

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. III.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1882.

No. 7.

TOOLOO.

SNORRER'S LAST.

Bless me! she's a pretty maiden!
Sakes alive! she's sweet!
Continental! she's a beauty!
Almost good to eat.
Darling little roselip Tooloo,
Take your eyes away;
Every glance but sets me crazy
All the livelong day.

Oh! persimmons!—hold me, fella—
See! she smiles on me,
Honey-comb! she calls me to her!
Funning?—no sir-ee!
Hall Columbia! did you ever
See so sweet a face?
Boys, I say, let go my collar;
Or I'll break a trace!

Yankle doodle! whose afraid?
Jerusalem!—that hand;
Its pearly whiteness can't be beat.
In all this glorious land,
And that mouth! I'm sure you never
Saw one so sweet as that!
Tooloo, bless you! little darling—
You can't take MY HAT!

Tooloo, may I call you mine, love!
Do my little wife!
Hand in hand we'll wander, darling,
Through the whole of life,
In the cottage, by the river,
We shall find a home,
Where among the fragrant flowers
We can ever roam.

Hall-stones!—wherefore place your fingers,
Thou upon your nose?
Thumb is motionless and quiet,
But the finger goes?
Now get out!—you're joking, surely?
What! won't marry me?
Then I'll throw myself right over
Into the deep sea!

Apple sauce! you'll marry Spriggins?
Durn me if you do!
Say now, Tooloo, ain't you funning,
Just to prove me true?
Wait awhile, don't leave me, sugar!
What! must I let you pass!
Hallalujah! burst my buttons!
Side, and go to grass!

That Awful Wood-Pile.

Coming home from school one day, I found a large pile of wood before our door.

"There's work for you, Willie," said Ned Blake, the boy who was with me. "Your father had better do as my father does—hire a man to get it in. It is too much for a boy (mother says), and it will take the whole of Wednesday afternoon. You will have no time for play. Now, Willie, I would not do that, I tell you."

This was the substance of Ned's talk as we stood before the wood-pile, and the more he said the higher it grew. By the time he left me, I began to think myself a poorly used boy indeed.

"There is work for you, Willie," said mother, as I slid into the kitchen. "Did you see that beautiful wood at the gate as you came in? I should think I did! I muttered to myself, but said nothing aloud, only asking how father was. He was ill, and had been for many months, and the family funds, I knew were becoming low.

"It's a monstrous pile, I at length said, getting a glimpse of it from the window. "So much the better for us, Willie," said the mother cheerfully. "A long winter is before us, you know."

Dinner was soon ready, the table spread in the little kitchen, and father was helped out from an adjoining room by his two little daughters one on each side. Father and mother sat down to our frugal meal with thankful hearts, I am sure; the girls chattered as usual, while I sat brooding over that 'awful wood-pile.' I am afraid my chief dish was a dish of pouts. Father ask me several questions, but I took no part in the pleasant table talk.

"Well my boy," said father after dinner, there's that wood to be put in. No school this afternoon, so you have time enough. You had better do it the first thing."

"It will take the whole afternoon," I said coldly. "The boys are going nutting." I was not sure of this, but an thing in the way of an object to the wood. My father said nothing. Dear, dear father! God forgive me for wounding his feelings!

"Mother," I said following her into the pantry, "Ned Blake's father hires a man to get his wood in. His mother thinks it is too much for a boy to do. Why does not father hire some one?"

"Ah!" said my mother, sadly the Blakes are better off than we. Your poor father—"

Texas came into her eyes; she stopped. Mary ran in where we were, and I, half ashamed of myself, escaped out of the back door.

Still Ned Blake's words riddled in me, and I thought it was too bad; nor did the brisk west wind blow off the fumes of the foolish gambling which made a coward of me. I sat down on the woodblock, my hands in my pockets, and shuffled my feet among the chips in sour discontent.

"It is such a monstrous pile!" I said to myself a dozen times.

Presently out came mother. I jumped up.

"Willie," she said, cheerfully. "I would

go to work in earnest. You will soon get it in."

"It so monstrous, mother!" I said, in a self-pitying tone. "It will take me forever and half kill me in the bargain."

"Forever" is a long, long while," she said. "Come, let us look at the pile. It is big, but all you have to do is to take a stick at a time. That will not hurt you, Willie, I am sure—only one stick at a time; yet one stick at a time will make that pile vanish quicker than you think for, Willie. Try it now."

There was a kindness and yet a decision in mother's tones which were irresistible. She could put even hard things, or what we thought hard, in a very achievable light.

"Only one stick at a time!" I cried, jumping up and following her. Really the pile seems already to lessen under this new mode of attack. "Only one stick at a time!"

That seems easy enough. "Only one stick at a time! What was the need of a man to do that? One stick at a time! If Ned Blake could not do that; he was a poor tool."

Ah! and a poor tool he proved to be. My mother had got myettle up, and I boldly went to work. "Father," said I, bolting into the house at a later hour in the afternoon, all in a glow, please tell me what time it is."

"Eight minutes after three," answered he, looking at his watch. "Whew!" I shouted, and the pile is mastered!"

Never did I feel such a strong and joyous sense of the power of doing. Finding mother, I put my arms around her neck and said, "Mother, I was a naughty boy, but one stick at a time has cured me."

I did not then know the full value of the lesson I had learned. Years of labor—successful labor—have since tested and proved its value. When the work looks insurmountable, and you seem to have no heart to take hold of it (as work many a time will) remember it is only one stick at a time, and go at it.—Ex.

The first-premium fowls of the Fairs are hatched this month.

Chester white pigs have increased in price in the past two years.

Separate all breeding ewes from the other sheep in the flock now until after lambing.

Orchard grass, though suitable for orchards, can endure more sun and drought than blue grass.

It is a mistake to allow sows to breed before they are at least a year old, as they are not then sufficiently matured, and pigs from such are sometimes too weak to live.

Like the blackberry, the raspberry bears the fruit upon the cane of the previous year's growth, which, after fruitage dies, the new cane coming forward for the next year's crop.

Nearly all kinds of fruits do well on a mixture of superphosphate and wood ashes. Lime is not suitable for strawberries, but excellent around apple, peach and pear trees.

Grapevines should be pruned as early as the season will permit. If deferred too late they will allow an escape of sap (bleed); even if trimmed a little while before it begins to ascend.

Hints on Eating.

Never eat in a hurry; masticate your food well; this is of great importance, for many articles of diet, perfectly wholesome when properly masticated, unless mixed well with the saliva, are very indigestible, and greatly derange the process of digestion. Do not eat or drink under excitement of any kind, for food taken when in this state will do you comparatively little good, and is almost certain to produce injurious effects. The greatest composure of mind and body is important while eating, and for a short time after until digestion is fairly commenced. Cheerfulness while eating and drinking is excellent, and a chat with a friend after meals will assist digestion extraordinarily.

The boiler in the Kirkham mill, at Decaturtown, Ga., yesterday exploded, killing David Mitchell, and scalding six others.

The 3-year-old daughter of Joseph H. Davis, of Manton, R. I., was on Wednesday night burned, probably fatally, by her clothes taking fire.

A freight train on the Louisville Short Line was thrown from the track yesterday near Eagle Tunnel, Ky., and Engineer Stenford was fatally crushed beneath the engine.

The Methodist Book Committee, in session at Cincinnati, yesterday decided to abandon the book concern at Atlanta on account of the losses incurred in its maintenance.

One man was killed and seven wounded by an explosion in Lemp's Brewery, at St. Louis yesterday.

Sociables.

Southern Baptist.

As sociables are becoming quite fashionable in various parts of our country, and I have seen nothing referring to them in your columns I believe I will write a few thoughts.

I hope that no one will conclude from what I shall say that I am selfish or unsocial. Man is a social creature; and I pity the person who is destitute of social proclivities. The object of this article is to discuss the propriety of Christians attending and engaging in the so-called sociables of the day. Can they, by so doing, honor their profession, and demonstrate to the world the truth and reality of the Religion which they profess? Can they conscientiously improve the Divine blessing upon such amusements as are common at such places? These are important questions. We are commanded to avoid all appearance of evil; to let our light shine that others may see our good works, and glorify our Father who is in heaven. In my opinion, Christians should not encourage or participate in any such vain worldly amusements, and whenever they do, instead of letting their light shine, they conform to the world and lend their influence to the cause of the evil one.

Let us inquire something about the object of these sociables. Are they gotten up for the purpose of mutual benefit and improvement, in cultivating the conversational power, by engaging in refined and intelligent conversation? If this were the object, I would commend sociables as worthy the patronage of all. But alas! a large number of those who make up such companies are entirely incompetent to engage in intelligent, much less refined conversation. The subject of "sweethearts," "juvies," or "jow-fancies," according to the different modes of expression, is about the only subject in which all can engage fluently. Of course, this soon becomes tiresome, and something else must be resorted to, in order to pass off the time. Then comes the plays, such as, "Stealing Partners," "Snapp," "Finishing for 'Live'" "Charlie," and other of their class too numerous to mention; and not unfrequently result in real Pandangoer, and occasionally in drunken rows. It is that good people sometimes attend such places, but I think they are out of their proper sphere; to say the least they are giving encouragement to idle and vain amusements.

Now, we ask, again, can Christians conscientiously engage in ungraceful, and unrefined amusements? Amusements, which are unworthy of refined gentlemen and ladies, much less Christians. Amusements that are better suited to the back-woods, where the light of civilization has never dawned, than to an enlightened and Christian community.

It would be better, far better, in our opinion, to engage in the regular Dance, than to attempt such miserable and apish imitations.

In conclusion, I will say, if it is wrong for Christians to attend and engage in dancing, for the same reason it is equally wrong, if not more so, to attend and engage in the amusements common at sociables. I make this assertion boldly and feel prepared to prove the same. Who will assume the negative. W. T. GAY.

KELLY'S STORE, MISS., Jan. 27, '82.

PUSH.

If there was more push in the world there would be fewer hungry, and half-clothed, homeless, suffering children, fewer broken down, disappointed men and women; less need of almshouses, houses of correction and homes for the friendless. Push means a lift for a neighbor in trouble. Push means a lift for yourself out of the slough of despond and shiftlessness, out of troubles, real or fancied. Push never hurts anybody. The harder the push the better, if it is given in the right direction. Always push up hill, few people need a push to get down hill. Don't be afraid of your muscles and sinews; they were given you to use. Don't be afraid of your hands; they were meant for service. Don't be afraid of what your companions may say. Don't be afraid of your conscience; it will never reproach you for a good deed done, but push with all your heart, might and soul, whenever you see anything or anybody that will be better for a good long, strong determine push.

Push! It is just the word for the grand, clear morning of life! it is just the word for the strong arms and young hearts! it is just the word for a world that is full of work as this is. If anybody is in any trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; push!

If there is anything good being done in any place where you happen to be, push!

One man was killed and seven wounded by an explosion in Lemp's Brewery, at St. Louis yesterday.

The Work of Child-Shaping at Home.

Some one has said, that a mother is quite right when she declares enthusiastically of her little one, "There never was such a child as this, in the world, before!" for in fact there never was such a child before. Each child starts in life as if he were the only child in the world, and the first one; and he is less like other people then, than ever he will be again. He is conformed to no regulation pattern at the outset. He has, to begin with, no stock of ideas which have been passed on and approved by others. He neither knows nor cares what other people think. He is a law unto himself in all matters of thought and taste and feeling. He is, so far, himself; and, just as far, he is different from everybody else.

Left to himself—if that were possible—a child would continue to be himself; but he is not left to himself: he is under training and in training continually. Child-training is child-shaping. Child-shaping at home is the work of parents and servants and playmates; and sometimes mere casual visitors have a very important part in it. What a child comes to be and to do in the world, depends a great deal more on his shaping by the influences and instructions from above and around him at his home than on his original characteristics and possibilities. The child's shaping at home, it is, which decides whether the child shall be just like the average child or a great deal better, or a great deal worse. To the child himself, his shaping is everything; and it is but little less than this to those who are interested in him—and who, at his home, is not?

A child has everything to learn, and he must learn it from others. He must learn from somebody how to eat, and how to walk, and how to talk. He must get his ideas of what is and of what ought to be, by what he sees in, or what he hears from, those about him. The first six months of a child's life shapes him more than any subsequent six months; and his treatment in that period has a vast deal to do with the case of all his future shaping in both spirit and conduct. In the first two years of his life, a child learns more than in all the rest of his life put together; more that is indispensable to him in life; more that goes to decide his place among others. By the time he is seven, it is pretty well settled how much of a child's original self is to be preserved in his personality, and how far he is to be conformed in likeness to the people about him. Commonly a child's character and future are mainly shaped, or directed, for all time, before he has passed seven years of age. Yet the shaping process goes on in a lesser or larger degree so long as one is a child; and there is a sense in which we all are children—always.

Because each child is himself to begin with, the sources and methods of his shaping will be very different in different cases. One child is more imitative than another. It is a mistake to suppose that every child wants to do just what he sees others do. There are children who have so much of personality and so much of individuality, that they are rather inclined to do the opposite of that which those about them do. A touch of willfulness, and another of obstinacy, prompt some children, very early, to refuse to follow promptly anybody else's example or counsel. Again there are those who have less of reverence, less of affection, and less of clinging trust than others. They, in consequence are not always disposed to follow the example of their parents above all others. They are quite as likely to be impressed favorably with the more striking, but less wise, ways of servants or visitors or playmates. And a natural bent or bias in one direction or another inclines every child to move in that direction rather than in its opposite; hence he needs special guarding just there. Child-shaping goes on unconsciously in every home where there are children; but it does not go on in the same way, nor from the same sources, nor yet by the same methods—far less in the same direction—in every home.

It is not always, nor commonly, the direct effort at child-shaping that do most in the child-shaping line in any home. A child's mode of pronouncing words, and his general style of language, are a better indication of his parents' ordinary habits of speech before him, than of their specific directions in case where he has asked and received their instruction. The spirit which his parents display toward one another or toward their servants, or toward those with whom they are least on their guard, is a far more impressive pattern to the child than the model spirit described by the parent on a Sunday afternoon or a bed-time religious talk with the child. What the child is permitted to do, at the table or away from it, when the family is all by

itself, is more likely to stand out in the child's conduct when visitors are there, than the company manners which were enjoined on the child most faithfully and repeatedly while he was being washed and dressed for the occasion. Habits of thought, standards of conduct, rules of taste, purposes of life, are given or promoted in the work of child-shaping at home, by example rather than by precept; unconsciously more often than by design. And this it is which increases the difficulties of right child-shaping, without lessening its responsibilities or its duty.

There is no use in our trying to evade the imperative duty of rightly shaping the minds and characters of the children in our homes, except by facing the alternative of having them wrongly shaped by us and by others through our neglect of this duty. Here are the children, shapeless and shapable to begin with, needing to be shaped, and sure to be shaped. Their right shaping is our duty; their wrong shaping is an imminent danger. For their shaping—be it right or wrong—we are responsible; and we shall have to take the consequences. Whether we mean to do it or not, we are shaping our children, day by day, by what we say, and by what we do, and more than all by what we are. Our words to them and before them, and our spirit and conduct in their presence, are potent factors in their shaping—for time and eternity. Does it not then behoove us to consider well the needs and possibilities of our children individually; to well consider, also, opportunities and methods of their wise shaping; and to bear ever in mind the duty, the responsibility, and the difficulties of such shaping?

Early Marriages.

These sparkers are looked upon by parents generally as a nuisance, and often they are right. Nine-tenths of the sparking is done by boys who haven't got their growth, and they look so green that it is laughable for old folks to look at them. They haven't generally got a second shirt, and they are no more qualified to get married than a steer is to preach. And yet marrying is about the first thing they think of. A green boy without a dollar, present or prospective, sparking a girl regularly and talking about marrying, is a spectacle for Gods and men. He should be reasoned with, and if he will not quit it until he is able to support a wife, and to know who he loves, and the difference between love and passion, he should be quarantined or put in a convent erected on purpose for such cases. Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green, human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pasture without any yokes on them. They marry and have children before they do moustaches; they are fathers of twins before they are proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they have all their teeth cut, we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these little bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough by their own work to buy a bundle of laths to build a hen house. But they see a girl who looks cunning, and they are afraid there is not going to be girls enough to go around, and then they begin to get in their work real spy; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation, they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook stove or a bedstead, they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath, and abuse the doctor because he does not run too; and when the doctor gets there he finds that there is not linen enough in the house to wrap up a doll baby. It is at about this time that a young man begins to realize that he has been a colossal fool, and as he flies around to heat water, and bring in the bath tub, and goes whooping after his mother or her mother, he turns pale around the gills, his hair turns red that single night and he calls high heaven to witness that if he lives till morning, which he has doubts about, he will turn over a new leaf and never get married again till he is older. And in the morning the green looking "father" is around before a drug store is open, with no collar on, his hair sticking every way, his eyes a blood shot and his frame nervous, waiting for the clerk to open the door so he can get some salton to make a oaf. Less than a year ago he thought he was the greatest man that there was anywhere, but as he sits there in the house that morning, with his wedding coat rusty and shiny, and his pants frayed at the bottom and patched at the elbow, and the nurse puts in his arms a little roll of

flannel, with a baby hid in it, he holds it as he would a banana, and as he looks at his girl wife on the bed, nearly dead from pain and exhaustion, and he thinks that there is not provisions enough in the house to feed a canary, a lump comes into his throat and he says to himself that if he had it to do over again he would leave that little girl at home to grow up with her mother, and he would wait till he had six dollars to buy baby flannel, and ten dollars to pay a doctor.

The New Scientific American Offices.

We are glad to announce that the *Scientific American* came out of the late fire in New York, like the fabled Phoenix, with renewed life. The subscription lists, account books, patent records, patent drawings, and correspondence were preserved in massive fire-proof safes. The printing of the *Scientific American* and Supplement was done in another building; consequently the types, plates, presses, paper, etc., were unharmed, and no interruption of business was occasioned.

The new *Scientific American* offices are located at 261 Broadway, corner of Warren Street, a very central and excellent situation. The new building fronts towards the City Hall, the Court House, and the New Post-office, a magnificent structure, which cost eight millions to build. Nearly opposite, and a few hundred feet distant from the *Scientific American* offices, is the entrance to the great Suspension Bridge over the East River, between New York and Brooklyn, which required ten years to construct and twenty millions of dollars to pay for. In front, also, of the *Scientific American* is the City Hall Park and Printing House Square, which its statue of Benjamin Franklin, and the homes of eminent editors and newspapers, such as the *New York Tribune*, *New York Times*, *New York Sun*, *New York World*, *New York Herald*, *Mail* and *Express*, *Zuivering*, and others.

The new *Scientific American* offices are admirably chosen for active business. Here in addition to the issuing of their interesting publications, Messrs. Munn & Co., aided by trained examiners and draughtsmen, prepare specifications and drawings for American and Foreign patents. If any of our readers should happen to make a new discovery (we hope every one of them may do so, and gain a fortune), they have only to drop a line to Munn & Co., 261 Broadway, New York, who will reply at once, without charge, stating whether the invention is probably novel and patentable. A handbook of instructions, with full particulars, will also be sent, free. Messrs. Munn & Co. have had over thirty-five years' experience in the business.

New Orleans has a debt of \$20,000,000.

The Alabama river is again on a boom. Japan plums are ripening in Tallahassee.

Two thousand persons have been vaccinated at Selma.

Neutros are migrating to Arkansas from West Tennessee.

Corn is worth \$5 a barrel in the crib in Powell county, Ky.

The whipping post bill has been defeated in the Kentucky legislature.

Of 61 convicts in the Arkansas state prison, more than 100 are murderers.

One man, recently, while on a camp hunt in Polk county, Florida, killed eleven deer.

The approaching Mardi Grass in Mobile bids fair to excel all former exhibitions in that city.

Rev. J. W. Thomas, of Putnam county, Fla., shipped this season 107,000 oranges in 534 boxes.

The bullion assays at the Charlotte, N. C., mint, during the month of January amounted to \$7,763.57.

Orange, lemon and lime trees are in blossom, roses abundant, vegetables plenty in Drayton Island, Florida.

A national bank of \$1,000,000 capital will be started soon at Columbus, Miss. This will be the first and only one in the state.

Mr. Gales, of Abbeville county, South Carolina, left home to go hunting on the 24th of January, and has not since been heard of.

Two cases of small-pox have appeared among the laborers on the Georgia Pacific road, in Dunn's camp, in Calhoun county, in Alabama.

A fire in Raleigh, N. C., last week burned a house without interruption from the fire companies, the engine sticking fast in the mud at the doors of the engine house.

Last year 6352 firms were doing business in Mississippi. There were 153 failures with liabilities amounting to \$1,942,129, which is much greater than any year since 1876.