

## THE WEEKLY LEDGER,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY  
The Limestone Printing and Publishing Co.  
Incorporated.

\$1.50 per Year.

R. O. SAMS, - Editor.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1894.

HON. WM. E. GLADSTONE.

England's great statesman is no longer at the helm of the State. Rumors were afloat that Gladstone was going to resign the Premiership of the English Cabinet, but it was hardly believed. The grand old man retires to private life, but he cannot retire from the gaze of a world that admires him for his devotion to duty. From old in the service of his country he dignified labor by doing with his might what his hands found to do. Ever on the side of virtue, he was and is the champion of the down trodden, the oppressed. With the force of his mighty will, energized by love for his fellow man, he would bear down all opposition, and ride into power on the crest of the incoming wave that his great mental force had stirred to activity.

Strength of body and strength of mind and strength of character he takes with him in his retirement.

The pet scheme of his declining years, "Home Rule for Ireland," has fallen short of realization but the seeds sown and diligently watered, in this the winter of their discontentment will yet ripen in the glorious summer of a higher civilization.

How often have I stood on the seashore and noticed the tide as it commenced to rise. First a tiny wave that rippled at your feet, and breaks and dies with the feeble effort. It is but the herald of another and still another which ends only when the onward sweep of waters one fulfilled their mission. So is it with all great revolutions.

Eighty five years old, yet how young.

### ELECTION OF TOWN OFFICERS.

It came off Tuesday without flourish of trumpets or firing of cannon. There weeks ago a meeting of the voters of the town was called for the purpose of nominating Intendant and Wardens to serve for two years. The meeting was well attended and was a representative body of citizens. The following ticket was nominated:

N. H. Littlejohn, Intendant; H. D. Wheat, F. G. Stacy, T. G. McCraw, J. N. Lipscomb, Wardens.

All good men and true. They will look well to the interests of the town. Although there was another ticket brought out at the last moment, it met with but feeble support, and the regular nominees were elected almost unanimously.

This speaks well for our town. Practically we are united on what concerns her prosperity, and for that we should work with unwavering purpose. Let us support the officers of our town whom we have called from our number. At best, the work they have to do is unthankful, and can meet its reward only in the consciousness of duty performed.

### THERE IS DIGNITY IN LABOR.

Rev. C. C. Brown recently delivered from his pulpit in Sumter a sermon on "The Problem of the Laboring Man." It is a thoughtful discourse and touches a knotty question. The sermon is printed in full in The Baptist Courier of the 1st inst. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" is a Divine decree given, not in anger, but in love. The nearer we obeying these laws of our being, made known for our good, the nearer do we approach that perfection of which we are here capable.

True usefulness, true enjoyment, true success is found along the lines plainly marked out for us. The foot-steps of the greatest of Earth's heroes point all in the same direction, dignifying labor.

### FORTUNATE WILKINSVILLE.

Wilkinsville is fortunate in many ways. One thing is, she has a good teacher located in her midst. And he is not imported either, but a product grown at home and appreciated.

Mr. Davis Jefferies is a graduate of the Gaffney Seminary. We know well his worth and thank him for the good work he is doing in school room and out of it, in his church and Sunday-School and elsewhere. It is something to gather and hold and train and govern a school of seventy-five of your neighbor's children. It is a responsibility that few can meet, but we believe Davis will, Wilkinsville is on the right road.

### BRUNSWICK, GA.

This seaport of Georgia, so recently and so severely stricken, is again on her feet and pushing her way. The first frost had scarcely been felt, when her citizens, every where scattered by the fever, commenced to return. At once she goes to work improving her sanitary condition, establishing, at great cost, the most improved system of sewerage and drainage. Her gateway from the ocean has been deepened so as to accommodate vessels greater draught. Brunswick is

### ONE OF OUR NEEDS.

Every one used to come to town, but not to live. We delight to see Gaffney improving; her population increasing; new industries inaugurated; other residences erected; older ones improved and enlarged; her churches filled at every service, but this must not be done at the expense of the country places. Each neighborhood, five or six miles apart, should have its own post office, school-house, church and store as a nucleus around which to gather individual interests. Yes, we wish Gaffney built up, but not by every one leaving his country home. Rather would we have you improve your homes, internally first, then externally, then your surroundings. Render everything about you attractive to wife and husband, children and neighbors. By wise thought, honest, persevering industry, frugal living, economy in production, cheerfulness will be cultivated, contentment will reign and children will delight to call it home and make it home.

### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are endeavoring to secure correspondents from every neighborhood of our immediate section; that in which Gaffney is intimately concerned. And we do not mean by this Spartanburg alone. We are not more than three miles from the line, dividing Spartanburg and Union Counties. That portion of Union County which is like a wedge between Broad River and the Spartanburg line is directly concerned in the prosperity of our town. We are neighbors, exchange neighborly courtesies, and are mutually dependent. From Union, then as well as Spartanburg we wish to secure correspondents. In every way we wish to edify our people. And this is one of the ways that we are now following. Other ways will be developed in time.

Be on the alert, friends. Bestir yourselves; give us the news from your immediate neighborhood; tell us your wants; acquaint us with your successes. Let each help the other to rise, to broaden his horizon, to deepen his sympathies and so feel and act as if we are brethren.

REV J. M. BOYD.

When on Monday last we heard of the sudden death of Rev J. M. Boyd, Presiding Elder of the Methodist church for this "District," our first thought was, is it not the way that he would have chosen to go to his reward.

As a presiding officer, he was quick to decide, always alert, and ever courteous. As a preacher well, it was a pleasure to listen to his expositions, to his directness of appeal, to his logical analysis. We left his presence feeling that he loved God and his fellow man.

### A PRETTY PICTURE.

A little girl four years old, just recovering from a severe spell of sickness, and unable to walk across the room, except with tottering steps, now sitting by the cradle where lies her younger sister sick, very sick, and with hands, trembling through weakness, rocking to sleep the little playmate no longer able to play. She was doing what she could.

### OBITUARY.

My dear Alice was such a bright, loving daughter, and so much loved by all who knew her; but, alas! God loved her most, so after eight months of incomparable suffering He took her purified spirit to His everlasting, sunlit home, and now her sweet, tender voice is closed in the dreamless, heavenly rest. Oh! how sad to see those we love sink with pain—Even smothered sound falls on our hearts as the death dews gather, and we so powerless to help them. Home is silent and sad without my brave, Christian, dear one. She will not come to me again, but by the grace of God, I will go to her. Dear Saviour, thou hast my child, give me a place too, in thy loving bosom.

Over the river the boatman pale

Carried another, our household pot; Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale.

Darling Alice I see you yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dear, dear hands,

And fearlessly entered the phantom bark.

We watched it glide from the silver sands,

And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.

"We know she is safe on the farther side

Where all the ransomed and angels be

Over the river, the beautiful river.

My darling Alice is waiting for me,"

S. E. MANESS.

### GENERAL NEWS ITEMS

From Almost Everywhere and About Almost Everything.

Gen. Jubal A. Early died last Friday at Lynchburg, Va. He was buried Monday. The immediate cause of his death were injuries received from a fall a short time ago.

The extra session of the Colorado Legislature has adjourned after a session of 52 days and costing \$75,000. Life was not given to one of Governor Waite's pet schemes.

Chemicals in Lewis Baitie's drug store, Shreveport, La., exploded Saturday night with terrible force. The building was shattered. Fire resulting destroyed \$75,000 worth of property.

In a fight between laborers on a ranch fifteen miles from Torreys, Mexico last Saturday, it is reported that three were killed and fifteen wounded. One side demanded higher wages and the other stood by their employers.

She was a present to Rev B. P. Robertson and wife on Saturday morning. May her life be gentle, helpful, inspiring, doing good without alarm!

### OUR RETIRING COUNCIL.

Gentlemen, you deserve our thanks for having served us so long and so faithfully. You are not retired among officers on half pay; nor will you even receive a pension as a reward for your services. Some, and perhaps all of you, will be called on again to fill the position of Mayor and Alderman when our population is a little larger, and our interests a little more varied.

### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have already secured several correspondents in different sections of the State.

### Man's Littleness and Greatness.

[New York Herald.]  
What is man, that thou shouldst set thine heart upon him? Job vii: 17. The most thrilling, discouraging and appalling thought to the mind of a student is the thought of his own insignificance in the universe.

He comes, he goes. To-day he is a part of the world, his pulse beating with healthy life; to-morrow he will not be here, and neither eye nor telescope can penetrate the shadows into which he will disappear. The time allotted to him is so short that he no sooner becomes conscious of the opportunities by which he is surrounded and of his own ability to use them than the trumpet blast summons him and bids the world farewell.

The world swings on its orbit without as well as with him, and is quite unconcerned whether he is here or else where or nowhere. The sun blazes for some one else if he is absent. The sky is blue, the clouds float overhead, the rivers run, the ocean roars, the dawn comes, the twilight gathers without any reference to him whatever.

He may stay or depart—it is matter of small consequence to the changing seasons, which as willingly revolve over his grave as over his cradle. If we compare the life of a man to the life of our solar system, with an estimated duration of twenty million years since it broke its fiery mass into planets, and a prophesied duration of ten million years more before it will be shattered in some celestial catastrophe we are amazed at the point of space which we occupy and the comparatively few minutes we are allowed to occupy it. A human life, we are told, is a thread in the great fabric, but a thousand such threads may be wafted from the loom of God without injury to the fabric itself. If ours is one of those threads we must needs walk in the valley of humiliation, for apparently we count for nothing, or something less than nothing.

And yet there is another side to the picture. This mysterious atom called man, so microscopic in proportions, is the greatest marvel and puzzle of the age. Science tells us that he is the last and best product of natural law.

Religion adds that since he cannot accomplish his mission here, but always leaves his task unfinished, the law which produced him must provide a place where his mission can be completed. Else the universe has a small seed in its bulk of gold; else the plan which prevails everywhere has been invaded by unwise; else a cruel injustice is done in that we are created to perform a given work and then robbed of the opportunity to finish it.

Every arrangement has been made for our continuous development and every experience, if rightly used, will contribute to our education. Nothing can happen, from the most volatile joy to the profoundest grief, which a man may not appropriate to his advantage. His seventy years are God's University, in which toil and pain, laughter and tears, success and defeat, poverty and wealth, are the text books which he cannot diligently study without exceeding profit.

Life is given that we may learn how to live. Adversities accost us as knights of old rode against each other in the tournament, and we are either unhorsed because we have not steeded our horses well or have not steered our steeds well. The croupier saves you from being frost-bitten and losing valuable member. While writing, our dear old Southern sun is shining with resplendent brightness and genial warmth, the sky is azure blue without one cloud, and the winds have ceased making funeral dirges or warlike sounds. The snow, as a rich and warm blanket, is fast disappearing, and with magic wand, snow drops, forget-me-nots, and pretty spring flowers will suddenly greet us with "howdy do" to our longing hearts. Give us Gaffney after all.

### The Young People's Bureau.

#### The Snow Storm.

Arctic weather has truly visited our Sunny South Land to our hearts' content. How sorry were we for our physicians who had to brave the raging storm, though hands suffered the freezing point, their kind, sympathetic hearts were burning all aglow with love for humanity—forgetfulness of self! "With hearts affected, but with looks serene, intent they wade through every tragic scene." And again were we so sorry for housewives whose domestics failed to make their appearance when most needed, for in spite of the pelting snow and excessive cold, hungry mouths had to be fed, all eager for a warm breakfast. Culinary departments were graced by the thrifty good natured dame, who were cheery in perplexity, smiling in discharge of duty. Indeed we were solicitous and full of tenderness for all mankind, yea, even for the dumb cattle who "suffocated and were strong." The "snow man" was lavish with his feathered down fall, and "old inhabitant" thinks it measured seven or eight inches in smooth even places. Why, it came to us as it does in far off Canada, only there when the first visit is made you are prepared for long and continued storms, so heavy and dark that one cannot distinguish objects across the streets. The drifts assuming miniature mountains afford merry school children places for "hide and seek." They, like little Esquimaux, go into their snow huts and then appear shaking the snow from their clothes only to bury themselves in deeper mounds. And then our Arctic neighbors employ snow-plows that clean off the side walks, leaving them dry for pedestrians. Our airy style of houses invited the snow to steal into every crevice and old Boreas to penetrate into tiny mouse holes while Northern houses are sealed and well protected against rigorous winters. Double doors and double sashes with every cranny and nook, every tiny crack all tightly sealed, and with huge heaters like grim sentinels here and there, one would never imagine that the mercury was 40 degrees below zero, and that there was any possibility to the long exposed to have their ears and noses so frozen as to become brittle as pipe stem and break easily. A friend often meets and hastily rubs your face and appears rough in the application of snow, but it is a great and timely aid, the harsh treatment saves you from being frost-bitten and losing valuable member. While writing, our dear old Southern sun is shining with resplendent brightness and genial warmth, the sky is azure blue without one cloud, and the winds have ceased making funeral dirges or warlike sounds. The snow, as a rich and warm blanket, is fast disappearing, and with magic wand, snow drops, forget-me-nots, and pretty spring flowers will suddenly greet us with "howdy do" to our longing hearts. Give us Gaffney after all.

#### STATE NEWS.

Items of Interest Gleaned from Our Exchanges.

#### The Snow Storm.

Arctic weather has truly visited our Sunny South Land to our hearts' content.

How sorry were we for our physicians who had to brave the raging storm, though hands suffered

the freezing point, their kind, sympathetic hearts were burning all aglow with love for humanity—forgetfulness of self!

"With hearts affected, but with looks serene, intent they wade through every tragic scene."

And again were we so sorry for housewives whose domestics failed to make their appearance when most needed,

for in spite of the pelting snow and excessive cold, hungry mouths had to be fed, all eager for a warm breakfast.

Culinary departments were graced by the thrifty good natured dame,

who were cheery in perplexity, smiling in discharge of duty.

Indeed we were solicitous and full of tenderness for all mankind, yea, even for the dumb cattle who "suffocated and were strong."

The "snow man" was lavish with his feathered down fall, and "old inhabitant" thinks it measured seven or eight inches in smooth even places.

Why, it came to us as it does in far off Canada, only there when the first visit is made you are prepared

for long and continued storms, so heavy and dark that one cannot distinguish objects across the streets.

The drifts assuming miniature mountains afford merry school children places for "hide and seek."

They, like little Esquimaux, go into their snow huts and then appear shaking the snow from their clothes only to bury themselves in deeper mounds.

And then our Arctic neighbors employ snow-plows that clean off the side walks,

leaving them dry for pedestrians.

Our airy style of houses invited the snow to steal into every crevice and

old Boreas to penetrate into tiny mouse holes while Northern houses are sealed and well protected against

rigorous winters. Double doors and

double sashes with every cranny and

nook, every tiny crack all tightly

sealed, and with huge heaters like

grim sentinels here and there, one

would never imagine that the mercury

was 40 degrees below zero, and that

there was any possibility to the long

exposed to have their ears and noses

so frozen as to become brittle as

pipe stem and break easily.

A friend often meets and hastily rubs

your face and appears rough in the

application of snow, but it is a great

and timely aid, the harsh treatment

saves you from being frost-bitten and

losing valuable member.

While writing, our dear old Southern sun is shining with resplendent brightness and genial warmth, the sky is