

E. H. Rankin

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No. 20.

LILY'S BALL.

Lily gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Gayly dressed, came in their best,
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirred,
And except in whispers
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
Shone in silk and satin;
Learned to dance on waltzes
Was the same with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Pansy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.

But when they danced the country dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best—
Cowslip or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went down stairs to sup,
And each had a taste of honey cake
With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away
Before the set of sun;
And Lily said "Good-bye!" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead,
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

—Harper's Young People.

SEATED ON A BENCH

Enjoying an Hour in Central Park
The Different Phases of Life.

Atlanta Constitution.

New York, May 12.—I spent last Sunday in Central park—loafing among the people.

It was one of those perfect days not more than two or three of which fall to the lot of any man. The delicious spirit of spring fashed through every sunbeam and rode upon every breeze. The atmosphere was elastic and pulsant—the sunshine luminous and brilliant—the growing leaves lifted themselves toward the blue of the sky—a quickening sense of perfume stole from the opening buds, and the sharp aroma of growing shrubs and plants hung like an elixir in the air. In short it was one of those pagan days, as far from the restfulness of summer as from the keenness of the winter—filled all through and through with the essence of unrest, the flickers in and out of the blood of pilgrims as it champagne was dripped into the soul.

It was better than reading a book to watch the visitors that thronged the side of the walk. I first anchored by a rough looking man that had a little child with him. He handled it so unceremoniously and failed so utterly to adapt himself to its little ways that I looked about for its mother. But no mother came, and the man patiently and tenderly continued to play with the child and try to coax the light into its lustreless eyes, or soften the pinched mouth into a smile. Once in a while he would send a furtive glance toward me, as if he were ashamed of his awkwardness, or look wistfully at the children romping by and then turn them back to the little pale face in his lap, and rub the wasted claw-like hand, that rested on his arm. At last he lifted his hat from the bench and I saw that it was bound with new crepe. That told the story and explained the absence of the mother. And yet how do we know but that she was there, watching with me, though unseen, how faithful and loving was the rough husband she had left, to the little child that was even then stretching out its third ban toward her?

It seemed to me that all the lovers in the world were in the park on Sunday. I saw love in all its shapes and phases. There was the timid young fellow retreated with his love in a shady retreat and waiting only the courage to win her. The blood ebbed and flowed in his face; the words ebbed and flowed on his lips, and between the tides he went this way and that way, while she was as cool and white and impassive as any beach that the waves ever sported with. To the right of them were lovers, whose souls were confident, and whose hearts were one—happy in the brave and golden day, that no matter how it might help itself, was but gray and dull to the light that illumined their faces and shone from their eyes. I came, after a while, on two lovers who had quarreled. His face was distorted and passionate, while her cheeks were wet with tears. Unhappier faces than theirs, as they tasted the bitterness of love, could not be seen in the park. Behind them came two hoodlums, their

faces radiant with measureless peace and contentment, and turned curiously towards the lovers, who still suffered and strove, amid the passions and agonies of a world above which they had been lifted forever. On a bench, deep in the shade of a grove, sat an old couple, alone. Why they have come to the park on God's holiday I could not divine, unless it was to light the evening of their life with sunshine, and once more retrace their old voices to the music of youth. As they sat side by side, it was easy to see that they had caught the infectious joy about them, and were renewing the days that were gone.

All through the park there were pleasure-seekers to be found—a laughing, joyous crowd sitting in the shade, promenading beneath the trees, riding on the lakes, feeding the deer or monkeys, watching the swans or birds, and above all filling their lungs with fresh air that cleared their systems of the poisons of the city. Everything was democratic and easy. The humblest mother had all the rights that the richest had to anything in the park. It was the people in possession of the people's own.

Out on the lawn that stretches from the sheepfold I noticed a crowd of well-dressed children playing. Away from this crowd, watching the romping games, a chit of a boy, ragged, dirty, and abashed, leaned against a tree. He had a sad face, but on it was the seal of hopelessness and shame. When any of the play-ers ran near where he stood, he would shrink behind the tree and try to avoid notice. Once the coast was clear, he would creep around again and watch the happy youngsters. I began to think he would look, first at the rags and dirt that covered him, and then at the rosy faces and handsome clothes of the other children; that he was wondering why there was such difference between him and the others, when he had done no more to merit his shame, than they had done to deserve their prosperity. At any rate his face was a pitiful study, whatever he was thinking about. There was fascination for the bright scene, for which his boy's heart longed, there was shame for his rags, and a shabbiness, and there was pathos for his hopeless isolation and friendlessness. Now he would smile as one of the children tumbled and now frown as one of them ran too near his hiding place; and now his face would darken as some bitter thought found its way to the surface. At length a large dog belonging to one of the children found him out, and in a playful way began to jump on his shoulders. With flushed face and embarrassed manner, the boy pushed him gently away. The dog persisted and became rougher, and the child became more and more bewildered. He was afraid to speak roughly even to the dog belonging to one of that lot of happy children—he was equally afraid to call to them, and at last his eyes filled with tears, and he turned and left his place—leaving the dog in possession. As I watched his shabby, egg-shaped figure—he could not have been over six years old—shambled away over the green field—never halting or questioning, but simply moving on until it was lost to sight, I wondered where he had gone and to what—whatever his thoughts as he sought a new hiding place; while the sunshine beat about his head and the laughter of children filled his ears, and whether the sense of injustice and despair, vague and shadowy but still terrible, that filled his heart, was not the influence that turns innocence to guilt and fills many a prison pen.

The park is singularly free of flowers. There are a few pansies, showing their velvet lips amid the grass—lilac bushes here and there, and daisies pretty much everywhere. The standard flower of the fields, however, is the dandelion—that hardy flower that was the only blessing left in the track of the northern armies as they swept through the south. There are still fewer birds than flowers—the "little buzzards," as the English sportsmen are called, having driven out nearly every other feathered being. The robins hold their own in great numbers and their red breasts may be seen flashing through almost every green covert. They build their nests and breed here.

Of course the main object of interest is the obelisk. It stands on an eminence, in company with a solitary policeman, who, by being looked at constantly by thousands of eyes, has grown almost as solid as the obelisk itself. The first idea that strikes me when I look at this ancient monument is that of incongruity. In this spick-span new country—in this nipping, eager air—amid these smart sunbeams—one almost wishes that the obelisk—so horribly out of place—is it—was back in the soft air of Egypt, in which it has been cushioned for centuries. As we were looking, English sparrows the very essence of cockyness and the last fruitage of a past civilization were twittering over the column on which one thousand years before the birth of the Christian Saviour, the solemn and intro-

specive stork was wont to rest itself. How many millions and millions of eyes have rested upon that shaft, and how many languages have been babble about its base! And yet the aforementioned policeman even while these things were passing through my head, walked up to it, leaned against it familiarly, and commenced fanning himself with his hat.

It is said that Mr. Vanderbilt was induced to furnish the money to bring the obelisk over, in the hope that it would cultivate the artistic taste of Americans. Let us see. It cost in round figures \$50,000 to bring it over. This, if it had been invested as a fund for the education of American artists, would have kept six art students perpetually. Wouldn't the work of these artists have done more to lift the taste of the people than a dozen obelisks? However, the park is a benefaction, the influence of which cannot be overestimated. It saves thousands of lives annually—it furnishes a pleasure resort for all classes of the people at all times, and is the chief honor of the first American city.

H. W. G.

BILL ARP

Makes His Usual Weekly Bow to the Readers of the Constitution.

Atlanta Constitution.

Everything is a mess lovely, and the prospect is bright and hopeful. The weather is splendid for the farmer. The young crop is well up and growing off vigorously, and the wheat promises an abundant yield. What a delightful satisfaction it is to go from field to field and see everything in a state—doing just as well as you would have it. How you can sympathize with the tender plants drinking in the rain with their young leaves all spread wide to receive it. They have a conscious life and enjoy the good of it and suffer in the bad of it like everything else. It is a higher life than some animals enjoy, for I would rather be a corn plant or a rose bush or a fruit tree, than to be a hog. We have been mowing the clover and it was a luxury to see it fall before the blade as the machine moved along, doing its work like a thing of life, as smooth and even as a town barber shingling a school boy's head. The horse-rake gathered it into windrows with so little trouble to man or beast, and my rimer boy sits on a grand ride and drives like a king. Well he is a king—any young man who farms intelligently and understands his land and his machines and implements, is in a better business than a king, for besides being independent of politics or bosses or consequential employers, he is not afraid of being shot by a crazy nihilist or communist or any other assassin. His dependence is on Providence and that makes him humble and reverent and kind and as noble as he ought to be. I was a thinking as the smell of the new mown hay filled the air what a luxury it was to get so much of it so cheap. No dollar for a little vial full from a city drug store, but acres of it for nothing and all of it genuine. We are improved in our farming operation and it is easier on us than heretofore, for I remember how we sweat and toiled a year ago cutting the clover and grass with the blades and how I blistered my hands and sunburnt my back to a blister and how we had no patent self-acting Hollingsworth horse rake to gather it. No trouble now but to pitch it on the wagon frame and pitch it off and that's enough to fatigue any old man and put him to bed early, for its hard work itself and comes mighty nigh ranking along even with pulling fodder and digging post holes. My boy has been harrowing his corn with a fine tooth comb made of iron spikes and slanting backwards and the nabors said he would tear it all to pieces, but he hasn't as yet, and it is growing off splendid, and he is going to keep on at it as long as possible. He has faith in what he reads in the standard agricultural journals, and is not afraid to try what they recommend, whether the nabors like it or not. Most everybody who passes now wants to know "what about those horse locuses?" They don't know where they come from or whether they eat up crops and things or not. There are so many smart folks prophesying terrible things that most everybody is on the look out for some devilment, and now these locuses seem to have opened the carnival ball. I remember when these same country musicians come to see us before, and they didn't do any harm then, and they are not doing any now, and ain't a-going to. In fact, they are not locuses at all, but harvest flies, according to the books. They don't lay their eggs in the ground, and they don't crawl on the fly, and they jump like a grasshopper. They don't congregate like locuses, nor eat up everything in their path. They don't give us a very great variety of music—in fact, it's rather monotonous and sounds like the buzz of a thousand spinnettes in a cotton factory, but then

they don't come to us but once in thirteen years, and they only stay two or three weeks and common hospitality ought to give 'em a kind welcome. The little "w" on their wings don't mean war at all, but I reckon it means wait and in a sign to us to be patient and hopeful. They split open a tender limb and lay their eggs just under the bark and then die, and that's the end of their wild career for the eggs hatch into a worm and the worm crawls down or drops down to the ground, and it makes its home down in the earth and feeds on the roots of plants for thirteen long years, growing a little bigger all the time until it final gets longer legs and turns into a bug and crawls up on a tree or a fence and splits open in the back and lets out a very decent fly that has more character than any other fly or any other fly that I know of. There are a good many insects that I had rather would stay away for 13 years than harvest flies or these sort of locuses. I'm willing for 'em to come and sing and be happy for a few weeks once in that long a time. I've a kind of sympathetic respect for 'em and ought to teach us all to be patient and bide our time, for though we live a kind of a grub life ourselves and are worms of the dust, a little longer than they are, yet we have a hope of right smart more glory when it does come.

I see so ominous signs of evil as yet. Cows have calves as usual and spring chickens are nearly ready for the skillet. Ralph caught a big trout and little Carl pulled out a sucker that like to have scared him into fits. He says he thought it was a whale. No signs of rust in the wheat yet, though there is plenty of it on the briers. There is an epidemic among the sycamores, and they are all dying, but that began two years ago and now there is hardly a green one left. I noticed several years ago that the chestnuts all went the same way very suddenly, but they sprouted out again from the stump, and may be the sycamores will do likewise. There is one curious development that Mrs. Arp has called my attention to with entire satisfaction. The summer flies have not yet put in an appearance, and they are behind time—a good deal behind, for they swarmed around us last year in April. May be they were frozen out, or else Father Moses has sent 'em to afflict a wicked people—hope so.

BILL ARP.

"De odder day," began the old man as seventy-eight members took their seats and turned their faces towards his desk. "One ob our race applied for a parishum in a business house heat, an' dey set for me to ax abut his character. Now, what d'ye say dey wanted to know? Dey didn't ax if he had a box in de post office. Dey didn't ax if he could run a party, drive a fast horse, play poker, talk pollyticks or lead de choir in church. What dey axed was: 'An dis man squar an' honest?' I tol' 'em he was an' he got de place. Now let dis case be a warnin' to ye all. Frills an' scollars an' bows an' scrapes may be all werry well in sartin cases, but d'ye don't count in business. In de fust place be squar'. Have a word. Make dat word just as good as a note. Say what you mean and mean what ye say. If ye say ye'll do this an' so, do it whether ye lose or gain. In de nex' place, be honest. Make no debt ye cannot pay. Wrong no man in buyin' or sellin'. Take what belongs to you, an' gin what belongs to odders. In dis way de humblest man in de land will command respect an' gain friends. We will now attack de regular order of business."—Free Press.

A young-ster was sent by his parent to take a letter to the post-office and pay the postage on it. The boy returned highly elated, and said: "Father, I see a lot of men putting letters in a little place; and when no one was looking, I slipped yours in for nothing."

"How to train tomatoes" is the subject of an agricultural dissertation. It is easy enough. All you have to do if a tomato misbehaves itself in company is to "mas" the stuff" out of it. It may look a little sorry for a while after, but this course of training will bring it to its pulp in a hurry.

Locusts in considerable quantities in north Alabama.

Nashville now has Herdies on its streets. They are the latest snub's titules for street cars.

More building will be done in Knoxville, Tenn., this year, than in any previous one since the war.

A stock company has been organized in Tuscaloosa, Ala., for the manufacture of cotton yarn and rope.

The new factory of the Louisiana ice company, New Orleans, has a capacity of 25,000 tons.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

From Sunday's Raleigh Observer.

The report of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, just issued, gives the number of the denomination in the world about 3,000,000 of communicants.

The next session of the North Carolina Conference will convene in Durham on Wednesday, the 23rd day of November, and Bishop Wightman will preside.

Bishop Kavanagh reports the work of the Southern Methodist Episcopal church of the Pacific coast as prosperous. The veteran has been doing excellent service.

The Hillsboro District Conference will be held at Pittsboro, N. C., beginning Thursday, July 7, at 10 o'clock, a. m., including the second Sabbath in the month.

The German Evangelical Synod of North America, which represents the State Church of Prussia, has 258 congregations, 402 pastors, and 34,000 scholars in Sunday schools.

A Welsh Baptist church of 26 members has been organized in Patagonia. They have sent to Wales for a pastor. The Baptists now have four churches in South America.

The 65th annual convention of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of North Carolina will meet in Christ church, Raleigh, on Wednesday, May 18, at 10 o'clock a. m.

At the recent session of the Lutheran Synod held at Tyro, Davidson county, some important church transactions were had, among which was the returning of the North Carolina Synod to the General Southern Synod.

The sixteenth anniversary of the National Temperance Society was held Tuesday, May 10th, in Broadway Tabernacle, New York. Addresses were made by Hon. H. W. Blair, O. H. Tiffany, D. D., and T. E. Skinner, D. D.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Statesville, N. C., invites the State Association to meet in that place in celebration of the approaching anniversary of the latter. Whether or not the invitation will be accepted is not yet known.

Number of associations among the white Missionary Baptist in North Carolina, 22; number of churches, 1,007; membership, 95,002; baptisms during the year 1880, 5,200. Colored Missionary Baptist Associations, 31; churches, 866; membership, 80,755; baptisms, 8,061. Total Missionary Baptists in the State: Associations, 57; churches, 1,873; membership, 176,757.

At the quarterly meeting at Eduten Street Methodist Church, of this city, quarterly conference ordered the old church to be disposed of and a committee was appointed with instructions to erect a new church as soon as possible. The following delegates to the next district conference were elected: Col. Walter Clark, R. T. Gray, J. A. Jones and W. J. Young. Alternates: D. W. Bain and R. S. Pullen.

Rev. J. S. Taylor, pastor of the First Baptist church in Wilmington, has been requested to deliver the address at the Sunday school convention, under the auspices of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention, which will be held at Asheville, commencing June 23rd, and continuing three days. We are not informed whether Mr. Taylor has signified his acceptance of the invitation or not.

Work on the Episcopal church building at Asheville has been temporarily suspended. The building is to be a stoue structure, and in design will prove an ornament to the town. The members of the church, and particularly the ladies, with commendable zeal have labored hard to raise the amount necessary to complete the church, and believed, according to the report of the architect, they had succeeded; but the funds have been exhausted, with the greater part of the work still undone.

The Rev. Dr. George Patterson, assistant rector of St. James' church in Wilmington, who has been absent on an extended tour in the South during the past four months, on a mission connected with the University of the South, located at Sewanee, Tenn., has returned to Wilmington. The many friends of the Reverend Doctor will be glad to know that he is enjoying excellent health. This will be good news, indeed, to the friends of this highly esteemed gentleman, who were apprehensive some time since that his health was failing.

Burr in Pensacola is 2 1/2 cents a glass. Jay Gould's income is \$6,000,000 a year. But there are people who get more comfort out of \$600 a year.

The census office gives the number of daily newspapers in the United States at 962, circulation 3,381,871; average price \$7.33.

COLD WATER.

Cold water is the drink for me,
Cold water, pure and bright and free,
It sparkles on the green hillsides,
In yonder meadow see it glide.

I'll take my little cup and dip,
And of the good cold water sip;
And when I am a woman grown
I'll drink cold water—that alone.

'Twill never hurt my heart or brain,
Nor make me give another pain;
So, every stronger drink I'll shun,
And drink the purest, sweetest one.

WOMAN VS. WHISKEY.

Women are earnest workers in behalf of the temperance movement. As they are the greatest sufferers from the evils of intemperance, it is right and proper for them to do all in their power to check, if not stop, its destructive course. As will be seen by the following taken from one of our exchanges, they performed some effective work in the late municipal elections in Illinois: The returns thus far published of the recent municipal elections in Illinois show that the women won some notable triumphs, which are perhaps the omens of greater and more important victories in the future. The question of temperance was a leading one in the canvass, and, as may be expected, the fair Illinoisians were on the side of the Prohibitionists. The enthusiasm with which they worked and the numbers in which they turned out showed the keen interest they took in the subject. In one little town one thousand ladies appeared at the polls and succeeded in electing three out of fourteen aldermen. At Mount Vernon all their candidates were elected by a majority of five hundred, and in other portions of the State their efforts were crowned with more or less success.

Of the amount of wheat sown in all the States the acreage is nearly four per cent, over that of 1880. In Massachusetts there is a decided increase, but it is the only New England State that shows more than an average breadth of land sown. In the Middle State, north of the Potomac river there has been a decided increase. All the States south of the Potomac and those bordering on the Gulf of Mexico show a large decrease. Ohio and Illinois report a decrease, while Indiana and Wisconsin show the reverse. Missouri and Kansas, the great wheat States, each report large increases, being eight and thirteen per cent more than last year.

Valuable information for a bachelor; May is one of the unlucky months for marriages. The other unlucky months are January, February, March, April, June, July, August, September, October, November and December.

William Bonasack, of Botetourt county, Va., has sold his growing peach crop, which he estimates at 10,000 bushels, to B. Nungesser, a fruit packer, at 50 cents per bushel, delivered.

God temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the rooter of disquietude.

Florida contributes this year 50,000,000 oranges.

At the Norfolk navy yard five war ships are repairing.

Chattanooga is to have a big fourth of July celebration.

The Alabama Baptist convention will meet at Trgo in July.

It cost \$50,000 per month to pay the city expenses of Nashville.

Boone mountain hotel in Tennessee is 6,369 feet above the tide line.

The Fay Templeton Star Alliance will play Olivette in Memphis, May 18th.

The Graniteville factory of South Carolina cleared \$90,000 last year upon its capital.

Rev. W. C. Clark, of New Orleans, has accepted a call of the Presbyterian church in Greensboro, Ala.

Land along the line of the new railroad between Gainesville, Florida, and Palatka, is being rapidly taken.

There is enough iron ore in a circle of sixty miles around Lynchburg to run two hundred furnaces profitably.

Four hundred and ninety-six fish was what A. D. Smith of Seaville, Ala., caught in his trap in two weeks.

Franklin county, Ky., pays the government \$15,000 per day for whiskey manufactured and placed in bond within her borders.

Oats, wheat and corn in McDuff county are all doing well. More corn, bacon, bay and guano have been shipped to the county this season than any since the war.