 per pair. Small monkeys of all classes, \$10 each.

Snakes, from Asia, Africa and India, \$15 to \$250 each, according to length. The circular concludes with the statement that animals not on hand will be procured on short notice.

The city of New York also does a business in selling surplus stock from the Central Park garden, and offers for sale a pair of royal Bengal tigers at \$1,125 each; blebok antelope, \$375; sable deer, \$175; Indian deer, \$175; ibex, \$200; axis deer, \$150; pair emus, \$300; golden pheasants, \$15 each; African snakes, eight to twelve feet long, \$25 to \$75; baboons, \$15 to \$17.50; flying foxes, \$7.50 each.

The Wonders of Common Paper.

To the Japanese we are indebted for the discovery that paper can be made into hundreds of articles for human use. At the Atlanta exposition were to be seen a most extraordinary variety of articles which had been made from common paper pulp. These included car wheels, kitchen furniture, wash-basins, tubs, trucks, and even houses. A car wheel made of paper will run 2,400,000 miles without breaking and is stronger than steel or iron, and then it is very much cheaper. Paper is of surprising strength. A twisted note of the Bank of England will not tear even though three hundred and twenty-nine pounds weight is suspended from the end of it. Paper can be compressed so hard that it will tear a chisel into pieces if the latter is held against it. One of the great values of paper is that it can be made to take the place of wood. Furniture made of it looks like black walnut, and is really stronger as well as cheaper; indeed there is now less danger from the wasting of our forest trees than there was before the various uses of paper were discovered. Stoves are made of paper and are so incombustible that it is impossible to burn them. It is possible even to make a steam engine of paper; in short it has been found that the linen fiber from which the best paper is made will in the future be as valuable to mankind as wood or iron.

Fogg put his foot into it bodily when he was introduced to Mrs. Smith and her daughter. He wished to say something neat and gallant. Addressing the daughter, said he: "Really, madam, I never should have suspected that that lady was your daughter. I supposed, of course, that you were sisters; I did, I assure you." "Thank you, Mr. Fogg," replied Miss Smith. "You were perfectly right in thinking that lady could not be my daughter. She is my mother, sir." Fogg went off in a hurry, calling somebody or other a contended fool, while Miss Smith was heard to remark indignantly, "Sisters, indeed!"