

# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

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## What is Fame?

Fame! Is it to visit Europe,  
Study art in Rome,  
Paint, perhaps, a dozen pictures,  
Get your name up and come home:  
Then to have the neighbors ask you  
When they see your masterpiece,  
"Does the knack of painting pictures  
Take much time and elbow grease?"  
And is it to write a poem  
Glowing with poetic fire,  
Full of passion, and the longing  
After something better, higher,  
Some time read it to the neighbors,  
And then, feeling like a fool,  
Hear one say, "I wrote such verse  
Very often while in school."

Fame? It is to keep on painting,  
Keep on writing if inclined,  
Till the world that lies beyond you  
Your position has defined.  
Is it labor, till your pictures  
Are exchanged for so much gold:  
Till your poems, like potatoes,  
In the market can be sold.  
After you have climbed the ladder,  
From the lowest round,  
Then the neighbors pat your shoulder,  
And your fallow-people sound,  
After having, with your talent,  
Earned the money-making art,  
Then they say, "We always loved you;  
Always said that you were smart."  
—PAUL CARSON.

## THE DARK HONDAY.

### That Bore Disaster To The People Of Michigan.

The Coming of the Pillar of Fire and Smoke—The Flight of the People—The Willing of a Minute—Courtship the Week—Flight of the Animals—The Cleared Remains.

Detroit Free Press Correspondence.  
On Saturday, the 31st instant, along the eastern shore of Michigan a thin cloud of smoke rested over the forests and gave the lake a hazy look. On Sunday this cloud was thicker. Cattle and horses had a wild, excited look, and fowls acted in a strange manner.

For ten days past fires had been burning in Sanilac Huron and Tuscola counties, but no one apprehended any danger. Farmers had set fire to slashings to clear the ground for fall wheat, but this happens every fall, and the fact that not a drop of water had fallen from fifty to seventy days was not considered by those who saw the smoke clouds and replied that there was no danger. There was danger. Behind that pall of smoke was a greater enemy than an earthquake, and it had a form of its own and 200 miles of forest in its front.

Monday morning the smoke cloud was thicker. Far out in the lake it settled down until lamps on shipboard had to be lighted to see the compass, and there was a weirdness about it which made sailors fear. At noon, on land, no midnight was ever darker. Lamps were powerless to light even a small room. All business was suspended in the streets of the towns, and in the country the farmers gathered their wives and children about them, and whispered that it was the coming of judgment. Hot waves swept through the forests and over the farms, parching the green leaves as if they had been placed in hot ovens. Smoke was everywhere—thick, bitter smoke, which blinded men and suffocated children in their mother's arms. From noon until 2 o'clock a strange terror held the people in its grip. Then, all of a sudden, the heavens took fire, or so it seemed to hundreds. In some localities it came with the sound of thunder. In others it was preceded by a terrible roaring, as if a tidal wave were sweeping over the country. Almost at the same minute the flames appeared in every spot over a district of country thirty miles broad by a hundred in length.

A billow of flame ten—thirty—forty, and in some places sixty feet high, fanned by a hot and brisk southwest wind, rolled over this track and left behind it the charred bodies of hundreds of people, thousands of live stock, and one can hardly tell how many homes. The very air was in flame. A gas forned ahead of the wall of flames, and this snapped and crackled and seethed and withered and left green leaves as dry as powder.

At Richmondville, ten miles above Sanilac, one hundred and fifty people had comfortable homes, stacks of hay and grain teams, cows, pigs, sheep and no fear of the fire which they knew was burning a mile away. At 2 o'clock the flame rushed out of the woods, leaped the fences, ran across bare fields, and swallowed every house but two and roasted alive a dozen people. It is hardly forty rods to the beach of the lake, and yet many people had not time to reach the water. Others reached it with clothing on fire and faces and hands blistered. The houses did not burn singly, but one billow of flame seized all at once, and reduced them to nothing in ten minutes. The two buildings saved were spared by the flames—not saved by the hand of man. The flames swept each side of them, as if mercifully intending to leave some landmark of the hamlet and some place to shelter

women and children and the sick. Forty families in and around this hamlet raced through flame and smoke to the lake. Some reached it, to remain in the water for hours, while others fell on the highway and were burned to a crisp. There was no time to save anything from the houses, and when I rode through the district, families which but a day before had been possessed of plenty, were not the owner of a knife or spoon. Women were bareheaded and barefooted, children still worse off, and bareheaded men sat on the parched ground and wondered if God had not forsaken them.

A terrible cyclone struck this district with the flames and I saw many and many a spot where the billow of fire jumped a clean half mile out of the forest to clutch house or barn. The roaring and crashing were awful. Horses ran here and there, neighing and almost screaming in their terror; cows and oxen plunged and belowed, and the most savage dogs were so overcome by fear that they ran back into the blazing houses and died in the flames.

In this awful confusion, with trees crashing down before the cyclone, and houses being unroofed by its terrible power, while a great billow of flame came sweeping on as fast as a horse could gallop, fathers and mothers were called upon to save each other and their children. The highways were lines of fire. Rivers and creeks were dry ditches. The only chance to escape was to rush for the open fields, and yet in the open fields, men, women and children were burned to cinder. Those who preserved their thought through the terrible confusion preceding the appearance of the flames seized the woolen blankets, wet them thoroughly, and drew these over them as they crouched down on the plowed ground, and where this plan was followed their lives were generally saved. In some cases people lay out in the fields fourteen long hours before it was safe to rise up.

To one riding through the district it seems miraculous that a single soul escaped. The fire swept through the green trees the same as the dry. It ran through fields of corn with a speed of twenty miles an hour, and fields of green clover were swept as bare as a floor. Dark and gloomy swamps, filled with ponds of stagnant water, and the home for years of wild cats, bears and snakes were struck and shriveled and burned almost in a flash. Over the parched meadows the flames ran faster than a horse could gallop. Horses did gallop before it, but were overtaken and left roasting on the ground. It seemed as if every hope and avenue of escape were cut off, and yet hundreds of lives were spared. People spent ten to twenty hours in ditches and ponds or in fields under wet blankets, having their hair singed, their limbs blistered and their clothing burned off piece by piece.

A mile north of where the old mar Goodrich lived was a family which had a crazy son. When the smoke began to darken the country he began to get excited, and on the dark day, two hours before the flames came, he mounted a horse and galloped up and down the country, crying out that the last day had come, and that the earth was to be swept clean. Later he was seen rushing headlong towards the flames, whooping and cheering, and no doubt he perished first of all. The horse itself seemed to partake of the rider's spirit, and his shrill neighs answered the cheers of the rider.

People felt the heat while the fire was yet miles away. It withered the leaves of trees standing two miles from the path of the fiery serpent. The very earth took fire in hundreds of places, and blazed up as if the fire were fast on cordwood. The stoutest log buildings stood up only a few minutes. The fire seemed to catch them at every corner at once, and after a whirl and a roar nothing would be left. Seven miles off the beach, at Forrester, sailors found the heat uncomfortable. Where some houses and barns were burned we could not find even a blackened stick. Every log, beam and board was reduced to fine ashes.

The people who sought the beach had still to endure much of the heat and all of the smoke. Wading out up to their shoulders they were safe from the flames, but sparks and cinders fell like a snow storm, and the smoke was suffocating. The birds not caught in the woods were carried out to sea and drowned, and the waves have washed thousands of them ashore. Squidreels, rabbits and such small animals stood so close to all, but deer, and bear sought the beach and the company of human beings. In one case a man leaped from a bluff into the lake and found himself close behind a large bear. They remained in company under the bank nearly all night, and the bear seemed as humble as a dog. In another instance two of the animals came out of the forest and stood close to a well from which a farmer was drawing water to dash over his house, and they were with him for two hours before they deemed it prudent to jog along. Deer came

out and sought the companionship of cattle and horses, and paid no attention to persons rushing past them.

Half enough coffins to bury the dead could not have been got into the burned district in a week. Some were buried with neither coffin nor shroud, while others had rude boxes as their last receptacle. In beyond Carsoville, in one case, the coffin was made of roof-boards taken from a shed, sawed up with a cross-cut saw, and fastened together with nails taken from the ashes of the victim's burned home.

The dead are buried, but there is left a horribly desolate waste of country, crowded with sick, wounded and discouraged humanity, whose tears and groans must open the heart of sympathy in every corner of the country. Turn which way they will, they see black ruin and utter desolation.

## MARTHA PHILLIPS.

She was dead. An old woman with silvery hair, brushed smoothly away from her wrinkled forehead, and snowy cap tied under her chin; a sad, quiet face; a patient mouth, with lines that told of sorrow borne with gentle firmness; and two withered, tired hands, crossed. That was all.

Who, looking at that sleeping form, would think of love and romance, of a heart only just healed of a wound received long, long years ago.

Fifty years she had lived under that roof, a farmer's wife. If you look on that plate on her coffin you will see, "aged seventy," there, and she was only twenty when John Phillips brought her home a bride.

A half century she had kept her careful watch over her dairy and larder, had made butter and cheese, and looked after the innumerable duties that fall to the share of a farmer's wife. And John had never gone with luteous shirts and undarned socks; had not come home to an untidy house and scolding wife.

But underneath her quiet exterior there was a story that John never dreamed of. She did not marry for love. When she was nineteen, a rosy, happy girl, a stranger came on a visit to their village, and that summer was the brightest she ever knew. Paul Gardner was the stranger's name; he was an artist, and fell in love with the simple village girl and won her love; and when he went away in the autumn they were betrothed.

"I come again in the spring," he said. "Trust me and wait for me, Mattie dear. She promised to love and wait for him till the end of time, if need be, and with a kiss on her quivering lips he went away. Spring time came, and, true to his word, Paul returned; he stayed only a day or two this time.

"I am going away in a few weeks to Italy to study," he said.

They renewed their vows and parted with tears and tender, loving words; he put a tiny ring upon her finger and cut a little curly tress from her brown hair, and telling her always to be true, he went away. The months went by, and Mattie was trying to make the time seem short by studying to improve herself, so that she might be worthy of her lover when he should come back to make her his wife.

One day she glanced over a newspaper, her eyes were attracted by his name, and with white lips and dilated eyes she read of his marriage to another.

"Married! Taken another bride instead of coming back to marry me! Oh, Paul! Paul! I loved and trusted you for this!"

She covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly. An hour afterward, as she sat there in the twilight, she heard a step on the gravel walk, and, looking up, saw John Phillips coming up the steps. He had been to see her often before, but had never yet spoken of love, and had received no encouragement to do so. He was a plain, hard-working farmer, with no romance about him, but matter-of-fact to the core.

His wife would get few caresses or tender words. He would be kind enough—give her plenty to eat and wear.

Now he seemed to have come for the express purpose of a king her to be his wife; for he took a chair beside her, and, after the usual greeting, reserving scarcely a moment to take breath in bign in his business-like way. There was no confession of love, no pleading, no hand-clasping, no tender glances; he simply wanted her; would she be his wife?

Her lips moved to tell him she did not love him; but, as she let fall her eyes from the crimson hearted rose that swung from the vine over the window, she caught sight of those few lines again.

"Married?" she said to herself. "What can I do? He doesn't ask me to love him. If I marry him I can be a true wife to him, and nobody will know that Paul has jilted me."

The decision was made. Her cheeks were ashy pale as she looked up into his

eyes and answered quietly: "Yes, I will be your wife."

Her parents were pleased that she was chosen by so well-to-do a young man; so it was settled, and they were married the same summer. Peony thought that she sobered down wonderfully; more than that nothing was said that would lead any one to suppose that any change had taken place.

Yes, she had sobered down. She dared not think of Paul. There was no hope ahead. Life was a time to be filled with something so that she might not think of herself. John was always kind but she got so wearied of his talk of stock and crops, and said to herself, "I must work harder, plain and fuss and bustle about as other women do, so that I may forget and grow like John."

Two years went by. A baby slept in the cradle, and Martha—nobody called her Mattie but Paul—at rocking with her foot as she knitted a blue woolen stocking for the baby's father. There was a knock at the half-open door.

"Will you be kind enough to direct me the nearest way to the village?" said a voice, and a stranger stepped in.

She rose to give him the required direction, when he came quickly forward.

"Paul?"

"Mattie?"

His face lighted up and he reached out his arms. With a surprised, painful look she drew back.

"Mr. Gardner, this is a most unexpected meeting."

"Mr. Gardner!" he repeated; "Mattie! what do you mean?"

"Don't call me Mattie, if you please," she replied, with dignity. "My name is Phillips."

"Phillips!" he echoed. "Are you married?"

"These are strange words from you, Paul Gardner; did you think I was waiting all this time for another woman's husband? that I was keeping my faith with one who played false so soon?"

"Played you false? I am come as I promised you. The two years are but just passed, and I am here to claim you. Why do you greet me thus? Are you, indeed, married, Mattie Grey?"

She was trembling like an aspen leaf. For an answer she pointed to the cradle. He came and stood before her with white face and folded arms.

"Tell me why you did this! Didn't you love me well enough to wait for me?"

She went and unlocked a drawer and took out a newspaper. Unfolding it and finding the place, she pointed to it with her finger, and he read the marriage notice.

"What of this?" he asked, as he met her reproachful look. "Oh, Mattie! you thought it meant me. It is my cousin. I am not married, nor in love with any one but you."

"Are you telling the truth?" she asked in an eager, husky whisper.

"And then, as he replied, "It is true," she gave a low groan and sank down into a chair.

"Oh, Paul, forgive me! I didn't know you had a cousin by the same name. I ought not to have doubted you, but 'twas then in black and white—and this man, my husband, came, and I married him!"

With bitter tears she told him how all happened. With clenched hand he walked to and fro, then stepped beside the cradle and bent over the sleeping child.

Then he turned, and, kneeling before her, said in a low voice:

"I forgive you, Mattie; be as happy as you can." He took both her hands in his and looked steadily, longingly into her face. His lips twitched convulsively. "I have no right here—you are another man's wife. Good-bye, God bless you!"

And she went down on her knees beside her sleeping baby and prayed for strength. They never saw one another again.

Seventy years old! Her stalwart sons and bright-eyed daughters remembered her as a loving, devoted mother, her gray-haired husband as a most faithful wife.

"Never was woman more patient and kind, and as good a housewife as ever was," he said as he brushed the back of his old brown hand across his eyes while looking down on the peaceful face.

And not one of them ever knew of the weary heart and broken hope that had died in her breast, nor even dreamed of the sad load she had borne through life.

"They tell me," said the reformer, "that you have quit smoking. I am glad to hear it. Now, tell me, why did you quit?" Reformers smoked, feeling for a match "Cause my cigar went out."

Under the laws of Providence, life is a probation; probation is a succession of temptations; temptations are emergencies; and for emergencies we need the preparation and the safeguard of prayer.—Austin Phelps.

## WAITING FOR THE ENGINE

### The Average Inhabitant Of Dallas Aroused.

Bill Arr Meanders Into Paulding County and Checks His Leins in Dallas Where He Catches the Spirits of the Times, and Takes an Interest in the Question of Railroad Development.

Atlanta Constitution.

DALLAS, September 17.—I've seen bigger towns than this town, where the population was more thicker, more denser, as Cobe says. A man told me before I got here that I could tell the town when I got to it by a wide place in the road, but I found several stores, and some nice dwelling houses, and plenty of flowers, and a good court-house, and a brick jail with nobody in it, and that's a mighty good recommendation for any people. Paulding has a voting population of 1,500 whites and 300 negroes, and Judge Underwood gets through his court business in three or four days at a session. Bartow and Floyd have got about twice as many people, and brag about their high civilization and refinement, and it takes twelve weeks in a year to keep up with the court business in each county, and the like of that is what shakes my faith in the morality of big towns and cities, and wealth and an overdose of education. I like these primitive old-fashioned, hard-working country people because they are honest. I want 'em all to be able to read and write, but I wouldn't read 'em to college if I could. Now and then you may find one who would profit by it, but in nine cases out of ten it spoils the boy and a good citizen is lost to the state. I've seen the ignorance of our country people stirred at by northern newspapers, but I'm not ashamed of 'em. I'm willing always to put 'em side by side with their masses in everything that constitutes good citizens. The difference between us is, they have got one standard and we have got another. How to make money is theirs—get money, get money; put money in the purse honestly if they can't, but at all events get money," as Iago said, Solomon says, "a joke in thy labor and do good in thy life, for all else is vanity," and Ben Franklin never said a truer thing than that diligence is the parent of all virtues. So when I see these humble farmers at work in the field I'm not afraid to take shelter under their roof. If my horse gets sick they will doctor him, if my buggy breaks down they will mend it. Constant industry is the salvation of a man. He rejoices in his labor and has no inclination to steal or cheat or take the night cut to fortune. I found the good people of Dallas all jubilant and serene; a hundred souls made happy by the prospect of a railroad coming to their town. For weeks they have labored and entreated and reasoned with the magistrates; for weeks they have lived in a state of alternate hope and fear, for the New Hope line was the shortest, and that left them out in the cold. Paulkin vine and Raccoon creeks meandered through rough ravines and wild mountain gorges, and the surveyors hunted in vain for an easy route. Line after line was run, and at the last it was rumored that Dallas was doomed and then the people were sad and town lots were offered at twenty-five dollars with no bidders, and old Father Foot said he was too old to move, and should stand by the flag, and the preacher fixed up a consoling sermon for next day's service and his text was:

"Blessed are they who expect little, for they shall not be disappointed," and Braswell—the indefatigable, irrepressible Braswell, who like Colonel Jones, of Rockmart, had pulled off his coat and called up his slaves and put on his seven leagued boots and piloted the surveyors into a thousand thickets, and up ascending vines and down into dens and caverns, hunting for a way from Dallas to Rockmart. Oh, Braswell, where was he? There was the Braswell line and the Jones line and the Spinks line and the wild turkey line and the red fox line, and various other lines ranging from two hundred to a thousand feet grade per mile, and I saw drawing of one of 'em which went through a tunnel and immediately crossed a bridge five hundred feet high slanting upwards and ending in the mouth of another tunnel, and a mole was pulling the engine and there was a man on the mole with a thrash pole ten feet long, for you see the boys have to work up at night all the ground they have gone over by day and send it to Mr. Samples's headquarters, who has a rod which line is the best. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday a cloud of dust was seen rising afar off on the Powder Springs road and soon the form of a horse and buggy and a man driving furiously was seen and his driving was like the driving of Jehu, and his horse was all in a sweat of perspiration, and his whip was worn off to the handle,

and it was Ragsdale—Ragsdale, the mail man, and his face was all aglow and his eyes shone like crystals as he opened his mouth and spoke and shouted, they are coming by Dallas. The railroad is coming by Dallas. Hurrah for Dallas, it's all settled. I heard the letter read, the thing happened, the ballgame is a coming shore. When he had given all the particulars and convinced the doubting, some of 'em on the pigeon wing, and some turned a summer set, and some ran round the court-house, and some threw up their hats and kicked 'em afar off as they came down, and hollered "All Hail Columbia, Happy Land," and the married men hurried home to tell their wives, and the boys ran all about town blowing like a locomotive toot, toot, toot, toot, fish, fish, fish, and shouting, "All aboard, Go to the Foot house, sir; carry your baggage, sir; buy a Constitution, sir."

But Braswell! where was he? In due time he put in an appearance, but nobody knew where he came from. Going up to Dr. Foster he said solemnly: "Did you say you would take six thousand dollars for your farm—railroad or no railroad?" "Yes," said the doctor. Quietly pulling out a roll of money as big as your arm he handed it over to him, and said "count it and make me a deed" and then and not till then were all doubts removed and the railroad question considered settled.

Dallas is the high and dry center of a good deal of space, and as Judge Underwood remarked Paulding is the best county in the state to the looks of it. They have got very good crops and their cotton is moving to market rapidly. Most of their farmers will make corn enough to do 'em and a little to spare and it wouldn't be a bad idea for a man who is laid off at home to take up what quarters there on the line of the rail road. He could get plenty to do and work for his teams, for it will be lively times along the line this winter. Commodore McKelney has got a wagon load of money and is going to scatter it, and if our people don't get their share it will be their own fault. The people of this country have been long-suffering for a long time. Some of 'em never saw a bulging, and so the Maratta folks thought they would educate 'em to it by degrees, and they sent two young men over to Powder Springs on bicycles and as they came rolling down the street, the noisier things shipped up on a male with a man on it and the glitter of the silver spokes a whirling around scared the wind-lifted man on the ground, and he followed 'em up for a fight, and they up lifted in most respectful language, but took on powerful and said that the next time they come a rumin of their darned old spinning wheel along side of his male he'd be dogged if he didn't get halloo the spizrentum out of 'em. Thinks I to myself if a little bicycle is going to upset a feller that way, what will they do when the locomotive comes thundering along, and footing a horn that shakes the air for a mile. But it will all work out right in the long run, and as Mr. Shakespeare says, all's well that ends well.

## A WIFE'S POWER.

A good wife is to a bad man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil home, and especially if he is an intelligent man with a whole head, he needs his moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, time must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength and goes forth with renewed vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met with bad temper, jealousy and gloom or assailed with complaints and censure hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

## WARM MILK AS A BEVERAGE.

Milk heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for the time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who fatigued by over-exercising of body or mind has ever experienced the reviving influence of a number of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a rest to it because of its having been rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its curdled influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated at once immediately; and many who fancy that they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue, will find in this simple draught an equivalent that shall be abundantly satisfying and more enduring in its effects.