

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 10, 1881.

No. 49.

A PRINTER'S PROTEST.

Oh, why don't people form their A's
And finish off their N's—
Why do they make such crooked C's
And such confounded D's?

Why do they form such shocking E's,
And F's withague flits?
Their G's and H's are too much
For any printer's wits.

What a human eye is without sight
Is not without a dot.
J's are such curious, crooked things,
We recognize them not.

K ought to stand for kussedness,
But comes in well for kick.
L's and M's are mischievous,
While N's just raise Old Nick.

O's are rarely closed at all,
And P's are shaggy things,
Q's might as well be spider legs,
And R's mosquito wings.

Some people make a passing S
Who never crosses a T;
Others use the self-same strokes
To form a U or V.

W's get strangely mixed,
X's seem on a spree;
Y is a skeleton on wires,
Zounds, how we swear at Z!

& yet, just think what types get
From drivers of the quill!
They call us such a careless set,
And scribble on at will.

Well, they will scribble, and we must swear
And vainly try to please,
Till they go back to school and learn
To make their A, B, C's.

—*Albany Press.*

THE DIAMOND EARRINGS.

If there was one person in the world more than another that Mrs. Templeton regarded with a curious regard, it was her husband's cousin, Mrs. Morris, and if she had one ambition eclipsing another, it was to eclipse Mrs. Morris in every direction. If Mrs. Morris set up a wall-basket, Mrs. Templeton compassed a hanging cabinet. If Mrs. Morris had a ivy pot, Mrs. Templeton would have nothing less than a window garden. A single vase on Mrs. Morris' piazza caused Mrs. Templeton's premises to break out with roses till they looked like a stone-cutter's yard. If Mrs. Morris gave a high tea, Mrs. Templeton had a dinner party out of hand; if Mrs. Morris had a luncheon, Mrs. Templeton had a ball, or what answered for one in the limited round of pleasures of their place of abode; and if Mrs. Morris indulged herself with a new silk, Mrs. Templeton always counted her flosses, and made her own phylacteries broader.

When one day, then, Mrs. Morris appeared at church—the usual place in the town of Carleton for ladies to exhibit their toils—with a pretty little pair of diamonds sparkling in her ears, you can imagine the state of disgust and wrath in which Mrs. Templeton walked home, and the very disagreeable time that Mr. Templeton had of it as he walked beside her, endeavoring to look like the happiest domestic man in Carleton. The sermon was criticised, the minister made out a time-server, the parish denounced collectively and personally, his own peculiar friends among the rest, and finally his cousin Hetty was rebuffed, and her habits, her manners and her dress were made the text on which to hang anathema maranatha of worldliness, affection, bad taste, low moral sense, irreligion, and last of all, extravagance—his dear little harmless Cousin Hetty, whose red curls lighted such a frans, child-like countenance, and whose two diamonds, he had been guilty of thinking, just matched the limpid sparkle of the clear dew-drops of her gray eyes. But Mrs. Templeton had far too much experience to say anything of the sort. 'James Morris could not pay his debts if he were sold out to day,' said his wife. 'And look at his wife's dress!—Maria, how many times must I tell you to keep those children inside the curbstone?—his wife's dress; just one glitter of satin and jet. And I declare it was impossible for me to fix my eyes on the lecturer for the way in which she kept those diamonds twinkling before me, with her head on the perpetual dance. A pretty place for diamonds—church! I know a woman who wore them to her father's funeral; I suppose she would. I should think at any rate, she could have controlled her inclinations, and waited till next Sabbath—diamonds on Palm Sunday! But it's high time of day, I must say, warming up with her husband's silence, when I am without a single diamond to my name, and there is James Morris' wife—James Morris who owes me \$5,000 borrowed money—'

It was very weak in Mr. Templeton to interfere; but one cannot be always on one's guard.

'I understand, Juliet, my love,' said he, 'that Hetty's Uncle Roberts sent her those earrings.'

'Uncle Roberts, indeed! I should like to

see Uncle Roberts for once, if he is not a mythical personage altogether,' cried his wife, with the air of expecting Mr. Templeton to produce the alleged Uncle Roberts immediately. 'Uncle Roberts! Uncle Roberts. It is always Uncle Roberts. And you understand' forsooth! 'Why didn't I understand? Why were the earrings concealed from me? For all I know, you gave them to her yourself. Perhaps you are this Uncle Roberts who is always brought to the front at every pet piece of extravagance. For my part, I wish I had even a husband, not to speak of an Uncle Roberts, who would not see me trodden under foot by any little mixx who chooses to toss her head above me—'

'My dear! my dear! just remember where you are; just remember the children,' murmured Mr. Templeton, floundering in a little further.

'Where I am! I suppose you don't want all Carleton to hear how I'm outraged. You'd like to keep it a secret. You'd like to have me endure it in silence. Of course you don't want the children to hear their mother tell the plain story of your neglect, your outrage—'

Here Mr. Templeton took off his hat and made a low bow with a glittering smile to a gentleman and lady passing in an opposite direction.

'What in the world is the matter with Mrs. Templeton?' asked the gentleman. 'She looks like a thunder-cloud full of lightning.'

'Hetty Morris' earrings, I guess,' was the answer. 'She has probably seen them at church to-day. Poor Mr. Templeton! What a life that vixen leads him!'

'I don't know about that. He is tremendously in love with her.'

'How can he be?'

'Force of habit, maybe, and she is a beauty, you know. And when she is good-natured there's nobody like her.'

'Well, by Easter you'll see her with a pair of solitaires, I'll wager another pair. Take me up?'

'Not I. I shouldn't have any use for them if I won, except to give them back to you; and I couldn't afford to lose. Besides, I don't bet on a certainty,' said the careful Mr. Bowman. And just then, Hetty Morris coming up, they stopped to admire her precious acquisitions; and Hetty heard of the wager, and shamed Mr. Bowman into taking it, before they parted and went their opposite ways, more merrily than was their Sunday wont.

Not so Mr. Templeton. As soon as his wife had banged the door behind her she tore off her bonnet and threw herself on a sofa, and called for Jane to bring the ammonia, and her husband to drop the shades, and Maria to take the children where she could not hear them, for her head was splitting with pain, as any one's would be, treated as she was. And she would not go upstairs to bed, and Mr. Templeton's Sunday romp with the children was abrogated, and his dinner was made an act of silent and solitary penance; and if he told his wife he was going to afternoon service, and did go over to his cousin Hetty's, she at least had no right to blame him.

But woe for Mr. Templeton when he came home that evening! Mrs. Templeton had been removed to her own room, which reeked with steam of camphor and alcohol; she lay there in her white nightgown, with her black hair streaming over the pillow, with her great black eyes rolled up and fixed on a remote point of ceiling, and with the foam standing on her lips—ghastly, stiff and immovable. It made no odds to Mr. Templeton—I mean Templeton—that he had seen her so fifty times before; in fact, always when she wanted something she could not have. Cold terror struck to his soul lest he should lose his torment; all her virtues swelled into the hosts of heaven, all her faults were wiped out as with a sponge. He was down on his knees beside her in a moment. 'Oh, my darling! my Juliet! my love! speak to me! Tell me you know me!' he cried. 'Run for the doctor, Jane. Where is Dr. Harvey? Why haven't you had him here already? Get him at once. Give me the brandy. Heat those soap-stones. Where are the hot-water bags? And he was bathing her lips, and rubbing her hands, and kissing her forehead, and adjuring her to give any sign of life. But it was not till the doctor's steps were heard that Mrs. Templeton vouchsafed the first indication; and then her breast began to heave, her hands to tremble, her long supple body, that had been stilly resting on its head and heels only, began to sway and subside, her feet to twitch, and presently those feet were beating a tattoo on the footboard, and the lips parted in shrieks, and the shrieks turned to sobs, and the doctor was pouring chloroform between the teeth, and the sob sank away into sleep, and the hysterics were over.

'What could have excited you so, my

dearest, and thrown you into such a terrible convulsion?' Mr. Templeton was saying next morning. ('Hysterics' was a forbidden word. Mrs. Templeton would have had another attack at the sound of it.) 'It must have been the heat of the church; it was overpowering. Thurlow has never learned to regulate that furnace.'

'The heat,' sighed Mrs. Templeton, faintly, 'and the glitter of those diamonds. They kept dancing so before my eyes with their bright spots that they dazzled the brain. I am afraid I was very cross yesterday. Juliet. I didn't know what I was saying. Oh, I never want to see any diamonds again.'

'You shall have a pair of your own before I am a week older,' exclaimed the feeble husband.

'Oh, no, no, no! I should be so ashamed. I don't deserve them. I—I couldn't think of it. Indeed, indeed, I wouldn't have you, Juliet darling; I should feel just as if I had begged for them.'

But when Mr. Templeton returned from the city that night, as pretty a pair of solitaire earrings as he could buy with the bond he sold glittered in a velvet case marked with her name.

As he opened the case and held it before her, Mrs. Templeton shuddered, and turned her glance away from the beautiful white sparkle, and said they looked at her with two great eyes of reproach, and she ought not to have them, and they were as heavenly as twin stars. And presently they were glittering in her ears, and all the faintness and languor were gone, and she was running to the glass and holding her head on this side and on that, and admiring herself, and turning to her husband for admiration. Looking, with her large liquid dark eyes, her pale face, her perfect features, her dazzling smile, all illumined by the shining drops, as beautiful as the most beautiful Juliet that was ever loved. And her husband felt twice and a hundred times repaid for the sacrifice of his little savings in the only bond he had yet been able to buy and lay by for the future by the vision of her and by the delighted kisses she showered upon his lips, and the warm embraces of the long white arms.

It was not once, but twenty times that Mrs. Templeton looked at the flash of her new splendors in the mirror, took them out of her ears and put them back again, tangled her hair in them so that her husband might loosen them and be struck afresh, as he did so, with the pale pink sea-shell of the ear, the curve of the throat, the exquisite oval of the cheeks; and she went at last to the window and shielded the pane with her hands while looking out and up at the stars. 'I declare,' she said, 'the glittering of Orion's belt is no more splendid than my diamonds, I never thought I should have diamonds, Juliet.'

Nor did she have diamonds after that one evening of ecstasy. The little borough of Carleton was no better than other places, and while she stood at the window comparing her gems with Orion's pair of enterprising burglars, who at that moment were not 'burgling,' chanced to obtain a view of their opportunities, and they went through the house that night, and the diamonds went through their fingers the next day.

As for Mrs. Templeton! I would have been idle for her to have another convulsion. Her husband had got another bond for another pair of stones. And so the mother of the Gracchi could not have played a more magnanimous part than she did.

'Oh, what do I care for jewels!' she cried, when Hetty ran over to survey with her big, pitying eyes—eyes much more beautiful than the sparkle in her ears—the scene of ruin, where the burglars had left their matches and eaten their cold cakes and coffee—'what do I care for jewels? They might have taken the children. Oh, Hetty, how thankful I am they didn't take the children!'

'As if,' said Hetty to her own husband afterward, 'any burglar under heaven would want those horrid Templeton children, the worst imp ever born of hysterics and temper! Now if it had been our children, Louis!'

'I think you had better tell her, though, that your diamonds are only Alaska crystals,' said Louis. 'Pretty bits of glass but only genuine glass, that Uncle Roberts sent for mischief.'

'Well, I don't know but I will. But I think I'll lend them to her to wear to church on Easter first, for I do want Clara Bowman to win her earrings—they'll be the only genuine diamonds among us all. And she brought him money enough for Mr. Bowman to afford her whatever she wants; and I heard her lay the wager with him myself that Mrs. Templeton would wear a pair of solitaires to church on Easter.'—*Harpers's Bazar.*

'Why don't your father take the paper?' said a gentleman to a lad whom he caught stealing a newspaper from his door-step. 'Cause,' replied the young hopeful, 'he sends me to take!'

THE MEN WHO SUCCEED.

From N. Y. Observer.

The great difference among men, of all callings, is energy of character or the want of it. Given the same amount of learning and integrity, and the same opportunities, and energy will make one man a conqueror. The want of it will see the other a failure. Dead-beats are all men without force. They had as good a chance as any of their companions, Others went ahead and carried off the prizes, while they were lying by the way-side dispirited and despondent. It takes nerve, vim, perseverance, patient continuance in well-doing, to win a great prize. And the young man who goes into a profession without this pluck and force will not earn salt to his porridge. He will drag along through life with the help of friends, getting some credit with them for being a well-meaning man, in delicate health and unfeeling. The real trouble is he lacks energy. All the learning in the world will not qualify a man for usefulness. It requires push, stamina, vigor, courage, resolution, will, determination—in one word, energy.

DYING OUT.

In Sunday's Constitution, Mr. Grady revives Bill Arp's lamentation that "our crop of big men is dying out." In this Mr. Grady thinks Georgia has plenty of material out of which to make 'big men' This is true. If the "crop of big men is dying out," one thing is certain the crop of hungry politicians is multiplying. They are seen clamorously at every corner, precinct and capitol in the land. The offices are not equal to the increased demand. So hungry and impatient are some of them to be Congressmen, Senators and Governors, that they are ready to foment discord, malign and slander, break up old parties and form new ones, or go it on their own hook, do anything and everything, that will bring to them their coveted boon—office. If some of the old crop of politicians and some of the new crop, would die out, then it would be better for the peace, progress and prosperity of Georgia and the whole country. Intellectual giants are scarce, it is true, but there are men of big hearts, big brains and broad culture, whose retiring modesty and decency, forbids them to parade themselves as office-seekers, and consequently they are overshadowed by the brazen, persistent, pigmy politicians, who assume a greatness that is not the truth. This we presume will continue to be the case as long as politics is made odious by slander and slime, and brass passes for merit, and sound for sense. But it is certainly unworthy of the illustrious age in which we live.—*Marion Journal.*

A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Mr. Frank Backland tells the following remarkable story: One day a little boy of mine, about four years old, being tired of play, threw himself down on a grassy mound to rest. Shortly after, I was startled by a sudden scream. My instant thought was that some serpent had stung him. I flew in horror to the child, but was at once reassured on seeing him covered with soldier ants, on whose nest he had laid himself down. Numbers of the ants were still clinging to him with their forceps, and continuing to sting the boy. My maid at once assisted me in killing them. At length, about twenty were thrown down dead on the ground. We then carried the boy in-doors. In about half an hour afterward I returned to the same spot, when I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones, and I determined to watch their proceedings. I followed four or five that started from the rest toward the hillock a short distance off, in which was an ant's nest. This they entered and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others. All fell in rank, walking regularly and slowly, two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades; then two others, and so on, until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden; and two others with another dead ant, and so on, until the line was extended to about forty pairs.

And the procession moved slowly onward followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped and laid down the dead ant, which was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them; and thus by occasionally relieving each other they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of the ants now commenced digging with their jaws holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, when they now labored on till they had filed up

the ants' graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending this funeral of the ants. Some six or seven performing their share of the task of digging, when they were at once killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it.

FIVE AND FOURTEEN.

The following article, containing a wise and helpful suggestion to mothers, appears in the "Home and Society" department of *The Century Magazine* for November (late *Scribner's*):

There are two periods in the moral and intellectual development of a girl which cause the profoundest anxiety to a mother. At five years old, or thereabouts, the period of babyhood is passed, while the period of girlhood is not yet reached, and, between the two, comes a time of anarchy and chaos. The little soul is now bursting its shackles and trying to re-adjust itself to new conditions. The child is ceasing to be a mere pet and plaything, and is beginning to live an individual life. Nothing is more common than to see a docile, well-trained child suddenly develop, without any apparent reason, into wilfulness and insubordination entirely at variance with its previous habits. The mother who has been dreaming of a sweet daughter is to walk beside her all her days, making life fragrant and beautiful to her by sharing with her all her youthful hopes, and joys, and trusts, turns heart-sick at the naughtiness of the half-bred termagant. For it is the good, cherubic little girl who usually manifests the change; a spoiled child is so thoroughly disagreeable all the while that any accession of badness is not noticeable. A great deal of self-condemnation and unhappy foreboding would be spared the mother if she would only recognize that much of what is so very unlovely is not essentially wrong—that it is merely what is good in a state of unripeness. The fragrant blossom has withered and fallen away, leaving in its place the hard and acid embryo fruit. A wise mother will be very careful to distinguish between those qualities which promise evil in their developed form, and those which are mere crudities, and her aim will be to foster all the unfolded possibilities in her child's nature, and help to bring them to a beautiful maturity.

Every one knows how tiresome and unattractive a little girl usually is when she has outgrown her infantile sweetness. The little impertinences, the saucy retorts and unflattering personalities, which have won for her smiles and caresses, or, at worst, an admiring reproof, all at once become intolerable, and are rebuked with acerbity. The very ways which she has been taught to consider charming become subjects for displeasure when the baby roundness and dimples are gone. Her sense of justice is outraged, and the unwarped sense of justice in a child is often very strong. She becomes a little Ishmael, her hand against every man's, and every man's hand against her. In a certain sense this can scarcely be avoided, but if the mother's love be un failing, and her sympathy always ready, she can keep sweet the fountain of love and trust which, without that refuge, might become very bitter. Just when this new life is unfolding, a mother's wise care is most earnestly needed. The soul which has seemed to draw its life from hers is beginning to lead an individual existence. It is to the perfect development of this individuality that the mother should bend all her strength. Each human soul contains within itself the germ of its own life. To make of it all that may be made, the mother should only guide the growth, leaving it free within the limits of moral probity to grow into its fullest possibility. She cannot lop it off here and there, or suppress its growth yonder, without maiming and stultifying the whole nature.

The dangerous quicksands of this period safely past, the mother begins to breathe freely again. She again begins to see visions and to dream dreams, till the second and more serious season of anarchy comes to try her faith. Childhood is over, and womanhood is yet far away. The whole being, moral, intellectual, and physical, is in a state of ferment. New motives, new principles, new emotions, are battling for predominance, and, until these relative claims are adjusted, no peace can be hoped for. This second chaotic period—which comes at about fourteen years of age—lasts longer, and brings a more hopeless and radical overturning of that which had seemed so firmly established. If a mother's care were needed in the earlier change, it is infinitely more needed now. New traits seem to be starting into life, new developments are manifested. Changes not only in purposes and ideas are taking place, but changes in temperament, in disposition, in tone, are manifesting themselves. There is used of a wise hand which shall guide

without galling, a tender heart which shall sustain without compromise; with evil. To aid in the conflict of unsure victory, nothing will help a mother more surely, nor direct her more easily in this difficult task, than the recognition that this, also, is merely a stage of growth necessary to a full and perfect development of her child's nature, and that to her is entrusted the privilege of fostering the growth, while she shall be looking to the end with the prophetic eye of love.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

From Sunday's Raleigh Observer.

'Father' McNamara has turned from the Catholics to the Baptists. It is estimated that the thirty-three missionary societies at work in Africa have secured upward of 30,000 converts. The receipts of the past year for Episcopal domestic missions were \$220,593, against \$165,275 in the previous year.

The Methodist Episcopal Board of Education received last year \$9,256, and aided about 100 students who are preparing for the ministry.

The Young Men's Christian Association throughout the country are gradually becoming provided with buildings for carrying on their work.

Elder H. L. South, pastor of the Baptist church at Laurinburg, N. C., has resigned, and will be succeeded by Elder A. D. Cohen, of Carthage.

The Russian church has ordered its priests to administer the rites of religion to those who kill themselves with excessive use of stimulants. To this date the Russian clergy have classed such persons with suicides, and left them unblessed.

A ruling elder having been made moderator of the Greenbrier Presbytery, Virginia, the Synod of Virginia has taken exception to the innovation. A case for appeal will be made up for the next General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church.

Elder George B. Taylor, Baptist missionary to Italy, in a recent letter has this to say of the Baptist chapel which is being completed in Rome: "This chapel has excited much attention in the community, and will, when complete and paid for, exert a great influence for evangelical and Baptist principles all over Italy."

The American delegates to the Ecumenical Methodist Conference have united in a call for a centennial conference to be held in December, 1884, the centenary of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be composed of representatives of all the Methodist branches in the United States. It is probable that the conference will be held in Baltimore, where in 1784 the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized.

The National Christian Association, which wants the name of D. City inserted in the constitution of the United States and is opposed to all secret societies, held a national convention in Galesburg, Ill., December 1 and 2. The call said: "The Lord Jesus Christ will not be supreme in the churches while they fellowship a system hostile to Him, nor will the nation confess Him while its affairs are controlled by the lodge power."

The Bible and Prayer Union, which was begun in London in 1876, has now more than 126,000 members enrolled in all countries where English Christians are found. The American branch was organized about a year and a half ago. The number of its members is now more than 7,000. Each person receives a card of membership indicating the chapter that is to be read for each day of the year, and on Sunday morning each member is to pray for all the members of the union.

WHO LUCIFER IS.

'Who is Lucifer?' said the teacher to the infant class in Sunday-school. 'I know,' spoke up a brave five-year old girl in a very earnest tone. 'Well tell me, Katie,' said the teacher. 'Why Lucy's fer Bob Spriggs, who has such a funny little mustache, an' wears such a short coat; but papa don't like him at all, an' sez he ain't got no sense, an' no money, an' he's fer zat ole Mr. Grip an'—' 'That will do, Katie,' broke in the teacher; 'I see you are posted. We will go on to another question,' and it required the teacher five minutes to get through using her hankerchief wiping her eyes, she 'had such a bad cold you know,' for Lucy was instructing another class near by. Lucy told her mother afterward that she thought Katie too young to go to school, the confinement was not good for her.—*Sifting.*