

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. II.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

No. 36.

## KISSING ON THE SKY.

I've thought the matter over,  
And what I think is this:  
There are very few, if any,  
Things much sweeter than a kiss.  
Especially when parents  
Or watchful eyes are nigh;  
What can be any sweeter  
Than kissing on the sky?

Some love to walk by moon-light,  
Some on the lake to glide,  
And some to hold the ribbons  
With dear ones by their side;  
But I know what is better—  
Alas, indeed do I!  
To all of these do I prefer  
Kissing on the sky.

A maid may look demure,  
As though she didn't know  
Of such a thing as kissing,  
Or think of doing so;  
Of course, all this is proper  
When anybody's by,  
But—watch your opportunity,  
And kiss her on the sky.

## How He First Kissed Her.

BY W. E. ELDRIDGE.

A tall, handsome, young fellow was drumming, with discontented fingers, on the window of a small, secluded hotel in the Catskill Mountains. "What a fool," he said, "I was to come to this howling wilderness. Not another house within miles, and not a dozen people in the hotel. Ha! but here's something worth looking at, at any rate."

With a much more amiable expression on his handsome face, George Morris, at these words, turned, as he saw a strikingly beautiful girl appear in the door of the parlor. She stopped, and looked around, as if in search of someone. Suddenly, her soft, violet eyes, fringed with thick, curling lashes, discovered George. For an instant, beneath his undisguised look of admiration, they fell, modestly. Then to the young man's utter amazement, their owner advanced quickly towards him.

"Mr. George Morris?" she said, enquiringly.

He bowed; but before he could speak, she extended two soft, little, white hands, and held up her lovely face, with such an evident expectation of receiving a kiss, that, without an instant's hesitation, or without stopping to consider, our hero pressed his moustache upon the rosy lips so temptingly parted, and the mischief was done.

"I saw the trunk, with your name, in the hall; and though you had not yet announced your name, as one of the waiters told me you were here, I, of course, didn't stand upon ceremony," she said.

"Of course not," responded George, squeezing the little hand still lying in his, but saying to himself, "What the deuce does it all mean?"

"I am so glad you are here, at last, went on the happy voice. "What could have delayed you so long? You wrote of coming nearly a week ago. Aunt Alice declared something must have happened to you."

"Why—your see, my dear—" began George, making a wild plunge into the recesses of his brain for something which might have happened to his namesake, whose place he was evidently occupying, and it must be confessed, with much satisfaction to himself. "I—I—sprained my ankle—"

"Poor George—I am so sorry!" ejaculated the young girl, looking at him with such sympathy, that George felt constrained to press his lips to the hand, which he still held, a proceeding to which the young lady made no sort of objection.

"George," said she, laughing softly, "you acted so strangely, when I first came in, that I believe you hadn't the faintest notion who I was, though we have been engaged for three months. But I forget; you hadn't given notice of your arrival, and, of course, didn't expect to see me so soon. Was that it?"

"Oh! yes, dear; of course," responded the bewildered George, wondering what he should say next.

"Our engagement would seem a very strange one to most people," she went on, thoughtfully. "Just think! Although we have known each other so long, and have been engaged for three months, we have never met since we were little children. Who would believe that mere letter-writing would make us care so much for one another? Don't you think it is rather a hazardous experiment, George?"

"Not at all, dear," was the prompt answer while the young man muttered, under his breath, "What the deuce can her name be? I can't go on deceiving her to the end of the chapter."

"Do you think you can care for me as much, now that you have seen me, George?" asked the girl, softly, with downcast eyes, and bright cheeks.

"Care as much for you?" said our unassuming hero; and for answer, he threw his arm around her slender waist, and pressed his answer upon her dewy lips.

As she drew away, half-frightened after all, at his vehemence, he saw a letter ready

to fall from her pocket. A dexterous motion of his arm sent it, intentionally, to the floor. He picked it up immediately, however, and returned it to the owner; but he had accomplished his object; a glance had been sufficient for him to read the address, Miss Florence Luxmoore.

"Your last letter, George," exclaimed the young girl. "But I must leave you for a few moments, to tell aunt Alice of your appearance. See has been rather uneasy about you."

With the words, she was gone, leaving George gazing after her, in a dazed, bewildered way, very unusual for this ordinarily self-possessed young man.

"Self-possessed young man," muttered, finally, as the last echo of Florence's footsteps died away in the distance. "Old fellow, are you dreaming, or are you really the abominable scamp you seem?"

Then he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and paced slowly up and down the room, in the deepest perplexity. "It's easy to understand the mistake," he soliloquized; "but where the other chap, with my name, is, and how he can let anything keep him away from such an out-and-out stunner, as this lovely girl, is beyond my comprehension. I suppose I ought to have, stoically, turned away from that lovely pair of lips. But I'll be hanged if it was in the power of human nature to resist such a temptation. Of course, there'll be a tremendous row, when she finds out that I'm not her George, after all. The fact is, I've got myself into no end of a muddle; but I can't say that I altogether object to the situation. What a delicious—"

He began again, after a moment "I think on the whole, it might perhaps be kinder not to deceive her, until the other chap and I follow comes to comfort her for my treachery. I'm the most accommodating individual in the world, and I'll sacrifice myself for a day or two, and try to make the time pass agreeably to Miss Florence, until her friend appears, when I'll have to take French leave. But how, on earth, can I manage to deceive the girl? Who, and what, am I supposed to be? Where do I come from? And this aunt! Can I succeed, in pulling the wool over her eyes, too? George Morris, you're an outrageous rascal. But I'll be hanged, if that girl isn't an excuse for anything. One would be willing to be a rascal for such another kiss."

Just at this point, he caught sight of a white paper, lying on the floor. It proved to be the letter, which had fallen a second time from Florence's pocket. He turned it over in his hand slowly, and hesitatingly, for a moment, while conscience made a last protest. But at length he drew the envelope hastily from the envelope. "I'm in for it now," he muttered, "and can't hesitate at anything! But his cheek was flushed with something very like shame, as he glanced over the letter, and so gained the information, which he so much needed. "Oh, yes now I know who I am," he said, with a gay laugh.

His hasty perusal was hardly finished, when he heard voices and footsteps approaching, and thrusting the letter into his pocket, he threw himself on the sofa, murmuring, "now comes the tug of war! I wonder if I'm supposed to know this unlucky aunt?"

"Aunt Alice," said Florence, entering with an elderly lady, "this is Mr. Morris, of whom you have heard so much. Mrs. Luxmoore—George. I hope you two will be very good friends."

George, mentally arming himself for the conflict, rose, and advanced with his most finished bow. A very few minutes showed aunt Alice to be a kindly, placid little woman, very devoted to her poodle, her fancy-work, and her darling Florence, whom she imagined to be the most astute individual in the world, and by whom she was ready to be guided in every emergency, small or great. "No fear from that quarter," said George to himself.

After the first greetings were over, the old lady began a description of her and her niece's life, and Florence's dullness during the past week, while awaiting her expected lover, which was all plain sailing for our hero, and he answered most plausibly all her anxious inquiries after the sprained ankle. But his heart sank, when, after a pause, Mrs. Luxmoore remarked: "Although I have never met you before, Mr. Morris, I used to know some of your relatives. Is your aunt, Mrs. Lewis at home this summer?"

"She is, and wished to be remembered to you and Florence," answered George, audaciously.

"Indeed?" answered Mrs. Luxmoore, a little surprised. "I should not have supposed that she would have remembered me. I only met her once, about twenty years ago. When did you last see your cousin, Grace?"

"Last week," replied George, at a venture.

"Why you must have misunderstood

me," ejaculated Mrs. Luxmoore, with wide open eyes. "She died last month of typhoid fever!"

"I beg your pardon," stammered George. "I—I—had two cousins of that name, and was not sure to which you referred."

"How soon is Cora Grey to be married?" was the next question. "But George was growing desperate.

"The fact of the matter is," he answered, "I have been so busy lately, that I have hardly seen a soul, and really know nothing whatever of family affairs, or society gossip."

"Oh, yes!" murmured Mrs. Luxmoore, looking compassionately at the young man. "I am sure that you will win your health with those horrid briefs and things. Now that you are here, we must take good care of you. I am going upstairs for a nap; wouldn't you and Florence like to take a walk? I am sure the air would do you good."

At George's assent the two ladies departed, and the young man was left alone, his mind curiously divided between disgust at his own duplicity, and a sort of triumph at his success, so far in traversing so difficult a path.

"From the old lady's last remark, I conclude that I am a lawyer," he muttered. "I mustn't forget that. I hope my namesake won't hurry himself on my account, for this is getting exciting!"

The walk that afternoon was repeated a few hours later in the moonlight, after which George Morris retired to his room, wondering how he could ever have imagined the Catskill Mountains dull, and as ready now to bless as he had been in the morning to oblige the medical friend, who had sent him there. He passed a sleepless night, his mind racked with qualms of self-reproach—for George Morris was on the whole, a fairly honorable, well-meaning young man—and arose in the morning, thoroughly and sincerely in love, for the first time in his life—in love with a girl whom he was deceiving in such a dastardly way, that when she discovered the truth, those violet eyes which now looked so tenderly into his own, would wither him with their contempt.

He could not bear that, he told himself. Better to lose his own self-respect than her love, even if it was stolen from another, and he went down stairs, resolved to play his unworthy part as long as possible. "The other fellow will probably be here before night, anyway," he muttered, bitterly.

Walking on the terrace after breakfast, Florence noticed the dark circles about her lover's eyes, and the lines on his forehead, and began questioning him anxiously in regard to a certain air of weariness and dejection, caused by his sleepless night. To change the subject, George asked something about the society in the hotel, but was told that, owing to bad weather, the house was almost empty.

"There are no young people at all," said Florence, "but I have an intimate friend staying at the 'Mountain House,' about two miles from here, Miss Rose Deane, whom I hope you will meet before long. We used to be together a great deal, though for the last week I have not seen her at all. I was wondering what could be the matter, but I understand it all now; for I had a note from her yesterday, and it seems there is a young man in the question."

"Indeed," commented George, abstractedly.

"Yes. About a week ago, a gentleman appeared at the 'Mountain House,' saw Rose, and from all accounts, it must have been a case of love at first sight, for both parties; for he has been devoted ever since and Rose seems in the seventh heaven. By the way, his name is Morris, too. Perhaps he is a relative of yours. You had better call at the 'Mountain House.'"

"What—his name Morris?" exclaimed George, his attention suddenly aroused by a horrible conviction which flashed across his mind, that this must be the dreaded namesake, whose place he was so feloniously usurping. "What is his first name, dear?"

"Rose doesn't mention."

"How far did you say the 'Mountain House' is from here?"

"About two miles. But, George, dear, you certainly are not well. I know your head is aching dreadfully; won't you go in the carriage and rest?" And George, thankful to escape observation, went in to ponder dimly on the very short distance which separated him from his rival.

But Miss Rose Deane's lover did not appear that day, nor the next, and when two days after, George and Florence were driving through one of the romantic, whaling mountain roads, he had almost cast all care to the winds, and resolved to trust blindly to his lucky star to bring order out of the chaos which surrounded him.

He had made Florence understand, that, coming to the Catskills for rest and recreation, the present was all in all to him; and though the young girl couldn't quite

comprehend his distaste for anything like a discussion of his past life, she was too much in love to be anything but obedient; and Fate seemed to favor George in every way. To-day, he was especially happy, and—looking into his companion's eyes with a sort of adoration, when his self-reproach only made more fervent, when, on turning a corner, they came suddenly on a carriage, containing a lady and gentleman, seemingly so absorbed in one another, that only at Florence's quick cry, "Rose—Rose!" did they look up.

The young lady's face brightened with recognition, and the two friends evidently expected a pause for an interchange of greetings, but their Jehus, as if by a common impulse, touched their horses with the whip, and the ladies had soon lost sight of each other.

"Why didn't you stop, George?" exclaimed Florence, in a disappointed tone.

"That was Rose Deane, and it must have been Mr. Morris with her. I was so anxious to see him!"

"Yes, dear, I suppose it was," answered George, hurriedly. "But I am afraid it will rain before we can reach the hotel; so had no time to stop," and Florence said no more, though the sky was cloudless.

"Florence, you love me, don't you, darling?" said George, suddenly, after a long pause, just before they reached home, looking at the girl with such agonized entreaty in his eyes that her answer: "Better than all the world, George!" was a little tinged with surprise.

"You have learned to love me lately, haven't you, dear?" he went on, eagerly. "Not on account of that foolish engagement entered into before we knew each other?"

"I don't quite understand you, George," answered Florence, with increasing astonishment.

"I mean, Florence, that if we had met for the first time, you would have loved me without any remembrances of the past? Do you see, darling? He went on, hurriedly and imploringly.

"Yes, George, if I had never seen you before, I don't think I could ever love any one but you!" And George thanked her in a wild, rapturous way, that put a climax to the young lady's surprise.

The remainder of that day and the next, our hero was in a depressed, abstracted state of mind, which Florence anxiously attributed to previous overwork in his profession, and did her best to chase the clouds from her lover's brow, but her endeavors were only greeted by silence, or bursts of such feverish, self-reproachful affectation, that she was puzzled and worried nearly beyond endurance. George's condition was now almost unbearable. Every care or attention from Florence, seemed to brand him as a thief, but if she left him for a moment to himself, he grew almost frantic at the thought of losing her love.

Towards evening the lovers strolled for a mile or two on one of the mountain paths, heading through a deep gorge, and Florence read aloud a melancholy note she had just received from her friend Rose, in which the writer announced the approaching departure of Mr. Morris.

"He loves me, I know; but there is something, or someone, which is keeping his spirit forever, and my heart is almost broken!" wrote the girl.

"Poor Rose!" sighed Florence, as she finished the letter; but George made no comment whatever, only walking silently on, savagely knocking off the nonoffending elevator tops, as he passed.

As they were returning, their way lay across a foot bridge so narrow, that a gentleman, coming from the opposite direction, had to step aside to let them pass. As the shadow fell across their path, George looked up, and with a start of dismay, recognized Miss Rose Deane's lover. A glance of something very like defiance was exchanged between the two men, then, slightly raising his hat to Florence, the stranger passed on, while George continued his walk, in a dazed sort of despair, totally oblivious of Florence's voluble comments on her friend's lover, whom she had also recognized.

On entering the hotel, a waiter handed Florence a card, telling her that the gentleman had gone, but would return at eight o'clock, as he was very anxious to see Miss Luxmoore.

"At last," cried Florence, gayly, "we are to have the pleasure of meeting Rose's mythical admirer, for this can be no less a personage!" and she banded George the card upon which he read, "G. H. Morris, Mountain House," and knew that his hour had come.

Two hours, before the time appointed for the all important visit, were passed by George in a state of feverish unrest and indecision, which, more than once, called forth wondering glances from Florence, who was, at last, growing thoroughly uneasy on her lover's account.

Should he, while yet there was time, confute the whole truth, instead of leaving the story to be told by his rival, who, thought his affections seemed engaged elsewhere, would not be likely to spare him in the recital, thought the utterly wretched young man. Should he quickly leave the hotel, while Florence was hearing of his duplicity? No, to his treachery he could not add cowardice. But how could he bear the scorn and reproach, which must be written on that sweet face, now watching him so anxiously, when next they met? They were sitting alone in Mrs. Luxmoore's private sitting-room, that lady being out with a friend; and before George had arrived at any conclusion, Mr. Morris was announced as awaiting Miss Luxmoore, in the parlor below.

The young lady rose to leave the room. But George, with a white, set face, sprang to his feet, and detained her for a moment.

"Florence, darling, will you kiss me before you go? Once more, my love!" as he held her in a close, passionate embrace. "Toll me again that you love me, we have been very happy together for the past week, haven't we, Florence? There, go now, and remember that it has all been for love of you. Good-bye, my love, my love!"

"Why, George, how foolish you are!" trying to laugh, though seriously alarmed. "I shall be back in half-an-hour. Of course the past week has been a very happy one; but I hope there will be many more such in our lives," and she was gone, leaving George alone to his uncomfortable reflections.

He had been walking, up and down the room, in almost uncontrollable agitation and feverish expectation, for what seemed to him hours, when Florence again stood in the door. Florence, with a pale, sorrowfully reproachful face, but on which was written none of the scorn, which George had so dreaded.

"Is Mr. Morris gone?" he asked, in a dull, muffled sort of voice, which sounded strange even to himself.

"Yes, I have sent him to be happy with Rose," replied the young girl, bitterly, as she sank into a seat near the door. "Oh, George, George, how could you deceive me so!"

"Florence," began George, wearily, and almost mechanically, making no attempt to approach his companion. "I have realized the utter unworthiness of my conduct for the past few days, even more than you can do, I think; and my love for you is my only excuse. At first, your innocent and perfectly natural mistake placed me in a rather difficult position, taking me, as you did, completely by surprise; and though, when time came for reflection, my only honorable course was to explain and leave you at once, I loved you too much, and so I stayed!"

A long, sobbing sigh from Florence was the only sound, which broke the silence which here ensued, until George went on. "My offense has been great; but the punishment seems to me even greater, for in leaving you now, I seem to be going away from all the brightness of my life. Of course, I do not ask for your friendship; but if you could give me your hand in farewell, the hope that you might, at some future time, think forgivingly of me, would be something to look forward to. Well, you, Florence?"

Silently the young man stood a moment waiting before the girl, looking down at her bowed head and flushed face, at last, turning away with a sigh, when she arose and laid her hand in his.

"You feel that you deserve punishment at my hands, George?" she asked, softly, in a tone which brought a quick light to George's eyes.

"Yes, indeed, Florence!"

"Well, how can I punish you, if you go away and leave me?" and George, with a great throbbing of the heart, realized that he had become the rightful possessor of the position he had so long usurped.

There is a cheap restaurant in New York which sells a bowl, with roasts, fricas and various miscellaneous dishes, such as fried liver, liver eyes, roast heart, starting at 2 cents, and ending with nose-roul at five cents. No plates or knives are furnished except for meat, and cutlery is known as "flatware" are served on the flat table. The air is full of music like this: "Put up two livers," "coffee in a cup," "let her come in the dark," "twice on the pig's head," "Friday, your brains," "two frogs in a bowl," "let it be thick," "flam that roast best this way lively," "move fire on that steaks," "send out a full brass band," "floaters to the front," "The fellow who said that restaurant was derived from two Latin words, viz, a thing, and another, a bull—restaurant, "a bully thing"—ought to see this one.

Artesian wells are a success in Pennsylvania, Fla.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Be Wonted Upon the Green Field and Wonders if They Will Yield.

Atlanta Constitution.

I think we are feeling better. The late rains have revived us. Crab grass is springing up and every farmer can give some whether he has a mow or not. If the rag weed is mixed with it cut it all down together and cure it, and the stock will eat it all up clean. Cattle like a variety of food, and it is not wishing to see what they will eat when you turn them in the pasture. We used to think that rag weed was a nuisance, but my neighbor Lowry is a good farmer and always has fat cattle and he mows down his weed crop when it is tender and mixed with crab grass. There is a plant that bears what is called beggar lice that has always had a bad character like cocklebur and spawish needles, but it is able to become an excellent food. Cattle will eat them on weeds and peach tree leaves as a digester. Its astonishing what they will eat and digest and I've often wondered if old Nebuchadnezzar realized them sort of details. It must have been a pitiful sight to see him gazing about on his all-fours among the cattle eating grass and bull nettles with claws on his hands and feet, and feathers on his back, looking as much like a bird as a beast, and I wish my friend Mr. Moser would draw a picture of him for my children.

Hogs have the same habits as cattle. If you will give your fattening hogs a good bait of corn you can turn them in the corn field with impunity. They won't break down a stalk, but will eat the grass and weeds, and root about for worms and bugs, and lie in the brush and wolver and grub, and grow fat. When they find an ear of corn on the ground they will eat it, but they won't damage the standing crop any to speak of. Turn them out at night, and feed them again on corn in the morning before you put them in the field. Rice and barley and sorghum are pretty sure of a crop now—that is, if a man has sowed the seed. Mr. Speaker Major Bacon told me that if a man would sow barley in drills two feet apart on top of a liberal amount of barnyard manure, it would grow up quick and keep growing all winter, and he could cut it over and over again and feed more stock off of a little patch than anybody would believe who had never tried it. I believe our people will learn a heap from the failure of their crops. It will make them shilly, and maybe pull them out of the old rut—for with a heap of us it's going to be root hog or die to get through the winter.

Governor Brown gives us good advice about what to sow, though, as my friend Puggar says, I thought to hold most too much distress on turnips. Nevertheless, turnips are a good thing, and so is salad. I think the general outlook is pretty good, cotton or no cotton.

Now we are going to have lots of railroads down south, and the building of 'em will scatter a power of money among our people and increase the value of our lands and give employment to our young men. We are going to come in contact with northern industry and northern economy. Our boys will learn to move up with alacrity, for those men won't tolerate any fooling around. No time to go coon hunting or to camp-meeting or warding grass—hardly time enough to get married, and as for a feller courting a girl like we used to on a picnic or a fishing frolic, it's not to be thought of. A feller has got to shoot on the wing now or not shoot at all. The girls will have to do most of the courting, for they have the most time. When they fancy a young man they must sing "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," and if the whistles it's all right, and he ought to whistle. I've no patience with a young man who won't whistle, I don't believe in a young man waiting until he gets rich before he marries. It's a fraud on the girl, for not many young men get rich, and those that do get used to doing without a wife and don't marry at all. That's what's the matter with New England now. The boys go off to seek a fortune and never come back any more, and those who stay at home wait till the flush of life is gone and don't raise any family to speak of, and so that country is about 40 loss is identity. The Irish and the Dutch are crowding out the native puritans, and I don't care much if they do. So it's all right, I reckon it's all right.

BILL ARP.

In 1880 Mississippi produced 955,808 bales of cotton.

Water sells at 25 cts. a barrel in Natchitoches, Louisiana.

The drought has proven disastrous to the peanut crop of Virginia.

Around Paducah, Ky., crops are better than first reported.

A hotel will be erected on the summit of the main peak of the Peaks of Otter, Va.