

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

Vol. II.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 3, 1881.

No. 48.

## The Silver Lining.

There's never a day so sunny  
But a little cloud appears;  
There's never a life so happy  
But it has its time of tears;  
Yet the sun shines out the brighter  
When ever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing  
With roses in every plot;  
There's never a heart so hardened  
But it has one tender spot;  
We have only to ponder the border  
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises  
But we know 'twill set at night;  
The tints that gleam in the morning  
At evening are just as bright;  
And the hour that is the sweetest  
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy  
But the waking makes us sad;  
There's never a dream of sorrow  
But the waking makes us glad;  
We shall look some day with wonder  
At the troubles we have had.

## The Minister's Surprise.

A portly, comfortable sort of a man in a chocolate brow overcoat opened the gate of Parson Rowe's cottage one sharp, cold morning when a heavy snow lay upon the ground.

It was Squire Glover, one of the "pillars of the church," and he was coming to consult his pastor concerning some church matter. Just as he was about rapping at the door it opened, and Willie Rowe came out.

"Just walk right in, Squire, and sit down," says Willie. "Pa'll be in directly."

A way he ran, and the squire stepped in, and sat down in the little parlor, waiting the appearance of his pastor.

Presently he heard steps and voices in the adjoining room, and then a child's voice said:

"Pa, just look at my shoe. It's all ripped."

"I think it is, Laura," answered the parson's tones. "Let me see—perhaps—no, it is too worn to be mended again."

"Well, pa, please, I'd like to have a new pair. Won't you get 'em for me?" "As soon as pa can, he surely will, daughter," said the father, in sad tones. "Be good and wait a little, Laura."

"I have waited ever so long," said Laura, "and Willie's shoes are worse than mine, and he hasn't got any mittens, either."

"Laura," interrupted a voice which the squire knew was Mrs. Rowe's, "run and feed your chickens, and don't worry papa now."

The child ran out, and the parson, never dreaming who was in the next room hearing every word through the crack of the door, said:

"They can't worry me more than I am worried. Mary, I don't say much, but I feel all our needs, not for myself, but for you and the children. It made my heart ache, a little while ago, to hear Willie ask if we could never have meat for breakfast any more, and know that there wasn't a pound of meat in the house."

"Nor any sugar, either, and hardly any flour, and not a dime in the purse, John, but for all that we won't starve," said the little woman's cheery voice. "Have you lost your faith, John?"

"No, Mary, I hope not," came the answer. "But it does seem hard, when my salary is so small it can't be paid, so we could have a few comforts at least. Sometimes I think I must give up here, and try somewhere else."

"Oh, no, no, John!" pleaded the wife. "Not yet, anyway. We've got such a pleasant home here, and our people are so kind, don't give up yet. Let's try or a little longer, and maybe help will come."

"Well, I don't know from whence. Mary, I'm sorry to say so, but I've lost heart lately, till I'm really not fit to preach. If the Lord don't help us, and that soon, I don't know who will!" Then there was a sound of a man's rising, and Squire Glover, feeling as if he didn't want to see his pastor just now, up and slipped out before Parson Rowe came in.

And when the good squire got safely out of the gate his face was red, and he was puffing for breath.

"Well! well! God bless my soul!" he panted as he trotted on. "Here's a pretty state of things! No meat, no money, no shoes—why, God bless my soul! This must be looked after. Shall be, too! I'll see the deacons, and if they won't, I will, out of my own pocket, too. God bless my soul! That brave little woman, shall have some help to keep up her husband's heart, or I'll know the reason!"

Racing along, flushed and excited, he met Deacon Jones. He had the deacon by the buttonhole in a minute, and after a short consultation they both went off to Deacon Robinson's.

And that afternoon there was much stir in Greenville, little groups constantly meet-

ing and consulting in every store, and on every corner. While the day seemed to close in dark and cheerless in the parson's little cottage.

A fresh snow fell that night and served to make noiseless the sleds which drove softly to the minister's cottage with the very first faint streak of dawn. The inmates of the little dwelling were all sleeping soundly, but one awake and listening might have heard muffled footsteps, whispers and cautious shoving and pushing of heavy articles. These, however, soon ceased, and all was quiet until the day broke clearly and the villagers arose.

The weary parson and his true-hearted little wife had lain awake late the night before, for heavy hearts make sleepless eyes, and they slept a little later than usual this morning.

But at last they were all up and dressed. The simple breakfast, consisting of coffee, warm biscuits and butter, was nearly ready when Willie and Laura took a notion to run to the front door and see how deep the snow was on the front porch.

Through the little parlor they trotted, Willie first, and Laura following, to the front door, which, with some little trouble, they pulled open.

And the next minute the cottage rung with their hasty shouts.

"Pa! pa! mamma! mamma! do come here! Come quick! Run here to the porch, quick, both of you!"

Greatly surprised, and slightly frightened, not knowing what had happened to the children, the good parson and his wife rushed to the front door, upsetting the cat and the coffee-pot in their haste to reach it.

What a sight met their eyes! No wonder the children shouted! The snow had been carefully swept from the front porch, which was set out with a tempting array of various articles. Right before the door stood a barrel of flour, on top of the barrel were laid two juicy hams, and beside the hams sat a great, fat turkey, all dressed ready for cooking, at which Willie and Laura set up a great shout.

An open barrel beyond was running over with plump red apples, and a second barrel full of big, comfortable-looking potatoes and a row of crisp cabbage-heads kept guard all around the barrel.

Then there was a box, packed with papers of sugar, coffee, tea and rice, a sack of dried peaches and several cans of fruit. And another box, when opened, displayed two new pairs of shoes, just the right size for Willie and Laura; sundry rolls of flannel, muslin and calico, warm stockings and mittens, and several small articles, not forgetting a well filled basket of nuts and candies, which proved that somebody knew what children love, and which set Laura and Willie to dancing, like little Indians.

In the bottom of the box was a thick, warm gray shawl, with Mrs. Rowe's name pinned in it. And when the shawl was unfolded, there dropped out an envelope directed to parson Rowe, inside of which they found the amount of the delinquent salary in good, new greenbacks, and a card upon which was written:

"Will our pastor accept the little surprise gift which accompanies his salary, with the love of a grateful people?"

"Oh, what a pleasant surprise!" cried Willie and Laura together.

"What a wonderful mercy, rather, I said the mother; "John, didn't I tell you the Lord would help us?"

"Yes, Mary, the salary is so small it can't be paid, so we could have a few comforts at least. Sometimes I think I must give up here, and try somewhere else."

"Oh, no, no, John!" pleaded the wife. "Not yet, anyway. We've got such a pleasant home here, and our people are so kind, don't give up yet. Let's try or a little longer, and maybe help will come."

"Well, I don't know from whence. Mary, I'm sorry to say so, but I've lost heart lately, till I'm really not fit to preach. If the Lord don't help us, and that soon, I don't know who will!"

Then there was a sound of a man's rising, and Squire Glover, feeling as if he didn't want to see his pastor just now, up and slipped out before Parson Rowe came in.

And when the good squire got safely out of the gate his face was red, and he was puffing for breath.

"Well! well! God bless my soul!" he panted as he trotted on. "Here's a pretty state of things! No meat, no money, no shoes—why, God bless my soul! This must be looked after. Shall be, too! I'll see the deacons, and if they won't, I will, out of my own pocket, too. God bless my soul! That brave little woman, shall have some help to keep up her husband's heart, or I'll know the reason!"

Racing along, flushed and excited, he met Deacon Jones. He had the deacon by the buttonhole in a minute, and after a short consultation they both went off to Deacon Robinson's.

And that afternoon there was much stir in Greenville, little groups constantly meet-

## MEN OF GRIT.

The large majority of men do not use a title of the power they possess. Their talents are mostly in a napkin. One of the wealthiest men in wall street to-day, broke down in business a good many years ago. He went into an office where he was well acquainted, and said to a member of the firm that he had no bread for his family. "I am ready to go messages for you, or perform any other service." He hung up his coat and commenced work around the lowest round of the ladder. Previously this man's check was accepted anywhere on the street. You may be sure such a man gradually mounted up.

Over in Boston a like-minded man fell out. He was without bread, and soon would be without shoes unless he wakened up and stirred his energies. He was a bookkeeper, and at one time earned a handsome salary. What did he do? This he did. He took a cotton book and went down to the wharf to load and unload cotton at so much an hour. Behold another man with grit. The owners of the cotton and the ship eyed this hero. Soon the decree went forth: "Come up higher. He resumed the quill and laid aside the cotton hook. Discouragement never weakened the Boston boy. Whiners with hanging lips and chicken hearts, who cure their troubles with the bottle or the pistol, are pitiful creatures, who should never have been born—Anon.

## THE EDITOR.

A BRIEF DISCOURSE ON THE HABITS OF THE CREATURE.

The editor is a member of that race of animals called mankind. He is invariably a kind man.

He is perfectly without fear. He may go into his den without fear. But he has his peculiarities. The sight of a poet makes him wild. He is then very dangerous, and is apt to do bodily harm to all within his reach. He is also much wrought up when a man comes in with a little trifle he has just dashed off.

There is one thing that must be said in the editor's praise. His mind is so biased by long thinking in a certain direction that he dislikes very much to look upon both sides of a question. Therefore, if you value your safety, never approach him with manuscript written on both sides of your paper.

The editor usually writes with a pen, but his most cutting articles are the product of his cuttings.

And let me say right here, children, that a good deal of sheer nonsense has been printed about the editor. He uses his shears only when composing an entirely original article.

The editor would make a good public speaker, but for his propensity for clipping words.

The editor's hardest task is to dispose of his time. It is a monotonous life indeed, were it not for the kindness of the few hundred people who call upon him every day to enliven his dull life with stories of their grievances, and with anti-diluvian anecdotes. When you grow up to be men and women, children, remember this, and spend all the time you can in the sanctum of the editor. He loves company so much, you know, and sometimes he has to sit silent and alone for a whole half minute. Is it not too bad?

The business of the editor is to entertain itinerant lecturers, book canvassers, exchange fiends, and other philanthropists. He gives his whole day to these. He writes his editorials at night after he has gone to bed.

The editor is never so happy as when he is writing complimentary notices. For ten cents' worth of presents he will gladly give ten dollars' worth of advertising—all on account of the pleasure it gives him to write, you know, children.

He loves to write neat little speeches and bright, witty poems for people without brains who wish to speak in public. It is so easy to do this that he is sometimes quite miserable when an hour or two passes without an opportunity to do something of the kind.

The editor dines at all the hotels free, he travels free, theaters open wide their doors to him, his tailor clothes him gratis, his butcher and grocer furnish him with food without money and without price. In short, his every want is provided for. He spends his princely salary in building churches and school-houses in foreign lands.

By all means, children, be editors. Of course, it would be better if you could be hod carriers or dray horses. But, as that is impossible, by all means be editors.—Boston Transcript.

There are seven thousand species of fish now known to men of science.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER.

The curiosity I have to show you to-day, children, is perhaps the most wonderful in the collection. He beats all.

The schoolmaster, it is said, trains the young idea how to shoot. He is not himself given to shooting, however. He takes more delight in the rod than in the gun.

The schoolmaster is supposed to know everything. This is a mistake. There is one thing he does not know. He does not know how soon the school committee will find a man who controls more votes to take his place.

The schoolmaster is not a military man, but his principal assistant is. The name of this assistant is Corporal Punishment. It is to be hoped the corporal will soon be re-manded to private life.

The schoolmaster is sometimes called a tutor, and occasionally he is called an ass. On the whole, an astuter man is seldom found.

The schoolmaster thoroughly understands the rule of three, but always insists upon the rule of one. So you see his understanding is out of all proportion to his rule.

Although the schoolmaster is a ruler of the boys, he has his own rule. If he is no stick himself, his ruler always is.

The schoolmaster is a very inquisitive person. He is always asking questions. His is a question-able calling.

The schoolmaster is good in all classes. He is also given to classifying knowledge. I sometimes think I would be in his class, if only.

The schoolmaster is good at figures. He would cut a pretty figure if he were not. He is the figure-head of the school, or should be; but sometimes a boy gets ahead of him.

He is also good at spelling. He can stand a long spell in a good situation without flinching.

He is always correcting the errors of his pupils, and consequently has but little time to attend to his own.

## IS IT NECESSARY TO WHIP CHILDREN.

New York Herald.

In another column will be found a number of expressions of opinion from parents about the rod as a means of punishment, and it is a significant sign of the improvement of the race that the general feeling is against flogging as a means of reformation. In spite of all attempts to palliate parental brutality the fact remains that it is better to rule by love than fear and that the person who cannot succeed through love is not fit to rule. There is no sentimentalism in this conclusion, for the accuracy of the principle has been proved countless times by experience with beings of far lower grade than children ever are and of meaner quality of affection. One phase of love explains the regard of the masses for a political leader, a feeling somewhat similar attaches a soldier to his favorite general, and the same sentiment, though of far coarser quality, makes a "cut-throat" the faithful slave of a pirate chief. To say that the child, which is the only animal except the dog that will kiss the hand which strikes it, cannot be controlled through the feeling that keeps turbulent men in order is worse than untrue—it is idiotic. The parent who confesses to inability to control a child without recourse to force merely admits lack of affection enough to enable patience to have its perfect work; for some one—often a person of no particular intelligence or character—is sure not only to find the child's heart, but to find it healthy and of full size.

A witty druggist, on a cold night last winter was woken by a terrible rapping at the door. Going down he found a poor fellow who wanted to purchase a dose of salts. The shop was entered the dose prepared, and a half dime put in the drawer.

"How much did you make in that operation?" asked his wife as he got in bed.

"Four cents," was the reply.

"A shame it is," returned the irritated dame, "for a man to disturb your rest just for a dose of salt."

"Recollect, my love," said the druggist, "that one dose of salts will disturb the man's rest more than it has mine, and reflect, that these little inconveniences always work well in time."

President Arthur's maiden sister is to be married. She was before the war a teacher in the family of Mrs. Tylman, the mother of Congressman Tylman of the 5th District.

A prominent merchant of Athens, Ga., says that he is daily besieged by young men from the country soliciting positions as salesmen, and they are willing to work at the mere price of board. But they are not willing to work in the field at any price. It would brown and roughen their little hands.

## THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

In an article referring to country journalists, the Milwaukee Sun says: When we think of the hard drudgery most of these enterprising, and indefatigable workers do in a week, and the small amount of thanks and cash they receive in return, we feel as though something was wrong somewhere. Why is it that in many localities the people do not appreciate the importance of a good newspaper, and sustain it by a liberal patronage, thus making it a better paper, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. We have no urgent call now to say what we do, but we tell the people of every locality where a paper is published, no matter how small and insignificant the paper may be, that every dollar they pay it for subscription or judicious advertising puts two dollars in their own pocket. We have figured on it and we know. It may not look so on its face, but it is very deceiving. Lots of schemes that look as though they had millions in them, like the man who is sure he can pick out the right card in three-card-monte, fail to return anything like millions, while other schemes that do seem to amount to anything uncanny, pan out whole handfulls of tickets unexpectably. And the country newspaper is of this class. We are not at liberty to give the whole thing away, by explaining all the particulars, but country people may rest assured that we understand the matter and that we are not steering them into any trap door game, that will let them down out of sight. Subscribe for your local paper and pay for it in advance, and if you feel at the end of the year that you haven't got your money's worth, then your fortune is made. You can go to any museum and get a salary of \$5,000 a year as a curiosity.

## HEALTHY HINTS.

Don't sleep in a draught.  
Don't go to bed with cold feet.  
Don't stand over hot-air registers.  
Don't eat what you do not need just to save it.  
Don't try to get cool too quickly after exercising.  
Don't sleep with insecure false teeth in your mouth.  
Don't start the day's work without a good breakfast.  
Don't sleep in a room without ventilation of some kind.  
Don't stuff a cold lest you be next obliged to starve a fever.  
Don't try to get along without flannel underclothing in winter.  
Don't use your voice for loud speaking or singing when hoarse.  
Don't try to get along with less than eight or nine hours' sleep.  
Don't sleep in the same undergarments you wear during the day.  
Don't toast your feet by the fire but try sunlight or friction instead.  
Don't try to keep up on coffee and alcoholics when you ought to go to bed.  
Don't drink ice-water by the glass; take it in sips, a swallow at a time.  
Don't eat snow to quench thirst it brings on inflammation of the throat.  
Don't strain your eyes by reading or working with insufficient or flickering light.  
Don't use the eyes for reading or fine work in the twilight of evening or early morn.  
Don't try to lenthen your days by cutting short your nights' rest; it is poor economy.  
Don't wear close, heavy, fur or rubber caps or hats if your hair is thin or falls out easily.  
Don't eat anything between meals excepting fruits, or a glass of hot milk if you feel faint.  
Don't take some other person's medicine because you are troubled somewhat as they were.  
Don't blow out a gaslight as you would a lamp—many lives are lost every year by this mistake.—Dr. Foe's Health Monthly.

If Southern planters could ever get out of debt and establish something like a cash system, this section would be the richest in the world. That cotton planters survive at all, after payment of 60 per cent usury, from year to year, is proof positive of the enormous profits possible under a different system.

Of the 13,000 laborers employed in the Cornish mines over 2,000 are women.

The tomato plant is avoided by snails, caterpillars, aphides, slugs and earwigs.

In France sixty-nine persons are killed annually by lightning.

## PROGRESS OF BAPTISTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

From the reports of the corresponding secretaries of the mission, Sunday school and educational boards of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention, we gather the following items:

There are in the State of North Carolina 67 associations, composed of 1,910 churches and 191,812 church members. Of these 31 associations, containing 866 churches, with 88,810 members, are colored, which leaves 36 associations, 1,044 churches and 103,002 members among the whites. Ten of these white associations, containing 250 churches, with 17,002 members, are in Western North Carolina Baptist convention, which lies beyond the Blue Ridge, and about 3,000 are members of churches which lie along the borders of the State and co-operate with the State conventions of Virginia, South Carolina and Tennessee. So the convention which was in session week before last in Winston, represents 26 association, 794 churches and 83,000 members, all of which are white, and lie east of the Blue Ridge mountains. During the past year they have raised:

For church extensions and State missions	\$68,421 57
For foreign missions	3,791 55
For home and Indian missions	1,218 12
For ministerial education	3,061 58
For State school board	3,322 87
For Sunday schools and Sunday school institutes	6,000 00

Making a total of \$86,155 59 or an average of \$1.03 per member. During the year 1881 they have erected 46 new churches and made a gain of 5,000 members over the reports for last year. When the convention was first organized in 1830 there were in the whole State but 14 churches and about 15,000 members, including Free Will and Anti-Missionary or Primitive Baptists as well as Missionary Baptists. Now the Missionary Baptists alone number 191,812 communicants, or nearly one out of seven of the entire population of the State.—Leader.

## A SNEEZING SCENE.

New York Mercury.

Probably one of the meanest stage tricks that was ever played was played on Mary Anderson. It will be remembered that in the play of "Ingomar" Partletta and the barbarian have several love scenes, where they lop on each other and hug some—that is, not too much hugging, but just hugging enough. Ingomar wears a huge fur garment, made of lion's skin, or something. One day he noticed that the moths were getting into it, and he told his servant to see about the moths, and insect powder and blew the moths out of the garment, and scrubbed the inside of it with lardine. Ingomar put it on just before he went on the stage, and thought it didn't smell just right, but he had no time to inquire into it. He had not got fairly in his position before Partletta came out on a h.p. skip and jump and threw herself all over him. She got one lung full of insect powder, and the other full of lardine, and she said: "Will thou always love me, Ingomar?" She dropped her head over his shoulder, and said in an aside: "For the love of Heaven, what have you been drinking?" and then she sneezed a couple of times. Ingomar held her up the best he could, considering that his nose was full of insect powder, and he answered, "I will," and then he said to her quietly: "D-mine what it is that smells so." They went with the play between sneezes, and when the curtain went down she told Ingomar to go and shake himself, and he did. It was noticed in the next act that Ingomar had a linen duster and Mary sneeze no more.

## AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

The body of a young lady was buried fifty years ago in a cemetery six miles east of the village of Afton, in Chenango county, N. Y. It was removed last Thursday to the new cemetery in the village. When the coffin was removed from the grave it was discovered that the body was petrified, and required the united efforts of four men to raise it. It could not have weighed less than four hundred pounds. The clothing was decayed and resembled a veil-like texture over the body. The hair, which in life was very abundant, was still in a perfect state of preservation. The features were a little shrunken and the hands retained their position, folded across the breast. Another body which was buried about six years ago in the same cemetery not fifteen feet distant was removed, but with no signs of petrification.