

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. II.

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

No. 12.

**T. 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.

**CENTRAL HOTEL,**  
Spartanburg, S. C.  
W. S. LIPSCOMB, Pro.

New house and furniture, rooms carpeted,  
electric bells, attentive servants, location  
central, fare the very best. Terms, \$2.00 a  
day. Drummers stopping over Sunday \$1.50.  
Only a few yards from the Iron Springs.  
Sep 25 to Jan 1.

L. R. Wriston. T. J. Moore, M. D.

**L. R. Wriston & Co.,**  
Wholesale and Retail  
**Druggists,**  
N. W. corner Trade and Tryon sts.,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.,  
And Dealers in

**Paints, Oils,**  
VARNISHES, DYE STUFFS,  
**DRUGS,**  
Medicines, Chemicals, &c.

SEND YOUR ORDERS TO

**J. R. EDDIN'S**

FOR

**BLANK BOOKS**  
**SCHOOL BOOKS**

AND

**STATIONERY,**  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

CHARLOTTE

**MARBLE WORKS,**

**W. G. BERRYHILL!**

MANUFACTURER OF

**FOREIGN & AMERICAN MARBLE,**  
MONUMENTS.

HEADSTONES,

TABLETS,

MAINTLES &c

Trade Street, Opp. 1st Presbyterian Church  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Oct 1st

**SCHIFF & GRIER,**  
WHOLESALE GROCERS

Commission Merchants.

Special attention given to the purchase  
and sale of cotton.  
Sep 18-6m

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**R. M. MARTIN**

HAS A CHOICE LOT OF

**CHRISTMAS GOODS**

At his Old Stand, No. 3, Air-  
Line Street, next door to the Gazette Office.  
His friends are respectfully  
invited to call and ex-  
amine them.

Respectfully,  
dec 25th R. M. MARTIN.

**KING'S MOUNTAIN  
HOTEL,**

KING'S MOUNTAIN, N. C.

Is the place to stop for good  
attention.

A good livery stable is attached to the  
Hotel. Terms moderate.

L. H. LONG, Proprietor.

Oct 2d

**1880. FRUIT TREES! 1881.**

A fine assortment of FRUIT TREES,  
and VINES for the Fall of 1880, and Spring  
of 1881, at low rates.

**The Grange Nurseries,**  
(Two Miles South of Garibaldi, N. C.)  
M. H. HAND, Proprietor.

Send for Catalogue  
sep 18th

**Boots, Shoes**  
AND  
**GAITERS!**

The most durable, the most comfortable and  
the best fitting, made. All work at an  
examination and trial.

W. C. TEAGUE,  
GASTONIA, N. C.

Feb 26th

## 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 trifling springs,  
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 hand, and taken to those 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 sent home for the grandest event of the season; a ball given by the Leslies in honor of their nephew Sir, Ralph Leslie, sole heir to his father and uncle. He had just returned from a three years' tour in Europe.

Mrs. Dupon 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 acknowledged belle of the ball-room. Sir Ralph loved you, when you were a child, and called you a little beauty. What would he think now?" and the mother looked with pride, upon the lonely face before her.

"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 this finery, while thousands are starving for bread. Did you not hear Sunday, what our good old pastor said about those who 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 does not merit your slightest notice. I do not like for you to go there."

Maud looked up almost frightened. "Mother how can you talk so; Mrs. Courtier I am sure, is a perfect lady, as far as 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 eat. Father promised me he would send them 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 die."

"Nonsense, of course you will go to the ball. If you like I will send Lucy, the house girl to stay with her."

"I thank you dearest mother," said Maud, as she threw her arms around her mother's neck and asked pleadingly, "but may I not run down just a little while to see her be-

fore it is time to dress? I told little May, I was coming and she will be looking for me."

"Have your own way, you spoiled darling," said the fond mother kissing her cheek. "I do not want you to make a habit of going to that place. What would Sir Ralph say, if he knew you went to visit a poor beggar before going to the ball."

"Never mind mother, what he will say. I had rather stay with that beggar, than hear the empty flatter of to-night; but as you do not like to hear me talk so I will run away."

Soon she was alone in her room, when she received a letter from her mother's room.

"Mama is up," said the little one as she nestled close to Maud's bosom. Sure enough she found the wan creature in a half sitting posture. Her languid eyes opened wide at light of the lonely lady, with little May in her arms.

"Are you the kind lady the doctor told me had waited on me so faithfully. The invalid 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 earnestly. "You are kind hearted, and generous, but are you a Christian? Maud turned pale; such a question had never been asked her."

"I would like to be a Christian, but I do not know how to do it."

"Do not talk about it nor does she want me to, she says I have plenty of time, I am often anxious on the subject, and I do not want to go to such places as I am going to to-night; but if it is to be a grand affair, as the ball is to be given in honor of the return of Sir Ralph Leslie. He is lion of the day wherever he goes. What is the matter," asked Maud as the invalid gasped for breath.

"Hand me the wine you brought dear. It is only a momentary spasm of pain. Go on, tell me more of the gentleman."

Maud continued as she placed the invalid back on her pillow. He is very wealthy, and of course all the mammas want to secure the friendship of their daughter, but oh; I long to see you."

"Come again your visits give me pleasure and I want to talk to you more about religion, and the wrong you are doing, when you go to such places as you are going to-night, when your conscience tell you it is wrong. Do not tamper with the holy spirit 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 Ralph. Maud came in leaning on the arm of the lost. "That is Miss Maud Dupon she is not angel like."

"She is indeed beautiful," returned he, but a heartless flirt, no doubt, and a mere fashion fly. I long for something true and noble in woman. I must seek an introduction, as I used to know her when we were children."

"Miss Dupon this is my nephew, Ralph Leslie," said the uncle, Maud bowed with all due dignity, but glancing up she turned pale, support yourself by my arm, this heated room does not agree with you, we will leave, and go to the conservatory, I hope you will excuse my seeming weakness," said Maud ironically. You have eyes so like a friend of mine, I almost thought they were the same."

"Can you not tell me more of this friend? If I bear so marked resemblance I would like to know more of the person."

"I can not give you her life history as she has been too sick to tell it to me. She is a widow with one little child; they are very poor, and the lady has been very ill, 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 her companion in astonishment.

"Yes," returned Maud. "I find great pleasure in it, she seems so grateful."

"Allow me to say then, Miss Dupon, you are far from being the lady I took you to be. I am agreeably deceived in 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 Courtier?"

Ralph spoke as in a dream. "She so near in want, and it maybe, dying, and I do not know it, something like a ghost escaped him. Remembering himself he turned

to Maud, had we not better go back to the ball-room, they will think I am monopolizing, all of your time. I know there are many gallant knights, waiting to bow in obedience to your will."

"Just as I guessed, thought, Maud he is a flatterer. Ere long she too was whirling in the giddy maze of the dance, but her heart was heavy. "She is not so brilliant to-night," was the remark made by many, as they noticed that thoughtful look in Maud's eyes. None knew that she was thinking of Sir Ralph and the widow, trying in vain to solve a mystery. At last weary

to her good morning, but found she had gone shopping; seeing the library door ajar, she walked in. Her father was seated in his easy chair looking over the morning papers, but seeing his daughter he laid them aside, and placed a low stool at his feet, as that was her favorite position while talking to him.

"I am so weary," said she falling listlessly on the stool. "These night revelries do not agree with me they keep the mind in dreamland, and I long for reality." Looking up 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 been my only comforter, and now when I am in my most distasteful to me

"I am so weary," said the father, "I will tell you. While taking my usual morning walk I called to see how Mrs. Courtier. Here he stopped; looking down he met the questioning eyes of his daughter.

"Tell me all about her; I feel interested."

"I found her greatly improved, and the happiest woman in all the land, while little May is almost wild with joy. The cause of all this is the arrival of a brother, she had not seen for years. He seems very devoted, and is almost afraid to leave the bed for fear she will vanish. Mrs. Courtier

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and that he heard soon after the death of his father that his sister had sailed for Europe and he had searched for her, for three long weary years, and had returned in despair; that he left the ball-room that night and went to her "and," said he, I owe it all to your goodness and charity. I love you as never man loved woman before. I can thank God with a full heart, He has not only given me back my only sister, but the noblest of woman to love.

"She at least won him by going to the ball," said Mrs Dupon, on Maud's wedding day. "Not at the ball," said the poor sister, "she was true, noble and worthy of my trust."

Meridian, Miss.

LITTLE DAISY.

**TAKING A STAND.**

I remember a man who used to be drunk every day of his life; every fathoming he earned went to the grog-shop. One evening he 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 appeared to be struck with the wretchedness of the woman and with some eagerness asked her why she was crying.

"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 anything 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 those children that lie on that bed before you; and I am sure, James, it is better for us all that we should die, and I wish we were dead."

"Dead!" said James, starting up as if a 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 curse of God is upon 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 vow to God of repentance and sobriety.

Next to temperance comes sleep. Sarcasms and Young anticipated the conclusions of modern hygiene when they described sleep—the former as "the chief nourisher in life's feast," and the latter as "Nature's sweet restorer." Insufficient sleep is probably the most frequent cause of nervous failure; and certainly, when the failure has come, sleep induces the surest avenue to recovery. Then, indeed, too much sleep can hardly be taken; for, as in infancy the recuperative powers seem to work only during sleep.

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## BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS 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 sigh.  
Bright stars are waking.  
Flies owlet, hooting, holding revel high.  
Nightly-silence holding.

Solomon had vast treasures, clean and ad wise was he. Faithfully served he God.

She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone.  
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 sometimes vain and cowardly.  
Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable.  
Love is heaven and heaven is love, youth says. All beware! says agt. Trying is poverty and flexing is love.

Badly governed and fearfully troubled now is Ireland.  
Adieu, darling! Time flies fast; sails are set, boats are ready. Farewell!  
Exercise take, excess beware;  
Rise early and breath fresh air;  
Eat slowly; trouble drive away;  
Feet warmish keep; blend work with play.

Matter and mind are mysteries. Never mind. What is matter? Matter is—never mind. What is mind? Mind is—never 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 frantic.

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