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| mon aur youn'row. |  |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| dara a hay | neded to direct the work, though my feet | it us | me bnve Ruth for, my wite now, today." | smike dense and suffresting, the sun shot <br> out flames bluzing on every side, friends | tina to 'till 1 got tired and told tim sexemid |
| ne hoing out the corn | would never mure carry me over the do <br> sill. Then she fitted up for me a | before (Shrial mas | ppeses? |  |  |
|  | back-room that overlooked most of the | 1igh |  |  |  |
| $\begin{aligned} & \text { The welcone. blast wis } \\ & \text { And down he dropped } \end{aligned}$ | turm, and lad Silus. out hend mun., lift me | up coal in the som | But he had to wait untit the mans were | a |  |
|  | up every morning and pat m: in a cushioned chair by the winhlow, wher | windowa- that is. for sed the regult ; but the |  |  |  |
| Although a "hard one", mas the row, | could see the barn, the ponitry-y ard. | cold duy-on Friduy- | Iendernes oit soon, while his mother nursed | about a thonsand men was harled back out |  |
| nning | well, and the fild of watving corn and well, She made me feel myself of im- | coals, no listing, eauld corquer the cold. | Both. They were alone tozether. as we were, and thiy badd sbat up their house |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | over my own hutle domin ; und |  | agai. For one moriing. proped dy will |  |  |
|  | brouzht ap |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | room. My |  |  |
|  | muat understmit What Rut |  |  |  |  |
| Tako cournge, man I reailve you can, | to me, or you will never understand the | ef brot bot |  |  |  |
| And atrike a vigorous In life's great field of var | y a. She tuaght me to are ny righ: theid withont ty Lft: a adif gon want $t$ | kises anly a | happiness has stive fis true light |  |  |
|  | dr |  | "Into the Jws of Death" |  |  |
|  | down for one single bour, ard | my romm the | "Into the Jaws of Death." |  |  |
|  | ten it will anconeciously strain a she biought me books from the |  |  |  |  |
|  | brary, and ppeend To my old eyes and brain a feid of plasure areer befure ex- |  |  | A |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | saic |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | compang" fir nie. Litte Ruth, wrin | hoced thrown over her, yuing to the well |  |  |  |
|  |  | quiekly over the hard, friz n ground, and I was admiring the trim little foet and |  |  |  |
|  | Whea tie was busy about her housc- | the diainy figure, when I raw her silide tw |  |  |  |
| With baby Joo? | work, ber bakiong, her wusting aud ironing, |  |  |  |  |
|  | mighestill hear her cheery | twetn the twa woodet |  |  |  |
|  |  | mpes und hie rogen sides of the well, as in |  |  |  |
| In all his ways, Than buby Joe? | work was doas, ahs could put a clean white apron over her black driss, und ei |  |  |  |  |
| ${ }^{\text {avith }}$ good night kior, |  | raied hereath halt way up. noty to fall |  |  |  |
|  |  | back again, as if ber linibe would not support her. |  |  |  |
| $\begin{gathered} H 0 \mathrm{kn} \\ \text { Loea } \end{gathered}$ |  |  |  |  |  |
| HTTLE RUTH. |  | mave to aid her. Oh, the agmuy of it! | dremed to blue, and. coming doun ut ut |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| . |  | I conld see, after a time, that Rath, after her frantic struggles, wus growing drows |  |  |  |
| nd |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | In misery, Johu |  |  |  |  |
|  | Hajee akked me to give him Routh lor | "gai |  |  | aoder |
| in those days when | when lee to, do be ore me, a young giant | lids eloed over her espers. The sight called trom me muchi ery of agony L L thought |  |  | lade |
| od all ito huppinees. |  |  |  |  |  |
| died-my wife. I mean, with moom | Luee glowng with healli, aod wanted | A moment liter John |  |  |  |
| , |  | burst |  |  |  |
| , |  |  |  |  |  |
| ng Ruth, there fell upon me the |  | "What |  |  |  |
| mitatunt that has oinued me tr | tuke Rath from here ; | $\begin{gathered} \text { calling on } \\ \text { "Rath } \end{gathered}$ |  |  | chidren, and turn the entire family out of |
| I hed been a hard morkion man all | aliure her lite, and lie | zing to death by |  |  | doors. Of all the faults which tuint an: tarnish human nature, this reveals the very |
| - wheemimigh by trade-with ${ }^{\text {a }}$ | from her shouldere | He stopped to hear no more. Out op. |  |  |  |
|  | baring would be mber | in the hard, slippery ground, down the |  |  | (ty |
| eolid churchyard, till only Mary, Jas. | hushand, and perthapa etilidren, to tolke |  |  |  |  |
|  | time and b |  |  |  | ulifg sept amag hy his pasions. We ean |
|  | hareh. I did not turn this suitor from my | came swifly back, bending his fice down |  |  | find a kindly spot fo our heart tor the killer who, maddened by a protracted prov |
|  |  | over the ounseless one on his arm, while |  |  | killer who, maddened oy a protracted prov |
| She golien land of promier, C.lifirroius and | catitionty. |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| liter I wnestricken belpleen |  |  |  |  |  |
| with paralyoid <br> I am reconciled now to my hard tate, |  | Befict |  |  | mek, st we may, our whole masenm or |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Ore |
| - |  |  |  |  |  |
| dol |  |  |  |  |  |
| (ing dyy of my youth: But io thoee frat |  |  |  |  |  |
| , |  |  |  |  |  |
| in my perrous |  |  |  |  |  |
| feri ga were simply horrible. No | dutie |  |  | ny obserration ts that tuit more than one |  |
| Moy of pain, no torture of facah or bone, |  | knew terefor |  | It ueu want san unsaly quantiy. If the | All the malicious beckbitera, he is is gecrally |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| deea, in oppite of my ftoris to move them | and John was teariolly dixmiserd. Thron $b$ b |  |  |  |  |
| 俍隹e ioch. 1 have | the werm autuonn motite when the ourn fr | frren ugain |  |  |  |
| thifal tiforst 1 have m |  |  |  |  |  |
| the fert that haw carried me miles in | vere blead and the little bank fand was | ubore the |  |  | ,im |
| ${ }_{\text {dat }}$ Bat | inereaud hy the price | 1 |  |  | tooorable |
|  | Ruth gree very quiet mid mubdeed. |  | min tred to the right and others to the |  |  |
|  | mas | Mre. |  | d dhey ure never so buppy yud couteated | than himself. <br> ked among |
|  |  | Ter |  |  |  |
| own, free of dobt or morkege, and a |  |  |  |  |  |
| small som in the balk, the inturest | When I mol | comifertiog men us if 1 had not tole |  |  |  |
| which litted uas above actual want. Then I had Ruth. | to ber. I would der her fees freid drea | viry yope of him life trom him. |  |  |  |
| Sbe men just twenty mien her mothrer |  |  |  |  |  |
| died, and olters beside her fatiker thought |  | Tine |  |  |  |
| thace the tairst ooe tor mild | 1 grem | if she geta will, ahe irs gours, Give |  |  |  |
|  |  | ulplem |  |  |  |
| atied in litule | br the emme sumathiny Rath |  |  |  |  |
| linut |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | Vlity of tantiog in his goot Tortioe. |
| any cooxing, bot kinked up in tanglee |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| white es milk, with otheks like the thart |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| fivge |  |  |  |  |  |

