

The Goldsboro Star

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

VOL. I.

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

NO. 22.

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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.

What is Life?

What is life but constant sorrow;
Breaking in with floods of tears,
While the joys that once were ours
Vanish with the passing years?

What is life but constant toiling
For the goal ambition craves!
Wealth and honor, fame and glory,
Light as foam on ocean waves.

What is life but constant fretting
For the joys which fit away,
Like the dewdrop in the morning
When the sun shines it away?

What is life but constant hoping
That our sorrows soon will be
Changed from dark clouds into sunshine
That will gush forth melody?

What is life but constant striving
With the rich as well as poor?
One is grasping for his millions,
The wolf stands at another's door.

What is life? Just what we make it,
Is what some of you will say;
Then I'd seek its joy and sunshine,
Ere its beauty fades away.

MIZPAH.

The Rev. Leonard Austin was seated at a luxurious breakfast in his comfortable bachelor establishment, but for the time being not alone; his aunt, a fashionable New York lady, and his cousin Elaine, a belle and heiress in her own right, were his guests; Miss Elaine was his vis-a-vis in a rose-colored cashmere morning robe, with a watteau plait, a costume that exactly harmonized with her dark, statuesque beauty and regal style. She was trifling with the amber coffee in her delicate and costly cup and looking at her cousin—by marriage—from under dark drooping lashes. Their eyes met, but Elaine was an adept in flirtation, and the Rev. Leonard did not understand it at all, so neither was in the least embarrassed. And yet she was critically examining and weighing him, noticing his elegant velvet dressing gown, his soft white hands, the air habitual of luxury about him, and saying to herself "His Master had not where to lay His head!"

The Rev. Mr. Austin had approved of his cousin in one comprehensive glance, and was asking himself:
"Shall I marry her? She is handsome, well educated and an heiress—has been well brought up, and would do me credit as a wife, but—"

"And how do you like the place, Leonard?" Mrs. Remicke broke the silence by asking.

The Rev. Mr. Armstrong shrugged his shoulders. "The people are poor and stupid. True, I have time for study and there are a few good families here with whom I find congenial association. Otherwise it would be very dull."

"But you work," interrupted his cousin, "You must take much pleasure in it."

"Ya-a-s," smothering a yawn, "of course I try to do my duty, but all flowers of rhetoric are wasted on these people and as only plain talk is understood by them, I have not much scope for my intellect."

"Why did you bring your talents here?" asked Elaine, with just a tone of sarcasm in her voice.

"The place is merely a stepping stone to something better," replied her cousin as he rose from the table, a fine, stately man, with the ease and grace of centuries of culture in his manner.

He passed out to the small study in the back of the little Gothic stone church, where he held out the bread of life to a handful of people, and Elaine went up stairs to shake out the folds of her rich dresses, and find some flannel costume that was suitable to this village life, which she had entered upon as a change from Saratoga and Long Branch. She was not exactly tired of life, the bright, vivacious, interesting young woman, but she was tired of her life among fashions and in the train of folly. She felt a capability within her of doing some great work, but feared to offend her friends and make herself ridiculous. This cousin had been her pet companion in days long past, and when he wrote asking her mother to come and bring her for the summer, she was pleased to renew their friendship—perhaps she thought it might prove to be more than friendship.

She was disappointed; she found him living in luxury, surrounded by just such beautiful things as she had always seen, and with the soft effeminate manner of one who expected to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease;

not a soldier of the Cross, as she had hoped to find. She never thought of the incongruity between her wishes and herself—she knew she wanted a leader, and had not found one.

Mrs. Remicke plunged at once into domestic details, and left Elaine to go where she pleased; so late in the morning, clad in a single short dress of navy blue cloth, with plumed sun hat to match, she strolled out and soon found her way to the church.

Before she reached it, she heard the low roll of the organ and a snatch of sweet sacred music filled the air and sank deep into her soul. It was a wave of sweetest melody embodying a tender communion with the Unseen. It was a burden rolling from the heart, and dying away in an inspired sigh, the tears came into Elaine's eyes.

"And I thought him cold, selfish, fond of pleasure. When he can give such expression to his soul as that, I will never touch the organ when he is near."

She entered the open side door, and climbed noiselessly into the organ loft. Yes, in the gloom of the shadowed light she could just discern him. The last notes were reverberating through the hushed and vaulted space as she laid her hand softly on his shoulder.

"You have given me a real pleasure, cousin. I can never listen to ordinary music again. I—beg your pardon."

For it was the face of a stranger that was turned toward her; a pale, intellectual face, as unlike the florid countenance of Leonard Austin as could possibly be imagined.

"I—I am the organist," he said, hesitatingly, "and Mr. Austin is good enough to let me play whenever I wish. It is," he added with a mournful smile, "my only recreation."

Elaine was too much a woman of the world to be embarrassed, and she gracefully put the organist at his ease by an animated dissertation upon ancient music, in which subject she was thoroughly at home. Then she left him as his pale cheek was flushed with excitement and pleasure, and dropped in upon the Rev. Leonard, who was lying on a Turkish lounge, smoking a scented cigarette, and composing his Sunday sermon.

"Who is he?" she asked, abruptly.

"Who?" sitting up in deference to her visit.

"Why, the organist; he plays divinely, and has the most interesting face I ever saw."

"Oh, the organist! Why, I think he is music mad; but he does play well, doesn't he? He's the schoolmaster and general factotum of the village; has spent a small private fortune in charity, and would take off his coat and shoes to-morrow and give them to a tramp if he thought he needed them. He isn't quite right—a sort of fanatic, you know."

"How strange!" said Elaine, coolly; "such men are so rare that they ought to be exhibited at so much a head. Meanwhile I shall want to hear that lovely music every day."

"You shall. I will tell him you wish it, and he can take the time from his black alpaca old woman and red flannel sufferers."

"On second thought I believe I don't care," said Elaine. "You needn't mention it to him. Very likely I would get tired of it if I heard it too often. What books are these, cousin, any new novels?"

"Not here," answered Leonard, with a laugh, "these are Paley's theology and Dick's philosophy. I am looking up some facts for next Sunday."

"Don't hold the hay so high, your sheep won't get any. Do you never talk to them without books or paper?"

"Why, you know, Elaine, our church does not believe in an emotional religion. The people themselves would not understand it."

"Hush! hush," answered Elaine. "How tired they must get of them. Leonard, I don't like that expression, 'Our church.' It is not ours. I remember when I was at school. I said one day 'I would give the world for a piece of bread,' and the dear old teacher stopped and said: 'The world is not yours to give, my child.'"

"Why, how energetic you are, cousin mine; since when have you renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?"

"I have not renounced them at all—they have renounced me by becoming tame and meaningless. Oh, Leonard, I had such plans of a summer here, helping you to do a noble work, helping to forget that twenty-five years of my life have been frittered away, and now I am disappointed!"

She wiped away two pearly tears, tossed her plumed hat on her head and went out, leaving him to his siesta and his cigar.

"The little temptant," he said—she was as tall as he, but men like to call women little—"I don't believe I will propose; what an uncomfortable wife

she would make, trying to reform something or somebody's life!"

The little village on the sea shore was a pretty and picturesque place, and Elaine spent days in wandering about it—sometimes with her handsome ministerial relative, oftener alone; she was a constant study and object of admiration to the primitive people she met, who studied her as if she had been some marvelous bright-winged tropical bird, in her cardinal sea-side costumes, and dainty accoutrements. Sometimes she met Algy Fisher, the young teacher, leading some truant child to his home, or patiently teaching a refractory pupil in the open air, unmindful that he was giving time and strength in service not required of him. He looked thin and delicate and Elaine saw that he was suffering, and once she stopped suddenly in her walk and remonstrated with him.

"You are killing yourself in the service of this people; have you no interest in your own life?" And then he answered, gently:

"My life is not my own; it belongs to suffering and afflicted humanity everywhere; my time will be short. I have more work to do than other men."

"Oh," said Elaine wringing her hands, "and I stand here all the day idle; is there nothing I can do?"

"Plenty; do you see that cabin on the sands?"

"Where the children are at the door—where—the man that was drowned yesterday is?"

"Yes! go there; those children need help."

"But my cousin, surely he has been there?"

"Yes! he read the twenty-third psalm to them last night, but you—you will find something to do."

"Thank you," she answered, softly, "I will try!"

She pushed the rough cabin door open with her white jeweled hand, and stood in the midst of the room, dirt and desolation, which, combined, presented such a spectacle of misery to eyes unaccustomed to it. A woman was sitting by a rude bench, whereon lay a covered form, crying bitterly, nor did she cease during Elaine's stay; grief was now her only luxury. Elaine looked at the poverty of it all and went away with her thoughts full of mental measurings, and when the day of the funeral came, the widow and orphans were in decent black, there was a month's provisions in the house, and the bitter edge of their grief was taken off, and the Rev. Leonard had hired the oldest boy to wait on his office and blow the organ bellows at church.

This was the beginning, but not the end, of Elaine's good work; Algy Fisher gave her plenty to do and small praise for doing it, but she was satisfied. One by one her fine garments dropped away from her as being too fine for present use; her mother was displeased, but the girl was her own mistress. Leonard kept his counsel and bided his time. He did some graceful things for the poor, and preached better sermons, and was more manly. Elaine had always been fond of him, and so it happened that one day he placed a ring of betrothal upon her hand.

She had showed it to her mother who was pleased, and to Algy Fisher who said nothing. They were on terms of intimacy now, but the servant of God was working out his time patiently and gave little thought to other than his work; he did look at the new shining circlet which was to unite two destinies, and for a moment held the fair white shapely hands in his thin feverish fingers. Then he looked for one moment into the dark eyes, and asked in a voice that had not a tremor. "Does your heart go with it, Miss Remicke?"

Elaine was displeased, not so much with him as with herself, and she gave a cold answer and left him.

But when they met again she begged his pardon for her petulance, and he said gravely:

"I was thinking of your happiness and I had no right—to—forgive me!"

A pang went through her heart with the words, a melancholy air fraught with sobs of passion overwhelmed her spirit, an infinite yearning as of a thirsty soul for sweet waters took possession of her; in that moment she had a glimpse of a lost heaven and snatched at the golden hoop that kept her within a circumscribed limit.

A few days after this a great and terrible excitement broke out in the little town on the coast. A vessel had stopped in the night to put off a sick and unknown man, who wandered from door to door seeking a refuge; it was Algy Fisher who took him in and permitted him to die in his bed. In a few days a terrible raging fever broke out, and Mrs. Remicke hurriedly packed her trunks and rode as fast as horses would carry her to the railroad station, accompanied by her daughter and nephew. These two were not going. Elaine would not go and Leonard dare not, but the news at the station decided

him and he was very angry at Elaine's obstinacy. When she understood finally his pusillanimous cowardice, she drew the ring he had given her from her finger.

"Take it," she said. "I have no further use for it. You are free."

When it was known that Algy Fisher was dying, and Miss Remicke was his nurse, people were excited, but not surprised. Death had long marked him for his own, and no one worried now over Elaine; she had nursed all the sick by turns and they were inclined to deify her. The old minister, who came from the next village to bury the dead, performed a strange service one sun-bright even; he stood by Algy Fisher's death bed and married this man to this woman, and there were no dissenting voices. Again a ring, but this time old and tarnished, rested on Elaine's finger, it had been his mother's, and it bore on the inside the single word, Mizpah. "Let this be for a remembrance between thee and me."

"And is that the church of Mizpah?" asked my friend, looking up at the pretty stone edifice which was easily discernible from our boat.

"That is the church, and the dark spirituelle woman who preaches there every Sunday is the pastor of Mizpah; her people adore her and you would never know, only for a sad pathetic expression ever present in her great dark eyes, that she had passed through so tragic a history."

"Mizpah! Mizpah, what a pretty name," said my friend, smiling, "What a sweet motto for an altar cloth!"—Mrs. McRayne.

What Might Not a Beetle See?

Have you ever paused for a moment to consider how much man loses for want of that microscopic eye, upon the absence of which Pope was apparently inclined rather to congratulate his fellow-beings than otherwise? What a wonderful world we should live in if only we could see it as this little beetle here sees it, half-buried, as he is in a mighty forest of luxuriant, tall green moss. Just fancy how grand and straight and majestic those slender sprays must look to him, with their waving, feathery branches spreading on every side, a thousand times more gracefully than the longboughs of the loveliest tropical palm-trees on some wild Jamaican hillside. How quaint the tall capsula must appear to his eyes—great yellow seed vessels nearly as big as himself, with a comical, pink-edged hood, which pops off suddenly with a bang, and showers down monstrous nuts upon his head when he passes beneath. Gaze closely into the moss forest as it grows here beside this smooth, round stone where we are sitting, and imagine you can view it as the beetle views it. Put yourself in his place, and look up at it towering three hundred feet above your head, while you vainly strive to find your way among its matted underbrush and dense labyrinths of close grown trunks. Then just look at the mighty monsters that people it. That little red spider, magnified to the size of a sheep, must be a gorgeous and strange-looking creature indeed, with his vivid crimson body and his matted and jointed legs. Yonder neighbor beetle, regarded as an elephant, would seem a terrible wild beast in all seriousness, with his solid coat of bronze burnished armor, his huge hooked-ringed antennae, and his fearful branched horn, ten times more terrible than that of a furious rhinoceros charging madly through the African jungles. Why, if you will only throw yourself honestly into the situation, and realize that awful life and death struggle going on between an ant and a May-fly before our very eyes, you will see that Livingston, Serpa Pinto and Gordon Cumming are simply nowhere beside you; that even Jules Verne's wildest story is comparatively tame and commonplace in the light of that marvelous miniature forest. Such a jumble of puzzle monkeys, and bamboos, and palms, and banyan trees and crags, and roots, and rivers, and precipices was never seen; inhabited by such a terrible and beautiful phantasmagoria of dragons, hippogriffs, unicorn, rocs, chimeras, serpents and wyverns as no medieval fancy ever invented, no Greek mythologist ever dreamed of, and no Arabian story-teller ever fabled. And yet after all, to our clumsy big eyes, it is but a little patch of familiar English grass and mosses, crawled over by half a dozen sleepy slugs and long-legged spiders, and slimy earthworms.

Denver, Col., is one of the wonderful growths of the West. In ten years it has become a city of 45,000 people, and most of this has been gained within five years. In 1876 its real estate would hardly sell for taxes, while now desirable business sites bring \$250 to \$500 per front foot. Many of the new structures are elaborate and handsome, notably an opera house costing \$700,000, a union depot, and an Episcopal cathedral.