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# THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

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

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No. 41.

## MY LITTLE WIFE.

Our table is spread for two, to-night—  
No guests our bounty share;  
The damask cloth is snowy white,  
The service elegant and bright,  
Our china quaint and rare;  
My little wife presides,  
And perfect love abides.

The bread is sponge, the butter gold,  
The muffins nice and hot,  
What though the winds without blow cold,  
The walls a little world unfold,  
And the storm is soon forgot,  
In the fire-light's cheerfull glow  
Beams a Paradise below.

A father picture who hath seen?  
Soft lights and shadows blend;  
The central figure of the scene,  
She sits, my wife, my love, my queen—  
Her head a little bent;  
And in her eyes of blue  
I read my bliss anew.

I watch her as she pours the tea,  
With quiet, gentle grace;  
With fingers deft, and movements free,  
She mixes in the cream for me,  
A bright smile on her face;  
And, as she sends it up,  
I pledge her in my cup.

Was ever man before so blessed?  
I secretly reflect,  
The passing thought she must have guessed,  
For now dear lips on mine are pressed,  
An arm is round my neck,  
Dear treasure of my life—  
God bless her—little wife.

—Overland Monthly.

## Helen Hyde's Good Deed.

'Yes,' said the doctor, solemnly, 'she shows every indication of going into a decline. Rest, relaxation, change of air and scene—that's what she ought to have.'

Mrs. Dardanel looked perturbed. 'Dear, dear,' she said, 'what a pity. And she's quite a pet of mine, too, dear little thing. She is very quick with her needle, and really ingenious—and the way she puts trimmings on a dress positively reminds one of Madam Antoine herself.'

'The Seaside cottage would be the place for her,' suggested Dr. Midland. 'You are one of the lady patronesses, I believe, and—'

'Yes, but the Seaside cottage is full,' said Mrs. Dardanel. 'Not an inch of room unoccupied. I had a note from the matron yesterday.'

'Ah, indeed?' said the doctor, fumbling with his watch-chain. 'Unfortunately—very.'

'But,' cried Mrs. Dardanel, an idea suddenly occurring to her much befuddled and befuddled head, 'there is Mrs. Daggett's farm, a few miles further down the shore. She takes boarders for five dollars a week, and I believe it is a very nice place. If you think it advisable I will take a month's board for the girl there. I really feel as if the dear little thing belonged to me.'

'An excellent plan, madam, an excellent plan,' said the doctor, oracularly. 'I have no doubt but that a month of sea air would make quite a different person of her.'

Helen Hyde could scarcely believe her own ears when Mrs. Dardanel beamingly announced her intentions.

'The seashore?' she cried, her pale face flushing all over, 'the real sea! Oh, Mrs. Dardanel, I have dreamed of it all my life. And for a whole bright long summer month! Oh, how shall I ever thank you?'

'By getting well and strong as fast as you can,' said Mrs. Dardanel, really touched by the girl's innocent enthusiasm. 'And here is a ten-dollar bill for you,' she added, with a smile. 'You may need some little trifle or dress, or there may be a drive or a picnic or an excursion going in which you will want to participate. No, you shall not give it back—it is a present from me, and I choose that you shall keep it.'

Helen Hyde's heart beat high with delight when first she saw the Daggett farmhouse, a long, low, red building, with an immense stack of chimneys, a cluster of unbragous maple trees garlanding it about with shade, and a door yard full of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, while in full sight of the windows the Atlantic flung its curling crests of foam along the shingly shore. Mrs. Daggett welcomed her warmly; she had been Mrs. Dardanel's housekeeper once, and knew the value of that lady's patronage.

'I've just one room left, my dear,' said she. 'Under the eaves of the house. It's rather small, but it's furnished comfortably, and there's a fine view of the ocean. I could have given you better accommodations if I had received Mrs. Dardanel's letter a day earlier. But four young ladies, teachers in the Ixwood institute, came yesterday, and I'm sleeping on a sofa myself in the parlor. But we'll make you as snug as possible, and the very first good-sized room that is vacated you shall have.'

And Helen was very happy in her little nook, from whose casement she could see the sparkling plain of the sea, all dotted with white sails.

Mrs. Daggett was a driving, energetic business woman. Farmer Daggett was a vacant, honest faced man, who invariably

fell asleep of an evening, with his chair tipped back against the wall—and every available inch of the house was filled with summer boarders, mostly ladies. There were only three masculine appendages to the house besides its master—a supernumerary clergyman, whose parishioners gathered together every summer to treat him to six weeks' vacation—a literary man of large aspirations and small income, who had come thither for rest and opportunity to study up the 'skeleton' for his next novel, and old Mr. Millin!

It was some time before Helen Hyde fairly comprehended who old Mr. Millin was. A bowed, bent over little man, with silver hair curling over the collar of his coat, a ruffled shirt like the pictures of our Revolutionary forefathers, and dim blue eyes which glistened from behind silver spectacles, he shuffled in and out to his meals after an apologetic fashion, and sat all the long bright afternoons under the maples, staring at the sea.

'Who is that old gentleman?' she at last ventured to ask Mrs. Daggett. That lady frowned, impatiently.

'It's old Daddy Millin,' said she. 'And I wish it was anybody else!'

'Is he a boarder?' asked Helen.

'Well, he is and he isn't!' rather obscurely answered Mrs. Daggett, who was picking over currants for a pudding while Helen sat by and watched her. 'But he won't be here long. You see, my dear, he hasn't any friends. When me and Daggett came down from Vermont and bought this place we got it cheap because of old Mr. Millin. We was to give him the northeast chamber, and they were to allow us so much a month for his keep. It ain't everybody, you see, as would be willing to have an old man like that around the place. But he's harmless and innocent enough, and I won't deny that the two dollars a week helped along. But now prices have gone up, and Breezy Point has got to be a fashionable locality in summer time, and things are altered. And, what's worse, his folks have left off sending the money.'

'I wonder why?' said Helen, with her large dreamy eyes fixed pityingly upon the old man, who sat in his usual place under the maples, wistfully watching the sea.

'They're dead, p'raps,' said Mrs. Daggett. 'Or, p'raps they've got tired of him. Anyhow, it's three months since we've heard a word, and me and Daggett have made up our minds we can't stand it any longer. So we're going to put him on the town. Lawyer Boxall says it's legal and right, and they can't expect nothing else of us. Squire Sodus is to send his covered carryall next Saturday, and old Daddy Millin 'll send his going for a ride. And so things 'll go off smooth and pleasant.'

'Smooth and pleasant?' Helen Hyde looked across the grassy lawn to the little old man with his mild, abstracted face, his ruffled shirt front, the silver hair that glistened in the sun, and the old-fashioned, claw-like fingers that slowly turned themselves backward and forward as he sat there.

'He owned the place once,' said Mrs. Daggett, 'but his sons turned out bad, and he indorsed for Squire Sodus' cousin, and lost everything. And here he is, in his old age, without a penny! What is it, Becky? The oven ready for the pies? Yes, I'm coming.'

And she bustled away, leaving Helen alone. A sort of inspiration had entered into the girl's heart as she sat there with the briny smell of the ocean filling her senses, the rustle of the maple leaves murmuring softly overhead. She took Mrs. Dardanel's ten-dollar bill from her pocket and looked long and earnestly at it. She thought of the little one-horse carryall, which she and the girls from the Ixwood institute were to have hired together to drive over the hills and glens, all those sweet, misty summer afternoons; of the excursions to Twin Rock by steamer, upon which she had counted; of the new black bunting dress, which she had decided to buy. She must abandon all these little darling extravagances, if she indulged this other fancy.

'As if there could be any choice,' she said to herself. And then she got up and went softly across the grass and clover blossoms to where 'Daddy Millin' sat.

'Do you like this place?' she asked, softly.

'It's home, my dear,' he answered, seemingly to arouse himself out of a reverie; 'it's home! I've lived here for eighty odd years. I couldn't live anywhere else.'

'But there are other places pleasanter?'

'It may be, my dear, it may be,' he said, looking at her with troubled eyes through the convex lenses of his glasses.

'But they wouldn't seem the same to me!'

Helen went back to Mrs. Daggett, who was baking pies and rolls and strawberry shortcake all at once!

Mrs. Daggett said she, 'here are \$10 which Mrs. Dardanel gave me to do as I pleased with. And I pleased to give it to you to keep old Mr. Millin here five weeks longer.'

'Mercy sakes alive!' said Mrs. Daggett, 'he ain't no kind to you, is he?'

'No,' said Helen, 'but he is so old and feeble and friendless, and—please Mrs. Daggett take the money. And perhaps by the time that is gone I shall be able to send a little more. My employers are going to pay me generously in the city, and I feel myself growing better able to work every day.'

So Helen Hyde adopted the cause of one even poorer and more friendless than herself, and for a year she paid the two dollars a week steadily, and Mr. Millin never knew what a danger had menaced him!

At the end of that time the old gentleman's grandson came from some wide, wild region across the sea, a tall, dark-eyed young man, with the mien of a prince in disguise.

'My father has been dead for a year,' he said. 'And his papers have only just been thoroughly investigated, so that I have recently learned, for the first time, that there is an arrearage due on my grandfather's allowance. I hope he has not been allowed to suffer—'

'Oh he's all right,' said Mrs. Daggett. 'We've took excellent good care of him.'

'You are a noble-hearted woman,' said the young man, fervently clasping her hand, 'and I will see that you are no loser by your generosity.'

'It ain't me,' said Mrs. Daggett, turning red and white, for Helen Hyde, now spending her second summer at the farmhouse, sat by quietly sewing in the window recess. 'I'm free to allow that me and Daggett got out of patience and was going to put him on the town, but Miss Hyde here, one of our boarders, she's paid for him ever since.'

'I beg your pardon if I have interfered,' said Helen, blushing scarlet as the large dark eyes fell scrutinizingly on her face, 'but he seemed so old and so helpless, that—'

'God bless you for your noble deed!' said Ambrose Sodus, earnestly.

But there was something in Helen's manner which prevented him from offering any pecuniary recompense to her.

'My grandfather will need your cares no further,' said he. 'We have been fortunate in our Australian investments, and I am prepared to buy the old farm back again, and settle here permanently.'

And when Mrs. Dardanel began to think about getting her winter ball dresses made up, she received a note from Miss Hyde, which ran as follows:

'DEAR MRS. DARDANEL: I am sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot undertake any more orders. For I am to be married next month to Mr. Ambrose Sodus, and we are to live at the Daggett farm. And, oh! how proud I should be if you would come here and visit me next summer, when the roses are in bloom and the strawberries ripen. Ambrose is all that is nice, and I shall have the dearest old grandfather-in-law in the world. Affectionately,

'HELEN HYDE.'

And all this life romance had grown out of Helen's mouth at the seaside.

## LOCAL PAPERS.

A large proportion of the people do nothing to support their local papers, yet reap the benefit every day of the editor's work. A man will say, "Advertising does not pay in business," and yet the fact is, that the town in which he does business would be unknown, the railroad over which he ships his goods would be unbuilt, and he himself would be unheard of, if it were not for the newspaper, which he says does him no good.

The local paper is of advantage to every man in the community, and when a man refuses to contribute to the support of the paper on the ground that it "does him no good," he might just as well refuse to pay his taxes for the support of the courts and the police force, on the ground that he never breaks the law and does not need any officers. There are men who believe themselves to be honest and pious, who are doing business in every community, and every day appropriating to their own use the fruits of other men's labors by reaping the benefit of the newspaper without contributing a cent to its support. Too much credit cannot be given the weekly paper for the work it has done and is still doing for the benefit of this country.—*Menamin's Printers' Circular.*

They have the electric light in Salem. George D. Bateman, of Perquimans county, was beaten so badly by a neighbor named Griffin, recently, that he died in a few days.

## BILL ARP'S BUDGET

Of Rural Observations and Home-spun Humor.

Written for the Constitution.

The earliest dew of the fall  
Have brightened up the room,  
The cat and dog and children all  
Have bid old winter come.

The wind is running at the nose  
The clouds are in a shiver;  
By day we want more warmer clothes,  
At night we want more kiver.

Persimmons and possums are getting ripe. The May-pops have dropped from the vines. Chinkapins and chickapins are opening and walnuts are covering the ground. Crawfish and frogs have gone into winter quarters—snakes and lizards have bid us adieu. All nature is preparing for a winter's sleep—sleep for the trees and grass and flowers. I like winter; not six long months of snow and ice and howling winds, but three months interspersed with sunny days and Indian summers. North Georgia is the place for me, the region of mild and temperate climate, of lofty mountains and beautiful valleys and fast-flowing streams. The region where the simon, nor the hurricane never comes and streams do not become stagnant, nor the mosquito sing his little song. I don't want to be snowed bound in winter, nor to fly from a fiery hurricane in summer, and it's curious to me that our northern brethren don't bid farewell, a long farewell to such a country and settle down in this pleasant land. I know there is no place like home, and it's home where the heart is. The Eskimo loves his snow house, and the Mexican his hazienda, but there is reason in all things, and if this ain't the best country on the continent there's no sense in reason or philosophy. But I'm sorter glad we have had it to ourselves this long—I'm glad our people are getting strong enough to keep it for their children that is, a good share of it. I don't want em to sell their pleasant homes for ever a big pile of money unless they have got another one in view. There is plenty of room for all who want to come, and money will turn a wilderness into a garden. Thousands of them are looking this way now for deliverance from hard winters or for profitable investments, and this exposition is going to gentle 'em and take the snare off, and they will dare to look round, and will price our lands and analyze our minerals and inspect our water-power, and peruse our forests, and while the north is frozen up they will bask in our sunshine and wonder that there was such a blessed land so near and so unknown. The exposition is going to be a mighty harmonizer. It will get up a union of sentiment and social feeling. Our folks always did appreciate northern intelligence and northern energy. Long before the war when these educated girls used to come south to teach school our boys married 'em as fast as they come, and put 'em to raising children, and they made good wives and good mothers. Well, the war made the yankees so sick and our people so poor their girls quit coming, but of late they are summing it down here, and our boys are beginning to piece 'em off like they used to. 'They go for 'em quick, and it's a pretty fair bargain for there is money on one side and rebel blood and independence on the other, and that's a good compromise.

A clever girl was picked up the other day by a young man of my acquaintance. He was good looking and poor and proud and she was a little over age and undersize, and not altogether as beautiful as the Lord might have made her if he had wanted to, but she was rich. Well, he took her in out of solitude, and she took him in out of the wet, and it's all right. I reckon it's all right, and I hope they are happy. When a fresh married woman gives her feller a check for twenty thousand dollars next day, and has plenty more behind, it's a sign she is satisfied with him, and if he ain't satisfied with her I shall always think he ought to be.

I haven't seen the exposition as yet. I'm waiting until it gets in full blast, and then I'm going to take the family down in small detachments. It's our show and it's a cheap show, considering, and may be it won't happen again for many years to come and I think everybody in reach of it ought to go, especially the women and children—the women for pleasure and the children for instruction. I think the railroads ought to reduce the fare to one cent a mile for their sakes. They wouldn't lose by it for twice as many would go and it would make the little folks so happy. Its no pleasure to me to see a big thing and go home and tell about it. I always feel a little mean if Mrs. Arp ain't along or some of the children. When King C.'s railroad is finished I want him to furnish a long train of palace cars and give us a free ride from Rome to Brunswick and furnish us with fish and oysters when we get there and let our children see the ocean and look and gaze and wonder. He can do it and make so many people happy. But Mr. Senty will, if he takes a notion, or gets on another spree.

Henry Grady invited me to a reception last night, I had a headache but I thought maybe it would hope me to be received and so I took the street car and went out, and shore enough he received me and mixed me up with a goodly company of elegant gentlemen and he made everybody feel at home in his new and splendid mansion. There's more rooms and snuggeries and dodging places than I ever saw in a house of its size, and all the decorations are beautiful and everybody so fine and new, I was afraid to stand up or set down, but I watched Howell and done as he done and Howell he wanted to open a window but was afraid of the trigger for he said something might fall on him, and I asked Dr. Lawton what was them verses high up on the wall in the dining room and he said he reckoned it was the bill of fare but Howell said it was some lines from Burns about—

Catches his hens and puts 'em in pens,  
Some lay eggs and some lay none;  
Wire, briar, limber lock,  
Three geese in the flock.  
O-U-T spells out and begone.

Well, there was newspaper men from Boston to Galveston and all along the country between, and they look smart and thoughtful, and I couldn't help but ponder over the power of their pens and the responsibility that was on 'em to influence peace in the land and good will among our people.

Long life and health and happiness to Henry and his family. I didn't look in all the closets but I hope there is no skeleton there.

BILL ARP.

RESULTS OF NEGLECT.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find he has time to be sick. He who has no time to pray most find time to die. He who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin. He who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail. He who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—*Hannah Moore.*

COMMUNISM.

Lutheran Church Paper.

Communism is a bad principle. The leveling idea is a false one. Leveling is not only wrong, it is impossible. Some men will rise above others. Economy, industry, and shrewdness will ensure thrift. Extravagance, idleness and incompetency will bring poverty. But arrogance on the part of successful men is just as wicked as envy on the part of unsuccessful men; and the arrogance and superciliousness of the rich and the great are responsible for much of the communistic spirit that is abroad in the world. Abate the former, and you abate the latter. Let the rich be humble, and the poor are more likely to be noble.

Charlotte is open to the fluids, but the license tax is high.

The Scotland Neck branch road is still progressing rapidly.

The Baptist State Convention will meet in Winston in November.

Revenue collections in the 4th District for September, \$120,331.87.

One hundred Polish Jews are employed at Durham, N. C., making cigarettes.

The South-Atlantic States are capable of producing all the fruits in abundance.

Paul Furr, of Concord, N. C., this year netted \$110 from half an acre planted in melons.

The yield of gold in the South-Atlantic States to date is over twenty-three million dollars.

Sheep-husbandry is increasing in value and importance in the South-Atlantic States.

The Yorktown Centennial Celebration commenced on the 13th of October and closes on the 21st.

Can you afford to miss the grand display of Southern resources at the International Cotton Exposition in Atlanta.

The Scuppernon grape is the grape of the South-Atlantic States—capable of producing a wine equal to the "Tokay" of Hungary.

The new depot at New Switzerland, Ga., is being built as rapidly as possible. A number of Swiss and German residents of Atlanta are arranging to build summer houses there.

The climate of the South-Atlantic States does not run into extremes. Although the warm water begins to cool in the North, the range of the thermometer is not so high in summer as in the North.

WHAT IS AN INCH OF RAIN?

An inch of rain is that quantity which falling upon a level surface and not absorbed or allowed to run off would stand an inch in depth. The amount of water falling upon an acre of land when the rainfall is one inch would astonish any one who has given no thought to the subject. On each square foot of surface there would be 144 cubic inches, and on one acre which contains 43,700 square feet, would be 6,573,600 cubic inches, which reduced to imperial gallons, each containing 10 pounds avoirdupois, would be 22,623 gallons, weighing 226,230 pounds, something more than 113 tons' weight to the acre. The annual average rainfall in this locality approximates 50 inches, consequently each acre receives about 5,655 1/4 tons' weight of water in a year. This amount of water would require a train of 565 freight cars to carry it. If one had to water a 640 acre farm at this rate it would require figures like those of the distance to the nearest fixed star.

With pleasure the friends of Claremont College will learn that about 320,000 brick have now been successfully burned, and a considerable part already on the college grounds.

Major R. W. York, of Durham, will deliver the oration, on the laying of the corner stone of Sapona Lodge, No. 280, A. F. M., at Asbury, Chatham county, on the 19th inst.

A fine large iron screw steamship, the Barnesmore, 2,200 tons burthen, recently arrived at Wilmington. Her carrying capacity is between 4,000 and 5,000 bales of compressed cotton.

## VARIETY IN YOUR FOOD.

There is no one standard for food applicable to all persons, whether as to kind of food or quantity. Our tastes are more or less a matter of education. A taste educated in one direction revolts at a taste educated in another. Tomatoes, now almost universally used in this country, were rejected with loathing a generation ago.

The French, who led off in eating frog flesh, are now eating horse flesh—their taste for the latter having been developed during the exigencies of the siege of Paris. The English have heretofore, turned with disgust from corn (maize), which is a very stiff of life in this country, and, in some of its forms of cooking, a delicious favorite.

It might be well for men generally to have their tastes broadened. Some persons are altogether too nice and narrow in their preferences for food. It should be remembered that unused functions tend towards complete cessation. For instance, one of the best preservatives against consumption is in the ability of the stomach to digest fat; but the power to digest it may be lost by long disuse, the glands ceasing to secrete the necessary fluid.

So, too, the quantity of food eaten by a man in good health, too, and in the same surroundings, would be killed by what is essential to the health of another. A hard worker in the open air would starve if restricted to what amply suffices for the man whose employment is in doors and sedentary.

Life could not be sustained in the arctic zone without immense quantities of heat-producing food. An Esquimau will eat daily from twelve to fifteen pounds of meat, one-third of it fat. He generates so much internal heat that he always throws off his coat in his hut, where the temperature ranges from freezing down to zero, with an outside temperature from thirty to seventy degrees below the latter point.—*Youth's Companion.*

PROFANITY.

From Gems of Thought.

Nothing is a greater sacrifice than to prostitute the great name of God to the petulance of an idle tongue.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The devil tempts men through their ambition, their cupidity, or their appetite, until he comes to the profane swearer whom he catches without any reward.—*Horace Mann.*

The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice so mean and low, that every person of sense and character detests and despises it.—*George Washington.*

Profane swearing has always seemed a most voluntary sin. Most erring people, when they do wrong, count upon some good to be derived from their conduct, but for profanity there is no excuse.—*H. Ballou.*

Profaneness is a low, groveling vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman. I care not what his stand may be in society; I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts; despite all his ornament, the light habitual taking of God's name in vain betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will.—*E. H. Chipman.*