

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

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ADVERTISE.

To men of business, stop this way. Please notice what I have to say: 'Tis simply this I would advise: Do not forget to advertise.

The efforts of an honest man, When made according to this plan, Can scarcely fail success to bring, And wealth will be a certain thing.

How is it with the stingy knave? Desires all his cash to save; He gains no wealth, and wins no prize, Because he does not advertise.

Suppose the post seems rather high, 'Twill surely pay you by and by, And all the world will soon despise The man who does not advertise.

Why should you wait? It will not pay; So send your orders right away— Straight to this sheet, where friendly eyes Await to see you advertise.

This sheet, my friends, is just the thing; Success it cannot fail to bring, If you would be admitted wise, In this sheet's columns advertise.

THE COMING RACE

For The Georgia Governorship.

Bill Arp Receives a Call from One of the People, Together with a Request for the Temporary Use of Ten Dollars—He Makes Some Remarks on Politics.

Atlanta Constitution.

I'm not a candidate for governor. No body but one man has talked to me about running, and before I left him he wanted to borrow ten dollars; but I do not want to say anything for the farmers of Georgia, and if standing up to them forces a choice upon me in the distant future, why I can't help it. Tom Hardeman is ahead on that line, and he is a great and good man, and I hope that some day the people will delight to do him honor. If long service, and good service, and abundant age, and a noble man to official honors he will get his reward. I'm young enough to wait myself, but when a good man gets so old that the life insurance companies won't take him, the people ought to take him up and carry him for the good he has done. And there's Colonel Bount and Judge Simmons and Speaker Bacon, all from Macon, too, and if M. can be found to furnish the governor, I'm confident with any of 'em, for they are all good men. Either of 'em can govern me, and I wish that everybody was as tractable as I am. The best school for a man to go to to make a good citizen and work well in harness, is to get married to the right sort of a woman. The general assembly of farmers has just adjourned its session at Rome. I wish they had power to make laws and enforce 'em—that is to say laws about farming, and fences, and crops and stock and dogs, and everything else that concerns the agricultural interest of the state. When farmers get together in council they can talk sense and they do talk sense, but when they come down to the legislature they are overshadowed by the lawyers and they feel sorter subdued because they can't talk as glib and don't know as much about parliamentary law and so they don't get their rights. The legislature is everlastingly legislating for merchants, manufacturers and railroads, and cities and towns but it is in rural life they do for the farmers. They protect every interest but the agricultural interests. Here is another bill introduced to protect the war-hou-emen. The farmer works, and plows, and hoes, and digs all the year, and when he gets a bale of cotton ready for market and take it to town, they make him take it to a warehouse and pay for weighing and for a month's storage. If he kills a beef and wants to peddle it around town and sell it himself, they fine him for doing it. It's not so in all cities, but it is so in some, and that right in the face of Judge Lumpkin's decision in Gen. Beattie's case, where he said, "I could forbid that a man who sweats and toils to raise the necessaries of life in this land of liberty should be prohibited from selling his products to whom he pleases and when he pleases and where he pleases, free from the limitations or restraints of public or private corporations." Towns and cities are getting too consequential. Because they have got nearly all the money in the land, they imagine they made it, when the truth is known, the city merchants made it out of the country merchants and the country merchants made it out of the farmers, and every session of the legislature they put in some new bills for liens and dead falls until they have got so many that a lawyer can't hardly tell which is the best remedy for his client. The farmers want encouragement and they don't get it. Here is a bill in the legislature to abolish the agricultural bureau as a public nuisance, but the farmers convention says it is a good institution and we want it. Here are numerous bills to help the system of general education and give them money, but there is nothing done to encourage the farmer or elevate his position. The agricultural bureau ought to be

enlarged and have an experimental farm attached so as to furnish us with the best cotton seed and the best corn and wheat, and seed of all kinds, and the best fertilizers, and be able to recommend to us the best plows and cultivators and other implements. There is a little book on farming published by the Appletons that don't cost but ten cents, and it's worth ten dollars to any farmer and it ought to be distributed and put in the hands of every tiller of the soil whether he wants it or not. Our farmers must be persuaded to get out of the old ruts. The State ought to offer a premium for the best acre of cotton and corn and wheat and rice and tobacco in every congressional district. Kentucky gave a thousand dollars for the best treatise on practical farming. Tompkins has Appleton's little book taught in all of her public schools. The farmer and mechanics pay nearly all the taxes and support the state government, for they are the chief consumers of all that the merchants sell, and the merchant puts on the price to cover his taxes just like he does to cover rent and clerk hire. It's like the fifty thousand dollars that goes into the state treasury from the guano dealers. The farmer pays it at last, for the dealer puts just that much more into the price. Railroads have their synagogues and towns and cities have their chambers of commerce but the farmer don't have anything. The drought might cure me and go and the only concern is whether the crop will pay what the farmer owes the merchant or not. The convention at Rome says we ought to have a no-dog law and a no-ence law and why don't the legislature say it too. Mr. Smith, of Oglethorpe, says I misunderstood him about free holders voting and that anybody can vote. Well, if I did he knows that the 's what he ought to have said. There are five hundred niggers in our county, who have neither land nor cattle, and they will vote every time for somebody else's cattle to run on my land and keep me everlastingly on the fence. And they will vote or their hound dogs to kill my sheep. I bought ten fine ones two years ago and the dogs killed 'em all in one night. I've bought ten more lately and if they are killed I shall charge 'em to Miller and John Branson for they might put in a bill and give us a local option anyhow. It's a power of trouble watching them sheep. Mrs. Arp and the children are always on the lookout for dogs, and if they see one a quarter of a mile off on the plantation, they begin to holler and scream "Here's a dog! yonder a dog, come quick," or they blow the horn for us, and we run for the gun and go for him. I tell you what, we have alarmed the settlement, and the dogs had better stay at home in the daytime anyhow.

Well I had a big time the other night. I got with some old schoolmates that I used to run with right onto forty years ago. We used to serenade the pretty girls about Athens together, and so we got a fiddle and some flutes and got around a piano and we all got young again, and the way we did knock the harmonie juice out of the good old times was a consort. We had a nice little audience of sympathizing wives and mothers and astonished children, and we played and played till the perspiration rolled down our venerable cheeks, and people stopped on the sidewalk and we adorned and boozed in with wonder and admiration. There was the Cossacks, and Norma, and the Davis Dream, and Billy in the Low-grounds, and the Arkansas Traveller, and Ivan Nigger, and Bet my Money on the Bow-tail nag, and so forth and so on, and there were some other sweet melodies that we had named for our earliest loves, some of whom are away up north and some are and some west and some in heaven. How we did love those girls. One of 'em kicked me three times, but I always did believe she loved me and I ain't right shore but that she has sweet and tender thoughts about me yet; may be if I had tried her one more time she—but I won't allow myself to indulge such a thought, for then some other fellow would have got Mrs. Arp, and that's a picture too horrible to contemplate. I'm content with my destiny and wouldn't change it if I could. Those Athens girls kept books, they did, and every time they made a victim they put his name down. My friend Ole told me his name was down on the same book nine times, or he kicked her to distract me, and popped the question every three months until finally she made him promise not to ask her again. So just before he quit school he went to see her, and in the agony of his soul, says he: "Miss Susan, heavenly creature, I want ask you any more to have me, but as a last parting favor I want you just to put my name down again," and she put it.

We wound up our frolic with some bar-tesque opera by the venerable patriars, after which the little boys fanned the bands the good mothers smiled, the girls clapped their hands and we retired bearing our

blushing honors with childish modesty. When shall we three meet again?

Bill Arp.

P. S.—John Branson says that Kingston is looking up. They cleaned out a well last week and the dog fennel crop is good.

The Brayton Murder.

A Vigorous Denunciation of the Cowardly Deed.

R. v. Dr. Gray, in A. R. Presbyterian. Last week near Central, S. C., on the Air Line railroad, Thomas L. Brayton, Deputy Collector United States Internal Revenue, was shot by a ruffian by the name of McDow. This man has been systematically and defiantly violating the revenue laws. He has been running a still for years and made his boast that no man dare touch him. Mr. Brayton, an officer of the law, who bears an excellent reputation, was not to be frightened or bullied. The following particulars will indicate the character of this outrage.

Such an outrageous, cold-blooded murder demands the promptest, most vigorous punishment. It is such a defiance of law such a brazen of the power of a community as is for all the power of the State. It is a sad lamentation that public sentiment quietly tolerates such a life as McDow has been leading. The favor which the community shows to such men makes them defiant. They feel that they have the right to make as much whiskey as they please without leave or license. And when the offender is reported and the officers appear in the ground everybody stands aloof and looks coldly on as if the man were the subject of persecution. He is quick to see all this and he is emboldened by it and is ready to say to the officer of the law, "Now touch me if you dare!" The result is, a determined resistance and bloodshed and murder. Even then, in the very presence of the awful tragedy, the community doesn't move a little finger; it is well if it does not harbor the murderer and help him to escape the clutches of the law. I men were as much in earnest and as vigorous in their efforts to bring to punishment the distiller and retailers of whiskey as they are the negro that violates his contract we would see a revolution that would very soon dispense with the revenue officials, and that would rid us of our infamous traffic. We presume McDow is now safe. In all probability he has a son or brother or brother-in-law that is ready to rebel his side and begin operations again. Verily, the people are because of strong drink. Oa, the shame, the shame!

A CHICAGO GIRL AT CONCORD.

A young lady on the west side has just returned from Boston. While there, her uncle, who is a reporter on a sporting paper, took her to the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord. She heard some one read an essay on "The Absoluteness of Absolutism," and became infatuated with the doctrine taught.

"Charles," said she to her lover the other evening (he is a clerk in a harness store). "Charles, do you realize that you cannot differentiate the infinitesimal absoluteness of the absolute?"

"No," he replied, "to tell you the truth, I don't; and, as it was the first time he had seen her since she got back, the suggestion uttered struck him with some alarm."

"Do you ever stop to inquire," she began again, "into the imbecility or the rudimentary imbecility of the metaphysical cogitation of your thoughts of love?"

"Well, not to speak of," he said.

"Then, if there is one drop of blood in your heart that pulsates for me; if there is one conceit, nose-pie or psychological, that in the incognitancy of your dream, or in the perquisition of your walking hours, absorbs a thought of me, I beg that you would eliminate any abstract or equivocal particles of distrust from the profound and all-transparent absoluteness of your love."

"Great heavens, Maria, have you swallowed a dictionary?"

"No, I have not," she said, with a look of stern and forbidding displeasure; "I have been to the School of Philosophy at Concord."

HYDROPHOBIA.

A German forest keeper, eighty-two years old, not wishing to carry to the grave with him an important secret, had it published in the Leipzig Journal, a recipe he had used for fifty years, and which he says has saved several lives and a great number of animals from a horrible death by hydrophobia. The bite must be bathed as soon as possible with warm vinegar, and water, and when this has dried a few drops of muriatic acid poured upon the wound will destroy the poison of the saliva, and relieve the patient from all present or future danger.

Whisky's Influence.

A Drunken Man Breaks His Neck.

Milton Chronicle. On Monday last Mr. Phil McSherry, an Irishman by birth, who resides near town on the other side of the Dan, in Pittsylvania, Virginia, came to town and spent the day imbibing liquor freely. About sunset he started home and aimed to cross the railroad bridge at this place. He had walked the trotting to within a step or two of the bridge, when he fell off to a distance of 30 feet and broke his neck. The deed ceased had frequently walked over it when under the influence of liquor, and had been heard to say he could walk over better when he was drunk than when sober. Mr. McSherry was 50 or 60 years old and a capital farmer. He leaves a wife and a large number of children to grieve over his loss, and it is to be hoped this sad casualty will be a warning to whisky culprits.

ANOTHER NEGRO KILLED.

Last Monday a negro man became involved in a difficulty with Tom Mowery of Salisbury, at or near Albemarle, and Mowery ended the fight by breaking in the negro's skull with a rock. Wednesday the negro died, and two officers from Albemarle went to Salisbury, where Mowery keeps a livery stable, to arrest him. They secured their prisoner and carried him to Albemarle for a preliminary trial. While the trial was in progress a friend of Mowery's rode a horse up to the court house door and dismounted when Mowery rushed out, mounted the horse and put off. He was closely pursued, but managed to leave every body behind and made his escape. Up to yesterday he had not been captured, though the officers are on his track.

ANOTHER DEAD NIGGER.

The mangled remains of Wallace Honey, colored brakeman, was brought here last Saturday on the freight train. A fellow brakeman thinks Honey was asleep on the brake wheel about three feet above the top of the box car when the train passed under a bridge which knocked him off under the running train. A year or more ago he lived here and was very respected, which fact added to his reckless conduct above stated raises the presumption that he was not sober when killed. He was taken by his wife and friends to Seabury. —Western Carolinian.

NO PLACE FOR CHRISTIANS.

The Detroit Post says that a circus clown in Virginia took occasion the other day, at the close of the performance, to speak plain and very searching words which deserve the sober attention of many more than those who heard them. In his painted face and mottled garments he said: "We have taken in six hundred dollars here today; more money, I venture to say, than a minister of the gospel would have received for a whole year's services. A large portion of this money was given by church members and a large portion of this audience is made up of members of the church. And yet, when your preacher asks you to aid him in supporting the gospel you are too poor to give anything. But you come here and pay dollars to hear me talk nonsense. I am a fool because I am paid for it; I make my living by it. You profess to be wise, and yet you support me in my folly. But perhaps you say you did not come to see the circus, but the animals. If you came simply to see the animals, why did you not simply look at them and then leave? Now is not this a pretty piece of consistency to be in? Do you not feel ashamed of yourself? You ought to blush in such a place as this!"

A CURIOUS MACHINE.

The Pennsylvania railroad has in use an automatic track tester which discovers faults in the track not ordinarily appreciable to the eye and makes a record of them which indicates their precise locality, and all this while the machine is passing over the road at from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour. It has the external appearance of a baggage car, but in its interior is fitted up with self-registering apparatus, electric clocks, etc. A bad joint between the rails registers itself by the jolt it causes to the delicately-bung car. Errors of level in the track are registered by pencils on ruled paper, and so neatly arranged that variations of an eighth of an inch are made manifest. If the gauge is too narrow or the rails have spread the fact is noticed by another apparatus. An ingenious time and distance register enables the observer to locate the imperfections recorded. A machine of this kind, kept constantly going over a railroad, would be a really less costly than the track-walker in discovering sources of danger to travel.

COY BOYS FUN.

Wild Western Ideas of Wit, Humor and Practical Jokes.

Texas, August 8.—Some times ago a crowd of cowboys went to a certain restaurant in a small town to the north, and amused themselves by shooting at the plates in front of the boarders. The guests suddenly concluded that they were no longer hungry, a general stampede was made, and the cowboys enjoyed the fun.

"A cowboy came into my place once near Tombston," said Jerry Barton to me as we journeyed across Arizona, "and began firing at my chandelier. I began to fire too, and soon the cowboy dropped in his tracks."

In another village, not long since, I read that, after a certain congregation had assembled in the evening, a number of cowboys entered the church, and one of them exclaimed, "See how nearly I can shoot the eye out of that fool of a preacher?" The preacher stepped down and out, and the congregation quicky dispersed.

"Curly Bill," who killed Marshal White at Tombston last year, with his gang one day entered the church at Charleston, and ordering the minister out of the pulpit, compelled him to dance in the most approved style before his congregation. The gang guarded the doors, and allowed no one to escape until the performance was over.

Another reverend gentleman not long since met two cowboys, and on being invited to drink, politely declined. "You drink with us or die right here," said one of the desperadoes, pointing a revolver at the minister's head. And immediately he took the biggest drink of whisky he had ever taken in his life, and even Neal Dow, John B. Gough, or Gov. St. John would not otherwise have acted.

"Johnny B. hid the Deuce," "Blackskin Sam," "Dare devil Tom," and "Lightning Bill" are celebrated for their wild exploits and sorry will be their fate if once they come within the power of the law. A few days ago "Blackskin Sam," says a San Francisco correspondent, bought a new gun in a store on the boarder, and celebrated his purchase by riding through the streets and firing it off. A great excitement was the consequence, and armed men on foot and on horse at once gathered and gave chase. Sam, however, eluded them, and after having a small amount of fun, came in and gave himself up, and the next day paid a handsome fine into the city treasury.

It is related of the notorious Jack Sade, who at one time haunted the region of the north, and than whom no more desperate cowboy has since appeared, that on one occasion, finding an old enemy tied to a post by his (Jack's) friends in such a position as to render him helpless, he shot him twenty-three times, taking care not to kill him, causing all the time in the most careful manner, and taking a drink between every two shots. While firing the first twenty-two shots he would tell his victim just where he was going to hit him, and then send a ball to the spot indicated. Seven of Sade's companions witnessed the proceedings, and thought it was capital fun. Unable to provoke a sign of fear from the helpless enemy, he thrust his pistol into his mouth and at the twenty-third shot blew his enemy's head to pieces. Sade then cut off the ears, which he afterward was accustomed to exhibit in saloons, and, demanding drinks on the bloody pledges, he was seldom refused.

On the frontier these cowboys are feared more than the Apaches. They shoot at a man's hat to see the man jump, and then shoot the man if he does not. They come in crowds to the smaller towns, brandish their weapons in view of the citizens whom they meet, and then help themselves to any goods or whisky which they may find. They drive cattle across the Mexican border, where they sell them to their "Greaser" friends, and then steal the same cattle and drive them north, where they sell them again.

Many of the farmers on Santer and in Lower St. Matthews are hauling their corn which is falling down in the fields to their barns as forage. Various opinions have been expressed as to the falling of so much corn. Some believe it due directly to the disastrous drought prevailing; others that it is due to the wood lice; others again charge it to a brown bug which cuts around the stalk, while others attribute the disaster to a small worm which cuts into the stalk and causes its fall. Either of these theories probably will produce the effect, but it may be referred, directly or indirectly, to the drought.

The State immigration convention of Florida, meets in Jacksonville, August 23d.

Guano has made cotton mature three weeks earlier in some sections of Alabama. Six lines of railroads now enter Denver, Colo., and three more are soon to be added.

A CHILD BURNED BY LIGHTNING.

A most remarkable disaster by lightning occurred at Ashley, a suburb of Wilkesbarre, Pa., at half-past three o'clock Saturday afternoon. There were a few clouds in the sky at the time but no sign of a storm, except far off to the west, where a few "thunder-heads" were visible. No rain was falling, and the atmosphere was close and extremely hot. At the time named above Cora Deardon, four years old was standing near a window on the south side of her residence, drinking a glass of root beer. The window was raised about ten inches from the sill and the child stood about a foot from it. Suddenly a loud report was heard and the little girl was sent flying across the room. Her mother, who was in another apartment, ran to her aid and raised her from the floor. The long flowing hair of the child was in flames, which her mother soon extinguished by wrapping her apron about the head of the sufferer. A physician was subsequently called and it was found that her neck was encircled with a huge blister, her face burned in several places and her hands badly injured. The shock to the child's system was terrific, but it is thought that no fatal result will follow. The bolt seemed to come from a clear sky, as no more thunder was heard until night at 8 o'clock.

A MAN MARRIED TO HIS OWN AUNT.

[Buffalo Sunday News.] Charles F. Bazine came before Judge Lewis, at the Municipal Court, on decoration day, with a bishping lady, considerably older than himself, and wanted the latter knot tied. The Judge asked the names and ages of the pair, as in duty bound, and was told that the groom was twenty-seven and the to-be bride, whose name was Emma Ferguson, thirty. He thought there was a difference, but said nothing, and the wedding was duly celebrated. A few days later the Judge received the following letter, dated Englewood, Ind.:

Hon. Judge Lewis: "DEAR SIR—Did you on the 30th of May unite in marriage Charles T. Bazine and Emma Ferguson? The young man is my only son, aged twenty-four. The woman is my only sister, aged thirty-eight. Is the marriage a legal one? If that is the law in the State of New York I implore you, in the name of a Christian mother, to use your influence to amend it."

"MATILDA BAZINE.

"P. S.—See Leviticus, eighth chapter and sixteenth verse."

Judge Lewis, in reply, stated that there was no law to prevent the youth from marrying. His uncanonical act and his marriage were as legal as any other Leviticus isn't law in the State of New York at present.

TO CURE DYPHTHERIA.

Take a common tobacco-pipe, place a live coal in the bowl, draw a little tar upon the coal, draw the smoke into the mouth, and discharge it through the nostrils.

CURE FOR A COUGH.

A patient, who, for nearly two months, could not pass a night in quiet without large doses of laudanum, has been cured of a most harassing cough by suet boiled in milk.

TO CURE CHILBLAINS.

Rub the part affected with brandy and salt, which hardens the feet at the same time that it removes the inflammation. Sometimes a third application cures the most obstinate chilblains.

TO CURE A WEN.

Wash it with common salt dissolved in water every day, and it will be removed in a short time. Or make a strong brine of alum-salt; simmer it over the fire. When thus prepared, wet a piece of cloth in it every day, and apply it constantly for one month, and the protuberance will disappear.

Thirty-three deaths in Petrescola in July.

Petersburg, Va., covers an area of 2,200 acres.

Birmingham, Ala., contemplates street railroads.

Reports of rust come from many sections of Alabama.

A good deal of wine will be made in Nashville this season.

Dredging at the mouth of the Mississippi river is progressing.

Texas has 151 counties, which is more than any other state.

Some 68,000 colored children attend Virginia's public schools.

All the churches in Palatka, Fla., except the Catholic, are without pastors.