

THE GASTON GAZETTE.

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

VOL. III.

GASTONIA, GASTON COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 8, 1882.

No. 49.

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Charlotte, N. C.

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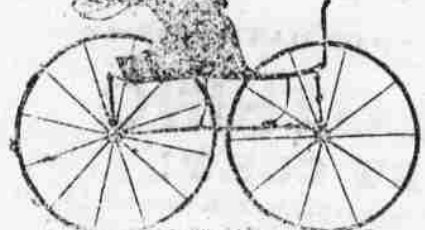
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Has located in Gastonia, N. C. Watches,
Clocks and Jewelry of all kinds
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at the Martin Block no12-1

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the best of work, and warrant every job. We
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and our Wagons have the best reputation of
any in the State. Every Wagon bears the
name "J. P. NISSEN, Salem, P. O., N. C."
Write for prices. Refer to all who are using
our Wagons.

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About five miles from Gastonia and Dallas
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acres, all in original woods except 20 acres in
a good state of cultivation. It has a very
good log house only 1/2 mile from the Air-
Line R. R. Price \$8,000 per acre.

Apply to
GEO. W. CHALK,
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Water-Power
FOR SALE

A fine Water-Power for sale on the South
Fork of the Catawba River, with fifteen or
twenty acres of land attached, about one
mile from Harlin Station on the Catawba &
Lenoir Railroad. Terms moderate. For fur-
ther information apply to G. W. CHALK, Real
Estate Agent, Gastonia, N. C., or to M. D.
FRIDAY, on the premises.

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AND
GAITERS

The most artistic, durable, and the most
comfortable made. All we ask is an experi-
ence and trial. All kinds of Repairing
done on short notice and satisfaction guar-
anteed.

W. C. TEAGUE,
GASTONIA, N. C.

CONSTANCY.

To constancy a thousand fancies are reared,
To constancy a thousand songs are sung;
The virtue honored, cherished and revered,
Theme of the old, and goal to tempt the
young.

Still are we taught, like fancies live and die;
Faith, hope and love abide in constancy.
Yet who that prizes summer's golden moon,
But longs for autumn's soft pathetic grace?
Who revels in the lavish wealth of June,
Sighs to think of April's varying face?
Who tired of glare, but turns to the warm
gloom,
Where the great Yule-log glimmers in the
room?

Why, without change, a rift would deepen
down;
A passing wrong would redden to a hate;
A love would wither 'neath an angry frown,
And a rash vow take all the strength of fate;
Whose sanctities might darken, curse,
or estrange.

Enter fall the sunny power of happy change!
Let Time's soft magic wear away the wrath
And patience do her perfect work at last,
And hope show laughing blossoms on the path
That will out-bloom the night-shade of the
past.

Till all that lives and moves in life's wide
range
May bless the sweet vicissitudes of change!

Written for the GAZETTE.
RETRIBUTION.

By SAM.

Eveline A. was an only daughter.
Her father died while she was too young to
remember him, so her mother devoted
much of her time to the careful
training of Eveline, who, young as she
was, evinced a strong will of her own.
She was a decided blonde with bright
blue eyes, and golden curls, and being
naturally intelligent, she bid fair to de-
velop into a most charming woman.
As she was the only child of course her
mother took great delight in gratifying
her childish wishes, and as she grew
older indulged her in many luxuries,
even though it cost sacrifices on her
part to procure them. "Poor child!"
she would often say, "had your father
lived you would not have had to prac-
tise self-denials, and I can not depart
from what I now would have been his
wish for our daughter." So this good
woman who never seemed weary in her
labors of love, was not aware that she
was fostering a selfish spirit in her
daughter, never requiring any sacrifices
on her part, in return for the many she
made on her account. She entered a
fashionable boarding school when she
was sixteen years old, many were the
loving letters that passed between
mother and daughter. How each one
looked forward to the vacation for a
happy reunion in their happy home!

During her vacation her time was chief-
ly spent in receiving company and re-
turning visits, riding out and going to
parties; no doubt she would have as-
sisted her mother in her household du-
ties had she called her attention to the
subject; for I believe had she been
trained properly she would have been
both dutiful and useful. She graduat-
ed when she was eighteen years old,
acquiring herself most creditably, to
the great joy of her mother who was
justly proud of her. The summer has
flown rapidly by, a rare season of re-
creation to Eveline who has enjoyed it
fully; mother and daughter are now
deliberating upon what course to pur-
sue. "I dislike the drudgery of school
teaching," said Eveline, "but I must
not be choice, if my bread and butter
depends upon my own exertions, so I
will accept the situation offered as gov-
erness in Dr. P.'s family." Just then
a letter was handed her from her Aunt
with a pressing invitation to spend the
Christmas with her. Without delay
preparations began on her wardrobe
for this visit. Full of bright hopes
Eveline bade her good mother good-by,
kissed her and boarded the train
which would reach the city of W— in
a few hours. Aunt L. and cousin
Fred met her in their carriage and
carried her to their elegant home.

"Oh, mother," said Frank, "you
never told me that I had such a beau-
tiful cousin, and so accomplished, too!
How proud I will be to introduce her
into society."

It was not long before our heroine
had made many pleasant acquaintances,
for W— was unusually gay that win-
ter. Cousin Fred soon began to en-
ertain more than casual regards for
Eveline; and before the winter was
ended, though she had returned to her
home Frank visited her and asked her
mother's consent to their marriage (for
he had already obtained Eveline's.) At
first the mother objected on the score
that they were cousins, but he pleaded
so eloquently that she consented, but
said, "The marriage must not take
place till Eveline's twentieth birthday."

Fred placed the engagement ring
upon her finger finger "with a wish,"

and bidding her good-bye left for his
home the happiest man in the world.
He was tall, handsome, of good family,
and engaged in good business with
fair prospects and might be considered
a "strong arm to lean upon." It seem-
ed a long time to Fred, to wait for the
consummation of his happiness, but he
knew that the meetings and partings,
would strengthen the cords of affection
that bound them, and enable him to
buy a home and at the appointed time
proudly carry his beautiful bride to a
paradise of their own, and crown her
queen of his heart and home. How
often are such air castles blown to atoms.
For before the summer was ended, Ev-
eline who was the gayest of the gay
met a stranger who sought her ac-
quaintance and was at once captivated
by her rare beauty and fascinating man-
ners. It was not long before a proposal
of marriage was made. He poured in-
to her ear a most winsome tale of wealth
and position and of his beautiful home
far West.

He was very ambitious and had known
the want of money so often, now why
should she hesitate when all she craved
was within her grasp? And without
considering the result of such action,
she at once accepted this urgent suitor,
who was almost an entire stranger to
her. Poor girl! she lacked decision of
character, and did not ask her mother's
advice this time. Her ideal was found.
Cousin Fred was forgotten for the pres-
ent.

Her new affianced placed upon her
arm a magnificent bracelet and with-
out her knowledge locked it there.
Soon after a letter came from Fred
saying that he would visit her the last
week in September. Now she was in a
quandary.

What could she do? "In vain did
her mother remonstrate with her in
regard to her trusting a stranger.
"Besides," said her mother, "I could
not visit you and perhaps you would
never come back to me again."

"Yes, indeed Mother, in two years
from the time I leave you I will come
back, whether Lee is willing or not."

"But Eveline is it right to discard
Fred for a stranger?"

"I'll make it all right with Fred, lit-
tle Mother, never fear."

That evening their minister called,
in his round of congregational visits,
and Eveline informed him of her dilemma
and asked his advice.

"My dear child you have acted un-
wisely" said the old pastor, "but I
will advise you if you will obey me."
"I will most certainly," said Eveline.

"They look yourself in your own room
eat and drink only bread and water;
pray earnestly for divine guidance and
study your bible which is wisdom and
truth. You can not go wrong if you
study its precepts." At the end of
three days I will meet yourself and
your mother in the library and hear
your decision."

Strange to say Fred came just before
the hour appointed for the meeting and
was informed of all that had transpired
in his absence by Eveline's mother. He
was greatly astonished. "Now Fred"
said she "the time for the conference
is three o'clock. In a short time after
we have met to hear Eveline's decision,
you must come in unannounced." Sure
enough the minister came at the appoint-
ed time: he read a chapter then prayed
reverently for Divine guidance and
blessings on the young girl present.

When the prayer was ended all was
as still as death for awhile, then the
old minister in trembling accents said
my young friend I hope you have been
enabled to choose wisely, and—"just
before the door swung open and Fred
N— stood before them. Eveline
threw her arms around Fred's neck
and declared she loved him and would
marry him.

Fred loved her dearly, but said if she
loved another better than himself, he
would release her from the engagement.
He did not quite understand the
bracelet locked upon her arm.

In one week from Fred's departure,
Lee L. returned, saying that he had
heard from his business affairs in the
Gulf City and they demanded his at-
tention as early as possible, and urged
a consummation of their engagement at
once, Eveline knew her mother would
oppose her, so she consented to a secret
marriage. They took a ride one even-
ing as they had done before, but this
time they went beyond the limits of the
city to an humble country church where
they were quietly married by the pastor
in charge, whose services had been pre-
viously secured with a few witnesses.
They returned to her mother's never
informing her of what was done. The
newly made husband went to his hotel,

and leave after a few prepara-
tions. He went out taking an evening
walk with his friend, Eveline called, as
she passed at the post office and
glanced over the local items
of a paper, her eye rested upon
her name in the list of marriage li-
censes for the week, her young
friend said:
"There is your name, Eveline,
and the gentleman?"
"To be continued."

Spoodenkye as a Farmer.

Mr. Spoodenkye, as he
was called on his new acquisition of
six acres, "My dear, is what I
wanted. A farm and a
farm are the highways to happi-
ness," Spoodenkye, don't you
think?"

"I'm very lovely," rejoined Mrs.
Spoodenkye. "I was born on a farm
and I'm healthy, though I had
to go to the city for water."

"I'll bring the water.
Now, are my agricultural re-
ports all right if we are
going to the crops, and when they are
ripe, will you sell them to market?"

"I'll turn you once in awhile,"
said Mrs. Spoodenkye, putting her
thumb on her nose.

"I don't know whether
I'll have less buckwheat,"
said Mrs. Spoodenkye. "I
thought, that two acres
would be enough for one hen; and if
it is so, I can buy a load now and
then for my neighbors."

"That over," replied Mr.
Spoodenkye. "Here's one thing cer-
tainly I understand. It says we
should see seed before planting,
to be sure they will germinate; but it
doesn't say to do it."

"Yes, indeed Mother, in two years
from the time I leave you I will come
back, whether Lee is willing or not."

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A War Sketch.

How Some Kentuckians Managed to Get
Some Beef Near Dalton.

Two soldiers of the Fourth Kentucky
infantry had obtained a pass for the
day, which enabled them to take in the
sights at Dalton and any thing else
which was not too hot or too heavy to
be carried off by them. It was very
natural for them to do the railroad de-
pot in their tour of inspection, as
through its portals came most if not all
they were in quest of, viz. commissary
and quartermaster stores; and last,
but by no means least, the well filled
boxes sent by loving hands to sons and
husbands at the front, who pined for
the flesh-pots at home. As many very
many of these boxes had found their
way into the Kentucky camp by the
aid of "quick wits, elastic consciences,
and strong shoulders, our adventurers
thought first to try their fortune in the
box-from-home line; but finding that
the depot contained absolutely nothing
in that shape, were turning away in
disgust, when they discovered that the
guard over the beef, which had just
been received from Atlanta, was think-
ing of any and every thing but his pres-
ent duty. Here was their chance, but
how were they to use it? This appar-
ently drowsy sentinel would be wide
enough awake if any attempt should be
made to take the meat over which he
nodded as special guardian. No; the
risk was too great even for Jim's sleight
of hand, and to work the affair safely
and successfully, the senti-
nel must be relieved from duty by one
of our heroes, while the other should
relieve the government of as much beef
as he could carry. The idea, although
extra hazardous if the attempt be dis-
covered and frustrated, was well con-
ceived and boldly and successfully ex-
ecuted as follows: Aleck, the muscular
christian of this adventurous pair, was
to remain on the ground and note all
changes, should any be made, while
Jim, lithe of limb and the bean ideal
of an infantry soldier in form and action,
should return to camp after his gun and
accoutrements.

Obtaining these without question or
trouble and returning rapidly to the
depot, he took in the situation at a glance.
No change had taken place. The same
sentinel hummed his plaintive love-
ditty and dreamed his bright and glow-
ing day-dream of happiness to come
"when the cruel war was over" and
Samantha should be his very own; and
seeing Jim armed and equipped for
duty and pacing with soldierly tread
before the pile of beef, very naturally
thought that he had been relieved by a
detail from another regiment. And,
after imparting to Jim the instructions
due from the relieved to the relieving
guard, slowly and calmly withdrew
from the spot as one who had well and
faithfully discharged a trust. So far
the plot was an absolute, a positive
success, and now came Aleck's time to
play his part of the little game. Wait-
ing until the relieved guard was out of
sight, Aleck seized the fattest, largest
and best quarter of beef and tossing it
upon his brawny shoulders, started off
for camp. Jim let him get the meat
well upon his back, and then springing
to the front of him and bringing his
gun to a charge, in a loud voice thus
addressed him: "Halt there, I have
caught you at last and in the very act.
I will not wait for call the corporal
of the guard, but take you myself, and
at once, before the provost marshal
with the meat you have stolen, still on
your thieving shoulders." Aleck tried
in vain to put down the beef, saying
that he had been driven to commit the
theft by great and gnawing hunger,
and if the guard would only let off this
time he would promise on the honor of
a soldier never do so again; that it
was his first and should be his last of-
fense; but Jim was determined to ex-
hibit him as an example to all evil-
doers, and stoutly adhered to his first
intention of taking him before the pro-
vost-marshal with the evidence of his
guilt around him. Aleck deeply mortified
(apparently) and muttering curses low
and threatening, took up the line of
march, directed from the rear by Jim's
bayonet, and in the midst of execrations
for him and praisings without
 stint for Jim, moved briskly off, not
however, to the provost's office, as was
thought by the admiring spectators,
none of whom followed, but to the camp
of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, and
the gallant old company 'I lived well
for two whole days as far as beef was
concerned.

A bear broke into a house of a Neva-
da man the other night. He was away,
and his wife thought it was he coming
home drunk. She didn't stop to light
a lamp, but began operations. When
the bear finally got away he didn't stop
running till he had traveled eleven
miles into the heart of the mountains,
and he was such a sight that other
bears wouldn't associate with him.—
Hoyt's Hallucination.

Mrs. Julia A. Hall, Newberne, N.
C., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters invari-
ably relieves me when debilitated."

A Hair-Breadth Escape.

This is the time for candy-pulling,
and one of our young friends has been
so obliging as to give us a description
of some of the incidents connected with
such occasions. He tells the following:
A young "phunny phel'ow," with very
long-whiskers, after eating about a gal-
lon of the candy fluid and getting a
quart of the sorghum, in the pulling
state, on his whiskers, came to the fear-
ful conclusion that he was about sweet
enough, or that he must kick one of the
fair damsels, and he selected one with
her hair banged up with a great many
bean-catchers and other fungible un-
pleasantness, and as the fire under the pot
was growing dim, and the stars of the stella
world were the only things he could
see, the golden hour of elysian bliss had
at last dawned upon his doleful life,
and it was—now or never. So he
reached forth his manly arm, and it
was soon encircling her plaster neck,
and the attraction of a cohesion soon
had two lips glued as one, while her cur-
ly ringlets, drawn by the instinctive
breeze of the surrounding situation,
intermingled with his candy whiskers.
Things remained in this condition about
the usual time—two minutes, by cooling
measure—when the following occurred:
"Here, do quit."
"Oh Sallie, what is the matter?"
"Don't pull my hair so!"
"I'll you stop pulling my whiskers?"
"I'm not pulling your whiskers!"
"Yes, you are, Sal!"
"I'll holla, Henry, if you don't stop."
"Holla, and—Good heavens, Sal,
don't tear my chin and lips off! How
can you treat your sweet Hen—"
"You good for nothin' scoun—"
"Oh, Henry?"
"Oh, Sa!"

And now came the tug of the war,
both pulling with all nature's strength,
until they at last found out they were
united in the sweet bonds of "lasses
candy."

The consequence was that the crowd
came to their assistance, and after a
very delicate operation with the sheep-
shears, Henry went home without any
whiskers, and Miss Sallie had a large
quantity of black hair mixed with her
brown. He now says that he had the
fever and lost his hair.

The Miseries of a Mean Man.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man
thinks about when he goes to bed. When
he turns out the light and lies down.
When the darkness closes in about him
and he is alone, and compelled to be honest
with himself. And not a bright thought,
not a generous impulse, not a manly act,
not a word of blessing, not a grateful look,
come to bless him again. Not a penny
dropped into the outstretched palm of
poverty, nor the balm of a loving word
dropped into an aching heart; no su-
beam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life;
the strong right hand of fellowship reached
out to help some fallen man to his feet—
when none of these things come to him
as the "God bless you" of departed day,
how he must hate himself. How he must
try to roll away from himself and sleep on
the other side of the bed. When the only
victory he can think of is some mean vic-
tory, in which he has wronged a neighbor.
No wonder he always sneers when he tries
to smile. How pure and fair and good all
the rest of the world must look to him,
and how cheerless and dreary must
his own path appear. Why, even one
isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter
cracker crumbs in the bed of the average
ordinary man, and what must be the feel-
ings of a man whose whole life is given up
to mean acts? When there is so much
suffering and heart-ache and misery in the
world anyhow, why should you add one
pound of wickedness or sadness to the gen-
eral burden? Don't be mean, my boy.
Suffer injustice a thousand times rather
than commit it once.—Burdette.

Fashionable women who are addicted
to dogs, now make their little darlings
robes of the same material as their own
dresses, so the pair are exactly matched
intellectually and socially. A man
habitually tied to a dog is a boundless
nuisance whom 'twere base flattery to
hit with a club, but a woman dogoman-
ise is infinitely worse. You can kick a
man's dog out of the house, but when
a woman makes a social call on you
with her dog, into the house at sea-
bitting yelp comes, scratches the ties
and sleeps on the sofa and gnaws the
ottoman, and there's a social revolution
unless you effect to enjoy it.—Hawkeye.

Mr. E. S. Williams, of Greensbo-
rough, N. C., says: "Brown's Iron
Bitters permanently cured me of an
obstinate case of dyspepsia."