

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

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## SIXTEEN AND SIXTY.

Oh, grandma sits in her oaken chair,  
And in flies Stella with tangled hair.  
"I'm going to be married, oh, grandmamma!  
I'm going to be married! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"  
Oh grandma smooths out her apron string;  
"Do you know, my dear, 'tis a solemn thing?"  
"Tis solemn not to, grandmamma,  
I'm going to be married! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"  
Then grandma looks through her sixty years,  
And sums up a woman's hopes and fears;  
Six of 'em living and two of 'em dead;  
Grandpa helpless and tied to his bed,  
Nowhere to live when the house burned  
down;  
Years of fighting with old Mother Brown;  
Stocking to darn and bread to bake,  
Dishes to wash and dresses to make.  
But then the music of pattering feet,  
Grandpa's kisses so fond and sweet,  
Song and prattle the livelong day,  
Joy and kisses and love-always.  
Oh, grandma smooths out her apron string,  
And gazes down at her wedding ring,  
And still she smiles as she drops a tear:  
"Tis solemn not to, Yes, my dear."

## THE WEDDING PRESENT.

"So," said Aunt Jemima, severely eyeing her nephew, "you are going to marry a sewing girl!"  
Felix Rockingham smiled.  
"I am going to marry a young lady, Aunt Jemima," said he "who is sensible enough occasionally to eke out the insufficient means of her family by a little honest and honorable work."  
Aunt Jemima shrugged her shoulders. She was a tall, high-featured old woman with Scotch-red hair, prominent cheekbones, and eyes that glittered like cells of jetty light in their cavernous sockets. And as she sat there beside her big work-basket, with a piece of uncompromising knitting-work in her hands, Felix felt the old sensation which had so often come over him as a child of being summoned before some stern judicial tribunal.  
Aunt Jemima was the moneyed member of the family. It was she whose tastes were courted; she whose advice was solicited in every important crisis in the Rockingham family; and the old lady could hardly believe her own senses when she heard that her nephew, Felix, had actually dared to select a wife according to his own taste and fancy.  
"Umph!" commented Aunt Jemima. "And I suppose you will expect me to give you a wedding present?"  
"That is just as your own judgment and liberality may dictate," said Felix, with a hidden sparkle of mischief under his eye lashes.  
"Umph!" again uttered Aunt Jemima. "Bring her to see me to-night."  
Amy Falkland was half frightened out of her pretty little wits when her lover told her that Aunt Jemima had desired her presence.  
"Oh, Felix," said she, coloring pink and white, "I'm afraid!"  
"When the queen issues her commands," said Felix, laughing, "all the feeble subjects must obey. And Aunt Jemima is queen in our family."  
"Is she very terrible?" said Amy.  
"As hard as a rock and as cold as an icicle," replied Felix, gravely.  
"Does she hate me?"  
"By no means," laughed Felix. "She only called you a sewing-girl!"  
"Well, but that is exactly what I am," said Amy, lifting her pretty eyebrows. "If that is the worst she has to say about me, I think I can endure it."  
So the bride-elect presented herself to Aunt Jemima, blushing, pretty, and confused, that self-same evening.  
"So you're going to marry my nephew?" said Aunt Jemima, almost in the words wherewith she had catechised Felix in the morning.  
"Yes," confessed the pretty little culprit, scarcely daring to lift her eyes from the ground.  
"And I suppose you expect to be happy?"  
"Yes."  
"What fools people are!" said Aunt Jemima, in a general way. "Well, my dear, I've no pearls and diamonds to give away, and if I had you wouldn't know what to do with them. Here's an old dress that I've worn a few times. Take that. You're handy with the needle, and you can easily fit it up to do a great many winters' service."  
"Thank you, Aunt Jemima," said Amy, with a pretty little curtsy.  
"You may kiss me, my dear," said the old lady, tenting a little under the sunshine of the soft blue eyes and timid voice.  
And Amy put up her cherry lips to the old spinster's thin and wrinkled, seamed face.  
"I've given your brother Halbert's bride-elect just such another dress," said Miss Jemima to her nephew. "I dare say she expects a set of jewels, or a necklace, or some other piece of frivolity and nonsense, but she'll find herself mistaken. I intend to show no partiality to my nephews."

Amy Falkland took home the venerable old garment, which gave signs of long and hard service, and viewed it with earnest eyes.  
"It is old," said she, "but there is a deal of wear in it yet."  
"I should say," hazarded Felix, "that it was only fit for the rag-bag."  
"But you are not a judge of such things," said Amy. "Now, when I have ripped it up, sewed it over again, and re-lined it, you will see what a pretty and substantial garment I shall have."  
Felix looked admiringly at her.  
"I haven't the least doubt," said he, "that you will look pretty in anything you choose to wear."  
"Don't be a goose," said Amy. And she at down at once, with her scissors and work-basket, for Miss Falkland's *trousseau* was by no means so extensive but that she had time enough to attend to these little details herself.  
But Miss Hortensia Waldron, the bride-elect of Mr. Halbert Rockingham, Felix's elder brother, viewed the wedding gift of her husband's aunt with considerably less favor.  
Miss Waldron was a beauty and a belle, with an uncle in the navy, a father who dealt extensively in mining stocks and bonds, and a French maid. And the Rockinghams were all delighted and said, "What a great thing it was for Halbert to marry into such a family!"  
"Good gracious me!" said Miss Waldron, eyeing the ancient dress through a gold eyeglass; "what does the old eccentricity mean by sending me such a rag as that?"  
And the mamma, the sister, and the French maid didn't find themselves prepared with an answer.  
"There," said Miss Hortensia, "take that old thing to Mrs. Levi's in Soho. She will give you something for it. I dare say, and I can lay it out in six-button gloves."  
"But, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Waldron, "what will Halbert's Aunt Jemima think?"  
"What she pleases," said Miss Hortensia, with a toss of the head. "But you needn't look so frightened, mamma—she will never know. How should she?"  
"I do hate such stinginess," said the sister.  
"So do I," said Hortensia, with emphasis.  
And Ma'mselle Therese, whose mother had been Aunt Jemima's humble friend and seamstress, and who was in that lady's secret service, carried off the jacket, not to Mrs. Levi's, but back to its original donor.  
"She don't want it, eh?" said Aunt Jemima. Ma'mselle Therese shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, well," said the old lady, indifferently, "just as she pleases."  
Early the next morning, while Aunt Jemima was yet drinking her coffee, in maternal curlpapers, there came a knock at the door. It was Amy Falkland, flushed and lovely.  
"Oh?" said Aunt Jemima; "what's wanting now?"  
"It's the dress, please, Miss Rockingham," said Amy, breathlessly. "I was ripping it up to put in a new lining, and there quilted into a square panel at the very back of the old brown silk facing, I found a check for one thousand pounds!"  
"Nonsense!" said Aunt Jemima. "Such things only happen in old legends."  
"But indeed it has happened to me," said Amy. "And Felix and I agreed that the money didn't belong to us, and so I have brought it back. Look!"  
"Kiss me, my dear," said Aunt Jemima, setting down her cup. "You are wrong—the money does belong to you. I put it there myself, with the express intention and desire that you should find it. I put another one into the jacket that I gave the girl who is going to marry Halbert. But she'll never get it now."  
And Aunt Jemima chuckled.  
"Oh," cried Amy, "do you really mean to give us—Felix and me—all this money? A—thou—sand pounds?"  
And she opened her blue eyes very wide.  
"I do really mean it," said Aunt Jemima, smiling down upon the fresh, peach-like face.  
Miss Hortensia Waldron was much chagrined when the rumor of the thousand-pound checks that were hidden away in the two old dresses reached her ears. She sent at once to Mrs. Levi, but the dress, as might have been expected, was never recovered.  
"And I do believe," said Mrs. Halbert Rockingham, "that is the reason Aunt Jemima makes such an absurd pet of Felix's china-doll wife. I wish I hadn't been in such a hurry about the old dress."

OLD JERRY.  
"Look a' heh, boss," said old Jerry, entering the Gazette office and throwing his hat on the table with a violent air, "yer's staid a faek what ain't de tru!"  
"What is the matter, old man?"  
"De oder day yer made de 'ronouncement dat I se got two wives. Yer knowd it was a falsement when yer made it. Does yer s'posed dat I wants ebery 'oman I meets axen me 'bout my wives? Does yer think dat I ain't got no 'speck fur myself. Takes me fur a Guinneer nigger, does yer? I se been a good friend to dis office. I se lent yer my influence, but I hain't lent yer my character. No, sah, my character is on tap."  
"Intact you mean, don't you?"  
"Look a' heh, white man, yer's 'stroyed my character, but ding-d if yer shell find fault wid my grammar. Come out from 'mongst dem papers an' I'll fight yer, sah. I se stiff in de jints, but I ken git aroun' yer like a bar'l hoop. Come at me, sah. Our frien'ship is split wider den de gulf of Mexicana."  
"I don't mind fighting you, old man, but I must work myself up to the point," and the scribe took a bottle from the desk.  
"I ken hep yer get dat cork out, boss-Dar, lemmy hit her. Old Linecum County, ain't she, boss? Got grip; eh, boss?" and the old man drank and chuckled. "Hits a man's stumic, and he knows it. Lemmy hab another pull, boss. I boughtur mule de oder day, and while ridin' it I noticed dat he stoped ebery time he met a nigger in de road. Cum to find out a candidate had been ridin' him. Lemmy hit her ag'in, boss."  
"Old man, are you ready to fight?"  
"Gight! wy bless yer life, chile, I nebber fit a man widout a cause. What I calls a cause is when a man rubs de top ob yer head. G'n me some moab ob dat fluid an' yer can say dat de old man's got six wives an' is still out contin'. Thankee, sah, Talk to me bout a white man. Good day, boss, an' don't forget an' ole man on de future 'casions.—Little Rock Gazette."

TWO WOOERS.  
A young lady who was the recipient of attention from two young men equally eligible, in point of good looks, social positions and financial solidity, and entertaining similar feelings of friendship for both, was in a quandary as to which to choose, should they propose. A friend to whom she confided her difficulty suggested that she put both to some test to prove the strength of their affection. She took the advice, and to the first who avowed his affections said:  
"You tell me that you love me. How do I know that you are sincere? What would you do to show your love?"  
"Anything," replied the ardent lover, who had a spice of romance in his disposition, "anything, I would go to the world's end for you; I would endure any suffering for you; I would die for you if necessary."  
Such ardent protestations brought the blishee to her cheeks and a thrill of happiness to her heart as she thought that certainly no one could love her more fondly than he did. She asked, however, for a little delay before giving him an answer to his suit.  
Meantime the other proposed and she questioned him in like manner to the first.  
"Well," said he "I'll tell you what I would do to show my love for you. If you marry me you shall have good clothes to wear. I will see that you are always the owner of a handsome seal skin sacque and that your hats or bonnets are always in fashion, and I will be a faithful, loving husband to you."  
"But wouldn't you go to the world's end for me, or die for me, or any of that sort of thing, you know? she asked, as she toyed with his coat buttons.  
"I don't want to go to the world's end," he replied; "I've got a nice, good paying business in Boston, and as for dying for you, I'd rather live with you."  
"Well," said she, as visions of seal skin sacque, fashionable bonnets, etc., flashed before her mind, "I guess you can speak to pa."  
The practical wooer is the man for the times.

The word, "Piedmont" comes from two Latin words signifying at the foot of the mountain. It is applied to several regions of the globe, which by situation are entitled to the name. In fact, wherever there is a range of mountains there is a Piedmont region. In this section the term is applied to portions of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia at the base of the Blue Ridge. Of course there is no line separating this belt from the one below it, but it is generally supposed to embrace the hilly country extending forty to sixty miles from the summit of the Blue Ridge.

THE DECENCIES OF LIFE.  
There are persons in the world who, in order to screen themselves from the charge of extravagance and folly, try to do it under the plea of decency. These persons will commit many acts which, if they had true ideas of decency, they would hesitate to perpetrate. We think the following are a few of the many practices that come under the name of decent.  
It is not decent for a person to make a show above his or her means.  
It is not decent for a person to run in debt when he does not intend to pay.  
It is not decent for a person to be always talking ill of his neighbor.  
It is not decent to ascribe improper motives to every one we may come in contact with.  
It is not decent for one to appropriate another's pecuniary means for his own gratification.  
It is not decent for young people to show no respect to the aged.  
It is not decent to be praising yourself always.  
It is not decent to keep yourself as a show for others to look at.  
It is not decent in persons going late to places of amusement to incommode others in various ways.  
It is not decent to spend your money in foolishness, when you have debts that ought to be paid.  
It is not decent to starve your family by spending your money for liquor.  
It is not decent to cheat your neighbor because you have a little more knowledge than he is possessed of.

WHAT THE PHOTOGRAPHER SAID.  
"Sit right there."  
"Move over a little."  
"A little more to the left."  
"Ah! that's too much."  
"Hold your chin up."  
"Look about there."  
"Drop your left hand."  
"Put your feet a little closer together."  
"Let me brush the hairs off your shoulder."  
"I must fix your head again."  
"Now let me see."  
"Drop your right shoulder a trifle."  
"That's good. Now lower your chin."  
"Now look as pleasant as you can."  
"That right foot is out too much."  
"Look out! for your chin. There—just so."  
"Now you are all right. Let me see."  
"Now think of something funny."  
"Guess you'd better look at this photograph. Keep your eyes wide open and wink as often as you like."  
"There! that'll do. No—your chin is too high. Down—down—that's it."  
"Now smile."  
"That's it."  
"Cheer up."  
"Shoulders up."  
"Drop your hand."  
"Once more now—smile."  
"There!"  
"Well, this is a pretty fair picture, but I guess you'd better sit again. It looks blurry around the eyes."—Free Press.

A memorial window is to be dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh in the abbey at Westminster, under whose shadow his ashes repose, thus adding, the subscription circular says, "a fresh link to the chain which closely unites Great Britain and her first born daughter." Raleigh is held in far warmer remembrance to the citizens of the United States, especially by those who reside in Virginia, and North Carolina, than by the modern English inhabitants of the old country, which gave him birth. Virginia bails in him the first European who appreciated the delights of that fascinating negonian weed which is now one of the most popular luxuries of civilized mankind, and North Carolina has named her legislative capital, after him.

Wealth is the possession of the few, but intellectual culture is happily within the reach of all in this favored land of schools and books. Wealth has opportunities to surround itself with treasures of culture and art, but it will wish to call to the enjoyment of these possessions those who can appreciate them. Wealth is at such greater loss for culture than culture is for wealth. Wealth without culture is a subject for laughter and derision. Culture without wealth even commands profound respect. Then let young people seek first, if they are ambitious to bring to good society, and genuine intellectual culture.

A fabulous story of the manufacture of glass is that the Israelites set fire to a forest, and the heat, becoming intense, made the nitre and sand melt and flow along the mountain side, where it melted as glass.

A FLORIDA TYPHOON.  
On the approach of autumn the Floridian quakes with apprehension. It is the dread season for hurricanes. Tearing through the West Indies, they often strike the coast with scarcely a note of warning, houses are overthrown, sailboats blown bare of leaves and fruit. Some of the old settlers say that they can detect the signs of the storms a day before it breaks upon them.  
"You feel it in the air before it comes," says one. This is, however, an indefinite sign. The devastation lining its track certainly proves that "you feel it after it comes." One of these typhoons visits the coast every year. The day may be bright and beautiful, and the flowers heavy with bees and humming birds. Shimmering mosquito hawks quiver in the air, and the scarlet cardinal twitters in the acacias. A cooling breeze plays through the leaves of the trees, and gently swings the unripe oranges. Clouds of gulls soar above the dark green mangrove bushes, and the sand bars, at low tide, are covered with pensive curlews and willees. The drowsy roar of the surf is heard, and the gentle swell of the ocean is rippled with golden sheen.  
Almost imperceptibly the wind dies away. Cries of terns and water birds fall upon the ear with painful distinctness. The mud hens in the marshes pipe an alarm. Not a blade of salt grass moves. The blue sky grows lazy, and the eastern horizon is milky white. Fiftal gusts begin to ripple the water and handle the green leaves. A low moan comes from the ocean. Smoky clouds roll into the sky from the southeast and a strong wind whitens the reful water. Every minute it increases in fury. An ominous yellow light tinges the atmosphere. The sun is gone, and great drops of rain are hurled to the ground. Within fifteen minutes there is a gale, and soon the whole force of the hurricane is felt. Great eagles and pelicans are swept through the heavens utterly powerless. Sparrows and other small birds are lashed to death by leaden twigs, and the torn bodies of showy herons and wild turkeys lodge in the branches of the live oak and cypress trees.  
All living things disappear. Tall pines are twisted asunder. The little limbs of willows and oleanders snap like cow-whips. Lofty palmettos bend their heads to the ground, the great fans inside out, like the ribs of an umbrella. The force of the wind keeps the trees down until every green fan pops like a pistol shot. The leaves of the scraggy scrub are wiped out, and their stems whipped into little bushes. The tough saw palmetto is blown as flat as a Northern wheat field, and the dead grass of the savannas is lashed into fine dust.—Boards in the surf are struck by the wind and sent spinning hundreds of feet in the air. The sand dunes are caught up bodily and sifted through the tops of pine trees miles away. The foam of the sea is blown beneath the houses on the mainland, and comes up between the cracks of the floor like steam.  
Woe to the owners of sailboats and boat houses. At Lake Worth, the Cruiser, a heavy, round-bottomed sailboat, thirty two feet long, was picked up from her ways, rigging and all, and carried across the lake, a mile away, without touching the water. A boat was torn from her moorings, lifted from the water, and dropped into a salt marsh eight hundred yards away. In the fall of 1875, the Ida Smith, a large schooner running between New Smyrna and Jacksonville was torn from her anchors and stranded on a marsh five hundred yards from the ship channel. The coast-survey steamer, in a good harbor sheltered by sand banks, threw out three chairs and kept her wheels working against the wind under a full head of steam. She dragged her anchors several hundred yards, and barely escaped destruction.  
The hurricanes last from seven to eight hours even longer. During the lull rain falls in torrents. The tide rises to a great height, carrying away wharves and boat houses and flooding the country for miles. The ocean leaps the sandy barriers of the coast, and floods the Indian and other salt water rivers, involving great damage. After the storm centerboards and jibs stay are found in spruce pines, oleanders are loaded with corlage, and deadeyes and peakblocks drop from the leafless orange trees. Gardens are destroyed, fences swept away and the tormented Floridian has three months' work and no pay to pair damages.—Boston Transcript.

An old lady, from the country, had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the dessert there was an enormous apple-pie. "La, ma'm," said the gentleman, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?" "Easy enough," was the quiet reply; "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple-tree, and then shake the fruit down into it."

State News.  
Raleigh News and Observer: The bulk of the cotton is picked. The yield will be, on an average, about 50 per cent. of that of last year, many farmers declare. The rains and storms of wind have added their influence of that of the drought.  
We regret to learn that Hon. A. S. Merrimon was called yesterday to Asheville by a telegram announcing the illness of his father, Rev. Branch H. Merrimon, who is now more than 80 years of age and whose condition precludes the hope of recovery.  
On Sunday a daring highway robbery was committed upon Mrs. John Haley, by a negro, who met Haley and his wife, in the outskirts of the city, and assaulted Mrs. Haley, twisting from her neck a valuable gold chain. He then struck Mr. Haley with a club, causing serious injuries. The office-seekers are sorely distressed and there is talk about removals and changes which makes the faint-hearted feel very feeble indeed. Dr. Mott, chairman of the R-publican State executive committee, has gone to Washington to see how things look.  
Mrs. M. J. Stout, of Stokes county, committed the horrible crime of suicide, a short time since, by drowning herself in Town Fork creek, near what is known as Kiger's pond. The coroner's jury summoned in this case rendered a verdict of "voluntary drowning." The cause of her untimely death is attributed to family troubles of which she had from time to time made mention as being many and grievous.  
Asheboro Courier: Our farmers tell us that the corn crop is proving out much better than they had expected. In some sections of this county, particularly on the streams, there will be a fair crop.

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.  
Say nothing you would not like God to hear.  
Do nothing you would not like God to see.  
Write nothing you would not like God to read.  
Go to no place where you would not like God to find you.  
Read no book of which you would not like God to say, "Show it to me."  
Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to say, "What art thou doing?"

RELIGIOUS NEWS.  
From Sunday's Raleigh Observer.  
The Baptist State convention will meet in Winston on Wednesday, November 9.  
The American board expects soon to send out 21 new missionaries. It has a very small deficit this year.  
Dr. Craven states that Trinity College has a larger number of students than last year at this time, and that the outlook for the future is very encouraging.  
The two hundred and twenty-third session of the Presbytery of Orange is now in session at High Point, N. C., having begun on Friday last. The churches in Raleigh belong to this presbytery.  
The Christians of all evangelical denominations in the United States have averaged 21 cents a year from each member for foreign missions for the past 10 years. For home missions the average has been 28 cents.  
The Baptists in Sweden report for 1881 9,297 communicants, united in 303 churches, of which 13 were formed in the past year. The churches have 116 places of worship of their own. Last year 2,365 persons were baptized.  
The Lutheran Synod of Missouri, the strongest in the world, reports 630 ministers and 818 congregations, and 224 preaching stations. It has also 886 parochial schools, with 44,324 scholars. Last year 18,735 children were baptized, and 8,380 were confirmed.  
The Synod of North Carolina meets in its sixty-eighth annual session in the First Presbyterian church, Salisbury, N. C., on Wednesday next. Diligent preparations for the assemblage of the Presbyterians of the entire State have been and are still making in Salisbury. It is designed to make the occasion pleasant and morally profitable to all, whether visitors or citizens of the town. In all nearly 150 delegates are reported thus far. The prospect is that the meeting will be unusually large and interesting. Rev. B. Barwell is a delegate from Orange Presbytery.  
"Don't waste your time in clipping off the branches, but lay your axe at the root of the tree," said the woodman to his son. And the young man went out and laid his axe at the root of the tree, like a good dutiful boy, and then went fishing.