

## LIFE'S SPIRITUAL CONFLICTS

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AN ELOQUENT SERMON.

The Fierce Combat With an Unknown Visitor That Lasts Until Day-break—The Cry to God of a Dying Soul.

BROOKLYN, April 29.—The Tabernacle was crowded this morning with the usual throng of eager listeners. Dr. Talmage preached on the spiritual conflicts of life, taking for his text Genesis xxxiii, 24-26: "And Jacob was left alone, and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

The dust arose from a traveling herd of cattle and sheep and goats and camels. They are the present-day Jacob, sent to gain the great will of his of-fended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man, no shining lad-der to let the angels down into his dream, but a fierce combat, that lasts until the morning, with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superi-ory power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending, and not one of his brother's coaches. "Let me go," cries the angel, "for the day break-eth!"

### Christian Struggles.

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man, but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremen-dous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit; for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, detestation and ex-ile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Yashti, most in-sulting cruelty; for Josephine, banish-ment; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Catherine, the Scotch girl, the drown-ing surges of the sea; for Sir. Buns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Brown of Edinburgh, the pis-tol shot of Lord Claverhouse; for Hugh McKail, the scaffold; for Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the cross. For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumbscrews? For the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

I will go further and say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broad street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street; this one on Lombard street; this one on the bourse. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Red-hot as-ters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fled. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it.

Here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family, and of my children, and of my God, I must stop this!" And, behold, he found him-self alone by the brook Jabbok, and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it, and, oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in a long line of light to look from above, and hell stretches itself in myr-iadons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle, and they have bitten their lip and clinched their fists and cried with a blood red earnestness and a rain of scalding tears, "God help me!"

### The Giant Habit.

From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeat. Calling for no help, but relying on their own reso-lutions, they have come into the strug-gle, and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit, but that habit rallied again its infernal power and lifted a soul from its standing, and with a force beyond darkness first I saw the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures and musical in-struments and the rich upholstery of his family parlor. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dream-ing their sweetest dreams and Christian households are silent with slumber, angel watched, I heard him give the sharp shriek that followed the stab of his own poniard. He fell from an honored social position; he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attrac-tion; he fell from the house of God, at whose altars he had been consecrated; he fell—forever! But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than that.

I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many temptations, came out strong and defiant. They clinched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver, and at last, in the midnight slugs, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant wrestler broke the dark-ness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is a widow's heart that first was desolated by bereavement and since by the anx-ieties and trials that came in the support of a family.

It is a sad thing to see a man contend-ing with a "lively" devil, with help-

less little ones at her back, gnoring the giants of poverty and sorrow, is most affecting. It was a humble home, and passersby knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the pass of Ther-mopylae or Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the si hundred."

These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there were none to applaud the struggle in the humble home. She fought for bread, for cloth-ing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head, and weak side, and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgot-ten to be gracious? No, contending soul! The midnight air is full of wings con-ting to the rescue. She hears it now in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok—the promise made so long ago, reaching down the sky, "The fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me!"

Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said: "I do it by what I call cross prayers. When I had my rent to pay and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to the corner of the street I say, 'The Lord help me.' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me!' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the habit of say-ing these 'cross prayers' I have been able to keep up my courage."

### Purified by Fire.

Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been strug-gling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God dispatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dun-geon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's chil-dren prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astound-ed the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhap-py. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amid all the ap-plause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said, "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feel-ing of Rossini, who had everything this world could give him, to the joyful ex-perience of Isaac Watts, whose misfor-tunes were innumerable, when he says:

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets  
Before we reach the heavenly fields  
Or walk the golden streets.  
Then let our songs abound  
And every tear be dry  
We are marching through Immanuel's  
garden  
To fairer worlds on high.  
—Martyrs of the Combat.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amid great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails, and these quails fell in large multitudes all about them, and the Is-raelites ate and ate and stuffed them-selves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship or trial or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant sup-ply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails, it is the quails! You will find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God, come down to bless and save.

Learn again that while you wrestling with trouble may be triumphant you must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him, and his thigh bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What plowed those premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household? Ah, it is be-cause the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did.

Do not be out of patience with those who come out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble touched. Are we stoics that we can, unmoved, see our cradle rified of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight up-rooted? Will Jesus, who wept himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we love best? Was Lazarus more dear to him than our beloved dead to us? No. We have a right to weep. Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to seal the heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysteri-ous relief that comes to us in tears! Under this gentle rain the flowers of corn put forth their bloom. (God pity that dry, withered, parched, all consum-ing grief that wrings its hands and grinds its teeth and bites its nails, unto the quick, but cannot weep! We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night and by the brook Jabbok we were trouble touched.

### The Day Breaketh.

Again, we may take the idea of the text and announce the approach of the day dawn. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than Jacob after

that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with this angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The world's pros-pects are brightening. The church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners."

Clap your hands, all ye people, the day breaketh. The biggies of the earth are peering. The time was when we were told that if we wanted to get to heaven we must be immersed or sprinkled, or we must believe in the perse-verance of the saints, or in falling away from grace, or a liturgy, or no liturgy, or they must be Calvinists or Armin-ians in order to reach heaven. We have all come to confess now that these are nonessentials in religion.

During my vacation one summer I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was sacramental day, and with great heart I received the holy communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Metho-dist church and sat at a love feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Epis-copalian church and knelt at the altar and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "I believe in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting." "The day breaketh."

As I look upon this audience I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that run up higher than the corner of the street I say, "The Lord help me." I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, "The Lord help me!" And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the habit of say-ing these 'cross prayers' I have been able to keep up my courage."

Luther and Melancthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile Luther got up and said to Melancthon: "Come, Philipp, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm of David: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mount-ains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.'"

### The Death Struggle.

Death to many, may to all, is a strug-gle, a wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is. It is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or consorted in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblest. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried out for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper, or the room may be filled with the cries of orphan-age and widowhood, or the church of Christ may mourn over our going, but if Jesus calls all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease; the hours of death's night will pass along; 1 o'clock in the morning; 2 o'clock in the morning; 3 o'clock in the morning. The day breaketh.

So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with the world is that it treats me too well, but when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right into the light and be able to look back to my kindred and friends who would detain me here, ex-claiming: "Let me go; let me go. The day breaketh!"

### An Early Closing Movement.

The merchants of Gaffney are consid-ering the practicability of closing their stores early in the evenings. The merchants of Charleston, Colum-bia, Greenville, Spartanburg and other places have found by experience that it pays to close their stores at an early hour. The clerks should make a canvass and see what can be done. If every merchant were to close at an early hour no one would be affected, the housekeepers would soon learn the lesson of purchasing their needs in the daytime, the oil would be saved and the clerks would be able to enjoy themselves more, and there would not be so many of the clerks in town con-sequently population would increase and the sales of the day would be heavier than that of the day and night are now combined. Try it!

### Some Additional Ads.

The new advertisers this week con-tinue themselves principally to the study of law. Messrs. Bomar & Simpson, Nichols & Jones, Carlisle & Hydrick, all of Spartanburg, offer counsel to the transgressor and trans-gressed.

"Doc" Spencer advertises a note book lost; second-hand buggies and harness for sale, and houses to rent. Cook & Gaffney offer all the palat-able beverages in the decalogue and invite the especial attention of the ladies.

Ben Kelly, a young man living about four or five miles above Bishop-ville, got into a difficulty with one of his negro hands one day last week and shot him in the head with a pis-tol, inflicting very probably, a mortal wound.

### Personal Paragraphs.

Mrs. M. B. Sams, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Emmie, returned from Erwin where they have been for some time, last Friday evening.

F. G. Stacy came in Friday after a several week's trip in the interest of the Limestone Spring Lime Co.

Squire H. G. Gaffney, who has been quite ill for several week past is con-alescent. His many friends will be glad to learn of this.

C. M. Littlejohn, Jr. who has been connected with the Gaffney Wagon & Furniture Co. for some time has gone to Asbury to remain until fall. His many friends regret to have him leave and trust he may find it to his advan-tage to return to Gaffney.

Prof. R. O. Sams took a trip to Spartanburg Friday.

Dr. Smith and Mr. Lotspiech went to Cherokee Falls Monday on a trip. Miss Zondie Hamrick, of Boiling Springs, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alex Furgerson and Miss Minnie Harris.

Bonner, Blanton, of Marion, N. C., was in the city Sunday.

Capt. W. H. Richardson, who has been confined to his bed for some time, is up again.

James Richardson, of Charlotte, is visiting his relatives in the city.

Miss Ethel Nance, of Anderson, S. C., is visiting friends in the city.

William Doggett, of Charlotte, is visiting his mother of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kelly of Kel-ton spent two days with friends in the city this week.

Miss Maggie Amos, of Spartanburg, is visiting the family of R. C. Sar-ratt.

Miss Lillian Hopper (the Queen of the Limestone Inn) has gone to Ellis' Ferry on a visit.

Miss Annie May Martin a student of Cooper-Limestone Institute, left for a short visit to her home yester-day.

Misses Adie Munroe and Fannie Landrum are spending a few days with Misses Juliet and Lizzie Lips-comb on Limestone avenue.

A party of charming young ladies from Blacksburg came over yesterday in private conveyance. They were Misses Ella Crosby, Libbie Byars, Pearl Crosby, Emmie Tompkins, and Annie Davis. They turned the heads of some of our boys during their short stay.

Mrs. J. W. Lytton spent several days in the city last week. She re-turned to her home at Henrietta, N. C., on Saturday.

Henry Ross and his brother, L. R. Ross, went to Blacksburg Monday to attend the funeral of their uncle M. L. Ross.

Squire Webster has been attend-ing the revival services at Spartanburg the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Inman, of Etta Jane S. C., were in the city Mon-day.

Mrs. Mike Borders is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Camp.

Mr. B. B. Blanton of Marion was in town Sunday, visiting M. A. Fer-guson.

Mr. D. Allen of Charlotte, N. C., was in the city Wednesday.

G. D. Doggett and mother, went to Forest City N. C., last Tuesday.

Miss Maggie Amos of Spartanburg, S. C., is on a visit to her sister Mrs. R. C. Saratt of our city.

Logan Ellis, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Minnie, of Irvinville, was here for a few days this week.

Victor Montgomery, of the Pacolet Mills, drove over Tuesday behind his spanking team of blacks.

Prof. Griffith to Conclude His Lecture. Prof. Griffith announced last Sun-day that he would conclude his lec-ture to young men next Sabbath at Limestone. He expressed himself as highly gratified at the atten-tion the young men were be-stowing. The profes-sor's thing nice to say, every young man in Gaffney, go down on the "dummy" next bath and hear him. The Sabb school continues to grow.

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W. A. Culver, West End, says: I have given STUART'S GIN AND BUCHU a thorough trial and con-sider it the grandest kidney, urinary, and stomach remedy in the world. Sold by W. B. DuPre, Druggist.

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R. & D. R. R. SCHEDULE.

WASHINGTON TO ATLANTA.

Leave No. 11. [Arrive No. 12

A. M. P. M. 2 55

11 01 Washington. 2 55

5 50 Danville. 8 10

P. M. P. M. 8 10

12 50 Charlotte. 7 21

1 47 Blacksburg. 6 26

2 07 GAFNEY. 6 07

5 00 Spartanburg. 5 21

1 52 Greenville. 5 56

10 15 p. m. Atlanta. 5 56

Condensed Schedule, R. & D. R. R. SOUTH BOUND.

No. 11. Vestibule.

37 Vestibule.

NORTH

No. 12. Vestibule.

36 Flag.

38 Vestibule.

CHARLESTON, COLO

AND ARIZ

Leave

No. 13

7 15 a. m. Char

10 00 p. m. Ch

5 50 p. m. Ch

6 44 p. m. Ch

8 10 p. m. Sp

11 20 p. m. A

Arrive

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