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THOS. J ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1900.

VOL. LXV. NO. 23.

A TALE OF "WHOA."

Good-by, old horse, we'll turn you out To roam o'er hill and plain; We've bought a horseless carriage and We'll never need you again; With naphtha, oil or gasolene

We'll ride from morn till dark, And on a Sunday afternoon Go puffing through the park. You're hardly worth a piece of pie! Good-by, old horse, good-by!

To get us home tonight; This nasty, stinking, puffing thing, This nasty, stinking, puffing thing,
Is not perfected—quite.
The miles from home it fussed and fumed
And then refused to go;
And minus both a push and puff
It was a case of whon?
If you return, so will out joy,
Good boy, eld horse, good boy.
—The Trotter and Pacer.

"You'll see Gray Eagle frot now!" said Henry. "And he'll come in

"If he doesn't buck," added Horace.

"Won't it be rather dangerous busi-

"Oh, Horace, of course," replied

"Henry can drive as well as I can,"

"You had better tell your father

explained his brother, "but he sort of

what you propose to do," was Mr.

Everett's parting advice.
"Oh," that'll be all right," was the

Agreeably to promise, Mr. Everett, on a pleasant day early in October, made one of the throng in attendance

at the town fair grounds. He spent

an hour or two inspecting the sleek

stock of the farmers, admiring the

handiwork of the farmers' wives and daughters, witnessing a plowing match listening to the eloquence of

the lemonade venders, and especially

noting the odd characters which are

always to be seen on such occasions.

the crowd, he found himself at length

at the great centre of attraction, and

he took his place in the front tier of

seats opposite the judges' stand by

The judges had taken their positions,

and had rung the cracked bell hang-

ing over the stand as a signal to the

drivers in the first race to prepare for

Seven more or less fleet-footed

steeds were being driven on the track

for the preliminary "warming up,"

and as this was the "three-minute

class," Mr. Everett looked them over

anxionsly to discover if the gray colt

and his driver were among the con-

Sure enough, there they were! That

loose-jointed, shambling, rough-coated

of the pasture, was doubtless Gray

And the little fellow perched on a

ickety gig and clad in a uniform con-

sisting of a red flannel shirt and visor-

less cap, was no other than his young

Hardly had Mr. Everett identified

"How d' do, Mr. Everett?" said the

one of the Raymond twins when the

drawling voice. "Say, we're in luck, Hod and I are! They've drawn for

positions, and Gray Eagle's got the

began. The usual number of false

starts occurred, and Mr. Everett no-

in spite of his uncouth appearance,

skillful a driver as any of his competi-

"That colt of yours has a wicked-

looking eye," he remarked to Henry.

"Yes, he's ugly," admitted the boy, but Hod knows how to manage

Ouce more the horses came down to

"Go!" shouted one of the judges,

and away they went-all but Gray

The excitement had proved too much

for him, and instead of trotting, he

seemed to be executing something

like a war dance. Up and down, from

right to left, forward and backward he

pranced, to the great delight of the

crowd and to the deep mortification of

"He's bucking, just as I was afraid

But the young driver was not dis-

onds, but even the slowest of the

far ahead of the gray colt. But the

mirth of the spectators was soon

changed to amazement at that colt's

"Didn't I say he could trot?"

drawled Henry.

There was no doubt about it. When

Gray Eagle had made the first circuit

of the track, it was evident that he was

not to be the last in the race. But

could he possibly overtake the two

horses which, well ahead of the others,

Steadily he gained. Down the home

stretch whirled the two leaders, and

Grav Eagle was only a length behind.

Then came an nnearthly cry from the

lips of the young driver, and the whip

"I knew Hod was going to yell!"

said Henry, exultingly, as Gray Eagle

swept under the wire the winner by a

In the midst of the cheering, Horace

drove up, and with a professional air

Now, forcing his way through the

"Horace," he began, "what in all

"Father, this is Mr. Everett, that's

"Hope to see . you well, sir. But,

crowd, there appeared an elderly man

face that was comical to see.

nature does this mean?"

threw the reins to Henry, who at once went to the stable with the colt.

descended on the gray colt's back.

were contending for the first place?

of!" said be, with tears in his eyes.

other appeared at his elbow.

the "half-mile track."

action.

testants.

friend, Horace.

the wire.

Eagle.

poor Henry.

performance.

Then, following the movement of

lacks confidence before folks."

"He can drive as well as

ness for boys like you?" asked Mr. Everett. "Which ef you is to drive?"

BY F. E. C. ROBBINS.

with delight.

ahead, sure as guns!"

my man in this town."

cheerful rejoinder.

GRAY EAGLE AT THE FAIR.

***************** As Mr. George Everett was sitting hardly expected, their faces glowed after supper on the piazza of the Hillside House he suddenly noticed two boys who had really been standing near by for some minutes. Taking a good look at them, he said to himself that they were certainly twins, and as alike as two peas in a pod. Then he found himself associating them in some way with fried fish, and in an in-Stant recognized them as boys who had brought some fine trout to the hotel a day or two before.

He thought they seemed anxious to speak to him, but lacking in confidence. So he smiled in a way that was meant to be encouraging. Then he heard a whisper:
"Go ahead, Hod! What you 'fraid

The boys approached, and one of them said diffidently: "We thought p'r'aps you might like

to look at our card.' 'Your card?" echoed Mr. Everett, at the same time accepting a square piece of pasteboard on which was written the following:

RAYMOND BROS. GUIDES TO FISHING GROUNDS. TERMS REASONABLE.

Mr. Everett was somewhat mystified, and looked at the boys inquiringly. "We didn't know but you might

like to have us take you round to some good fishing places," said the ore who had offered the card. "We know just where they are and

how to catch them," added the other. "Oh, you are the Raymond brothers, are you?" "Yes, sir. I'm Horace and he's

Henry."
"At, I see, but I'm afraid I shouldn't another time," said Mr. Everett, try-ing hard to find some difference in the looks of the brothers. "How long have you been acting as guides, and what are your terms?"

"We're just beginning," answered right," said Henry.

"Sit down, boys, and let us talk it over," said Mr. Everett, who found his new acquaintances amusing. The conversation was satisfactory,

and Mr. Everett finally said: "I have been fishing considerably since I have been here, but have had poor luck. If you think you can show me some really good sport I will go with you, and I will pay you for your day. How will next Saturday suit

Next Saturday would suit the boys first rate, they said, and they went on

their way in high spirits. Mr. Everett, who had been spending some weeks at the cosy Hillside House, thought that he had pretty thoroughly tested the fishing privileges of the region roundabout, but he found his mistake on that Saturday. The "guides" not only had the true fisherman's instinct, but they knew intimately every stream and pond for miles around, and they led their young gentleman a jaunt which left him at night, as he expressed it, a "broken-down old man." But as he dragged his aching limbs toward home he was the owner of the finest string of trout and pickerel that had ever gladdened

As they began their walk home, Mr. Everett said:

"Well, boys, I think that I can recommend you as stars in your profession. By the way, how did you happen to take up the guide business?" "Well," began Horace, "we wanted some money awfully. We've got a gray colt at home, name's Gray Eagle, and he's got speed—"

"We thought he was all spavined np when pa bought him," observed Henry, parenthetically.
"He's all right now," Horace went

on, "we've been training him." "Take him out on the fair track most every night after milking," said

"Go like the wind, the colt will," sent him on his way.

The affair had taken but a few sec-Horace continued, "after we've got him down to his work." horses now strung along the track was

"Yes?" said Mr. Everett. "And what has all this to do with wanting some money?"

"Well," replied Horace, "the town fair comes on next week, and we want to enter the colt for a race in the

three-minute class-" "Horses that never trotted better'n three minutes in public," Henry ex-

plained.
"And you have to pay to enter a horse for a race, and besides, we shall

have to hire a gig."
"Ah, I see!" said Mr. Everett.

"Does your father happen to know about this?" "No. Pa don't know anything about it yet," answered Henry, with

some embarrassment. "But he won't care," said Horace, earnestly. "We want to kind of sur-prise him. He's a deacon, pa is, but

he says that the trots at our fair are well enough." "Ain't no pool-selling or anything,

you know," observed Henry. 'He's one of the trustees of the fair himself," added Horace, "but all he cares-for is cattle and sheep and butter and such things."

The boys had evidently reserved their favorite theme until the last, and with a look of astonishment on his finding an interested listener, they spared no details. Before Mr. Everett had reached the hotel he was in possession of the complete history of 'Father, this is Mr. Everett, that's the gray colt, and was fully informed stopping at the tavern,' said Horace, in regard to that great annual event evidently glad of a diversion.

-- the town fair. Furthermore, he had promised to Horace, what you been up to? I never delay his departure to the city for a was so took back in my line as I was day or two in order to be present at when they told me down to the hall

what you were doing!" Gray Eagle's performance. When he handed the boys the five Horace began to explain awkwardly dollars which they had boped for but enough, but his father cut him short. be killed by electricity.

lef this be the end on't! It isn't safe for a boy like you."

Come here, old horse, we need your pull

I've got to go back now, but you must promise not to drive again.
"But, pa, suppose I can find some

body to drive the colt?" "Well," said his father, who was perhaps in his heart somewhat proud of the colt's performance, "if you can get anybody that knows how, I don't care. All is, don't you do it." saving, he withdrew.

"I can't stop to talk now. All is,

"O pa, do let me drive him one more

"No, Horace, I won't risk your

neck-for all the premiums in the world.

surely bent and get the premium!"

It's best two in three, and I can

"Too bad!" exclaimed Horace, starting for the stable with tears in his "There's hobody that I can get to drive that colt, with all his tricks. Mr. Everett saw nothing of the Raymond boys for the next hour. He but little interest in the other races, but he kept his place, having some curiosity to see whether the gray colt would appear again with a new driver. The time for the second trial in the three-minute class came at last-

"Yes, there is Gray Eagle again," said Mr. Everett to himself. "And—can it be possible? Will Horace disobev his father and drive the colt, after all? Ab, here is Henry again! Henry, I wouldn't have thought that Horace would break his promise to his father!' "That isn't Horace behind Gray

"That isn't Horace behind Gray Eagle," said the boy, flushing guiltily. "I'm Horace. Father didn't say that Henry couldn't drive."
"Oh, that is the way of it!" said Mr. Everett. "I'm sorry if that is your idea of obedience," he added, quietly.
Horace made no reply, and the race

Gray Eagle took the lead and kept it easily once around the track.

"He's got the race!" cried Horace.

But in a moment his face fell.

"Oh, he's off his feet! Why doesn't
Hen pull him down? Why, what's
happened? Henry can't hold him! He's running away!" It was too true. Swerving from

side to side along the track, dashed the frightened animal. At every instant it seemed to the horrified spectators as if Henry must be thrown to the ground. The reins were broken, and the boy was powerless to guide or check the horse. "He'll be killed!" gasped Horace.
"And it'll be me that killed him!"

Now the wild horse and his helpless driver were once more nearing the stand. Horace's face showed pale under the tan, but there was the fire of purpose in his eyes. "I'm going to try it," he said, and he sprang on to the track.

A leap for the bridle-there was a chance in a thousand, but he caught

An instant later the horse had been brought to the fence by the side of the track. Henry had picked himself up, somewhat dazed by his fall from the gig, but not seriously hurt, and Horace lay on the ground with bleeding head and broken arm. Gray Eagle was being held by a

testants, hardly realizing what had happened, were just finishing the Horace was taken to his home, and at the boy's earnest request, Mr. Everett displayed really excellent sur-

gical skill in setting the broken arm Again the bell rang, and the scoring and dressing the wounded head. Thus Horace was his first patient. When he had been made comfort-

ticed, to his surprise, that Gray Eagle, able he said to his father, who was standing by his bed: trotted in a very lively way, and that "I want to tell you, pa, that Henry the diminutive Horace was at least as

wasn't one bit to blame. It was all 'I guess I wouldn't talk now." said

"But I must tell you. Henry didn't even know that I had seen you at all. I just said when I went to the stable that I wasn't going to drive again. He thought I just wanted to give him a chance, and took the horse. I pretended to myself that I wasn't disobeying you, but I knew all the time that I was. It served me right to get hurt. But I'm glad enough that it

wasn't Henry." "Well, well, I'll forgive you as far. forth as I am concerned," said his father, and I think this'll be a lesson that you won't forget. How do you feel now, my son?" And he laid his rough hand tenderly on the cheek of this repentant boy.

"Well, my head aches pretty bad, and my arm pains me, and I keep thinking how I did wrong. But I tell you, I feel awful good 'side of the way mayed. He had loosened the reins when the trouble began, and for an I felt when Gray Eagle and poor instant he let the colt take his own Henry were coming down the home course. Then, with a sharp pull and stretch!"-Youth's Companion. a resounding cut with the whip, he brought Gray Eagle to his feet and Great Fishing Near Hawaii.

Captain John M. Sass of the gasolene schooner Malolo has just discovered and chartered hitherto unknown shoals of considerable area to the southwest of the island of Molokai, Hawaii. The shoals are, in fact, a submerged extension of that island. He has found that they extend for about 30 miles almost due southwest from Molokai, at a surprisingly uniform width of about 12 miles. These shoals give soundings of from 28 to 32 fathoms, ending abruptly on all sides in soundings showing about 260 fathoms. The shoals seem to be the top of a submerged plateau with a very even and smooth surface covered with fine gray coral and affording excellent anchorage. The discovery was made while sounding for fishing fields. The water above the shoals swarms with edible fish of great value. But it also swarms with sharks, Hooks and lines thrown down to the bottom immediately bring up fish, but at the second or third throw only fishes' heads comes up, the sharks having snapped off the bodies of the fishes as they are being drawn up from the depths.—Chicago Record.

Savings of Years Gone.

Lewis Rice of Canaau, W. Va., was robbed of \$3500. Mr. Rice sold his timber last spring for \$1400, and this, with \$1100 savings of many years, and some notes were in an old trunk in the garret. He had occasion to go to the garret a few days ago and found the trunk gone. Search was instituted and the trunk and notes were found under an old tree near his home, but the money was gone. clew. -- Atlanta Constitution.

Unclaimed dogs in Chicago are to

Pretoria and Her Seven Forts Her Seven Forts

Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal; is a country town, asleep back of mountain walls and the frowning guns of seven modern forts. Here, unless all present indications fail and the war ends earlier than men expect, the Boers will make their last stand against the English and endure a possibly lengthy and bloody siege before

On three sides of Pretoria the mountain ranges rise to elevations of 1000 and 2000 feet above the streets of

upon pile of sandbags are stacked up

PRES KRUGER'S CHURCH AT PRETORIA

center. There is a powerful redoubt to the southwest on the range of hills through which the transport road to Johannesburg passes: This completes, with various earth batteries, the circle of the larger works defending the Boer capital. Behind the great redoubt are the principal maga-zines, one excavated out of the solid rock, with a bombproof roof, and the other built into the kloop, also bombproof. Communication between the redeubt and the last-mentioned magazine is by means of a covered way. Roads connect all these forts with the capital, and they have pipes laid for

toria Magalies. The town war ont after 1836 by them P . named after Pretorius, one of their first and strongest leaders. He was the first

AND DEALERS IN Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hair, water, as well as electric lights for the search lights.

The Boers call the ranges about P--FIRE BRICK, FIRE CLAY,

W. J. RUTHERFORD.

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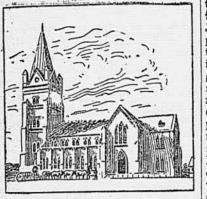
Dispensary

SILVER BROOK XX, ROSE VALLEY XXX, AMERICAN MALT, DUNN'S MONOGRAM RYE,

their fronts to a great depth. Pile distance of 31,000 feet from the city's

How the Capital of the Boers Has

eapitulation.



(Here he holds services, exhorting the Burghers who drive in from miles around in their ox-carts.)

wherever shells from the enemy might strike. There are many hidden re- President of the Republic and Com-

the city, which itself is 4500 feet above | cesses, secret passages, complete tele- | mandant General of their army. The

BI'.D'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL DEFENSES OF PRETORIA.

dozen men who had rushed to Horace's assistance, while the other con-

THE RAAD HOUSE, PRETORIA.

precipitous banks of Aspies River, the narrow gorges—so few in number -the innumerable "spion" or lookout silently oppose access to the capital 7100 feet. The railway station, where hibit. Every visitor to the great ex-

You look up to the mountain fronts as your train struggles to find its way into Pretoria and wherever the eye rests there appears to be the lines of a fort, a redoubt, the front of masked batteries or the domes of bomp-proof rifle and cannon pits. To the north, east, west and south these engirdle the city. They command the fewvery few-narrow entrances to Pretoria. They watch like great dogs the dusty, sun-rotted-veldt over which any English troops coming from the south must pass. They blink at the one railroad to Johannesburg and the one to Lorenzo Marques. They f ce the north at Winderboom and guard the ways to Beersheba, Hebron and Polonia. Their location has been with purpose. Captain Schiel, now as English prisoner, constructed the one at Daspoort from plans obtained in Berlin. He brought special assistants from Berlin to aid him in the work. Amsterdam engineers built others of the defenses. After them the lines from Johannesburg on the came French engineers, and then south, Delagoa Bay on the east and those of Italy, so that the completed Pietersburg on the north form their structures represent the genius of junction, is immediately outside the

knowing-the inward mechanisms of distance to the westward, passes out these forts, the mysterious battery lo-cations. When the forts were build-situated, through the Daspoort or deing workmen employed on one part of file in the range of hills behind the the structures were not allowed to city. Through this also runs the

sea level, but 1100 feet lower than the phone connections—not only with each real growth of the town did not comsite of Johannesburg to the south. other, but with government buildings mence until after the victory at Majuba On the fourth side—the south and in Pretoria. Searchlights are mounted; Hill in 1881. Johannesburg is the facing the approach from Johannes- in each structure so as to command center and home of the Uitlanders burg-the range flattens away to a the surrounding country at night. The the nervous, adventurous element of vast and level plateau, treeless, deso- magazines are underground and are the Transvaal. But Pretoria is eslate, exposed at every point to the reported to be mined. Report has it sentially the center of the pastoral sweep of any guns that may command also that the near approaches are mined Boers. Tropical flowers and plants The town is 1080 miles from and that the electrical construction is cover the valley in which it lies, and Capetown, fifty from Johannesburg, such that considerable portions of an willows grow in every direction. On the map it seems as easy of ap- enemy's army might be blown into Nearly all of the buildings are white proach as a prairie village in Ne- sternity before surrender came. For in color. On the dome of the capitol brasks. But the map topographer gold, in the event of siege, enormous is a golden statue of Isberty. The fails to present the lofty, barren hills quantities of maize have been accu- Witwatersrand mines, which yield

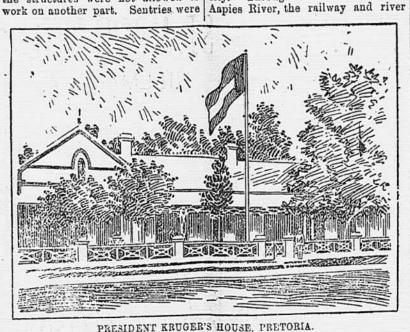
that face the south plateau, the mulated-enough, it is said, to feed \$100,000,000 annually, are but a short the army and the population of Pre- distance from the capitol. Howard toria for five years. The supply of C. Hillegas, in Harper's, mentions the ammunition is calculated to be sufficient for two years. The center of the system of forts electric car. The Boer congress-the lies about 3600 feet to the westward volksraad-meets at Pretoria, and of the northern end of Pretoria; and President Kruger has lived there for

has a radius of something more than fifteen years. American goods are 7000 yards. The center of the city is largely in evidence in the shops of the only about 11,000 feet, nearly due town, and the American shopman is south, on the fort on Signal Hill, already there in large numbers. Prewhich is about 400 feet above the toria does not and has not encouraged plain on the west side of the railway the presence of Englishmen, but Gerto Johannesburg, and about 13,000 mans and Frenchmen are welcomed. feet from the fort on the hill to the The streets are broad and clean, the east of the railway and the Aapies water supply fine and ample. River running to the north. Between this fort and the river are the foun- Britain the South African Republic tains that furnish the water supply of had time to plan and complete a build kopies that seem literally to leap from Pretoria. The distance between the ing at the Paris Exposition and to the bosom of the plain and suddenly, forts on either side of the railway is make it ready for the Transvaal ex-



EXPOSITION.

city on the south side. The railway No one just knows-or will admit to Pietersburg, after winding some



posted at all the entrances. Knowl- running together across the plain edge of the details of the work was through the Winderhoom Poort. the commanding officers.

kept from all but the president and Both river and railway pass under a tank to fit in one side of the large the guns of a large fort 21,000 feet water tank on the tender, the body of In external appearance the seven from the center of Pretoria. The the small tank being surrounded by forts are alike. They have masoury westernmost fort is on the range of the water in the large tank to keep faces, with earthwork which covers hills behind Pretoria, and lies at a the drinking water cool.

Drinking Water For Engineers. To provide drinking water on locomotives a Southern man has designed

Russian, \$300.

position will be specially interested in

this display. The chief feature of the

exhibit is a collection of native min-erals, including the gold ores of the

Rand and uncut diamonds. The ex-

hibit also contains specimens of the

agricultural industry of the Transvaal,

such as fruits and cereals. A collec-

tion of hunting trophies, including

the skins of lions, leopards and other

vild animals, shows what the Boers

have had to encounter in their marches

north through the wilderness. The

building has two stories, with a cen-

tral tower and cupolas or the corners.

Conan Doyle's Marriage Maxims.

Conan Doyle is not or'y a skilled

physician and a writer of most fascin-

ating detective stories, but has also

some very sound and sensible ideas

on matrimony. The following are a few "Marriage Maxims" oredited to

Never both be cross at the same

You were gentleman and lady be-

fore you were husband and wife.

A blind love is a foolish love. En-

If you take liberties be prepared to

There is only one thing worse than

The man who respects his wife does

quarrels in public. That is caresses.

not turn her into a mendicant. Give

If you can't then you had better do

European Wealth By Countries.

The total wealth of Europe, per-

sonal and real estate, is estimated at

\$235,000,000,000. From the point of

view of the absolute riches of the

world the principal European coun-

tries range in the following order by

England, 59; France, 50; Germany,

In point of view of circulating

capital the classification is as follows:

England, 21; France, 13; Germany,

The Englishman possesses on an

average \$1480; the Dutchman, \$720;

the Belgian and the German, \$780;

the Austrian and Italian, \$500; the

The Frenchman possesses \$1300.

7: Russia 3; Austria, 2: Italy, 1 1-5

Belgium, 1 1-5; Holland, 1 1-3.

40; Russia, 32; Austria, 22; Italy, 15; Belgium, 5; Holland, 4.

ime. Wait your turn.

her a purse of her own.

Don't forget it.

without a wife.

give them.

courage the best.