

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. II.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., SATURDAY-MORNING, FEBRUARY 26th., 1881.

No. 8.

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WANTED.
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IMPOUNDED.
Sunset Rock—almost all New England
villages can boast of a Sunset Rock—a
low, gray tumulus, crowning the top of
the long hill on whose eastern slope lay the
hamlet of Teverton. Hamlet, I call it,
but it called itself a town, even as a dwarf
may call himself an old man by virtue of
the years he has seen; but for all its cen-
tury of existence, Teverton was for size
and importance, a hamlet still. Standing
on Sunset Rock and looking westward the
first thing that met the eye was a low stone
wall, pierced with iron doors, above which
of iron rods and long neat crosses
tract of meadow-land, on whose surface
granite boulders were more conspicuous
than was the crisp stout herbage that im-
bedded them. Further still, the land dipped
into an orchard-long valley, beyond
which rose a group of nobly formed hills,
belled by forest, and raising sharply de-
fined pointed crests to the sky. To north,
to south, stretched a far blue expanse of
distance, clothed with villages, with here
and there tracks of dark woodland, and in
one or two places the silver gleam of dis-
tant ponds. It was a beautiful landscape,
especially in the afternoon light of golden
September, and the wonder was that only
two persons had cared to take the easy
walk for the purpose of enjoying it. These
persons were girls, of about the same
height and age, who, as they climbed the
long hill, side by side, kept close together,
as though contact was dear and desirable
to them both.

Of the same age and height, yet nothing
could be more dissimilar than the type to
which Judith Adams and Kitty Beach be-
longed—a dissimilarity which, however,
rather helped than hindered their friend-
ship, as differences in type often do. Ju-
dith was strong and fair, with honest blue
eyes, and a steady, sensible face, which,
without beauty, had the attraction of the
rough womanliness in its every line and
curve. Kitty, vivid, impulsive, quick-
tongued, with the dew of feeling and the
gleam of fun always ready to leap to her
brown eyes and mobile mouth, possessed
some something of the charm and of the
defect which is popularly attributed to the
artistic temperament. Without claim to
artistic genius, she had undisputed talent,
and of a very versatile character. At-
tempting many things she, up to a certain
point, succeeded in all. Her quick, deft,
nervous fingers found nothing difficult; but
this very facility was a disadvantage and a
danger, and held her back from real pro-
ficiency. To Judith, whose mind and body
were of slower habit, Kitty appeared a
miracle of cleverness. Kitty herself knew
factors and studied moments in which she de-
lighted her own short-comings most hearti-
ly. This afternoon she was in especially
dispirited mood.

“So, I am sure to make a mistake
either way, and to do something I ought
not, and which I shall regret afterwards.”
I have decided to go,” she was saying to
Judith.

“But why, if you feel so badly about it,
persisted her friend.

“I’ve told you already. I go because I
am afraid to stay. If I do, I shall get into
some sort of awful scrape. I am convinced
either I shall say ‘no,’ and be sorry, or
else I shall say ‘yes,’ and the sorry will
be mine. The only safe way is to say nothing if
my mind is made up, and I can’t do that with-
out going away; but, oh dear! it’s a great
bother, when we are so comfortable here,
and I do so hate the idea of joining Susan,
and getting in with the Rippons and all
that set!”

“Well, I must say again that I do not
understand it,” persisted the practical Ju-
dith. “You don’t want to say ‘yes,’ and
you don’t want to say ‘no,’ and all the
time you like Ben—I am sure you do. If I
was in your place, I think I should know
my own mind better, and what I wanted
to say, Kitty.”

“Of course you would, you wise old
Ditha. If it was your Ben instead of my
Ben, don’t I know exactly how things
would be? You would weigh the matter
duly, taking the afternoon for it, so as not
to interfere with your night’s rest; you
would take it to church with you, and pray
over it, or perhaps open the Bible at ran-
dom, and read a passage ‘for direction,’ as
Aunt Persis used to recommend; then,
having made up your mind, you would
bring your Benjamin up here some fine
day, sit down on that rock here (taking
the precaution to spread a blanket shawl
first, for fear of dampness), draw off your
glove, fix your eyes on Middle mountain,
and utter a pensive ‘yep.’ And you would
come down the hill on Ben’s arm, and be
happy ever after, and what is more, de-
serve it. But, oh dear! me and Ben—”

“Kitty, for shame! Well, what about
you and your Ben?”

“Nothing. Only I am I, and he is he, so

we can’t and we won’t settle it in that fash-
ion. I wish I could be you, Ditha, and do
as you would do; it would doubtless be a
great deal better for me. But what’s the
use of wishing? I can’t be; it isn’t possi-
ble. I am, and must continue to be, my
bad, foolish, contradictory self; and you
are an angel. (Here a swift embrace.) ‘I
don’t know how I feel, or what I want, and
shan’t know till I can get off somewhere to
a distance, and put that boy in proper
perspective. He is too near by half as it is
now; he blinds and bewilders me. I can’t
see clearly, or determine; so, discretion
being the better part of valor, I shall flee.’
Kitty spoke merrily; but Judith, without
being not far from her own mind, was
“Oh, you Kitty-Cat. Well, if you must,
you must; but what shall I do without you
?” she said. Then, after a pause:
“Well, here we are at top. Let’s climb the
rock. Kitty, and sit just where we sat that
first night when there was that remarkable
yellow sunset, the night when Ben—Why,
what’s the matter? in a change of voice, for
Kitty, stopping short, had given a sharp
exclamation of pain.

“Oh, Judith, how unlucky—that stone
turned under my foot, and I’ve twisted my
ankle, I’m afraid. Help me to sit down.
Perhaps the pain will go off in a minute
or two.”

But the pain did not quite go, though
Judith unbuttoned the boot, and chafed the
sore ankle in her own warm hands.

“It’s better, though,” declared Kitty,
after a while. “It’s decidedly better, and I
can walk, I think, if you’ll let me hold your
arm.”

But the first step brought renewed pain,
and a groan.

“What shall we do?” said the troubled
Judith.

“My dear goosey don’t look so terrified.
It’s a simple enough business. I shall sit
here quietly—the ankle does well enough
while I keep still—and you will please go
down the hill to the Barrett farm, and get
Mrs. Barrett to send little Seth to Mr.
Barrett, wherever he happens to be, and
ask him to ‘take up the carry-all and fetch
me.’ That’s all, don’t you worry, and don’t
be afraid.”

“But you can’t go, can you?” said
Judith, before you could say ‘yes,’ I have
me to a less conspicuous place than this.
Somehow I don’t fancy the idea of sitting
here alone to be stared at by the people in
the Mountain House stage as they go by.
Oh, I know. There’s the old Pound; I’ll
go there.”

“The old Pound?”

“Didn’t you know that that thing over
there was the Pound? Dear me! I’ve
known about it ever since that first after-
noon. Ben told me, I think. It always
seemed rather interesting, somehow, but I
never took the trouble to go inside before.
They haven’t used it for years, I believe,
but it will make a very good retreat till
you come back just as good as if I was a
cow.” And laughing gaily, though with a
brow twisted by pain, Kitty hopped across
the road, and into the small walled inclos-
ure opposite. “There! that is beautiful!”
she declared, dropping into a corner. “This
wall makes a good back for me to lean
against, and no one but you’ll suspect
that I am here. Don’t run, and don’t heat
yourself. Ditha, or you’ll have a headache
to-morrow. I’m doing very nicely, and
don’t mind waiting a bit. Take your time.

With this injunction Judith departed.
For a few moments her footsteps were
audible on the stony road; then they died
away, and perfect quiet took possession of
the hill-top and the old Pound, broken
only by the drowsy chirp of grasshoppers
in the soft yellow grass. She slept was it
that when a flying bird skimmed across the
wall with a sharp call to his mate. Kitty
quite started in her corner. About her
stretched a carpet of low aromatic growths,
—tall and sweet-few and white-blossomed
immortelles with here and there a tall spike
of golden-bud flaunting its yellow fls.
The sun was nearing the horizon now,
Crimson tints flashed the soft valley
distance, and little flecks of rose and purple
chambllets began to flit the pure sky over-
head. After a while Kitty heard the rattle
of the stage wheels and the snap of the
driver’s whip, and as it crunched by on the
step road. Then came silence again, broken,
a little later, by the sound of distant
voices, which she guessed to be those of
people on the lower cross-roads; but they
did not come near her retreat; nor was
she startled when a soft thud of hoofs drew
near, till a loud “Haw!” close to her ear
made her jump, and at the same moment
a big red cow vaulted into the Pound
with a bounce and a clatter. There was
a rattle of bars, and dance of boyish boots
on the road, and before Kitty could realize
the situation, and scream, it was too late.
The boots were far down the hill, and there
was she, Kitty Beach, shut—yes actually
shut into the old Teverton Pound with a

red Ayrshire—she, whose horror from
childhood had been a cow, to whom the
fear of a lion was nothing in comparison!
It was too terrible.

Fright no less than her disabled ankle,
kept her perfectly motionless. Even had
she been able to stir, nothing would have
induced her to reduce the distance by an
inch when lay between herself and the
terrible creature which was now cropping
the immortal. Frozen by fear, she sat,
her one hope being that Judith might re-
turn soon, when suddenly the sound of
manly feet upon the road restored her
faculties of speech, or rather of search,
and with wild and desperate energy, she
screamed, “Oh, please come here, whoever
you are.”

“Come where?” asked a voice; and
above the wall, close, very close, to Kitty’s
ear, appeared a head—a well known,
determined, handsome head, with thick
wavy auburn hair and beard, whose ends
melted into warmer color still—the head
in sheet of Ben Hazard, the very Benja-
min from whom Kitty was proposing to
run away the next day save one. Poor
Kitty! running was the last thing possible
now.

“Why, whatever does this mean?” he
demanded, while Kitty, flushed and half
crying, between pain, vexation and alarm
faltered forth a lame explanation.

“So Judith went to get Mr. Barrett and
the carry-all,” she concluded. “And I
came in here to be out of the way, and
then some one turned that dreadful cow
in, and oh, please, won’t you drive her out?
I am so afraid of cows! and I am expecting
every minute that she will discover I am
here and turn upon me!”

“I think that would hardly be right,”
he said. “It would be an interference with
the authorities, and might make
trouble. But I’ll tell you what I’ll do
for you. I’ll sit here on the wall close
to you, and if the animal makes the
slightest attempt at violence, will jump
over my shoulder, even if it costs me the
skin of my blood!”

“That’s not absurd. I would much
rather have the cow turned out, or be help-
less myself.”

“But you can’t go, can you?” said
Ben, before you could say ‘yes,’ I have
me to a less conspicuous place than this.
Somehow I don’t fancy the idea of sitting
here alone to be stared at by the people in
the Mountain House stage as they go by.
Oh, I know. There’s the old Pound; I’ll
go there.”

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wall makes a good back for me to lean
against, and no one but you’ll suspect
that I am here. Don’t run, and don’t heat
yourself. Ditha, or you’ll have a headache
to-morrow. I’m doing very nicely, and
don’t mind waiting a bit. Take your time.

“Mrs. Barnett gave me a hint; she felt
sorry for me, I suppose; but I should have
known somehow if she had.”—How could
you do so? Why did you, dear?”

“Ben, I’ll tell you,” said Kitty, with sud-
den resolution. “I was—I was going away
because I’m afraid to stay near you any
longer just now. I don’t know my own
mind. I’m afraid of making a mistake.”

“The mistake of saying ‘no’ to me?”

“Or ‘yes.’ The truth is, you bewitch me
somehow when I am with you. I can’t
judge, can’t tell how it is. I want to look
soberly at the thing, to decide as a rational
woman, should in a matter of consequence.”

Kitty, there is nothing rational about
love, I don’t want you to decide that way.
If you do, all is up with me. How cruel of
you to think to rob in of my one chance!
Don’t know that once you leave me and
go away, I shall seem in your eyes the un-
worthy creature that I am, that all men
will be of anything so precious as your-
self, your love, your sweetness, your pure
ardent nature. My only hope is in winning
you against calm judgment and common
sense; in making you feel that with all my
faults, and little as I deserve it, I love you
so much as to be worth just a little for
love’s sake. Oh, Kitty, listen—don’t go!”

“Ah, Ben,” cried Kitty, flushed, quiver-
ing, pleased, moved. “I ought not—” But
precisely at this juncture the red Ayrshire
raised her head, gave a moo which to Kit-
ty’s ears was like a threatening roar, and
clung at a brisk trot directly toward her
corner. Kitty’s words broke into a
wild shriek, as, jumping to her feet in com-
plete disregard of the sprained ankle, she
stretched her hands and cried, “Oh, ben,
save me! save me!”

In one second he was over the wall. An-
other saw the cow in full retreat, and Kitty
in his arms.

“Take me away,” she sobbed, hiding her
eyes on his shoulder.

“Will you promise not to go? Will you
promise to listen to all I want to say?” de-
manded the wary Ben.

“Oh, yes anything, dear Ben. I’ll pro-
mise anything if only you will help me to

a safe place, away from that devouring
beast,” quavered Kitty.

No exact report exists with regard to
the proceedings of the next few minutes.
Suffice it to say that when Judith, speed-
ing on in advance of the carry-all, reached
the scene of action a quarter of an hour
later, she stood transfixed at the spectacle
of Kitty, sitting on the topmost ledge of
Sunset Rock, her hand fast held in Ben’s
and such a pair of happy eyes and blazing
cheeks as could only betoken a crisis of
blissful description.

“Why, how did—Ben, when did you
get here, and how did you find out where
Kitty was?” demanded the amazed Judith.

“It was the cow,” exclaimed Ben, wav-
ing his hand toward the Pound. “I’m go-
ing down now to order a pair of silver-gill
tips to her horns.”

“Yes, it was the cow; it really was,” ad-
ded Kitty, the sparkle of fun displacing the
lingering dew in her brown eyes—it was
all the cow. Had it not been for that dread-
ful animal over there, and the mean advan-
tage which Ben took of my helplessness
and my unprotected situation, I should
never have been so—” She paused for a
word.

“Happy?” suggested the daring Ben.

“Well, yes,” said Kitty, meeting his eyes
with her own.

And then, Judith notwithstanding, Ben
kissed her.

The carry-all wheels were now heard on
the road below, and Ben helped Kitty to
her feet. As he did so, the cow in the pound
lifted her head and gave a prolonged
moo-oo-oo.

“Her blessing on the engagement,” whis-
pered Ben, as he lifted his fiancée into the
carriage.

And to this day, when any little tiff
arises between the married lovers—who
are lovers still—Kitty, with a pretty sauciness,
is wont to shake her head and mur-
mur, “Ah, that red cow! she has much to
answer for!”—Harper’s Bazar.

SOME VERY OLD PEOPLE.
Paldo Lamar, of Mobile, was known to be
110 years of age when he died recently.

Philadelphia buried during 1880 118
persons aged ninety years and over, and 9
centenarians.

Aunt Rose was the last remaining cen-
tenary member of the Cumberland Street Baptist
Church, of Norfolk, Va. She died re-
cently at the age of 97 years.

The poet Burns was a neighbor of Mrs.
Cunningham, who is now 102 years of age,
living near Glasgow, Scotland. Robbie
was a visitor to her elder sister, and she
repeatedly heard him cracking jokes with her.

After living a century, Lidia Slaughter
was frozen to death during a recent cold
snap in her cabin near Boonesville, Mo., as
was also her son, Henry, aged sixty, who
lived with her. They had plenty of wood,
provisions and clothing, but were sick and
helpless.

Johanna Murray, of Allegheny, is over
ninety years of age. She has just been sent
to the city home for papers. For the past
ten years she has been living alone in a
wretched hotel and supported solely by
charitable neighbors. It was feared she
would freeze to death.

Daniel Alexander, of Charlotte, N. C.,
owned as a slave, Stephen Alexander, col-
ored, who recently died in his 102nd year.
He was strong and vigorous even in his ex-
treme old age, having chopped wood and
built fires on the day before his death. He
did not pretend to know George Washing-
ton, but when you struck him on Andy
Jackson he came out very strong.

Mrs. Letitia Ewing, of Elders Ridge,
Pa., bore her infant son, who is in his
70th year, an affectionate farewell and then
peacefully yielded up her life. She was in
her 108th year, and leaves surviving her a
son 82 years of age and a daughter 77
years of age. She also left thirty-two
grandchildren, over 50 great-grandchildren
and several great-great-grandchildren.

Columbus, Mississippi, is to have a \$1-
500 skating rink.

A new state house is soon to be erected
in Austin, Texas.

A Hart county, Kentucky, quail hen is
just sweet sixteen.

There are a large number of tax delin-
quents in Mississippi.

The Mississippi is booming with a large
amount of drift floating.

Chattanooga ships about 3,500 dozen
eggs per week to New York.

East Tennessee Sunday school convention
meets at Rogersville, May 12 and 13.

Augusta Evans has an income of between
\$4,000 and \$5,000 from her novels.

Raleigh, North Carolina, has received
nearly 50,000 bales of cotton this season.

The oil inspector of Memphis, Tennessee,
receives as pay \$2,000 per annum.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

Railroad business in Texas is immense.
There will be no spring fair held in New
Orleans this year.

The Alabama papers report prospects
good for an abundant crop.

A Spencer county, Ky., boy twelve years
old weighs 144 pounds.

Waco, Texas, has five trotters that can
step inside of three minutes.

There are in Texas, and within school
age 61,000 illiterate children.

The Texas state treasury showed up
January 1 good cash \$681,895.

The entire taxable property of Texas is
\$303,000,000 in round numbers.

Bishop Keane, of Richmond, says there
are 18,000 Catholics in North Carolina.

Dogwood and persimmon blocks are be-
ing shipped to the north from Virginia.

The orange trees at Ocean Springs,
Mississippi, were not killed by the snow.

Senator Lamar has some fine Jersey
cows at his home in Lafayette county, Miss.

The Mississippi papers are crying out
over exorbitant freight charges by railroads.

Three brothers named Caldwell, living at
Knoxville, weigh 886 pounds avoirdupois.

Last year 1,600,000 pounds of copper
was taken from Ore Knob, Ash county,
North Carolina.

Forty five persons have been burned to
death in North Carolina during the past
three months.

Quite a number of counterfeit \$10 gold
pieces are in circulation in Wilmington,
North Carolina.

The two Catholic schools in Lexington
Kentucky, received annually \$1,000 from
the public fund.

By a recent revival of religion one hun-
dred and fifty members have been added to
the Baptist church at Staunton, Virginia.

The Jacksonville, (Florida) Union says:
If no accident occurs the largest orange
crop known for years will be produced this
year in this state.

Gold in North Carolina exists principal-
ly in the central and western parts of the
state. The yield has been probably \$15-
20,000,000.

Mr. Spencer Cochran, of Virginia, aged
92, on the 14th, married Miss Bethany
Hubbard, aged 40. The granddaughter
and great-granddaughter of the groom
“stood up” with the couple, and his son
married them.

RULES FOR PARENTS.

1. First give yourself, and then your
child, to God. It is but giving him his
own. Not to do it, is robbing God.
2. Always prefer virtue to wealth—the
honor that comes from God to the honor
that comes from men. Do this for yourself.
Do it for your child.
3. Let your whole course be to raise your
child to a high standard. Do not sink into
childishness yourself.
4. Give no heedless commands, but when
you command, require prompt obedience.
5. Never indulge a child in cruelty, even
to an insect.
6. Cultivate a sympathy with your child
in all lawful joys and sorrows.
7. Be sure that you never correct a
child until you know that he deserves cor-
rection. Hear his story first and fully.
8. Never allow your child to whine and
fret, or to bear grudges.
9. Early inculcate frankness, candor,
generosity, magnanimity, patriotism, and
self-denial.
10. The knowledge and fear of the Lord
are the beginning of wisdom.
11. Never mortify the feelings of your
child by upholding it with dullness, neither
inspire it with self conceit.—Anonymous.

Louis Martin, a Sherman, Texas, man,
has sold 2,600 pounds of venison this season.

The death rate in New Orleans for 1880
was 27.7, which is about the same as Lon-
don.

The Charleston manufacturing companies
books now show a collection of \$222,000.

Collections by bell-panch in Galveston
in January in the saloons amounted to
\$565.

On Friday Houston & Bro., of Greens-
boro, N. C., bought ninety thousand rabbit
skins from two firms in Virginia.

Two hundred and fifty additional op-
eratives will be added to the Camperdown
cotton mills, at Greenville, S. C.

A five hundred pound bear, yielding
twelve gallons of oil, has recently been
killed near St. Augustine, Florida.

When you see a young man sailing down
the street shortly after midnight with his
collar washed down his neck you can make
up your mind that there’s a young girl
crawling up stairs not far distant with her
shoes under her arm and an extinguished
lamp in her hand.