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

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No. 46.

UNCLE DAVY.

"Girls, who do you think is going to be married to-day? I almost forgot to tell you, we had so many other things to talk about. I want you all to guess."

The speaker, a lively young lady by the name of Carrie Hart, had come from the village that day to visit the Smiths, who lived in the country. She had been retailing all the neighborhood news to Mrs. Smith and her four daughters.

They were all in the sitting-room, engaged in sewing and fancy work; but at the mention of the marriage, needles, thimbles, sewing, all were forgotten as the fair owners gave their whole attention to guessing who had made up their minds to venture out on the sea of matrimony in search of happiness.

"I knew you would never guess," said Carrie. "It is old Uncle Davy Henderson!"

"Not Uncle Davy!" said Mrs. Smith. "You are just joking, aren't you, Carrie?" while the girls were making all sorts of ejaculations.

"It is true, I am sure," said Carrie; "for his daughter, Sue, who has been keeping house for him since her mother died, told me so yesterday. She is dreadfully out of sorts about it."

"And no wonder!" said Mrs. Smith. "It's a fine thing she is married and can have a home of her own, or I fear there would be trouble between her and her stepmother. But what does the old man mean in marrying now, after being a widower so many years?"

"Tell us all about it, Carrie," cried the girls altogether.

"Just think of that little old man getting married again!" said Mary. "I've often wondered how he came to be married in the first place; I do not believe he is four feet tall, is he, girls?"

"Four feet! No, indeed," said Sallie. "Oh, pshaw! girls, he taller than that; but he is short enough, goodness knows," from Lucy, who was not very tall herself.

"But I do wonder if his new wife is as large a woman as his other one was. Father said that he remembered, long ago, when everybody went to church on horseback, Uncle Davy and his wife would come, both riding on one horse. You could not see him at all, she was so much larger than he."

"Yes," said Katy, "I have often heard him laugh about it. You remember that time they roasted an ox at a political meeting, and Uncle Davy rode all around town mounted on the stuffed ox-skin upon a platform? Wasn't he proud? Oh, dear, dear! It was too killing."

Such a chorus of laughter as followed this recital would have scared the old gentleman himself.

"Be still, girls!" said Mrs. Smith. "I won't have you making sport of an old gentleman and a good friend to you all. Let Carrie tell us about the wedding and who he is going to marry. Is it anybody we know, Carrie?"

"No, indeed, girls, you must not make fun of Uncle Davy," said Carrie. "He may be little, but he is mighty. But I will tell you all I know about it, which is not much. You know that we lived in a part of their house last spring, mother and I, while our house was building, and Sue and I became such great friends that we were almost like one family. For a long time Uncle Davy has been talking of marrying again, but so the three boys and Sue have opposed it so strongly that he did not say very much about it, but I know he thought a great deal. Sue said her husband lived there, and she kept house; but she has a terrible temper, and the old man had no peace with her. Why, there is not one of his children who would be willing to take the old man into his home and treat him right without wrangling about money. I don't blame him much for wanting a home of his own. He said last summer that he would give his house in town, where he lives, and his cow-pasture, to any woman who would marry him. I told him I would marry him if he would give me his farm, but he was too stingy for that."

"Oh, you naughty girl!" said Mrs. Smith, while the girls giggled and wondered how Carrie could talk that way to any man, even an old man like Uncle Davy, who was more than old enough to be her father.

But Carrie went on with her story.

"Some time before Christmas he went to Indiana to visit some friends, he said, but more likely to get away from Sue's nagging. While he was out there his friends kept saying, 'Uncle Davy, why don't you get married? You're not so old. Sixty-five is not very old, and you're not very gray. Get married; that is the way they talked to him, until he told them at last that he would be glad to get married if he could find some nice woman who would like to have a house in town and a cow-pasture, with himself thrown in. They told him about a woman who lived near there, a widow, with a good income, fine looking,

good tempered, and the best cook in Indiana into the bargain. Uncle Davy was taken at once with the description, and agreed to be introduced to her with a view to marrying. The only obstacle to a happy termination to his suit lay in the fact that she had repeatedly declared her intention never to marry again. Uncle Davy concluded to try his fate, but she wouldn't have him, notwithstanding the house and cow pasture. So he came home a sadder man. He told his children about his disappointment, and announced that he intended to give up now and lead a solitary life. Of course they were rejoiced at this, for if the old man should marry again they might not get every cent he owns."

Just at this juncture there came a loud knock at the door. Mrs. Smith went in answer, and ushered in a gentleman by the name of Dinsmore, familiarly known as Jack Dinsmore. After inquiring concerning the health of all the family and discussing the state of the weather, he suddenly launched forth with—

"Where is the old man? I came to see him and you, too, Mrs. Smith. Uncle Davy Henderson was married this morning."

"So Carrie was just telling us," said Mrs. Smith. "I never was more surprised in my life."

"Well, it is true, and he is coming home to-night. Jack was terribly mad at first, like all the rest of them, but he is coming around again, and is going to meet the old man at the depot this evening and take him to his house to stay till morning, to get rested; and then all of us fellows who are the old man's friends are going out to Jake's to-morrow morning with the band, a nice carriage and William's gray ponies, to escort him and his wife to town in fine style. The women will have a nice dinner ready for them. That's what I came out here to tell you about. I want you all to come and see the parade and have some dinner. I'll see Smith as I go through the fields."

He had already started toward the door, when Carrie detained him, saying—

"Say, Jack, you just tell them about how Uncle Davy happened to get married. I had just got as far as when he came home disappointed. You can tell them better than I can."

"Yes, I guess I can. You see, Mrs. Smith, the old man was awful down-hearted after he came back from his visit. He'd come into my shop of evenings and sit and sigh and not say a word, and you know he is naturally a great talker. Well, one evening there wasn't any customers at all, and somehow he got to telling me all about his troubles and disappointment, and how bad he felt that she wouldn't have nothing to do with him, and he just thought there wasn't another woman would come up to her. 'Pshaw! Uncle Davy,' says I; 'don't you know that women always say no, and then after a while they come around and say yes as meek as you please? Why don't you write to her?' says I, 'and she if she hasn't changed her mind by this time?'

"Do you think there might be a chance?" says he. "Of course I do, Uncle Davy," says I. "Why," says I, "my wife said no half a dozen times when (she told me afterward) she meant yes all the time. Write to her, Uncle Davy," said I, again. "Would you, really, Jack?" says he. "But look here; I have the rheumatiz in my hands so bad I can't write," says he, "and the children would as soon see me dead as married. They wouldn't write for me." And suddenly he said, "Say, Jack, would you write for me?" Says I, "I don't write many letters, but if you tell me what you want written I'll do my best." "All right, Jack," said Uncle Davy, as cheerful as could be. "What have you got to do this evening? Could you shut up shop and write it now?" "Why, certainly," said I. "It's most time, anyhow." So I wrote the letter, and what do you think Mrs. Smith? I was right. She said yes, and told him to come along as soon as he could make his arrangements. I tell you the old man was happy."

"What did his children say to that?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Oh, you might know that they were as angry as they could be," said Jack. "They tried to prove that he was crazy and childish, and to appoint a guardian for the old man, who has a better mind than any of his boys. They even went so far, when they failed in this, as to write to the woman herself, and told her that the old man was crazy, and she should not marry him; but they failed in that, too. So he is married now, and they are all as mad as can be but Jake, and they are all mad as can be now. John said he would shoot Jake or any of his family who ventured to come to his house. He threatened to turn Sue out of the house her husband had rented of him if she allowed the old folks or Jake to come there."

"Why, Jack," said Mrs. Smith, "I did not think anybody could be so mean as that!"

"Oh, pshaw! that's nothing," responded Jack. "They even threaten me for writing that letter for the old man. But indeed I must go. Be sure to come to-morrow." And he was gone.

"Well," said one of the girls, "we've heard a great deal, but I want to know what her name is."

"Hodgers, I believe," answered Carrie. "Sue told me she would wish it was Dodgers if they happened to live with her a week."

"I wonder what Uncle Davy will say about the surprise they have in store for him to-morrow."

"He will talk himself to death, I fear," said Mrs. Smith; "that's his failing, and he knows it, too. He narrowly escaped hanging at one time during a great political excitement. He got into the wrong crowd, but he would not stop talking. He was saved by some friends, who arrived just as they were adjusting the rope around his neck. He says that he could not stop talking."

"Carrie, what did you mean when you said that Uncle Davy was small but mighty?"

"I meant just what I said, and I will give you a proof of his courage. You remember the cow pasture, do you not, girls? Well, last summer Mr. Jenkins kept his cow in a pasture near Uncle Davy's, and the two old gentlemen used to start out in company to drive their cows to and from the pasture. They do not agree on many subjects, being bitterly opposed in politics. Mr. Jenkins is tall and dignified—a Brahmin. Uncle Davy is little and nervous—a Baabam. While Mr. Jenkins walked along the middle of the road, gravely disputing contested points, Uncle Davy skipped about from side to side, impatiently waiting his turn to speak, looking for all the world like a ten-year-old boy driving two refractory cows. One evening they reached the end of the argument, and the time came for a decision of the case. Uncle Davy offered to fight it out, and they really were on the point of coming to blows, when some of the neighbors interfered. Uncle Davy, in recounting the affair, always wound up by saying, 'I have the rheumatiz so bad I can't make a list; but I could have just slapped him over.' But, girls, I am going to find out why Mrs. Rodgers changed her mind, if I have to ask her myself; see if I don't," said Carrie.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "if it could be the same woman that I used to know. She lived out there where Uncle Davy's folks live. When I knew her, her husband was sick with consumption, but he must have died long ago. I shall be very glad if it is the same one, for I know her to be a good woman. Carrie, you must stay until to-morrow, and go with us to see the fandango."

"All right," said Carrie.

The next morning, at the appointed time, they were all at the scene of the day's excitement. They mingled with the crowd who were awaiting the arrival of the party from Jake Henderson's. They had not long to wait.

"Here they come!" "Look! Look!" "Don't Uncle Davy look proud, with his new suit of clothes and new set of teeth?" were heard in every direction.

"Oh, girls, girls! look at his wife! She's bigger than the other one was," whispered Carrie.

Sure enough, she was large, with a round, good-natured face, which was a warrant to all the observers that Uncle Davy had chosen wisely.

"It is the same Martha Rodgers I used to know," said Mrs. Smith, as she hurried forward to greet her old friend.

Uncle Davy strutted around among his friends, introducing his wife and showing off his house and grounds.

Carrie called to him—

"How do you do, Uncle Davy? I hear you have been getting married."

He left his wife standing a little way off, talking to some friends, to shake hands with the girls.

"Yes," said he, "there's my woman," and he trotted off again to take his "woman" into dinner.

The dinner was excellent. Some speeches were made, jokes cracked, the band played, and all left for their homes except a few special friends, among whom were the Smiths.

Mrs. Henderson took Mrs. Smith, her daughters and Carrie into a room where they might enjoy themselves quietly. The two old ladies talked over old times. The girls were growing tired of this, but their interest was renewed when Mrs. Smith asked—

"My dear Martha, how did you come to marry again, and Uncle Davy of all men?"

"Well, Mary," said she, "I always said after Jacob died that I would not marry again; and when Mr. Henderson asked

me to marry him I said, 'No, Mr. Henderson,' said I, 'you can't take Jacob's place,' said I; and I meant it, too, when I said it. Poor man! he seemed disappointed. He said, said he, 'I have plenty to live on,' said he, 'and I could keep a wife in style. I wouldn't feel so bad about it,' said he, 'but I have no home any place.' Said he, 'My children are always quarreling, and I have no peace with them.' But I wouldn't listen to him, not even when he mentioned the home and the cow pasture, for I had enough to live on, so I need not care for that. 'No,' said I, 'you nor nobody else can take Jacob's place,' said I. Then he came home, and I never heard a word more from him; but I couldn't forget him and how forlorn and forsaken he was, and such a fine man as he is, too."

After a while things began to go away. My cow took to coming home at all hours of the night to be milked. Why, some nights I had to get up at twelve o'clock to milk her. Then my chickens took to running in my neighbor's wheat field, and he threatened to kill all of them if I did not keep them out. Thieves came and carried away my wood and my chickens and my smoked meat, until I just came to be so worried that I thought what a pity I hadn't a man about the house to help me contend with these things. Then I got Mr. Henderson's letter, and I answered it right off and said 'Yes.' And when I got that letter from his children saying that he was crazy I thought it would be good for us to live together and help to bear each other's burdens. So here I am, not among strangers, but with one old friend, anyhow."

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith. "I am so glad for our sakes and Uncle Davy's that you have come among us."

This happened a long time ago. Uncle Davy's wife has proved such a peace-maker that the members of the family are all united again and on better terms than ever before. Is Uncle Davy happy? Does he get along with his wife? We will take Carrie's evidence. She is visiting the Smiths again, and the conversation turns on the subject of second marriages. She says—

"Well, I know that Uncle Davy Henderson and his wife are happy. I have been to see them. They seem to think only of each other. When dinner was ready Aunt Martha said, 'Come, daddy, get your teeth in! We have beef for dinner.' I thought I should die laughing!"

THE GENEROUS YOUNG MAN.

Detroit Free Press.

A generous young man, having taken a bundle of clothing to the relief rooms Saturday afternoon, asked if they wanted help, for, having a little leisure, he was willing to lend a hand. They welcomed him gladly. So he off with his coat and worked like a major until dark. Then, looking around for his coat it could nowhere be found.

"What did you do with that coat; same stuff as my breeches and vest?" he asked.

"Why," said one of the packers, "I thought it was a contribution and packed it up with the other things."

"Where is it?" asked the young man, in great excitement.

"Up the river," was the reply.

"Up the river? What in blank is it doing up the river?"

"On its way to the sufferers. Was it a nice coat?"

"A nice coat! I should say it was a nice coat. I put it on brand-new last Sunday. There was \$21 in my pocket-book in the inside pocket, and three new silk handkerchiefs I bought this afternoon."

The young man had to wear home one of the "burn-outs" garments, and some "sufferer" up the lake will be lost in admiration at the benevolence of the Detroit people when he goes through that coat.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

From Sunday's Raleigh Observer.

The International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association ask that the week November 13-19 be observed as a week of prayer for the welfare of the association.

Bishop Wightman's present condition is such as to bar any hope of his getting to the North Carolina Methodist Conference on the 23d of November. His place will be filled by another member of the College of Bishops.

On the 10th of November the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth was celebrated. Several publications of Luther's works and of works about him were brought out in connection with this event.

A Lutheran Ecumenical Council is now called for. The *Lutheran Visitor* believes that such a conference would be, perhaps, one of the greatest meetings ever held, and asserts that, instead of a few million of Calvinists or Americans, it would represent 50,000,000 Lutherans from all quarters of the globe.

According to the most recent statistics, the Roman Catholics have in China 41 bishops, 664 European and 559 native priests, 34 colleges, 34 convents, and 1,092,818 Catholic population. The whole number of Protestant communicants makes about one-fiftieth of the Catholic population, and the number of European priests is twice as large as that of Protestant ordained ministers.

The venerable Bishop of Kentucky and presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Dr. Benjamin Bosworth Smith, passed, October 31, the forty-ninth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. He is the only Bishop living who was consecrated by Bishop White, whom he exceeds in the years of his episcopate. Bishop Smith is the oldest Bishop of the English speaking churches.

THE CLERICAL KISS.

Quite different, but not less satisfactory experience of Dominic Brown. He had reached the mature age of five and forty, without ever having taken part in this pleasant exercise.

One of his deacons had a very charming daughter, and for a year or two the Dominic found it very pleasant to call upon her three or four times a week. In fact, all the neighbors said he was courting her, and very likely he was, though he had not the slightest suspicion of it himself.

On Monday evening he was sitting as usual by her, when a sudden idea popped into his head.

"Miss Mary," said he, "I've known you a long time, and I never thought of such a thing before; but now I would like you to give me a kiss. Will you?"

"Well, Mr. Brown," replied she, arching her lips in a tempting way, "if you think it would not be wrong, I have no objections."

"Let us ask a blessing first," said the good man, closing his eyes and folding his hands.

"For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us thankful!"

The chaste salute was then given and warmly returned.

"Oh! Mary, that was good, let us have another and return thanks."

Mary did not refuse; and when the operation had been repeated, the Dominic ejaculated in a transport of joy:

WHAT DOES THE SOIL NEED?

The reader is ready to ask, How am I and other planters to know what our soils need to make them produce good crops, you say the analysis of the soil will not tell us? We reply, resort to the plant analysis. Ask your soil a series of questions such as the following: Do you need potash? Do you need ammonia? Do you need phosphoric acid, or do you need any two or all of these? How shall I ask these questions, and how will I interpret the reply? Select a plat of land which will represent fairly your soil, or several such plats, if you have soils differing materially in character and supposed composition. Next get a few pounds of muriate of potash, a few pounds of sulphate of ammonia, and some high grade superphosphate or acid phosphate. If you have a State Department having supervision of fertilizers, you can get those already inspected and analyzed. Ask the chemist of your State College, or your Commissioner of Agriculture, to suggest the quantities of each of these elements to apply per acre, and then apply to one plat, say three rows, sixty feet long, only potash; to three others, only phosphoric acid, to three others only ammonia; to three others, potash and phosphoric acid; to three others, phosphoric acid and ammonia; and to still another three, all three of these elements leaving three rows in the center of the plat without the application of any manure whatever. If your soil needs nothing but phosphoric acid, it will give the largest yield where phosphoric acid is used, whether alone or in combination. If it needs two of the elements, that combination will give best results. If it needs all three, or the so-called complete manure, the plat on which all were used, will show best results. If individuals cannot afford to undertake these inquiries, let clubs combine to bear the expense, and impose the investigation on their most careful and accurate observer. If this cannot be done, insist upon your Commissioner of Agriculture selecting careful men in different parts of your State to conduct the inquiry under his direction, to supply the material, etc., and publish results. If you have a General Assembly with intelligence and statesmanship enough, get them to establish one or more experimental stations in your State with your money which you pay for the support of your government, to be administered by your servants(?). If you farmers who read and think and know the needs of the productive industries of your States, will wield the influence you should and can if you will, you can instruct your brethren of the plow first, and then your servants who make the lates—Southern Planter and Farmer.

The origin of congratulations, gifts and visits on New Year's day is ascribed to Romulus. The usual presents were dates or figs, covered with gold leaf, and accompanied by a piece of money, which was expended to purchase the statues of some deities.

UNIVERSAL ROGER GILES.

There is something rather comical than sublime in the idea of a man knowing everything and being able to teach it. An intimation of what might be given in the following real advertisement copied by *Chamber's Journal* from an Essex paper, England:

Roger Giles, Imperceptible Penetrator, Surgin, Paroch Clarke, &c., &c., Rumford, Essex, informs Ladis and Gentlemen that he cuts their teeth and draws corns without waiten a moment. Blisters on the lowest turme, and fysics at a penny a peace. Sells god-fathers cordials and strap-ile, and undertakes to keep any Ladis males by the year, and so on.

Young Ladis and Gentlemen tort the heart of riding, and the gramer language in the neatest manner, also great Kare taken to improve their morals and spelling, sarm-singing and whisseling. Teaches the jewsarp and instructs young ladies on the garter, and plays the ho-by. Shotish, poker and all other ruls tort at home and abroad. Perfomery in all its branches. Sells all sorts of stationary, buth bricks and all other sorts of sweetmeats, including bees' wax, postage stamps and lusifers; likewise tatars, roobub, sossages, and other garden stuffs, also fruits such as hard-bake, inguns, tooth-picks, lie and tinware, and other eatables. Sarvs, treacle, winegar, and all other hardware.

Further in particular he has laid in a stock of tripe, china, epsom salts, lollipops and other pickles, such as oysters, apples, and table beer, also silks, satins, and heartstones, and all kinds of kimistry, including wax dolls, razors, dutch cloks, and gridrons, and new laid eggs every day by me Reger Giles. P. S.—I lectures on joggety.

History says that the fervent petition of the honest Dominic was duly answered; for in less than a month Mary became Mrs. Brown.

"DON'T MENTION IT!"

A citizen of Detroit entered a Michigan avenue grocery the other day and said he wanted a private word with the proprietor. When they had retired to the desk he began:

"I want to make confession and reparation. Do you remember of my buying sugar here two or three days ago?"

"I do."

"Well, in paying for it I worked off a counterfeit quarter on the clerk. It was a mean trick, and I came to tender you a good money."

"Oh, don't mention it," replied the grocer.

"But I want to make it right."

"It's all right—all right. We knew who passed the quarter on us, and that afternoon when your wife seat down a dollar bill and wanted a can of sardines I gave her that bad quarter with her change. Don't let your conscience trouble you at all—it's all right.—Free Press.