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The Oldest Savings Bank in Eastern Georgia.
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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1898.

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FREEDOM.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak.
They are slaves who will not choose
Hated, scorned and abused
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they need most think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the claims our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to free
Earnest to make others free.
—James Russell Lowell.

A LAWYER'S SECRET.

By G. MANVILLE PENN.

“CURIOUS cases in my profession! Oh, yes, plenty. I often smile to myself when I find the novelist taking up old family incidents and working them up into stories; and then I think of what plots I could have furnished if they had not been family secrets of a private and thoroughly confidential character.”

I remember one case that, changing the names, it will be no particular breach of confidence to mention, and I tell it the more frankly because it is a little against myself, and I must own that I did not act quite upon what is called the square. In fact, I played a part—a negative kind of part—for I did nothing else but hold my tongue. If I had spoken, it would have been fifty thousand pounds or so out of a truly honest man's pocket and into a rogue's; so, somehow, I let my feelings get the better of my professional conscience, and I said not a word.

I was old John Hendricks's solicitor, and looked after his property, for I had known him when he was a struggling man and I was a young lawyer with none too much practice. Then I lost sight of him for twenty years, at the end of which time I was still plodding along respectably, just holding my own and nothing more, when, going into one of the city taverns for my regular daily chop, which I ate at the same table for so many years that I had become one of the institutions of the place, I found myself opposite to a yellow-looking, thin, gray-haired man, who kept on looking at me and staring at me thoughtfully.

I did not resent his stare at me, but at last it became that I determined to look at him and I gazed firmly into his eyes. “Why, it is!” he exclaimed, nearly jumping out of his seat, and the next moment we were sitting there, hand clasped in hand, and with the tears in our eyes, looking very foolish and weak. I dare say, to the other occupants of the room; but that did not trouble us, for we had too much to say to each other.

John Hendricks told me that he had been in the north of India, close to Nepal, for over twenty years. He had gone out as a factor to an indigo grower, and had become a grower himself. “And now,” he said, “I have come to look after my dead sister's sons and—to die.”

“Well, old fellow,” I said, “the first part's right enough, but as to the dying, I think it's as well to leave that alone. It will be all settled for you. The only thing with respect to that, speaking as a professional man, is to make your will, if you have anything to leave, and then make the most of your spare.”

“Have you made yours, Dick?” he said sharply. “No,” I said laughing. “Nothing to leave, Jack,” and then we went into mutual confidences; and after I had told him of my own hard-working life, he gave me to understand that he had made a very large fortune in indigo, and spent very little on himself.

“Mine's been too hard-working a life, Dick,” he said, “for me to be much of a spender; but it will be a fine thing for Jenny's two boys if—I like them,” he added sharply. And then, with a quiet, subdued look, “Poor Jenny! I should have liked to see her again.”

John Hendricks was fifteen years my senior, but we became one more the closest of friends, for he seemed to resume his old protective way over me, but trusting me most fully in every point.

It was all done in a quiet, unostentatious way, but from the day of John Hendricks's return the world began to smile on me. I had a great deal of professional business to do for him, and as he had most extensive connections among old indigo planters, I found them coming to me, right and left, by his recommendation; so that very soon, in place of finding it hard work to keep one clerk, I had very hard work for four, and a big balance at my bank.

But I am getting on too fast. Before long I met the two nephews at their uncle's quiet little house at Chelsea, and as we sat at dinner I could not help thinking how kindly fortune was behaving to the young men to place them in the way of such expectations; and before I left it was plain enough to me which was the uncle's favorite.

This was Philip, a frank-faced young fellow of two or three-and-twenty, very gentlemanly in his ways, and decidedly good-looking, while he was full of anecdote, and without seeming to be tending, full of attention to the old man to the old man, to whose dogmatic speeches he listened with the greatest deference.

For old John had grown terribly dogmatic. He had had the management of hundreds of poor rhyots for so many years that he felt quite a king in his way, and would bully and snub everybody when his liver was a little worse than usual—everyone, that is, except me, for whenever he was out of temper he never would speak to me, but nod and shake his head, and smoke his chillum till he felt more at ease.

Samuel was the very opposite of his brother, being a short, thick-set, plain fellow, with only one good feature—or ought that to be two?—in his face, and that his eyes, which were, for a man, beautiful, and best of all, in their steady, honest look, which never seemed to blanch or have anything to fear.

Time went on, and at John Hendricks's wish I took Philip as articulated clerk. “Let him be a lawyer,” said my old friend; “not a barrister, but a lawyer, a family solicitor, who knows the value of property and how to manage it, for—in confidence, Dick, do you hear?”

“You may charge for it, if you like; I mean to make that boy my heir, but don't tell him.”

“I don't tell what my clients say to me,” I said.

“No, you dry, old wooden box,” he said, chucking; “I never met with such a stuffy, reticent old humbug as you've grown.”

“Well, if I had not, you wouldn't have made me your solicitor,” I said, grimly.

“Perhaps not, Dick; perhaps not, old fellow; but we should have been friends all the same; but don't give Phil the slightest hint of what I mean to do for him. Let him work, and get to be a clever, shrewd man of business. I hate an empty dandy. Let him learn the worth of money before he gets it. God bless him! he's exactly like poor Jenny.”

“And how about Sam?” I said in my gruff, repellent way.

“Let him stop where he is, and sell tea and tea-dust, and make his money out of the chests,” he said, in a hard, harsh manner that I did not like.

“But you'll leave him as much as you leave his brother?” I said.

“That I won't,” he said.

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like an angel, who poured out tea for a grim old fellow.

“I was often at his snug little home, and, after trying in vain to make things better for him with his rich uncle, I came to the conclusion that they would be no happier for the money, so I let matters slide.

“Two thousand will be a nice nest-egg for them,” I thought, “so perhaps all is for the best.”

As I have said, Phil became a shrewd fellow in the law, and passed his examination pretty well, so that he knew what he was about in legal matters; and one day he proved the truth of his uncle's prophecy by saying to me suddenly:

“My uncle is far from well, Mr. Brown. Have you got his will?”

“No,” I said, so shortly that he turned upon his heel and went away.

About a month later I was with my old friend, and felt shocked at the change, for it was evident that he was not much longer for this world.

He had sent for me, and I was in hopes that he meant to alter his will, and I was right.

“What a while you have been coming,” he said querulously. “I wanted you so badly, Dick.”

“I came on directly, old fellow,” I said, kindly. “Here, let me put you a little more easy.”

“Thank ye, Dick,” he said, “but it's all over. That boy has killed me. Did he ask you if you had my will?”

“Yes, about a month since, and I said ‘No.’”

“I knew it, Dick; I knew it,” he said, pitifully; “and ever since he has been worrying me to let him make my will. Dick, old friend, I've made a big mistake. There, there, don't jump upon me. I—I confess it all. I thought he was his mother's boy. He was so like her; but—but he has his father's spirit and his ways to the very bone.”

“I am glad you have awakened to the truth,” I said.

“You should have advised me better,” he retorted querulously, “Should I, Jack?”

“No, you did, Dick. I've only just found out what an old fool I am, my dear boy. We have quarrelled terribly, that boy and I, for I have found him out, in spite of his smooth tongue. He's a scamp, a villain—a gambler, and in debt terribly. He has—killed me, Dick, and—”

I tore at the bell, as the poor old fellow seemed about to have a fit, for the terrible emotion he had suffered at what must have been the rooting up of his most cherished belief in his sister's child had proved, in his weak state, to be more than he could bear.

The doctor was sent for, and at the same time my old friend John Hendricks was

member of Lord Palmerston's cabinet in 1859.

At the death of that statesman he succeeded him as leader of the Liberals in the House of Commons, and when his party regained office in 1868, after Disraeli's first government,

William Ewart Gladstone, the great Commoner, the Grand Old Man, is dead. The foremost Britisher of his time has found peace and rest after a long life of strenuous and splendid activity in the highest realm of human effort.

William Ewart Gladstone was born in Liverpool, England, on December 29, 1809. He was spinning tops, at five years, when Bismarck was the new baby at Schoenhause. He was learning Greek, at the age of ten, when Victoria put in an appearance. He entered Parliament when Andrew Jackson was in his first term as President, and did not leave it until Grover Cleveland had begun his second term. He and Daniel Webster were serving their first terms as Cabinet officers in the Administrations of their respective countries at the same time.

Although born in Liverpool, Gladstone was fount of blood was Scotch. He came of the Gledstone family, of Lanarkshire, where the Gledstones are first heard of. Centuries ago—away

Biggar early in the seventeenth century, and by the time William's grandfather had been born the family name had been altered to Gladstones. The Premier was baptized Gladstone, but in 1835 his father, John, dropped the final “s” from his name.

His father was Sir John Gladstone, a wealthy merchant who relinquished a small business in Glasgow, about 1785, and removed to Liverpool, where he acquired a large fortune in the East India trade, being created a baronet in 1846. This fortune was sent to Eton, and while there gave promise of the splendid brilliancy which marked his course at Oxford, from which he graduated at Christchurch in 1831 as double first class, the highest honor and one rarely attained. Then he became a fellow of All Souls'.

Acton in his native city on September 11.

—Abolished purchase of army commissions.

—Abolished confiscation in penal laws.

1873—Irish university reforms proposed.

—Resigned, but resumed power.

1874—Dissolved Parliament.

1875—“Homer Synchronism.”

1876—Mid Lothian triumph.

—“Gleanings of Past Years.”

1880—Prime Minister.

1885—Resigned.

1886—Prime Minister.

—Irish home rule proposed.

—Resigned.

1892—Prime Minister.

1893—Irish home rule passed Commons; defeated by Lords.

But Gladstone, the Eton boy, was as interesting as “the Grand Old Man.” His special and inseparable friend was Arthur Hallam, the subject of Tennyson's “In Memoriam.” The friendship commenced when Glad-

stone was in his thirteenth year and was never weakened until death came to loose the silver cord.

On July 25, 1889, Mr. Gladstone celebrated his golden wedding. His eighty-first birthday anniversary, in 1890, was made the occasion for the unveiling of a memorial fountain at Hawarden. He carried out another Midlothian campaign in 1892, and was returned at the general election by a small majority. In August he became Premier for the fourth time.

There had been many rumors of Gladstone's retirement, but when it came few were prepared for it. His last speech as Prime Minister was made in the House of Commons on March 1, 1894, and was a memorable protest against the jurisdiction of the House of Lords.

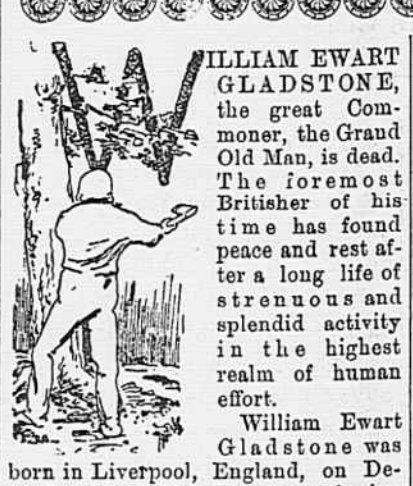
Thus Mr. Gladstone closed his public life in an attack upon the House of Lords, against which he fought many a battle before. Few of his auditors seemed to realize that this was to be his last utterance in the assembly, plain as his words were. Many a man would have been pathetic, tragic, perhaps, at such a point in his career,

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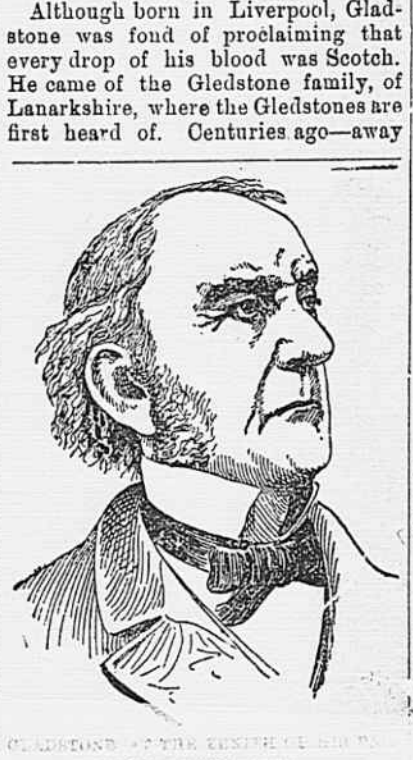
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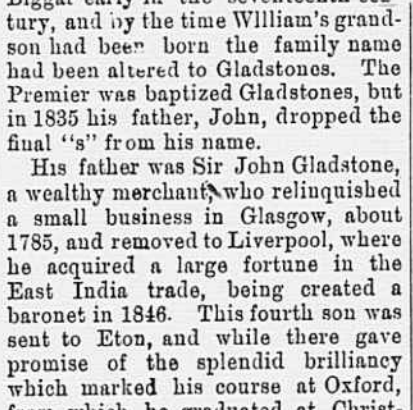
GLADSTONE'S LIFE-STORY.



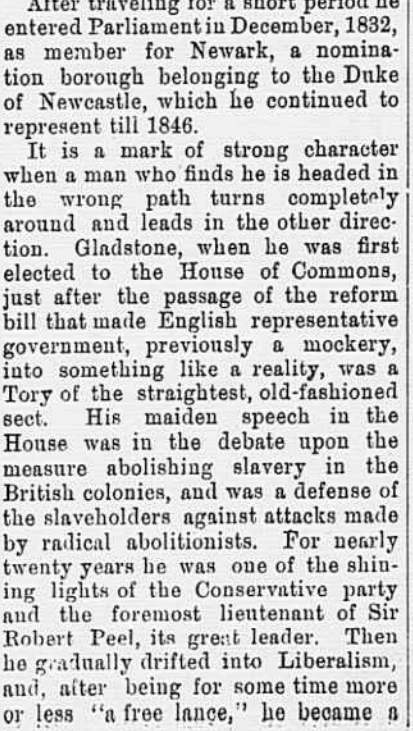
HAWARDEN CASTLE, THE HOME OF THE GLADSTONES.



GLADSTONE IN RETIREMENT.



MISS HELEN GLADSTONE.



“It is well understood,” says Justin McCarthy, “that Mr. Gladstone, on his retirement from public life, received from the sovereign the offer of an earldom, with, of course, a seat in the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone gratefully and gracefully declined the title and the position. He had already made a name which no earldom or dukedom or any other rank could have enhanced.”

Mr. Gladstone, in 1838, married Catharine, daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glyne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, a descendant of Sarjeant Glyne, who was Lord Chief Justice in Cromwell's time. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have had eight children, seven of whom survive—four sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Mr.

W. H. Gladstone, was elected M. P. for East Worcestershire, having previously represented Whitley in Parliament; the second son, Rev. Stephen Edward Gladstone, became rector of Hawarden; the third son, Henry Neville Gladstone, keeps up the commercial reputation of the Gladstone family, and the youngest son, Herbert John Gladstone, was elected member for Leeds.

Two of Mr. Gladstone's daughters married clergymen. Agnes, the eldest, became the wife of the Rev. E. C. Wickham, M. A., head master of Wellington College. Mary married the Rev. Henry Drew. She practically lives at Hawarden Castle with her husband and little daughter Dorothy. Little Dossie, as her family

calls her, is a little more than five years old.

Miss Helen—the youngest daughter—was the pet of her illustrious father, and for several years had devoted all most all her entire time to him. On his retirement she resigned her position as vice principal of Newnham College so she would be able to devote herself to him.

The last years of Gladstone's life were passed at Hawarden Castle, the property of his wife, which is practically in the gateway to Wales. The residence is on the hills overlooking the valley of the beautiful Dee, six miles east of Chester, in a picturesque park of 700 acres. And there he lived, surrounded by four sons, three daughters and seven grandchildren, who loved him with intense devotion.

The London News prints a description given by a friend of the family who visited the death chamber in Hawarden Castle from which the following extracts are given:

“I walked to the side of the narrow little iron bed, whose head was surrounded by a simple screen of black with a pattern of gold. This background was in sharp contrast with the snow-white bed linen which partially covered all that remained of the great statesman. It was the chamber of death it was also the abode of peace. The figure upon which I looked down might have been some beautiful statue of grayish-white marble reclinant upon a tombstone. Yet stern the features still are, severely aquiline the nose, tight drawn the lips. It was in death the face of some great leader of men, a mortal hero whose earthly pilgrimage had ever been over the most arduous and rugged paths; though dumb, it still seems to say, ‘I have striven. I have done my duty.’

“The closed eyes and hands clasped tight within each other were truly the attitude of one who had gone to sleep fervently praying to his God, and he had done so. Those hands folded upon the sheet seemed exquisite bits

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