

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

VOL. I.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 26th., 1880.

No. 19.

Dr. GEO. W. GRAHAM,
Charlotte, North Carolina,
Practice limited to the
Eye, Ear and Throat.
Office with Drs. Jones & Graham.

Thos. M. Pittman,
Attorney at Law,
(Opposite Court House.)
Practices in the State and Federal Courts
and pays prompt attention to business.
Will negotiate loans.
Charlotte, N. C., 16 June 5th.

RO. D. GRAHAM,
Attorney at Law,
In the State and United States Courts.
Record Information, Abstracts of Title,
Surreys, &c., furnished for compensation.
Office, N. E. cor. Trade and Tryon sts.,
CHARLOTTE, N. C. mar-ly

E. S. F. GILES,
Attorney at Law,
DALLAS, N. C.
Will practice in Gaston and adjoining
counties and the State and Federal Courts.
Business promptly attended to. Feb 21-ly

A. B. RHYNE,
GASTONIA North Carolina,
DISTILLER OF
Pure Copper Distilled Rectified
Corn Whisky.
We say the Best Made in the Country.
Orders filled on short notice.
Feb 21 6m A. B. RHYNE

Cotton Seed.
I have a nice lot of selected and in perfect
Cotton Seed, which I am selling at 10 cents
per bushel.
Call at my residence in Gaston
or at the Gazette office.
M. N. CHAIK.
No deduction whatever from the above
except a discount of 25 per cent for cash in
advance.
Special notices in local columns will be
inserted at 15 cents per line, unless other-
wise stated.
G. W. CRANK, PUBL.

FAYSSOUX BROTHERS,
Gastonia, North Carolina,
New Store, New Goods.
They have just received a new and well
selected stock of—
Groceries, Canned Goods, Sugars, Candies,
Cheese, Tobacco, &c.
Highest market price paid for country
produce. Feb 28-ly

J. R. WARREN,
BLACKSMITH
Main Street, Gastonia, N. C.
Begets to call the attention of his friends to
call and get their horses neatly shod,
besides all kinds of Blacksmithing
attended to at extremely low prices.

ENGINE FOR SALE.
I have one 6 Horse Steam Portable En-
gine of the Eclipse make, in good order,
one Thrasher and Separator, one Cotton
Gin and Press for sale, the entire cost
\$2,400. I will sell the whole for \$1,700
warranted in good working order. The
Engine and Thrasher were used by Mr
Smith, threshing wheat in Gaston County
last summer. Call at our office or
address
T. P. BEARD,
Yorkville, S. C.

J. R. EDDINS,
Bookseller & Stationer,
TRYON STREET,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Keeps constantly on hand a full and
well selected stock of everything in his
line.
Special attention given to orders by
mail.
Orders from Country Merchants solicited.
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MAUNEY & BEAL,
Opposite Waddill House, Gastonia, N. C.
Dealers in—
GROCERIES

—OF ALL KINDS—
Best Molasses, Coffee and Sugars,
Cheese and Crackers, Candles and Nuts,
Flour and Meal, Bacon and Lard,
Cigars and Tobacco, Ground Coffee,
Spices and Teas, Fruits, &c., &c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Barter for Butter & Eggs.
Be sure and give us a call, as we are
determined to not be undersold.

GUIDANCE.

BY REV. CHARLES L. THOMPSON.

I.
Along the keys a child's hand strayed,
And discord filled the air;
Even so my blundering heart, I said,
That seeks to voice its prayer.
I have no art to shape my speech,
My thoughts, unsteady, stray
Amid the countless cares that reach
From dawn to darkening day.
The melody I faint would lift,
Breaks up in jangled chords,
Through which the voiceless longings drift,
That cannot rise to words.

II.
The mother's hands the child's surround,
Knowledge and love combine,
Fast unskilled fingers may give sound
To thoughts or hopes divine.
And those who hear the notes expand
Along the evening's calm,
Cannot divide the baby's hand
From mother's circling palm.
Oh! Love Divine, that reachest down
To choose the keys for me,
Amid each wild, discordant tone
Discerning melody,
Lay Thou the hand of grace along
My heart, and softly breathe
Amid my failures the sweet song
Of hope I cannot breathe.
When round me evening's shadows flow,
And the lesson is all done,
Only my heart and God will know
His hand and mine were one.

ONE DAY IN A SETTLER'S LIFE.

"If you had a grain of real love for me, you never would have dragged me out into this desolate wilderness," said Mrs. Hardy, and Betty, half sobbing, and ready to weep.

"She grew, and she had round to the window; if you were here, her face would be smiling at the pane that looked out on the world, and she would be smiling at you, and you would be smiling at her."

"Jane Hardy remembered very well. But the memory of her ardent protestations, her generous forgetfulness of self, only agitated her the more just now."

"How was I to know it was to be like this? There! You can go if you are going. I should like to be alone—with all this work to do."

"I am going directly," was Mr. Hardy's answer, striving for tranquillity. "Will you be good enough to put up my luncheon? I shall not come back until night."

"O dear, yes," she replied with alacrity, bringing her face away from the window with a jerk; and proceeding to make a great clatter in the cupboard, which in this pioneer cabin was a combination of pantry and china closet.

bison Crusoe fashion; and in time, by dint of his hands' hard labor, become prosperous. Hardy, the settler, he would be then, with his farm lands around him, his flocks and herds, his people and his comforts. But all that would have to be patiently worked on for, and the beginning must, of necessity, be weary and toilsome. Jane Deane, to whom he was engaged, decided to go out with him—his wife. He told her he had better go on first, say for a year or two; her friends would be glad to see the young man as he was.

It was nearly three o'clock when, mechanically looking through the window in the direction of the forest, she was surprised to see the dog, I avoid, making for the house, in a wavering, uncertain way, as if he had half a mind to turn back to the woods. David had more than once wearied of the monotony of wood-chopping, and come to the house an hour or two in advance of his master; so there was nothing startling in his coming now. He scratched at the door in his usual obsequious fashion; darted to devour, when admitted, a morsel of bread and meat, but, quitting it instantaneously, went and sat down before his mistress, with the air of having something to say, and began to whine.

Everything seemed to have gone wrong in the cabin that morning; and her husband's calm cheerfulness through it all had provoked her most unwarrantably. But she was not feeling well.

It is possible that many of us have such mornings—mornings when everything animating, and inanimate, conspires to bring to the surface the original gorilla that slumbers within the soul. Those vexations have to be beaten down promptly under one's feet, and Mrs. Hardy had stooped to squabble with hers. A dear little rose had been discovered frozen, though wrapped in flannel and placed in the warmest corner of the burrow under the floor, called, as a matter of dignity, the cellar. To be sure, the potatoes had been kindly spared; but what were gross potatoes when lovely Lamourque buds drooped in death? Mourning over them, Mrs. Hardy forgot the milk-pails, and the milk stood indignantly boiled over. Catching the pan from the stove, she dashed it against the wall, and the splash of her clean crisp French gingham, and another on the ear of poor David, stretched on the hearth; and the dog howled respectively. At another time Jane would have laughed; but laughing was very far from her mood this morning; life in general was looking depressedly gloomy; and when Mr. Hardy came into this atmosphere of burnt milk and piteous dog-whines, she was declaring, in her fervid way, that house-keeping out West was just simply villainous, and that she hated it—here she caught his provokingly smiling eyes—yes; hated it, and him; and the place, and everything.

He met the words jokingly, and it incensed her. In her angry spirit she said unforfeivable things, and Mr. Hardy was provoked into retorting. So they jarrred and jangled through breakfast. That is she did.

For some little time Roland Hardy had feared that a sort of suppressed discontent was taking possession of his wife. She was quieter at times almost sad, and less given to laughter than in their old bright days, as he had got to calling them. He had hoped everything of her love and devotion—hoped that he might ever remain as near and dear, as much "all the world" to her as she had often declared him to be. And now this had come of it; this dreadful quarrel. She had spoken out her mind.

His heart was aching with her reproaches; but, generous ever, he excused her to himself as he walked along to the woods. It was asking too much of mortal woman, he argued, anxious to make himself wretched, to tear her far away from home and friends, and all the comfortable delights of well-regulated New England life, and to expect her to be always glad, and buoyant, and brave, and hopeful, keeping his own soul up with the wine-like tonic of her blithe spirits. No. It was the same old beginning of the end, a mere question of time. Eventually she would become the indifferent, matter-of-fact sort of woman that most wives appeared to be; regarding him—the lover—as a kind of mild, inevitable evil, necessary to her support, and respectable to have about the home. Sooner or later, he supposed, all husbands and wives awoke from their dream of love, to the long, dreary reality of making the best of things. Nevertheless, her fierce outburst on this particular morning took him by surprise, somewhat aroused his indignation. Had it not been her free choice to enter on this "villainous" housekeeping? Had he not warned her freely and fully that her days, if she came with him, would be any thing but a bed of roses? Was not life harder for him, inexpressibly harder, than

it had ever been, a totally different thing altogether; but he bore on perseveringly and untiringly, looking to the end in view, and making matters light for her sake.

"To call me Jane!" she exclaimed a loud, as if the word "Jane" contained all forms of vituperation. "Nobody has been cruel enough to call me that in all my life!"—turning to the breakfast table with a bravely-conquered sob. For this young lady, who had been a pet at home, had never been called by her husband, or anybody else, by a harder name than Jenny.

"Work is so good a thing! Auerbach says it should have been the first commandment: 'Thou shalt work!' Jenny was too unfamiliar with heart-torture to be conscious of how good her work was; but she could not but be aware, as the morning passed away, that something was driving the clouds out of her sky. Roland could not despise her all at once, she was sure. She would rather up the remnant of his love, and guard and no risk it so tenderly that, like her poor Lamourque rose, it must still lift itself to the sun again, and sometime blossom into a little beauty of sweetness, and so make life endurable. She would, in so many noble and heroic ways, prove to him—but no; how could she do that?—there was nothing noble or heroic to do. Women's lives—ordinary women's lives, like hers—had no heroic chances. She could only keep his house in nice order, cook his favorite dishes, watch over his shirt buttons, forget the old days of ease when she was a listless young lady, and never, never lose her temper again. It was all dreadfully commonplace, and of no account; but she had embraced this lot of her own free will, and out of her deep love for him, and it was the only way by which she could hope to climb to the heights of his regard again. As for his old romantic love for her, his tender, chivalrous devotion, that could never come back; she wasn't worth it. And so, accepting the dust of humiliation, and, like a genuine woman, having no mercy on herself, she went through the household duties, thinking all the time how dear to her were husband and home, and how she would strive to make herself endurable, please God, to them.

It was a decidedly pleasant log cabin. Log cabins are always pleasant when an apt house-keeper presides over them, and enough of the world's lucre can be afforded to cover the walls with tasteful paper, and the floor with comfortable carpets. Those rude logs of which we read, with their thatched roofs, clay floors, and chimneys built of sticks, are far more endurable on canvas and in the rhymes of young poets, than in actual life, where they mean simply rheumatism and insects. This house was different; it was a spacious, comfortable, well-furnished place; and only called a log cabin after the custom of the country.

A staunch roof; substantial walls, ornamental within; carpets, books, pictures, a rare clock, easy chairs; everything for comfort met the eye. The sleeping rooms above gave evidence of ingenious and tasteful powers brought to bear upon their building and furnishing. Charming expedients, graceful rustic ornaments, prettily and useful things that cost little, made the cabin seem very much of a cozy mansion in a small way. In the midst of an almost savage wilderness, Roland Hardy had erected his dwelling with a view rather to future exigencies than present needs; and he and his wife both possessed the gift of "making the most of things."

And it is surprising how deftly in these remote homes a woman, though she may have been gently born and reared, soon learns to accomplish the needful daily work. Where there's a will there's a way; and Jane Hardy had learned to take a pleasure and a pride in it.

By noon-to-day the work was done, and the house was in the trimmest order. White loaves, just from the oven, were diffusing their fresh yeasty fragrance; the week's ironing hung warm and a posies across the clothes-horse. On the table smoked an exceedingly luscious cup of tea; and over it leaned the penative young housekeeper, pretending to do justice to her solitary luncheon.

Her thoughts were away in the snowy woodland with him, her husband; who was doubtless, about this time, eating prairie-chicken and clammy bread-and-butter. "He might build a fire, and give it a little roast on a stick," she pensively murmured; and then she felt how very glad she should be when night should come, and she could, in many furtive ways, confess to him how very sorry she was, how deeply in need of his dear love.

It was nearly three o'clock when, mechanically looking through the window in the direction of the forest, she was surprised to see the dog, I avoid, making for the house, in a wavering, uncertain way, as if he had half a mind to turn back to the woods. David had more than once wearied of the monotony of wood-chopping, and come to the house an hour or two in advance of his master; so there was nothing startling in his coming now. He scratched at the door in his usual obsequious fashion; darted to devour, when admitted, a morsel of bread and meat, but, quitting it instantaneously, went and sat down before his mistress, with the air of having something to say, and began to whine.

(To be Continued.)

Send for furniture man and find out how much he asks for re-covering the sofa. Buy a new market basket. The old cat has four kittens. How many shall we drown? We suspect our hired girl of stealing the tea. That last half pound went very quick. Schnapps, the grocer, will persist in giving us coffee which has lost its flavor. Change him. Somebody has stolen the ash-box again. Fifth in three weeks. Get a paper of carpet tacks. Mrs. Doe borrowed our tack hammer a month ago, and has never returned it. Our canary bird is sick. Buy a ball of twine. Ditto six small screws. Ditto a hatchet. The iceman forgot us to day. The coal meat and milk is spoiled. The cat persists in carrying her kittens all over the house, and won't stay in the nursery soap box we fixed for her. Get some napha. The water pipe leaks again. Send plumber. Out of soap. Out of matches. She wants some worsted three shades darker than the last lot but one, and one shade lighter than the last lot.

A Pike County Ghost.
The latest sensation in the neighborhood of Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania. Fifty-two years ago a man named John Goble was found lying in a pool of blood on the road leading from Milford to Dingman's Ferry. A large gash was found in the side of his head, and it was supposed that the old man had been murdered and robbed. He was buried immediately after the coroner's inquest, and in a few years entirely forgotten. About three weeks ago the stage driver who carries the Philadelphia mail between Milford and the Delaware Water Gap, while passing the spot where Goble was murdered saw an object clothed in white start up from the ground and walk in the road just in front of the horses. The driver urged his team on, but the "ghost" still kept a little in advance. After trotting his horses some distance, the driver stopped, and as he dismounted from the stage the ghost sank into the ground and disappeared. This was repeated two or three evenings, and the mail-carrier at last became alarmed and armed himself with a six-shooter. Since that time he has seen the ghost at a distance several times, but he has not shot at it. The mail carrier's name is Seales, and he told his story in Milford, where it spread like wildfire. Parties were organized to search for the wandering spirit, and one party saw it at a short distance. They fired several shots at the object, and it disappeared. A party of young ladies, accompanied by one gentleman, a day or two ago visited the place where the ghost is usually seen. About a hundred yards from the spot is an old deserted house, and one of the young ladies, who was more courageous than the rest, started to walk around this old house in search of the "spook." When about half way around the building she heard a groan; and turning around, she saw, standing just behind her, an object about six feet tall, clothed in white. She screamed and fainted, but before the remainder of the party reached her the "ghost" had vanished. The "spirit" has since been seen twice, and on each occasion it was pursued, but it always vanished after reaching a certain place in the woods. It is supposed by many that the ghost is a man, dressed up in a sheet to create a sensation. Others, who are more superstitious, believe it is the spirit of John Goble, searching for his murderer. What ever it is, it certainly succeeded in creating a decided sensation.

Perils of Housekeeping.
Have you paid the milk bill. The coal is out. The stove wants fixing. My night-key is broken. That front door bell wire is loose and the bell won't ring. Get some fresh meat. That cat hasn't had anything fresh for nearly two days. She won't eat cooked meat. The poker is broken. Get some screw hooks for the cupboard. We must buy a new clothes line. The salt is out. Mem.: Mark's last butter was bad. Must buy somewhere else. The iceman has "rix," and he leaves dreadfully small pieces at that. Get some wire. Ditto oxalic acid. Ditto bug powder. Ditto a nutmeg grater. Ditto some nutmegs. Shall we buy a new parlor carpet? The old one's getting faded. Want a new tin stewpan. The teapot leaks.

Wit and Humor.
Why is the owner of two fowls, who kills and cooks them for his dinner, like a man who pays as he goes? [Five minutes for refreshments.] Because he makes both hens meet.

"There is nothing so settling down," said a retired merchant confidentially to his neighbor. "When I gave up business I settled down and found I had a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up, I shouldn't have had a cent."

A clergyman of my acquaintance told me that he once visited a lady of his parish who had just lost her husband, in order to offer consolation, and upon her earnest inquiries as to the re-union of families in Heaven, he strongly asserted his belief in that fact, and when she asked with anxiety whether any time must elapse before friends would be able to find each other in the next world, he emphatically said, "No, they will be united at once." He was thinking of the happiness of being able to offer the relief of such faith, when she broke in upon such meditations by exclaiming sadly, "Well, his first wife has got him then, by this time."

"Yes," said a witness, "I remember the defendant's mother crying on the occasion referred to. She was weeping with her left eye—the only one she has—and the tears were running down her right cheek." "What," exclaimed the Judge, "how could that be?" "Praise your honor," said the witness, "she was awfully cross-eyed."

You must admit, doctor, said a witty lady to a celebrated doctor of divinity, who whom she was arguing the question of the "equality of the sexes,"—"you must admit that woman was created before man!" "Well, really, madam," said the astonished divine, "I must ask you to prove your case." "That can be easily done, sir. Wasn't Eve the first man?"

A little fellow of five going along the street with a dinner pail is stopped by a kind-hearted gentleman, who says: "Where are you going, my little man?" "To school." "And what do you do at school? Do you learn to read?" "No." "To write?" "To count?" "No." "What do you do?" "I wait for school to let out."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge to the man on trial for murder, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" "Judge," replied the prisoner solemnly, "judge there has been altogether too much said already. I know all along somebody would get hurt if these people didn't keep their mouths shut. It might as well be me, perhaps, as anybody else. Drive on judge, and give us as little sentiment as you can get along on. I can stand hanging, but I hate gush!"