

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

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## Shadows on the Curtain.

BY ROBERT J. ELLIOTT.

I am a bachelor, merry and gay,  
With nothing to trouble me here,  
I have seen at a window, just over the way,  
The changes of many a year.  
When the curtain is down, at the close of the day,  
There are shadows that often appear,  
Shall I tell you the story? Ah, well! you will find  
It is only a tale of the commonest kind.  
I was romantic and young—you may smile!  
A very "Beau Brummell" in manner and style,  
My features were ruddy, my teeth were like pearls,  
I was handsome and fond of the beautiful girls,  
Till an incident happened, I faintly recall,  
I loved, and I lost—but I lived through it all.

What comfort it was in those dull days of gloom,  
As I silently sat in my desolate room,  
When my labor was done at the end of the day,  
And gazed at that window, just over the way  
Where a pair of young lovers, devoted and true,  
Had built them a "nest" and were hidden from view;  
For the curtain was down, and nobody could see,  
But their "tattle-tale" shadows presented to me  
Such pictures of rapture, of joy and delight,  
I forgot my own griefs at beholding the sight.

### II.

I am a bachelor, merry and gay,  
I have toiled and have prospered in trade,  
My wishes are heeded, my servants obey,  
My bills are all settled and paid,  
There is nothing on earth that I know of to-day  
To trouble or make me afraid.

Many months passed away, many changes and cares,  
I could see, o'er the way, in my neighbor's affairs;  
Their kisses grew scanty, their curtain unclean,  
And seldom together the lovers were seen,  
Then came o'er that curtain new forms of delight,  
Like imps in a bottle, that appeared in my sight.  
Some children, by spoken, were brought to my ear,  
That I was reluctant and sorry to hear,  
Then loud cries of children, in rage and afflict,  
Were wafted away on the winds of the night,  
There were shadows of ills that were novel to me,  
That made me rejoice that my spirit was free,  
That my life was untrammelled by fetters and bars,  
That my peace was unbroken by family jars.

### III.

I am a bachelor, merry and gay,  
With no one to love but myself,  
I know I am old, and I know I am gray,  
And have plenty "lad up on the shelf,"  
My nephews and nieces are kindly to-day,  
They lovingly long for my peil.

The window is down, but my neighbors are there,  
The lover is living without any hair,  
For his room is empty, both behind and before,  
Is as smooth and as bare as the knob of a door.  
His ringlets have vanished and come to decay,  
For fingers once tender have torn them away;  
The daughters are married, the sons all are grown,  
The lovers are left in their dwelling alone;  
Loud cries of contention are brought to my ear,  
Discordant, unpleasant, and frightful to hear;  
The wife seems triumphant; I hear her command;  
The husband submits as she clenches her hand,  
And the sounds that I hear and the sights that I see,  
Bring comfort, delight, and contentment to me.  
For the woman I loved is still living to-day,  
The wife of my neighbor just over the way!

## A TRAGEDY IN WILKES.

On Tuesday Sept. 20, a brutal murder was committed on the Jefferson road, in Wilkes, about 12 miles from Wilkesboro. "Bad" McNeal and Nathan Tripps had been to a still house and had with them 2 gallons of whiskey, which they had been drinking. As they walked along, they made the determination to "kill the first man they met!" That hapless person was a Mr. Walker from Alexander, a hard working man who was on his way from Ore Knob where he had secured a job of work. After the killing, the two wretches walked on their way, and pretty soon met an acquaintance, and told him they had just met a man and given him "hell." Walker died in about a half hour after he was wounded—(we are unable to learn by what means he was wounded.) He leaves a wife and thirteen children. McNeal and Tripps were arrested, on the next day, and committed to Wilkesboro jail. Tripps had blood on his shirt, and explained the fact by saying that he had fallen down and cut himself. McNeal and Tripps are both desperate rowdies and have been fugitives from justice several times. If ever there was a case for Judge Lynch, it looks to us as if this were one. But law should take its course.—*Lenoir Topics.*

The great Methodist Council met in London on Wednesday the 7th inst. It is composed of 400 delegates. America has 200, distributed as follows: Northern and Southern churches, 118; African churches, 28; Canadian churches, 22; and other divisions, 32.

## GEORGIA GLIMPSSES.

### The State as a Mother With Tombs at the Breast.

Some Complaints that the Child "Grows" too Fast—The Need of Work at Home and Self-Independence—What our People Should do—Colonel Cole's Railroad Extensions.

#### Atlanta Constitution.

Old Georgia is slow but she is just sure. The sovereigns who have just adjourned didn't give anything to help out the exposition and maybe that was right and so the people are walking up to the emergency. Everywhere I go up in the mountains I find the people with a pocket full of rocks and all sorts of minerals and useful timber, which they turn over to the railroad agents for the grand exposition. I've no fear now but what our good old mother, as General Tombs calls her, will be fairly displayed. Well, she is a good old mother, but sometimes I think the general sucks her too much and too hard considering and now I suppose as the legislature has authorized the attorney-general to sue Joe Brown and company and break up the lease, the general will have a fit of his own and pull at it harder than ever.

I've seen beautiful specimens of gold-bearing quartz, and silver ore, and copper, and lead and marble, and slate, and kaolin clay, and manganese and corundum and so forth and so on, and when we do build a state house I hope it will be built out of our own material from the bottom to the top. I hope our own architects will draw the plan and our own people will do the work, for it's a shame on us that we have to depend upon our northern brethren for everything from a desk to a meeting house. I never saw such white oak and hickory, and poplar, and pine, and ash and elm trees as are along the line of Mr. Cole's road in Paulding and Polk counties, and our people ought to make their own wagons, and tubs, and buckets, and wheelbarrows and ax-helves and washboards and plows, and brooms, and furniture, and if we don't know how let's get Major McCracken to bring down some men from Ohio to teach us, and let us begin to utilize the good things that the Creator has given us and be independent. I want the major to dot his whole line with small factories that will give employment to our poor children, and furnish a market for our timber. Why can't our folks make as good a wagon as the Whitewater, or Studebaker, or Jackson? I'm told there are over fifty thousand of 'em in Georgia and they cost us about five million dollars. The time used to be when there was a wagon shop at every cross-roads, and two or three in every village, but these northern mechanics have dried 'em all up. They couldn't compete, for they didn't have any machinery, and had to do all their work by handicks. Railroads are good things, but if our folks haven't got anything for 'em to do but bring us down goods and Yankee notions and meat and corn and hay from the north and take back nothing but cotton that didn't average two cents a pound profit, they are not going to help the country very much. We must fix up to compete with northern farmers, and we can do it. I see acres upon acres of good native grass everywhere I go; enough to winter all of our stock, if it was saved, but there are no mowing machines to speak of, and the ground is rough, and the rocks haven't been picked up and not one man in ten has got even a scythe blade. Neednt tell me they can't get 'em. We didn't have 'em at my house and no money to buy 'em with, but we got one thing at a time and paid for it in broken dimes. These machines have paid for themselves and more too, in the saving of labor, and the grass cut with a mower during the last month on my farm has brought more money than the wheat that was cut off the same land last July. It has paid for the mower and the horse rake twice over and was easy work, both on man and beast. We would have cut for our neighbors but the rocks were in the way and so the hay is lost, and it was of more value than their cotton crop. My boy has got him a Dedrick Press and is baling his hay in small packages, and he is going to press a small bale of fine cotton that comes from Miss McCrae's cottonseed. It will be a hundred and twenty-five pound package, put up after Mr. Atkinson's plan, and I believe myself that these big 500 pound bales will go out of date before long and small packages take their place. The boy is going to send this bale to Judge Henderson as a sample, and he is going to send specimens of corn and oats and hay of all sorts, red top and crab grass and clover and p-a-vines, put up in ten pound packages by a little hand press of his own invention. He was raking up the other day with a horse rake and I was sitting on the piazza looking at him, which I frequently

does, when suddenly he stopped and holled "snake." He had seen that snake before when he was cutting the grass but he got away, and so I jumped for the gun and Mrs. Arp throwed down her work, and the children all run to the front, and the snake was coiled up under the rake, while my boy was setting up there over him, and as I come nigh he straightened out and started off and I just took a running sight blowed him into giblets, and he was an old highland moccasin and measured five feet long, and was either six inches round or six inches through, one or the other, I ain't certain which, and I carried him up to the fence and all the family come down to peruse him, and Mrs. Arp said it had a mate and the mate would come to it and bite some of the children for revenge, and so we had to take the snake away off, and Mrs. Arp, she has been on the lookout for the mate ever since, and peruses the garden and the front yard, and the back yard, and ain't right shore but what it is in the house under the bed. Ever since mother Eve got foiled so bad in the garden of Eden it looks like that woman has a mortal dread of snakes; but if they did let us down from paradise in the beginning, they have raised us up ever since, and Mr. Alexander was talking to me about 'em yesterday at Marietta, for he had just got a present of a gold watch on a birthday, and he told me that he did verily believe that there wasn't a man in heaven but what some good woman sent him there. And I said amen with as much feeling as if I had got a gold watch myself. We men are rough, unsexed creatures compared with women, but these little evidences of love and sympathy, such as gold watches and the like do wake up our smothered emotions powerfully, don't they?

Well, I see that King Cole has been buying up a few more railroads. I wonder how many more he wants. He reminds me of old Tom Little on the Chattahoochee who keeps on buying land, and when I asked him if he wanted all the land in the country, he said, "No; he only wanted all that jined him." BILL ARP.

### AN STRANGE STORY.

A strange story in connection with a murder committed sixteen years ago is contained in a letter from Batesville, Arkansas. James Baxter and his wife were emigrating to Louisiana in 1865, and fell in with a man calling himself Isaac Young, when near the Louisiana boundary line. They camped one night at the head of a lonely glen, when both the men disappeared. The deserted wife, knowing that her husband had two thousand dollars in gold of his person, was convinced that he had been murdered by Young, but all her efforts to trace him or her husband failed. She settled herself in a little hut close to the scene of her husband's disappearance, and has lived there ever since, waiting for tidings. Recently she received a letter, dated Melbourne, Australia, from a stranger, stating that a man died there who passed by the name of Saunders, but papers he left behind him showed he was Isaac Young, an American. The papers included a confession of the murder of Baxter, and pointing out the place where his body could be found. He further stated that he had gone to New Orleans and took passage to Australia, where he speculated with great success. At his death he was quite wealthy, and he directed that Mrs. Baxter should be searched for, and, if living paid \$2,000, with interest from the date of the murder. He also begged forgiveness for his crime. An investigation proved that the information was correct as to the murder, for the remains of Baxter were found in the glen, and decently buried. Mrs. Baxter has declined to accept the money, but she may yet conclude to accept it if the murderer is actually dead, which many people doubt.

### THE GENERAL PROSPERITY.

To do good unto others is a duty which binds itself in all the concerns of life, from the performance of which no class is exempt, and which has an intimate bearing upon the good order and happiness of society. There is a mutual dependence upon each other among the various classes of society, like that of the members of the human body. The manufacturer depends upon the farmer and others for the sale of his fabrics and the means of his subsistence; the mechanic and the professional man have a like dependence upon other classes; and the farmer, though most independent, is greatly indebted to the other classes for his prosperity and the social enjoyments of civilized society. Each class flourishes best when all classes flourish most. Hence every individual acts wisely who endeavors to promote the prosperity of all.

## BAD GRAMMER.

It is said that people living in the country universally use bad grammar. Now we are not going to fly into a rage and contradict this statement, if we do belong to the country and take a big measure of pride in all that concerns her. We are not going to gnash our teeth and tear our hair and declare that we talk as well as anybody, and that whoever says we don't, the truth is not in him. Indeed, when we remember how entangled we have often been among predicates and subjects, relative pronouns participial and possessive adjectives, adverbial phrases, modifying adjuncts, co-ordinative conjunctions, and simple declarative and compound and complex sentences, we are ready to confess that it is all true—the lull has not been told. Country people don't know how to talk, and what is more, don't want to know. But if we can't be grammatical may be it would be best to be as grammatical as we can. There is no hope to reform the old sinners; we have walked in our ungrammatical ways till any departure therefrom would be like an expulsion from Paradise; but let the children be taught to talk. A former school teacher, now a mother, looks back and regrets that she did not teach the law of language more effectively. She acknowledges having taught the textbook with great facility for she loved the study, but she also acknowledges the errors of her pupils to go uncorrected. She was afraid of wounding their feelings, and did not realize that to speak correctly is the most important end to be attained in the study. Now that she is a mother, she would be glad for her children to have more thorough conversational drill at school than she herself enforced when in the capacity of a teacher. It is ever thus, when it is too late we see the error of our ways. If teachers could see the importance of enforcing the correct construction of sentences in youth, they could do much toward correcting the bad grammar of country children which they acquire from the rough-and-tumble language of home, and be potent agents in the purification of the spoken English language. If the study of grammar is irksome to them, and they cannot comprehend the rules and application as readily as a man's mind, they can be taught the practical part, and a more thorough understanding of the why and wherefore will be unfolded to them in the ripening years to come.—*Cor. Doylestown (Pa.) Intelligencer.*

### MILK AS AN ALIMENT.

An English physician, Dr. Duckworth, of the Royal College of Physicians, has recently put forth an important paper in the *Practitioner* on the insufficient use of milk as a diet, and shows the serious effect to the neglect of this indispensable nutrient on national health. His warning is most timely in an age when so many artificial viands tend to destroy the appetite for nature's simple and normal food supply. An eminent physiologist has pointed out that while "all other matters appropriated by animals as food exist for themselves or for the use of the vegetable or animals of which they form a constituent part, milk is designed and prepared by nature expressly as food, and is the only material throughout the range of organization that is so prepared." Pure milk in sufficient quantity is as necessary for the body as pure air, but, as Dr. Duckworth shows, its use among those who can afford to buy it has so decreased even in the rural districts of Great Britain as to amount almost to a milk starvation. The minimum quantity required for the preservation of health, he calculates, is five quarts per diem to a family of ten, and not less than a quart daily to each child. "If this, or anything approaching this, were the rule instead of the exception," he is confident that the disease of "rickets," in its manifold phases, would be completely banished from this country, and a much higher standard of health and robustness would unquestionably prevail.

If this conclusion holds at all true for Great Britain it will hold much more so for the United States. The humidity of the British isles insures a comparatively equable climate, which makes few heavy drains on the human system, while in America, especially in the West and Northwest, the ceaseless and extreme alterations of temperature and the aridity of the atmosphere, which induces a great waste of the body by evaporation, makes heavy demands upon its store of energy. That store can only be kept up by good nutrition, which milk, supplying as it does the four great elemental principles of human aliment, is so admirably fitted to supply. The prejudice which some entertain against it, or the fancy that it disagrees with them, may be removed in many cases by adding to the milk a little carbonate of soda or of lime water, which

will enhance its digestibility, and when drunk for health purposes in large quantities it is rectified by adding a little pepsin.

There can be no question that a large number of men and women, inclined to stumorous and sordid habits, anemia, catarrh and consumption would be saved from premature decrepitude or wasting disease by resorting to a generous milk diet. The increasing amount of food adulteration, through the multiplication of glucose and oleomargarine factories, ought to have the effect of popularizing a dietetic article which nature has provided and which cannot be tampered with without exposing the fraud to easy detection. Bone and sinew will not make a nation, but the grave nutritional loss growing out of the disease of this elementary article of food will ultimately make a hardy race a nation of dwarfs, and it is well known that the hardest race on the globe, the Kirghiz, of Central Asia, under the most terrible climatic extreme, have little else to live on but the milk of their herds.—*New York Herald.*

### A DUTIFUL SON REWARDED.

In the village of Cornwall there lived a poor and virtuous woman, who supported herself and son by working almost continually with the needle. The son, who was called Charlie, was gifted with one of those generous dispositions which always sacrifices self for the good of others. It was this noble feeling which induced him, notwithstanding his age, to apply for a situation.

After many disappointments, he succeeded in procuring a place in a clothing store. The master of this establishment was very quick tempered, which caused Charlie many unmerited scoldings. One day, because he could not find something which was called for, he was told that if he was not quick he would lose his place; besides, he had much to suffer from the other boys of the house, who were all older than he.

It was well for Charlie that he had been brought up by his pious mother in sentiments of religion. She had often told him that the cross was the inseparable companion of a Christian, and that the only way of making it light was to bear it patiently. This he endeavored to do, and God rewarded him for his pains.

After he had spent some time as an errand boy, his employer one day called him to the office.

"Charlie," said he to him after he had entered, "would you like to go to school?"

Charlie answered that he had always wished for it; but on account of the poverty of his mother he could find no time to attend.

"Well," replied Mr. Thompson, "you have given me so much satisfaction that short time you have been here, and as you appear to be so well disposed, I have determined to give you an education."

"But what will my mother do?" interrupted Charlie.

"Let not that disturb you," answered the kindhearted gentleman, "I will take care of her. The wages which you have hitherto received shall be continued, and thus she will not be at a loss."

Charlie fell on his knees, but so great was his emotion that he could not speak, but in his tears his gratitude could be discovered. When he returned that evening and told his mother the good news, she fell upon her knees, and thanked God for his goodness towards herself and son.

The next day found our friend in school, contented and happy, and anxious to learn. It was not long before he appeared first at the head of his class and then of his school. His amiability, and other good qualities, endeared him so much to his teacher and fellow classmates, that it was with signs of unfeigned regret that they parted with him when he went to become a clerk in the establishment of his benefactor.

Fortune seldom confers single favors, and thus it was that Charlie, from being clerk, became first, junior partner, and then on the decease of Mr. Thompson, sole proprietor of the firm.

We have seen that Charlie, as a child, was always obedient and respectful to his mother; as a wealthy man he was, if possible, still more affectionate. He took her to his home and treated her with the attention which so loving and venerable a parent deserved; and when the separation occurred, which in the course of nature took her from him, his love and gratitude are best expressed by the prayers and tears he let fall over her grave. Though separated from her in body, he never neglected to follow the counsel he had received from her in his youth. It was these good advices which rendered him esteemed and respected by all.

A national conference of the best workers and thinkers on the subject of prohibition is called to meet in New York city October 18th and 19th, 1881.

## GENTLEMAN.

"Please don't push so!"

It was in endeavoring to penetrate a dense crowd at the doorway of one of our public theatres that this petition attracted my attention. It proceeded from a little girl of not more than ten years of age who crowded in on one side by a fashionable fop, and on the other by the hard stone wall was vainly endeavoring to extricate herself. The person addressed paid no attention to this entreaty, but pushed forward towards the door.

"Look a here!" shouted an elderly Irishman, whose apparel contrasted strongly with the curly locks and gloved fingers of the former; "look a here! don't you see you're crushing this girl's bonnet all to smash with your elbows?"

"Can't help it," gruffly replied the fop, everybody's got to take care of himself now-a-days."

"That's fair enough," replied the gentleman, as he seized the girl, placed her on his shoulders, and placing his broad shoulders against the slim form of the fop, he pushed him through the crowd, and landed him with somewhat more haste than dignity on the sidewalk.

The young fop picked himself up, and feeling rather abashed by the laughing spectators, thought it was time for him to go home, or make his disappearance from them in some way.

Reader, who do you think was the gentleman?

Boys, you all wish to become gentleman, but remember, that neither your own nor your parents' positions in life, your boot black, your tailor, your barber nor perfumer, can make you one. A true gentleman will be found the same at home and abroad. Always respectful to his superiors; pleasant and affable to his equals; and careful of those who may be placed beneath him.

### THE PARROT AND BAD COMPANY.

There once lived, in a small village, a farmer who kept a parrot, which was in the habit of keeping bad company. One day after the farmer had finished planting his corn, the black crows, together with the parrot, soon occupied themselves in feasting upon it, which seeing, the farmer resolved to punish the dusky robbers.

Watching his opportunity, he seized his gun and crept slyly along the side of the fence until he came within a few yards of them, when, leveling his gun, he fired.

Walking over to the corn to see what effect the shot produced, to his great surprise he found he had wounded his parrot. Poor Poll was taken home and kindly cared for.

The children asked their father how the parrot came to be shot.

"Bad company," answered the father; "bad company," repeated Poll.

Afterwards, whenever the parrot would see the children quarreling and wrangling among themselves, Poll would cry out:

"Bad company! Bad company!"

Thus, dear readers, when you are tempted to mingle with bad companions, remember the story of the parrot and its punishment.

### SNIPE ON TOAST.

I had some snipe on toast in Harrisburg I saw on a bill of fare:

"Snipe on toast, sixty cents."

Snipe on toast would be almost too healthy food to feed people who had been floating on a raft three weeks, feeding on bootlegs. Says I to the waiter: "Give me some snipe on toast." By-and-bye he came in and put down some toast, and I kept on reading. I sat there an hour. Then I rang the gong. The waiter entered, and says I: "Where the deuce is my meat?"

Says he: "They've been on the table an hour."

Says I: "I didn't order plain toast; I want a snipe on it."

Says he: "There is snipe on it." Then I drew close up to the table and I saw a black speck on the toast and says:

"You'll swear that's a snipe?"

Says he: "Yes."

Says I: "You would make a good linen buyer, you would."

Says he: "It's snipe on toast, anyhow."

Says I: "How did it get on it?"

Says he: "That snipe's all right; it's a full-sized one, too."

Says I: "I'm glad you told me that a full-sized snipe, for do you know, young man, when I sat out there reading I saw a black speck on that toast, but I took it for a fly; and I'm glad to be informed it's snipe. Now you can take that snipe away and bring me a turkey on toast, and I want a full-sized turkey, too!"

I ain't hankering after snipe since that episode. I could have blown that snipe through a putty blower without hurting the snipe or putty blower either. Snipe on toast may be game but it's a mean game.—*Horsley.*