

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

Vol. II.

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No. 30.

Never Mind What They Say

Don't worry nor fret
About what people think,
Of your ways or your plans—
Of your food or your drink,
If you know you are doing
Your best every day,
With the right on your side,
Never mind what "they" say,
Lay out in the morning
Your plans for each hour,
And never forget
That old time is a power,
This also remember
"Mong' truths old and new—
The world is too busy
To think much of you,
Then garner the minutes
That make up the hours,
And pluck in your pilgrimage
Honor's bright flowers,
Should grumblers assure you
Your course will not pay,
With conscience at rest,
Never mind what "they" say,
Then let us, forgetting
The incense throng,
That jostles us daily
While marching along,
Press onward and upward,
And make no delay—
And though people talk,
Never mind what "they" say.

Making the Ends Meets.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

Richard Lane was esteemed a prudent, careful young man by all who knew him. His father was a poor man, and unable to do anything for him than to give him a good common school education, which was in itself a fortune. As a boy he had gone into a store and worked his way along by slow degrees, till at the opening of our story he had a salary of six hundred dollars a year as salesman.

Three years before he had made the acquaintance of Isabel Walker, and from that time a new hope animated him. He thought of the future and the delights of home. His own home with Isabel for his wife, occupied the foreground of his picture for the future. He had an idea of domestic bliss which he meant to realize, and with this intent he saved a portion of his salary every year, so that when he was ready to get married he had \$500 to go to house-keeping with.

Isabel Walker was an orphan, with nothing to depend upon but her own earnings. She had received a tolerable education and early exhibited a remarkable talent for music. Some kind friends had assisted her to cultivate it, and now she earned a very handsome salary as a teacher of music. She was a very pretty girl, and her amiable character and pleasant manners rendered her a general favorite, even in the circles of wealth and fashion.

Richard and Isabel were married and taking half of a good house at a rent of one hundred and fifty dollars, they went to house-keeping in preference to boarding. Richard's accumulated fund enabled him to furnish his rooms very prettily, though not very elegantly or fashionably; but Isabel was satisfied, was delighted with her new situation.

For a year they were as happy and contented as they could be, nor sighed for any of the luxuries or vanities which Richard's small salary did not enable him to buy. At the beginning of a new year the young husband's employers voluntarily raised his salary to seven hundred dollars a year.

'Now, Isabel, you shall have a piano,' said Richard, after he had announced the gratifying intelligence.

'Oh, no, Richard; we cannot afford to keep a piano,' Isabel remonstrated.

'I think we can; I know a firm that will trust me for one—will give me six months credit.'

'But, Richard, you cannot pay for one in six months.'

'I can pay a part of it, and they will wait longer for the rest. I can pay a hundred dollars, at least towards it.'

'I fear not. Why, look at your account book. Our expenses for the first year we have been house-keeping are little more than six hundred dollars. If you had not had some money we would have been in debt. This seven hundred dollars will just enable us to live as we have lived, nothing more.'

'There were a great many extra expenses the first year. It will not cost us more than \$500 this year.'

'Then we will have the piano at the end of the year. It will be much better to pay for it than run in debt for it.'

This was excellent philosophy on the part of Mrs. Lane, and it would have been wise in her husband to have adopted it.

'Don't you want the piano, Isabel?' he asked, somewhat astonished at her earnestness.

'Oh very much! I have often thought how pleasant I should pass away my leisure hours when you are away if I only had a piano. But really, Richard, I never thought of such a thing as having one. I can do

without it very well, and I beg you will not run in debt for one.'

'Just as I thought. I know one so fond of music as you are must need a piano very much, and you shall have one, Isabel,' and the devoted husband kissed her tenderly. He was very fond and very proud of her.

'I will not consent, Richard. I am afraid if you run in debt some terrible thing will happen.'

'You must not be frightened by a bagbear. I have \$100 left. I can buy a good one for \$300 so I shall owe but \$200, which I am sure I can pay within one year. Nay, my dear, you must consent; for it will make me so happy to feel that you have no unsatisfied want.'

'On one condition I will consent,' said Isabel, glancing archly at him.

'What is it?'

'That you will let me sing in church.'

'I am too proud to let you do that.'

'You must not be so proud. The society has offered me \$200 a year. I could pay so much towards the piano.'

'I am able to support you, Isabel, and I don't want you to earn your own living.'

Isabel pleaded earnestly, and the husband offered a great many objections, but at last he consented. The piano was purchased, and Isabel knew no unsatisfied wants.

CHAPTER II.

The piano, it cannot be denied, was a great luxury in the house of Richard Lane. It beguiled their evening hours and added much to their happiness, for while the wife was a mistress of the musical art, the husband was passionately fond of the divine harmony. She sang and played, and Richard was prouder than ever of the fair being who had cast her lot with his.

If the instrument should suddenly be destroyed I should think that I have not paid too dearly for the joy we have purchased,' said Richard, as he kissed his wife one evening, at the close of their musical entertainment.

'Perhaps not, if it were not for the awful idea of being in debt,' replied Isabel.

'I sometimes think that it is not paid for while I am playing, and I always drop a note when I do.'

'Do not be alarmed, my dear; it shall be paid for in good time.'

The first quarter of the year passed away, and never were three months more heavily laden with bliss; but to Isabel, who kept the household accounts, they brought an hour of reflection. Instead of being diminished, their expenses had increased. New luxuries had crept into the house. New wants had been discovered and supplied. When she had footed up the amount of figures she found the amount exceeded the fourth of her husband's salary.

She was alarmed, and when Richard came home that night she called his attention to the appalling fact. But he only laughed at her. They had paid the wood and coal bill on the first of January, and this had been included in the last quarter's payments.

'I fear, my dear, that we shall not be able to make the ends meet,' said she gloomily.

'Certainly we shall. I wish that bagbear did not frighten you so.'

'I can't help it.'

'Yes you can. Come, my dear, play that new waltz for me and and you will forget all about it.'

'I am afraid we are running behind hand, Richard. We must reduce our expenses. I am afraid we are living too high.'

'Nonsense! play me the waltz, Isabel.'

She complied, though she was far from being satisfied with the prospects before them.

Another quarter passed by and the expenditures came a little inside of the fourth of the salary. This was hopeful, but not a dollar could be paid towards the piano. The fond wife was really disturbed at this state of things.

Richard laughed at her as before, and said he had procured an extension on the time for paying for the piano.

'But how can you ever pay for it while we are going on this way? We are saving nothing towards it,' she said gloomily.

'Well, my dear, if I don't happen to have the money, why, I can borrow it.'

'But you will still owe it.'

'Shall I, indeed?' laughed he.

'I wish you had not bought the piano.'

'I don't, Isabel. I am sure the enjoyment we have derived from it has more than paid for it.'

'If we had already paid for it, perhaps it would. I feel very bad about it. If we once get in debt, it is a hard matter to get free from debt.'

'My salary will be raised again next year, and we can easily pay it off then.'

days in spite of all Richard could say, she was sad and gloomy. The husband began to realize his folly and wished the piano had never been bought. But as time passed on she became cheerful again, and went on as before.

CHAPTER III.

One day Richard happened to go home for a bill at eleven o'clock in the forenoon and found his wife absent. This was unusual, and as he was passing down the street he saw her approach from the other side of the way, attended by a gentleman.

For the first time in his life a pang of jealousy shot through his heart. He stopped to observe the parties. Isabel entered the house, and her companion, politely touching his hat, passed on.

Richard was alarmed. Could his wife permit the attentions of a gentleman? Two or three times after this he went home the same hour and found the door locked, his wife absent. But she was just as loving and affectionate when he came home at night as ever. There was nothing to indicate the diminution of her affection for him.

Still he was not satisfied, and he ventured to say that he had been home several times and found her absent in the forenoon. She colored up, much to his grief, and tried to turn off the subject. He permitted her to do so, resolved, however, to probe the matter to its roots.

One morning, instead of going to the store as usual, he remained near the house. At nine o'clock he saw her come out, and he followed her to an elegant house in the neighboring street. She remained there an hour and then went to another house, where she stopped another hour, and then went home.

She had never spoken to him of visiting in these families, and his suspicions began to gather considerable weight. He became positively unhappy, and in spite of all his efforts he could not wholly disguise his feelings from her who was intimately interested.

He was not yet prepared to expose her, for he had not yet fully satisfied himself that, to say the least, she flirted with gentlemen, for he once again saw her with him who had first excited his suspicions. Home began to lose some of its charms, though Isabel was the affectionate and devoted wife.

While these things were pending another quarter day came round. The expenses had been somewhat reduced, but there was nothing to pay for the piano.

And another quarter came round, and still there was nothing to discharge the debt. A year had passed since the piano had been purchased, Richard was gloomy and morose. He could find nothing to prove that his wife was inconstant; nothing in her manner even to indicate it, yet that dreadful suspicion still haunted him. She was young and pretty, and a splendid singer and pianist. She might have been led to think that her husband was not all-in-all.

He often asked her where she went every forenoon, and she always answered him, but he was not satisfied with her replies. The apple of discord was sown in his heart, yet Isabel was merry, cheerful and happy as ever.

One morning, just as Richard had gone to the store, a man appeared, who informed her that he was the deputy-sheriff. He had come to attach the piano for the unpaid debt. He was very polite and discharged his unpleasant duty as gently and unobtrusively as possible.

'But I will pay the debt,' said Isabel.

'I have no authority to settle the account,' he replied. 'I must put in a keeper; but if you wish I will inform the firm that you will pay it.'

'I will do so at once; I have the money by me.'

The sheriff departed, and in half an hour one of the piano firm appeared and apologized for the trouble he had caused; received the money and receipted the bill; and in the flurry of dealing with a lady forgot about the cost. He departed, taking the keeper with him.

When Richard came home that night Isabel handed him the writ the sheriff had left. He was astonished and confounded.

'They have damned me a dozen times within a week, but I did not think of their doing this.'

'I have been afraid of it for some time,' added Isabel. 'Such things always go with these debts.'

'But where is the keeper?'

'He has gone.'

'Gone?'

'Here,' and she handed him the receipt for the \$200 she had paid.

'What does this mean?' he asked, bewildered.

'It means that I have paid for the piano.'

twink'le in her eye.

'And how could you pay it?'

'I had the money.'

'Where did you get it?'

'One hundred dollars I got for singing in church, and the other hundred dollars I made by giving music lessons.'

She mentioned the families to whose houses he had followed her. He understood her now.

'You have saved me, my dear, from I know not what difficulties,' he exclaimed, pressing her to his heart; and then confessed his jealousy and mentioned the gentleman he suspected.

'The gentleman was the father of the little girl to whom I gave lessons,' she added mischievously. 'We are not only out of debt, but out of jealousy.'

'Bless you, my wife. You were right. That debt of two hundred dollars might have ruined me, for I tried in vain to borrow money to pay it.'

They never got in debt again, and Richard was never jealous again. His salary was raised, and from that time they not only lived within their income, but saved a small sum every year.

TOO POOR TO TAKE A PAPER.

Moore of the *Rural New Yorker*, was sitting in his office one afternoon when a farmer friend of his came in.

'Mr. Moore, I like your paper, but the times are so hard I cannot pay for it.'

'Is that so, friend Jones? I'm very sorry to learn that you are so hard run. I will give you my paper.'

'Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift.'

'Well, then, let me see how we can fix it. You raise chickens, I believe?'

'Yes, a few; but they don't bring anything hardy.'

'Don't they? Neither does my paper cost anything hardy. Now, I have a proposition to make to you. I will continue your paper, and when you go home you may select from your lot one chicken and call her mine. Take good care of her and bring me the proceeds, whether in eggs or in chickens, and I will call it square.'

'All right, Brother Moore,' and the farmer chuckled as he went out at what he thought a clever bargain. He kept the contract strictly, and at the end of the year found that he had paid about four prices for his paper. He often tells the joke or himself, and says he has never had the check to say that he was too poor to take a paper since.

A REMARKABLE GIRL.

A strange and supernatural power has just been discovered in a little girl who lives near Little Rock. She is the daughter of respectable parents namedarrison, honest and also poor, who have several other children. The family lives on a small farm, and in nature's visible forms. There is nothing remarkable in either of the parents or their children, with the exception of their youngest daughter, Winnie, who is about six years old. In fact, they are very commonplace people. The daughter has exhibited clairvoyant powers of startling nature. She will sit in a kind of a trance and inform customers of their age and the death of friends and relatives. She one day informed a man named Travers, being in a trance at the time, that if he would search in a certain place on his farm he would find a treasure. Travers searched and unearthed an old pocketbook containing about \$20,000. The effect of the trance which the little thing seems to go in is exhausting, but it is beyond the control of the parents. They are superstitious and believe that their daughter is destined to be famous. The ignorant neighbors take advantage of this opportunity for peering into the looking glass of the future, flocking to the farm to ask innumerable questions of little Winnie, and, strange to say, she generally answers them correctly. The supernatural power is attracting great attention throughout the neighborhood and it is becoming talked of as one of the remarkable productions of Arkansas.—*Little Rock, Arkansas, Gazette.*

A SHELL EXPLODED BY LIGHTNING.

On Wednesday afternoon, 20th instant, during a sudden thunderstorm, a lightning bolt struck a large pine tree in a field belonging to Mr. S. G. B. Faulkner, who resides about eight miles from Richmond, Hanover county. At the time Mr. Faulkner and a number of hands were working near by. The report was sharp and loud, and shocked several of the men. Mr. Faulkner noticed that the tree was set on fire by the lightning, and sent hands to clear away the brush to prevent the fire spreading to his fencing. About twenty minutes after the tree was struck another loud and deafening report was heard in the tree, and on examination it was ascertained that the fire had communicated with a shell which

was lodged in the tree during the war. The tree was somewhat shattered from the explosion of this old companion, and the bushes near by were cut down by the fragments. No one knew of the shell being in the tree. This is a most singular occurrence, and probably the first where a shell was exploded by lightning.—*Richmond Whig.*

BILL ARP

Gives His Views on Reconciliation.

Atlanta Constitution.

Dry and hot. No rain for weeks and no sign of any. Thermometer 95 every day. The wind blows lively, it but seems to have struck a furnace somewhere. The dust flies up the big road in clouds, and the little hurricanes are waltzing in the cotton fields. It's too hot for an evening nap—too hot to sit about the house. It's more comfortable to do something, and that's the reason that laboring men don't complain of the heat like those who lay around the house and fan. Me and the boys went to the woods yesterday to get boards to cover the barn, and we sawed down a three-foot pine and sawed it up in blocks thirty inches long and made 1,700 boards by six o'clock. Two of us run the cross-cut and split up the blocks while the other one rived, and it was tight work to keep up with him and keep him in timber, and we did perspire, and blow, and drink water most amazin, but we never complained of heat, and when we came home wet and salty Mrs. Arp thought we had been off somewhere lying in the branch, for she said it was the hottest day of the whole summer, and the thermometer stood last at 99 in the hall all the afternoon, and she and the girl had like to have melted down and run off into sugar, and she didn't see how anybody could work out doors in such weather. I tell you what, hard work and the sweat of the face is the curse of that original sin put on us, but it was tempered down in mercy, and there is a comfort that follows it that folks who don't try it don't know anything about. The law of compensation comes into everything in this life and the poor can be about as happy as the rich if they have a mind to and don't spend their time in grumbling and complaining about their hard lot in this subliminary life. I was a ruminating about this weather, and it carried me back a score of years in memory, when we had the same sort in the valley of old Virginia, and it lasted for just about a month, and all the boys could do was to lay round the tent and wait, and wait, and wait, for fighting orders. We had marched up to Buckle town and Martinsburg and give a dare to the Yankees, and we marched back again to Winchester, and it was hot and dry and dusty, and the scorching breeze blew it about in clouds after the cavalry and camp wagons, and one evening, about the 19th we got orders from Joe Johnson to march, but we didn't know where, and in less than an hour we were on the road to Manassas, and by midnight we reached the Shenandoah, and the boys were gay and lively, and raised their guns and ammunition as high as they could, and marched in and waded across, and there was big torches burning on the banks, and I thought it was a glorious sight to see an army wade a big river at night, and I've never seen anything since that left a more vivid picture upon memory's page. There was a little girl born to us that night, and I named her Shenandoah, in commemoration of the scene. The next morning the sun rose bright and hot and the boys were laying around on the hills that overhung the little town of Paris. By night they had reached Manassas, and knew they came there to fight, for the big guns were booming around, and the shells were bursting, and the pickets were on post, and the minute balls were whizzing through the air at random. It was a tired and hard sleep that night, and the next day the lead opened in earnest, and the great battle of Manassas was fought—a battle that astounded the nation and gave a mightier shock to our humanity than any that came afterwards. Just twenty years ago it was and then came trouble and grief and glory all mixed up together for four long years and all sorts of excitement and distress followed in its wake, but the country survived it all and has raised corn and cotton and children as usual. Twenty years ago from yesterday was the day after the battle—the day when the news was telegraphed all over the land, and fathers and mothers and wives and husbands for their loved ones. Grief was not all swallowed up in victory, and glory is not a sure medicine for a wounded heart. But we have got peace now, tolerable peace—made friends after a fashion, and getting along pretty well together. Our folks always was willing to roll logs with them fellows, and they are willing too, if we will give 'em the long end of the stick. Well, we are giving it to 'em, for they seem bound to have it, and we had just as well make

up our minds to let 'em run the machine the balance of time as not, for it looks like we can't do any better. Our people have fell in love with Mr. Garfield because he was shot, and it has brought about such good feelings it seems to me a pity that all the balance of 'em couldn't be shot just to bring about a general reconciliation.

I'm mighty proud that our president is getting well, that is if he is our president sure enough; but if he aint I don't care anything about him more than I do for any other man. It's been a long time since we had any stock in a president, for they haven't had any stuck in us of late and we are getting sorter hardened to it and don't care. It's time enough yet to indulge in sentimental gush about Mr. Garfield when we see what he is going to do for us, for it don't follow, like the rule of three, that he is going to be our friend because he is Conkling's enemy. Let's wait awhile and see. I'm for him if he is for me, and that's fair. I'm going to do by him as he does by me, for that's the golden rule in politics if it aint in religion, and I don't want our people to slubber their sentiment all over him while he is sick and heck it all off again when he gets well. Let's go slow and wait.

BILL ARP.

Wish you would tell that legislature the nabor's hogs got in my potato patch again last night, and I want 'em to make haste and do something.

B. A.

A FUNNY OLD STORY.

From the Capital.

Tom Marshall was engaged in the trial of a case in the interior of Kentucky, when a decision of the Judge struck him as so bad that he rose and said:

'There never was such a ruling as that since Pontius Pilate presided on the trial of Christ.'

'Mr. Clerk,' responded the Judge, 'fine Mr. Marshall \$10 for contempt of court.'

'I confess your Honor,' continued Tom 'that what I said was a little hard on Pontius Pilate, but it is the first time in the history of Kentucky jurisprudence that it is held that to speak disrespectfully of Pontius Pilate is contempt of court.'

'Mr. Clerk, make the fine \$20 for a continuous contempt,' said the Judge solemnly.

'Well, Judge,' Tom added, 'as you won all my money last night at poker, lend me the twenty.'

'Mr. Clerk,' cried the Judge, hastily, 'remit the fine. The State can afford to lose the money better than I can.'

'I congratulate the court upon its return to a sane condition,' said Tom, resuming his seat amid roars of laughter.

HE'S A BRICK.

Very few of the thousands who use the above slang term know its origin, or its primitive significance—according to which it is a grand thing to say of a man 'He is a brick.' The word used in its original intent implies all that is brave, patriotic and loyal. Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, king of Sparta, gives us the meaning of the quaint and familiar expression.

On a certain occasion, an ambassador from Sparta, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame; knew that though nominally only king of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece; and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their unbattled towers for the defense of the city, but he found nothing of the kind. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king.

'Sire,' he said, 'I have visited most of the principal towns, and find no walls reared for defence. Why is this?'

'Indeed, Sir Ambassador,' replied Agesilaus, 'thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta.'

Accordingly, on the following morning the king led his guest out upon the plain, where his army was drawn up in full array, and pointing proudly to the patriotic host, he said, 'There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and every man a brick.'—*E.*

He is a foolish dog that rags after his own tail.

The notes of a bad singer should never be indorsed.

Troy, Ala., will have a new opera-house.

Corsicana, Texas, will have water-works.

Burglar are doing a thriving business in San Antonio, Texas.

Some forty odd schools are running in Walker county, Alabama.

Opelika, Ala., claims to have had 4,000 water-melons on the market in one day.

There were 40 business failures in Alabama during the year ending June 30th.

There are some two thousand people from the south at Tennessee summer resorts.