

# 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 27, 1882.

No. 43.

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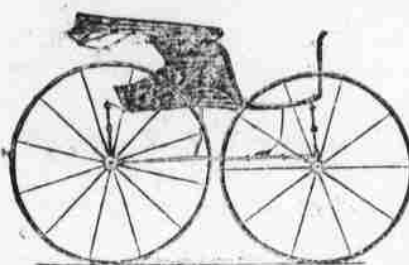
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business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you, \$12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for 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, easy, and honorably. Address: Taux & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, and many of the best medicines known are here combined into a medicine of such rare powers as to make it the greatest Blood Purifier and the

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Cures Complaints of Women and diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, and is entirely different from Bitters, Ginger Essences and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates. 50c. and \$1 sizes. Large Saving buying \$1 size. Hiscox & Co., New York.

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**WON THE HIGHEST MEDALS**  
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No remedy more widely or favorably known. It is rapid in relieving, quick in curing. For Lamæ Back, Rheumatism, Kidney Affections, and aches and pains generally, it is the unrivaled remedy.

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are certain by best, having been so decreed at every Great World's Industrial Competition for Sixteen Years; no other American organs having found equal at any. Also cheapest. Style 109; 3 1/2 octaves; sufficient compass and power, with best quality, for popular sacred and secular music in schools or families, at only \$72. One hundred other styles at \$30, \$57, \$66, \$72, \$78, \$93, \$108, \$114 to \$500 and up. The large styles are wholly unrivaled by any other organs. Also for easy payments. Now illustrated Catalogue free. Not require tuning one-quarter as much as other Pianos. Illustrated Circulars free.

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## Rocking the Baby.

I hear her rocking the baby,  
Her room is next to mine,  
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms  
That round her neck entwine,  
As she rocks and rocks the baby,  
In the room next to mine.

I hear her rocking the baby,  
Each day when the twilight comes,  
And I know there's a world of blessing and  
love  
In the "baby-by" she hums,

I can see the restless fingers  
Playing with "mamma's rings,"  
The sweet, little smiling, pouting mouth  
That to her in kissing clings,  
As she rocks and sings to the baby,  
And dreams as she rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby  
Slower and slower now,  
And I hear, she is leaving her good-night  
On its eyes, cheek and lip.

From her rocking, rocking, rocking,  
I wonder would she start,  
Could she know, through the wall between us,  
She is rocking on a heart?  
While my empty arms are aching  
For a form that may not press,  
And my empty heart is breaking  
In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,  
In the room just next to mine,  
And breathe a prayer in silence,  
At a mother's broken shrine,  
For the woman who rocks the baby  
In the room just next to mine.

## THE RED MITTEN.

CHAPTER I.

It was the afternoon of a clear, sharp January day of 1861, and the company numbered fully two hundred; there were men and women, boys and girls, flying and circling about, in masses, singly, by dozens and by twos and threes over the frozen surface of the beautiful Silver Lake in Rockdale, a suburb of the flourishing city of B—.

Among the crowd were many lads and lasses who imagined they were fond of skating, and who came to Silver Lake for no other reason. It was singular, too, to note how much more gracefully the outward roll, backward or forward, can be accomplished by joining hands or being linked together by a walking-stick. These sticks, in some instances, proved no conductors to the sympathetic thrill that pervaded the magnets at either end.

The positive and negative conditions were fully realized in the case of brawny John Horton and rosy-cheeked Abbie Latham, the daughter of the squire. She, with her nimble, comely figure, and fresh, handsome face, lit up by a pair of laughing blue eyes, could have led awkward John, on or off skates, anywhere, with an apron string or a thread for a conductor. Not so with John. He could lead her nowhere; and the more the girl could balk and tantalize him the more she seemed to enjoy the skating and his company. Many a ludicrous figure he cut, and many an awkward fall he endured by her sudden and unaccountable turns and shiftings, and her mirth and glee were at the highest at John's repeated failures to follow her difficult and tortuous windings. John was overgrown and massive, his twenty years of existence not having yet served to properly knit together and round out the proportions of his frame. She was lithe and quick, and as graceful as she was skillful in the use of skates.

Apart from the throng this afternoon John espied a little red mitten lying on the ice, where it had been dropped by some one of the numerous children. Miss Abbie saw it, too, and, as John, by one of his graceful movements essayed to stoop and capture the article, she refused to release his hand; but, just as he bent forward, she gave a wicked pull, and John, unbalanced, was sent sprawling a rod or two beyond. A peal of silvery laughter was her sympathetic comment, as, with a graceful curve, she turned and caught the tiny thing in her hand.

John blushed at his awkwardness, and held out his hand to receive the mitten.

But the captor only held it before him, and gently moved away.

"Won't you give it to me?" he asked. "I will find the owner."

"I can find the owner more easily than you. I can't trust you; you would fall and crush the poor thing in trying to deliver it." And she saucily laughed again.

"You made me fall," said John, in a grievous tone. "You are always doing these things. If I skated more and studied less I'd soon be as much an adept as your friend Joe Staples, whom you are always praising."

"You? Ha, ha, ha! As graceful as Joe Staples?" and the hilarity of the young maiden made John Horton's sluggish blood course through his veins till his face was as red as the scarlet kerchief that encircled his neck.

All the rest of that afternoon John was gloomy and silent. He moped around mechanically, or rather automatically, and his companion concluded to serve no more tricks upon him.

rose and preoccupied. As he was about to take his leave, John said, seriously and a little sarcastically: "Abbie, I'm going back to college to-morrow, and I hope you will enjoy the rest of the skating season in companionship more graceful than mine."

"I hope I shall," replied she in the same tone. "You must feel bad about something; perhaps it's the mitten; you had better take it, no, not now—I won't give it up. If I ever think enough of you to surrender it, I'll send it to you by express."

John, with rare calmness, took the mitten, and gazed for a few moments at the little witch who had so

So with a smile he slipped on his coat and resolutely turned homeward, resolved to waste no more time with skating girls, who judged young men by the dexterity they exhibited in handling their heels.

CHAPTER II.

Among the earliest volunteer regiments that left for the seat of war in the summer of 1861 was the—th Massachusetts, with Lieutenant John Horton as an officer of company B. Like hundreds of others he abandoned his books for the sword, and had passed nights and days in study and drill to fit himself for his new position. Horton enjoyed the reputation among his fellows of being rather an ascetic. He was reticent, sometimes gloomy, and, although he performed his duties acceptably, he had thus far failed to show any distinguishing qualities for a military career. He joined in few of the camp pleasures, and when not on duty, reading or studying, was sure to be seen in abstract thought, walking about the streets of the camp, or in the region of country immediately around. Christmas and New Year in camp formed one of the brightest seasons to the hardworked soldier in the years of the rebellion. Though the quantity of useful and useless articles dispatched from home was at all times great, the bulk of contributions arriving at this festive season sorely tried the carrying capacity of an engaged soldier.

privates were. The officers of the—th regiment to have an "opening" in the colonel's quarters, and thither all who were not on duty repaired. The evening was of course most enjoyable, for nearly every one had received from home some gift or token to remind him of a mother, sister or sweetheart, sometimes of all three. Horton was present, cool, gloomy and indifferent. He did not expect any present. His family was scattered, and many of those nearest to him to whose loving sympathy he would naturally turn at this time had passed away. He did not feel in a sympathetic or sentimental mood, and yet no particle of envy entered his mind in witnessing the enjoyment of others. As the major held up a small paper box, however, and called out "Lieutenant John W. Horton," the latter started and felt his face aglow in an instant. He took the parcel, and in spite of entreaties in which not a few jokes were cracked at his expense, placed it in his pocket till the conclusion of the festivities, when he retired to the comfortable quarters he shared with Lieutenant Carter.

Lieutenant Horton was puzzled and curious. After divesting himself of his overcoat he sat down, placed the box on the table, lighted the sojacing tudeen, determined to approach and unravel the mystery as became a philosopher. Carter got decidedly impatient before even the outer wrappings were removed, as Horton conducted proceedings with a weighty deliberation. At last Horton shook from the

box a small, round object, which he examined with a keen eye.

"What is that?" he asked. "It is a red mitten," replied Horton, "which I found on Silver Lake to-day."

"A red mitten?" repeated Carter, "and you found it on Silver Lake to-day?"

"Yes," replied Horton, "and I found it on Silver Lake to-day."

"And you found it on Silver Lake to-day?" repeated Carter, "and you found it on Silver Lake to-day?"

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entertain some little regard for him. Still, as she had vouchsafed no kind of message with the surrender of the mitten, he was at a loss how to act. Write he could not. "If I asked Carter's advice," he reasoned, "he would only laugh at me. Why can't those plucky women let a fellow alone, any way?" he muttered to himself. "I was going to forget her—and now she has opened all my wounds afresh. She did it to retaliate me, but I'll show the flirt and the little sex that I can't be tantalized."

And then Jack took from his inner pocket an envelope, out of which he fished a little note, on which he gazed for a few moments.

Jack stood gazing into the darkness, a suggestion of fishes lit up the gloom, and the sharp report of small arms broke the stillness. "Hello, here's for fun!" exclaimed Jack, as he rushed for his accoutrements. The long roll called the men into line, and in a few moments the regiment was prepared to receive the enemy. Being out of the officers at hand, Lieutenant Horton was ordered by the colonel to go forward with a detail of men and ascertain the state of affairs. The pickets were retreating, the firing being answered by stray shots from the enemy; no judgment of their numbers could be formed, but the panic-stricken pickets expected them to be 10,000 strong at least. Horton determined to keep cool and ascertain for himself the number of the enemy. He had had little experience of fighting as yet, and his position was by no means a pleasant one. In his maneuver his excellent judgment was proved, for after studying the situation as it was prudent he hastened to the front and informed him that they consisted of not more than a regiment of infantry, being directly for the camp.

A hot skirmish ensued, the fight lasting

along all comfortable one evening, with a straight stretch of track ahead for ten or fifteen miles, running on time, and every body feeling tip-top, as overland travelers do who are acquainted with each other and feel congenial. All at once the train suddenly slowed down, ran in on an old siding and stopped.

"Of course I got out and ran ahead of the engine to see what the matter was. Old Antifat, the engineer, had gone down, and was on the main track looking ahead to where, twinkling along about six or seven miles down the road, apparently, was the headlight of an approaching train. It was evidently 'wild,' for nothing was due that we knew of at that hour."

"However, we had been miraculously saved from a frightful wreck by the engineer's watchfulness, and every body went forward and shook old Antifat by the hand and cried thank him till it was the most affecting scene for awhile that I ever witnessed. It was as though we had stopped at the very verge of a bottomless chasm, and every body was crying at once, till it was a kind of a cross between a revival and a picnic."

"After we had waited about half an hour, I should say, for the blasted train to come up and pass us, and apparently, she was no nearer, a cold, clammy suspicion began to bore itself into the adamant shell of my intellect. The more I thought of it the more unhappy I felt. I almost wished that I were dead. Cold streaks ran up my back followed by hot ones. I wanted to go home. I wanted to be where the hungry, prying eyes of the great, throbbing work-day world could not see me."

"I called Antifat to one side and said something to him. He swore softly to himself and kicked the ground, and looked at the headlight still glimmering in the distance. Then he got on his engine and I yelled 'All aboard!' In a few moments we were moving again, and the general impression was that the train ahead was side-tracked and waiting for us, although there wasn't a side track within twenty miles except the one we had just left."

"It was never exactly clear to the passengers where we passed that wild train, but I didn't explain it to them. I was too much engrossed with my surging thoughts."

"I never felt my own inferiority so much as I did that night. I never so fully realized what a mere speck man is upon the bosom of the universe."

"When I surveyed the starry vault

## The Story of a Headlight.

A Thrilling Episode in the Career of a Union Pacific Conductor.

"Yes," said the conductor, biting off the tip of a cigar and slowly scratching a match on his leg. "I've seen a good deal of railroad life that's interesting and exciting in the twenty years that I've been twisting brakes and slamming doors for a living."

"I've seen all kinds of sorrow and all kinds of joy—seen the happy bridal couple starting out on their wedding tour with the bright and hopeful future before them, and the black robed

on the same train, and the merry laugh of the joyous child is mingled with the despairing sigh of the aged. The great antipodes of life are familiar to the conductor, for every day the extremes of the world are meeting beneath his eye.

"I've mutilated the ticket of many a blackleg and handled the passes of all our most eminent dead-heads. I don't know what walk in life is crowded with more thrilling incidents than mine."

"Ever had any smash-ups?"

"Smash-ups? Oh yes, several. None however, that might not have been worse."

"There is one incident in my railroad life," continued the conductor, running his tongue carefully over a broken place in the wrapper of his cigar, "that I never spoke of before to anyone. It has caused me more misery and wretchedness than any one thing that has ever happened to me in my official career."

"Sometimes even now, after the lapse of many years, I awake in the night with the cold drops of agony standing on my face and the horrible nightmare upon me, with its terrible surroundings as plain as on the memorable night it occurred."

"I was running extra on the Union Pacific for a conductor who was an old friend of mine, and who had gone south

along all comfortable one evening, with a straight stretch of track ahead for ten or fifteen miles, running on time, and every body feeling tip-top, as overland travelers do who are acquainted with each other and feel congenial. All at once the train suddenly slowed down, ran in on an old siding and stopped.

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of heaven and considered its illimitable space, where beyond and stretching on and on forever, countless suns are placed as centers, around which solar systems are revolving in their regular orbits, each little world peopled, perhaps, with its teeming millions of struggling humanity, and then other and mightier systems of worlds revolving about these systems till the mind is dazed and giddy with the mighty thought; and then when I compared all this universal magnificence, this brilliant aggregation of worlds and systems of worlds, with one poor, groveling worm of the dust, a little insignificant atom, only a poor, weak, erring, worthless, fallible, blind, groping railroad conductor, with my train peacefully side-tracked in the

main track, there was something about the whole somber picture that has overshadowed my whole life and made me unhappy and wretched while others were gay.

"Sometimes Antifat and myself meet at some liquid restaurant and silently take something in memory of our great sorrow, but never mention it. We never tear open old ranking wounds or laugh over the night we politely gave the main track to Venus while we stood patiently on the siding."

—Boomerang.

## Josh Billings on Courting.

Courting is a luxury, it is salad, it is ice water, it is a beverage, it is a pie spell of the soul. The man who has never courted has lived in vain; he has bin a blind man among landscapes and waterscapes; he has been a deff man in the land of organs, and by the side of murmuring canals. Courting is like a little springs of soft water that steal out from under a rock at the foot of a mountain, and run down the hill side by side, singing and dancing and spluttering each other, eddy and kaskading, now hiding under bank, now full of sun, and now full of shadow, till bimby the jine and then this go slow. I am in favor of long courting it gives the parties a chance to find out

merino lambs. Courting is like strawberries and cream, wants to be did slow, then you git the flavor. I hav saw folks git acquainted, fall in luv, git married, settle down, and git tew work in three weeks from date. This iz jist the w sun folks larn a trade, and accounts for the great number of almighty mean mechanics we hav, the poor jobs that turn out.

Perhaps it iz best I shud state some some good advise to young men who are about tew court with a final view to matrimony, as it waz. In the first place yung man, you want to get yure system all rite, and then find a young woman who is willing tew be counted on the square. The next thing iz tew find out how old she iz, which yu kan do bi asking her, and she will sa that she iz 19 years old, and this yu will find won't be far from out of the wa. The next best thing iz tew begin moderate; say once every nite sin the week for the first six months, increasing the dose as this patient seems to require it. It iz a fast rate w tew court the girl's mother a lettle on the start, for there iz one thing a woman never despizes, and that iz, a lettle good courting, if iz dun stricky on the square. After the first year yu will begin tew like the business. There iz one thing I always advise, and that iz not to swop photographs oftener than once in 10 days, unless you forget how the gal looks.

Okasionally yu want tew look sorry, and draw in yure wind as the gal tew had pain; this will set the gal tew teasing yu to find out what ails yu. Evening meetings are a good thing to tend, it will keep yure religion in tune, and then if the gal happens to be there, bi accident, she can ask yu tew go home with her. As a general thing I wouldn't brag on other gals much when I waz courting, it nite look as tho' yu hav tew much. If yu will court 3 years in this wawl the time on the square, it yu don't sa it iz a lettle the sickest time in your life, you kan it measured for a hat at my expense, and pa for it. Don't court for munn, nor buty, nor relashuns, these things are jist about ez unsartin as the kerosene ile refining business, diab's tew git out ov repair and bust at any minut.

Queen Victoria invariably transacts her public business between breakfast and luncheon, and hardly once in a month does she concern herself with public affairs at any other time.