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

ESTABLISHED FEB. 16, 1894.

GAFFNEY CITY, S. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1898.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

TWAS AN ELOQUENT PRAYER

THAT MR. SMITH OFFERED IN BEHALF OF AMERICA.

"War and Rumors of War" is All the Talk Among the Lower Cherokees--Other Neighborhood Notes.

(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

ETTA JANE, March 14.—Every male reader should reverently take off his hat while he reads the pathetic invocation of Rev. J. Manton Smith, of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, as offered in the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., last Friday. He said:

"Almighty God, we desire to thank Thee that Thou hast given us a new day out of the old casket of time. Now be pleased to give us grace and guidance that we may bring glory unto Thee and blessing unto others. Hear us, when we pray that Thy richest blessing may rest upon the President and all associated with him in the making and enforcement of the law of this great nation. We beseech Thee, O God, that heaven's benediction may rest upon the honorable speaker and all the members of this great assemblage. We thank Thee for their past history and we ask that all the future may be one of unbroken success. Give to those who make the laws clear insight accompanied with boldness, charity and love. May the flag of this country, so spotless, ever be unfurled and floated by the breeze of God. We ask these and all other blessings to rest upon this country and all connected with it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

William Addis, of the Pea Ridge section, was in this neighborhood last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Byers spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Inman last Saturday, also J. R. Jones, of Asbury, and Oscar Wood, of Gaffney, were there, too. Your correspondent joined in with them, took dinner and had a pleasant hour's chat.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Wm. Jefferies is on the sick list.

Messrs. J. R. Poole, Jas. G. Gown, F. A. Goforth and W. C. Kirby gave us a call last Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. L. S. began gardening last Saturday.

John Robinson planted water-melons last week. He generally has water-melons by the 4th of July.

Mike Sellers was plowing like a fine fellow last Saturday. Mike says he only plows when the time of year comes. When other people were killing themselves plowing he was doing something else in its season. He quotes the Bible, "there is a time to do all things," and it refers to plowing as well as every thing else. Mike's right. In planting corn he says:

Drop two grains for the bud-worm.
And three for the crow;
Two to pull out,
And leave one for to grow.

Several of our veterans and young people expect to go Charleston next month, April 27th.

We hope a full turn out of old soldiers will unite at Wilkinsville next Saturday the 19th inst. at 10 a. m.

I found T. M. Littlejohn, Esq., hard at work plowing last Saturday. He is one of our up-to-date farmers. He is not afraid to work and seems to enjoy it much better than some people I know of who have equally as much need of it.

I met our worthy senator, Hon. Wm. Jefferies last Saturday. With the exception of his being a little gray he has undergone but little change physically in the last forty years that I can see.

Mrs. C. W. Whisonant and Miss Pearl were in this section last Thursday to see the sick.

"Wars and rumors of war," is nearly all we hear now. The sullen growl of the European war dogs has been answered by the defiant shriek of the American eagle and the roar of the British lion. Gog and Magog are gathering themselves to battle, and its high time our people were seriously considering the situation. We can joke and have our fun in its season, but we should never suffer ourselves to be misunderstood. We have at the head of affairs men on whose sober judgment and discretion and leadership our people can and will rely with implicit confidence, and one rash act of either would perhaps plunge the whole world into bloody warfare.

It is a sad thing to be born a sneaking poltson, so much worse than to inherit a bodily deformity or sickly constitution that I feel that we should love deformed souls, (if I may use the expression), with a certain tenderness which we need not waste on noble natures. One who is born with such congenital incapacity that

nothing can make a gentleman of him, is entitled, not to our wrath but to our profoundest sympathy.

Whenever a wandering demon of drunkenness finds a ship adrift—no steady wind in its sail, no thoughtful pilot directing its course—he steps on board, takes the helm and steers straight for the maelstrom.

The way to argue down a vice is not to tell lies about it, to say that it has no attractions when everybody knows it has, but rather to let it make out its case just as it certainly will do on the moment of temptation, and then meet it with the weapons furnished by the Divine armory.

"Occupy till I come," is a scripture hint that idleness is a sin.

Misses Lottie Inman, Inez and Effie Hill visited Miss Jessie Strain last Thursday. They had a fine time.

We had a pleasant call from our good friend and township commissioner, P. S. Webber, last week. He was looking after the public bridges and roads in this section. He has given Giles Hill a contract to oversee certain sections of the public road in this community. That is perfectly right. Mr. Hill had the misfortune to lose his foot by accident last fall, and he is disposed to do all he can to make a living. Mr. Webber did a good act to appoint him. He is a man of good judgement and will do the county good work or have it done.

Joe Estes, whose sufferings have been mentioned frequently in this paper, desires to extend to his friends his grateful thanks for their kindness to him during his affliction.

Rev. Mr. Thomasson preached at Abingdon creek yesterday. His text was Matt. 24:12-13-14. In consequence of the unfavorable weather the congregation was not as large as it otherwise would have been.

I took dinner with my friend R. E. Kerr yesterday.

The Christian Endeavor Society met at W. C. Kirby's last night. A large attendance was present. It meets in our home next Sabbath evening, 20th inst.

We regret this week being called upon to chronicle the death of Mrs. Oregon Smith, which took place at her home near Emberson, Texas, on the 2nd inst. Her disease was malarial fever and the grippe. She took sick on the 21st ult., while attending at the bedside of a sick sister. She bore her affliction with that Christian patience and resignation which characterizes a child of God. Aware of her approaching dissolution and wishing to save her relatives and friends at this great distance all the anxiety it would cost them, she requested a relative to withhold the sad intelligence until it was all over with her, and then calmly write them to meet her in heaven. She was a consistent and valuable member of the A. R. Presbyterian church at Chicota, Texas, and died in the hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave. She was buried at Chicota on the 4th inst. She requested that her pastor, Rev. Mr. Hayes, conduct the funeral exercises at her grave, and that No. 120—Bible songs—"The Lord's my shepherd I'll not want," etc., be sung by the congregation at her grave. Just before death closed her lips in everlasting silence she inaudibly repeated: "Children of the heavenly King," etc., and then her spirit took its flight to the God who gave it. She was well known in this and York and Chester counties, where she has an innumerable host of friends to whom this sad intelligence will be unwelcome tidings. Her life was an ideal one—a perpetual ray of sunshine, a life hid with Christ in God. She always had a kind word for everyone. She admired the Christian virtues of good men and women and threw the mantle of charity and forgiveness over the faults and follies of others. "None knew her but to love her; none named her but to praise." She married Garland Smith in 1889 and moved to Texas soon afterwards. The session of Salem granted her a letter of dismission to unite with any other Christian church, and the A. R. Presbyterians being the most convenient she united with it.

Sweet to look back, and see her name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys her crown.
Sweet to reflect how grace divine
Her sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that His blood
Her debt of suffering paid.

She leaves a devoted husband, a mother, four sisters, one brother and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her death. A noble woman is gone. "Peace to her ashes and calm to her memory." J. L. S.

The Sure La Grippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady, if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, have no appetite, no life or ambition, have a bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tones up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale by DuPre Drug Co., only 50 cents per bottle.

FLAW STILL PICKING FLAWS

HE FINDS FAULT WITH THE NEW RELIGION.

However, We Can't Expect Any Better of Him as He Hasn't Any Religion of Any Kind, Be It Old or New.

(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

You know, in the general run of time, good common sense folks catches onto a whole passel of various idys, thoughts, tricks, an' cofumurations—in fact, they larn somethin' more or less every day of this vain an' fleetin' world. Now, white folks, ole Flaw's a goin' to tromp on somebody's toes before he winds up this little ball of yarn. I'm a goin' to hue my log an' wherever the chips falls there they will lay so fer as I'm concerned.

Fust an' foremost I want to copy a letter per verbatim as hit was wrote forth to Joe Simmons, a young man which, you understand, belonged to Antnyover church an' was in hard surroundin's an' circumstances, to make you believe what I tole you last week in regards to religin', here it is:

"ANTNYOVER CHURCH, DOBSOND GROVE, Jan. 9th, 1898.
DEAR BRO:—At a regular conference of Antnyover church, of Dobsond grove, held this day, the follerin' motion was passed:—"That all delinquent members who are in arrears in the payment of subscriptions to pastor's salary an' current expenses for one or more years, who are able to pay and hasn't, be excluded from the fellowship an' brotherly love of the church. An' further, that the collector be axed to notify all such members an' report to the church."
By order of the church,
BILL SHUFORD, Church Clerk.

In Flaw's way of summin' up the above letter would be about this: Pay me somethin', or you ain't no Christian an' I'll fire you out'n the church. Hit makes me think about the song I hearn sung up at Sweet Springs (nigger) camp meetin' the line me an' Andy McKay rode up there in my spankin' new buggy hitched to his onliest horse, Prince: "Preacher in de pulpit, preachin' mighty hole. Preachin' fer de money an' not fer de sole. I see gwine to wear dat long white robe. Ef religin' was a thing that money could buy de rich would live an' de poor would die. I see gwine to wear dat long white robe, etc."

'Way back in my boyhood days which has gone by an' passed hit took constant watch, yearnest prayers an' lovin' hearts, obedience an' faith to constitute a Christian but, bless your heart, hit looks to me like the onliest Christians in this day and generation is the ones that's got the money an' keeps their dues paid up.

'Way back in my boyhood days which has gone by an' passed I have knowed preachers to plough hard all week an' walk from one to twelve miles Sunday mornin' to preach—I warrant you it's practiced to a small extent furdur out west yit but hit's a bein' driv back furdur an' furdur every day like the Indians was. "Yes, but what kind of preachin, was it?" you say. "They didn't have time to study their Bibles an' they couldn't expound forth the great truths as they ort to." Well, I don't expose they ort to, I—I don't know about that, but I do know that they would most ingenerally git more downright religin' an' less money out of it.

You may take a thoroughbred game chicken what will fight till he dies an' cross him with the female shanghai an' their offspring ain't worth a durn so fer as fightin' is concerned. They'll raise their hacks an' strike a turkey trot every time it gets too hot for 'em. You can't git narry one out of the whole flock that will stand the test.

You may take the pure an' undefiled religin' an' cross hit up with too much money—the root of all evil—an', by granneys, the flock of "sheep" you raise ain't goin' to stand nother.

I know one of these ole-time preachers, who is livin' today, (I saw him last 20th of May) who served as pastor for a whole year an' wouldn't an' couldn't be persuaded to accept a cent for his services, many times preachin' a whole week at nights an' workin' hard indurin' the days, an' many an' many the times have I seed him stand an' beg the sinners to "flee from the wrath to come" with tears trinklin' down his cheeks withered with ole age. I allus will love him.

When I was a youngster I loved to go to camp-meetings to hear the ole-time songs sung as they were layed down in the books, an' to hear good, ole-time preachers preach forth as they did in ole times, an' to hear the good ole pious sisters, when their cups would run over, shout hallalujahs an' smack their hands, an' to see my ole friends an' fellow citizens an' eat at their tables an' have them eat at mine, till the last time I went to a camp-meeting about six years ago. By gracious that cooked me from ever goin' to nother. They had hauled an organ from town down thar an' had it sot up behind where the preachers sot an' a whole passel of men and women was up thar by it with brass horns, fiddles, flutes an'

one devilmant an' another till, by gracious, the ole familiar sounds was drowned out with them infernal things till hit become obnoxious to me an' so I bundled up an' left.

A fiddle or banjer will do very well for a brake-down or shindin' an' a brass horn or a flute comes in very well at a celebration or circus. I hate an organ bad enough in a church, but fer the Lord's sake don't let me go to a church of worship where there's a fiddle, brass horn or fife.

I don't believe Augustus M. Top-lady ever intended "Rock of Ages" to be played on fiddles, fites or horns, in church when he wrote it, or William Cowper "There is a fountain," nor Margaret Mackey "Asleep in Jesus," nor Geo. Heath "My Soul be on thy guard," nor none of them ole-time poet writers didn't.

Now, don't understand me to say that a preacher ort to be fed like a game rooster when you are conditionin' him to flight—four swallers of water an' two pinches of ash cake a day—but ef he has got that much he ortn't to turn a poor little spindlin' feller like Joe Simmons out of the church because he don't keep up with his dues an' keep other's in who do keep up their dues an' are twice as low down an' mean as Joe in other respects. FLAW PICKER.

Prohibitionists to the Front.

The friends and advocates of prohibition in Cherokee county are respectfully requested to meet in the court house at Gaffney on Monday, April 4, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing delegates to the state convention, which meets in Columbia, S. C., April 14th, 1898.

The following call of the State Executive Committee fully explains the object of the meeting.

JAS. L. STRAIN,
Chrm. Cherokee County, S. C.,
Etta Jane, March 14,

COLUMBIA, Feb., 25, 1898.

The State Central Prohibition Committee having determined to call a convention of the prohibitionists of the State to meet in Columbia, April 14, 1898, have authorized their executive committee to issue such call. The said committee hereby publishes the call, and the regulations which will be observed in selecting delegates to represent the several counties of the State in said convention:

1. The Convention will assemble at 8 p. m., on the 14th day of April next, in the hall of the House of Representatives in Columbia.

2. The chairman of the respective county committees will call meetings or conventions of the prohibitionists of their county, who favor the enactment of laws restricting the sale of alcoholic liquors in this state to medicinal, scientific, mechanical and sacramental purposes only, and the nomination by the Convention of a State ticket, who will support such legislation, to be placed before the voters for their choice at the next Democratic primary elections, and subject to the result of said elections.

3. At such county meeting or convention the number of delegates selected, in the manner determined by the body, shall be not less than the number of Representatives from the county in the General Assembly, but may be a greater number, if so determined by said county meeting or convention.

4. That said county meeting or convention shall be called to meet not later than the fourth day of April next, and if from any cause it shall be found impracticable to assemble such meeting, then the county executive committee are authorized to appoint said delegates and certify their appointment to the secretary of the State executive committee.

Cui Down in Early Manhood.

Judson Huskey, son of Landrum Huskey, of this county, died at Pacolet Mill, in Spartanburg county, Monday, of pneumonia. Mr. Huskey was about twenty-two years old and was a worthy young man.

Cures to Stay Cured.

Thousands of voluntary certificates received during the past fifteen years, certify with no uncertain sound, that Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.) will cure to stay cured, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Ulcers, Sores, Blisters, and the most malignant blood and skin diseases. Botanic Blood Balm is the result of forty years-experience of an eminent, scientific and conscientious physician. Send stamp for book of wonderful cures, and learn which is the best remedy. Beware of substitutes said to be "just as good" and buy the long-tested old reliable Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) Price only \$1.00 per large bottle.

EFFECTED AN ENTIRE CURE.

For over two years I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism, affecting both shoulders to such an extent that I could not put my coat on without help. The use of six bottles of Botanic Blood Balm, B. B. B., effected an entire cure. I refer to Rev. W. W. Wadsworth, proprietor Coweta Advertiser, and to all merchants of Newnan.

JACOB F. SPONLER,
Newnan, Ga.,
For sale by Druggists.

SALLIE TAKES A MUD BATH

AND GIVES SCRIBBLER A LOT OF TROUBLE.

Mrs. Scribbler Was in a "Plum" Dangerous Condition from Which She Was Extricated With Difficulty.

(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

I don't know that it is wuth much tellin' erbout me an' my wife, Sallie, er startin' ter the Christmas tree an' havin' sich bad luck, but I'll tell it enyway an' your readers can belve it or not.

My wife had never bin ter er Christmas tree, an' es thar was goin' ter be one in our naborhood, she took er powful noshun ter go an' see it. I tole her it was so wet an' muddy that she had better not venter out on the road, but I jest cood't do er thing with her. She sed she was er goin' er bust, an' I had ter go with her, so we got redly. Sal in her best, an' lit out er walkin', es that was our only conveyance. When we hit the main big road whur the mud was, I caushoned Sal ter notis whar she was er puttin' her feet an' ter be sho of good foot hold.

Well, we got along purty well till we cum ter er big deep mudhole that stretched plum ercross the road, leavin' jest er narrer path on one side. I tole Sal she cooldn't walk it, but she jest bolted on like she didn't hear me, an' hadn't got more than half way when one foot slipped an' rite in ter that mudhole she went, with all her fine Christmas clothes on. She fell in kerbosh an' throwed mud an' water all over me an' I was so skered I didn't know what to do.

I tell you, Mr. Printer, my wife was in er plum danjus condishun, an' ter make matter wusser she let in ter hollerin' es loud es she cood bawl. "Git me out, git me out! I'm er sinkin', I'm er sinkin'!" The weather was purty cold an' ter tell the truth, I didn't like the idy uv gittin in that mud an' water noway, so I run an' got me er long lever pole an' stuck it under my old lady an' begun ter raise her up, but every time I got her up a little she wood slip off my pole an' drap back. I soon seed that instid uv raisin' her up todes the elements I was er gittin' her deeper an' deeper in the yeth. Nuthin' but her face now remained visibul ter sight, an' she was er hollerin' in yearnest fer me ter git her out or she wood perish. Thar I was, Mr. Printer, with my 300 pound wife steve up in the mud an' nobody in sight ter help me pull her out. Didn't know what ter do. Stood thar with er sad heart. My wife was er screamin'.

I looked up the road an' seed er man cumin' an' soon reconized it ter be the Major. It wan't no time till we was er shakin' hands an' er talkin'—the Major axin' me all erbout the gals. I soon found out that the Major was on his way ter the Christmas tree, too, an' I tole him that ef he wood do me er favor that we wood go erlong tergether an' I wood speak er good word ter the gals fer him. I tole him erbout my bad luck an' he was mity willin' ter assist me—reddy ter do enything I sed. Well I tole him ter pull off his shoes an' roll his briches above his knees an' wade in an' pull Sal's head up outen the water. The Major wusn't quite so redly ter he job es he thought he was, but the finally he got fixed fer business an' stuck one barefoot in ter feel the temperature uv the water. He went on in deeper an' deeper, but wood stop an' shiver an' say it was so cold he coodn't stand it, but I urged him on to Sallie's side, uv tellin' him ter be manly an' help er feller out in sich cases. The Major got within reachin' distance uv Sal an' extended his hand, but instid uv takin' his hand she grab him by his foot, an' ef you ever seed pullin' the Major done it. "Let me go! let me go!" an' Sal wood holler, "Pull me out! pull me out!" an' sich anuther time I never seed in my life. The Major was er makin' the mud an' water fly in every direchun, an' had got plum down on his hands er pullin' fer life ter free hisself from the clutches uv my wife. All at once he jeked loose an' jumped outen the mudhole an' struck the road er runnin' an' I aint seed him since. He left without his shoes an' hat an' was kivered with mud. I'm raly oneasy erbout him, but I hope he is still er kickin' an' es willin es ever to do er man er favor.

Now, I was without eny help ergin an' Sal still in the mud. It wusn't long till Uncle Booker cum erlong er ridin' uv his little black Bill mule. I never was prouder ter see er man, an' after we shuck hands an' he tole me erbout the rumatiz er bein' in his jints so bad he cood hardly walk, an' after talkin' over several other little matters, I ups an' tell him erbout me an' Sal er startin' ter the Chris-

mus tree an' how she had fallen by the wayside, an' how the Major had taken book er flight, an' so on. Uncle Booker don't bieve in Christmas trees an' parties, an' tole me I ought ter staid at home with my big wife, however he was mity willin' ter help me pull her out. We got a rope an' throwed one end ter my wife an' we tuck hold an' by hard pullin' got her ter firm ground. Uncle Booker she pulled hard at the rope an' done me a great kindness, an' I do hope he will git well uv the rumatiz an' be suple once more.

After I got my wife on foot I axed her ef she wanted ter continyer on on ter the Christmas tree, er go back home. She never sed er word but staked todes home, an' you never seed er big fat woman wobble over the road in er hurry like she done.

Mr. Printer, ef you ever git eny tidings from the Major let me know. I'm erferd he has run plum erway. SCRIBBLER.

A CARD PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Dougherty Honor Dr. and Mrs. King.
(Correspondence of The Ledger.)

BLACKSBURG, March 14.—Invitations from Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty always means a lovely evening to those who are fortunate enough to be bidden as guests to their hospitable home. Last Tuesday night their pretty residence in Blacksburg was the scene of brilliancy and merriment. At seven-thirty the dining-room doors were thrown open and a beautiful scene was presented. The table was placed diagonally across the room. The rich damask was almost covered by an exquisite center piece, embroidered in white violets. The rich effect which the beautiful ornaments, ribbon, flowers, elegant gold and silver ware and dainty china, can be imagined, scarcely described. There were evidences everywhere of the exquisite taste of the hostess, and as the delicious courses followed, evidences too, of her consummate skill as a housewife. The menu consisted of the following dishes, served in courses: Oysters, meats, olives, pickles, celery, salad, coffee, cake, sherbet, chocolate and wafers. Dinner over, bright lights shone from parlors and hall, and through the exquisite lace window hangings could be seen the followings couples gathered about four tables deeply interested in the fascinating game, progressive whist: Dr. and Mrs. King, of Pennsylvania, Mr. and Mrs. Muttings, Col. and Mrs. Tripp, Mrs. E. Y. Webb, of Shelby, N. C., Miss Fannie Barnett, of Shelby, N. C., Miss Dora Hamrick, of Shelby, N. C., Miss Chambers, of Pa., Miss Wier, Miss Annie Freeman, Mr. Geo. Girvin, Mr. B. Tripp, Mr. John Tripp, Mr. Geo. Hamrick, of Shelby, N. C., Miss Hamrick won first ladies prize, Miss Wier won second prize. Mr. Ralph Webb won first gentleman's prize, Col. Tripp second prize.

Program of N. P. I. S. S. Convention.

The program of the North Pacolet Interdenominational Sunday School Convention which meets at Elbethel on the 27th of March at 10:30 a. m., is as follows:

Song service by the choir.

1. Devotional exercises conducted by Rev. Simpson Blanton, Chaplain.

2. Reports of township superintendents—number of schools organized and sections needing schools, number of pupils in schools, number who have united with the church, etc.

3. The teacher—His selection, discussed by Rev. R. C. Patrick, R. E. Kerr and William Jefferies.

4. My needs as a teacher—by G. L. N. Legg, C. W. Whisonant and M. M. Tate.

5. A normal drill (on lessons of march 6) by Prof. R. O. Sams.

6. Practical prohibition—First: Should church members support it? Second: Its blessings.—by W. C. Kirby, T. J. Estes, Newton G. Littlejohn and Prof. W. F. McArthur.

7. Opening question box.

All schools in our territory are requested to make full reports, and send at least four delegates to meet with us.

A recess of one hour will be taken for refreshments.

T. M. LITTLEJOHN,
Wm. JEFFERIES,
J. L. STRAIN,
Committee.

Star Farm, March 12, 1898.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman. Trial bottles free at DuPre Drug Co.

Regular size 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.