

ran into it. The engine of the train which by the way, was the "R. M. Miller," was considerably damaged, the tender having been thrown from the steep embankment.

St. Louis, Oct. 30, 1880. Sir, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst., and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

# GAZETTE

Allen Dickey

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

VOL. I.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 6th, 1880.

No. 38

### TRUST.

A picture memory brings to me  
I look across the years and see  
Myself beside my mother's knee  
I feel her gentle hand restrain  
My selfish moods, and know again  
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.  
But wiser now, a man gray grown,  
My childhood's needs are better known,  
My mother's chastening love I own.  
Gray grown, hat in our Father's sight,  
A child still grouping for the fight  
To read His works and ways aright.  
I bow myself beneath His hand;  
That pain itself for good was planned,  
I trust, but cannot understand.  
I fondly dream it needs must be  
That, as my mother dealt with me,  
So with His children dealth He.  
I wait, and trust the end will prove  
That here and there, below, above,  
The chastening heals, the pain is love?  
—J. G. Whittier.

### THE MINISTER'S OLD COAT.

Minister's sons are very apt to turn out badly," said I to the gentleman who sat next to me in the car. We had met in the train bound for Chicago, and had struck up an acquaintance.  
He stopped me with his hand on my arm and with an earnest look which I shall never forget.  
I paused at once in what I was saying, and it seemed for a moment almost as if the rushing train had stopped to listen too.  
"Let me tell you a story," he said. "I know it is a common belief that minister's sons are wild, but this is because people talk about the bad ones, while those who turn out well are taken as a matter of course. I gathered statistics about them once, and found out of a thousand sons of ministers, there were very few who did not grow up useful and industrious men."  
"But what's your story?" I asked, settling back in my seat.  
"Well," said he, "it begins with a class supper in Boston, a dozen years ago. A number of old college friends had gathered in the evening for their annual reunion. Among them was the rich merchant J. E. Williston—perhaps you have heard of him—and a poor pastor of a country church in Elmbank village, out in western Massachusetts, whose name was Blake. A good many of the class had died, and a dozen or so elderly men, who were left less than ten years before toward each other, as they thought of the bright old days at Harvard, and how soon no one would be left on earth who shared in that happy time.  
"The dishes came and went, the lights glowed brightly, and at last the friends grew quite gay. But the minister, I have said, was a man of some opinion now and then; and in one of the pleasing moments Williston's eye was attracted by something glistening about the coat which his friend Blake, who sat next to him, had on.  
"He looked closer, and saw that the black cloth of which it was made had been worn so thin and smooth that it was very shiny.  
"Well, Blake," said he kindly, taking hold on his friend's arm casually (which he somehow hadn't thought of doing before), "how has the world gone with you lately?"  
"Blake naturally had a sad and thoughtful face; but he looked around quickly with a warm smile.  
"No need to ask," he said laughingly. "You can read the whole story on my back. This old coat is a sort of a balance sheet, which shows my financial condition to a T."  
"Then he spoke more seriously, adding, "It is a pretty hard life, Williston, that of a country parson. I don't complain of my lot, though I'm sometimes distressed for my family. The fact is, this coat I've got on is hardly fit for a man of my profession to appear in; but I'm going to send my boy, Sam, to Harvard, this year, and must pinch here and there to do it. I really ought to be thankful though, that I can get such advantages for him by a few little sacrifices of personal appearance and convenience."  
"D'nt you give a thought to your coat, old fellow," returned Williston. "Nobody who knows you will ever imagine that the heart inside of it is threadbare, however the garment may look."  
"Blake was pleased with his kindly expression; and both men after that exchange of confidence felt happier. But among the various incidents of the evening, the one which most passed out of the minister's mind by the next day, when he started for Elm-

bank. Speedy as his return was, however, something meant for him had got to his destination before him. It was a letter. Taking it up he broke open the envelope, and found inside a few words from Williston with a check for \$500 to defray the first year's college expenses of his old classmate's son.  
"You are a stranger to me, sir," said my traveling companion at this point, "but I think you will appreciate the feeling with which poor Mr. Blake stood in his dingy study in the old farm parsonage, holding that letter in his hands and lifting his faithful eyes in thankfulness to God."  
"Yes," I replied. "Williston did just the right thing, too. And how was it? Did the son show that he deserved the help?"  
My acquaintance looked away from me at the rich country through which we were passing. Then he said:  
"Sam Blake was a good-natured, obedient fellow enough, and was greatly pleased to have the expense of his first college year taken from his father's shoulders; but his sense of duty didn't go very far. Mr. Blake bought a new coat and Sam entered Harvard that fall, and here matters stopped for awhile. A freehand has a good deal to learn, as you know; but I think the chief thing Sam learned that term was the great difference that there is between Harvard and a little village like Elmbank, and the great difficulty of working and playing at the same time. Here he had Society meetings to attend, and rooms of his own with a chum, where a good deal of smoking was done by himself and his friends. And then there was base ball, into which it appeared indispensable for the honor of the class, that he should enter actively, on account of his strong legs, wonderful wind and ground batting. He could not refuse to go to the theatre occasionally, with his richer companions. Sam took a natural interest in the society of young ladies, too, and had given up some time to his cultivation. He also thought a moderate amount of practice in the gymnasium was desirable to prevent his health breaking down under the confinement of study. So, on the whole, the actual work that he did in the college course was not very extensive.  
"The didn't seem to have any very bad effect until well along in the winter when the habit of shirking work had grown so strong, without noticing it, that he fell easily into reading novels when he ought to have been in the recitation room. Gymnasium, theatre, billiards, smoking, frittered away his time. One horribly snowy, sleety morning, when he had got 'up too late for prayers, the postman brought him a note from the faculty—an 'admonition.' He dropped the pipe he was just lighting, and bolted off to recitation. But he 'dead-ended' immediately, and that discouraged him.  
"He soon began to make light of the warning, and did himself no credit in his studies. Though he managed to squeak through the examination at the end of the freshman year, he came out far down toward the foot of his class. He wasn't quite contented with himself, and thought he'd try to do better the next year. But during the journey home he recovered his usual spirit. When he walked up the village toward the parsonage farm, he was thinking that since he was a sophomore now, he would buy the knottiest and biggest headed cane in Cambridge when he should go back there. And what do you suppose was the first sight that met him at home?  
"It was his father out in the field digging for new potatoes, his coat off and his spectacled face perspiring! The sight struck shame into the boy. He vaulted the fence, and running up with hardly a pause for greeting, cried—  
"O father, let me do that. I don't like to see you at such work."  
"Mr. Blake stopped and looked earnestly and rather sadly at him.  
"Well, Sam, I think that's about as good a 'how-do-you-do' as you could have offered me. There's something right about you after all." It hadn't occurred to Sam that there was any doubt on that point before. He blushed as he asked:  
"Where's the hired man?"  
"I've discharged him. I can't afford one at present, my son," was the answer. Sam was rather puzzled and began to reflect. They went into the house, and there, when the minister re-appeared after making his toilet, his son noticed that he wore the old, shabby, shiny coat. At this he was more than ever astonished. The supper, also, notwithstanding that it was the first night of the prodigal's return, was very meagre. Not a single luxury was on the table, and Sam observed that his father and mother took no sugar nor butter. His own appetite began to fail at seeing this, and his perception was sharpened accordingly. He was now aware that his father looked very thin, as well as sad.

Suddenly he laid down his knife and exclaimed to his sister Kitty—  
"Six, what does all this mean?—this going without the hired man and starving ourselves?"  
"His sister looked at him, then glanced at Mr. Blake and her mother, and made no answer.  
"I thought," said Sam, petulantly, that Williston's money was going to make it easy for you, father; and here pinching is going on five times worse than ever."  
"I don't own my friend Williston's money," said the minister, quietly.  
"Of course not. But the five hundred dollars—Sam stopped suddenly on an entreating gesture from his sister.  
"The subject was not resumed. But before he went to bed Sam obtained an interview with his sister alone. He felt secretly that he was responsible for the depression and trouble which seemed to fill the household, but that only made him speak more impudently. "Now, sis," he began, "can I get two words of sense out of you?"  
"Not until you ask politely," she replied.  
"Well, then, please tell me what the mystery is."  
"It oughtn't to be a mystery to you, Sam, that you haven't done well at college. Papa is terribly disappointed."  
"I don't see why I should commit suicide, if he is," Sam retorted. "I haven't cost him much this year."  
"On yes, you have. Do you know he actually sold the new coat?"  
"Why? Sam frowned.  
"Because he's been trying every way to save money since he began to get reports of how you were wanting your time."  
"What for?" a kid Sam, though he began to suspect.  
"Well, he—now should I know?—don't you see? He's afraid to have that money from his old classmate, and he's saved enough, and he's going to pay it all back. There, I was to keep it secret, and now I have told you!" and his sister burst into tears. "You've nearly broken his heart, Sam,—poor papa!"  
"The next day Mr. Blake's son went off directly after breakfast, and was not seen again till afternoon.  
"Coming back, he overtook his father coming from the post office.  
"I know all about it," he exclaimed in his excitement; Katy told me last night. I wish, though, you'd held on to the new coat awhile.  
"Why?" asked Mr. Blake, imperturbably.  
"Because," said Sam, "I'm going to pay my own way now. I've been off to day and kind out for the season to Farmer Hedgeburton. You won't need that money to Williston, will you, father?"  
"You are too late," was the minister's answer. "I've just now mailed the letter to him."  
"In fact, the next day the kind merchant's eyes were dimmed as he read these words.  
"DEAR WILLISTON:—My boy—it almost breaks my heart to say so—has not proved worthy of your generosity. I have decided to return the sum which you sent me for his last year, and you will find a draft enclosed for that amount. BLAKE.  
Here I interrupted the narrator.  
"Doesn't this story prove what I said in the beginning?" I asked.  
"No; for that isn't the end of it. Sam went down to Boston in the autumn with a few dollars of earnings in his pocket. He had decided to give up college, and so applied to Mr. Williston for a clerkship.  
"He told him:  
"I provided myself with a few dollars, and he worked there two years. Then an opportunity offered to go West, and take a partnership in—what do you think? The clothing business! Sam jumped at it; and you may believe he sent his father, next Christmas, the finest coat that ever came out of the loom.  
"I am a well-to-do man now, sir," continued my acquaintance, suddenly speaking in the first person, "and when we got to Chicago, if you will come to my establishment, I will show you my father's (the minister's) old shiny coat, which I preserve because it was the beginning of my fortune and made a man of me."  
"Then," I explained taking him by the hand, "it is you yourself who have been talking about all this time! You are—"  
"Sam," concluded my new friend, nodding and smiling.—G. P. Lathrop in Youth's Companion.

### THE CLERKS WHO RISE

Many clerks continue in subordinate positions all their lives because they are of no special value to their employers. If a clerk wishes to rise he must make his services so valuable to the house that they cannot afford to do without them.

It is not enough, in order to acquire this special value, to be handy and willing. He must also gain such a knowledge of the business as to be master of all its details.  
Sir John Walsley, a rich merchant of Liverpool, began as a clerk on a salary of £40 a year. His employers were grain merchants, and the young man, determined to rise, set about acquiring a knowledge of grain.  
The man who had charge of the warehouse of the firm prided himself on knowing grain better than any one in Liverpool. Finding the clerk anxious to learn, the old warehouseman was willing to teach him.  
Twice a week, before breakfast, and long before office hours, they would go together to the store and ships. "Old Peter," as he was called, would show the pupil samples of various kinds of grain. At first, the number bewildered the youth. But perseverance enabled him in time to master all the mysteries of grain, such as quality, weight, condition and origin.  
Old Peter would take a handful of all sorts of grain, English, Irish, American, Scotch, European and spreading them on a table, ask his pupil to tell all the characteristics of each sample.  
No one knew of these early lessons, and the employer wondered at his clerk's knowledge of the business. Customers soon found out that the youth knew more about grain than any one in the establishment and consulted him.  
One day the firm's "traveler" and salesman resigned. It was the best position in their employ, and they at once promoted young Walsley to it. His superior knowledge of the business justified their promoting him over the heads of the other clerks.  
The rise, though a great one, found the youth abundantly able to meet its responsibilities. He had so trained himself that his employers recognized his value. When the term of his clerkship expired, several offers of partners hip were made him, one of which he accepted. He rose to wealth and honor, because he made himself valuable to his employers.  
SOME MEN'S WIVES.  
Three men of wealth, meeting, not long since, in New York, the conversation turned upon their wives. Instead of finding fault with women in general and their wives in particular, each one obeyed the wise man's advice, and "gave honor" unto his wife.  
"I tell you what it is," said one of the men, "they may say what they please about the wretchedness of modern women, but my wife has done her share in securing our success in life."  
"Everybody knows that her family was aristocratic and exclusive, and all that, and when I married her she had never done a day's work in her life; but when W. & Co. failed, and I had to commence at the foot of the bill again, she discharged the servants and chose out a neat little cottage, and did her own housekeeping until I was better off again."  
"And my wife," said a second, "was an only daughter, capricious and petted to death, and everybody said, 'Well, if she will marry a doll like that he will make the greatest mistake of his life,' but when I came home the first year of our marriage sick with the fever, she nursed me back to health, and I never knew her to murmur because I thought we couldn't afford any better style or more luxuries."  
"Well, gentlemen," chimed in a third, "I married a smart, healthy, pretty girl, but she was a regular blue-stocking. She adored Tennyson, doted on Byron, read Emerson, and named the first baby R. I. P. Walden Emerson and the second Maud; but I tell you what 'tis," and the speaker's eyes grew suspiciously moist, "when we had little Maud in her last bed at Auburn my poor wife had no remembrance of neglect or stinted motherly care, and the little dresses that still lie in the icked drawer were all made by her hands."  
—Journal of Commerce.

### LIVING IN QUIET.

A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects for dispute. It mostly happens, when people live much together, they have come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said: "Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of Heaven."

tail of the domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive good temper.  
A LEAP YEAR PRIVILEGE.  
Miss Adams, of the Indian Territory, taking advantage of leap year privilege, proposed to the Postmaster at Tulsa, in that Territory, that they should wed. The Postmaster, like the Judge in Mand Muller, sat on his horse and mused, making up his mind how he could tell her it could never be. She had no hay rake in her hand, but he saw the devil in her eye and noted that her hand was under her apron. Finally he summed up all his resolutions, and uttered the one word which conveys more wretchedness than any other in the language.  
"You won't ha!" shrieked the maid, and with marvellous coolness and celerity she unmasked a navy revolver and shot her fancy dead from his horse, and then deliberately mounted a pony and notified the neighbors that they had better go and pick the postmaster up before the hogs anticipated them. The woman was the daughter of a fugitive from justice in the States and she, no doubt, had inherited her decision of character, but had cultivated her precision of aim. The poor postmaster never lived to know how many years of domestic bliss he might have enjoyed with the woman who had marked him for her own. It is well that he died.  
ABOUT WOMEN.  
A Widow of Meier, Gr., sells annually \$500 worth of vegetables of her raising from half an acre of ground.  
Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, the indefatigable, is living in retirement in Washington. Although 73 years old, she is still as brisk as a young widow of 40.  
At Americus, Ga., a young man went to his wedding considerably under the influence of liquor, when the about to be married refused to proceed further and announced the engagement cancelled.  
Mrs. Harriet S. Brooks, president of the Omaha Republican, has been appointed Chairman of the Department of Botany and Vegetable Physiology in the Nebraska Academy of Sciences.  
Mrs. Watkinson has built at White Earth, Minn., a hospital at a cost of \$7,000, and it has an endowment of \$10,000.  
The venerable Lucretia Mott, is reported in rapidly failing health. Although confined to her room her mind is strong and bright. She resides with her son-in-law, Edward M. Davis, on Chelton Hills, Philadelphia, Pa.  
THE DUTIES OF JOURNALISM.  
Of all others, the newspapers, in their temporary excitements, should keep themselves self possessed, just and truthful. It is to them the public looks for facts and for guidance. How shall it act aright if even the news of the day is steepened with falsehood and tinged with prejudice?—Let it discuss public questions with all the force and earnestness it can summon; but let it remember also that its first duty is to be fair and honest; to tell the truth of all parties, so expose the real character of all candidates; to report the condition of public sentiment as they are, and not as they are represented to be by the exaggerations or hopes of those whose wishes alone are fathers to their thought.—New York Evening Post.  
SHE "WANTED A CHANGE."  
"Adolphus, my dear," said she, "it's nearly a year since you first began to call."  
"Yes, I believe so," nervously. "And we've talked about books and music every night." "Yes, I think so," more nervous than before. "Well, I—don't you think a change would be agreeable?" There was a change in a few weeks time. The pastor made it.  
It is awful hard to realize that a woman is an angel when one sees her pick up a cloth's prop fourteen feet long to drive a two-ounce chicken out the yard.  
ACCORDING TO WEBSTER.—A few months ago an old gentleman was seen mailing a notice on a fence in Galveston. A friend, passing said: "Why don't you have the notice put in the paper, where the people can read it?" "Want," said the old gentleman, "if I tucked it to the newspaper office them newspaper fellows would get it spelled wrong, and then somebody might think I didn't know how to spell. The notice read: 'H. J. Furber inclines on matrimony. He eyes of the girl of such is the relief of Heaven.'"

Henry Holtenburg had black hair and a ruddy complexion when he married Miss Schwarz at Nashville, a year ago. She supposed he was about forty, though he made no statement on that point. The honey-moon was scarcely over before his hair became gray, his cheeks lost their color, and he showed at least sixty years. The fact was that he had discontinued the use of dye and rouge. The angry wife wanted to sue for divorce but the lawyer told her that the grounds were not sufficient. The worst she could do was to desert him, which she lost no time in doing.  
He opened the door cautiously, and poking his head in a suggestive sort of way as if there was more to follow, inquired "Is this the rinkum?" "The what, my friend?" "Is this the rinkum-sinkum-sanctum, or some other such place, where the editors live?" "This is the editorial room, y's sir. Come in." "No; I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinkum was like, that's all. Looks like our gurely only was. Good-day."  
A German traveller hurried out of the car, tired and dusty, and seating himself at a restaurant table cried out: "Waiter, bring me a beefsteak!" The waiter replied that would be charmed to do so, but that it took twenty minutes to cook a steak, while the train only waited ten minutes. The kindly and sweet-tempered traveller retorted: "Well, then, bring me half a beefsteak."  
Grinding renders all our cereal grains more digestible, by reducing the size of the particles to be saturated and digested by the gastric juice. The whole kernels of corn are not always fully penetrated by the gastric juice, and hence many of them pass undigested. When corn is ground it should be mixed with coarse fodder, so as to prevent its adhering in a mass in the stomach, and insure its remastication and insalivation.  
The wheat harvest for this year will probably be about four hundred and sixty millions of bushels. Allowing, say, two hundred and sixty millions of bushels for home use, that would give us two hundred millions for export, against one hundred and eighty five millions exported last year.  
A lawyer once asked the late Judge Pickens, of Alabama, to charge the jury that "it is better that ninety and nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should be punished." "Yes," said the witty judge, "I will give that charge, but in the opinion of the court, the ninety and nine guilty men have already escaped in this county."  
After a recent shower at Kikona, Ind., the ground was found covered with fish, all of which were alive and flipping about. They were about the size of minnows.  
The trouble about taking medicine warranted to cure all diseases is that it may not know exactly what is wanted of it, and in that case it will go fooling around in the system trying to cure you of some disease that you have not got.  
"Pa," asked little Blodgers of his parent, "what is paper made of?"—"Lies!" roared the older Blodgers, who is running for office, "lies? Internal, outrageous, villainous lies!" And the innocent boy wrote it down that way in his composition.  
The North Georgia Methodist Conference will meet in Rome the first week in December.  
Many a man slips a three cent piece into the contribution box with a ten cent air.  
A colored washerwoman died in New York, the other day, worth \$80,000. She must have been a close collector.  
Many New York dry goods firms are using electric lights. One house has twenty-two burners, and some of them are placed out doors as well as within.  
Guard: "Now, Miss, jump in; train's going on. Child: "But I can't go before I have kissed mamma." Guard: "Jump in, miss; I'll attend to that."  
An Irishman called in great haste upon Dr. Abernathy, saying: "B' jobsers my bo' I'm has swelled a mouse." Then "d' jabbers," said John Gough had prevented him. Spurgeon with an ebony cane having an elaborately-worked gold head. This was stolen, and the gold, after being hammered and battered, was offered at a pawnbroker's in the Borough, and a detective called at Mr. Spurgeon's house with the relief.