

THE LEDGER.

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

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GAFFNEY CITY, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1896.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

THE BLUE TO THE GRAY.

CORPORAL TANNER'S MAGNIFICENT SPEECH.

A Newsy Letter From Etta Jane as Well as the Full Text of Mr. Tanner's Interesting Speech.

(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

ETTA JANE, July 20.—We have had a super-abundance of rain recently and much of the crops on the low lands is a complete destruction.

Prof. A. G. Davis, of Mercer, will begin his singing school at Duck Pond on the 27th inst and at Bethlehem on the 30th inst. The public is invited to be present and see how he conducts his school. Mr. Davis is a worthy industrious man and had the misfortune to lose his house and most of its contents by fire last spring.

Prof. R. A. Foster has a fine singing school at Mesopotamia now. He began last week.

One day last week I received a letter from W. E. Blackwell, who has been in the lunatic asylum at Columbia for about sixteen years. He writes a very good letter—certainly not one that would convict him of lunacy. Winding up he says: "Tell the people along the river that they will never be allowed to gather another crop as long as they keep me in here. This is a prediction which has produced a dread with some people."

Last week I made a trip to the Whig Hill section of this county. This is a portion of the county upon which I had never trod before. I find Emanuel Littlejohn, colored, who has that large plantation in charge, just doing as well or better than any of his people, and, in fact, few whites are better managers than he is. His sons can improve their condition immensely by following his example.

Jimmie Strain has turned out to be a perfect "Flaw Picker" so far as clawing music out of a banjo is concerned.

H. T. Estes went to Lithia Springs last week for his health. I think that if some of those pretty girls about King's Creek and Smyrna will give him a chance to talk to them, he will not take the blues.

Rev. T. J. Brock preached a very impressive sermon at Abingdon Creek yesterday. His text was Matt. 12, 42—"The queen of the South shall rise up in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold a greater than Solomon is here." The protracted meeting will begin at Abingdon Creek on the second Sabbath of August at 11 a. m.

Messrs. Hancock and Miser, with their force of convicts, have been doing some splendid work on our public roads. Last week they took the old bridge from over the creek at Thompson's mill in a few hours when some contractors were expecting to bid not less than \$25 for the job.

The sections of public roads have been appointed different overseers, and the working will begin at an early day.

Miss Ola Kendrick, of Gaffney, and Miss Nannie Reeves, of Georgia, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Carrie Inman, of this section.

I regret to hear that Mr. Jim Hughes, of Gowdeyville, got his finger cut off by his engine last week. I learn, however, that he is getting along all right.

Universal sympathy went out to Senator Tillman and his family from all classes of society and political factions when the report of the tragic death of his daughter reached here last week. Though they are many things and reasons to divide us on life's pathway, yet there is a kinship in death that draws all into one great and grand brotherhood that stands above personal or political aspirations or dissensions.

Some cows have died in this neighborhood lately.

Dr. and Mrs. Durham, of Greers, visited relatives at Wilkinsville last week.

Wilkinsville and Mercer postoffices have telephonic connection now. Last week your correspondent had the pleasure of testing this new and advanced method of correspondence and found it perfect. Messrs. Whisonant and Macomson are among our most enterprising men. Wish we had more such.

The Christian Endeavor Society met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Estes last night. A good many attended.

We have been having plenty of watermelons lately. Those planted in the river have generally been destroyed by the high water.

Two first class barbecues were booked for the county campaign in this township at Owen's Ferry.

We had a pleasant call from our friends, Messrs. C. F. Brown and J.

E. Gault, one day last week. They are both up to date farmers and citizens, of which we have plenty.

Messrs. Felix Spencer, Jack Kendrick and Clough Inman were among the young men from this section who visited Richmond and Washington during the Confederate reunion.

John Estes, Sr., and wife are both in bad health at present.

A rumor has reached us that John Estes, (the second son of George and Mary Estes) died at his home at Potts Station, Arkansas, on the 5th inst. He was among the first young men of this country and moved to the West with his parents in the spring of 1884. For several years he has been in declining health and the announcement of his death was no surprise to his friends. His widowed mother, brother, sister and friends have our heartfelt sympathies.

I promised last week to give some additional items on my northern trip from time to time as I got room.

On my way home I stopped over 12 hours at Gastonia, N. C., with my good friends Rev. and Mrs. R. P. Smith and their interesting family. I found them in good health and spirits except that their son Brevard was confined to his bed with something like fever. His physician called while I was there and said the next few days would determine what course the disease would take. (I am glad to hear that he is improving and able to sit up.) While in Gastonia I had the pleasure of inspecting the new Presbyterian church building which has just been erected, and, I must say in all candor, that it is the finest and most uniquely arranged house of worship I know of south of Boston. Everything that modern science, skill and architecture can devise for the comfort of the worshippers has been duly considered and brought into use. The Sabbath school and other rooms needed for the different parts of the church work are all properly heated or ventilated so as to promote the best sanitary results and bodily comforts. The entire church building can be kept at the same temperature all day if necessary. In the basement I found besides the heating apparatus a pump and well of sufficient capacity to supply all with the purest crystal water and an easy way to get to it. I found my good friend Ed. Eison, of Union, at Gastonia. He is in business there, and by the way he is a first class gentleman, too. To his kindness or courtesy I am indebted for the good nap of sleep I got while waiting for the train to take me to Gaffney.

Gastonia is one of the growing towns of the Piedmont section and is building up with the best people of North and South Carolina. At Gastonia I was glad to meet my good friend Sam Grist, of the Yorkville Enquirer. It made me feel that I had already got home. The old Enquirer has been an honored member of our literary household for more than forty years. Sam is one of Yorkville's most popular and enterprising young men.

I promised our readers to give Corporal Tanner's speech at the union of the United Confederate Veterans at Richmond July 1st. Here it is in its exact words:

"My fellow-veterans," he said (and these words were greeted with the loudest cheering). "I have had General Gordon in New York when he was about the lone Confederate there. Today the conditions are reversed, and I am possibly the lone Yankee here in Richmond. (Cheers.) Possibly I should have felt lonesome since I have been down here in Richmond." (A voice: "You are at home here") "but there are many of you who know that I have not been lonesome, and that it has been some strain for me to get the necessary sleep in order that a man could keep moving. (Laughter.) Thirty-four years ago I, with my comrades in blue, were looking into the faces of some of you at Malvern Hill. (Cheers.) Today, we are as we are—thank God Almighty for it! (Renewed cheers.) For my comrades who went to death under your fire; those who, like myself, have suffered with unmeasurable agony from wounds that were made in war, can look today at a reunited country. We are all standing in support of one flag and a common country. That is what we fought for, and we have got it. (Applause.) If it does not suit any soul on earth, then I am satisfied that it is a soul belonging to a creature who never got around until all opportunity to fight had gone by. (Loud cheers, mingled with cries of "That's right!") As I told the boys in Lee Camp last night, there were those fellows who cried in advance, "On to Richmond!" Why didn't the army move? When old Father Abraham called them through the channel of a draft, they had the draft in one hand and a time-table of the nearest route to Canada in the other. (Laughter.) There are men here in the sound of my voice who know that this is no new tune that I am singing. All along—over a score of years ago, when I did not have a personal acquaintance among ex-Confederates—there were not any within miles and miles. I say here and now, and am entitled to say it, for I have said it so many times in my own Northern commu-

nity, and if the boys who did not work in that war had taken hold of matters, this country would have escaped the infamous disgrace of the reconstruction period. (Applause.)

"General Gordon made allusion to a matter that I am proud of. I am a New Yorker, but for the last seven years I have been living in the city of Washington. At the time I speak of I was residing in the city of Brooklyn, and one day there came in my mail a circular that some of the boys sent me from Richmond. They did me great honor to mail it to me. It set forth the needs of the Confederate soldiers. It called attention to the fact that they had no pension—that war had sapped the very substance from them. I read it and reading between the lines my eyes became moist, and I never was ashamed of it. I picked up my pen and wrote five brief notes. I asked five different men to come to my office at 5 o'clock. They all came within one minute and a half of 5 o'clock. Every mother's son of them was short an arm or a leg. I told them to take a seat. They looked at me and said, "Tanner, what in the devil have you got now?" I read them that circular and they said, "What have we got to do with it?" I wrote out a call for a meeting of Union soldiers at the Council Hall. They came and packed the building. I read my call and everything went along like a Methodist camp-meeting with an amen. Out of that came a great mass-meeting, and Henry Ward Beecher made a great speech, and I tell you it was a great speech.

"The chaplain of the Grand Army made a magnificent lecture on American citizenship. We counted our expenses and found out that we had—I am proud to say that we did have the pleasure of sending to Richmond \$1,768, to the boys in Richmond. (Applause.)

"When that project for that monument at Chicago was started there was a great deal of kicking. A good many did me the honor to write and ask me what I thought of it. I said that it seems to me that when a man who was in the Confederate army sees two thousand unknown graves—(A voice: "Six thousand.")—sees six thousand unknown graves of his former comrades, wanted to build a monument to mark their graves I said there is evidence of a warm heart, and said that I would like to touch elbows with him.

"I said further, that when you ask me about what I thought of erecting a monument to the rebel dead in a reunited country that I don't draw a line in the United States—I take up the whole earth. A people who will forget their men who go out and fight for a cause, who will permit their memory to die out entirely, are so contemptible as not to merit respect. (Tremendous applause.)

"I have told my Northern comrades that the chances are that ninety-nine out of a hundred would have worn the Southern gray instead of the Northern blue if they had been brought up on Southern soil and drawn into the doctrine of State rights, brought up on it from their mothers' milk. (Loud applause.)

"The chances are that ninety-nine out of one hundred of us would have worn the gray if the conditions had been reversed. Yes, reverse the conditions and you would have been following Grant, Sheridan and Sherman. (Applause.)

"I want to say another thing, and I say it with particular pleasure in the presence of these women of the South. When I sat down here yesterday and heard your speeches I thought the Confederate Veteran's Association ought to be very proud of you—proud that they had so many ladies with them. (Applause.) If you hadn't had the ladies with you as they were we would have licked you eighteen months sooner. (Laughter.) Why, every man in the Southern ranks knew that if he did not toe the mark—if he did not stand up and keep step to the music of the 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' 'My Maryland' and 'Dixie'—that if he sulked from the contest, he knew that if he returned home the girls would burn him alive. (Laughter.)

"Another thing. There are plenty of stalwart young men around here to-day. Frost has not gathered in their hair; years have not built the furrows upon their brows, as they have upon ours. I think that it is only natural that the boys of the South should be particularly attractive to the young ladies. I speak upon the basis that manhood and womanhood are only divided upon geographical lines.

"So, if you boys—I say to the young men of 1896—perhaps they cannot understand it when you speak of these women with wrinkles in their brows, and silver in their hair; and when they hear you call them girls they wonder and cannot appreciate it. In the Southland and in the Northland we look at them in a backward way. We are looking back at them as they were in 1861, when they stood on the hills and in the depots and waved us good-bye and "God bless you" came from Southern hearts and Northern hearts. (Loud applause.)

"So young men just remember that these women go back to '61. They

are the girls yet of our hearts. (Renewed applause.) Out of all has come a reunited country. We stand to-day under one flag. If the tocsin of war shall ever be heard again in this land it shall be with Virginia and Vermont, answering together. (Applause.) New York and the Carolinas. (Continued applause.) Main and Mississippi. (Prolonged cheering.) Then, perhaps, our young men may hear once again the Yankee holler, and the old time rebel yell. (Continued cheering.) And if that day should come they will hear it down one line and in support of one flag and a common cause. (Renewed cheers.) No man will deprecate war more than those who have seen fields run red, and yet, my comrades, I almost wish that General Gordon was in the White House or some other man, believing that if he were there he would take steps to kink the last remembrance of monarchical government from our land. We have no room for a shadow of monarchical government in the confines of this country. (Applause.) We most earnestly hope that freedom in the most perfect sense may be guaranteed to that gem of the Antilles—the blue island of Cuba. (Applause.)

And, now, my comrades, and I choose the term (applause), the heart of our great leader welled up with absolute peace when he said to Lee: "Tell your men to take their horses home with them—they will need them to do their spring work with." He wanted to make the desolated South to bloom and blossom again. (Renewed applause.) If Grant and Lee and Sherman and Jackson could look down from the regions of the blest; if spirit eyes could gaze upon material forms and scenes, they are gazing upon this scene today and thanking God that this spirit exists at this time. (Loud applause.)

"My veteran friends, I am entitled to say one word more to you. You put up the best fight that it was possible to have done, and I don't want you to think for a moment that you surprised us. (Laughter.) You would have been a disgrace to our American people if you had not made us as flustered for us as you did." (Continued applause.)

A Ladies' Memorial Association was organized at Salem church today with twenty-eight members. Mrs. Dr. Whitesides was elected president, Miss R. C. Moss 1st vice-president, Mrs. Amanda Lee 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Nancy Leech 3rd vice-president, and Miss Lillie Smarr secretary and treasurer.

Flaw, you seem to kick at the Editor's "intimation" that we were knocked up by the celebration of the Fourth so that neither of us came in for work week before last. Don't be so impassioned ole fellow. Keep your feathers down and your temper cool. Perhaps the Editor conceived that idea while recovering from a rouzer himself. J. L. S.

Unclaimed Letters.

List of letters remaining in office unclaimed for to date:

- Jas. Bishop.
- L. H. Blanton.
- Jas. Beann.
- Sam Byze.
- Walter Holt, col.
- Amos Dickson.
- Miss Mary Gaffney.
- Rowland Hicks.
- Mrs. Minerva Hogne.
- Miss Della M. Wilson.

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

T. H. LITTLEJOHN, P. M. July 20, 1896.

House Mover Hopper.

Gaffney was a house mover who bids fair to rival Ross, of Charlotte, in the person of Clabe Hopper. Mr. Hopper has successfully rolled several houses in Gaffney within the past few weeks among which was the store of the Smith Hardware Company. Mr. Smith was put to no inconvenience while being moved and there is not the slightest evidence in the shape of a crack in the building that he has been moved about sixteen feet. Mr. Hopper is now engaged in moving the store-house of R. A. Jones, formerly occupied by J. G. Galloway & Sons.

Paste This in Your Hat.

The Board of Registration have announced that they will be in Gaffney July 29th and 30th to register the voters of this township. Bear that in mind and be on hand.

Just What's Needed

Exclaims thousands of people who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season of the year, and who have noted the success of the medicine in giving them relief from that tired feeling, waning appetite and state of extreme exhaustion after the close confinement of a long winter season, the busy time attendant upon a large and pressing business during the spring months and with vacation time yet some weeks distant. It is then that the building-up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are fully appreciated. It seems perfectly adapted to overcome that prostration caused by change of season, climate or life, and while it tones and sustains the system, it purifies and vitalizes the blood.

WILL NOT SUPPORT BRYAN.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND IS AN INGRATE.

He Cannot See His Way Clear to Support a Man Once Who Has Thrice Supported Him.

(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 17.—The administration has spoken. It will not support Bryan and Sewall. Who or what it will support is still a problem to be solved. President Cleveland and several members of his Cabinet are strongly in favor of putting up a gold democratic ticket, and for once, the silver democrats are all wishing that Mr. Cleveland may have his way. They believe that a gold democratic ticket would add largely to their chance of winning in several close states, because it would be supported by gold democrats who would otherwise vote for McKinley and Hobart. Republicans say they are indifferent as to what the gold democrats may do, but it is an open secret that they are pulling every available wire to prevent the putting up of another gold ticket.

The convention which will meet at St. Louis next week are attracting a great deal of attention in Washington. It is virtually settled that the silver convention will endorse the Chicago platform and ticket, as it was called for the purpose of taking independent action only in case neither of the old parties adopted a silver platform. When the democratic convention adopted a silver platform and nominated a silver ticket it left a little for the silver convention to do but to endorse that ticket and platform.

While it is reasonably certain that the populist convention will either endorse Bryan and Sewall and the Chicago platform or nominate the same men on another platform, there is still enough doubt about it to add interest to the convention and to attract some of the shrewdest politicians in the country to St. Louis, for the purpose of trying to influence the action of the convention. The silver democrats will be there to urge the desirability of uniting all who favor the free coinage of silver in the support of one ticket, and the gold men, both republicans and democrats, will be there to try to persuade the populists that the only way they can keep up their party organization is to nominate a ticket of their own. Of course both of these arguments are based upon the self interests of those who make them, but then politics, like most of the games in which mankind engages, is chock full of selfishness.

This is likely to be a queer campaign in more ways than one. According to Senator Faulkner, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign committee, the work of that committee is to be both for silver and gold, just as the democratic candidates for Congress may desire it to be. Speaking on the subject Senator Faulkner said: "We will take it for granted that the democrats of each district know what they are about, and we will not question their selection. It will make no difference to us what the platform may be upon which the candidates are selected." In order that there might be no misunderstanding of his meaning Senator Faulkner was asked if the committee would furnish gold standard literature if it was asked for by a democratic candidate for Congress. He replied: "If he asks for such literature, and we have it, he will get it."

There is always fun to be extracted out of a political campaign by those who know how to get at it. The knowing ones are now laughing at the announcement that Postmaster General Wilson's sound money views make it impossible for him to accept a nomination to Congress from his old district. That is one way of putting it, but, according to West Virginia democrats, it wasn't the sound money views of Mr. Wilson which made his nomination to Congress impossible, but the very pronounced silver views of a majority of the democrats in his old district.

The populists generally regard the platform adopted by the democratic convention and the nomination of Bryan as a great triumph for their principles, and in order to impress that idea upon members of his party Secretary Turner, of the Populist National committee, has issued a signed statement, urging the populists to unite in supporting the democratic ticket, and the platform, which he says is to all intents and purposes a populist platform. He also says that Mr. Bryan is a populist, and calls attention to his having acted with the Nebraska populists for the last two years. After noting that populists principles

have captured the democratic party, he adds: "All populists in these United States should rejoice that their principles have taken such a hold upon the American people that one of the great political parties of the nation has been compelled to adopt those principles and nominate a ticket pledged to carry them into execution."

FLAW MEETS A "CANDYDATE."

More Than Negro Meetings and Jokes Aided That Man.

(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

DRAYTONVILLE, July 20.—Down in these here low groun's of sin an sorrow, t'other day, a man come to me, an after the r'glar every-day salutation an his sympathies expressed in regards to my illness, said:

"Flaw, you jist ort to've bin with me last night."

"What fer?" said I, pointin' to a chair fer him to set in.

"I was passin' by the nigger church last night an heard one ole nigger a prayin'. Well sir," he went on as he seated himself in the chair I pointed to, "that nigger nigh 'bout made the hair rise on my head till he come over one place an said, 'oh! Lawd, come right on down through the roof an bless our souls here tonight,' an jist as he said that another one yelled out, 'yea, Lawd! come right on down, I'll patch up de hole in de maw'nin' an when he said that, Flaw, I tell you, I had to botter.'"

We took a hearty laugh, but Flaw's keen eyes saw more'n nigger meetin's and jokes aided that man. He was fidgety an restless—sorter like he wanted to git up another conversation but didn't know jist exactly how to git about it. A heap of these here candydates don't know jist exactly how to take ole Flaw, no—now—scade! I'll give 'em a wrap in the paper, but I only meet it out to the deservin' parties, an in well regulated dosto at that. This feller, finally at last, as Mourne Mize is wont to say, got off on politics an went on to ax me to vote fer him, but I tote him "ho-o-o, I couldn't see the pint." Ef I love a man same as my brother an he aint capable, to my opinion, of fillin' the office he is runnin' fer an there is a better man in the field, I'm shoro goin' to cast my lot with him.

Eh, you gitt-ed saps-head, I reckon you don't know that ole Flaw is laid up on a bed of afflictions an aint got a dog gone thing to do but shove the pencil an take medison? Hit's bin a long time since I've turned my britch-loadin', double-action moutpiece loose on anybody but ef I do haf to put my machinery in workin' order an start it up your "Bill" will be "Curly" t'other way. You can't dround me out with the "tepid stuff" ner freeze me out, nother, as fer as that goes, I've bin in deeper water than you can put me in, an I can swim fer the whole lock, stock and barl of my generation, too. I've played with the eels, I have. The mainest difference between me an the eel is—I've got the stick stuff, plenty of it, but not so much slime; an so fer as ole Flaw's buryin' groun' is concerned, I will wazer the last dad burn pair of socks out of my ole shoes that there'll be more good people pay homage to ole Flaw on his buryin' day than even thought of "Walter Husky, of Algood," on the 4th of July. This is plain milk I'm givin' to you, but ef I'd a let it set till the cream gathered I could a give it out in a leetle stronger dosto.

We take our hat clean off an gracefully bow towards the south-east in acknowledgement of the kind invitation sent us to be present at Salem to share the enjoyments of a Sunday school pick knick to be held at that place Thursday of this week an say: "Will ef I can," but Kernal, you an Sambo both knows my failin's.

FLAW PICKER.

Gaffney vs Shelby.

The Gaffney ball players went to Shelby last Wednesday to play ball. Although the team was somewhat crippled by its inability to secure the absence of several of the best players in town still the boys put up a pretty good game, the score standing 7 to 7 in the seventh inning. At that point Hopper, one of Gaffney's players, became sick from over-exertion and was compelled to retire. That necessitated the Gaffney boys quitting as they had no substitute. The empire gave the game to Shelby by a score of 9 to 0. Our boys were treated in fine style and hope to have the pleasure of meeting Shelby here before long. Come down, boys, and we will give you a royal welcome but do our best to beat you playing ball.

Smith and Richardson did the battery work for Gaffney and both were a surprise to their friends. Several pretty plays were made, three double plays—two by Shelby and one by Gaffney—being the features of the game.

EFFECTUAL.—Charles J. Booth, Olivewood, Cal., says: "I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for several years, and have always found them most effectual in the relief of ailments arising from a disordered stomach, torpid liver, and constipated bowels."