

ESTABLISHED FEB. 16, 1894.

GAFFNEY, S. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1907.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

THE ALUMNAE OF LIMESTONE COLLEGE

TUESDAY OF LAST WEEK A
GREAT DAY.

The Occasion Was a Reminder of a
Confederate Veterans Reunion in
Some Features.

Tuesday of last week was a great day for the Alumnae of Limestone College. The day was devoted entirely to them, and they came together in considerable numbers from various parts of the State to renew old friendships, revived sacred memories, compare notes from experience and look after the welfare of their Alma Mater.

The occasion reminded one of a reunion of Confederate veterans in some of its characteristic features—the joyous greetings, the enthusiastic spirit and the manifest devotion to the cause which had called forth the meeting.

At 10 o'clock a. m. a business meeting was held in the college auditorium at which about sixty-five members were present. The class of this year, twenty-seven in number, joined in a body—an event which has not occurred before and which was a source of much encouragement to the meeting.

Mrs. Charles Petty, of Spartanburg, an alumna of the Curtis days, presided with elegant ease and graceful dignity, the president, Mrs. Hannon, being absent. The principal matter discussed was a plan for raising funds for the purchase of a pipe organ, to be placed in the college chapel, and a liberal cash subscription was made which, before the close of commencement, was augmented to \$618. Besides this amount, now deposited in the bank, there are unpaid subscriptions enough to swell the amount to \$1,000. It is confidently expected that before the opening of next session a fine organ will be purchased and put into place.

The following officers were elected to serve another year: President, Mrs. G. G. Byers, Gaffney; vice-president, Miss Eunice Ford, Marion; recording secretary, Mrs. J. Edgar Groce, Wellford; corresponding secretary, Mrs. S. H. Griffith, Gaffney. Editor of the Alumnae department of the Limestone Star, Miss Aurelia Lodge, Limestone College; assistant editor, Miss Jennie Reid, Spartanburg.

The Alumnae Banquet.

Perhaps the most enjoyable occasion of all was the Alumnae banquet, superintended by Mrs. H. K. Osborne, of Gaffney, and spread in the college dining room on Tuesday evening. Here after a half hour's reception in the college parlors, all of the Alumnae present, with a few invited guests, assembled at 9 o'clock and for about two hours abandoned themselves to "a feast of reason and flow of same." The following was the menu:

Boiled Ham Baked Chicken
Green Peas
Bread & Butter Sandwich Cranberries
Gherkins Iced Tea
Chicken Salad
Saratoga Potatoes Olives Crackers
White Cake Fruit
Cheese Wafers Cafe Noir

Mrs. Charles Petty presided as toast mistress and Mrs. J. H. Montgomery, of Spartanburg, was the guest of honor. The following was the regular order of toasts and responses, though it was voiced by voluntary contributions of appropriate sentiments and some sallies of wit by the toast mistress:

Madam President, Alumnae Association and Friends:
Let us stand one moment and touch glasses in honor of our president, Mrs. R. A. Hannon, who is not with us. We regret her absence; but we can jointly wish her peace and happiness. May her days be filled with love and charity and continued loyalty to her Alma Mater.

It is through your generosity her mantle has fallen to me on this occasion, however feebly I may wear it. I thank you for the honor. It is a pleasure to be with you, and have part in the initiatory banquet.

It is an epoch in the history of the association, dating the beginning of an era full of signal and lasting importance. Let it become your mecca, drawing you together yearly—the old and the new; the former full of experience, the latter of great expectations and prove a benediction to us all.

I announce as the first toast "Our college. The foster mother that receives her children as they leave the home circle and family fireside. She widens our life, enlarges our vision, teaches us to look up, not down, and says lend a hand. 'Tis wisdom to be loyal to this second mother, of which Miss Lola McClain will tell you more."

Madam Toast Mistress, Honored Guests and Members of the Alumnae Association:
The universe is a microcosm, our college, microcosm. The same principle of life and love running through the universe and making it one, a unity, runs through the history of college. Looking backwards through the dim vista of ages gone by, we see the great mind souls of men, such as Plato, Aristotle and Dante,

who have made for us not a dead past but an eternal now. It is within the sacred walls of our college that the memory of these great world minds is cherished. It was our Alma Mater who put us in vital touch with them thus making our life within these secluded walls a little republic—may, not a little republic, but the republic of republics, because it is the republic of the mind.

No mean honor is it then to drink to our Alma Mater, who has given us our citizenship in the great mind—republic, and with no less honor, and with a still deeper affection, do we pledge our loyalty and our love to those rare spirits of our republic, who have ever been our help and our inspiration—our senior professor and our president.

Response by Miss E. Neves:
"Raise the bumper once more for you have not yet drained its deep depths. You have drunk to our republic of the mind—our Alma Mater—you have drunk to those rare spirits guiding our republic; you have not drunk to the principles of the constitution of our republic, nor the deep motives of those who have drawn up the constitution, and who ever inspire its citizens to abide by it. Then here's to you dear teacher, for though the years are gone your comradeship lingers with us still. In this mind republic you even formulate the guiding principles that give to the world the woman with her high and noble aspirations, with her freedom of thought and action, who constitute the backbone of our world republic."

"Our hearts compel us to again drink, and drink deep to the two lights of Limestone, to the two who are and have always been the brightest and greatest lights of our college, to the two who come first in the hearts of every Limestone College girl to the two who stand for every noble and high principle, to the two whom not only we, but the foremost educators of the South appreciate and delight to honor. Need I call the name of our brilliant and peerless president, Lee Davis Lodge, and of our noble, ever faithful and well loved senior professor, Harrison Patillo Griffith."

"Last and perhaps greatest to us, we drink again to you dear old Limestone, for we love you. You have given to us all which is most precious and dear. You have so long sheltered us and given to us the priceless heritage. To us you are the greatest and most peerless college of colleges. May you ever climb higher and higher in the world of education, and always remain, as you are now, without a peer in our whole Southland."

Lavender and Rosemary: "Ah, yes! that means come out into the garden—an old-fashioned garden, with sun-dial and an arbour and little well-kept paths, that lead to the flower beds! All that corner will be full of roses in June—old-fashioned roses—blush and cinnamon and sweet brier. I love them all: mignonette and forget-me-nots, belonging together—sweetness and memory. Down by the gate are sweet herbs and simple, marjoram, thyme, Rosemary and lavender. Lavender comes first; it is sweet and has association—but Miss Eunice Ford will tell you of 'Lavender and Rosemary'."

Madam Toast Mistress and Friends:
"Tis not the glass filled with water, nor yet the one filled with wine, that I would ask you to raise to your lips: 'tis the great crystal loving cup of joy and sorrow one of whose slender semicardiac handles are held by the radiant spirit, imagination; another, by her who is wedded to him in spirit, pale-cheeked memory. The third handle remains, my friends, will each of you take it, and in the presence of that wedded pair, alone, raise on high this great crystal loving cup of bitterness and of sweetness, in whose clear depths lie the crimson tear-drops of our own heart's life."

"Clasp the handle and with poignant grief and exquisite joy, pledge with me an undying devotion to that land to which we are borne an image of fancy by the perfumes of Lavender and Rosemary, the enchanted land of long ago—a land made still dearer to me because I have seen it with the eyes of a dweller therein. And if you will open the ears of your soul I will describe it as it was given to me. 'A land that is silvered with moon-light, sheen, and wreathed in the mists of vanished years and peopled with spirit forms—a land where foot-steps awake no echo, where melting music in minor chords steals over dreaming leas, and where thought unuttered is no less imperfect, a land where the tides of passion break in ripples on the peaceful shore and the heart is soothed from sorrow by the memories of love.'"

"Once more raise this crystal loving cup of joy and sorrow to your lips, and drink to those who clasp its two slender semicardiac handles—the weaver of dreams. For the realities of life are theirs, and theirs alone, only through them do we find the true and the beautiful. To them belong the best of every heart, of every soul. They take us for their own and we can never completely belong to earth again. They, and they alone, free us from the years with which humanity would bend us to earth. They give us the only eternity—the eternity in which we live. They give us that which can not be lost, because it is our own—that which is no symbol but the very substance of the soul—that which makes the hearts of all the dwellers of the land dark with dreams to beat

as one, and that in union with the almighty heart of life and love."

Response by Mrs. J. E. Groce:
Response to memory. Here's to the memory of our school days—the seed time of life. May we ever cherish it and may the seeds of learning sown at dear old Limestone, warmed by the sunshine of youth and happiness, watered by the dews of love and civilization, take deep root and burst forth in rarest blossoms of intellectual womanhood.

Sweet memories the fragrance of which permeates our lives and converts age into a day dream of such exquisite joy, such blissful contentment, such peaceful reflection that age is no longer a dread but a safe anchorage from the rushing billows of life.

As we sow in youth, we shall reap in age. Then let each of us make of our lives a beautiful whole, combining the past, present and future into one, making the individual.

Oh! woman ought we not to feel grateful for what education and religion have done for us—lifted us from the womanly of barbarism into the very highest sphere of idealism. Noble womanhood! the most consummate flower of civilization.

May the memory of the past be as a banner on which is inscribed the word, excelsoir, and holding it aloft may we press forward towards the high ideal of perfect womanhood, cherishing ever the old gold and white. Then life the golden gale to your lips and drink deep of the truths of life.

By the toast mistress to our seniors:
"Let us turn to the practical. Mrs. Edna Harris has a message to our latest recruits, the seniors, now out of college to enter the great university—the world—with multi-plus resources, opportunities and responsibilities."

Now comes the response from the youngest and brightest of the debutants, judging from honors thrust upon her, class president, editor-in-chief of Alumnae department in the Star, she seems well equipped for work in the greatest school she now enters.

Response by Miss Aurelia Lodge:
Madam Toast Mistress, Ladies of the Alumnae Association of Limestone College:

In one of the battles of Egypt during the Napoleonic war a drummer boy was mortally wounded. As he lay dying upon the field the soldiers of his regiment passed by. He cried to them: "Men of the 49th, teach me how to die!"

Sometimes more can be done for a country or an institution by living than by dying. So we, the class of 1907, who have so recently joined your number, call upon you, the Alumnae of Limestone College, to teach us how to live for Limestone. We have spoken so often of the breaking of ties at graduation, of the tearing asunder of the tendils that have bound heart to heart. We bring to you the enthusiasm of our young hearts to add life and vigor to all your activities. We know that you will not allow the fires of our zeal to be quenched in the ice of indifference. We pledge to you the energies of our young minds, the overflowing affection of our young hearts and the constant support of our wills.

Here's to the class of 1907, rooted on earth to flower in heaven.

Here's to the class of 1907 dear Limestone's pride, the sad world's leaven.

By Miss Annie McClain:
To our honored guest, Mrs. John H. Montgomery, Sr., to the Alumnae of the Curtis days; of whom our charming toast mistress is a representative—that type of womanhood which was the fairest flower of our noble South; her comfort and stay in her darkest days; her glory and her pride forever—at her feet we lay the tribute of lasting affection and reverence. Sereia in caelum redeant!

By Mrs. Boyd L. Hames:
Here's to the club dramatic, the faculty in the play, may each of their names be greatest among actors of the day!

The following was the closing toast offered by a member of the faculty and received with hearty applause:
Our Toast Mistress: A jewel in the chain that binds this association to a glorious past; when the chain shall be broken may the jewel still shine, with even a purer and brighter lustre in an imperishable setting.

Minks Among the Chickens.
On last Friday night the chicken house of J. J. Vassey, who lives a few miles out of town, was visited by what must have been a number of minks, judging from the appearance of things next morning. Mr. Vassey, on going out to his hen house found that sixty-three chickens had been killed, ranging from the largest down to the smallest, which he estimated the value to be about \$20.

Monday morning Mr. Vassey went out hunting, hoping to be able to locate the den of the minks, and was not on his way long before he succeeded in his undertaking. While Mr. Vassey doesn't think he was so fortunate as to kill the entire flock, he is rejoicing to know that he put four of them out of business.

Argo Red Salmon readily adapts itself to the requirements of breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or supper, and gives seasonable variety to every meal.

June 4-7.

Bargains in matings, rugs and carpets, June 7th and 8th at Carroll & Byers.

A NEWSY LETTER FROM WILKINSVILLE.

MOVEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE OF
LOWER CHEROKEE.

Personal Paragraphs Concerning Pop-
ular People and Short Items of
that Section.

Wilksville, June 5.—Mr. Leslie Blackwell has curiosity in the way of a four-footed chicken. It was hatched last week. It is apparently fully developed in every other way. One of its legs and feet are all right. The other leg is forked—on one prong of which there are two feet—the other one. This is its only deformity.

We have had an abundance of rain and the plows and hoes will be idle for a few days while the crop of grass gets a good start.

Corn and cotton both look well considering the cool weather.

Mrs. Ed. Millwood, of Hickory Grove, who has been sick for some time, is still very unwell. She is the mother of Mrs. Charley Foster, who went to see her last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Vassey and children, from down in the fork, spent last Saturday night with us.

Mrs. Janie Bowen, of Jonesville, and Mrs. Joe Hughes, of Gowdysville spent Saturday night with their brother, Mr. John Hughes and family.

Rev. C. M. Teal was not at Abingdon Creek church last Sabbath. Though the weather was threatening rain there was a fair turn out at the church.

Mr. J. A. M. Estes, who went to the Richmond reunion last week, returned Friday, reaching home on Saturday.

The R. F. D. mail route from Wilksville has been changed to Gaffney No. 9 and has been extended down the Pinckney ferry road to Mr. W. R. Walker's place and back into the Howell's ferry road at Mr. W. C. Kirby's.

Mr. Rufus Estes, who has been sick for some time is no better. Mr. and Mrs. Asa Blackwell visited him last Monday. He is a very sick man.

Owing to the high water in the little creek at Mr. Andrew Byars' the mail did not get to the Gowdysville section last Friday. Thickety and Gilkey creeks were both high. Land and crops were badly washed in many places and some may have to be planted over again.

Oats are looking well. Very little wheat is sown in this section and that is not very good.

Mr. Phillip Robbins, of Cowpens, passed here on Monday with a milk cow he bought on the York side of the river.

As we predicted they would do this year, the locusts have come and in many places they keep the woods ringing with Pharaoh, Pharaoh, Pharaoh.

The extension of the R. F. D. mail route to Mr. W. R. Walker's place has already added several new subscribers to The Ledger's list. This convenience in the mail service places newspapers in the hands of many who heretofore haven't enjoyed that luxury at so little cost of time and trouble in getting their mail.

Mr. J. N. Strain went to Jonesville last Monday on business.

Mr. J. Ed Leech, of Hickory Grove, is in this county selling books. He has a good assortment and can fill the bill of almost all classes of readers.

Mr. Ed Elson and Dr. Steedly, of Gaffney, passed here Monday evening on their way to see Mr. Will Thompson who is sick at his home in Cherokee county.

Mr. Bill Johnson, of Pearidge, came over on this side last Saturday.

The next grand reunion of the U. C. veterans will be held in Birmingham, Ala. The South Carolina veterans voted solidly for Birmingham. It is generally conceded (by this State of course) that the Palmetto State sent the prettiest girls to represent her at the Richmond reunion of any of the Southern States, including Virginia, and that is no reflection whatever on the beauty of the fair daughters of our sister States. It's natural for each crow to think its crow the whitest.

We subscribe fully and unreservedly to the editorial set forth in the following editorial clipping from The Union Times:

"Whiskey and pistols! This is the combination that is working havoc with law and order. How long will our people refuse to see that here, is practically the whole trouble. It was just this combination that produced the horrible murder at Carlisle last week. It is the combination that is making it more and more difficult to restrain the lawless. Whiskey and pistols! A mixture that produces horrible crimes and blights peaceful homes."

The man who carries a pistol as the badge of a hero and has to "tank up" on liquor for courage to display it, is as devoid of physical courage as a Bengal tiger is of the Christian graces.

We have illustrations of this near home than Carlisle—instances in which the pernicious practice of carrying pistols and whiskey to places where good and law-abiding people assemble even for the worship of Almighty God is fast bringing heavy hairs down in sorrow to the grave.

Don't miss the carpet sale at Carroll & Byers' Friday and Saturday of this week.

Shame, oh shame, on such a state of affairs. We could, if necessary, call up scores of cases where the pistol and bowie knife "toters" who made themselves a terror to the communities in which they lived by "bullying" over their peaceful and better neighbors, when called upon to face an invading foe in mental combat, were simply "not in it." They had business somewhere else. This characteristic hasn't changed one iota in the progress of time and so-called civilization. Yet in the face of all this, we are free to admit that this spirit of ruffianism so prevalent in the land justifies the more respectable and peaceable citizen to go prepared to defend himself against the attacks of this lawless element. But no excuse can be given for the liquor annex to go along with it.

Another monstrous evil with which this country will some day have to contend is that growing out of the much bowled. This may as yet be in its infancy, but the harvest time is coming and a word to the wise is sufficient. To this the W. C. T. U. has virtually subscribed and sounded a note of warning.

From official reports we have the voices throughout the cotton States and the poor crop prospects has caused the staple to jump up in price.

Farmers will have plenty of grass now since the rain has come and kept them from work for several days. But with good health and fair sunshine they will soon be up with it. The farmers as a general thing have learned not to overcrop themselves—one acre well worked is worth three half worked.

J. L. S.

CHECK AND SPIEL ARTIST.

J. J. Wells Scattered His "Paper" About Asheville.

Asheville, N. C., June 4.—J. J. Wells, the smooth proposition with fetching ways, who came here last week, took a house for the summer, cashed a number of checks on a Florida bank, hastily left the city and subsequently was brought back in the custody of an officer, now languishes in Buncombe county jail in default of \$400 bond, awaiting the next term of Superior Court for the trial of civil cases. After returning to Asheville Wells visited all the persons who had cashed his checks and made good their apparent losses. He also paid the \$25 reward which one Asheville merchant had offered for his capture. After paying up Wells had about \$7 left. Now he's in jail. He was given a preliminary hearing before Magistrate Guder. The persons who had cashed checks were present at the hearing and testified. The trial, while something in the nature of tragedy for Wells, was comical to an outsider. The different spels that Wells gave the check-cashers were recited at some length and not infrequently to laughter. The hearing over Wells was held in \$100 bond in each of four cases. He said that he could not at present make the bond and went into the hands of the officers and subsequently to jail.

The case of Wells has excited no little interest here. Just what sort of a man he is has aroused some speculation. Wells, who, when arrested carried in his grip a couple of Bibles, holds that he is the victim of some sort of underhand work. Not, however, on the part of any one in Asheville. In defense of his course, he declares that he believed a certain sum of money to be in the Ferdinand, Fla., bank when he gave the checks; that his brother-in-law had promised to deposit \$300 in the bank and that on the strength of his promise he gave the checks, thinking that the money was there. This story is given little credence, however. Some of the officers believe that Wells has operated extensively and that there may be other developments. After Wells had been in jail for a time one of the officers was asked how he took confinement. "Oh, just like he was at home," was the reply.

Desperately Wounded.

Gastonia, N. C., June 4.—Ben Isenhower, an operative of the High Shoals Cotton mill, lies desperately wounded at his home as the result of knife wounds sustained Sunday morning at the hands of Will Hollafeld, an operative of the same mill. Hollafeld made good his escape in company with his brother-in-law, a man named Jamieson, and so far the most vigilant search of the officers has not sufficed to cause his apprehension. Isenhower was cut twice and stabbed once in the back and his wounds are of such a nature that his recovery is a matter of grave doubt. Deputy Sheriff Will Rhyme and Sheriff Shuford both went to the scene of the trouble but Hollafeld had made his escape. Just the cause of the trouble cannot be learned, though it is probable that mean whiskey was at the bottom of the whole affair. Saturday night and Sunday, it is said there was much whiskey in evidence and rowdiness held sway.

Hundreds of people have told the grocers that the Argo Red Salmon is the best Salmon that they have ever eaten. Ask your neighbors if they have tried it.

June 4-7.

Don't miss the carpet sale at Carroll & Byers' Friday and Saturday of this week.

Subscribe for The Ledger, \$1 a year.

A NEGRO'S SKULL CRUSHED.

Claude Gaither, Brains Jim Minor With a Stone.

Asheville, N. C., June 4.—Jim Minor, a negro stableman in the employ of a local livery, is in the Mission Hospital in a critical condition with a crushed skull. Saturday evening two negroes, Jim Minor and Claude Gaither, were jostling or quarreling near the corner of Ashland avenue and Patton avenue when Gaither suddenly seized a rock and hurled it at Minor with terrific speed. The missile went wild, but Gaither in an instant, so bystanders say, had picked up another stone and before anyone could interfere had struck Minor a vicious blow in the head. The victim fell to the ground without a groan, while blood flowed freely from the ghastly wound. Gaither, realizing what he had done, turned and fled. Two small darkies, however, followed the man, to his home on Guder street, where, after telling his wife what he had done, Gaither picked up his coat and fled towards the French Broad river. Those who witnessed the assault summoned Dr. D. E. Sevier, who after making a hurried examination, caused the removal of the injured man to the Mission Hospital. An examination of the wound at the hospital revealed the fact that Minor's skull had been broken and that he was seriously hurt. The police went to work on the case in an effort to apprehend Gaither, but thus far their search has failed of result. The negroes are about 30 years of age and no cause other than a petty quarrel can be assigned for the murderous assault made on Minor by the escaped negro.

SUNSHINE WANTED.

Lands Badly Washed by Recent Rains in York County.

Yorkville, June 4.—There was no rain in this section yesterday and everybody is hoping that the turning point has been reached and that there will now be a week or two of dry, warm weather in order that the crops may receive much needed attention and start to growing. It is said that in many sections of the county the land was badly washed by the recent heavy rains.

A dog, supposed to be afflicted with hydrophobia, after having bitten several other dogs, was killed in town last week, and as a result there has been a considerable slaughter among the bitten dogs, the work being done either by or at the instance of their owners as a precautionary measure.

The outlook is that if the day is propitious there will be a great crowd on next Friday to take part in the ceremonies incident to the unveiling of the Confederate monument recently erected here under the auspices of the U. D. C's.

Steamer Tourist Burned.

Elizabeth City, N. C., June 4.—The steamer Tourist, one of the passenger steamers of the Leroy Steamboat line and one of the finest steamers to ply these waters, was burned today at 1 o'clock in Albemarle Sound while en route to Columbia.

The steamer left here on an extra run to Columbia this morning at 9 o'clock and about 2 o'clock telegram was received by the company here from the agent in Columbia announcing the fact of her burning and that the crew was saved. Beyond this the telegram gave no other information. The Tourist was one of the most palatial passenger steamers to ply these waters and was one of the swiftest in the sound country.

May Die From Wounds.

Statesville, N. C., June 4.—News reached Statesville yesterday of a very serious cutting affray in Olin township Sunday afternoon. It seems that Tom Lambert, white, who recently moved to the Olin neighborhood, was at the home of Mr. Doch Daniels, was drunk and made some remarks which Daniels resented. A fight ensued and Lambert drew his knife and stabbed Daniels a number of times. It is said that Lambert became sober immediately and securing a gun and a revolver, left for parts unknown. He came to the Olin section from Ashe county and it is assumed that he went in that direction.

Killed by Shifting Engine.

Spartanburg, June 4.—John Williams, colored, was instantly killed early Monday morning by being struck by a shifting engine of the Southern road, and James Bryson, white, was seriously injured. The men were in a buggy and were attempting to drive across the tracks of the Southern in the upper section of the city, when a passing yard engine struck the buggy, hurling Williams against a telegraph pole, crushing his skull. Mr. Bryson sustained a dislocated shoulder and bruises about his body. The horse was killed by the train.

The Magic No. 3.

Number three is a wonderful mascot for Geo. H. Parris, of Cedar Grove, Me., according to a letter which reads: "After suffering much with liver and kidney trouble, and becoming greatly discouraged by the failure to find relief, I tried Electric Bitters, and as a result I am a well man today. The first bottle relieved and three bottles completed the cure." Guaranteed best on earth for stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, by Cherokee Drug Co. 50c.