

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. I.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 12th., 1880.

No. 17.

**Dr. GEO. W. GRAHAM,**  
Charlotte, North Carolina,  
Practice limited to the  
**Eye, Ear and Throat.**  
Office with Drs. Jones & Graham.

**Thos. M. Pittman,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
(Opposite Court House.)  
Practices in the State and Federal Courts  
and pays prompt attention to business.  
Will negotiate loans.  
Charlotte, N. C., 16 June 5th.

**RO. D. GRAHAM,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
In the State and United States Courts,  
Record Information, Abstracts of Titles,  
Surveys, &c., furnished for compensation.  
Office, N. E. cor. Trade and Fryon sts.,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C. mar 6-ly

**E. S. F. GILES,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
DALLAS, N. C.  
Will practice in Gaston and adjoining  
counties and the State and Federal Courts.  
Business promptly attended to. Feb 21-ly

**A. B. RHYNE,**  
GASTONIA, North Carolina,  
DISTILLER OF  
Pure Copper Distilled Rectified  
**Corn Whisky.**  
We say the Best Make in the Country.  
Orders filled on short notice.  
Feb 21 6m A. B. RHYNE.

**Cotton Seed.**  
I have a nice lot of selected and improved  
Cotton Seed, which I am selling at 50 cents  
per bushel.  
Call at my residence in east Gastonia  
or at the Gazette office.  
Feb 21-3t M. N. CHALK.

**FAYSSOUX BROTHERS,**  
Gastonia, North Carolina.  
**New Store, New Goods.**  
They have just received a new and well  
selected stock of—  
Groceries, Coffees, Molasses, Sugars, Can-  
dies, Cigars, Tobaccos, &c.  
Highest market price paid for country  
Produce. Feb 28-ly

**J. R. WARREN,**  
**BLACKSMITH,**  
Main Street, Gastonia, N. C.  
Bids to call the attention of his friends to  
call and get their horses neatly shod,  
besides all kinds of blacksmithing  
attended to at extremely low prices.

**ENGINE FOR SALE.**  
I have one 6 Horse Steam Portable En-  
gine of the W. H. make, in good order;  
one Thresher and Separator, one Cotton  
Gin and Press for sale, the entire cost  
\$2,000. I will sell the whole for \$1,200,  
warranted in good working order. The  
Engine and Thresher were used by Mr  
Smyre, threshing wheat in Gaston county  
last summer. Call at our office or  
address  
T. P. BEARD,  
Yorkville, S. C.

**J. R. EDDINS,**  
**Bookseller & Stationer,**  
TRYON STREET,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
Keeps constantly on hand a full and  
well selected stock of everything in his  
line.  
Special attention given to orders by mail.  
Orders from Country Merchants solicited.  
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**MAUEY & BEAL,**  
Opposite Waddill House, Gastonia, N. C.  
—Dealers in—  
**GROCERIES**  
—OF ALL KINDS—  
Best Molasses, Coffees and Sugars,  
Cheese and Crackers, Candies and Nuts,  
Flour and Meal, Bacon and Lard,  
Cigars and Tobacco, Ground Coffee,  
Spices and Teas, Fruits, &c., &c., &c.

**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**  
**Barter for Butter & Eggs.**  
Be sure and give us a call, as we are  
determined to not be undersold.

## Aunt Nora's One Great Sin.

"I am dying," said my Aunt Nora to me, as I sat beside her one autumn eve. For some time I had known that she could not live long, yet her words sent a shiver through me. "I trust not, aunt," said I, clasping one of her wasted hands in mine; "you are no worse to-day than for months past. Surely you should not give up all hope."

"Why should I care—why should I hope? Life is but one long torture to me; why need I mourn that it is about to go? My woman's heart has borne too much, my child. Fate wove many a darksome thread for me."

I looked in wordless pity at her as she lay among the pillows, pale and wasted, and I knew that her thoughts had gone back into the past by the slight smile that curved her lips. I tenderly passed my hand over her faded hair, and, thinking of all the sorrows she had faced and struggled with, I bent forward, pressed my lips to her brow, and murmured, softly:

"My dear aunt!" Her large eyes opened and turned to my face. "Winnie, may I tell you?" she inquired. "Certainly," said I, in surprise; "what can you wish to tell me, Aunt Nora?"

"My one great sin—my one great sorrow," was her answer. Was my aunt mad? Surely the approach of death had turned her brain! Her great sin? Why, her life had been one great sacrifice; her heart the abode of suffering, since that time so long ago when she stood, half crazed with grief, over the dead body of her promised husband, the handsome young heir of the Linton household, that was now without master or mistress, a beautiful but deserted spot. Ah, well! I knew that she had suffered, but none could say that she had lavished her wealth upon the needy, and in many a cottage was her name spoken at the hour of prayer, reverently, with blessing upon it.

"Sinned?" said I, softly. "Auntie, dear, you are but dreaming. Will you not try to sleep?"

"Nay, child, ere long I will sleep soundly, but I cannot die with it untold. Promise that you will not shrink from me when I tell you, for, Winnie, since I took you to my heart, you have won me to love you as I loved but once before. Promise me."

"Auntie, dear, dear, nothing on earth could make me turn from you; no sin, however dark, could make me love you less."

She clasped my hand convulsively. "Ah, child, you do not know," she said; "upon my hand is blood, the blood of one I held dearer than ought else on earth. Winnie, do not I pray do not turn from me; remember I am dying!" for I had tried to withdraw my hand.

"Aunt Nora!" I cried, in horror, "you cannot mean this; surely you of all on earth are not the one to shed the blood of a human being! Auntie, darling, you do not mean it!"

"Child, listen while I have strength to tell, for I know that my hours are numbered. Do not condemn until you hear me. When I was young and fair I had many lovers. Heirs to a noble fortune; possessed of rich beauty, it was no wonder. Life was a perfect dream of joy for my father worshipped his only child, and I had been too young to weep when my mother died.

"Gladly as some light butterfly, I danced along life's pathway, nor dreamed of sorrow or care."

"Friends I had, yes, many a one; but of all, I loved the best one fair-faced girl. We had met at school, and then I had fallen in love with her. It was not strange, for she was more beautiful than any picture I had ever seen, with long, golden hair, large, innocent blue eyes, and ripe red lips, like those of a tender babe. Her skin was clear as that of a waxen image, and seldom held the least color. She was shorter than I, but perfectly, with tiny hands and feet."

"I, with my dark eyes, raven hair, and tall, slender figure, felt nothing beside her for beauty, although many said I was fairest."

"Be that as it may, when my father took me to E—, Lottie and I wept bitterly at parting, but my tears fell fastest, and she promised to spend the following summer with me in my country home."

"Ah! Winnie, alas the day came! I met young Duke Linton, and loved him with the whole wild passion of my young heart. You do not know, child, how a woman of my nature can love. But his deep gray eyes and haughty brow were stamped upon the heart of the careless girl, and are still cherished in the bosom of the dying woman. And yet, oh, God! That I who so

loved him should have laid him so low!"

"In Heaven's name, aunt, do not say killed Duke Linton!" I cried, in terror. "Child," said she, calmly, "I did. It was I who drove the dagger to his faithless heart; I who bent above him when he breathed his last."

"Let me tell you all. I loved him as it is the fortune of few women to love, and he professed to worship me. How my old heart throbs even now, when I think of those happy days. God of mercy, why were they so few?"

"She paused a moment, then went on: "We were engaged, and the day set for our union. In a perfect dream of bliss, I wrote to Lottie Dent. She replied, and said she was going to visit me very soon."

"May had left us, and June roses were blooming ere Lottie came to me."

"More beautiful than ever, more careless and gay, she sprang into my arms when I ran to her to meet her."

"Do you know, Winnie, I have believed in presentiments since then? For, as I stood with her clasped to my bosom, a chill came over my heart, as though the icy winds of winter were sweeping across its naked chords."

"Ah! if I had then known why! but it passed, and I did not know that God had sent it as a warning that I held a serpent to my bosom."

"As God hears me I had not a thought of murder, then, but the dagger was still in my hand; I raised the hand to point for him to go, and the steel caught my eye. I raised the hand higher, took a step forward, and buried the blade in his bosom."

"He fell at my feet, and realizing what I had done, I knelt beside him, frantically called his name. He did not answer, and realizing that he was dead, I sprang to my feet and rushed to the house. I guided my own room, and bolted the door."

"All that night long I paced my chamber floor, every chord of my heart strained to breaking. Friend and lover, both were false. Her fair face had won him, and he would not bear me breaking heart, and the world's cold scorn as best I might."

"The morning dawned. I had come to a resolution. My pride was raved, and Lottie placed him in the coffin earlier, than know he had deceived and cast me aside."

"One thought was mine, my pride was saved. "I kept my room next morning till I heard a noise of many and excited voices in the hall below, also tramping of many feet. Ah, they had found him! Now—now, I must act my part."

"I opened the chamber door, fled down the stairs, and right up to the object on the hall floor. Then my woman's heart returned. One glance at the rigid face, one sight of the crumpled breast, and I fell upon the marble floor in a deathly swoon. Many kind friends ministered to me, none knowing that upon the hand that bore his betrothed ring rested his blood."

"Lottie Dent took strong convulsions when she knew of his murder, but left for—next day and I never heard from her again."

"They bore him to his grave, the last of the proud race of Linton. I, in my mourning garb, followed after, his almost bride; the woman who had taken his life."

"Since that time I have vainly tried to kill remorse by my lavish charity—the small voice speaketh still. Even now, as I lie on the bed from which I may not rise; as I linger on the borderland of eternity there is a fear that all was of no avail."

"Winnie," in the broken voice came tears, "I took you from poverty when a child, educated and raised you tenderly. Loved you with a mother's love, and if you turn from me now in horror, how can I face my Judge above? Winnie, child, are you near me?"

"I am here, aunt," I sobbed, "I will not leave you. You have suffered for the sin, and many of God's children have offered prayers for you at his throne. He will forgive. His mercy surpasseth all understanding, and he will not remember against you that one sad act; for surely, auntie, you were mad!"

"Yes, darling," said she, wearily, "but I feel sleepy. Pray you beside me while I sleep."

For hour after hour I knelt there, pouring out prayer after prayer for the parting soul, for I felt that it was leaving. Hour after hour till the dawn came on, and the sun, rising high, fell upon the stark and rigid face of my aunt. Dead! Ay, with the crimson stain upon it, the soul had appeared at the high bar.

## Sunday Reading.

An army officer in the civil war rode a horse which knew as well as a human being when the battle was impending. The approach of the conflict always gave the beast the keenest terror; he trembled in every nerve, and was apparently unable to stir. But when the battle was once begun and he was urged forward into the thick of the fight, all trembling and hesitancy left him; his nostrils were proudly raised in the air, and every motion was swift and fearless. So it is with some men in the Christian life. They tremble at the thought of entering the church; they feel themselves utterly unworthy to sit at the table of the Lord; their first words in the prayer meeting are feeble and faltering. But the believer who is most timid at the outset often becomes the most fearless and the most useful of all. That very honesty of purpose and delicacy of action which hurries the would-be Christian with fears of his unworthiness, is transmitted into the power which, with the same feeling of personal humanity, can yet do all things by the strength of God. *Spurgeon's School Times.*

## Praying and Watching.

Is it not a sad thing that we should think it wonderful for God to hear prayer? Much better faith was that of a little boy in one of the schools in Edinburgh, who had attended a prayer meeting, and at the last said to his teacher, who conducted it: "Teacher, I wish my sister could be got to read the Bible; she never reads it."

"Why, Johnny, should your sister read the Bible?"

"Because if she once read it, I am sure it would do her good, and she would be converted and saved."

"Do you think so, Johnny?"

"Yes, I do, sir; and I wish the next time there was a prayer meeting you would ask the people to pray for my sister, that she may begin to read the Bible."

"Well, well; it shall be done, Johnny."

So the teacher gave out that a little boy was anxious that prayer should be offered, that his sister might read her Bible. John was observed to get up and go out. The teacher thought it very rude of the boy to disturb the people in a crowded room, and so the next day, when the lady came, he said:

"John, I thought it very rude of you to get up in the prayer meeting, and go out. You ought not to have done so."

"Oh, sir," said the boy, "I did not mean to be rude, but I thought I should like to go home and see my sister reading her Bible for the first time."

Thus we ought to watch with expectation for answers to our prayers. Do not say, "Lord, turn my darkness into light," and then go out with your candle, as though you expected to find it dark. *Spurgeon.*

fat should be employed. The natural food of the fowl consists of insects, seeds, vegetable matter, etc. Therefore, there should be a variety of grains, animal matter in the forms of scraps of meat, or pressed scraps, chopped cabbages, etc., or, as has been practiced, finely cut and steamed clover hay. There should be a great variety at all times, and Indian meal scalded and well seasoned with pepper or chopped horseradish will be very effective. A recent writer prescribed scalded Indian meal made into a mush, which was cooked an hour or two and then fed hot with horseradish. It was recommended to cook food of all kinds and feed hot. This might be good as a stimulant, but corn meal must be combined with animal food to produce eggs. A supply of powdered shells or bone should be provided, not only to aid digestion, but to furnish egg-shell material. A correspondent of the *Plymouth Chronicle* mixed hog's lard with the dough he gave his hens and asserts that a piece as large as a hickory nut will set a hen to laying immediately after she is broken up from sitting, and that by feeding a little occasionally hens may be made to lay all winter.

## Color of the Hair.

The varieties of color which characterize the hair of different nations are interesting to note. The complexion, which sympathizes with the color of the hair, or, rather, with which the color of the hair sympathizes depends much on accidental circumstances—a florid complexion, for instance, being usually the result of healthfulness of employment and wholesome food. In the South of England the hair is usually darker than in the midland counties, and, again, in Lancashire and Yorkshire it is principally of a handsome brown. The females of Lancashire are especially celebrated for the beauty of their eyes and hair. The Highlanders of Scotland are generally brown haired, but in some districts rather sandy. Partington's Encyclopedia says: "They are seldom bald headed, and in this respect differ from the Lowlanders whose hair is usually more scanty." Among the Irish peasantry the hair is generally dark, and in some districts particularly black, especially about Rossera and its vicinity. "This character," observes the authority just quoted, "may be noticed to prevail throughout a great portion of the south of Ireland." The distinguishing trait of the Irish peasantry is the low eyelash, which is particularly dark and thick, more so than among other people except the natives of Savoy. In Normandy not a trace of the red hair, supposed by some to belong to the early Norman physiognomy, is now seen. In Burgundy the light brown hair and gray eyes have succeeded to the asserted rufous character of its ancient conquerors. The prevailing colors of hair in France are, however, dark brown and black. The German peasantry are a fair complexioned, gray eyed race, with hair of some shade of brown; in some districts flaxen or yellowish, but very seldom red. The Spaniards and Italians are famous for their black hair, but that of the former is often coarse, while that of the latter is silky and beautifully glossy.

## Tough Yarus

There is a place in Maine so rocky that when the Down-landers plant corn they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grains in with a musket, they can't raise ducks there no-how, for the stones are so thick the ducks can't get their bills between them to pick up the grasshoppers, and the only way the sheep can get at the sprigs of grass is by grinding their noses on a gri-dstone.

But that ain't a circumstance to a place on the Eastern Shore, the land is so poor that it takes two kidsars to say "Kildars," and on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers climb up a mullein stalk, and look with tears in their eyes over a fifty-acre field; and the bumblebees have to go down on their knees to get at the grass; all the mosquitoes died of starvation, and turkey buzzards had to emigrate.

But there is a country in Virginia so beat that; here the land is so sterile that when the wind is at the north west, they have to tie their children to keep them from blowing away; there it takes six frogs to see a man, and when the boys bark they have to leap against fences; the horses are so thin that it takes twice of them to make a shadow, and, when they kill a bee they have to hold him up to knock him down.

The Rev. Grant Powers, of Haverhill, N. H., rebuked an ignorant preacher for expressing the office of priest. He replied: "We are commanded to preach the gospel to every creature."

## The Two Bears.

A man and his wife were notorious throughout their whole community as living in anything but peace. All at once there was a sudden change for the better, and the house of discord became the house of concord, much to the astonishment and joy of the neighbors. An inquisitive old lady ventured to inquire the cause.

"Two bears did it," said the matron of the house.

"Two bears," ejaculated the old lady, lifting up both hands.

"Yes, two bears; and I'm glad they ever came into the house."

"But what in nature do you mean?"

"Two Scripture bears."

"Two Scripture bears! why you puzzle me more and more."

"'Tis true."

"I don't read in Scripture of two bears, but then two that eat up the wicked children that mocked Elisha, and they must be dead long ago."

"Two other bears are mentioned?"

"I don't recollect 'em."

"Well, the Scriptures mention Samson, and their names are Bear and Forbear."

"Well, I never!"

At this stage of the discourse we came away, and could not help most devoutly wishing that those two Scripture bears would travel through the land and enter into a great many houses.