

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. III.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1882.

No. 16.

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR MUST NEVER TOUCH MINE.

(Dublin Girl's Motto.)

You are coming to woo me, but not as of yore,
When I hasten to welcome your ring at the door,
For I trusted that he who stood waiting me then,
Was the brightest, the truest, the noblest of men,
Your lips on my own when they printed
"farewell,"
Had never been soiled by the "beverage of hell,"
But they came to me now with Bacchianal sign,
And the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

I think of that night in the garden alone
When in whispers you told me your heart
was my own,
That your joy in the future should faithful be,
Unshared by another, kept only for me.
Oh! sweet to my soul is the memory still,
Of the lips that met mine, when they murmured "I will,"
But now to their pressure no more they incline,
For the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

Oh, John! how it crushed me, when first in your face
The pen of the "Kum Friend" had written "disgrace,"
And turned me in silence and tears from that breath,
All poisoned and foul from the chalice of death,
It shattered the hopes I had trusted to last;
It darkened the future and clouded the past;
It shattered my idol, and ruined my shrine,
For the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

I loved you—oh dearer than language can tell,
And you saw it, you proved it, you knew it too well;
But the man of my love was far other than he,
But now from the tap-room comes cooling to me,
In manhood and honor so noble and right—
His heart was so true, and his genius so bright—
And his soul unstained, unpolluted by wine,
But the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

Your pledge was made but to be broken again;
And the lover so false to his promise now,
Will not a husband, be true to his vow.
The word must be spoken that bids you depart—
Though the effort to speak it should shatter my heart;
Though in silence, with blighted affection I pine,
Yet the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

If one spark, by our bosom, of virtue remain,
Go fan it with prayer till it kindle again;
Resolve with "God helping" in future to be
From wine and its follies unshackled and free;
And when you have conquered this foe of your soul
In manhood and honor beyond his control,
This heart will again beat responsive to thine,
And the lips free from liquor be welcome to mine.

Mr. Barker's Will.

BY HELEN SCHNOTER.

JULIA MARTIN and Lottie Sinclair were close friends. The circumstances of both were very much alike, or had been up to the present time. Both were orphans, without any near relatives; both were poor, and depended on their own exertions to make a living. Julia was a dress-maker; Lottie worked on a sewing machine. Each had a room on the top floor of the same house. Both had come to New York from the country after the death of their parents, and from living so near together, and being without other friends in the great city, they had become acquainted, and had the affection of sisters for each other.

They were pretty, cheerful, healthy girls. Julia was about twenty years of age, had a quiet lady-like, somewhat dignified manner, but with a very sweet expression in the large blue eyes and around the well-formed mouth. Lottie, who was nineteen, had bright, laughing dark eyes, rosy, dimpled cheeks, fair-skin and black, glossy hair.

It was evening. The girls were earnestly talking of plans for the future, for Julia had just fallen heir to three thousand dollars and a small cottage in the village of Blissville. Mr. John Barker, an old friend of her father's, had lately died and left it to her. He had also left thirty thousand dollars to Harry Norton, the son of another old friend, on condition of his marrying Julia; if she consented. The marriage was to take place within a year after the reading of the will. If she refused him, he would still have the money; but if he did not make her an offer and marry her if she accepted it, the money was to be used to endow a free library in Mr. Barker's native town.

Julia had decided to go and live in her cottage and do dress-making for the ladies of Blissville, and with her three thousand dollars to start with, she had no doubt of

success. And then came bright dreams of roses and green fields; her hard, cold city life was to be exchanged for these. If Lottie would only go with her, it would seem almost too much happiness to realize. But in vain had she endeavored to induce her friend to share her home. Lottie felt that she would be only a burden on Julia, as she was not sure of finding work to do in Blissville, and for the present, at least, it was best to stay in the city, although it would be very lonely after Julia was gone; and she laughed and cried alternately as she rejoiced at her friend's good fortune and then thought of the parting from her. The most that Julia could get her to promise was that she would make her a visit in the summer.

"And now," said Lottie, laughing, "let us talk a little about this lover who is to come to you with thirty thousand dollars. I wonder if he is handsome."
"It will make no difference whether he is or not," said Julia, calmly, "for I shall not accept him. If I ever marry, the man must be too noble to marry merely for money."
"Well," said Lottie, "you talk, dear, as if thirty thousand dollars was of no account. Ah! with a half sigh and half laugh, "I wish I had the chance—that is, if he is young, handsome and good!"

Mr. Harry Norton was, in fact, a good-looking, lively, agreeable young man, a general favorite in society on account of his ability to be entertaining, and his disposition to be obliging and good natured. These qualities had made him welcome everywhere, notwithstanding his want of fortune, (for he was only a clerk in a wholesale dry goods house in Chicago,) till the thirty thousand dollars came so unexpectedly, and coupled with such strange conditions. His friends all congratulated him, but his lady friends thought it a great pity that he was not at liberty to choose a wife for himself without losing the fortune, and it was not probable that such a good-looking young man, with thirty thousand dollars, would be refused.

As for Harry, he was at a loss what to do. He had not thought of marrying as yet—in fact, he had not felt that he had the means to do so—so that his heart was fancy free; but yet he did not altogether like this way of getting a wife, and felt that he would rather have one who would marry him for love and not for money.
"The fortune is very attractive," said he to himself, "and if there were any way that I could manage it without marrying the lady—"

No way occurred to him, however, but to go and see her and make his offer at once. Perhaps, after all, she would be too honorable to consent to marry one whom she had never seen before for money. But if she consented, then he felt that he should be justified in breaking an engagement with one so mercenary and heartless. He would lose the fortune, but that would be better than to take it with such a wife.

"And after all," said he, "I never used to think so much about money. I seem to be getting very mercenary myself, and I have made up my mind, happen as it may, that I will not marry for filthy lucre."

So about the middle of June, three months after the will had been read, he started for Blissville to lay his offer at Julia Martin's feet.
Julia was comfortably seated in her tiny cottage. She had prospered in her business. She had cultivated the small garden in front of her house, and trained prairie roses over the porch and around the windows, and greatly improved the appearance of the place.

Miss Martin, of Grove Hill, was one of Julia's neighbors. She was a lady of about fifty years, thin, sharp-featured, and wore a wig. Though not handsome she was very wealthy, and Grove Hill was the finest place to be seen for many miles around. It is not to be supposed that with such attractions Miss Martin had stayed single for want of offers; however, she was now engaged to be married to Deacon Jones, who had been a widower for the last year.

An uncle of Miss Martin's had lately died and left her three thousand dollars. This was not a sum of great importance to her, and it would probably not have troubled her much if she had received the letter written by her late uncle's lawyers, informing her that a "later will" had been found, leaving the money to a cousin of hers named Clarence Howard. But this letter she was not destined to receive, and so remained in blissful ignorance of her loss.

Julia, however, did see the momentous letter, mistaking it for one of her own. Opening it, what was her surprise to read the following:—

"MISS MARTIN:—Dear Madam:—We regret to inform you that a later will has been found, leaving the three thousand dollars to your cousin, Mr. Clarence How-

ard. Respectfully,
"CRANE & CUMMINGS."

Poor Julia! It was natural that she should feel a pang of sorrow at losing her little fortune—for it had seemed a fortune to her—and it disarranged the plans she had formed for improving Lottie's condition.
"But then," said she to herself, "I had no right to it, after all, and as it never really belonged to me, of course I have not lost it. I ought not to complain. I have the house and lot and a good business."

Then she thought with dismay that she had already spent some of the money, and would have to be very saving to make it up again. She had never heard of this cousin; but a sister of her father's lived somewhere out West, and had not been heard from for many years; doubtless he was her son.

At this moment she looked out of the window and saw a gentleman coming through the gateway. She opened the door. He introduced himself as Clarence Howard. She invited him in, and as soon as they were seated began to tell him that she had spent some of the money, but would endeavor to pay it back as soon as possible.

"I assure you, Miss Martin—rather allow me to say cousin," said he, "that I would not touch one cent of it. It was left to you and is yours. Beside, I have no need of money; and Cousin Jane—"

"Julia," she said, interrupting him and smiling, "my name is Julia."
"Indeed!" said he. "Why, Uncle Martin wrote Jane in his will. Strange that he should make such a mistake?"

"Uncle Martin!" said Julia.
Suddenly the truth flashed upon her mind. It was all on account of her carelessness in taking a letter which did not belong to her that this error had occurred.

"I believe," said she, "that we have both made a mistake. Miss Martin of Grove Hill is named Jane, and it is her letter that I have opened, and she is the cousin you were looking for."

Then explanations followed, and it soon became evident that such was the case. At first Clarence felt somewhat disappointed to find that this beautiful young girl was not the preparation for something of the same kind as the letter at the handsome, frank face of the young man. But they soon became excellent friends, and when Clarence took his leave his interest in Julia was so great, and although she was not

Chapter II.

We left Harry Norton on his way to Blissville. While on the train from New York to Blissville he entered into conversation with a resident of the latter place. Harry asked if he were acquainted with a Miss Martin who lived there, and if there were more than one lady of that name in the place.

"The one I mean," said Harry, "has lately come into possession of a little property."
"There is only one Miss Martin that I know of," said the gentleman, "Miss Jane Martin, of Grove Hill, and she has lately received three thousand dollars by a will, I believe."

"That is the lady I mean," said Harry.
"Yes," said the gentleman, "I have been acquainted with her for nearly forty years."

Harry was horror-struck. While on his journey he had thought several times about the young lady, and had formed the hope that he would find her charming enough to induce him to make his offer in earnest. But one so much older than himself—he was twenty-two—he felt that it would be impossible to marry. After a short pause the gentleman continued,—
"She will soon be married, I hear, to Deacon Jones."

"If this is the case," thought Harry, "she will refuse me, of course, so I will make my offer and save the fortune."

Soon after, the gentleman who had given him this information left the car, and Harry commenced reading a paper.

Presently the conductor called out, "Boggsville!" Harry started. "Blissville!" said he, and hurried out. A young lady who sat behind him—she was Lottie Sinclair—started up also, and followed him. In another moment the two stood alone on the platform of a way station. No building was in sight except the railroad office. Lottie looked around, bewildered.

"Will you tell me, sir, if this is Blissville?" said she to Harry. "My friend wrote that I could see her house from the depot, but I see no house at all. I thought I understood you to say Blissville, but I fear I have made some mistake."

Harry turned and took off his hat as Lottie addressed him.

"I am afraid I have made a mistake," said he. "I understood the conductor to say Blissville. But I will inquire at the office."

and the next train that stopped at Blissville would not be along till eleven o'clock at night.

"I will stay in the office," said Harry to the distressed girl, "I will try to find some one to take us to Blissville."
As they started off, and soon returned to the country wagon and a boy to drive, they now felt that their troubles were over.

They drove through the pleasant country, the green fields, the perfume of flowers, and the pure country air, seemed to exalt their spirits and make them feel as if they were no longer strangers. Harry thought that if only the light-hearted, bloodless girl at his side were Miss Martin, he could not find it at all hard to comply with the conditions of the will.

He looked Lottie out of the wagon at Julia's feet. This request was readily granted. The next moment she was in Julia's arms.

After dismissing the boy with the wagon, they found a hotel where he could stop a few days. After he had accomplished his object and arranged his toilet, he started for Grove Hill.

When he came to the gates of the imposing mansion he thought he must have made a mistake; so he asked a boy who was passing if Miss Martin lived there.

"Miss Martin," said the boy, pointing to a lady in one of the walks.

Harry walked toward her. She looked startled.
"Martin, I am Harry Norton. I have come according to the terms of the will, if you will marry me."

Looking down at the hat in his hand, he waited for his answer.

"No," said Miss Martin, sternly, "no."

"No, you mean," said a voice behind him, "by addresssing the lady in this manner."

He turned to see Deacon Jones, with whom he had clenched fist. But Miss Martin, who had her hand on the irate gentleman's arm, succeeded in calming him.

"Be kind enough to give me an answer," said Harry.

"I have prepared my list, and I am ready for the preparation for something of the same kind as the letter at the handsome, frank face of the young man. But they soon became excellent friends, and when Clarence took his leave his interest in Julia was so great, and although she was not

"I will see you, then?" called out Harry to her; "certainly I do."

He turned to hear no more, but joyfully returned to the hotel.

When he returned to Lottie. But when she saw that he was her friend, Miss Martin, who had a sudden fear, here was the name of the name; perhaps he had made a mistake.

He had told Lottie his name, and that he lived in Chicago, but she had not remembered the name of the young man mentioned in the will, and though she had talked very much about Harry to Julia, describing his agreeable manners and handsome face, she had not spoken his name. But as soon as Julia heard it she concluded that he had come to marry her for the sake of the thirty thousand dollars. Accordingly she assumed the most chilling reserve.

After a little conversation, Harry, who felt anxious to be assured that he had made no mistake about the right Miss Martin, endeavored to talk a little to Julia, in hope of learning something about her. Her replies were so short and cold, however, that he soon turned to the much more agreeable occupation of talking to Lottie.

She soon gave him a history of their affairs, and told him all about the will. He now saw how things were, and that Lottie did not know him to be the young man who had such an important part to play among them; but as he looked at Julia he was convinced that she recognized him. So he thought it best to be as candid as Lottie had been, and told the whole matter in such a pleasant and witty manner that even Julia relaxed from her reserve; and when he had described the scene at Grove Hill, the two girls laughed heartily.

"I shall not offend you, Miss Martin," said he, "by making you an offer?"

"I should be sorry to be the means of your losing the fortune," said Julia, smiling, "and I will refuse you whether you offer or not. So, Mr. Norton, you can enjoy your fortune, for I positively decline to marry you."

Harry bowed in acknowledgment, and they now became the best of friends.

About this time Clarence Howard thought it would be proper to call on Miss Julia Martin, and the acquaintance so strangely begun progressed rapidly.

The next event which we have to record is a double marriage. One bright day in October, Clarence Howard led Julia Martin to the altar of the little church in Bliss-

ville, and immediately after that ceremony Harry Norton and Lottie Sinclair became one. Mrs. Deacon Jones gave each of the brides a handsome present, and the deacon shook hands all around.

Secrets of Newspaper Men.

There is probably no newspaper man of experience in the country who does not hold secrets of importance in his mind, which, if made public, would create a sensation, but would stamp him as being unreliable and consequently unfit for his profession. The great race for precedence in the publication of news impels him to do his utmost to outstrip his contemporaries, but a higher feeling, the dictate of honor, keeps sacred trusts reposed. Frequently a person would like to know the authorship of certain matters published, and whether his efforts are directed to "pumping" the managing editor or the galley-boy, they are alike fruitless. Every compositor on a paper, as a rule, knows the handwriting he sets up, but if any other persons think they can learn it from him—well, let them try it.—*Toledo Telegram.*

Advice to Girls.

Oliver Logan is a sensible sort of a woman upon certain subjects, and upon the subject of bringing up girls she winds up a long list of advice with the following bit of sound sense:—"A woman's safeguard is to keep a man's hands off her. If you need his assistance in walking, take his arm instead of his taking yours. Just tell him in plain English 'hands off.' He may not like it at the time, but he will respect you in the future tenfold more. Men will be and do just what the women will allow them to do. Men will not do to trust. Give a man your arm, and you will find him very confidential, and he will take a great many privileges he would not take if he was not permitted to do so. He will give your arm many loving squeezes and sly twists that he could have no opportunity of doing, and opportunity is what he is after. A few words more of advice and I am done. Keep your girls off the streets except when they have business. Teach them that it is unnecessary to go to the post-office every time they go out. Your girls can walk alone as well as your boys. Don't allow your girls, if they must have a beau, to go with boys much older than themselves. If possible, instill it into their nature that they are safer in their own hands than they are in the hands of any man—preachers not excepted."

A Dance of Death.

One of the most startling, weird and realistic tragedies yet recorded in connection with the great small pox scourge which has swept over the country occurred about three weeks ago. A gentleman living in Richmond gave a ball, and Tom Taylor, a famous negro fiddler in these parts, was called upon to furnish the music. A large company of ladies and gentlemen attended the party and dancing was kept up until the morning hours. Fiddling Tom, who had complained early in the evening of feeling bad, had seemed to grow wild and his music grew quicker, so that the feet of the young dancers, nimble though they were, could not keep pace with the rash of his music. He sang out the figures in a stentorian voice, and, his own music, swayed his body to and fro like one bewitched, while his eyes became bloodshot and his voice husky. Suddenly, just before the hour for breaking up the party arrived, the fiddler fell from his lofty seat in delirium, and the affrighted dancers crowded around him until one of them stooping over him, saw the livid spots of the dreaded red rash over his face, and cried:—"Great God! the man has got the small pox." The throng dispersed in a moment.

A few weeks before the party took place Bob Jackson, a negro who had been discharged from the small pox hospital, stole some of the clothing of the inmates and sold them to different persons as new. Among the buyers was Tom Taylor, the fiddler, and he caught the dreaded disease from the infested clothing. He died next evening. Three other persons who bought the clothing caught the disease, and two of them died last night. None of the attendants at the party caught the small pox because they were inoculated that night before they retired.

The only punishment inflicted upon Bob Jackson, the negro who stole the clothing, and thus killed three people, was the initiation of twenty-five lashes on his bare-back.

The students in Vanderbilt college, Nashville have adopted the "bristol board" caps.

Real estate in Birmingham, Ala., continues high, with still an upward tendency. Two parties at Arredondo, Florida, will ship 1,800 barrels of cabbages of their own raising.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and I am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all.
I cannot say too much in praise of it.
Mrs. MARY E. BRASHEAR,
173 Prentiss St.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881.
Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.
J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 7, 1881.
After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief.
Mrs. JENNIE HESS.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

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