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A Newspaper in all that the Word Implies and Devoted to the Best Interests of the People it Subverses.

VOL. III, NO. 36.

GAFFNEY CITY, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1896.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

TURNING TOWARD BRYAN.

THE SILVER ADVOCATE SEEMS TO BE GAINING.

Republicans Affect an Unusual Uneasiness at the Chances of Carrying the Doubtful States of the Middle West.

(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 9, 1896.—The political pendulum took a swing Bryanwards this week, but it did not pass the central point and still inclines slightly to the McKinley side. In other words, a careful sifting and compilation of the opinions of all the politicians who visit or write to either the Bryan and McKinley headquarters in Washington, makes it apparent to the non-partisan seeker after truth, which your correspondent endeavors to be, that Bryan's chances have slightly improved, but that he is not yet on an equal footing, as to his chances for winning, with Mr. McKinley. But it is not denied by well informed men of all parties, when they are not talking for publication, that the battle is still undecided in the pivotal states, and those who have good political memories cannot have forgotten several Presidential elections which were won and lost during the last ten days, or less, of the campaign. All that the best posted observer can do is to keep up to date with the situation, so as not to get left when it changes.

There is no mistaking the scare which Mr. Bryan's improved chances has brought about among the minor officials in the government service. They have an idea, and if one can believe the Chicago platform and Mr. Bryan's own words, it is probably not far wrong, that if Mr. Bryan becomes President there will be one of those "clean sweeps" in the government service which were once striking features of every change of administration. This scare is being played upon to a certain extent by both sides. The Bryan men think it a good thing to spread because the probability of an office ahead of him never lessens the enthusiasm of a practical political worker, and the republicans are so confident that it will result in enriching their campaign fund that a National Committee man has been designated to remain in Washington and receive the contributions, and he has told the clerks that McKinley's election is their only salvation.

The Bryan managers are about convinced that they will get no help from Senator Hill in this campaign. So far as New York is concerned Senator Hill's sulking will make no difference, as that state is conceded to McKinley, but it is feared by the Bryan people that Senator Hill's example may be followed by other democrats in States where a few hundred votes may decide not only the political complexion of a state but even the election of President. Some democrats do not hesitate to say that they would rather have Hill declare for the Indianapolis ticket than to continue sulking during the remainder of the campaign. But no one who knows Senator Hill expects him to take that course. He has during all his political career been a stickler for regularity and it is believed that his dread of becoming a bolter would be enough if there were no other considerations to prevent his openly declaring against the regular nominee of his party.

Ordinarily the return of the President to Washington after his summer vacation excites no attention from the politicians, but this year it is different, and the politicians are quite anxious to know whether President Cleveland, now that he is again in Washington, intends to attempt to take a hand in the campaign. With several of the members of his Cabinet making gold speeches and minor officials being compelled to resign for working for silver, it becomes a difficult task to say what Mr. Cleveland will or will not do.

Representative Richardson, of Tenn., who has been in charge of the Bryan literary bureau at the Chicago headquarters, and who is said to have left there because of a disagreement with Senator Jones, just as he had previously left the Washington headquarters because of similar trouble with Senator Butler, passed through Washington this week on his way home. He wouldn't talk about the reported disagreement, but inasmuch as he said he expected to spend the remainder of the campaign in Tennessee, it is fair to infer that there is truth in his reported disagreement with Chairman Jones.

It is stated in Washington that Mr. Moreton Frewer, the English bimetalist, who has been conferring with Senator Jones and other silver leaders, brought substantial financial aid for the Bryan campaign fund from the Bimetallic League of Europe, and

that more money can be had from the same source if Mr. Frewer is convinced that it can bring about the election of Bryan.

Senator Cannon, of Utah, who was at one time reported to have concluded to support McKinley, passed through Washington this week on his way to Chicago to take part in a conference of silver leaders at Bryan headquarters. The firm of Detroit seedmen which sought the aid of the courts to prevent the government entering into contracts for the purchase of seed for free distribution was knocked down by the refusal of the judge to grant the injunction asked for, but it hasn't given up the fight, as notice of an appeal was given by its counsel.

A QUIET HOME WEDDING.

Mr. Hampton Pridmore and Mrs. Hattie Coitis and Martied.

Thursday afternoon at 3:50 o'clock Mr. Hampton F. Pridmore was united in marriage to Mrs. Hattie T. Coitis. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's cousin, Mrs. W. P. Hamilton, on Grenard street, in the presence of a few of the select friends of the contracting parties. Mr. Arthur Pridmore, cousin of the groom, and Mr. W. J. Wilkins, a brother of the bride, were the attendants. It was a quiet home wedding. Rev. B. P. Robertson performed the ceremony. The bride was attired in a becoming tailor-made travelling costume of brown material with a gray mixture, while the groom wore a neat fitting cut-away suit of black.

The happy couple left on the evening train for Concord, N. C., where they spent a few days with Capt. A. H. Probst. They returned to the city Monday.

There is a tinge of romance in the marriage of Mr. Pridmore and Mrs. Coitis. The story is told that they were school-mates and that they were very fond of each other's company then and for some time after. But the now lucky man was a little slow then and a more daring Lechinvar stepped in and won the hand of the fair lady. However, fate decreed that he who so strongly admired should at last win the prize.

Mrs. Coitis is a charming lady and has a large circle of friends. She has been engaged as a saleslady in the store of her brothers, Messrs. Wilkins Bros. for some time and has made a host of friends by her amiable disposition.

Mr. Pridmore is a Union county boy and holds a position as salesman with J. N. Lipscomb. He is a clever young gentleman who numbers his friends by the hundreds.

THE LEDGER joins the wishes of their numerous friends that they may live long, happy and useful lives and may they encounter no billowy waves on the sea of matrimony.

A Burglary.

Last Friday night a burglar entered Mr. Nathan Lipscomb's residence on Limestone street. After helping himself to the good things he found in the dining room and kitchen, he proceeded to turn everything topsyturvy in the halls and unoccupied rooms of the building. He also went into Albert's room and investigated his trunk. Strange as it may appear, nothing was missed from the house except what he eat and a small sum of money that one of the children had in a trunk in the hall.

The burglar turned on the electric lights in all the rooms and halls that he entered and left them burning. After eating, he went to a washstand and washed his hands, and must have left hurriedly, as he left his overcoat and an old shoe knife that he apparently had been eating with. No clue to burglar.

Since the above was in type, we learn that an attempt was made to enter Mr. J. G. Galloway's residence last Sunday night. Mr. Galloway was awake and waiting to give the burglar a warm reception, when one of the children heard the man at the door and, became frightened, which scared the thief off.

Unclaimed Letters.

List of letters remaining in office unclaimed for to date:
Amos Jefferies,
Miss Fannie Hart,
Mr. William Hogans,
Miss Ella Graham,
Miss Sella Goudelock,
Mr. A. Goldberg,
Mr. James Ellison,
Sallie Dixon,
L. A. Demsey,
Prof. Jos. H. Denk,
J. L. McGinnis,
Mattie Phillips.

N. B.—Persons calling for these letters will please say advertised in THE LEDGER.

T. H. LITTLEJOHN, P. M.

Human life is held too cheaply when the individual who needs a tonic for his system, seeks to cover his wants by purchasing every new mixture that is recommended to him. Remember that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a well earned reputation of fifty years' standing.

AMUSING ARMY ANECDOTES.

SOME OF THE "KERNALS" INTERESTING INFORMATION.

General Jenkin's Manner of Disposing of Federal Renegades Was Altogether Satisfactory.

Personal Items.

(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

ETTA JANE, S. C., Oct. 12.—Camp Giles, U. C. Veterans met at Union court house last Monday and elected officers for the ensuing year. It raised six dollars for the Confederate monument at Winchester, Va.

Boys, whenever you hear the hired man (or anybody else) say "don't let your father or mother know it." You may rest assured he is in the devil's employ. The same rule will apply to you girls also.

The old Davidson house has been torn down and renewed. It was one of the oldest buildings in this section and was more or less connected with Revolutionary history.

Mrs. Sallie Estes has about recovered from her late illness.

H. B. McDaniel and Perry Estes made us some choice molasses last week.

Lewis Buice will run the Thomson mill next year.

The 'possum hunters are out every few nights, and the blowing of horns and yelping of dogs keep the natives awake. Flaw bring Rat down and let him have a showing too.

I am glad to hear that Mason Wilkerson, who was accidentally shot week before last, is getting along very well and is now out of danger. Guns are dangerous things boys.

Tickets are out for the wedding of H. W. Thompson, of Spartanburg and Miss Anna E. Howell, of Hickory Grove. The happy affair will take place tomorrow evening at 4 p. m.

Misses Grace Whisonant and Pay Macomson are at All Healing High School and Miss Connie McClary is at Winthrop College.

Miss Mary Jefferies, of Star Farm, has been sick for a long time with fever.

Uncle Singleton Clary is sick too. He has chills.

Dr. Douglass is riding night and day looking after his sick patients. He is the proudest man I have met lately. It's a boy.

Uncle Jeff Hughes has been accused of going to Cross Keys section on a courting expedition. It may be so, too.

Mr. C. C. Roberts, I learn, has bought a part of the old Tolleson homestead and will move back to this county.

We are much in need of a good gin in this neighborhood. Since the bridge of Thomson's mill went down we are completely cut off.

Whenever I hear a man talking about what God Almighty ought to do, I put him down as a fool or a knave one, or perhaps both.

I regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Willie Davis which took place last week. She was a zealous S. S. scholar and we hope she is receiving her reward in her Master's Kingdom.

Lift your hat reverently when you pass the teacher of the primary school; she is the angel of this republic. It is still more true of the teachers of the primary department of the Sabbath school, which is a position of the highest rank, honor and power.

From present appearances we will have some weddings in this community before long.

Ed. Edwards is building a chimney to his house. He is perhaps tired of living a bachelor's life.

Mrs. Amanda Lee and W. C. Blackwell went to Lockhart Shoals last Saturday to see friends and returned yesterday.

There is some talk that Rev. W. R. Owings will soon enter the field as an Evangelist for Enoree Presbytery. The weather is becoming quite wintery these mornings and thick clothing and good fires are comfortable.

The fall in the price of cotton is discouraging to planters who have heavy debts to pay this fall.

The people of this section have about quit trying to raise wheat. That is a backward step in farming. All farm lands should be seeded at least once in three years. If it doesn't make a full crop of wheat the land will be improved.

W. I. Howell returned home from Texas last week. He has enough of the West for the present.

The worst thing that could befall some people would be for their incomes to be doubled. That man who can drink whiskey all his life without ever being hurt by it is no account for anything else.

We have some people who think a man can live right for one day when he has no inclination to live all the time. Don't believe a word of it.

The more a man looks like a preacher, the better it pleases the

devil when he won't behave himself. Some one has said: You can never tell what a man will do in a horse trade on Monday by the length of his face in church on Sunday.

Meek C. Parker our accommodating mail rider has our thanks for numerous favors. He is a full pledged new county man.

Miss Ola Estes who has been near death's door is improving now.

Down in the city is the place for mad dogs to be found. Every strange dog that makes a trip to that section runs a risk of losing his life.

Some people say least when they talk most, and vice versa. A congregational meeting will be held at Salem Church next Saturday 17th inst. at 2 p. m.

While General Jenkin's command was at Hagerstown, Md., in 1862 he exhibited a trait of character characteristic of the man he was. About noon one day, a lieutenant and five men, wearing the uniform of Union Soldiers crept out of some of the houses in town, where they had been hidden, and delivered themselves up. When they were brought before General Jenkin, the following took place:

Jenkins—"Hello! who are you, and where did you come from?"

Lieutenant—"We belong to the Union Army, or did belong to it, but we don't wish to fight any longer against our Southern brethren; so when our forces left we staid here behind, and today we came out to be paroled."

Jenkins—"What did you say about 'Southern brethren'?"

"My God, if I thought I had a twenty-fifth cousin who was as white livered as you are, I would kill him, and put him in the bone-yard to make the sheep own their lumps. I'll show you how I parrot such cowards as you are. You are too miserable to be paroled in military style."

He ordered a detail of six men and a sergeant, "Stropping great big fellows with thick boots"—who marched the renegade federals to the western part of the town, where the paroling process ceased and the detail and crowd came back highly pleased with Jenkins' way of treating cowards."

When McKissick's cavalry were in winter quarters in front of Richmond, Va., in 1861, the following amusing incident took place:

Lieutenant Jack Palmer was lecturing Tom Rodges for huring his horse's back. As was his custom on such occasions he used language that was more forcible than elegant.

While the lieutenant was pouring the vials of his wrath on poor Tom, Frank Millwood interrupted him by saying: "Lieutenant, what do you think of Dr. Dogan?" "I think he is a first rate fellow—a perfect gentleman, answered the lieutenant." "I don't know so well about that," replied Frank. "Why so?" inquired the lieutenant. "Well," says Frank, "I got a letter from home and its a certain fact that they took two soldiers to Union the other day on the train and he (Dr. Dogan) wouldn't let them be buried in the village graveyard."

At this the lieutenant redoubled his anathemas on the doctor, and swore he had a notion to send a detail of men home to kill him. "What object did he have," continued the lieutenant. "Why," says Frank, because they weren't dead." Just then Frank beat a hasty retreat under a shower of epithets that were more noted for their force than elegance and poor Tom caught it worse than ever.

"Nigger" Sam says this a bad time to train 'possum dogs. The leaves are falling and the 'possum uses his tail to cover his tracks with them so that a dog can't trail him. That's a new idea to us.

J. L. S.

He Gets it Laid On Strong.

Butler Littlejohn, the youngest son of one of the best known and deserving colored families in this section, seems determined to furnish a "black sheep" for his family. He swaggers generally and especially seems to delight in making himself offensive to white people.

Last Friday night while indulging in his favorite pastimes he was scooped in by the cops. On Saturday morning he was before Mayor Wood who gave him \$10 on that charge and \$25 on an additional charge for selling whiskey contrary to the city ordinances. Butler paid.

We learn that he was then taken before Magistrate Phillips for violation of the dispensary law, who bound him over to the next term of the circuit court.

Chinese Pheasants.

Maj. Tom Woodward, of Fairfield county, who is ever on the alert to advance some interest in South Carolina, has been successful in raising quite a number of Chinese Pheasants. He has turned a number of them loose in his county and now fine coveys of them can be seen in his section.

The Chinese Pheasant is a fine game bird and we trust that some of our gunners will make an effort to get some of them for this section and let them start off with the new county. What say you, Mr. J. Q. Little?

FROM THE COALING GROUND

FLAW PICKER TALKS MOSTLY OF WOMEN THIS WEEK.

"Me and Ratler Have Booked Seven 'Possums and Cancelled One This Season So Far," Says Old Flaw.

(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

DRAYTONVILLE, Oct. 12.—Shake! Kernel, Shake! Here's my paw! I jist want to congratulate you on your letter which appeared in the Oct. 1 issue of THE LEDGER. It was simply grand in my estimation, I don't know what other folks thought of it; but, my! my! that is one of women's traits what you alluded to.

Yes, one woman can go to church an come back an name each piece—what color it was, how it was cut, how it fit, etc.—of the attire of all the balance of the women folks that was out; but pshaw, that's nothin'.

Six of 'em can be sitting in a room together, an all talkin' at the same time, an each woman can tell what the t'other five are talkin' about an carry on her part of the chat at the same time. Another thing about 'em that's strange to me. One of 'em can make you think she is a goin' to tear you up an stomp the pieces into the earth, when she is nearly dead to git her arms 'round about your neck.

Honestly, I believe Judas was a woman dressed up in men clothes—he was so dog gonned deceitful. An look what an encounter Joseph had with that woman, what's-er-name. She come dog gone high doin him up a job, sure's you're born she did; notwithstanding, he was his master's righthand-man. (See thirty-ninth chapter of Genesis. I believe Christ had "woman" on 'his mind when he said that the tongue was an unruly member.

If your business happens to delay you some night an you happen to git in late an the "ole lady" goes to raise Cain about you a bein out so late, you jist pick around till you find out what she believes kept you out, then help her confirm her theories by acknowledgin' up to what she believes, an you will git ease a heap quicker than by stickin' up to the truth. Never mind the truth, but tell her what she wants to hear. Kernel, the above is not alludin to you an yours, fer I believe you an the wider gits along like two lovin' children. Truly, the old adage—twice a child an once a man.

After all, I believe there are some of the truest and noblest hearts, and some of the purest and sweetest souls wrapped up in calicos and almanacs that ever inhabited the face of the earth, an they are not all hid away in pneumatic sleeves every time you find 'em, nother. There are some women in this world (and I believe I have met some of 'em, too) whose souls, I believe, God has filled with the oil of his love and lit with the fire of his countenance to guide hundreds of others into the shining portals of glory. I have looked into women's faces when I thought I could see the love of God dancing in their eyes. Then again, I have looked into women's faces when I imagined I could see mockery, hatred, witches, imps, an all sorts of devils hid behind their dark and treacherous lookin' orbs. But all this goes to bear out what I have said heretofore along this line—that a good woman was the sweetest thing to man on earth, and a mean woman—well I had rather live with the devil's grand-mother and end my days, for the sooner the better, is the way I have got it figured out. I believe a mean woman is more damagin to a man than this 80 proof you git out of the dispensary.

Not every time, but as a ginneral rule I can look into a person's face an tell purty dog gone well what kind of metal they are made out of.

Me and Ratler have booked seven 'possums and cancelled one this season so far—the one I turned loose to have the second race out of. He bid us good-night then an there, an I tell you, I believe it was a farewell partin', but

Since he's gone let 'im go, God bless him; He is mine wherever he is at; He may ramble these hollows all over, But he'll fear no dog like Rat.

FLAW PICKER.

The Colored Methodists.

Rev. R. C. Campbell, of Oxford, N. C., has been transferred to this city to take charge of the pulpit of the colored Methodist Church, the vacancy of which was caused by the death of the Rev. J. C. Tobias several weeks ago. He preached to his new congregation last Sunday and the entire congregation were delighted with him. This church has been most fortunate in securing good preachers. The new pastor bids fair to endeavor himself to the hearts of his congregations and to win the respect of the white people of this city.

GOLD OR SILVER.

That is the Question That is Agitating the People.

Unquestionably it is really astonishing to hear some of the discussions now going on, and to read many of the articles now being printed in regard to the presidential campaign. Men whom one would think rational at all times lose their head when they commence arguing for the side they have determined to advocate and say things that in their calm and sober moments they may regret, and newspapers print abusive articles, hurling dire epithets at their opponents claiming that the success of this candidate or the defeat of that candidate will bring ruin and destruction upon the country. And the wonder of it all is that men and newspapers who have been through a score of political contests and have heard the calamity howlers time and time again, will put the slightest faith in any of it. The gold men talk foolishly of a 53c silver dollar, the silver men talk equally foolishly of a 200 cent dollar. The talk of a 53c silver dollar and a 200 cent gold dollar is the work of politicians who desire to influence the votes of the people in order that they may be enabled to obtain office. The gold men talk of panics and failures if Bryan is successful. The silver men talk of the grinding down of the farmer and laborer and the upholding of trusts and monopolies should McKinley win. Its all foolishness. There will be no 53c dollars; there are no 200 cent dollars. There will probably be no less of monopoly; there will perhaps be no more advantage for the farmer and the laborer. It will not make one bit of difference who is elected except to the man who gets the office and the fellow who gets left. They are the people who will gain and lose, and the poor deluded man who worries over the result of the contest only taxes his brains and wrecks his nerves. Bear this in mind, if you will but be faithful to your duty and labor and take care of the products of that labor you will be the victor in the end.

Naturally we would like to see Mr. Bryan win because he is the nominee of the party to which we belong, but if the Major from Ohio should beat him we will still continue business at the old stand. We look forward to a more prosperous year than ever before, no matter who wins, for we are determined by perseverance and push and pluck and the help of God to make our paper better than it ever has been and in doing that we can but succeed. Don't get worried over the political situation. A month after election all will be serene and a year after the inauguration you will not be a cent out of pocket or a cent in pocket, because of its result. The past four years have been the best and most successful in the history of our state and nation, because we worked with that end in view and the next will be just as successful in proportion to the amount of energy exerted. Some one has said, "God helps those who help themselves," and it is singularly true. Unless we work and take care of what we make we will never succeed, no matter what political party may be in power.

We know full well that our people have not made as full a crop as they would like to have made, but the season was unfavorable, and yet none are suffering. Everybody has made something and today there are more people out of debt and getting out of debt every day than ever before. It seems as if everybody is happy and in favor of a new county and that this is the garden spot of the globe.

A Stable of Thoroughbreds.

Gaffney can well boast of having a stable of the finest thorough bred race horses in South Carolina in L. O. Wood's fine string of racers. In Mr. Wood's collection are Flow, by Spendrift and her three colts by Congaree.

Pathos, 7 years old and her 5 months colt by Burlington.

Docene by Congaree, dam Plucene and her colt by Accident.

Glennett by Imported Glennet, 4 years old.

Hopalong, by Mizer, 3 years old.

Con Murphy by Isaac Murphy 3 years old.

Accident, 1 years old, by Spendrift, dam Mollie K.

All these horses are finely bred, of the latter, Col Bruce, author of the American Stud Book and Editor of the Turf Field and Farms says "Accident is a well bred horse, from a producing family as his sire Spendrift was an extra good horse. Train Accident's colts. I do not think he will fail with a chance."

"One of the Brightest."

THE GAFFNEY LEDGER is one of the brightest of the weeklies that comes to this office.—Spartanburg Herald.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, which has out-lived and superseded hundreds of similar preparations, is undoubtedly the most fashionable as well as economical hair-dressing in the market. By its use, the poorest head of hair soon becomes luxuriant and beautiful.