

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1895.

The general opinion in Europe seem to be that Cuba will this time get away from Spain.

The St. Louis Republican estimates that we have not more than 25,000,000 income earners of all classes.

Emigration from Great Britain to the colonies of the South Pacific has been checked by the announcement that there is absolutely no employment for labor in these colonies. All the Australias, New Zealand and the Cape tell the same story.

The total output of the clay industries of the United States for 1894, exclusive of pottery, was \$65,000,000. More than half the product was brick, of which enough were made to lay a pavement eleven feet wide entirely around the earth. Ohio makes more brick than any other state.

The interdependence of the arts and trades is commensurate. Every large architect's office has to have a civil engineer or some one with engineering ability to calculate strains. And now a big firm of elevator builders has engaged a staff architect for questions of design and construction.

New York is the first city to recognize the rights of citizens who ride bicycles, and who use them in going to and from business. A resolution previously passed by the aldermen to pave Church street from Chambers to Day in granite was rescinded, and one substituted making asphalt the material. This is part of the bicycle path that will be established between the Battery and Central Park.

The New York Sun says:—Large quantities of American carriage wood stock are exported annually, and this trade is steadily increasing. We send to France, England, Russia, Germany, South Africa, Australia, and elsewhere, and our exports to these countries, include spokes, rims, hubs, completed wheels, shafts and other parts, and carriage lumber. Our mills here are located in various parts of the country in proximity to the forests whence the supplies of wood are obtained.

A petition from the inhabitants of the London suburb, Shepherd's Bush, reveals an entirely new difficulty which boomers have to contend. It seems that Miss Braddon invariably put into her novels a very low, common families, and made them reside at Shepherd's Bush. Other novelists followed her evil example, until now-days every English novelist puts his low characters down as residents of Shepherd's Bush. The result is that all the reputable people who could move went down, and fiction became a fact. The land and house-owners of Shepherd's Bush ask the County Council to give the place another name, so that their efforts to restore its ancient respectability may not be in vain.

Georgia and the entire South are under greater obligations to the elder Whitney than to any other inventor remarks the Atlanta Constitution. He made it possible for the despised cotton crop of his day to become the king of agricultural staples. It has built up the States south of the Potomac and their product is now manufactured in all the leading countries of the world, clothing and supporting countless millions of people in every quarter of the globe. Before Whitney's day cotton was comparatively an unimportant product, and in Georgia it was subordinate to rice, indigo, and even silk at one period. It is gratifying to know that the younger Whitney, who died recently, took a friendly interest in our industrial development, and it is to be regretted that his visit to our exposition in 1881 cannot be supplemented with another to our greater exposition this fall.

Newport will have a summer rival right at New York's door, announces the World. The proposed cottage settlement on the shores of Sheepshead Bay has not been abandoned, but while speculation was rife as to the magnificent intentions of those behind that enterprise, a syndicate of wealthy men have quietly bought up a park property of 280 acres at Dobbs Ferry on the Hudson at a cost of \$1,000,000 and projected improvements to cost \$1,000,000, a \$40,000 dock on the river front now being actually in course of construction. Among the members of the syndicate that has planned this enterprise are General Samuel Thomas, William Rockefeller, John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, J. G. McComb and John D. Archibald. The grounds will be laid out in the most sumptuous manner. There is a white marble building on the grounds formerly owned by the Manhattan College, which will be used for club purposes. A large hotel and casino similar to that at Newport will be ready for occupancy next Spring. This and other improvements necessary will involve an outlay of \$1,000,000. Members of this country will pay \$150 yearly dues. They alone will be permitted to purchase plots in the park upon which to build, under certain restrictions as to style of architecture and cost of construction.

Cradle Song.
The crickets in the corner sing,
O'er farm and field the shadows creep
Their homeward way the swallows wing
The sun is setting in the deep.
The squirrels seek their leafy hold,
The fox in his hollow tree,
And, huddling in their silent fold,
The downy lambskins sleeping so.
The little bird within his nest
Hath hid his little head in rest,
And soon, oh, soon
The dreamy moon
Will sail along the fleecy west;
The day is done,
The night begins,
So sleep, my drowsy little one,
But when at peep of day we see
The spider weaving at his loom,
The soaring hawk above the trees,
When frisking baby squirrels wake
And sip the leaves of morning dew,
When baby foxes from the brake
Do prout the thorny hedges through,
When on the meadows sweet with hay
The white and early lambskins play,
And, fresh and cool,
O'er plain and pool,
Bloweth the breeze of coming day:
Thou, too, shalt rise
To sunny skies,
And open wide thy baby eyes.
—HOWAN STEVENS.

A DISCARDED TOY.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

He had been brought up with a good, old-fashioned reverence for women, a belief in young love, and a conviction that the prince and princess always marry and live happily ever after. It was a faith as pleasant to himself as to the women whom it concerned, and it made him a favorite, being best besides in talent, beauty, and an upright soul. In admiring all of the gentler sex he yet kept free his heart until he should find "one" who would claim it by right of her superiority to even her superior kind.

And at last he found her. All the virtues and accomplishments were hers. She was young and exceedingly fair, dainty, sweet, shy, and coy, dimpled and demure, and she loved Ferris as a cadet was never loved before. He had not known this witching maiden more than a month when he made offer of his heart and hand—a heart no less loyal for beating beneath an exceedingly snug gray coat ablaze with those brass buttons which are generally taken as the insignia of fickle Cupid, and a hand no less firm for being cast at the moment in regulation white gloves. It was her first romance since leaving school, and Kitty Foster made haste to accept it.

There was never yet a man who bore his honors so meekly as Ferris; he boasted neither in word of deed, and Kitty, being really afraid and being deeply in love with him, did actually refrain from telling every one in profoundest secrecy that she and the stalwart West Pointer had plighted their troth. Not even her mother was confided in, which caused Kitty many a sleepless five minutes, as she had no love of underhand dealings for their own sake.

There was only a month of blissful existence, and then Kitty had to join her family at Angel Island, putting the whole wide continent and a strip of salt water between Ferris and herself. She had her debut to make in army circles.

She was one of those women, rarest of all the good things of Providence, who weep prettily, so when she laid her dainty head on Ferris' shoulder and wiped the tears from her cheeks with a filmy handkerchief, the poor fellow was well high distraught, what with the sorrow of parting and his love for this wee bit of sobbing womanhood.

Nor did his infatuation lessen as the weeks and months went by. Kitty had warned him that he must write neither too often nor too affectionately, as her mother would see the letters. Ferris followed the first duty of a soldier, but consoled himself by having made for his lady-love a pin, of the sort known as "stick," and destroyed the design straightway that there might never be another fashion just-like-it again. The attention and the pin itself pleased Kitty mightily; she wore it on the day she left the Point, with many promises to be faithful and never to part from that pin for one day or hour.

With Kitty went all the pleasure of life for Ferris, and he eschewed social pastimes that he might devote himself to work and prove a credit to Miss Foster, his district, and his congressman. So, in due time, he "passed," and passed well; but chose, nevertheless, the infantry branch of the service, merely because Captain Foster was an infantryman. Then he went to his home, and from there wrote a long letter to Kitty, and told her of his success; suggesting that, as he was now an officer of the army, and that the pay of a second lieutenant was assured him, it might be well to announce their engagement, with the consent of her family. He also added that he would run out and see her before joining his company, if she wished.

Two letters remained unanswered. Ferris accused the mail system and sent a third. He waited long and anxiously for a reply. It came when he was safe in San Antonio, with many miles between himself and Miss Foster. Kitty's letters had never been of a sort to give Ferris any hold upon her; they were non-committal to a degree, but the second lieutenant had ascribed that to her fear of her mother's supervision and disapproval. This one was still more guarded. No reference whatever was made to the point he had pressed, further than to say that he was imprudent. A mighty spirit of rebellion arose in Ferris at this reproach. She could play fast and loose with him no longer. Kitty should acknowledge him or give him up. Three days and three nights he waited, that his anger might be calmed, that he might do nothing rash; then he sat him down and wrote unto his refractory lady-love a letter mingling official formality and irrepressible affection. It partook of the nature of a war department communication and a Sapphic, and was calculated to bring even an inconsequent little being like Kitty to terms.

Ferris's anxiety in waiting to hear his fate pronounced took the form of a nervousness which drove him to unwonted social activity. He had always done his duty in the matter of calls and the hundred little affairs of etiquette which are peculiar to the service and are as binding as the laws of the Medes and Persians; but he had never gone in for the mild dissipation of a garrison near to a town. He was, therefore, reckoned as little addition to the social life, although he was "promising" officially. His captain's wife had taken him under her wing upon his arrival, as all good captain's wives should, and had incorporated him into the family, where he became a prime favorite with a pair of model little boys in knickerbockers and curls. The hands of these children were always clean and their voices well modulated, their hair smooth, and stockings whole. Ferris believed that this was no way for boys to be, and labored to convince Mrs. Irwin that chapped and dirt-seamed fingers, lusty lungs, short and touselled hair, and ruined clothing are the natural conditions of a boy. Mrs. Irwin was not to be won over, and begged that he would not put such notions into the sleek little heads. Ferris, however, was an earnest reformer and not to be turned from his purpose, so he began a course of training for the pair that made them, in a week, very creditable examples of his theory.

Mrs. Irwin protested mildly until a day when Ferris took the two over behind the quartermaster's and set them to fighting out a difficulty, which had arisen, with their own good nails and fists, arguing that such settlement is more worthy of the sex than to call names and threaten to tell mamma. Ferris observed with pleasure that there was good material in the boys, and was greatly elated when he led them back, bloody, bruised and dusty to the maternal roof. Mrs. Irwin took the affair rather too seriously, and it was only by giving up his plans of education that Ferris succeeded in keeping in the good graces of his captain's wife. It is poor policy to quarrel with the commanding officer's or one's captain's family.

After this discouragement, Ferris drew into his former shell of reserve, and went only at rare intervals to Captain Irwin's quarters. But when he had written the letter which was to bring Kitty to terms, he walked with it to the postoffice, and, coming back, he determined to forgive and forget that his efforts had been unappreciated and to drop in upon Mrs. Irwin for a cup of tea before retreat. He found her alone; and, nothing being so conducive to peace and good-will toward men as a cup of Russian tea at five o'clock, they were soon faster friends than before. The boys were called in and Ferris noted with grim satisfaction that there were still several unhealed scratches on their clean little faces.

The children having been sent off to play with their tin soldiers, Mrs. Irwin resumed her confidences and told Ferris, with the charming interest in his future of a true captain's wife, that she had practically arranged his life to come. She had a sweet girl friend coming to stay with her at the end of the week. Ferris must devote himself to her and make it pleasant for her. She was a beauty, very rich, and would make him a splendid wife. Ferris smiled at his acquiescence, but was not particularly enthusiastic until Mrs. Irwin told him that the girl—"Annie Kingsley is her name"—had just been visiting the Barmess at Angel Island, had gone from there to Monterey, and had determined quite unexpectedly to come down south. Angel Island was Kitty's post. Miss Kingsley might be able to tell him much that he longed yet feared to hear; and Ferris entered into plans for her amusement which charmed Mrs. Irwin.

The girl came, and Ferris, together with every other young man in the post, called upon her the night of her arrival. Beautiful she certainly was, quite unusually stylish, and agreeable, but Ferris went away unsatisfied, for he had had no chance to inquire about what lay nearest to his heart. However, he had engaged her for the weekly hop the next night, and would satisfy himself then. He thought he would be wise not to force the matter too much, and so did not speak of it on his way to the dance, and, besides, they fell in with others all bound the same way and the conversation became general.

Miss Kingsley emerged from the dressing-room in all the glory of her youth, beauty, and a New York gown. She leaned upon Ferris's arm and whirled off to the music, the half-barbarous, intoxicating "Santiago." She danced as no girl had ever danced before, so Ferris thought; she became a part of the music and as light as its strains. Kitty had always been just a little heavy.

They stopped only with the waltz itself, and Miss Kingsley leaned breathlessly against the draperies of a garrison flag. She made a lovely picture, and Ferris stood looking at her with keen pleasure; but his eyes were suddenly fixed on a fall of lace, they were riveted, and as he looked his face grew gray. Miss Kingsley was astonished, and followed his gaze to where a gold stick-pin nestled in the meshes of Brussels lace. She looked up again, inquiringly. Ferris answered the unspoken question with a spoken one.

"Might I ask, Miss Kingsley, where you got that pin?"
"Why, certainly. A girl at Angel Island gave it to me; she said a cadet had it designed for her, but as she didn't care for either it or him any more, and as I admired the little thing, she gave it to me. The girl is Kitty Foster, perhaps you know her or her fiance, Lieutenant Appleton. The pin is pretty, isn't it? He must have been too clever a cadet to merit such speedy oblivion, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Ferris; "and I was that cadet."
Yet when, a month later, Miss Foster, reading over the "personals" in the Army and Navy, saw "the engagement is announced of Miss Annie Kingsley, of New York, to Lieutenant Edwin L. Ferris, —th Infantry, stationed at San Antonio, Tex.," she railed at the inconstancy of man.—Argonaut.

"Billy Black Tail."
Coming down to the members of the Deer Family that are universally known as Deer, we first meet a fine, lusty fellow who inhabits the wildest portions of the West. By the men who live in his country he is called the Black Tailed Deer—his pet name is "Billy Black Tail,"—but naturalists call him the Mule Deer, simply because he has large ears.
In the Canadian Northwest this creature is called the Jumping Deer, and a very appropriate name it is, too. I shall never forget my unbounded astonishment when I first saw a big antlered buck of this species going flying down the crest of a bare ridge in the badlands of the Musselshell. He bounded past my position, in full view for a quarter of a mile, and I had an excellent view of him. He did not gallop, as do all other deer, reaching far out with his fore feet, but he just jumped into the air, stiffened his legs, and went bounding forward as if the ground were an India-rubber cushion that threw him upward and forward every time he touched it with his feet. He did actually bend his knees a trifle, just as his feet touched, to throw his body upward again, while his strong hind legs shot him forward. It was all so easy, and so completely without effort, that he seemed to be almost flying along, like William Tell's eagle.
By the sole act of his unorderly will that buoyed him proudly up.
I have lost my record of the length of his leap, but I think it was sixteen feet; and so I say "Jumping Deer" is a good name.—St. Nicholas.

Grass That Makes You Tired.
In some parts of New Mexico, says an article quoted in Current Literature, there grows a grass which produces a somniferous effect on the animals that graze upon it. Horses, after eating the grass, in nearly all cases, sleep standing, while cows and sheep almost invariably lie down. It has occasionally happened that travelers have stopped to allow horses to feed in places where the grass grows pretty thick and the animals have had time to eat a considerable quantity before its effects have had time to manifest themselves. In such cases horses have gone to sleep on the road and it is hard to arouse them. The effect of the grass passes off in an hour or two and no bad results have ever been noticed on account of it. Cattle on the ranches frequently come upon patches of this grass, where they feed for perhaps half an hour and then fall asleep for an hour or more, when they wake up and start feeding again. The programme is repeated perhaps a dozen times until thirst obliges them to go to water. Whether, like the poppy, the grass contains opium, or whether its sleep-producing property is due to some other substance is not known.

Held For "Killing" an Apple Tree.
In Magistrate Ritter's court, Ky., T. M. Jagers was held for Circuit Court on bond of \$100 for deadening an apple tree belonging to his neighbor, David Sanders. There was only one apple tree on Sanders' farm, but it was very prolific and Jagers requested his neighbor to divide the fruit with him, but Sanders refused to do so, thereupon Jagers became angry and declared that he would kill the tree. In a short time the tree was deadened and Jagers was arrested. The evidence against him is wholly circumstantial.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DODGING DUTIES.

Smuggling is Common Among Transatlantic Passengers.

Women Are Chief Offenders Against Custom Laws.

It would be difficult to convince the staff of custom inspectors in this port that the average European tourist doesn't rely on paying the expenses of his trip out of the proceeds of a successful smuggling swindle on the government. Never before in the history of foreign travel, say the federal sleuths has the practice been so general and audacious. The treasury department, intent upon putting an end to the frauds, has issued orders for universal vigilance, and proposes to show no mercy to offenders.

A remarkable feature of attempts at smuggling during the last few weeks is the detection of rich smugglers. Six men, each of whose fortunes is estimated at more than a million dollars, have been arrested and exposed since the westward travel became heavy. The pretext in each case has been that the guilty person did not import the property for sale, or that he had no idea he was violating the law in not declaring his possessions.

"There seems to be an overpowering fascination in cheating Uncle Sam, despite the honest old gentleman's present need of revenue," said Inspector Brown, who, with his associate, Inspector Donohue, makes more arrests than all other agents combined. The chief offenders against the customs laws are dressmakers and business women. We estimate that three-quarters of the women who come into this port on trans-atlantic lines bring dutiable goods which they do not declare.

"The weight of goods a woman can carry about under her clothes is astonishing. If the burden is very heavy, she sometimes adjusts it with straps over the shoulders. Very often the goods found on one woman are all that one of the inspectresses can lift, and it is through the weary air of the smuggler and her painful movements that she becomes suspected. Beneath one woman's gown recently was found an entire suit of clothing for her husband.

"In trunk smuggling the methods are unique and varied. Women fold children's dresses within their own and line cheap skirts with costly brocades and velvets. False buttons are fitted in trunks, and jewelry and other dutiable stuff is stowed among the accumulated wash. Sometimes an inner trunk is fitted in, padded all over like the other, and the space between the two is filled with valuables.

"Persons who intend to attempt smuggling are frequently too confiding for their own welfare aboard ship, and thus render their arrest easy. There is no place where persons are so guileless and so ready to talk about their private affairs. They little imagine the resources of the customs service, and know little who is in its employ. Information of professional smugglers and sometimes of amateurs is also sent from special agents on the other side. These agents have letters of entree to the legation soires, visit shops and piers and acquire a mass of information about goods purchased and shipped which is cabled to the authorities in this city. Then the property of arriving passengers is scrutinized, the declarations are examined and compared and frequent exposures result."

The customs inspector labors under great difficulty in that a blunder may cost him his position. Very few mistakes are made, because the manner in which a suspected person receives an interrogation usually decides beyond a doubt whether he be innocent or guilty. If he laughs and willingly agrees to be searched he is generally innocent. The old offender invariably fawns upon the inspector and endeavors to win his favor and clemency. If a woman and she looks frightened, cries and storms and says it is an outrage and she won't admit it, put her down, says the inspectors, as a guilty novice.—New York Herald.

The Climax of a Coon Hunt.

We snatched brands from the burning and sped to the fallen top. Amid the tangle of broken branches and matted twigs, a maelstrom of fight was whirling. There was not so much noise—rather a strain of savage effort and one deep muffled snarl of rage. We waived our fire sticks and yelled encouragement.

Presently Buffer came backing from the branches heaving and tugging at some resisting weight; at once he spun about and had his prey in the open. We could see something wrapped around his head, and would have the click of teeth and the steady rip-rip of flying lace. Yet the good dog made no sound beyond his labored breathing. He was fast to a great he coon, and had not yet got his favorite hold. We forgot Pup and Hunter—we forgot everything except the mill to the death. We swung the freesticks and war-danced wildly around the fight, beseeching the dog to "stay with him!" to "eat him up!" and so on. Nobody appeared to sympathize

LOST LETTERS.

Many Misdirected Missives Get Into Postoffices.

Useful Hints About the Sending of Mail Matter.

Every day about 9,000 letters are received at the New York postoffice addressed incorrectly. As a result Postmaster Dayton will distribute cards telling people how to send mail matter.

Here are some of the suggestions on the card:
Don't mail any letter until you are sure that it is completely and properly addressed. Don't place the address so that there will be no room for the postmark.
Don't, in the hurry of business, in addressing a letter, write the name of your own state upon it instead of that of the person addressed—a very common error.
Don't fail to make certain that your manner of writing the name of an office or state may not cause it to be mistaken for one similar in appearance. It is often better to write the name in full.
Don't fail, if you are in doubt as to the right name of the office for which your letter is intended, to consult the postal guide, which any postmaster will be pleased to show you.
Don't fail to give the street and house number of the person for whom mail matter is intended in addressing it to a city or large town.
Don't mail any letter until you are sure that it is properly stamped.
Don't fail to place the stamp on the upper right hand corner.

"Don't write on the envelope, 'In haste.'" "In care of the postmaster," etc. It does no good, and tends to confusion in the rapid handling of mail matter.
Don't fail to bear in mind that it is unlawful to inclose matter of a high class in one that is lower—a. g., merchandise in newspapers.
Don't mail any letter unless your address, with a request to return, is upon the face or the envelope, so that in case of non-delivery it will be returned directly to you.
Don't fail to give your correspondents your full address, so that a new postman cannot fail to find you.
Don't fail to inform your postmaster of any change in your address.
Don't trust to the fact that you are an "old resident," "well-known citizen," etc., but have your letters addressed in full.
Don't fail if you intend to be away from home for any length of time to inform your postmaster what disposition shall be made of your mail.
Don't delay the delivery of any mail matter that you may take out for another.

Philadelphia Twins.

There is a good joke on a German-town father and mother, who not long ago found some difficulty in finding acceptable names for their twin babies who by the way were girls. After deliberating over the matter and coming to no satisfactory conclusion paternal families struck a happy idea and decided to name his girl babies Kate and Duplicate. Recently another pair of twins appeared under the same roof, this time the infants being boys. The husband saw here an opportunity to get even with his wife and he determined that she should find suitable names for her latest offsprings. Imagine his feelings when the mother one day with a happy and satisfied air told her lord and master that she had named the boys Pete and Repeat.—Philadelphia Record.

Whistling Automatically.

The automatic whistling device is a recent invention. In connection with it is a system of electric wiring to all parts of the bridge, by which the whistle can be instantly blown by the pressing of a button. To blow a fog signal regularly every sixty seconds it is only necessary to put in a connection which puts the whistle in control of the electrical work clock, and it needs no further attention as it will blow all day at regular intervals, and every time it blows a stamping device in connection with the clock registers on paper tape the date, hour and minute when the signal was given as well as the duration of blast.—New York Herald.

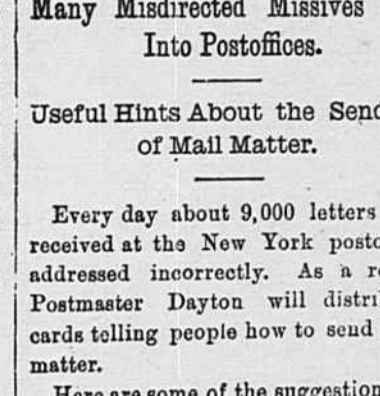
Misapplied Metaphor.

Fatshe—I say, why did you describe your heroine as lantern-jawed?
Author—I didn't! What do you mean?
Fatshe—Why, you say here that her face lit up when her lover appeared.—Waterbury.

What He Needed.

Maybe, I—I have something to say to you—but I—I am really afraid to say it.
Well, wait a minute; I'll tell my brother Willie to bring you a pair of sand. Willie!—Harper's Magazine.

THE KING OF THE KING.



Are you taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, the "KING OF LIVER MEDICINES?" That is what our readers want, and nothing but that. It is the same old friend to which the old folks pinned their faith and were never disappointed. But another good recommendation for it is, that it is BETTER THAN PILLS, never gripes, never weakens, but works in such an easy and natural way, just like nature itself, that relief comes quick and sure, and one feels new all over. It never fails. Everybody needs take a liver remedy, and everyone should take only Simmons' Liver Regulator.

AN OUTLAW'S QUICKNESS.

Frank James' Display of Skill When He Surrendered.

While Thomas T. Crittenden, Consul General to Mexico, was in Kansas City recently some new details were related of the great event of his term as Governor, the death of Jesse James, the outlaw, and the disruption of the gang. Finis C. Farr, who was Governor Crittenden's private secretary, and is now an attorney in Kansas City, was present when Frank James surrendered, and it was in connection with the surrender that one story was told. Governor Crittenden has always been very proud of the fact that he was the means of ridding the State of the James gang. After he had arranged for the surrender of Frank he invited several gentlemen to be present to witness the scene.

Negotiations for the surrender of the outlaw had been made by Col. John Edwards, who was at that time editor of the Kansas City Times. The guests assembled at the appointed time in the reception room of the Governor's mansion. Promptly at the hour designated Col. Edwards appeared, walked arm in arm, and Col. Edwards advanced and introduced the Governor to James. With the guests standing about him, James acknowledged the introduction and said that he had come in to surrender and become once more a citizen who observed the laws of the State. In token of his surrender he unbuttoned his hip belt, on which swung two large revolvers, and laid the weapons on the table in front of Governor Crittenden, remarking that as a citizen he would have no further need of them.

The surrender was acknowledged by the Governor in a few words pleasantly spoken, and then the guests and the outlaw were all introduced and seated. Conversation did not proceed very briskly, for constraint was felt on both sides. James was seated at the head of the table, and sat with his eyes at all times directed toward it. Every noise in the hall attracted his attention and caused him to watch the door more closely. He was evidently uneasy without the pistols that had so long been his constant companions.

Finally, after some time had passed in that manner, one of the guests made bold to say to the outlaw that for years it had been common report that no man in the country could draw a gun so quickly and get ready for defense as only as Frank James. Then he asked James to show how quickly such work could be done. Evidently the proposition pleased James, for he smiled and said he would do so if the gentlemen wished it.

"James sat about six feet from the table on which lay the weapons he had put aside," said Mr. Farr in telling the story. "While all were watching his actions he suddenly arose, sprang toward the table, seized the belt and swung it around his waist, as he brushed his long coat aside, and in the shortest time imaginable he snapped the fastening, his hands crossed on his body, and then from the belt he drew forth two pistols and stood with them presented. All this was done in a second, it seemed to me. I was watching him as closely as possible, and it surely did not seem to be more than a second from the moment he rose from his chair until he stood with two pistols presented, ready for war or defense. It was so marvellous an exhibition that the gentlemen present were all astonished and congratulated the man on his skill and dexterity.

Great Blast.

Seven tons of gunpowder were employed in a great blast at Penrhyn Quarries, Bethesda, North Wales. The object in view was the demolition of a huge pinnacle of rock, which has been a picturesque object for generations, and which must be a familiar memory to the thousands who visit the spot every year. Some idea of the gigantic dimensions of the place may be gathered from the fact that the rock face between the different terraces is some 600 feet in the midst of the amphitheatre formed by the quarries—it is estimated to have contained over 125,000 tons. Quite a crowd gathered to witness the effect of the blast, and certainly those present were not disappointed in the spectacle afforded. On the signal being given, the gunpowder was ignited, and amid the cutting and smother was seen to totter, and then to fall in fragments to the bottom.