

Mrs R. E. Hyde

# Goldshoro Star

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

VOI. I.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

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### The Winds.

Wind sings of happy springs,  
Here hastening on their way;  
As smells of cowslip bells,  
In tangled meads of May;  
As her red, red mouth  
In kisses of the south.

Wind breathes of russet heath,  
Now woods grown old;  
And from autumn skies  
Clouds overlaid with gold;  
Bright looks I love the best  
Of the glories of the west.

Wind sweeps from crystal deeps,  
Halls of endless  
And blows o'er snows,  
As robed in white;  
Maiden's soul  
That shroud the note.

Winds o'er desert hills  
Of barren sand;  
Of sea, blanching bones  
Sink in sight of land;  
My rave and moan,  
Is all my own.

"I'll write to Pixley and old Mac when I get time," said Beggarall.

"There's no hurry about Kipple Grange," thought Pixley. "If Miss Briggs keeps it from tumbling to pieces she will, very well."

Meanwhile Mrs. Kipple herself, the plump widow whose grandfather on the husband's side had bequeathed her this impracticable piece of property, began to think of running down to look at it herself. "They tell me there's no such thing as letting it," said she "I've a mind to go down and see for myself. Oge really pines for the country, now that they are selling lilac blossoms and pansies in the streets; and I'm quite sure that a change of air would do me good. I'll take Dorcas, my maid, and a few cans of peaches and sardines, and we'll picnic at Kipple Grange, just for the fun of the thing."

"It never rains but it pours," saith the ancient proverb; so upon this windy, blooming April day, when the sunny meadow slopes were purpled all over with wild violets, and the yellow narcissus was shaking its golden tassels over the neglected borders of Kipple Grange, the old brick house, which had stood empty for six good years at least, became all of a sudden alive.

It was an ancient mildewed structure on the edge of a wood, an old red house whose front garden, tangled over with rose-briers, and grown with the fantastic trunks of mossy pear trees, and apples that leaned almost to the ground, sloped down to the bank of a merry little rivulet. Here the tiger-lilies lifted their scarlet turbans in the July sunshine, and the clumps of velvety sweet-williams blossomed first and sweetest. Great

cherry-cheeked invaders, who returned her gaze with interest.

"Boys," said she, severely, "what are you doing here?"

"Why," said Master Bruce Bellairs, cat. eleven, "it's our house. And pa and ma are helping unpack the cart at the south door. And I've got a redbird, and Johnny's got a brood of Brahma chickens in a basket, and Pierre has a monkey"

"But, boys," said Miss Briggs, with a little hysterical laugh, "this is my house."

"No, it ain't," said the three Masters Bellairs in chorus; "it's ours. We've rented it for a year, and pa and ma are unpacking downstairs."

"Is that your pa?" said Miss Briggs, with a sudden inspiration, as she pointed to the old gentleman in the garden, who stood stock-still, like the Egyptian obelisk.

"No, indeed," said Pierre, contemptuously.

"Nothing of the sort," said Johnny.

"Our pa ain't such a guy as that," chuckled Bruce.

"I think I must be asleep and dreaming," said Miss Briggs, as the door opened, and a stout, blooming matron entered upon the scene, with a kerosene lamp in one hand and a basket of carefully packed china in the other, while from her finger depended a bird-cage.

"My good woman," said the Reverend Mrs. Bellairs, "I suppose you have come here to see the situation. If you can't see the reference as to character"

"You are mistaken, madam, in your energy. I am here to see the situation."

to the top of his head. "Don't you like the house?" said he.

"Yes," Miss Briggs admitted, "I like the house."

"And don't you consider the situation salubrious?"

"Certainly," said Miss Briggs.

"Then," said Mr. Hyde, looking the edge of his geological hammer.

"Why don't you stay here?"

"What, all alone by myself?" said Miss Briggs.

"No," said the scientific gentleman, "with me!"

"Good gracious!" cried Miss Briggs.

"We both like the place," said Mr. Hyde. "We like the situation, and we like each other. Why shouldn't we settle down here for life?"

"But I never have thought of such a thing," said Miss Briggs, in trepidation.

"Think of it now," said Mr. Hyde, in accents of scientific persuasion, as he laid down his hammer and took her black-mittened hand tenderly in his.

And Mr. Bellairs married them before he went away, and Kipple Grange has never been to let since.—Harper's Bazar.

### Modern Courtship.

"And you really love me dearly?" he asked, as he coiled his arm around her wasp-like system. "And you'll always love me so?"

"Always, Frederick; ever so."

"And you pledge me to sew but—"

"Sir!"

"You pledge me to beautify my life that it will always be as happy as now?"

"With my last breath, Frederick."

"And, darling, you will mend me."

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