

Ledger Readers
Should Patronize
Ledger Advertisers.

THE LEDGER.

To Reach Consumers
in this Section Advertise
in The Ledger.

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

VOL. III, NO. 37.

GAFFNEY CITY, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1896.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

EXTRAORDINARY DEVOTION

DISPLAYED BY A SLAVE TO
HIS MASTER.

Good Teachers for Our Children of
More Importance Than Frge
Silver or Goldbugs--Et-
ta Jane News.

(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

ETTA JANE, S. C., Oct. 19.—On the night before the battle of Summer-ville, near Charleston, S. C., (June 16, 1862.) Lieutenant Bellingher, of Lamar's artillery, had given his sword and pistol to his servant, Daniel, who had taken them to his quarters, about one hundred yards from the battery, to clean them up for inspection. After he had finished his work he fell asleep and knew nothing more until he was aroused by the roar of the enemy's guns next morning as they charged the breastworks.

Remembering suddenly that his master was unarmed, the faithful slave sprung from his rude couch and gathering the sword and pistol, rushed toward the battery where the battle was raging in great fury. As he pressed toward the guns where his master and the canoniers were fighting like tigers, he fell pierced by three minnie balls from the enemy's guns. But faithful unto death, he entreated the men near him to carry the sword and pistol to his master.

One of them told him that his master was already dead. "My God," said he, "they killed him because he was unarmed." He reprimanded himself for his carelessness, which he thought had caused his master's death. As soon as the battle was over the Lieutenant, hearing of Daniel's condition, hastened to him. The faithful slave, hearing his master's voice, raised his languid eyes and exclaimed: "Ah! my master, I was told that you was dead, but thank God its me instead of you," and taking the pistol from his bosom handed it to his master saying: "I tried to take your sword to you, but when they shot me it fell and I fear it is lost." The Lieutenant assured him that he need not trouble himself about that now, but that he would take him to the surgeon and have his wounds dressed. Daniel, however, felt the cold clammy hand of death stealing over him, yet he lamented that he could never see his master's children again. "Tell them at home," said he, "that I promised to take care of you, and that I was killed in the attempt to do so. Little Duncan and Nannie (that was the names of his master's children) will cry when they hear that poor Daniel is dead," and then his voice hushed as his spirit took its flight to the God who gave it.

Our ignorance of happiness constitutes its charms. For that reason, no doubt, God has made Paradise a mystery to us.

We should associate ourselves with good company if we value our reputation. It is better to be alone any time than in bad company.

Some people want to stick every little family row they hear of in the papers for the gratification of professional gossips. I am glad that Editors (as a rule) are too well raised to allow such stuff in their columns. It would make respectable readers hold their noses while the report is being read.

If that fellow in THE LEDGER office who makes me spell so badly don't quit it, I'll get Flaw Picker on him. The idea of my using two "r's" in spelling parole or buried is ridiculous.

Of the 4,892 people who went to Yorkville last Friday, not more than 38 went purposely to see the show. The rest went to see a fellow or attend to business of some kind. "Some excuse is better than none."

I had the pleasure of attending the wedding of Mr. H. W. Thomson and Miss Anna E. Howell last Tuesday. Rev. W. R. Owings was the officiating minister. A large crowd witnessed the happy affair. Both the bride and groom were elegantly dressed.

Those people who misbehave in church are generally idiotic and can't help it. They are objects of pity, rather than contempt, and ministers should be very careful how they rebuke them. St. Paul says: "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." We occupy high ground when we stand on scripture teaching.

Our farmers generally average their cotton crop at one-half. Corn is a fair average except where it has been destroyed by high water or cut off by drought.

Mr. W. T. Osment has got him a new possum dog. Look out 'possums.

What we need in this country more than free silver or goldbugs either is good teachers for our children—men and women of brains, nerve and char-

acter to take charge of our schools—and parents to become interested and lend them a helping hand by encouraging both children and teacher. If the masses would turn their attention from deceptive and demoralizing politics to preparing their children for the great duties and responsibilities of life. All these intricate problems would cease to disturb our domestic happiness, and office-holding would be shorn of its attractiveness. No politician or politics can change scales of eternal justice. Our land is in trouble. The distress may be attributed to either a vicious system of finance or free trade, yet with the saloon in the saddle and a billion dollars annually flowing into its till, while our good citizens are taxed to pay bills of overflow—viz: crime—we can expect to be any better off than we are? It is said, "drinking makes thinking impossible." If we do our duty, "thinking will make drinking impossible." Dr. Cuyler says: "If one-tenth of the efforts made to reform drunkards were spent in persuading young men never to drink at all, the result would be infinitely better."

The sand has accumulated in the river at Howell's Ferry so that the flat cannot run at times.

We have had some frost, but the weather being so dry, vegetation hasn't been killed yet.

Sam Foster and Sam Strain made a flying visit to Trough Shoals last week.

C. W. Whisonant is building an addition to his store-room. He carries a large stock of goods and needs more room. He's a hustler.

Our new county friends seem flattered at the cordial reception their delegates received at the hands of Governor Evans, and the encouragement he gave them in the new county project.

It is sometimes hard for a county correspondent to find material for a weekly letter to his newspaper. If he can keep up with all the visiting and neighborhood gossip he is all right. This I can't do. I know that a good deal of it goes on, but that is all.

Flaw, you are rather hard down on the women. A good portion of your talk sounds like exaggeration to those who can't find a better name for it. However, when a few women, good talkers, get together and begin to analyze the sins of "omission and commission" of other people, the acme of their temporal glory is reached. To this you may add the deceit they practice on each other, and you have the situation in full.

When they break up each one thinks she was the centre of the day's attraction and the confidant of the whole party. But after all, Flaw, they are better than men are who congregate about the street corners and other loafing places to kill time by growling about the misdoings of other people—tell smutty tales and shirk the duty of providing for their families as they ought.

If we would bring our prayers nearer together we would put our sins farther apart no doubt.

W. H. Webber made a business trip to Lockhart Mills last week. He speaks highly of the people and progress of that town.

Rev. Arthur Kennedy preached at Abingdon creek yesterday. Quite a large congregation assembled to hear him. He is the son of our respected neighbor, Ben Kennedy, of Jonesville, and a young man of high moral and intellectual attainments, and will make his mark in the world as well as take a high stand in his chosen profession—the ministry. I hope the Abingdon Creek people and also the Arara congregation will see their way clear to call him to the pastorate of their church who are now without a minister since the resignation of Rev. T. J. Brock. Let us give the young men of our county a chance to make something of themselves, friends and brothers.

Rev. W. R. Owings will preach his farewell sermon at Salem Nov. 1 at 11 a. m.

The Salem Sunday school has appointed Thursday Nov. 26 as a day for their annual Thanksgiving, and invite all Sunday school workers to join them on that day.

J. L. S.

Died.

Mrs. Sophronia B. Gault died at Glendale on the 16th inst. in 84th year of her age and was buried at Glendale on the 16th. The services were conducted by her pastor Rev. Mr. Harley. Mrs. Gault was a native of Union county and had been a member of the Methodist Church since her childhood. She had the respect and confidence of all who knew her, had lived up to her profession and died rejoicing in her faith.

In many cases, the first work of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to expel the effects of the other medicines that have been tried in vain. It would be a saving of time and money if experimenters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at first instead of at last.

Physicians recommend Graham bread for indigestion. Star Bakery.

FLAW-PICKER VS. BANJO LU.

FLAW PICKER AND BANJO LU.
AT THE SHOW.

Flaw Interprets a Remarkable Dream
for Banjo Lu. and Imparts to
Him Some Valuable
Information.

(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

DRAYTONVILLE, Oct. 19.—Gentle folks and feller citizens: This is a time that ole Flaw will haf to break over his general rule of writin' an personate a little. Hit's somewhat painful, I'll admit, but what's the use to be a flaw-picker unless you pick flaws, or, what's the use to pretend to be anything else unless you be it in deed and in truth? Ef my bosom friend has a flaw, aint it my duty to find it in him as well as anybody else? Since I have taken upon myself the disagreeable task of flaw-picking I'm a goin' to treat all alike, both friend and foe, an do my duty, even of the general class of people gits to hatin' me as bad as—as they do a Tillman spy.

Ole Flaw has one great flaw in his self, an that is, associatin' with a certain individual—Banjer Lu., also known as Luther Sherrill, but it is necessary for Flaw to be in the world and with the world to be successful in findin' flaws of the world, an as I have bin associatin' with this Banjer Lu. for the last twenty-four years I have got him down to a fine pint, an he's just excellent material to work on, too, to bring out some important points in human nature an show up the inner man an outer man that inhabits each body, as Paul has heretofore tried to explain in his feeble way.

This Banjer Lu. heard about John Robinson's show a goin' to show over to Blaxburg last Thursday an he said to me:

"Flaw, I'm goin' over to the show Thursday, how about you?"

"Ef I was you I wouldn't go narry step, for you know your fallin', Lu., you'll jist about go over there an git drunk an the cops will haf to find a suitable place for you to take out an turn in; an another thing, you know I believe in toin' what's right, an that's no fitten place for me to be at, nohow," I said.

"I thought about gittin' drunk but ef you'll go with me I'll not tetch a drop. You know we've bin raised an reared up together all our lives an we can't handy separate now, so you git ready by mornin' an I'll guarantee you that I'll not git drunk an that everything will be lovely," he said.

Me thinkin' as he, that we had bin together so long, etc., consented to go with him.

Bright and early Thursday mornin' we was gathered together with the crowd at the depot preparatory to goin' to the show at Blaxburg. Me an Banjer Lu., with his banjer, boarded the train at the same time, set in the same seat an road on half fare—the same ticket answerin' for both. We got separated after a while—ole Flaw, as the inner man, to distributing papers an speakin' kind words an doin' business in ginneral, while Banjer Lu., the outer man, went to pickin' his banjer an knockin' round 'mongst bad company.

I got in some good work till 'way after 12 o'clock, when my work seemed to lag an was soon no more. There was something about it all that I couldn't understand, till after a while I learned that Banjer Lu. had got to drinkin' an was purty topsy. Then I understood the whole situation an giv up the job as a bad one. I tried to git him home, but no sir, he wouldn't budge a peg, an finally at last I jist let 'im go his route, you understand.

Next mornin' 'bout 4 o'clock I met 'im in the "coop" an said:

"Hello! Ole feller, how come you in here?"

"Flaw, I jist don't know, to tell the down right truth about this business. I was—er I—"

"You was drunk, was the long and short of the whole fix. You broke your promise an wouldn't listen to me. I have told you about these things a thousand times," said I.

"Yes, but it seems the more you talk to me the less I listen to it. I can't git my mind made up to mind you some how or other, although I know you always give me good counsel. It must be a disease of weakness in me," said Lu.

"We can never git along in harmony, an you will always be in trouble of some nature until we come closer together an git better organized an you listen to me better than you do now," I said.

"Yisterdy I slipped a drink on you an that jist literally set me on fire. Later on I was a playin' of the banjer for some people to dance, later I was a stickin' up on the side of an apple wagon a pickin' of the banjer while the appleman filled my pockets with apples; later still, after the performances had come to a close an the show was on wheels an the women folks all in their respective places in the coach a showman come to me an took me up to the coach an introduced me to

the showladies an entreated me to take a drink of wine first an then to lemonade on my banjer, that the gals wanted to dance a little. Flaw, I tell you what's a fack, my fingers got loose an through the excitement strains of music rolled up which set the gals—big, little, old and young—to spinning away as only artists at dancing could do. After ten minutes of fun, two drinks of wine an a nice bow I repaired up town, an Flaw, right up thar's where the devil sot in. The balance is a dream, Flaw. I dreamed that I was in a fine city at a ball an lyin' on a lounge made of white pine an wire nails in the southwestern corner of the ball room, an it came to pass that a hungry man, dressed in purple (blue) an fine linen, whose breast-plate was studs of polished brass and his crown was made of shinin' silver entered the ball room having a stick of go-fer-(im) wood in one hand and endowed with great power, and behold, he said with a voice as one with great authority, "Thou art Banjer Lu., by Joner, an I will make you a mighty tester of hard woods by the layin' of it on your head, and you shall dwell within the walls of the great and powerful where the rest of your nation have dwelled," an I tested the wood an it was marvelously hard, an he guided me within the walls of the great an powerful an I dwelled within them where the rest of my nation have dwelled, an it came to pass that he feasted on my substance two an one times an was filled. Now Fla, I pray, interpret my dream an I'll have the show down in full," Banjer Lu. said in an entreatin' tone.

"Banjer Lu.," said I, "I can see into it all. You jist naturally got to monkeyin' with them thar show people an their wine—mixin' wine an 80 proof together—until you got drunk an sleepy, consequently you got into a frolick somewhere an piled up on a goodsbox an went to sleep an the cops pulled you an you resisted an he tapped you on the head with his "billie" an then locked you up here in the calaboose where he had those other fellers from your town last night an it will be three dollars that you will haf to pay to git out of here that he will feast on."

"Flaw, they didn't treat me right I don't think," Lu. said to me.

"Yes they did. You look at it from a selfish standpoint as many others would. You had no business drinkin' anything but what God gave you to drink. You know I always stick to you an when you git in trouble I always haf to share it alike with you, an I never caused you a bit of trouble in my life, but happiness instead. Oh, Lu! but for you we could be so happy. Flaw never gives you bad counsel."

I think I have sorter got Banjer Lu. under controle for a while at least, but cant trust him as far as you can throw a cow by the tail, he is so weak an uncertain. For about five years of our lives I succeeded in keeping him under my controle an we were happy but he finally got holt of some unknown power an choked me down, but I'll ever stick up for right as long as I am. **FLAW PICKER.**

Algood Items.
(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

ALGOOD, Oct. 20.—Many of our farmers are done picking cotton and have turned their attention to sowing their small grain crop.

Corn shuckings are becomin' quite fashionable these nights.

Township Commissioner J. L. Clary is kept quite busy looking after petitions for the opening of new roads.

J. L. Clary, accompanied by his son George, went to Spartanburg last Tuesday on business.

J. and E. Gardner were in Gaffney last Friday on business.

Calvin and Bev Turner visited friends and relatives here Sunday.

James Byars has been on the sick list for a few days, but is able to be out again now.

We hear it reported that some villains broke into Joe Medley's house last Friday night and, he being absent, they frightened off his wife and helped themselves to what they wanted. I think the women as well as the men up here ought to use double-barrel shot guns with deadly effect, as there seems to be an organized band of thieves up here who make it their especial business to plunder houses after night.

By the way, we learn that Ole Flaw went over to Blaxburg last Thursday evening and got drunk and was "cabossed" for the night, and came back minus \$3.00 hard cash besides losing a tremendous big pile of reputation. Wonder did he lose Rat and his banjo? I imagine I can hear him humming to himself:

Lord, if you will forgive me this time, I'll drink no more of that dog-goned stuff they call 80 proof while I live.

CORNCRACKER.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcer, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by The DuPre Drug Co.

* GAFFNEY *

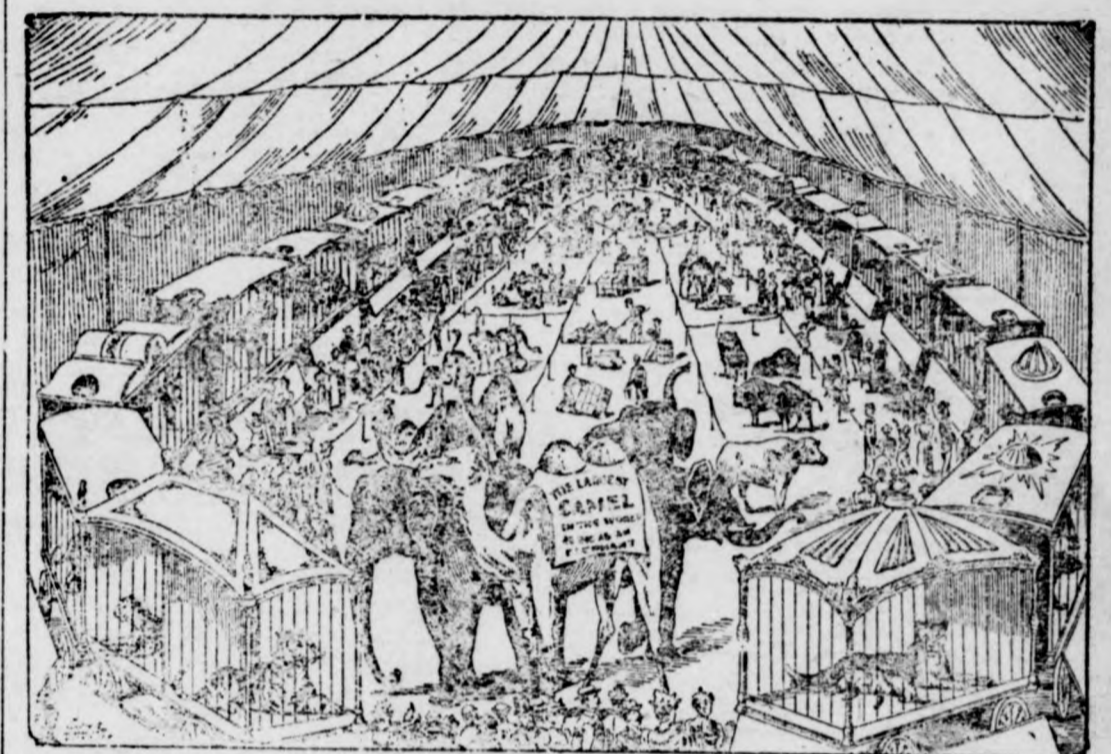
Gets the World's Greatest Show,

Tuesday, Nov. 3

Coming On its Own Great Trains, Drawn by its Own Power and Loco natives.

Walter L. Main's

Three Ring Circus, Five Continent Menagerie, Real Roman Hippodrome, and Original, European Trained Wild Beast Show in a Circular, Steel-Barred Ponderous Cage. Only Great Rival of Barnum & Bailey in Size and Feature.—Lowell, Massachusetts Sun, May 23, 1896.



THE * MIGHTY * BOVOLAPUS.

The Ocean's Awful Treasures, the Most Frightful, Uncouth, Horrible, Horn-Bearing, Claws-Hoofed, Denizen of the Trackless and Treacherous Deep. 100 Rightly Renowned, Astonishing Circus Artists in a Hundred and a Half Astonishing Acts.

JOHN LOWLOW,

America's Oldest and Best Singing and Talking Clown Appears at Each Performance.

CANANDAIGUA, SMALLEST PONY COLT IN THE WORLD.

Born August 1895, weighed 8 1/2 pounds, 11 inches high, 18 inches from tip of nose to end of tail.



WALLACE, THE WONDER.

The only horse-riding Lion. A Circus Champion. Surely the only one of its kind. A beautiful, intelligent, artistic animal. Herds of Wild Beasts, Lairs of Serpents, Flocks of Birds, Droves of Tame Beasts, Dens of Vicious Reptiles, 11 All-Star Acts, 100 Exalted Champions, 1,000 Men, Women and Children, 300 Finest Aristocratic Horses, Giant Camel, Longest Maimed and Tailed Horse, Surprises, Wonders, Features, &c., &c.



Grand Free Street Parade.

20 Open Dens of Wild Beasts, 5 Bands of Music, Silver Cathedral Chimes, Steam Calliope, Gold and Silver, Chariots and Band Wagons, a Mile of Splendor and Wonder Every Morning at 10 o'clock sharp. Twice daily. Free to all High Five, 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Cheap excursions on all lines of travel. One ticket admits to all. Doors open at 1 and 7 p. m. Performances at 2 and 8 p. m., rain or shine. Tickets on sale at DuPre Drug Co's store. Bicycles Checked Free of Charge.

General Admission 50c, Children under 12, 25c.

This Great Show in its entirety will also exhibit at Charlotte Monday, Oct. 20; Rock Hill Tuesday, Oct. 27; Gastonia Wednesday, Oct. 28; Statesville Thursday, Oct. 29; Greenville, S. C., November the 4th, 1896.