THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

Vol. III.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1882.

No. 40.

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WAITING.

Waiting while the shadows gather, And the sunlight fades away, While the tender gloaming deepens, And the golden turns to gray.

Watching while the starlight quivers Brightly in the heaven above; am waiting for her coming, Waiting, watching for my love.

Listening for the well-known footfall And the voice whose loving tone Sweetly bids me cease my waiting, Watching, listening for my own

Lingering still among the shadows, As they deepen on the beach; Hearts exchange in sacred stillness Thoughts that would be soiled by speech

Thus in perfect love and trusting, Winged moments pass away; Till the holy, star-crowned night is Sweet to us as golden day.

And as tenderly the gloaming Gathered on the brow of day, God shall keep her, God shall bless her, When Life's golden turns to gray.

DOT'S "FAREWELL."

The Fosebrookes had one of the loveliest country houses within fifty miles of New York. It was a long, low, rambling affair, indeed; most of it only one story bigh; but it was picturesque as well as comfortable; and it was especially dear to Mr. Fossbrooke, for it had belonged to the family for several generations, and was full, therefore, of associations. Mr. Foss brooke was a merchant of New York; but as his country home was close to a railroad, he was in the habit of going to the city every morning and returning every evening; and this even in winter.

One morning, Mr. Fossbrooke was astonished to hear his wife declare that she must go to Saratoga that summer. Heretofore the family had remained at home all the year, and ! ad entertained no ambition beyond it. In fact, nothing could induce Mr. Fossbrooke himself to leave the dear old place. He ventured, therefore, to express his surprise.

'Surprised, you say?' retorted Mrs. Fossbrooke, throwing back the lace lagpets of her breakfast-cap. 'I cau't See why. Men, far poorer, serid their wivesand daughters to Suratoga. 'The truth is, your are too mean.'

'Oh, mamma, mamma, how can you say so?" cried Dat, the youngest of three

"I was addressing your father, not you," replied the mother, severel . 'I repeat, Mr. Fossbrooke, there is no possible excuse for refusing to let us go to Saratoga, save your unwillingness to see your money spent.

'I think it is spent fast enough, my dear,' replied the merchant, pushing back his plate. 'At any rate, our expenses threaten to exceed our income, at present. I have always done the best I could for my family, aud am willing to do so still : but-"

'Don't expect us to mope to death in this stupid country place from one year's end to another,' interrupted Mrs. Fossbrooke. We want some recreation, as well as other people.'

'To be sure you do, and I am willing you should have it, to the utmost limit of

'To be frank, answered Mrs. Fossbrooke. luterrupting, "I've a special object in view -a special reason for wishing to go to Saratoga this season; something over and above my personal erjoyment.' And as her husband lit a cigar, and prepared to leave for the train, she followed him, adding, when they were stone : 'I am thinking of your daughters, Wouldn't you like

to see them well married before you die?' 'Oh, yes; but at the same time, I don't believe in husband-hunting.

'I do, then, if you choose to put it in that coarse and vulgar way, my dear. I desire to see my girls well married, and I intend to make any and every sacrifice in order to give them good opportunities. I had a letter from my sister, last week, and she tells me that Saratoga has unusual attractions, this season. Young Dukehart and Harry Mordaunt are both to be there -millionairee, as you know, my dear ; and,' she added, significantly, 'Belle and Julie

are such pretty, attractive girls." 'And how about Dot?' laughed Mr.

His wife shrugged her graceful shoulders as she replied :

'Dot's too young, my dear; she must

'That's as she says, my dear,' said the merchant, dryly. 'She shan't be put off and kept back any longer. Dot's the jewel

Some days later, Mr. Fossbrooke put a roll of hills in his wife's hand.

'This is all I can do, Clara,' he said You'll have to divide it up, and make it that, became their favorite resort. Very

Mrs. Fossbrooke looked gravely dubious, Dot's existence; be was her hero, her as she counted over the notes; but finally knight of chivalry. Yet she was not con-

"balf a loaf was better than no bread at

When Mr. Fossbrooke reached the lawn next morning on his way to the station, Dot followed him.

'I've something to say to you, please, papa, she said. 'I don't want to go to Saratoga.'

'Why, Dot, what's the matter ?' he cried, turning to face her. 'Has your moth-

'No, no, papa,' she interrupted eagerly. Mamma basn't said a word; but I can't go and leave you here all alone. I shall stay at home and be your house-keeper.' And despite her father's remonstrances, Dot kept her word.

Mrs. Fossbrooke and her two daughters had been at Saratoga about a fortnight, when, on a certain bright afternoon, Dot went out to meet her father at the depot. She walked briskly down the green lane, the blue ribbons of her broad hat fluttering in the breeze, until she reached the edge of the wood, near the station. Here she sat down in the shade, to wait. Suddealy, at her side, she saw a hideous serpent, its tawny head erect, its eyes glowing like jewels, its forked tongue protruding, just ready to strike.

One shrill cry of mortal terror broke from her whitening lips, and then she fell forward like one dead; while the serpent, with a hiss, slid nearer. Fortunately, a young geotleman, fishing in the stream above the ridge, heard the cry; and in another breath he was crashing downward through the underbrush.

He took in the situation at a glarce. It was the work of a moment to seize the reptile by the throat, and harl it for down into the ravine below; of another, to catch up the levely, and unconscious girl in his

Just then, the train came thundering up, slackened speed, and Mr. Fossbrooke jumped off.

'Wby, Dakehart I' he cried. Then, suddealy, and in a voice of horror: 'Great heavens! What has happened to my

The young man explained, in a few words, and then resigning Dot to her father, hurried back to the stream to fill his hat with water. He was leaning over her, while her father bathed her face, when she recovered from her swoon. She blushrassed when she understood all that had

'I am sorry to have caused so much trouble,' she said, still trembling, and clinging to her father; 'but oh, papa, it was so dreadful. I-I-can't-please papa, you must thank the gentleman for me."

'Dukehart, you'll take the thanks for granted, and come home with us to dinner," said Mr. Fossbrooke; and the young gentleman seemed well satisfied with the arrangement."

'I thought you were spending the summer at Saratoga, Mr. Dukebart,' remarked the merchant, sitting with his guest on the portico, while Dot changed her walking costume for a dinner dress with a train ; for the Fossbrookes always dined late, after Mr. Fo.sbrooke had returned from

'That was my intention,' responded the other, 'but I found a second season there took Frenchman's leave, last week.'

'My wife and daughters are at Saratoga,' said Mr. Fossbrooke, dryly.

'Oh ten thousand pardons, I really had no idea. I remember the name now-'

'No matter,' interrupted the merchant, rising. There goes the dinner-bell, and we musn't keep Dot waiting."

'Didn't I understand you to say that your daughters are at Baratoga, Mr. Fossbrooke? inquired Mr. Dukebart, when the two were seated at the dinner-table.

'Yes, my two elder girls, said the merchant. 'Dot, there,' glancing fondly toward the foot of the table, 'preferred to stay at home, and keep house for her old

The guest was silent. The experience was a novel one. He had seen much of the world and a good deal of our sex; but he had never before seen a young lady who preferred housekeeping to Saratoga. He had been struck with Dot's beauty in the woods; but now, in her dinner-dress, she looked lovelier than ever.

From that evening began the dream of Dot's life. Never before bad she met any one so handsome, so accomplished, so sympathetic, as Mr. Dukebart. Hardly a day passed but that, on some pretext or other, he contrived to make a call. The mornthe garden, where she was gathering roses you. She's engaged to Dukehart." still wet with dew; and the garden, after soon, he seemed to have become a part of

going away, perhaps that very evening. The pang which the intelligence gave her was intensified by the thought which flashed on her at once that, if he really wished to stay, he need not go ; for she knew he was out of business; 'a gentleman of leisnre,' as her father had said. 'No,' she gasped, when he had left, now fully awake to the state of her beart, he has only been amusing himself; he cares nothing for me; oh! what a fool I have been.'

She went up to her room, and there fought out her fight. It was a bitter, passionate hour; one of utter, hopeless renunciation. At last, as the afternoon wore on, she rallied, with a brave heart, and dressed for dinner. She gathered up her abundant tresses in asknot at the back of her bead, and selected one of her most bewitching costumes; a simple, tight-fitting gown of a dark color, and with a tasteful fische about her shoulders. 'Papa likes to see me prettily dressed,' said she, 'and he mustn't guess at my sorrow; I will be gayer than ever' As the time for his train had not arrived however, she went out into the garden, with her sketching materiule, to finish a drawing she was making, in chalks, of the lichen-tinted store wall, said to be half a century old. But she could not bring her attention to it. Her thoughts, in spite of her, would wander. She found herself recalling the pleasant walks she had taken with Mr. Dukehart; the afternoons spent in boating; the evenings over music. She drew a long sigh. 'Alas,' she said to berself, 'they are all gone, forever. Why couldn't he have left me alore? Till he came, I was happy. He will never; never return. That is what

he meant. Farewell, farewell, to it all.' She had left her easel, and gone to look at the texture of the stones in the wall, the better to reproduce them in her sketch; and now, unconsciously, she began, with her chalk pencil, to write on the wall the

'Farewell, furewell.'

Suddenly, a footstep, approaching eagerly, startled her. She looked around, Duke-hart himself was before her.

'Farewell, farewell,' he said, reading aloud what she had written. His face lell. her first child know about colic and thrash Then he went on passionately: 'Oh, I and hives, and hiccups, and it takes a good hope-I hope that is not meant for me, deal of faith to dose em with sut tea, and and his voice trembled with aoxiety. 'I catoip, and lime water, and paragoric, and went to town this morning, after I left you, soothing syrap, and sometimes with all of to see your father. If my mission had these the child gets worse, and if it gets failed, I could never have returned. But better I've always had a curiosity to know he has brought me back with him. He which remedy it was that did the work. has given me leave to plead my suit in Children born of healthy parents can stand

forehead, and was trembling so she could a wonderful restorer. Rock em awhile in hardly stand. She glanced up shyly at the cradle, then take em up and jolt em a him as he stood before ber, with his hat little on the knee and then turn em over off, and his head bowed deprecatingly. He and jolt em on the other side, and then give caught the glance, and read hope in it; and em some sugar in a rag and after while went on, more passionately than ever, as be they will go to sleep and let the poor mothseized ber little fluttering hand: 'He has er rest. There is no patent on this busigiven me leave to ask for this dear little ness, no way of raising em all the same hand. Oh, Dot, don't say no; that would way, but it is trouble, trouble from the kill me. I have loved you, dear, ever since start, and nobody but a mother knows how that day in the woods; only more and much trouble it is. A man ought to be a more every day. Won't you take pity on mighty good man just for his mother's me-a little, just a little, Dot?"

we well know; and never was a happier almost too much of a good thing; and so I dinner-party than that which followed half an hour after.

'Well, my dear, I hope you've enjoyed yourself at Saratoga,' said Mr. Fossbrooke, a week later, sitting with his wife on the

afternoon of her return home. 'Well, no, Alfred,' answered the lady with a jaded look, 'I can't say that I have. The girls enjoyed it, of course; but we were terribly cramped for means; and after all-well, nothing has come of it. The season has been rather a failure, Harry Mordaunt is engaged to Clara Beckwith; and young Dukehart left almost immediately any now-a days, and there are no more after our arrival, so that we didn't even coming on to take their places. The rising

make his acquaintance.' 'Yes, he's been spending some time in this neighborhood.

'What ? Tom Dukehart, the million The same, my dear. He has been a

'Alfred! And you didn't let me know Oh, I've no patience with your stapidity, in, but he don't care a cent for he thinks I I could have brought the girls home, at a will support him and carry him through, moment's warning."

'My dear wife, I wouldn't have spoiled cour pleasure for the world, answered the at a dollar a week, and the other day she the very queen of housekeepers. And by take a dollar and a half a week to pay for Murcury. ing after the accident, he surprised her in the way, my dear, I've a bit of news for her children's schooling and because I

'Yes, my dear, Dut.'

'Good heavens! Why, they say he' worth two or three millions, Alfred.'

'What of that, my dear? The value of

decided, to use her own expression, that scious of the meaning of it all, until one girl like Dot is far above rubies. And pens. Who makes up the jury box in that morning, during an early call, he told her moreover, she's one that, if she didn't love, court, and what do they put more niggers that his holiday was up, and that he was would never marry a man, even if he had twenty millions.'-Peterson's Magazine.

ARP'S BABY TALK. Dimpled Chin and Pink Toes in

The House. Temporary Return of the Old Days,

Business-Which Brings up Suggestions of Old Times, When Good Niggers Lived. Atlanta Constitution.

The poet hath said that "a baby in the house is a well spring of pleasure.' There is a bran new one here now, the first Ir eight years, and it has raised a powerful commotion. Its not our baby, exactly, but it is in the line of descent, and Mrs. Arp takes on over it all the same as she used to when she was regularly in the business I thought maybe she had forgotten how to nurse em and talk to em but she is singing the same old familiar songs that have sweetened the dreams of half a score and she blesses the little eyes and the sweet little mouth and uses the same infantile language that nobody but babies understand. For she says "tum here to its dandmudder." and "bess its ittle heart," and talks about its sweet little sootsy-tootsies and holds it up to the windows to see the wagon go by and the wheels going rouny-pouny and now my liberty is curtailed for as I go stamping-around with my heavy farm shoes she shakes her ominous finger at me just like she used to and says don't you see the baby is asleep, and so I have to tip-toe around, and ever and anon she wants a little fire, or some hot water, or some catnip, for the baby is a-crying and shorely has got the colic. The doors have to be kept shut now for fear of a draft of air on the baby, and a little hole in the windowpane about as big as a dime had to be patched, and I have to hunt up a passel of kinlings every night and put em where they will be handy, and they have sent me off to another room where the baby can't hear me snore, and all things considered, the baby is running the muchine, and the well spring of pleasure is the center of more A grandmath is a description and a great comfort at such a time as this, for what does a young mother with a power of medicine and get over it, for Dot, by this time was crimson to her after the cry comes the sleep, and sleep is sake if nothing else, for there is no toil or That the answer was not unfavorable, trial like nursing and caring for a little child, and there is no grief so great as a

be when niggers was, and there was in almost every family a good old nigger mammy who kugw exactly what to do with the baby, and was trusty and patient and watchful, and who loved to set in the chimney corner and nurse, and took more than half the burden off of her mistress Those were good old negroes that we used to have, and the memory of them is pleasant. They are all dead I reckon, for I never see generation are to good to nurse, or to cook, or to wash, and what else they are fit for I have not discovered, for they dont work in these parts. I have just give one of my tenants notice that if he don't take daily visitor in this house for the last the cotton patch he can't work my land another year, for his cotton is falling out and before long the rainy season will set and I'm not going to do it any more never. I hired his wife to do our washing this year wouldest give it she is setting up there doing nothing, I was reading your ac-

mother's if all her care and anxiety is

But the times are not like they used to

wasted on an ungrateful child.

Uncle Sam's officers got sense enough to know that the niggers are not fitten for jurymen, and can't they see that it degrades and belittles the court, and is Judge McCay going to drag his ermine through the same sort of a mudhole ? There is no excuse for it except a hatred of the southern white felks or an ignorance of the nigger's qualifications and I know that the judge is not subject to either of these, and therefore I have hopes of him. Our northern masters have had seventeen years of experience with the nigger and ought to have found him out by this time and let him alone and it is high time they were letting us alone too. The first thing they know they will have the southern people as hostile to their government as the Irish are to England. Judge Underwood says that a feller came before the tariff commission over in St. Louis and said he represented the five great manufactories of quinine in the United States and they wanted protection from foreign competition, and the judge asked him if quinine was not used all over the country by the poor and the rich and especially in the south and west and he said yes and the judge asked him if these five great houses that made it were poor folks and he said no they were rich and prosperous and then the judge let in on him and made him feel so mean he retired prematurely in bad order. And there was some lamber dealers from Saginaw who wanted protection on their white pine and they said there was no other pine in this country better to build houses of and the judge told em about our long leaf pine

than white folks in it for, and havent

and they seemed very much astonished. He says every little rat-trap of a concern up north wants protection and they have had it so long they want more of the same sort and they have all got rich through the operations of the tariff and we at the south have got no benefit for we dident have the manufactories and now the way to do is for us to go to manufacturing the same things and get even with em. Well it is working that way now for I hardly ever take up a paper that dont tell of some new shows that our people are prospering and laying up money which they want to invest. Weve got the land and the climate on them fellers up north and now if we

in the south and they said they had beard

of it, but it wouldent hold paint and the

judge told em we had painted houses down

here a few and our people were now ship-

ping lumber të Louisville and Cincinnati

up and make the fur fly.

Use For Grumblers.

can only eatch up with em in money we

will be all right. I wish we had a Jay

Gould down here i ist to see him wake em

Probably all things have their use in his world, and grumblers and fault-finders are no exception to the rule It needs one or two dogs to take care of a flock of sheep. To be sure a whole flock of dogs would be of little value. They would produce neither lambs, wool nor mitton; but one or two of them serve an excellent purpose. They guard the flock, they hunt up stragglers, they raise the alarm when dangers real or tancied are near, and so they really serve the shepherd's interests. So one or two growling, sparling grumblers about a church aid wonderfully in keeping things in order. They may be unreasonable, they may in themselves seem unprofitable : neither fleece nor milk can be expected from them, but their growls warn mon away from danger, their snarling and muttering serve to keep people on the alert, and at a safe distance. Many a man has had great reason to thank God for the slanders and lies that have been told about him, and which have stimulated him to constant watchlulness that he might prevent their ever coming true.

So, good friends, if you can't be sheep, be dogs, and keep up your yelping; it may keep in the fold, if it does not keep the woives out; and in the end we may see his children out of school and put 'em in that all things have their use, and that all things work together for Lood to them that love God.

> A permanent restoration of exhausted and worn out functions follow the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

The hat factory at Newton is working merchant, with twinkling eyes. Besides, struck for higher wages though there is 64 hands, and pays one dollar a day. Each there was no necessity whatever. Dot is less washing to do, but she said it would hand makes nine hats a day.-Catoubu

> A North Carolina man has invented a folding barrel or hogshead for use in transcount of that United States court that is porting dry material. The heads may be going on in Atlanta, where they had eight taken out, the staves rolled together and niggers and four white men on the jary, the whole thing made burrel shape again and I would like to know how that hap- with a few quick motions .- Banner.