

IN MEMORIAM.

Died on the morning of November 30, 1880, at her residence in the town of Winnsboro, S. C., Mrs. Martha Ann Woodward, wife of Hon. Osmond Woodward deceased. Mrs. Woodward was one of the oldest inhabitants of this county, having reached the good old age of 84 years, outliving her venerable husband 17 years. She was the daughter of Roling Williamson, who occupied for many years, his estates at Simpson's turnout, now the site of Ridgeway and whose ancestors came in 1781 from Petersburg, Va. The subject of this sketch was a lady of remarkable vigor of mind and was, perhaps better informed in the local history of her District, than any other resident of her native town. She made her Bible her daily companion, marking such passages as mostly impressed her, she thus became perfectly familiar with it and would repeat much of it by heart. Retaining her mental faculties unimpaired to the end of her life, she was a great blessing to her family exerting continually in their interests, all of her energies, and ever ready to counsel and guide them. By sparing her so long, in the midst of her family God has peculiarly blessed them.

Her last conversations, to her children and grand children were truly consoling, as they gathered close to her bedside to anticipate her every need and wish. She gave the fullest assurance of her faith in Christ and love to God. For many years a devoted follower of her Master, as a member of the Baptist church she had, when called to go, but to pass joyfully to her reward.

"Dear old grandmother! All these years,
You're lingered amidst your household cares,
Dreaming day dreams of the sunny past,
Or the golden shore, to be gained at last,
Growing more saintly, day by day,
As we watched you pass from earth away."
"GRAND CHILDREN"

—On last Monday night Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Buchanan lost an infant son, and on Friday morning at about 9.30 o'clock, its twin brother died quite suddenly. In their peculiarly sad affliction the parents have the sincere sympathy of the community. The funeral will take place at the Presbyterian Church to-day at 10 a. m.

DEATH OF MRS GIBSON.

Mrs. Martha C. Gibson, widow of the late Dr. Henry Gibson, of White Oak, died at the residence of Dr. J. C. Buchanan on Monday morning at 4 o'clock.

For several months Mrs. Gibson had been a great sufferer, and her condition for some time previous to her death was such that those constantly with her were not unprepared for the end.

Since the death of her husband at White Oak a year or more ago, she has lived in Winnsboro with Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Buchanan, the latter of whom was her niece.

During her life in Winnsboro, she formed many friends and acquaintances to whom her death will be a great affliction. She leaves a large number of relatives who will feel deeply their loss.

Mrs. Gibson was a woman of high christian convictions, and was a devoted member of the Baptist Church. She was in the sixty-first year of her age.

The funeral services will be held in the Baptist Church to-day at 12 o'clock. The interment will take place in the Presbyterian Cemetery where her husband is buried.

DEATH OF DR. H. F. GIBSON.—Dr. Henry F. Gibson, whose illness was reported in Thursday's issue, died on that day at his home in White Oak. Dr. Gibson was about sixty-four years old and was loved by all who knew him. He was a fine physician, a kind friend and a good neighbor. He had a serious attack about two years ago, but recovered from that sufficiently to attend to his professional calls. He was in town on Friday of last week, looking as well as usual. He caught cold in going home that day and gradually grew worse until Thursday when he died. He was buried in the Presbyterian churchyard at this place on Friday, and his remains were escorted to the grave by many friends. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. D. E. Jordan. The attendance from the White Oak neighborhood would have been much larger if the weather had not been so inclement. He leaves a wife (but no children) and many friends to mourn his loss.

THE WATCHER.

Deep in the "Vale of the Shadow,"
Down through the gloomiest dense,
There glimmers the sheen of a halo,
In the heaviest night of suspense.

Trembling it hangs in the silence,
Faint as a quivering wraith,
Evasive even to science;
But thro' to the keen eye of Faith.

Slowly it gathers and lengthens,
And fades as it were with a breath,
Yet ever and ever it strengthens,
And out of the Valley of Death

There glints the soft beams of the dawning,
And hope is restored with the light,
A loved life comes back with the morning,
And sorrow has flown with the night.
—C. Turner, in Outing.

WILLIAM B. WOODWARD.

An Old Citizen of Fairfield Stock.

William B. Woodward, who died near Woodward on the 1st of October, 1897, was a man of worth and deserves more than a passing notice. He was a son of John, who was a son of William, who was the second son of Thomas Woodward, the "Regulator." John was a brother of Joseph A. Woodward, who represented this district in Congress for sixteen years, which place had been filled by his father, William, also, who was a soldier in his father's company in the Revolutionary war, and in a history now before me is recorded as "one of the most daring men of his day." It is for him that Woodward Church in Chester County was named, and in which a mural tablet is inscribed to his memory. William B.'s mother was Mary Mobley, of this county, and was a woman of noble character. With this death vanishes a landmark of upper Fairfield, and departs a Carolinian of the old school. For eighty years the sun had shone and the snows had fallen on his pathway. During this period he developed a character for integrity and patriotism, of which his family and friends may well feel proud. He was a tender parent, a good husband, and a true and faithful friend. He was a successful farmer, and a public-spirited citizen. He was characterized by independence of thought, and was a man of strong convictions. In the expression of his opinions he was open, frank, fearless, using strong argument, which with the air of rugged honesty he always wore, seldom failed to convince others of the correctness of his views, and made him a man of weight and influence in his section. Descended from an honorable ancestry, he has shared not one particle of this patriotism, or gentlemanly attributes he inherited, but having lived up to them in the fullest degree transmits them to those who come after him, a treasure to his family and friends, and a beacon to his county and State. Unassuming, quiet, even modest, and sometimes diffident, he lived up to all the requirements of