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VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

"It was late last night when you retired?"
 "Yes, papa," I said with a yawn
 Behind my fan, "for the horrid man,
 He just talked on and on."
 The more I hinted the more he stayed;
 I knew you were wakeful too,
 And I told him so; but he would not go—
 And what could a poor girl do?"

"It was very late when you retired?"
 "Yes, papa!" I frankly said,
 "For the man, you see, just talked to me,
 Though I yawned till my eyes were red,
 And I went so far, when the clock struck
 twelve,
 As to count the strokes all through;
 But—the stupid—he just wouldn't see—
 And what could a poor girl do?"

"It was worse than late when you retired?"
 "Why I tell you, pa!" I cried,
 "If I hinted once to the tiresome dunce,
 'Twas a hundred times beside!"
 Why, even said you'd been in bed
 For at least five hours I knew;
 But he tipped his chair, and still sat there—
 So what could a poor girl do?"

"Well, the Jemmes-gosh! was you up all
 night?"
 "Why, papa!" I humbly plead,
 "Don't thunder so! there's a man below;
 And he's sent you his card, and said
 That the reason why he stayed all night
 Was, that he wanted to see you, too,
 That he might ask for the hand I gave—
 For what could a poor girl do?"

BILL ARP.

Discourses on the Products of the Schools.

Atlanta Constitution.

Taking the back track, when an enthusiastic hound gets after a smart fox sometimes he overdoes the thing and the seat gets fainter and fainter, and suddenly he discovers his mistake and reverses his engine and takes the back track. That is a sign of a good dog. There is too much free education in this country, and I'm glad to see that some of our strong men are writing about it and talking about it. General Tombs made a grand speech the other day in Columbus, and he said it was no part of civil government to educate the children. That's the parent's business, and the parents can give 'em enough for a start if they want to. Because some few are too poor and some too ignorant, is no reason for establishing a grand system of free schools that does more harm than good in the long run. The good old plan is the best and I never knew a poor man's child turned off from school because he couldn't pay. Lawyers have to work for poor clients, and doctors for poor patients, and preachers work on long time and take their pay in the next world, and teachers must take their chances in the same way. I never knew a boy or a girl fail to get a little schooling if they wanted it. It's not the tuition fee that troubles even a poor man, but it's the loss of the boy's time at home where his work is needed, and it's the want of books and better clothes, for a mother is a mother whether poor or rich and she won't let her children go to school in rags or patches if she can help it. It's the same trouble with a smart ambitious boy about going off to college. He could manage the tuition fees some way by himself or through a generous friend, but there is the board and clothes and school-books which is five times as much. It takes too much education anyhow nowadays, and too much of everything. Too much lounge and furniture, too much dinings and winings and banquets and horses and carriages and riding and sleeping and dressing—too many yards of calico in a dress and too much sewing on it and trimming and flouncing and tucking and lace rigging in general. Children's clothes used to be changed twice a week, but I know some poor mothers who change 'em now three times a day and can hardly pay their washing bills. The dear little darlings must be kept so sweet. It's the strangest thing in the world that when poor folks get rich they want to do more for their children than anybody else. A man who never had but three or four months' chance in an old field school and rose above all obstacles and acquired riches and honor and fame, is very apt to dress his children in fine clothes and keep 'em at school or at college all their young life. It's the nature of folks to go to extremes and a big pile of money will make a fool of most anybody on short acquaintance.

It's not been proven yet that a liberal education scattered broadcast over the land, makes the people better or happier. Too much schooling makes the young people lazier and prouder and undervalues the common troubles and hardships of life. College boys as a general thing are no count. They won't go to the field nor the workshop, for they are too stuck up or too lazy, and so they take a profession and loaf around. They know a little about comecisions and trigonometry and Latin and Greek and sillogisms and a little bad of French, but what is all that worth to 'em and will it buy a suit of clothes or pay for a dinner. I want to see colleges all about and have 'em all endowed, so that the carcest, ambitions, studious, boys and

girls may have a chance to distinguish themselves, but it ain't one boy in twenty that wants the chance, and the other nineteen become drones in the beehive. What would they bring on the block? Who wants 'em? Who bids? Twenty boys just from college want an occupation that will insure a living. Here are merchants and master mechanics and architects and planners—all want labor and skilled workmen, and nary bid is made. They don't want college boys. Why, six months schooling has made as great men as six years. A year's schooling will lay the foundation for any boy. It will lay it broad and deep, and he can build on it all his life if he wants to. There is too much attention being paid to education. It is not as big a thing as some of our people think. We are spoiling hundreds of young men who would have made good, useful working boys in the field and in the workshop and the first thing we know we will have a nation of spoiled niggers. Says I: "Mack, what is the matter with all these young darkies that have grown up since the war? What makes 'em so trifling and lazy?" Mack is one of the old time darkies and says he, mournfully: "Major, as shore as you are born, sir, it's nottin' but this school business. Schoolin' is a ruin' all these young bidders. You can't depend on 'em for anything, and they just run about and about, workin' a little here and a little dar and dey is all ruined, sir, ruined."

I read a piece the other day in the Estont Messenger arguing against state education and free schools from the pen of Rev. J. R. Branham, and it can't be answered, to my opinion. It's as solid as a rock. One of his reasons that struck me most forcibly was that it weakened the bond between parent and child, and made the child feel independent and weaned away his reverence and respect. It's just like a boy having a fortune left him by a grandfather or rich old uncle, and he gets proud and vain, and before he gets to be twenty-one his father and mother realize that the legacy was a curse instead of a blessing. Thank goodness, there are no rich uncles or grandfathers in my family, for I want my children to look up to me and their mother as long as we live, and besides I don't believe much in legacies to children now. They are never much account, until they have earned their own money, and even a selfish boy is not going to entertain a secret longing for the old man's death, if the old man hasn't got a parcel of money to leave behind him for a division. So lets take the back track awhile and consider.

BILL ARP.

Arrested.

The supposed perpetrators of the Alexander murder in jail—Excitement.

On last Sunday morning, about one mile from Asheville, two men named respectively Paine and Poole were arrested, upon charges from Taylorsville that they were the perpetrators of the recent brutal murder in Alexander. The exact nature of the evidence we have so far been unable to obtain; but it seems that a short time before Miss Thompson was murdered Paine, who is a reckless character, made inquiries about old Mr. Thompson's money and where he kept it concealed. On the day of the murder he told persons whom he met that he was on his way to Catawba Factory; but he failed to put in his appearance at that place. On the night after the murder was done we understand that he spent the night at the house of an old woman, who saw him place a large bag of silver under his pillow before retiring, and upon seeing that he was observed he told her that he had robbed a horse drover and the money was his booty. Thursday evening with certain disreputable associates among whom was Poole, he appeared in Hickory, and the party conducted themselves in so suspicious a manner that many of the merchants, fearing that their stores would be robbed, had them guarded during the entire night. On Friday Paine and Poole took the train for Asheville, whither they were followed on Saturday's train by Mr. J. S. Thompson, of Hickory, with a warrant for their arrest. When arrested they became greatly excited and alarmed, and acted in such a manner as greatly to strengthen the already powerful evidence of their guilt. Great excitement prevailed in Hickory when the prisoners were brought to that place, and had the evidence against the two men been such as to have left no doubt of their guilt they would have been lynched. They are now in Taylorsville jail awaiting further developments. Another arrest has been made, but we have not learned the name of the party.—*Lenoir Top.*

In the orange grove of Mrs. Hubbard and Herndon, near Lake Panasoffee, Fla., is a tree which measures 35 feet in circumference, four feet from the ground, and at the base measures 63 feet.

PROF. SWING ON THE BIBLE.

WHAT THE CHICAGO DIVINE SAYS UPON THE SUBJECT OF REVISION.

It so happens that all modern difficulties of any moment, in the direction of the Holy Scriptures, are not difficulties with a rendering, but with the subject matter, however interpreted. There should be in the new versions eliminations of whole chapters and whole books, on the ground that they make the sacred volume too large to be printed in good type and still be portable. A small Bible always means that the type is almost microscopic. A popular Bible should be at once portable and of fair, clear type, and to make this possible a large part of the Old Testament should be omitted from the editions of the future.

Not only are the laws of the Mosaic state repealed and dead, and therefore unworthy of a place in this guide of the public, but they are the laws of a semi-barbarous age, and cast no little of their imperfection upon the fair pages of the New Testament. The New Testament has suffered much from thus being found in bad company. Those treatises are valuable as being a part of the history of the Jewish state, but not as being a part, much less a valuable part of Christianity. Many of the Hebrew laws were so unjust that their presence in the popular Bible makes it essential that each clergyman and each Sunday school teacher shall spend much time in explaining the relation of Mosaic things to Christian affairs—an explanation to be made easier by a withdrawal of the cause. The laws about women and slaves are particularly unjust, and their presence in the good book will always complicate the inquiry:—"What is inspiration?" If, as almost all Christian scholars admit, those laws were the temporary statutes of a nation temporary compromises between a horrid epoch and a kinder one in comparison, that legal literature should have lapsed into quietness along with the Hebrew, the Amorite, the Jubusite, and not be spread out to-day before our youth, as forming some part of the divine truths to be believed. Besides the savage injustice in some of these laws there is much that offends against the refinement of our more civilized times. No minister, no family, dares read aloud all of the Old Testament. It came from a far-off time, and just like a discord upon the modern heart. The Bible has already been so deeply injured by the timidity of its friends that now, since rage for a new version has come, it is high time a demand were made that the best of all books be set free from some of the weights which so impede its progress.

A TAILOR'S IQKE.

A tailor on fort street east got hold of a red hot iron the other day. He heated up his goose to the blistering point and placed it on a bench at his door with a sign reading: "Only 25 cents." In a few minutes along came an ancient-looking colored man with an eye out for bargains, and as he saw the goose and read the sign he made up his mind that he had struck it rich. He naturally reached out to heft his bargain, and that was where he gave himself away. The tailor almost fell down with his excitement, but it didn't last over sixty seconds. At the end of that time the victim entered the shop and began a sort of gymnastic performance which did not end until the tailor was a sadly mashed man and his shop in the greatest confusion. The two were fighting in front when an officer came along and nabbed both, and both were brought before his Honor together. The tailor appeared with a black eye and a finger tied up in a red rag, and the African had a scratched nose and was minus two front teeth.

"Well? queried the court as the pair stood gazing at him.
 "Yhell, I shall speak first," replied the tailor, "I likes to have a shake sometimes and so I put dat goose out dere. It was all in fun, and I am werry sorry."
 "Ye old'n't see whar' de fo' cum in," said the other. "Dis yere han' am all agred to a bister, an' I won't be able to use it for two weeks."
 "Did you put that hot goose out there for a joke?" queried the court.
 "Yaw—it was only a shake."
 "And were you joking when you entered the shop and made things hum?" he asked of the other.
 "No boss, I wasn't. I'm an old man an' not much giben to laffin' an' en'tin' up. When I let go of dat goose I made up my mind to mash dat tailor flatter dat a billyard ball. It was my first fo' for ober forty yars, but I'd got the bulge on him, an' was usin' him up when de officer stepped in. No, boss, I wasn't jokin' bout dat time."
 "Were you very tickled?" he queried of the tailor.

"Yhell, I was tickled until he pitch into me."

"You were the only one who had any fun out of it?"

"Yhell, I 'spose so."

"Thep you'll have to fig' the bill. I shall let him go and fine you \$8."

"Dat ish pooty high."

"Yes, but it was a rich joke you know."

"Maybe she vhas, but I guess I let dot goose cool off now. Here is five, six, seven, eight dollars, and now I shall go home. I bid you good day."

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

Baltimore Sun.

Although the obscuration of the moon by the shadow of the earth is not an uncommon occurrence, and is as inevitable as the revolution of the earth on its axis, yet it is an unfathomable mystery to most of those who gaze upon the phenomenon. The scientific explanation is easy enough, and is understood by every one familiar with the elements of astronomy, but in the presence of the actual darkening of the full-orbed moon the familiar pictorial illustration of the cause is lost in a sense of awe. Happily science has taken away the superstitious terror which used to fall alike upon the good and the wicked when the moon passed through the column of darkness which the revolving earth projects out into infinite space. We look upon it with wonder, but not with dread apprehension. Barely within the memory of those who gazed upon this interesting phenomenon on Saturday night, or rather on Sunday morning, has it been witnessed under more favorable circumstances. A calm summer night, a soft, balmy air and a cloudless sky brought out a great multitude of spectators, and the full moon being scarcely past her zenith when she first came in contact with the shadow, there was no difficulty in obtaining an unobstructed view from the Jews and sidewalk. A few pale stars were faintly twinkling in the upper dome, but all the lesser host were obscured by the bright moonlight. As the shadow moved across the shining disc, the stars began to appear on the darkening side, and when the obscuration was complete the veiled queen was surrounded by a brilliant constellation, which, in the eternal order of things, had been set in the heavens for her adornment. A weird spell seemed to fall upon the earth while the obscuration lasted, and the face of the moon shone through the shadow with a red, flickering glow, like the dimly illuminated dial of some great celestial clock. Before the phenomenon ended the moon had dropped down towards the western horizon, and the first rays of sunlight were beginning to touch the borders of the east. The first mark of the shadow was seen on the eastern edge of the moon. As the shadow crept over the moon's surface the darkness gradually increased until the final obscuration, when the darkness was most marked, revealing the greatest number of stars, which stood out more and more prominently as the obscuration increased. After the obscuration of the first half of the moon had been accomplished, the phenomenon presented a striking, illuminated portion of the moon was bright as usual, while the part on which the shadow had fallen was distinctly visible to the naked eye, but of a dull, reddish-golden hue. When the obscuration was complete the moon hung in the heavens a lurid disc, all the stars, little and big, standing out with great distinctness, and calling to mind the quotation:

"Look how the floor of heaven is thick laid with gossamer of bright gold."

The total obscuration of the moon was accomplished a few minutes past 1 o'clock, and about 27 minutes past 3 o'clock the moon had passed entirely out of the shadow. The moon is eclipsed when it enters the shadow of the shadow of the earth; in other words, when the earth is interposed between it and the sun. This can only occur at the time of full moon, or when the moon is in opposition to the sun, and when both bodies are at the same time near one of the moon's nodes. The moon cannot be eclipsed more than twice during the year, and it may escape eclipse for an entire year altogether. Lunar eclipses are visible to all parts of the earth at which the body is above the horizon at the time of their occurrence.

The West Virginia press association will meet in annual convocation at Weston, July 13.

A printing office which will have room for 1,000 compositors is soon to be established in Paris.

There are 962 dailies published in the United States, 436 morning papers and 546 evening papers.

Nearly 5,000,000 pounds of type are handled in printing one issue of the 10,131 newspapers of this country.

TREES ON A BOUNDARY LINE.

The question frequently arises, who owns the fruit of a tree standing near the boundary line between two proprietors? It is generally supposed that the fruit on the limbs overhanging one's land belongs to him, but this is an entire mistake. If a tree stands wholly on your land, although some of the roots extend into the soil of your neighbor and derive support and nourishment from his soil, yet he has no right to any of the fruit which hangs over the line. If he attempts by force to prevent you from picking it, he is liable for an assault and battery. The Boston Cultivator gives Judge Bennett as deciding a case in points as follows: A lady, whilst standing on a fence picking cherries which hung over the line, was forbidden to do so by the adjoining owner, who was at work in his garden, and in the scuffle to prevent her, she received some bruises on her arm, for which he had the pleasure of paying the neat little sum of \$100. According to the same authority, if your fruit falls into your neighbor's lot, you have an implied license in law to go and pick it up, doing him no unnecessary damage. If, however, a fruit tree stands directly on the division line, and if it is what is called a "line-tree," both parties own the tree and fruit in common, and neither can cut down the tree or seriously injure it without being responsible to the other.

ROMANCE OF A BAD YOUNG MAN.

Charles W. Stickney was a Harvard graduate, and by profession a teacher of languages. He had a young, pretty wife, with whom he went to Denver several years ago. In that city she won the love of Montgomery Campau, who importuned her to get a divorce and marry him. Stickney was wild with jealousy on hearing this, but his rage subsided when his wife advised him to blackmail Campau, who was by threats soon induced to sign ten notes of \$1,000 each, payable at intervals of six months. The Stickneys, thus provided with a good income, settled down in Chicago suburb to enjoy it. But after two years the payments ceased. Stickney went to Denver and brought a suit on the note that was due. Campau resisted further extortion, and made the whole matter public. This was a heavy blow to the blackmailer, and immediately following it came another—desertion by his wife, who took all the money he possessed and departed for parts unknown. Then Stickney armed himself to kill Campau, hunted for him all day, found him at night in the parlor of his boarding-house, and in murdering him also slew by accident a young bride who happened to be in the room.—*New York Sun.*

PROVERBS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

"A wise son maketh a glad father," and a prompt-paying subscriber causeth an editor to rejoice.

"Folly is joy that is destituted of wisdom," but a delinquent subscriber's contentment suffering in the house of a newspaper maker.

"All the ways of a man are clear in his own eyes," except the way the delinquent subscriber high of not paying for his news paper.

"Better is a little with righteousness," than a thousand subscribers who fail to pay what they owe.

"A just weight and balance are the Lord's," but that which is due upon your newspaper belongs to the publishers thereof.

"Better is a dry moral and quietness therewith," than a long list of subscribers who cheat the printer.

"Better is the poor man that walketh in integrity," and payeth his subscription than the rich man who continually telleth your devil to call again.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," is a proverb and y realized by the publisher who sendeth out bills.

LITTLE JOHNNY ON DOGS.

One time there was a feller bot a dog of a man in the market, and the dog it was a biter. After it had bit the feller four or five times he threw a closeline over its neck and led it back to the dog man in the market, and he said to the dog man, the feller did: "Ole man dident you use to have this dog?" The dog man looked at the dog, and he thot a while, and then he said: "Wot did you sell me had me?" Then the feller he was fewrrious mad, and he said: "Wot did you sell me such a dog is this for?" And the ole man he spoke up and sed: "For \$4.75 I'll sell you a dog that will bite any man you wish to see him go home if the dog was willing."

MEMORY'S FLOWERS.

In memory's mellowed light
 No thorns do we behold;
 We see the flowers smiling bright,
 In cups of dewy gold,
 The sparkling gems new lustre shed,
 And lend a brighter ray;
 Tho' withered, yet they are not dead,
 They blossom every day.
 Their nectared sweets have touched our lips,
 And thrilled us, as of wine;
 As bees the richest honey sips,
 From lily, rose and vine,
 And we linger, leaving still,
 Mid the beak of sunny hours,
 'Round the fountain's foaming rill
 Of memory's hallowed flowers.
 —CHARLES M. BEEBE.

THE ROYAL BAND.

Wanderer plays the pinner,
 And his father played the drum,
 His sister played the tambourine,
 And his father went bomb, bomb.

BITS OF NONSENSE.

A gentleman named his dog Penny, because he was one sent to him.

Always goes around with a long face—an alligator.—*Yawcob Straps.*

"Scissors and lightning," shouted an irate subscriber who could find nothing but miscellany and telegraphic news in his paper.

A lady who drew a gentleman's dressing gown at a recent church fair now wishes to draw a good looking young man to put it in.

When Jones' boy was kicked out of a saloon by his father he remarked that there appeared to be an active temperance movement on foot.—*Modern Argo.*

Some people have no tact! A newly married man in Brooklyn went home the other night, and when his wife opened the door for him he gave her a hug which nearly drove the whalebones of her corset through her lungs. And when she yelled "murder!" the idiot tried to sooth her by declaring that he thought it was the second girl.—*Chic.*

A rich and catchpenny Minnesota justice, newly elected—a dealer in drugs, and of laughing habit—was wated upon by a long-faced, unassuming country swain, who was about to become a "happy Benedict." The knot was tied in the most approved manner, and the "charge" was called for and answered as follows:

"How much do you charge, squire?"

"Well, the law allows me a dollar and a half; you may pay me what you please."

"All right. Here's fifty cents; that'll make you two dollars."

The squire laughed—and so did the town, when it became public.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Among the old Romans there prevailed the touching custom of holding the face of every new born infant toward the heavens, signifying by thus presenting its forehead to the stars that it was to look above the world into celestial glories. This was a vain superstition; but our holy religion dispels the fancy, and gives us a clear realization of the pagan fancy, in that we are taught that a tiny, fragile child may become joint heir with Christ to an incorruptible inheritance beyond the stars. Yet turn the face of the little ones toward heaven and prepare their spirits for immortal glory.

Good nature is more amiable than beauty and more agreeable than wit.

The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment.

Out of every 100 inhabitants in the United States 16 live in cities.

Galitness ought to be written in letters of gold over every church door, as the condition of membership.

Yes, the world's a stage and we are the actors, but did you ever stop to think how few of us ever receive an encore?

In the public school of Chattanooga there is an enrollment of 2,400 pupils.

A large number of immigrants are settling in McCulloch county, Texas.

The valuation of the taxable property of Chattanooga is nearly \$4,000,000.

Twelve hundred immigrants arrived in Baltimore Wednesday, from Europe.

Over fifty thousand dollars worth of sponge was sold in Key West last week.

The yield of wheat in Texas this year ranges from eighteen to thirty bushels per acre.

Senator Lamar has been made an L. L. D. by Washington and Lee university, of Virginia.

The assessed value of real estate in Birmingham, Ala., is \$50,000. The population is nearly 6,000.

The commencement exercises of the university of Mississippi, at Oxford, will extend from June 24th to June 28th.

The people of Columbus, Mississippi use refused cotton seed oil for culinary purposes in preference to lard's lard.