

James W. Cassin

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. III.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1882.

No. 30.

E. M. ANDREWS,

Wholesale and Retail
FURNITURE!

Charlotte N. C. ap-2-ly

Railroads.

CHESTER & LENOIR

NARROW GAUGE RAILROAD.
Schedule of Mail and Passenger Trains, from Lincolnton, N. C., to Chester, S. C., taking effect at 3:30 o'clock p. m., November 21, 1881.

GOING SOUTH.	
Leave Lincolnton	7:00 am
" " " " " "	7:25 am
" " " " " "	7:50 am
Arrive at Gastonia	8:10 am
Leave Gastonia at	8:30 am
" " " " " "	8:50 am
" " " " " "	9:10 am
" " " " " "	9:30 am
Arrive at Yorkville at	10:00 am
Leave Yorkville at	10:10 am
" " " " " "	10:35 am
" " " " " "	10:50 am
Arrive at Chester at	11:10 am

*BREAKFAST.

GOING NORTH.	
Leave Chester at	3:30 pm
" " " " " "	4:00 pm
" " " " " "	4:28 pm
" " " " " "	4:30 pm
Arrive at Yorkville at	4:55 pm
Leave Yorkville at	5:05 pm
" " " " " "	5:45 pm
" " " " " "	5:55 pm
" " " " " "	6:05 pm
" " " " " "	6:15 pm
" " " " " "	6:45 pm
" " " " " "	7:05 pm
" " " " " "	7:30 pm
Arrive at Lincolnton	8:00 pm

JAMES MASON, Superintendent.

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE R. R.

Change of Schedule.
On and after Sunday, April 30th, 1882, Passenger Train Service on the Atlanta and Charlotte Air-Line division of this road will be as follows:

GOING EAST.	
Mail and Express, No. 51.	
Leave Atlanta	2:15 p. m.
Arrive at Gainesville	2:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	3:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	3:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	4:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	4:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	5:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	5:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	6:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	6:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	7:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	7:45 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte	8:15 p. m.

GOING WEST.	
Mail and Express, No. 50.	
Leave Charlotte	1:00 a. m.
Arrive at Gastonia	1:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	2:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	2:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	3:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	3:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	4:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	4:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	5:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	5:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	6:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	6:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	7:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	7:45 a. m.
Arrive at Atlanta	8:15 a. m.

GOING WEST.	
Mail No. 52.	
Leave Charlotte	12:40 p. m.
Arrive at Gastonia	1:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	1:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	2:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	2:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	3:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	3:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	4:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	4:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	5:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	5:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	6:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	6:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	7:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	7:45 p. m.
Arrive at Atlanta	8:15 p. m.

GOING WEST.	
Mail No. 53.	
Leave Atlanta	4:00 a. m.
Arrive at Gainesville	4:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	5:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	5:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	6:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	6:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	7:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	7:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	8:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	8:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	9:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	9:45 a. m.
" " " " " "	10:15 a. m.
" " " " " "	10:45 a. m.
Arrive at Charlotte	11:15 a. m.

GOING WEST.	
Mail No. 54.	
Leave Charlotte	12:40 p. m.
Arrive at Gastonia	1:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	1:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	2:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	2:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	3:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	3:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	4:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	4:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	5:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	5:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	6:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	6:45 p. m.
" " " " " "	7:15 p. m.
" " " " " "	7:45 p. m.
Arrive at Atlanta	8:15 p. m.

CONNECTIONS.
A with arriving trains of Georgia Central and A. & W. P. Railroads.
B with arriving trains of Georgia Central, A. & W. P. and W. & A. Railroads.
C with arriving trains of Georgia Railroad.
D with Lawrenceville Branch to and from Lawrenceville, Ga.
E with Northeastern Railroad of Georgia to and from Athens, Ga.
F with Elberton Air-line to and from Elberton, Ga.
G with Columbia and Greenville to and from Columbia and Charleston, S. C.
H with Columbia and Greenville to and from Columbia and Charleston, S. C.
K with Spartanburg and Asheville, and Spartanburg, Union and Columbia to and from Henderson and Asheville, and Abston and Columbia.
L with Chester & Lenoir Narrow Gauge to and from Lincolnton and Chester.
M with U. C. & A.—C. C.—R. & D. and A. T. & O. for all points West, North and East.
N Pullman sleeping car service on trains Nos. 47 and 48, daily, without change, between Atlanta and New York.
I. Y. SAGE, Supt.
T. M. R. TALCOTT, General Manager.
A. POPE, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent.

Does it Pay?

Does it pay to have a dozen intelligent young men turned into thieves and vagabonds that one man may get a living by "selling them rum?"

Does it pay to have fifty working men poor and ragged in order to have one saloon-keeper dressed in oration and flush of money?

Does it pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another sells him liquor?

Does it pay to hang one citizen because another got him drunk?

Does it pay to receive fifteen dollars for a license, and then pay twenty thousand dollars for trying a man for murder, induced by the rum sold him?

Does it pay to have a hundred homes blasted, ruined, desolated, turned into hells of misery, strife, and want, that some whole sale rumrunner may build up a large fortune?

Does it pay to tolerate a traffic which breeds crime, poverty, agony, idleness, shame and death wherever it is allowed?

Mark This.

Did you ever know a man who grew rich by fraud, continue successful through life and leave a fortune at death?

This question was put to a gentleman who had been in business forty years. After reflecting awhile he said:

"Not one. I have seen many men become rich, as if by magic, and win golden opinions, when some little things led to an exposure of their fraud, and they have fallen into disgrace and ruin. Arson, perjury and suicide are common crimes with those who make haste to be rich regardless of the means."

Boys, stick a pin here. You will soon be men and begin to act with those who make money. Write this good man's testimony in your mind, and with it put this word of God. "He that hasteneth to be rich, hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him."

Let these words lead you to resolve to make haste slowly when you go into business in the manner of making money.

About Girls.

When girls midway in their natural girlish habits and attire, don long skirts, shoot up their hair, and affect the airs and dress of young women, they would often be surprised to know what their elders really think of the improvements. One such young miss went to the depot recently to meet an aged friend of the family, and was surprised to find herself not recognized upon greeting the visitor as she stepped from the car.

"Don't you know me, auntie?"

"Why, this isn't Maria, is it?"

"Certainly! Don't you think I look better than I did last summer?"

"No," replied the honest soul, looking at the girl; "to tell the truth, I don't! Go home and let down your hair, and be young while you can, for it will not be many years before you will be glad to have people take you for a girl!"—Exchange.

Take Care of the Boys.

Mothers, are you not more careful of your girls than your boys? Do you not imagine that they are more competent to take care of themselves than your daughters are? If you entertain this belief, and act accordingly, you are in an error that should be immediately corrected. Remember that girls are almost invariably at home, and in their mother's society between school hours when boys are surrounded with temptation from the hour they are able to toddle alone. In the early morning, noon and evening hours, your girls are generally with you, but where are your boys? At such times how easy is it for your son to be tempted into misdemeanor, to depart from your wholesome instruction to commit acts that he could not do, were he as much under your immediate control as is your daughter. We would advise mothers who are blessed with sons, to give them the same motherly supervision that she does her girls. Were the latter out of her sight as much in the hours of recess from study as are the former, the mother would speedily become solicitous of their whereabouts and surroundings. Have the same solicitude about your sons and you will save them from many a temptation and snare.

Lucas Hirst, a lawyer, who died at Philadelphia recently, and bequeathed nearly the whole of his fortune, valued at \$180,000, toward the foundation of a free law library in Philadelphia for the use of poor members of the profession, was formerly office boy for Attorney-General Brewster.

PATIENCE.

If your foes torment and taunt you, If you fears harass and haunt you, If the world seems dark and dreary—"Wait a wee and dinna weary."

If the hopes you fondly cherish, Dashed to earth, seem sure to perish, Wait with patience for to-morrow—No man's life is wholly sorrow.

If your plans don't work to please you, If the Fates should vex and tease you—If you can—be bright and cheery—"Wait a wee and dinna weary."

If God give you leisure, take it; 'Tis his gift—a blessing make it; Faith in him no while abating, Serve his will by patient waiting.

Or, if work, instead of leisure, Pain, instead of longed-for pleasure—Howsoever your lot seem dreary—"Wait a wee and dinna weary."

WHAT BECAME OF HER.

There was great commotion in Foxville when old Parson Fox died. It was not only because he was the pioneer of the place, having come there when the woods were one primeval mass of green, and him—

—if having erected the old stone parsonage around which the thriving village had grown up with almost incredible rapidity. It was not that he had preached the gospel to them for four-and-forty years; it was not that his footsteps had been instant on every threshold where sickness came or sorrow brooded.

All this had been received as a matter of course, and forgotten as soon as the necessities were past. But it was because Foxville curiosity was on the *qui vive* about Joanna, his grandchild, the sole remaining blossom on the gnarled old family tree who was left quite unprovided for.

"I declare to goodness," said Mrs. Emmons, "I don't know what is to become of that girl!"

"She hadn't no faculty," said Sabina Sexton, the village dressmaker; "and never had."

"Books possessed no charm to her!" sighed Miss Dodge, who taught the Foxville district school. "She always cried over her parsing and rhetoric, and I never could make her understand cube root!"

"There's no denyin' that the old minister was as near a saint as we often see in this world," said Mrs. Luke Lockedge, piously. "But he hadn't ought to let Joanna run loose in the woods and fields the way he did. Why, I don't s'pose she ever made a shirt or fried a batch o' fritters in her life!"

"Is it true," said Miss Dodge, peering inquisitively up under her spectacle glasses, that she is engaged to your Simon, Mrs. Lockedge?"

Mrs. Lockedge closed her mouth, shook her head and knitted away until her needles shone like-forked lightning.

"Simon's like all other young men, Miss Dodge," said she—"took by a pretty face and a pair o' bright eyes. And they set on the same bench at school. And as long as we 'posed Parson Fox had left property why there wasn't no objection. But there wasn't nothing—not even a life insurance. So I've talked to Simon and made him hear reason. There can't no body live on air!"

"But that's ruther hard on Joanna, ain't it?" said Mrs. Emmons, with a little sympathetic wheeze.

always set a deal of store by you, Joanna. "Did you?" she said, bitterly. "One would scarcely have thought it."

"And you know, Joanna," he added, awkwardly, mindful of his mother's drill, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window!"

Joanna smiled scornfully. "It seems," she said, "that love does not always wait for that."

And she turned and walked like a young queen into the adjoining apartment; while Simon, blinking out of the door like a detected burglar, muttered to himself.

"It's the hardest job o' work that ever I did in my life. Splitting stumps is nothing to it. But mother says it must be done—and mother rules the roost in our house!"

Next came Mrs. Emmons. "Joanna," said she. "I'm deeply grieved at this 'ere affliction that's befallen you!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Emmons," said the girl, mechanically.

"I've come to ask you about your plans, added the plump widow. "Because, if you have no other intentions, I'll be glad to have you help me with the housework. I'm goin' to have a house full o' summer boarders, and there'll be a deal more work than me and Elvira can manage. Of course you won't expect no pay, but a good home is what you need most, and—"

"Stop a minute!" said Joanna. "Am I to understand that you expect me to assume the position and duties of a servant, without a servant's wages?"

"You'll be a member of the family," said Mrs. Emmons; "and you'll set at the same table with me and Elvira, and—"

"I am much obliged to you," said Joanna; "but I must decline your kind offer."

And Mrs. Emmons departed in righteous wrath, audibly declaring her conviction that pride was certain sooner or later to have a fall.

"I have plenty of friends," said Joanna, courageously, "or rather dear grandpapa had. I am sure to be provided for."

But Squire Barton loomed harder than any fiend when the orphan came to him.

"Something to do, Miss Fox?" said he. "Well, that's the very problem of the age—woman's work, you know; and I ain't smart enough to solve it. Copying? No, our firm don't need that sort of work. Do I know of any one that does? No, I can't say I do; but if I should hear of an opening, I'll be sure to let you know. Ahem! I'm a little busy this morning, Miss Fox; sorry I can't devote more time to you John, the door. Good-morning, my dear Miss Fox! I assure you, you have nice and Mrs. Barton's prayers in this sad visitation of an inscrutable Providence."

Old Miss Griggs, who had fifty thousand dollars at interest, and who had always declared that she loved dear Joanna Fox like a daughter, sent down word that she wasn't very well and couldn't see company.

Dr. Wentworth, in visiting whose invalid daughter poor old Parson Fox had contracted the illness which carried him to his grave, was brusque and short. He was sorry for Miss Joanna, of course, but he didn't know of any way in which he could be useful. He understood there was a kid-glove factory to be opened on Walling river soon.

"There's no necessity for any one starving in this great, busy world," said Miss Woodin, cheerfully. "All one wants is—faculty!"

Joanna shrank a little from the hard, stereotyped word which she had so often heard from the lips of Mrs. Emmons, Miss Sabina Sexton, and that sisterhood.

"But how do you live?" said she.

"Do you see that thing there in the corner?" said Miss Woodin.

"Yes," answered Joanna. "Is it a sewing machine?"

"It's a type-writer," announced Miss Woodin, "and I earn my living on it."

"But what do you write?" said Joanna.

"Anything I can get," said Miss Woodin.

And thus, in the heart of the great wilderness of New York, Joanna Fox commenced her pilgrimage of toil.

First on the type-writer, then promoted to a compiler's desk in the "Fashion Department" of a prominent weekly journal; then, by means of a striking original sketch, slipped into the letter-box of the Ladies' Weekly with fear and trembling, to a place on the contributors' list; then gradually rising to the rank of a spirited young novelist, until our village dame had her pretty "flat" furnished like a miniature palace, with Miss Woodin and her type-writer snugly installed in one corner.

"Because I owe everything to her," said the young authoress, gratefully.

And one day, glancing over the exchanges in the sanctum of the Ladies' Weekly, to whose columns she still contributed, she came across a copy of the Foxville Gazette.

"Hester," she said, hurrying home to Miss Woodin, "the parsonage is to be sold at auction to-morrow, and I mean to go up and buy it; for I am sure—quite sure that I could write better there than anywhere else in the world."

Miss Woodin agreed with Joanna. Miss Woodin believed most firmly in whatever Joanna believed. In her loving eyes the successful young writer was always right.

So Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin, dressed in black and closely veiled, went up to Foxville to attend the auction sale.

"Everybody was there. They didn't have an auction sale at Foxville every day in the week."

Squire Barton was there, with a vague idea of purchasing the old place for a public garden.

diveral porches, Laurels and rhododendrons were set out in the grounds, the little brook was bridged over with rustic cedar-wood, and Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin came there to live in modest comfort.

But Mrs. Lockedge and her son Simon moved out of Foxville when the mortgage on their old place was fore-closed, and the places that had known them once knew them no more.

And Mrs. Emmons said: "She's done real well, Joanna, has. I always knew there was something in her."

And Mrs. Wentworth and the Misses Barton tried desperately to become intimate with the young authoress, but without avail.

For there is nothing in all the wide world so successful as success, and it is a fetish which has many worshippers.

HILEN FOREST GRAVES.

Johnny and the Sour Apples.

"Johnny," said a lady living on Austin avenue, to her ten-year-old son, "take a basket, go to the grocery on the corner, and bring me a dozen nice apples. Be sure and taste them, and see they are not sour ones."

"Yes, mother, I will try and remember to taste them," said Johnny, cheerfully, taking up the basket and sauntering out the gate. In about half an hour he came back and placed the empty basket on the table.

"Didn't the grocer have any apples?" asked the anxious mother.

"Yes, mam I bought a dozen. They were not sour."

"Where are they?" asked the fond mother taking another squint into the empty basket.

"You told me to be sure and see that they were not sour, so I had to taste every one of them, you know, ma; I had to bite each apple, you know."

"Where are they?" shrieked the now thoroughly aroused woman.

"They were all little apples, ma, and one of them didn't make more than a good bite, but they wasn't sour, ma, indeed they wasn't."

Judging from the way Johnny walks the apples did not agree with him, even if they were not sour.—Texas Siftings.

"Don't sit so far from me, Harry, dear," she said to her lover, while they were steaming up the river with the excursion; "don't sit so far away; people will think we're married!"

PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life, it circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the only sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood. These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that nothing but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron-preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from every part of the system, and it will not blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively not injurious.

Saved his Child.
17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 17, 1880.
Gentle—Upon the recommendation of a friend I tried BROWN'S IRON BITTERS as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly convinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loath to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease, but to my great surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and when the physician was consulted he quickly said "Tonics were required," and when informed that the elder sister was taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."
ANGRAM PHILES.

Best business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you \$12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.