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#### BE HAPPY AS YOU CAN.

This life is not all sunshine. Nor is it yet all showers, But storms and calms alternate, As thorns among the flowers; And while we seek the roses, The thorns full oft we scan, Still let us, though they wound us. Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses, As well as joys to share, And griefs and disappointments Which you and I must bear. Yet if misfortune's lava, Entombs Hope's dearest plan, Let us with what is left us, Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyment Is made of little things Are formed from siliant at springe, By treasuring small waters, The rivers reach their span, So we increase our pleasures,

Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts
Through which our feet must go, But there are green oases Where pleasant palm trees grow; And if we may not follow The path our hearts would plan, Let us make all around us,

As happy as we can. Perhaps we may not climb with Ambition to its goal; Still let us answer "Present," When duty calls the roll:

And whatever our appointment, Be nothing less than man; And, cheerful in submission, Be happy as you can.

#### HOW SHE FOUND HE WAS TRUE AND NOBLE.

Maud Dupon was the only child of wealthy parents, but not proud and arrogant as some might suppose. Many baskets had been filled from her own dainty bard, and taken to these in want. Her father being a christian encouraged his daughter in every good work; while on the other hand her worldly mother thought only of making her beautiful daughter, queen of the aristocratic circle in which she moved. At the time of our story we find Maud, seated in her own elegantly furnished room. inspecting a costly dress, of cream silk, just ent home for the grandest event of the season; a ball given by the Lesli s in honor of their nephew Sir, Ralph Leslie, sole to his father and uncle. He had just turred from a three years tour runous

Europe.

Mrs. Depon burst into the room exclaiming, 'how perfectly lovely; Maud see here. I have bought for you this splendid set of pearls, to match the drapery of the skirt.

Maud looked up with such a longing look in her beautiful blue eyes, that her mother started back exclaiming, why child; what on earth is the matter? Do you not like pearls, or, does your dress not please you?' . The set is beautiful, and the dress would grace a queen, replied the girl. 'Then why do you look so sad? You have everything to make you happy tonight you will look lovely, besides the scknowleged belle of the ball-room. Sir Ralph loved you, when you were a child, and called you a little beauty. What would be think now?' and the mother looked with pride, upon the lonely face be-

'I care not, what he thinks; but oh; mother, this dress is a perfect mockery. I do not want to go to the ball, decked in pale, support yourself by my arm, this head Ralph Leslie?" this finery, while thousands are storying for bread. Did you not hear Sunday, what our good old pastor said about those who you will excuse my seeming weakness, said sick friend, and would thank you for all have their good things on this earth. Can it be that I am having mine here, while my poor neighbor will have hers in the world to come?"

· My dear child, do not think about such things. I was afraid of this, when I heard you, and your father talking in the library about that poor woman on the corner no doubt she is of a low family, and is a widow with one little child; they are knowledge I wronged you." does not merit your slightest notice. I do not like for you to go there."

Maad looked up almost frightened. Mother how can you talk so; Mrs Courtler I am sure, is a perfect lady, as for her family I can't tell, as she has been too ill, since I found her to tell me, Everything in her house is nice, and neat. Her little three year old May does not want for clothes, yet they have nothing to ent. Father promised me he would send them to be. I am agreeably deceived in you.

something to-day. 'There now, do not think, nor talk any more about the woman ; Your father has done all that is his aim." Said the mother impatiently. 'I will leave you as it will soon be time for the ball,

. Mother,' pleaded the girl, 'do not insist upon my going to the ball, let me sit up with the sick woman to-night; if she is not well nursed she will dic."

' Nonsence, of course you will go to the ball. If you like I will send Lucy, the house girl to stay with ber.

. I thank you dearest mother, said Maud, as she threw her arms around her mother's neck and asked pleadingly, but may I not know it,' something like a groun as

ling,' said the fond mother kissing her cheek obedience to your will.' before going to the ball.

Soon sh flower gar

nestled close to Mand's bosom. Sure enough | had gone shopping; seeing the library door she found the wan creature in a balf sitting ajar, she walked in. Her father was seated posture. Her languid eyes opened wide at in his casy chair looking over the morning light of the lonely lady, with little May in Papers, but seeing his daughter he laid her arms.

me had waited on me so faithfully. The in- while talking to him. valid spoke in a low voice. I am sure you are the same one, for your face tells me you are good '

'Then my face deceives you; but oh: I wish I was good,' said Maud carnestly. You are kind hearted, and generous, but

are you a christain? Maud turned pale; such a question had never been asked her, been my only comforter, and now when I would this world

sometime to go to such places as I am going to, Its usual morning walk I called to see how dead, to-night; but it is to be a grand affair, as Mrz. Courtier.' Here be stoped; looking the ball is to be given in honor of the return of Sir Ralph Leslie. He is lion of the daughter. day wherever he goes. What is the matter,' asked Moud as the invalid gasped for health Hand me the wine you brought dear. happiest woman in all the the land, while It is only a momentary spasm of pain. Go on, tell me more of the gentleman,'

back on her pillow. He is very wealthy. devoted, and is almost afraid to leave the and of course all the mamas want to secure | bed for fear she will vanish. Mrs. Courtier

night, when your conscience tell you it is again for your kiedness." wrong. Do not tamper with the holy Do not, I beg of you mention, anyspirit for God has said that it shall not always strive with man.'

Who is that lady my uncle is leading into the room,' asked Sir Rilph. Mand came in leaning on the arm of the Lost heard you speak of? That is Miss Maud Dupon is she not angel

introduction, as I used to know her when would meet him." we were children.'

Leslie, said the uncle, Mand bowed with opened, looking up Mand saw Sir Ralph all due dignity, but glancing up she turned the lost brother. Mand only said Sir ted room does not agree with you, we will leave, and go to the conservatory, I hope ping forward. I am the lost brother of your Mand ironically. You have eyes so like a your kindness to her, but I can find no friend of mine, I almost thought they were words to express my gratitude, for it was the same."

like to know more of the person.

very poor, and the lady has been very il. for the past two weeks, I have nursed her all I could, and have really learned to love her, she has been so very patient."

' You, nurse a sick woman,' said companion in astonishment.

'Yes,' returned Maud. 'I find great pleasure in it, she seems so greatful." Allow me to say then, Mis. Dopon, you are far from being the lady I took you Come you have not told me the name of your friend."

' Her name is Courtier., " Great, heavens, Courtier, and with one little child. Will you please tell me where she lives, is it near your home?' Sir Ralph's

breath came short and fast. · Really,' returned Maud,' you have turned pale over the history of my friend. Yes, in answer to your question she lives in a little white cottage on the corner. Did you ever know any person by the name of

near in want, and it maybe, dying, and, I.

I was coming and she will be looking for tall-room, they will think I am monopo- his father that his sister had sailed for Have your own way, you spoiled dar be ny gallant knights, waiting to bow in three long weary years, and had returned

to that place. What would Sir Ralph say, a flatterer. Ere long she too was whirling lowe it all to your goodness and charity. if he knew you went to visit a poor beggar in the giddy maze of the dance, but her I love you as never man loved woman hear the empty flatter of to-night; but as Mand's eyes. None knew that she was you do not like to hear me talk so I will thinking of Sir Ralph and the widow, trying ball," said Mrs Dupon, on Maud's wedin rain to solve a mystery. At last weary ding day. "Not at the ball," said the

nother's room Mama is up, said the little one as she to the her good morning, but found she. them aside, and placed a low stool at his

en she came

I am so weary,' said she falling listlessly agree with me they keep the mind in dreamland, and I long for reality.' Looking up bess asked her why she was crying. she saw a smile on her father's face. then throwing her arms around his neck, she said. 'Father, do not mock me; you, have out distasteful to me

Tell me all about her ; I feel interest-

'I found her greatly improved, and the little May is almost wild with joy. The cause of all this is the arrival of a brother. Mand continued as she placed the invalid she had not seen for years. He se ms very

and I want to talk to you more about reli- was soon on her way to the widow's cotgion, and the wrong you are doing, when tage. "I am so glad you have come," said you go to such places as you are going to- the sick woman, 'I fell like thanking you

> thing I have done. Those precuous words you spoke to me the other evening was a full compensation for all.'

> · Did you have a gay time at the ball, and how did you like the Sir Ralph, I

'In answer to your first, I dislike balls had it not been for mother, I would not 'She is indeed beautiful,' returned he, honored Sir Rulph with my presence. I but a heartless flirt, no doubt, and a mere like him better than I expected, yet I still fashion fly. I long for something true sigh for something true, and noble in man. and noble in woman. I must seek an Tell me of your brother? I thought I

'So you will, he stepped into the next 'Miss Dupon this is my nephew, Ralph room as you came in,' Just then the door

· The same, the very same, said he stepyou, who found her for me. When I heard 'Can you not tell me more of this friend ' you say, that you longed for something If I bear so marked resemblance I would true, and noble in man, I could keep out no longer. I said the same of woman when 'I can not give you her life bistory as I first beheld your beautiful face, I thought she has been too sick to tell it to me. She of you like the cest, full of vanity. I ac-

· She is all that is good and pure said the happy sister.

. . Mand, if you will allow me to call you

I am glad to find one, I can trust with long ears, made a lunge, got on his feet implicit confidence. My heart is yours as and trotted off lively for the stable. A few inspiration of the burglar, the stimulus of it has never been given to another."

run down just a little while to see her be- caped him. Remembering himself he turned | tather; he discovned her and soon after died remain there until feeding time.

fore it is time to dress? I told little May, to Maud, had we not better go back to the and that he heard soon after the death of BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS lising, all of your time. I know there are Europe and he had searched for her, for in despair; that he left the ball-room that I do not want you to make a habit of going Just as I guessed, thought, Mand he is night and went to her "and," said he, I heart was heavy. " She is not so brilliant before. I can thank God with a full heart, 'Never mind mother, what he will say. to night,' was the remark made by many, He has not only given me back my only I had rather stay with that beggar, than as they noticed that thoughtful look in sister, but the noblest of woman to love. 'She at least won him by going to the

> was true, noble and worthy of my trust. LITTLE DAISY. Meridian, Miss.

## TAKING A STAND.

I remember a man who used to be drunk evrey day of his life; every fathing he earned went to the grog-shop. One evening he 'Are you the kind lady the dector told feet, as that was her favorite position staggered home at a late hour, and found his wife sitting alone and in tears. He was a man not deficient in natural affection; he on the stool. 'These night revelries do not appeared to be struck with the wretchedness of the woman and with some eager-

'I don't like to tell you, James,' she said; but if I must, I must; the truth is my children have not touched a morsel of any thing this blessed day. As for me, never mind me; I must leave you to guess how it was fared with me. But not one morsel of food could I beg or buy for thosewith you from children that lie on that bed before you : she says I have plenty of time, I am often sy heart but you mistake the nature of and I am sure, James, it is better for us arxious on the subject, and I do not want my smile, so I will tell you. While taking all that we should die, and I wish we were

'Dead !' said James, starting up as if a down he met the questioning eyes of his flash of lightning had struck him, dead. Sally ! you and Mary and the two children dead! You see what I am now-like a brute. I have wasted your substance; the corse of God is open me. I am drawing near to the pit of destruction. But there's an end; I feel there's an end. Give me that glass, wife,'

She gave it to him with astonishment and fear. He turned it topsy-turvy; and flinging himself on his knees, made a most solemn and affecting yow to God of repentance and sobriety.

death me ball memers to the confined min-It is mere habit. If you have good neurishing food, you can very well do without

#### JUST LIKE A MULE. A Rather Tough Story by the Author of " Major Jones' Courtship."

The Savannah News is not much given

to sensation or improbable stories, but the

following from that paper a few days back, puts it prominently forward as an enterprising sheet: We learned yesterday of an amusing incident which occurred on a rice plantation near the city, owned by one of our prominent citizens. On going to his plantation a day or two since, the gentleman was met by one of his colored hands, who informed him that a fine mule had fallen in a ditch and couldn't be gotten out, having broken his fore leg. The darkey stated that it was necessary to kill the animal to relieve him from misery, and asked permission to shoot him. The planter, who is a very humane gentlem in, deprecated such a proceeding, and instructed so, I loved you when we were children; that additional efforts be made to get the your image followed me through the rug- male out and place him on some straw to ged ways of a College life, and while travel- make the poor creature as comfortable as ing I would often think of your levely face, possible. This was tried, but to no purand innocent ways, and sigh to think you pose. The poor animal's fore leg was in would ever become vain and arrogant. I the hole, and apparently badly b oken, so return and find in you all I could desire, one of the colored men started to the house the old love returns, ten fold stronger. You for the gun, intending to shoot him. Just told my sister you liked me, ho! say can about the time the executioner reached the you not find it in your pure heart to love spot where the poor male was lying, the one, who has cherished his lave for you old darkey, whose duty it was to see the from boyhood, and whose heart has never stock fed, sang out in steatorian tones. twelve o'clock-teed your mules," To 'I find in you, not a mere man of the the amezement of all, the mule, whose leg world, as I was led to suppose, said Maud was supposed to be broken, pricked up his minutes more and he would have been a the highwayman, and the support of the 'God bless you both, I am content, dead mule, and would have paid the penal- midnig at incendiary. It suggests the lie said the sick lady. As Sir Ralph accom- sy of his trick with his life. This is an and countenances the liar; condones the unled Mand home, he told her how, his actual occurrence, and scores another thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates beautiful sister when only sixten years of point to the credit of the sagneity of that obligations, reverences fraud, scorns virtue age, ran away and married a foreigner, much abased animal. When he fell in the and innocence. It incites the father to thereby incurring the displeasure of her ditch, although unburt, he concluded to butcher his helpless off-pring and the child

WITH EQUAL SENSE.

The clever ' Puzzle Editor' of the London Truth exercises immense ingenuity in providing entertainment for his readers. He offered a prize for 'sentences making sense whether read backwards or forwards." Here are several sent in :

Dies slowly fading day; winds mournful

Bright stars are waking. Flies owlet, hooting, holding revel high.

Nightly-flence holding. Solomon had wast treasured siles and and wise was be. Faithfully served he

She sits lamenting sadly, often too much

Dear Harry -- Devotedly yours remain I. Have you forgotten 20 pound check? Reply immediately please, and hand to yours Gracie Darling.

Man is noble and generous often, but semetimes vain and cowardly.

Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatabla.

Love is heaven and heaven is love, youth says. All beware! says age. Trying is poverty and fleeting is love. Badly governed and fearfully troubled

now is Ireland. Adieu, darling! Time flies fast : snils are set, boats are ready. Farewell!

Exercise take, excess beware : Rise early and breath fresh air;

Eat slowly; trouble drive away; Feet warmich keep; blend work with

Matter and mind are mysteries. Never mind. What is matter? Matter isnever mind. What is mind? Mind isnever matter.

Honesty and truth are good and admirable qualities, as sympathy and love are endearing traits. Politics and religion avoid arguing in.

Here is good and sound advice. Scandalous society and life make gossip

TEMPERANCE AND SLEEP.-The one principle of health, which may be fairly described as fundamental and universal, is temperance-temperance in the pursuit of thought, and, above an a wormpech, in self entirely to tea and water. The change kills oftener, and far more surely than work was sadden and astonishing. His looks Next to temperance comes sleep. Saakebecame healthy, his cottage neat, his chil- speare and Young anticipated the concludren were clad, and his wife happy; and sions of modern hygiene when they describtwenty times the poor man and his wife, ed sleep-the former as "the chief nourishwith tears in their eyes, have told me the er in life's feast," and the latter as "Nature's story, and blessed the evening of the 14th of sweet restorer," Insufficient sleep is prob-March, the day of James' restoration, and ably the most frequent cause of nervous have shown me the glass he held in his failure; and certainly, when the failure hand when he made the yow of sobriety. has come, sleep opens the surest avenue to It is all nonsense to talk about not being recovery. Then, indeed, too much sleep can able to work without beer, whisky, and hardly be taken; for, as in infancy the cider. Do hous and cart-horses drink ale? recuperative powers seem to work only during sleep.

> PROHIBITION.-We have for a long time been anable to make a stend short of prohibition, on the liquor question. The only sure way of stopping its sale is to prevent its manufacture and introduction. In the language of Scripture, it must be said of this: "now also the axe is laid to the root of the tree." Moderate drinking is a delasion; the only safety is in the injunction. tuch not, taste not, handle not." As there can be no strife without the beginning dispute, it is of the atmost importance to leave off contention before it be meddle with." Prohibit the distillation and importation, and the question of license will give no trouble.

> · Edward,' said a mother to her son of eight, who was trandling a hoop in the front yard, 'you musn't go out of the gate it to the street, 'No, ma, I won't, was the reply. A few minute's afterwards she saw Edward in the street manufacturing mudpies, and at once went out to him. 'Didn't I tell you,' she said angrily, 'not to go through the gate ? 'Well, I didn't mother,' was the very satisfactory reply, 'I climb.d over the fence!"

The man who runs a newspaper to please everybody died last week, in Texas. Spare us from his sad fate, patrons, by not getting miffed and with ilding your patronge for every little thing that doesn't happen to suit your fancy. Poor editors and printers have a hard time, at best, and can ill-afford to lose friends. We proclaim general amnesty all around, and bid you come and bring your wealth, one and all,

Alcohol is the blood of the gambler, the to sharpen the parieidal axe.-Ingersoll.