

THE GASTONIAN GAZETTE.

Vol. III. GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1882. No. 51.

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Charlotte, N. C.
PRACTICE LIMITED TO THE
Eye, Ear & Throat.
E. M. ANDREWS!
FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASKETS.
W. S. CHRISTENBURY,
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DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOTHING
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Watertown Spring Wagons.
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COLLEGE STREET,
Opposite Sander & Blackwoods,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE "MODEL MILLS."
This elegant newly erected Mill with an
entirely new outfit is now ready for
operation. We have employed as Miller,
Mr. David H. ...
Opposite Sander & Blackwoods,
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J. T. FARRISS,
Watch-Maker
AND
JEWELER.
Mas located in Gastonia, N. C. Watches,
Clocks and Jewelry of all kinds
neatly and substantially
repaired. Call
at the Martin Block

Geo. E. Nissen & Co.,
SALEM, N. C.,
WAGON MANUFACTURERS
Using only the best of materials, we make
the best of work, and guarantee every job.
Our Wagons have the best reputation of
any in the State.
W. E. Nissen, Salem, P. O., N. C.
Write for prices. Refer to all who are using
our Wagons.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE.
About five miles from Gastonia and Dallas
on the Spencer's Ford road, containing 80
acres, all in original woods except 20 acres in
a good state of cultivation. It has a very
good log house only 1 1/2 miles from the Air-
Line R. R. Price \$8,000 per acre.
Apply to
GEO. W. CHALK,
J. W. GLENN,
GASTONIA.

**Water-Power
FOR SALE**
A fine Water-Power for sale on the South
Fork of the Catawba river, with fifteen or
twenty acres of land attached, about one
mile from Hardin Station on the Chesapeake
& Lenoir Railroad. Terms moderate. For fur-
ther information apply to G. W. CHALK, Real
Estate Agent, Gastonia, N. C., or to M. D.
FRIDAY, on the premises.

**BOOTS, SHOES
AND
GAITERS**
The most artistic, durable, and the most
comfortable made. All we ask is an ex-
amination and trial. All kinds of repairing
done on short notice and satisfaction guar-
anteed.
W. C. TEAGUE,
GASTONIA, N. C.

here and there, as though drawing her
attention to the different beauties of
the landscape.
"Some contain, I suppose," she said
to herself, as she went slowly down the
stairs to her own room. The apron
must be removed the silky braids
smoothed with extra care, and the plain
collar replaced with dainty lace. Then
from its little sandal-wood box Ivy
drew forth a slender chain and looked
at the sole ornament she possessed and
settled it among the friars with a satis-
fied smile. Tender brown eyes, crim-
son lips, a low white forehead framed
by curls—it certainly was a pretty
picture that looked from the
glass. In spite of fatigue Ivy
was looking her prettiest and knew
and was so glad, for who could
tell but that he might come over the
very night?

IVY'S MISTAKE.

Christmas eve in the old Sanderson
homestead, and from cellar to garret
floated delicious odors of roasting tur-
key, of chickens done to a tender crisp
in their own rich juices, and a goodly
array of pies of all denominations—such
pies, teeming with all the odds of Arabv
the West, as had won her, motherly
Mrs. Sanderson and her able reputa-
tion through all the region round about.
And fitting to her mother's
side in the great, clean, shining kitchen
with light feet, the very daintiest,
deftest little hand in all the world, was
the blooming Ivy—"sole daughter of
her house and heart."

"Here, mother," she said, placing
a gigantic plum cake on the table with
a triumphant flourish "that's the heat!
The baking is done, thank goodness,
and now I'll attack the parlor."
"I wouldn't—light, dear," said Mrs.

Joe, he it known, was the squire's
step-son. Only the year before the
squire had married a dashing, thought-
elderly widow from the city, with two
grown-up sons. One of them Ivy had
never seen, but Joe had been in the
habit of paying frequent flying visits
from the city, where he resided, and,
as report said, was amassing a fortune
fairly fabulous for so young a man.
When the summer came, and he spent
a whole month at the squire's, he had
singled out Ivy from the whole
troop of rustic beauties, and devoted
himself to her with a persistence that
soon set every gossip's tongue in mo-
tion.

She turned faint and sit-
th forced itself upon her
white as death, and
big look of misery that
could have melted a
heart of stone.
"What's the matter, my
dear?" asked the woman
beginning to her. "I
don't know, but I feel
as if I were going to
die."

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