

C. H. Walker

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. II,

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1881.

No. 29.

A LONG JOURNEY.

Under this head the Fayetteville Examiner says: "Last Tuesday Miss Isabelle Lete, of this town, late teacher in one of the public schools at Wilmington, took the train of the C. F. & Y. V. Railway, bound for San Francisco, where she will take passage on a Pacific steamer for Tokyo, the capital of the Japanese Empire. She goes to fulfill an engagement to teach in a female seminary in that distant city. Her niece, Miss Lena Lete, formerly of Fayetteville, is a teacher in the same school. The journey is ten thousand miles in extent, and with the aid of steam and with uninterrupted progress day and night, will require a month in its performance. She was accompanied to the depot by many friends, whose best wishes accompany her in her journey."

GUTTEAU'S PHILOSOPHY.

"If I had another opportunity I would not try to shoot the President," said Gutteau Friday. "I thought I had an inspiration to remove him, but I see I must have been mistaken. I think it is ordained by God that the President shall not be killed, and for that reason I would not try it again if I had a chance. If it were not decreed by God that he should not be killed, how could he be alive now? I held the pistol close to his back, and my hand was as steady as iron. I fired point blank at him, and nothing but Divine interposition could have saved him. He will not die, I am convinced, and I am sorry I caused him so much suffering. It is no use for any one to try to kill him now, for if I could not do it with the chance I had, no bullet can do it. It is so ordained, and we must abide the will of Heaven."—Washington Cor. Baltimore Sun.

DEATH FROM TIGHT LACING.

The Glasgow News says: The evils of tight lacing were shown at an inquest which was held last week at Kilburn upon the body of Mrs. Amelia Fury. Dr. Hill state that upon making a post mortem examination he found that the stomach was contracted in the middle by a firm band, narrowing it one eighth of the usual size; there were virtually two stomachs, and this contraction was on a level with incantation on the liver, corresponding to where the stays tightly bound round. The liver itself was flattened out, and was driven down very deep into the pelvis also, and there was no doubt but what this was also produced by tight lacing. The coroner said that he some time ago held an inquest where it was shown that the liver had been very seriously injured through tight lacing, and perhaps these cases would act as a caution against the practices now adopted.

SAD CASE OF REPENTANCE AND DEATH.

In London a poor man, carpenter, was charged with abandoning his family, and was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labor. While in prison he broke down at labor and was placed in the infirmary, the doctor telling him that he had heart disease and must be very careful. On his leaving prison he sought his wife and promised amendment if she would return to him and would get a room. This she did next day, and on reaching the apartment he expressed his pleasure at the comfortable home she had got together, kissed his children, and, falling at his wife's feet, begged her pardon for his past misdeeds, and swore to become better in the future. As he continued kneeling a long time his wife became alarmed, and finding him rigid, called in a neighbor, and the poor fellow was found to be dead, having died in that attitude.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS WIFE.

Two acts of President Garfield will endear him forever to every mother and wife in the land. His first act after he had taken the solemn oath as President of the United States was to turn and kiss his aged and weeping mother. His first act after he was wounded to the death was to dictate a dispatch to his wife: "He hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you." To her who is a wife or a mother these two deeds will appeal with touching force, and the patios of the words to his wife can hardly fail to bring a tear to the eyes. "James was always a good boy," his mother said not long ago, and to every one except the heartless and the coldest there could be no finer praise than these simple words. That the boy was father of the man we all know. The love he bore his mother and wife is a love worthy of emulation and is natural in the highest degree. The great master spirit of English literature says: "Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis true it sends some precious instance of itself. After the thing it loves."

To those who to-day are suffering most the whole country offers its trust and most heartfelt sympathy, and could the shoulders of many lessen the burden of their affliction, the volunteers would make their grief as light as air. Not to the wife and mother of the President, but to the wife and mother of a noble and devoted son and husband, a shining example of filial piety and devoted affection, is this sympathy directed, and to-day thousands of prayers spoken through tears will be put forth in earnestness and feeling on behalf of those who now most need them.—Philadelphia P. ess.

INGERSOLL ON STINGY MEN.

I despise a stingy man. I don't see how it's possible for a man to die worth five million dollars or ten million dollars in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hands of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all that and hold in his hands twenty million dollars is past comprehension. I do not see how he can do it. I should not think that he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber when hundreds of thousands were drowning in the sea. Do you know that I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and homes, and not their pocket-book—not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind I always think he knows what is most valuable. Think of her asking you every day for a dollar or two, or to humbly beg for fifty cents. "What did you do with that two dollars I gave you?" Think of her being afraid of you. What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and coward for a mother? I tell you if you have but a dollar in the world, and you have got to spend it, spend it like a king: spend it as though you thought it were a dry leaf and you were the owner of unbounded forests. That's the way to spend it. I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than be a king and spend my money like a beggar. If it's got to go, let it go. Get the best you can for yourself. When you used to go courting how nice you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step was light, and you just put on the best you could. Oh you know that it is insupportable egotism in you to suppose that a woman is going to love always, looking as bad as you can. Think of it! Any woman on earth will be true to you forever when you do your level best.

THE TACK-HAMMER AGENT.

He was a pale-faced young man from Cairo, and he had been trying to introduce a patent tack-hammer to the citizens of Detroit. His luck was poor. Some folks saw the dog ran him out of the yard and gripped over it. Others replied that they always drove their tacks with the ax. Another class wouldn't buy because there was no corkscrew in the other end of it. A widow drove him out of her yard because she thought he said tack-hammer, and her taxes were already too high. Had Caesar had the same luck he would also have got drunk. He lay like a turtle taking his rest, when an officer found him and pulled him from the puddle and held him up a weary mile to the station. "You have a patent tack-hammer, have you?" asked his Honor as the officer took his seat. "I have, and I shall be pleased to show you how it operates." "Never mind that just now. Can this tack-hammer of yours walk out of Detroit before night?" "Yes, sir." "And take you along?" "Yes, sir." "Very well, I'll give it a chance. If you have any money you'd better go and hire half a dozen boot-blacks and brush-boys to get the mud off your boots and the spots off your back." "Then I can't show you my tack-hammer." "No, sir. Show me your heels."—Free Press.

SHARP EYES.

The power of observation is given to each person alike; but although they are so gifted, many go through life seeing comparatively little of that which lies before them. The world is full of beauty and it is also full of suffering; their vision is blind to both facts alike. Having eyes, they see not and never know how much they have lost of enjoyment or the pleasure there is in alleviating the sorrows of others. An observing person will oftentimes find that which, to the casual passer-by, seems to be naught, yet proves to be of great value when keen eyes fall on it. The rich carburet ores in the mountains of Colorado were in plain sight of all who passed that way, and thousands were looking for something else or nothing at all, and did not see them. Some man came along who used

his eyes in the way they were intended by looking close at what was before him, and behold! the riches of the earth were his. He also found that there were plenty of men willing to help him in claiming the silver. Thus he not only benefited himself, but others also, with his sharp eyes. Some persons will plod along through life and see literally nothing, while others walking in the same path will follow after, with an eye on the lookout for what might happen to be of use to him, and be rewarded for his patience. The first will wonder why he did not see and improve the chance and mourn because he is so unlucky. It is so easy to place the responsibility on the word "unlucky," and it sometimes gets blamed for what is generally the person's own fault. But men's foresight is very often faulty, and many a poor mortal is terribly deceived simply because he did not use his eyesight. This false world is full of deceit and shams to catch the unwary when they are least expecting it. It gives intense satisfaction to some people to think that they have been able to gain an advantage over some one less sharp-sighted than themselves. A keen eye, while it brings pleasure to its possessor by enabling him to see much that would otherwise be hidden, also shows him much of misery and suffering. Often their lies beneath the smiling countenance, which is worn as a mask, a heart filled with pain and anguish—a heart wellnigh broken with its burden of sorrow, aching for a word of sympathy to be spoken to give it rest, but which never comes. Enjoyment and sorrow, pain and pleasure, walk hand in hand; and those who can aid the one or lessen the other are to be envied, for they have their reward; and those who use a keen eye to add to the knowledge of others feel a gratification which but few understand.

A FAMILY EPISODE.

At 8 o'clock the other morning a wife followed her husband down to the gate as he was starting for down town, and kindly said to him, "William, you know how sadly I need a blue bunting dress." "Yes, dear," he remarked, "but you know how hard I am. As soon as I can see my way clear you shall have the dress, and a new hat to boot. Be patient, be good, and your reward shall be great." Forty minutes after that he emerged from a restaurant with a big basket on a fi-hpole, bound up the river. In the basket was chicken, pickles, cake, fruit, pie and a bottle of liquid of a rich color, and he was just lighting a twenty-cent cigar when his wife came along. "What! you here?" he exclaimed. "Yes, I am going to the market. Where are you going—what's in the basket?" "I was going to carry this fish-pole around to a friend on Jefferson avenue," he modestly answered. "And that basket?" "This basket—well I was going to take it to the orphan asylum as a present to the children. It is a donation from six leading citizens." "William, I don't believe it." "Sh! Don't talk so loud." "William, I shall talk louder yet!" she exclaimed. "I'll bet you are going a fishing." "Mary, have I ever deceived you?" he plaintively asked. "I never have. As proof of my sincerity you can take this basket to the asylum yourself." "And I'll do it," she promptly replied, and she relieved him of it. "Mary, hadn't you?" "No, sir, I hadn't! You'd better hurry up with that fish-pole, as the man may want it, and be careful how you stand around in the hot sun." She left him there. He watched her take the car for home, and then he returned the fish-pole and crossed the street, and said to an acquaintance, "Tom, I'm suffering with neuralgia, and the excursion is off till next week. Too bad, but we can never tell what a day may bring forth." There was chicken and pickles and other good things on the table at dinner, but he never smiled. Even when his wife wished she was an orphan, if that was the way they were fed, he never betrayed the gloom in his heart. It was only when she handed him the bottle he had so carefully tucked into the basket, and he saw it labeled "Good for Little Children," that he said: "Mary, it is an awful thing for a wife to get the impression that her husband is a cold-blooded fiar." "It must be," she replied as she took the other chicken leg.

Monroe Enquirer: At an early hour Friday, 8th, Mr. M. D. Myers found lying on a pile of loose cotton under the cotton weigher's platform, the corpse of Mr. John A. Harrison, of this place, who had died there during the night of heart disease.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, July 7.—Col. Albert G. Pelton, whose beautiful 20,000-acre ranch is out toward the Rio Grande near Laredo, has been the Peter the Hermit of the Texas for years. He came to Texas in 1844, a common soldier. By talent and courage he rose to the rank of Colonel, and finally, in 1856, commanded Fort Macrae. That year he fell in love with a beautiful Spanish girl at Abasco, New Mexico. The admiration of the young people was mutual, and parental objections only intensified the affections of the lovers. Finally, after two years of entreaty and devotion, Col. Pelton won the consent of the parents of the beautiful Spanish girl and they were married. One day the two, accompanied by the young wife's mother and twenty soldiers rode out to the hot springs, six miles from the fort, to take a bath. While in the bath, which is near the Rio Grande, an Indian arrow passed over their heads. Then a shower of arrows fell around them, and a band of wild Apache Indians rushed down upon them, whooping and yelling like a band of demons. Several of the soldiers fell dead, pierced with poisoned arrows. This frightened the rest, who fired another shower of arrows, and the beautiful bride and her mother dropped into the water, pierced by the cruel weapons of the Apaches. With his wife dying before his eyes, Col. Pelton dashed up the banks, grasped his rifle, and killed the leader of the savage band. But the Apaches were too much for the Colonel. Pierced with too poisoned arrows, he swam the river and hid under an overhanging rock. After the savages had left, the Colonel swam the river and made his way back to Fort Macrae. Here his wounds were dressed, and he finally recovered, but only to live a blasted life—without love, without hope—with a vision of his beautiful wife, pierced with poisoned arrows, lying perpetually before his eyes. After loss of his wife a change came over Col. Pelton. He seemed to think that he had a sacred mission from heaven to avenge her death. He secured the most unerring rifles, surrounded himself with brave companions and consecrated himself to the work of revenge. He was always anxious to lead any and all expeditions against the Apaches. Whenever any of the other Indians were at war with the Apaches, Col. Pelton would soon be at the head of the former. One day he would be at the head of his own soldiers and the next day he would be at the head of a band of Mexicans. He defied Indian arrows and courted death. Once, with a band of the wild desperadoes, he penetrated a hundred miles into the Apache country. The Apaches never dreamed that anything but an entire regiment would dare to follow them to their camp in the mountains. So when Col. Pelton swooped down into their camp with ten trusty followers, their Henry rifles at the rate of twenty times a minute, the Apaches fled in consternation, leaving their women and children behind. It was then that there darted out of a lodge a white woman. "Spare the women!" she cried, and then she fainted and fell to the ground. When the Colonel jumped from the saddle to lift up the woman he found she was blind. "How came you here, women, with these Apaches?" he asked. "I was wounded and captured," she said, "ten years ago. Take me, take me back again!" "Have you any relatives in Texas?" asked the Colonel. "No. My father lives in Abasco. My husband, Col. Pelton, and my mother were killed by the Indians." "Great God! Bella! is it you—my wife?" "Oh, Albert! I knew you would come," exclaimed the poor wife, blindly reaching her hands to clasp her husband. When I saw the Colonel he was reading a newspaper to his blind wife, while in her hand she held a bouquet of fragrant jessamines which he had gathered. Dr. Johnson thought the happiest life was that of a man of business with some literary pursuits for his amusement, and that, in general, no one could be virtuous or happy who was not completely employed. An old gentleman, when asked after his health, replied: "I am getting quite feeble, and exercise of any kind is almost too much for me; last year I could walk entirely around the square, but now I can walk only half-way round and back again." The fountain of content must spring up in the mind, and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs that he proposes to remove.

Roasted Alive.

Swift and Terrible Punishment for a Double Crime.

A dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer from Atlanta, Ga., says: Last night, in Heard county, near Albania, occurred one of the most horrible instances of popular indignation. Jesse Waldrop was burned to ashes. Three months ago, in Randolph county, Alabama, Dr. John Mitchell, a prominent young physician, married Carrie Knight, famed for her beauty and accomplishments. On the 29th of June, in the joy of their honeymoon, Dr. Mitchell was walking up the road near his country home, when he beheld what almost paralyzed him with horror. His lovely wife lay before him a ghastly corpse. Her throat was cut from ear to ear, and her body torn with the fearful clutches of her murderer. It was discovered that she had been violated and murdered. The neighborhood was at once aflame with excitement, a search for the guilty wretch was at once begun. Jesse Waldrop had long been in the country, but there had followed him rumors of his bad character. He was seen on the road near where the corpse was found on the day of the murder. In the death struggle the murderer had bitten his victim severely on the cheek, and left signs that one of his front teeth was out. Waldrop had this peculiarity. With these evidences, search for him was begun at once, and it was found that he had fled. Trained bloodhounds were obtained, and from the scene of the murder they tracked him several miles into Georgia. Here the pursuing party heard that Waldrop had passed. Gradually tracing him they arrived at Newnan, thirty miles from Atlanta, where a ferryman described a man who had crossed the night before, and the pursuers knew that Waldrop could not be far away. At midnight on the 3rd the party reached a house where they learned that a man calling himself Owen had stopped. They demanded to be shown to his room, and, rapping on the door, Waldrop came out. He was seized, and, after a desperate resistance, bound. He denied all knowledge of the crime, and was taken to jail, though the fury of some of the crowd demanded his instant death. Next day circumstances were collected so strongly pointing to him that, trembling with fear, he confessed all, and after detailing his damning story, told of a life of crime which few police annals can equal. He confessed to having five living wives. When he confessed, passion rose so high that he was about to be swung, when some one suggested that he ought to die on the scene of his crime, and that hanging was too good for him. Accordingly he was left in jail until night before last, when fifty men, armed, but not disguised, went there and demanded him. The jailer gave him up, and the procession started. All along the route people came out to look at the prisoner and demand that he should die. Several times the excitement grew so great that it seemed the crowd would wreak vengeance on the wretch at once, but riding by his side were relatives of the murdered woman, who guarded him and declared that they had reserved him for a special fate. Late yesterday afternoon the scene of the murder was reached. Nothing was done hastily; preparations for the execution were made with ghastly coolness. Waldrop was firmly tied and bound with wire to a stake driven on the spot where his victim was found, when for the first time his dogged courage failed. He pleaded piteously, not for life, but only to be allowed to die by the gallows or balot; but he cried to men of stone, and at midnight one of the relatives of the unfortunate woman applied the torch to the pile which, saturated with oil, had been piled around him. His screams rang out on the quiet country air, and the flames lit up the scene with lurid glare. The death struggles were horrid, but not a man stirred. Standing in a circle around the human sacrifice, they looked with stolid indifference at the horrid expiation of his crime. From first to last the officers made no effort to save the prisoner for a legal doom. If they had, it would have been futile, for popular passion was frenzied. Waldrop was 23 years old and a man of good address. Statesville American: Henry Sharpe, a youth about eight or ten years of age, who was subject to fits, while playing near a branch with his two smaller brothers, his mother being absent from home, is supposed to have been taken with a fit and drowned last Tuesday the 5th. The family lived in Sharpesburg township, this county. Nine incorporated companies and individuals are engaged in phosphate mining in the navigable streams of South Carolina.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

From Sunday's Raleigh Observer. Work on the Primitive Baptist church here has been again suspended. Rev. Bennett Smedes is enjoying a rest during the vacation, in the Blue Ridge. Rev. Dr. Skinner, pastor of the First Baptist church, is yet at Asheville with his sick wife. In a recent actual canvass of 80 towns in Connecticut, 50,000 people were found who never attend church. Bishop Lyman will next Sunday consecrate the beautiful Episcopal church at Durham. Quite a number of clergymen will be present. The Rev. Dr. Deems has been elected a director of the American Tract Society in place of Bishop Doggett, of Virginia, who recently died. The work of fitting up the interior of the new Second Baptist church is progressing. The church will have a seating capacity for about 600 persons. Rev. Dr. Pritchard will to-day preach at the Monumental Baptist church, Philadelphia. He will occupy Dr. Henson's pulpit there for six weeks. The Southern Presbyterian General Assembly appointed a committee to examine the revised New Testament and make a report to the next assembly. In making a partial canvass of Anson, Mr. J. M. W. Elder, collector of the American Bible Society, says he visited 953 families, white and colored, and found 327 without the Bible. Rev. R. F. Bumpass, the new pastor of the Person Street Methodist church, is held in marked esteem by his congregation, and has been the recipient of many kindnesses at their hands. The selection of a plan for the new Metropolitan Methodist church has not as yet been announced. It is understood that the new Methodist church in Norfolk is much admired by the building committee, and may be adapted as a model. Designs are also to be submitted by some eminent architects. It is the intention to have a beautiful church. A Southern Methodist paper hears it reported on good authority that Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, who has recently given largely to Vanderbilt University, proposes to contribute one-half or two-thirds the amount necessary to erect and equip suitable buildings for the Nashville Female College, under the charge of Rev. Geo. Price, D. D. The capacity of the largest church buildings in the world is as follows: St. Peter's, Rome, 54,000 persons; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, London, 35,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dam, Paris, 21,000; Pisa Cathedral, 18,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000; Spurgeon's Tabernacle, 7,000; Talmage's Tabernacle, Brooklyn, 4,500. They lynched 108 men in Arkansas last year. Rain is needed in many sections of Alabama. Chattanooga wants a hotel for colored people. The whisky of the state of North Carolina costs \$12,000,000. The tobacco crop of Kentucky will reach 22,500 hogheads this year. The city of Charleston, S. C., is paying considerable attention to her parks. A press association has been organized by the Republican editors of Kentucky. The net available receipts for public schools in Texas this year will be about \$815,000. Montpelier, the Virginia home of President Madison, will be sold at public sale August 28. There are in Richmond, Va., 218 Smiths, male adults and female, proprietors or heads of families. John Veal, of Fayette county, Ky., raised one thousand five hundred bushels of wheat on fifty acres. Bituminous coal of excellent quality, over two feet thick, has recently been discovered in Morgan county, Ky. Mr. A. Hopkins, of Tallahassee, Florida, exhibits a radish fourteen inches long and eight in circumference. Into the value of a man's word and expressions, and you know him. Each man has a measure of his own for everything. This he offers you, inadvertently, in his words. He who has a superlative for everything wants a measure for the great small.