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THURSDAY FEB. 9 1911

GOLDEN WEDDINGS.

1860-1910.

It was a beautiful morning on the 8th of November, 1910. A large collection of buggies could have been seen in a barnyard of a prosperous farmer of upper South Carolina. It was the occasion of the assembling of friends and relatives to the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lawrence. The beautiful, warm November day, the geniality of the guests and the occasion made the day long to be remembered by all who took part in the reception. Liberty and friendship seemed to pervade the hearts of all present, and no stiffness or formality was manifested—an ideal occasion for the sweet communion of friends and the meeting of long-absent chums.

It was also a time of the reunion of one of the largest living families of Pickens county. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are blessed with twelve children—seven boys and five girls. All are living, and on November 8th came together to witness the golden wedding of their father and mother. Some are married, and have families of their own. One a Protestant minister of the Flatwoods country of North Georgia, and another one of Oconee's most prosperous farmers. Several others are scattered here and there, but most of the family still live under the parental roof.

The particulars of this unusual wedding may be of interest to the general reader. Late in the evening of the 7th friends and family of the honored pair began to assemble about the old home hearth—the same old hearthstone by which Mr. Lawrence was rocked as a baby, 78 years ago, and by which his family gathered during his childhood and young manhood. He has seen his own children play by it, and now, after fifty years of married life, it is here that they gathered to celebrate his anniversary.

Now was a time for rejoicing. Mother once more came into the loving embrace of son and daughter, and father took upon his lap his grandchildren, and rocked them to sleep as he did of yore his own children. Late in the night was heard the patter of little feet and the hum of voices singing the gentle chant of the loving reunion.

But on the morrow was the most rejoicing time of all. The other members of the family arrived, until all were united around the home hearth. Old grannies came in, and to their merry smiles and loud laughter was added the murmur of the kettle, the rattle of dishes and the bark of the house dog. For a time all was bustle and confusion. Running here and there, happy greetings of friends and the merry introduction of strangers.

Soon all were gathered in the parlor, and a beautiful and appropriate ceremony was performed by Rev. L. J. Harrington, ex-president of the Wesleyan Methodist College at Central, assisted by Rev. S. I. Keeler. The ceremony not only recalled the one of fifty years ago, and gave a glimpse of the life of loving fidelity to the present time, but it also pointed to the future, and the hope of participating in "the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Mrs. Nellie L. Harrington read the following poem, which seemed to all to be peculiarly

ber.
With its garments gray and
sombre,
Trailing over summer path-
ways all too soon.
With snows that fall so lightly,
And cover, chill and whitely,
The poor, belated flowers yet in
bloom,
Till we mourn the vanished
beauty
Of the sunshine and the roses of
the June.

But I've seen a new November
That was neither gray nor cold,
Nor wearing ashen garments.
But clad in cloth of gold;
Her breath upon the hillside
Had the gentle grace of spring,
And the summer's wealth of
color
Did her queenly presence bring.
Beyond the springtime tender,
And summer's lavish wonder
Was the rare and finished
splendor

The rounded, grown-up beauty
Of this marvelous November.
We are wont to dread November
In the autumn of our years,
When over life's bright hilltops
Has come the rain of tears;
When the tender green of child-
hood

Is changed to sober gray,
And youth, the time of roses,
From us has passed away,
While the early frost-time lieth
On hair that's turning gray.

We fear our life's November,
With her chastened eyes and
calm,
As she rushes gayer music
With the music of a psalm;
And we turn toward the path-
ways.

Once thick with fairest flowers,
And listen for the voices
Filling once the summer bowers;
But find that over all things
A grayer hue has grown,
And hear but far-off echoes
Like trumpets softly blown,
Till all our spring and summer
Is seen through mists and tears.
As stately, calm November
Comes across the rounded years,
As we say the summer's over
The time of frost is here.

But I have seen a glory
Break softly over life,
A mellow, autumn richness
With largest blessings rife;
A peace beyond the battle;
A sunshine after rain,
A sound of teardrops melting
In a song that had no pain;
Sun-love, that bloomed a spring-
time,

Grown strong in summer's heat,
Pass into ripe perfection
All-glorified, complete,
Until life's springtime tender
Her mid-year's wealth of wond'r
Could ever match the splendor
Of the Beulah land that thrills
'Neath the life from heavenly
hills,
And crown, like any hero, life's
November.

Beneath such skies of beauty
To-day, dear hearts, you stand,
Where life's first ripen'd clusters
Are dropping to your hand;
Small need to mourn the flowers
You left beside the way,
When God gives back the
fruitage
Of well-spent years to-day;
There is no room for sadness—
For aught but simple gladness,
As you count the long years over
Since you were maid and lover,
And know that fifty now have
fled away.

Then take the long look back-
ward
To-day without a tear,
And go at memory's guiding
With never a thought of fear;
Across the vanished seasons
Whose timely sun and shower
Have brought the finished
beauty
That crowns this happy hour.

The winsome days of childhood
Come back with all their spell,
The echo of sweet laughter
In haunts you love so well;
Your early home, a vision
No other sight could dim.

You remember morning greet-
ings
And evening's solemn prayer,
The touch of mother's fingers
On the rings of sunny hair,
The brothers and the sisters
That shared your love and—pie,
The sweet, immortal little things
That never fade or die.

And this was merry springtime,
When early violets grew,
And gold-winged butterflies you
chased
Were not so glad as you.
And then the grasses deepened,
More blossoms came each day,
Till laughing childhood rounded
To youth's own perfect May.
Ah! then what starry flowers
Made bright the path you trod,
When love came down to greet
you

From the very hills of God!
I may not tell the story
Exactly how it ran,
With dreams, and bliss, and
blushes—
Deny it, if you can!

The rapturous, sweet old story,
Told since the world began,
And then the vow—low-spoken,
That never can be broken,
The wedding-day of hearts as
well as hands.

From that far land of roses
Together you have come,
Some storms, some clouds, some
sunshine.

The will of God hath done:
You have left a path behind you
Made smooth for other feet,
Nor spared your life's own
fragrance

In making others sweet;
You have shunned the path-
ways golden
Where worldlings seek the best,
And walked the highway olden
Your Master's feet have pressed;
Your life's endeavor, like His
own,

In making others blest.
What wonder you are passing
Within the golden haze,
The mellow, ripened splendor
Of your fragrant harvest days?
Not yet the snows have fallen,
Nor yet the tempest beat,
Life's gathered years are man-
gled

In a beauty rare and sweet,
Where all the bliss of tested love
Is perfect and complete.
We meet you on those golden
hills
That lie toward your west—
The hill of faith above the storm
Where souls find deepest rest;
We greet you where your lifted
eyes
Have caught the glow of light
That falls from out the "other
land"

Which has no storm or night;
We greet you in the golden calm
Which is the victor's rightful
palm,
Even this side the walls that
bound
The city of delight.
The history of this long-united
pair is interesting. They were
married near the present city of
Meridian, Miss., Nov. 8, 1860,
the ceremony being performed
by Rev. Phillips, a Presbyterian
minister. Before the marriage
the bride was Miss Sallie A.
Rhode; her sister, Miss Lizzie
Rhode, was present at the wed-
ding, and afterward became the
wife of W. B. Lawrence, brother
of J. H. Lawrence. She was
the only one present at the first
marriage who was also present
at the golden wedding. Mrs.
J. H. Lawrence and W. B.
Lawrence are the only surviv-
ing members of their generation
of the two families.

As their wedding occurred
many years ago, when but few
railroads ran through the South,
the newly-wedded groom and
his young bride traveled the long
journey from Mississippi to
South Carolina through the
country. It was in the days of
slavery, and of course they had
several to accompany them as
servants on the way.
But soon their wedding bliss
was changed to something of

bloody career of desolation. Mr.
Lawrence, though bound to his
home by the ties of matrimonial
affection, heard the call of his
country, and went to battle for
the Confederate cause. Sad and
heartbreaking must have been
that hasty departure. They
might never see each other
again!

Long and lonely did the bride
wait for the return of her lover;
many a time did she strain her
ears to catch the faintest whis-
per from the distant field of
conflict, but through the kind-
ness of God the sad news, "Dead
on the battlefield," never came
after many hardships and trials.

After (having been incarcer-
ated in a federal prison and
wounded by the enemy for his
patriotism, the young husband
returned to the bosom of his
faithful wife, and they were
destined to live long and happy
together, fulfilling the vows
made on that November day
in 1860.

But in those hard times sub-
sequent to the Civil war joy was
not the only thing that pervaded
the hearts of the couple. In
those dark days integrity, man-
liness and perseverance were
needed to stem the tide. Mr.
and Mrs. Lawrence were amply
provided with these virtues, and
came out uncorrupted from the
dishonesty of the times, proving
the truthfulness of the beautiful
lines of Young:

"The man who consecrated
his hours
By vigorous effort, and honest
aim,

At once he draws the sting of
Life and Death;
He walks with Nature, and her
paths are peace."

Unis Quis Adusat.

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All persons holding claims against
the estate of the late N. A. Keith
must present the same duly proven on
or before the 1st day of March, 1911, or
be debarred payment; and all persons in-
debted to said estate, must make pay-
ment on or before the above date, to
the undersigned.
W. C. Keith,
Administrator.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.
All Persons holding claims against
the estate of the late James P. Hughes must
present the same duly proven on or
before the 1st day of March, 1911, or
be debarred payment; and all persons
indebted to said estate must make pay-
ment on or before the above date, to the
undersigned.
R. E. Bruce,
Mrs. N. E. Hughes,
Administrators.

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ment, or settling,
stringy or milky
appearance often
indicates an un-
healthy con-
dition of the kid-
neys; too fre-
quent desire to
pass it or pain in
the back are also symptoms that tell you
the kidneys and bladder are out of order
and need attention.

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liver, bladder and every part of the urinary
passage. Corrects inability to hold water
and scalding pain in passing it, or bad
effects following use of liquor, wine or
beer, and overcomes that unpleasant
necessity of being compelled to go often
through the day, and to get up many
times during the night. The mild and
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