

C. H. Rankin

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. II.

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No. 25.

No Cross for Me.

BY J. E. HANKIN, D. D.

Is there no cross for me,
Thou dying Lamb?
Transfixed, thy grief I see,
Hard as I am,
That suffering form of thine,
That agony divine!
No cross, no cross for me?

Is there no cross for me,
Thou stricken One?
Who stretched Thee to the tree?
What hadst Thou done?
And why this crimson tide
Which wells forth from Thy side?
No cross, no cross for me?

Is there no cross for me?
Ah, blessed Lord,
How could there glory be,
Or long reward?
Thy joy, how, then, my own?
A seat upon Thy throne?
No cross, no cross for me?

Is there no cross for me?
No fear, no frown?
No blood, no agony?
Ah, then, no crown!
For rest comes out of strife,
And out of death comes life.
No cross, no cross for me?

THE NEWSPAPER.

Hecphab Jones, Editor of the Flapdoodle,
Drags a Few Sketches from Nature.
From the Steubenville Herald.

The editor of the Evening Flapdoodle sat in his sanctum the other morning just before beginning his day's work, and thought he had brought his paper about as near perfection as possible for an ordinary-sized town close to a half dozen big cities, and he was wondering how he might further improve it, when his cogitations were interrupted by an acquaintance coming in.

"Hello, Mr. Cisors," he facetiously said, "writing up editorials with the shears eh?"

The editor tried to smile at the old joke, and the visitor went on: "I tell you what it is, Jones, you have a pretty good paper, but what do you want in a town like this with long editorials? Give us short ones. You can't mould public sentiment, you must simply echo it." Then he left, and Jones told his associate not to write any long editorials that day, as he proposed, for a while, to make the Flapdoodle just to suit every subscriber who wanted a change. In a half hour along came a wicked fellow who talked newspaper a long while, and then said he didn't see any use of Sunday reading, nor any other religious matter in a paper, and if it was his he would bounce it all. The editor said nothing, but when the man went away he told his Sunday editor not to send any matter for that day. Then Jones rested and thought for a few minutes, and a pious old party dropped in. As he knew a good deal about the business in its moral aspect, he talked along, and at last said that no newspaper could be decent which admitted to its columns any sensational matter, and advertisements other than the most high-toned, and slangey squibs.

"Without a blush by the way," he said, "I have seen a number of papers which have been so full of such things, and I have never given it an hour's study."

"I am yours truly," HEZEKIAH JONES, Editor Flapdoodle.

Then these good people looked at their blank paper and their blank faces, and not one said a word except the profane man, who remarked: "Damn the editor is right; let's go and mind our own business," and Jones crept out from behind the counter, chuck full of all sorts of personal and local news, and news, and everything, and there was peace in that town for the space of a long time.

Morganon Blaque: Last week Judge Avery's big bull dog attacked "Tip," a little rat terrier, the property of a minister of this town, and almost made mince-meat of the little "pip." It was carried off and buried. Early next morning the children were surprised to find "Tip" at home. He had scratched out and now about well again. This statement is no "yarn," but a fact.

A great man under the shadow of defeat is taught how precious are the uses of adversity; and, as an oak tree's roots are strengthened by its shadow, so all defeats in a good cause are but resting places on the road to victory at last.

The plage go bare, Jones listened and told the foreman to whack out all that sort of stuff at once. Then he felt easier, till a lot of pretty girls came in, and, after making a purchase, asked him what a newspaper was filled full of advertisements for; nobody ever read them and one said she was going to stop taking the paper if he was going to fill it up that way. Jones told the young lady he would have a paper to suit every eye, or rather eye after the suggestions of every one, and he hoped she would not find fault. Then he went and ordered out every "ad," and smacked and smoothed, and waited for the next man. He came along pretty soon, and said he could say anything but poetry, and that was his ambition in a newspaper, and it never ought to encounter the columns of a local journal, because it was meant for magazines, and that sort of papers. Jones took it in, and went out and ordered all his fine poetry knocked down. Then he waited again, and a woman came in and said the fashion notes were no good, because the magazines had them all in greater quantities, and another thing she didn't like, was the markets. "What good was them?" she said. "I don't know," he replied, "so I'll throw 'em out." "I hope you will," she answered, and went away. In ten minutes the markets and fashions were on the standing galley. Jones began to look around, and as he was studying, a small boy said to him that "marriage and death notices was mighty thin reading," and Jones along them clear out into the corner. After this change he went over into the counting room, and an old man was there waiting to pay his subscription. "It's a good paper, Jones, but in this place you only want to take notice of local affairs, and let all the miscellaneous and general business go," and then Jones gave the old fellow a receipt and rustled back and took out all the miscellaneous and general matter that was left, and as he took out the last handful a friend came through the office and critically examining his surroundings, said, "The Flapdoodle is a good paper, Jones, but I do think you have the ugliest head on it I ever saw. Why don't you change it? I'm certain I never would let such a head appear on a paper of mine." "All right," said Jones, and off came the head. "Now, Mr. Foreman," he continued, "lock up the forms and send them down to the press room." The forms were duly locked and went down, and the paper came out and was distributed as usual. The next morning, the politician, and the solemn man, the friend, the school girl, the woman, the small boy, and all the rest of them were standing around the Flapdoodle office with blank sheets of paper in their hands; not a line, not a word, not a sign of anything on it but column rules, with nothing between.

"How is this?" said each to the other, "and where's that fool editor, to impose on us in this way?" While they were thus talking, the devil came in with a letter from the editor, which the old man read to the crowd. It ran as follows:

"Dear friends, you all think you know how to run a newspaper, and when you come to me with your suggestions I hate to tell you differently, so I have followed your advice and you see what you have as the result. If you will be kind enough to mind your own business half as well as I do mine, and try to think I know a little something, while you don't know it all, I will give you a good newspaper, and whenever I don't give you your money's worth, then come and tell me so, but don't come telling me how I should do my work, when I have devoted years to it, and you have never given it an hour's study."

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THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

In the winter of 1863 the First Regiment of Virginia Artillery was in winter quarters at Frederick Hall, Va. The Second company of Richmond Howitzers was camping on the grounds of Dr. Pendleton. Here an incident occurred which illustrates what regard the volunteer had for army regulations. Lieut. C. of the Salem Artillery, was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, life made things quite obnoxious to the boys by his strict military discipline, whether in the field or camp, or in the winter quarters. It was his great delight to be officer of the day, on which occasion he would do all he could to impress the boys with the idea that he was a *fact* in army regulations.

One night he rode up to the place where the Second Howitzers were parked and yelled out in a very loud voice,

"Where is the sentry on this post?"

The sentry was sitting on a ruptured bag of corn, engaged in peeling a quantity of the grain, more for his purpose of passing the time away (of course) than with any intention of satiating his appetite (for all good soldiers will remember that an appetite was an implement not marked down in the catalogue of a Confederate soldier's accouterments), and he replied:

"It ain't a post; it's a sack of corn."

"Where's your corporal?"

"Sleep, I reckon."

"Why don't you walk your post?"

"Didn't I tell you 'twas a post?"

"Who's corporal of this guard?"

"Billy McCarthy, Second Howitzers, sleeps in second cabin at head of line on left side," replied the sentry, all during the conversation keeping his eye on his frying pan, which he continued to shake to keep his core from burning.

"Young man," said Lieut. C. "you don't seem to know the first duty of a soldier. How long have you been in the army?"

Three years, one month, ten days and eighteen hours, when the relief comes round. I always keep it to the notch," replied the sentry, singing a few stanzas from the popular song of those days:

"When the equal war is over—"

"Why did you not rise, salute me and walk your post when I came up? I shall report you to headquarters in the morning for neglect of duty."

Saying which the Lieutenant departed and soon disappeared in the darkness. After giving him sufficient time to get off some distance, the sentinel mounted the pile of corn and yelled out:

"Hello there, mister!"

"What'll you have?" was the reply.

"Who are you, anyhow?"

The Lieutenant answered: "I am Lieut. C., officer of the day."

"O! shucks," replied the sentry; "blame my hide if I didn't think you was a fact."

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search of his child. He traveled with circus companies in order the better to prosecute his weary search. During these long years of separation he has scanned the faces of thousands of children, keeping constantly in mind the infant features that had become indelibly impressed upon his mind. The girl strongly resembles Barrell, but does not recall how she parted from her mother. The detective has only been able to track her up living with a family named Helm, in Scranton. Afterwards both Mr. and Mrs. Helm died and the child passed into the possession of another family named Smith who lives at Pittston. At this time she was about five years old. She left the Smiths to go to work in the hotel here about four weeks ago. The Smiths, who are Germans, claim that she is their own daughter, and produced in court to-day a Bible recording the birth of a female child named Emma Smith in May, 1861. Mrs. Smith says that the girl whom Barrell claims as his daughter is the same Emma Smith recorded in the family Bible. The girl's own testimony before the mayor tended to strengthen Barrell's claim, as she said Mrs. Helm told her that her name was Barrell. She was never treated by the Smiths as their child, and she said other children in the family had told her that she was not their sister. Barrell says he has spent thousands of dollars in the search for his daughter, and has led a vagabond life in order to find her. The case will go to the courts. Emma Smith, as she is known here, is a beautiful girl, and while her birth is shrouded in mystery there is a suspicion abroad to-night that Barrell is not her father, but is getting for some one else. The case is causing a great deal of comment.

ARP'S CROP.

Long Rows and a Sweltering Sun.

The Labors and Luxuries of Farm Life—Taking Care of the Baby—Reaping and Storing Oats—The Birthday Dinner—Red Eggs and Their Effects on Health.

Atlanta Constitution.

They say that heat expands things and I reckon it must be so for the corn rows in our low grounds are right smart longer than ever I knew them. We have just finished laying by one field of twelve acres and it was to thin out and dress off after the cultivator and the rows are nearly a quarter of a mile long and the corn is well up to a man's shoulder, and the ground was hot and the air dry and sultry, and nary a tree at either end and no way to dodge—no gentle breeze, no shade, no umbrella. It's pull up and chop, and pull up and chop till the horn blows for dinner, and the same thing after dinner and the days are as long as the corn rows and by sundown a feller is wet all over and dusty and dirty and tired but it won't do to let down or cave in and so after a good bath and a change of clothes he feels renewed and can talk big and the boys and young folks have a musical soiree most every night, and last night they all cut out to a sociable country dance and got back about two o'clock in the morning and they left the baby with me and Mrs. Arp or Mrs. Arp and me to tend to and the little thing woke up as usual about the wrong time and wanted its nanna and she was gone and Mrs. Arp couldn't do anything with it, and I had to walk it and walk it and sing to it and trot it on my knee and rub its little back and elsewhere until way after midnight, when we both give it up and went to sleep together. It's been a long time since I played that part in the comedy of life, and I had sorter lost the lick and forgot some of the old songs, but they all came back to me very natural. "Juliana Johnson" and "Way Down in Sunbono Alley" and all, and when I get too old to do anything else I reckon I can make a living tending my grandchildren, but my wife, Mrs. Arp, she says she has done her share and her children must look after their own young ones, though she is willing to oversee the business and tell how it ought to be done. I like overseeing it a steady, dignified sort of a business. Mrs. Arp makes a queerly overseer, and can see over as much in a day as anybody. She can see grease spots, and fly specks, and cobwebs, and dirty clothes, all about when nobody else can. When she goes off on a visit we let things run their own way until the day before she comes back, and then there is a general cleaning up, as we make her believe the house and yard has been that way all the time. There is nothing like a household having a good overseer.

Well, we have laid by a good part of the corn crop and it's done with until faller pulling. No hard work in July and it's not recorded that we will pull any fodder in August. It hurts the corn some and we can buy it at 90 cents a hundred in the fall and sell it to the cotton growers next spring for \$2.50; and we've got a barn

full of clover and there's more to come from the second crop, and the crab grass will be numerous and can be mowed with the mower, and the oats will fill up everything, and so I reckon the corn crop will soon be all done except the gathering, but these poor cotton makers have got to work and sweat and grant all the summer long and on until Christmas, and be in an everlasting strain and stew all the time. Then they will sell for about what it costs to make it, or perhaps less, and if there is any profit at all the speculator will get it. It would seem a great calamity for cotton to get down to 7 or 8 cents next fall, but I reckon it would be the best thing for our people, for its better to break all over at once than to be breaking little by little all the time. It would teach 'em a lesson that nothing else will. We will reap our oats next week, and then comes the thrashing business in general, and that is a big frolic of a day, for the traveling thrash slips in on us by sunrise and does its work in a hurry and is gone. It takes up its tent, like an Arab, and silently steals away. Then the children frolic and turn summer-sets in the big straw pile. But our straw is not going to be thrown around loose this year. We have built a straw rack of pine poles, all skinned, a big one, and it is in the shape of the letter W, only there are two of them together, and they are braced and supported by long posts in the ground, and when filled with straw the cattle can take shelter underneath it and eat between the poles all winter. On the whole I think we are getting along pretty well in this sublimity world, considering that we haven't got any bank or railroad or manganese mine and I don't belong to no syndicate nor the republican party. We are living pretty high now. Yesterday we had blackberries, and dewberries, and mulberries, and buckberries and raspberries all at one time, besides cherries and plums and all sorts of vegetables. You see it was my birthday and Mrs. Arp she will put on culinary as on a family birthday, especially mine. Spring chickens and cherry pies and custards, et cetera and so forth, and there is a power of birthdays in this family counting children, and grandchildren, and every one of 'em must be a little extra, and if we perish between times we revive again on a birthday, so I reckon it's all right, for if we had big dinners every day we would soon cease to enjoy 'em. There is one thing we are enjoying now as well as we can, though I'm prepared to say there's things in nature I enjoy more than red eggs. It keeps me busy looking for 'em on the children and greasing 'em with salt butter; but I tell 'em they are a healthy treat, for they keep the pores of the skin open and save doctor's bills. I never knew anybody to die while red bugs were biting 'em, and it's better to save life by a scratch than not save it at all.

The Boston Girl.

I told her of a maid whose mind Was filled with tender thoughts and fancies, A lovely being of the kind They write about in old romances.

"Knowest thou," said I, "this maiden fair, Whose beauty doth my thought beguile?" She answered with a dreamy air—"Well, I should smile!"

Her cheeks possess, the rose's hue, No form is daintier or completer, No hair so brown, no eyes so blue, No mouth is tenderer or sweeter.

The favored youth who gains the hand Of this fair girl will never regret it. With modest grace she added:—"And Don't you forget it."

"Oh thou dear mistress of my heart! My angel! let me kneel before thee And say how heavenly sweet thou art, And how devoutly I adore thee!"

She turned away her lovely head, And with a languid look that fired My soul, in murmured accents said:—"You make me tired!"

—SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

BITS OF NONSENSE.

The Keokuk Gate City gives the following receipts: How to make a nose gay—drink rum and molasses three times a hour—Shake well before taking.

When a baseball club is beaten without making a run they are said to be "white-washed," but we notice they generally look pretty black all the same.—Boston Commercial.

Pleasures of hotel life: "Here's a fly in my soup, waiter." "Yes, sir; very sorry, sir; but you can throw away the fly and eat the soup, can't you?" Of course I can, you didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?—Texas Sifings.

"Pa, what is ensilage?" "Why, h'm—ensilage, my son, is—ur—ensilage is—oh, something like muckage, used to stick things together, you know. There, now run away to your play and don't disturb me now." And that boy thinks his pa is a very encyclopedia of wisdom.

"It was their first night aboard the steamer. 'At last,' he said tenderly, 'we are all one, out upon the deep waters of the dark blue sea, and your heart will always beat for me as it has beat in the past?' 'My heart's all right,' she answered languidly, 'but my stomach feels awful.'"

"Prisoner, you are accused of having stolen the complainant's pocket-book; do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty, your Honor." "What was the motive that impelled you to commit the crime?" "I had a note coming due next day, and could not bear the thought of having my name dishonored!"—Figaro.

When a husband becomes angry and swears before his family, he is not so much to blame; he doesn't know how it sounds. His wife, really, is to blame; she ought to swear, too, to let him hear how it sounds. Isn't this sound logic?—Kentucky State Journal. Well, well! let them—yes—that is—we'll be compelled to say that it is.—Steubenville Herald.

AN EPITAPH.

"Here lies a man of good repute Who wore a No. 16 boot. 'Tis not recorded how he died, But sure it is that open wide The gates of Heaven must have been To let such monstrous feet get in."

Paducah, Kentucky, is wading out her gamblers.

The crop prospects are good all over Mississippi.

There was a case of sunstroke in Mobile Wednesday.

Quite a number of Kansas people have moved to Florida.

Gas is now furnished at \$1.75 per thousand feet in Nashville.

The Virginia state fair, at Richmond, will commence October 17.

A colony of Bohemians is to be organized in Cooke county, Texas.

Decisions in law suits are rendered the same as lard is rendered—by trying.

A Mrs. Harris, in Marshall county, Miss., hung herself with a calico rope.

Over twenty thousand immigrants have already arrived in Baltimore in June.

The cotton crop of north Mississippi is reported to be 5 per cent. more than last year.

The yarn mills of Satchel, Miss., are expected to start up about the middle of July.

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