

Bell Ringers of the Giralda Perform Most Daring Feats.

The most extraordinary and thrilling spectacle in the world is that presented by the bell ringers of the Giralda in Seville, whose daring method of sounding a peal over the city is unique. In the United States bell ringing has been reduced to the simple touching of a keyboard, as in playing a piano. By the aid of electricity, that labor-saving factor with which Americans have done such wonders, the mere touch of a key is made to swing a ponderous bell, the manipulator of the keys playing a melody on the mass of metal as easily as though the instrument weighed no more than a toy. In primitive Spain the bells are rung by hand and the ringers actually stand astride the bells to sway them in their ponderous movements to keep the hammer going.

A bell ringer of Seville must be an accomplished athlete and possess a cool head and a sound heart. Any attempt to sound the bells by a Spaniard who did not possess these attributes would result in the body of the ringer being hurled down, down, down, from the dizzy height of the belfry in which the bell is housed to the streets of the city below.

When the city is to make merry on high days and holidays, or any other occasion that requires the ringing of the bells, the bell ringer climbs to the belfry, and, with the assistance of a rope and steps cut in the wall of the tower, mounts to the bell and stands astride the shoulder of the brazen monster. Then he presses the bell with his feet, holding on himself to the cross-piece upon which the mass of metal is swung. Gradually the great bell sways to the muscular movement of the man astride it, until it acquires a momentum that swings the hammer, first gently and then with gradually augmenting force as the sweep of the bell widens, until the air is trembling from the giant blows that strike the massive sides of the monster.

The mere vibration of the atmosphere as the huge bell rings out would be enough to make an unpracticed operator turn dizzy and fall from his perch. But, with the most awful din raging around them, for many bells are thundering out their notes at the same time in the belfry in obedience to the movements of their riders, the men who ring these bells bend and rise and fall with the action of the clamorously protesting metal, now appearing to the observer from below to be in a perfectly horizontal position as the bell reaches the limit of its swing, and again rising gracefully to an upright position as the monster sways back-

ward with another thunderous note to mark its passage.

But the most terrifying part of the daring performance to the spectator is the sight of a bell ringer calmly swaying the bell while it hangs far out of the belfry over the city, for the outward swing sends the counterpoise with the ringer into the space beyond the arch, and one can see the ringers astride their brazen mounts, like new centaurs, borne out into space. Should they lose their balance, God receive their souls, for the work would be their death.

The bell ringers have each their own way of mounting the bell. Not all of them prefer to stand astride the metal, but other methods of ringing the peal of the Giralda are not less dangerous than that described. One ringer makes a practice of ringing his bell with a rope attached to the neck of the great clanging mass. To pull this rope from the safe position of the belfry tower would not make the tongue of the bell talk vigorously or quickly enough for the bell ringer, so he shins up the rope until his head is level with the lower rim of the bell, and here he holds on and does his hauling, swinging with the motion of the bell and enjoying the most daring athletic exercise ever attempted for the pay of a bell ringer.

It is not always a professional bell-ringer than stands astride the bell or swings on the rope. The daring youth of Spain count the ringing of the bells after the fashion in vogue in Seville as one of the feats of which it is permissible to boast. The bellfries are easily accessible and it is not unusual for the sleeping citizens to have their rest disturbed by the brazen tongues of the bells ringing out on the still night air in angry protest against the disturbance of their non-working hours in such an unseemly manner. At such times the citizens know that a party of high-spirited youths are risking their necks by swinging the great bells without the aid of ropes.

One would think that the Spanish conqueror would frequently find need of his services owing to this peculiarly primitive and dangerous manner of ringing the bells of the Giralda, but the records show that there have been very few accidents and none is recorded of one that resulted in death through the ringer falling from his perch into the street below. The accidents that have occasionally happened have been through the carelessness of the ringer in not measuring his distance accurately as the bell swung through the arch.

he is fortunate. The regular ringers are too skillful to be caught in this way, but an amateur who does not know the kinks and corners of the belfry is very likely on a dark night to find that his daring has carried him very close to death.

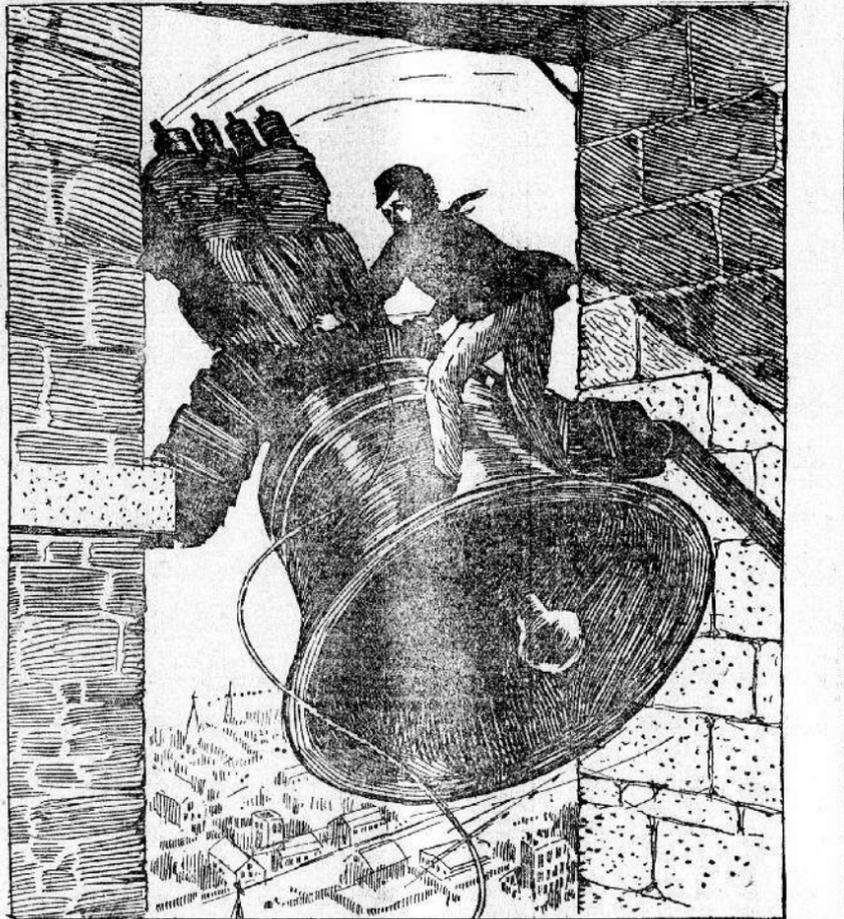
THIS IS A FAMOUS COUNTY.

Abbeville, South Carolina, and Its Historical Associations.

South Carolina has always been an interesting figure in the galaxy of states. Erratic in her course she may sometimes have appeared to the outside observer, but notable always and shining with a distinguishing light among her sisters. Fields rich with material for the historian and the novel-

ist are everywhere to be found with in her borders and the fancy of the poet will some day delight to cast the glamour of romance about scenes and incidents worthy of the pen of a writer.

In the history of the Palmetto state it has fallen to the county of Abbeville to be a conspicuous and important actor, and many of the most interesting chapters in the story have that county as a background. It was in the county of Abbeville, the birthplace and home of John C. Calhoun, that the Southern confederacy had both its cradle and its grave. The first ordinance looking to the secession of the state from the union and the formation of the Southern confederacy was adopted in county convention at Abbeville court house, and there too, within a stone's throw



The hair-raising way in which the Spanish bell-ringer sounds the chimes. Standing astride the brazen monster he swings it far out of the belfry while the tourist-spectator in the city below stands speechless with alarm at the thrilling sight.

Islands in the Antilles That Want to Come to Us.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

St. Kitts, British West Indies, June 10.—Is there room at Uncle Sam's fireside for another adopted son? If so there are 1,600,000 free, intelligent, industrious people willing and anxious to throw in their lot with the United States. Matters here have gone from bad to worse, owing to the neglect of the British government and the indifference to our petitions, and thus a once prosperous country, although exceedingly fertile, is being gradually reduced to its primitive condition. This has naturally bred the greatest dissatisfaction and all classes of the community are united in urging the home government to open negotiations with the United States looking to an exchange of these islands for territory recently acquired in the Orient.

The movement in favor of union with the United States may be said to have set in 18 years ago, about that time the great depression in the price of sugar—the staple product of the islands—with the consequent curtailment in the expenditures of the plantations, made it clearly apparent that a powerful and perilous agency, in the shape of the export bounties granted by Germany and other countries to their sugar producers, was at work, which, if left unchecked, would eventually make it impossible for the inhabitants of the islands to live and thrive. The apathy and utter indifference of the British government to this state of things has convinced the intelligent section of the people that there is no prospect that John Bull will alter his course or will take steps for their protection.

Emigration to the United States was a natural consequence of the depression caused by the bounties, and now the ties that bind us to the republic are not only those of gratitude to a people, who in our dire distress have helped us more than we could have commensurately, but the closer and stronger ties of blood relationship. Few families there are in these islands who are not represented in the United States. Already a large part of the island of Nevis has been thrown out of cultivation; only a small fraction of it is being tilled. The agricultural laborers are now, in the very middle of "crop," leaving the island literally by the hundreds; the better class are leaving in shoals by every steamer for the United States, while, in the case of those who remain, it is painful to contemplate what the state of the laboring population will be when the crop is over and no work can be found for the people. No doubt in the case of officials, whose salaries are secured, the future seems all right, but when the officials are very few, and to the thousands who must sink or swim with sugar, the outlook is as black as it could well be.

This people who in the past slept like St. Van Winkle, hardly conscious that they lived, are now awakening, and in 1896 the general discontent in this island expressed itself in a labor strike and general riot, in which lives were

lost and which was only put down by the aid of a ship of war.

Abolitionism, which has been the bane of Ireland, has not been the least of the active causes which have reduced West Indians to destitution. Plantations here, like estates in Ireland, are run in the interests of English capitalists, whose sole aim is to squeeze as much as they can out of the land and out of the unfortunate people. These vampires have drained the life-blood of the islands and, by a short-sighted, wasteful system of cultivation, have impoverished the soil and impaired its fertility.

The effects of this unnatural and pernicious system may be seen in the ragged, gaunt, half-starved, physically degenerate negroes, whose bodily condition, it is no exaggeration to say, is worse to-day—emphatically worse—than during the days of slavery. To the negroes of the ante-emancipation era the value of the asset they had a pecuniary value. To-day human flesh and blood are cheap, and are consequently lightly valued. The owners of plantations, which even now clear 10 to 15 per cent, decline to advance the starvation wages paid to the laborers, wages which are barely sufficient to maintain animal existence at a low ebb.

Governed as they are by the official clique at Downing street, whose chief interest in the West Indies is the official patronage which they place at their disposal, West Indians have no living interest in the government of their country. Here, as in Ireland, there is an "English majority" and the selfish avarices of the people have become completely alienated.

The colonies which, under the old system of representative government, were in a prosperous and financially sound condition, are, under crown rule and the bounty system, drifting helplessly into bankruptcy. Office after office has been created and tax upon tax heaped on to maintain them. Protests to the English government against all this have been unheard and have availed nothing. The repeated refusals of the colonial office to do justice to the islands have created such widespread dissatisfaction that but for the extremely orderly and law-abiding character of the people, these small colonies would long ago have been transferred to small Cubas, fighting for release from the intolerable evils that surround them in every hand.

Summed up, our reasons for seeking a change of flags are as follows:

First—Because the persistent refusal of the British government in spite of 20 years' agitation, petitions and appeals of various kinds to do simple justice to them in the matter of the sugar bounties has reduced the people to poverty and despair and has released the island from all claims to their grateful allegiance to the mother country.

Second—Because the expensive and extravagant administration maintained in the colonies against the will of the people entails heavy and oppressive taxation which is entirely out of proportion to the slender and woefully reduced means of the inhabitants.

Third—Because the contingency of the

for the suffrage which is the universal right of the citizens of the United States, the foremost country—bar none—on God's earth.

AUGUSTINE MONDSIRE.

THEY INSIST ON THEIR DIVVY.

Servants Who Systematically Rob Their Rich Employers.

From the New York Press.

The champion talkers are the coachmen. Most of them are importations and the government permits them to enter free of duty—an insult to our own drivers! Bah! But they come here with a purpose to "divvy" our aristocrats. The head coachman receives from \$50 to \$75, and his assistant, the fellow who is sometimes called "tiger" and "hunk," gets about \$40. The day may be purchased of the most reputable firm in the world, but if Mr. Coachman does not get his "divvy," he reports to his employer that the horses are not doing well—the hay is not of good quality. If the cat man or the produce exchange does not put something in the privy purse of Mr. Coachman the horses have botts, or something equally as impossible—the oats are unsound. It is the same with beef, corn and other provender.

One of the leading firms on the produce exchange received from a mill on a Fifth avenue last week an indignation letter calling attention to the very poor oats which they had sold him at an exorbitant price. They proved that they had given him the lot at the market price, and introduced a dozen witnesses to show that the oats were the finest ever sold in the market. But the firm refused to tip the coachman! In the matter of harness—why, our fool millionaires are robbed to "death" by the stimulus of American energy and American capital industry would revive, trade generally would improve, the demand and remuneration for labor would increase, the wholesale price of the cream of the population which is now taking place would be arrested, the cloud of poverty and depression which hangs like a pall over the island would be lifted and all classes would be richer, happier, better off and more contented than they are under the hopeless and depressing conditions that, as a result of the apathy of the British government, now exist.

West Indians, generally speaking, have never interested themselves in politics. They are an easy-going, contented lot, and, so long as they were able to get the wherewithal to support existence were indifferent to how they were governed. But now that actual starvation, as a result of the collapse of the sugar industry, has become a probability of the near future they are awakening and the murmurs which precede a great outbreaking may be heard from the dissatisfied masses. The long pent-up feeling is finding vent in the cry, annexation to the United States. The officials, their dependents and a few weak-kneed sentimentalists may be counted on to oppose the movement to the best of their ability. The press, generally speaking, which represents and voices the opinions of "the classes" rather than of "the masses," will remain loyal to its patrons. But the bulk of the people will be in favor of union with the republic.

In a great effort such as this we must instinctively turn for support to our great people, and asked, may I beg, you to endeavor to bring about annexation for the benefit of a country which gave to the United States Alexander Hamilton, one of its greatest statesmen—for a country which you will find loyal to the union and which, from its advanced educational position, you will find ill

Detective Hans Talks About the Hole-in-the-Wall Country.

The recent robbery of the Union Pacific overland train near Rock Creek, Wyo., by train robbers and their subsequent escape into the region known as the Hole-in-the-Wall has attracted attention to that country and those unacquainted with the topography and geography of that portion of the Great American desert will be interested in what Fred M. Hans, a special agent for the Fremont & Missouri Valley road, has to say concerning it. There is perhaps no man outside of the immediate road agents so well versed in the country as Mr. Hans.

For years Mr. Hans was employed as a government scout and guide in the service of Gen. Nelson A. Miles, then Colonel Miles, General Brooke and other army officers during the Indian wars of 1876, 1877 and 1878. Mr. Hans personally conducted General Phil Sheridan, Colonel Miles and command around and into the Hole-in-the-Wall in 1876, and has made several important captures of notorious crooks, road agents and stage robbers in the "Bad Lands" in the immediate vicinity of the Hole-in-the-Wall.

In 1879 Detective Hans trailed for weeks a desperate and notorious outlaw known as "Shack Nasty Jim," who robbed a stage coach, into the Hole-in-the-Wall, and single-handed and alone captured him, delivering his prisoner to Colonel Adams of Fort McKinney. The same year Detective Hans apprehended two desperadoes, Jack Hawkins and Bill Cole, after a large posse had pursued them for 200 miles, and finally gave up the job as fruitless after the fugitives had entered the Hole-in-the-Wall. Hans also later arrested Tom Lawton, the notorious cattle rustler, and his pal, Harry Keys, in the Hole-in-the-Wall, with several government horses which they had stolen from Fort McKinney. Keys was killed by a soldier in the trying to make his escape from the prison later.

Detective Hans' knowledge of the country and his acquaintance with the modes and methods employed by the outlaws who make this region their rendezvous peculiarly fits him for special duty in expeditions into that country, and he is frequently called upon to visit that district in search of criminals. It was only a few weeks ago that Detective Hans was called upon by the postoffice department to go to the Hole-in-the-Wall region in quest of two postoffice robbers who had robbed a Wyoming postoffice safe, and on May 23 last he landed his men, locating them in a secluded place in the Hole-in-the-Wall. Hans' courage and peculiar unassuming methods win for him success where less daring

of secession bill, the last formal meeting of the confederate cabinet was held, Jefferson Davis being then on the capture into Georgia, where he was captured a few days afterward.

Not only was Abbeville county the birthplace of the secessionists of the South, but it is to-day and has been for nearly three-quarters of a century the educational stronghold of the seceders of the South, and was originally the Scotch, or psalm-singing, Presbyterian of the Southern country, a stock which largely settled the Mecklenberg section of North Carolina and asserted independence of the mother country in the Scotch seceders' days, and on the 13th month before the declaration of independence at Philadelphia in 1776. For the last 50 years fully 90 per cent. of the ministers of that denomination in the South have been bred in their college and theological training at Due West, a little college town in Abbeville county, devoted peculiarly to education and pervaded in its private life by a strictness very similar to that which is to-day characterized by the descendants of a former day, of whom the seceders are the religious descendants in this country.

The constituency of the county, early impressed with the qualities of both the Scotch-Irish and the Huguenot, by whom the county was originally settled, has ever been noted for its intelligence and high morality. In 1844 Benjamin F. Perry of Greenville, S. C., afterward governor of the state, in an address before the students of Erskine college at Due West, opened by the name of four men then living, sons of Abbeville county, any one of whom, he said, would shed lustre on the annals of any nation—namely, John C. Calhoun, Langdon Cheever, George McDuffie and James L. Pettigru.

"When we see such a cluster of great men," said Mr. Perry, "all springing from one county, well may that county claim to be the Athens of South Carolina."

The Due West commencements, like the great annual feasts of the olden time which drew from all parts of the kingdom the Due West, are the most interesting periods when the gates of the little town are wide open and men and women from all parts of secederdom in the South gather within its walls and mingle in its walks and piazzas, and in the temple built there to letters and to religion, for the two colleges at Due West supplement each other, one educating young men, the other young women, and thus it happens that members of the same family household sisters as well as brothers, wife and mother as well as husband and father, often reassemble on these festival occasions in the little town to do honor to alma mater, the two colleges being always intertwined in the proceedings of commencement week.

The Press and Banner, published at Abbeville for the last 60 years, says in reference to these annual gatherings:

"The commencements in the colleges at Due West are always notable events in the history of Abbeville county. They draw great concourses of people from the best walks of life, from the highest and most refined circles to the humblest planes of good citizenship, and good feeling and love for their fellow men characterize the conduct of those who assemble in the classic groves."—Washington Times.

Good Reasons for Going to Church.

"I should say," writes Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D. D., in "What is the Good of Going to Church?" in the June Ladies Home Journal, "attend church that you may be a part of the things of the spirit; that you may be brought face to face with the doctrine of

ROMAN RUINS IN ENGLAND.

Excavations Bring to Light Traces of a Buried City.

Lately the British Society of Antiquaries has completed the excavations of a Roman city, which was buried under a layer of which is now the town of Silchester, and not far away is Reading. The archaeological finds there are said to be valuable, and the description of them is certainly highly interesting. They have been placed in the rooms of the society in Burlington house.

It appears that as far back as the reign of Henry VIII. it was suspected that something unusual lay beneath the crops, which showed very peculiar varieties of color, but it was not till 1864 that the rector of Stratfieldsaye, with the encouragement of the then duke of Wellington, commenced digging and delving, which has now yielded such excellent results.

"It is now clear," says the London Chronicle, "that in the days when the ancient Britons led a life of tribal warfare, one tribe possessed a high number of sundry fastnesses to which they could retire when attacked, with their cattle. Then came the all-conquering Roman, and made of the rude refuse an imposing city, which had a number of gates and important buildings. Naturally, throughout the time of the Roman occupation, the city underwent developments, and at Burlington house to-day can be seen the beautifully isolated floors of the villa which some 'noble Roman' built over the ruins of the original shelter of his less favored predecessor. In the glass cases there are coins and ornaments, and on the tables specimens of delicate pottery, testifying to the luxury of an age when our rude forefathers brought their flocks and herds into the market place and wondered at the treasures displayed in the shops which were ranged around the now vanished town hall. From the maps and plans the visitor can trace the site of the city laid out with Roman precision and gain an idea of the busy life of the place, with its temples, baths, amphitheater and other adjuncts which made it much more than a mere camp or military station. There are reminders also of the sterner side of life in the pit, with its rows of pointed wooden stakes for the capture of wild animals, the grim looking iron gages—probably used on many a captive Briton, etc. The home life of the period is illustrated by the stoves for grinding corn, the well preserved sets of books for hoisting barrels and the large brick on which the maker, in merry mood, wrote the word 'Stalls,' which remains to-day as the sole memorial of his life and being."

"Altogether Calveva, as the town is supposed to have been called, has furnished the present age with many intensely interesting relics—which are extensively added to the days when imperial Rome reigned in Great Britain.

Big Fisheries in Norway.

In the fisheries of the Lofoden islands, belonging to Norway, between 35,000 and 40,000 men are often engaged, and during the busiest time, which is toward the end of March, as many as 3,000 vessels of various kinds are in those waters.

men would not dare to venture.

In speaking of the Hole-in-the-Wall country, Detective Hans said:

"From the scene of the robbery near Rock Creek to the entrance to the Hole-in-the-Wall all roads are very rough, and at the best side, it is about 100 miles. Once away from the region of the Medicine Bow mountains, the robbers undoubtedly struck the trail of the old Rock Creek and Fort Peterman stage road and went down a mountain side, where they would be safe from capture if they were provided with ample ammunition."

"The trail is a circuitous one, winding around rocky, craggy mountains and foot hills, across deep gulches and ravines, and at times over level country, and where, almost any place, a man could hide from a thousand men in the sage brush.

"Persons acquainted with the topography of the country can travel faster as they can avoid many almost impassable barriers along the route by cutting across the country, where as tenderfoot must travel along the beaten path or take his chances of losing his bearings or being precipitated down a thousand or more feet to the bottom of a precipice."

"The Hole-in-the-Wall is so-called because it resembles a mammoth hole or depression in the earth. It is about 40 miles long and 20 miles wide. The sides of the wall are from 1,000 feet to 2,000 feet high and in many places perpendicular. There is but one entrance to the Hole-in-the-Wall, and that at the east side where the Powder river runs into the Hole district. The Hole-in-the-Wall is a fan-shaped tract containing several small streams, including the Powder river and Buffalo Fork, North Powder river and Red Fork, all tributaries of the Powder river. The Crazy Woman's Fork, a branch of the Powder river, enters the Hole above the Powder river a short distance, and here one may enter the Hole, but it is a hazardous undertaking for man, as the rocky bluffs overhang and project hundreds of feet from the ground.

"Once in the Hole one feels well repaid for the effort in undertaking the trip. Rich fertile soil, beautiful foliage plants and green foothills covered with trees present a magnificent appearance. The Hole-in-the-Wall is a safe retreat not only by the outlaws who preyed upon the overland stages and pack trains, but also by the Indians. I remember that in November, 1874, Chief Bull Knife and Standing Elk made their escape from General Crook's command of 18 companies of the 3rd and 4th cavalry after a hot fight on Crazy Woman's Fork, near where the Hole-in-the-Wall is situated, and fled to the Hole-in-the-Wall. The Cheyennes sought safety in this region and all effort to dislodge them was unsuccessful. The peculiar arrangement of the Hole-in-the-Wall makes it practically a natural breastwork of stone

of solid rock, as there are places where men can only march in single file. If I were a robber, I would go there with sufficient ammunition and a Howitzer, I would defy the world to dislodge me. Here is where the cattle rustler makes his home, and Butch Cassidy and his gang have been the terror of the country for hundreds of miles about.

"I am convinced that unless the train robbers are surprised they will not surrender, and they are desperate enough to kill the entire posse pursuing them."

WAS SHORT ON GODD STORIES.

Predicament of a Woman With Seven Calls to Make.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Seven visits to make in one afternoon! Well, I think I can manage it. Some of them may not be at home, and I can make an early start. Let me see. There's that anecdote about Ethel's fox terrier and the cute speech of little Bob and that about the old man who was told the other night about the Goddess of Liberty. Is that all I have in stock? Oh, dear, no. There's that quotation from 'The Pneumatic Woman' that struck me so hard when I read it to anyone yet, and I dare say it will go as original. Not one person in 10 has heard of 'The Pneumatic Woman.' Is that enough for seven calls? I'm afraid not. Well, there's always a way. Really, if it came to the point I'd rather talk interestingly about any old subject than stupidly about a brand-new one. There's more art in it. I wonder if I dare say it, but I'll say it over again? I've told it so many times lately—indeed, I won't be sure that some of the times were not at the very Maude I'm going. How mean it is that Maude made me promise not to repeat that lovely bit of gossip she gave me this morning! I haven't heard anything so delicious for a long time. Well," with a sigh, "I promised on my word of honor or I wouldn't do it, and another sigh. 'Why here we are at Mrs. Somebody's. I wonder if I have enough to talk about for seven calls? Oh, well, some of them may be out—and—oh dear, if I only hadn't promised Maude."

How a Little Girl Obedied an Injunction to Make Less Noise.

From Harper's Bazar.

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you come down stairs so quietly that you don't make a sound in the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now go back and come down the stairs like a lady."

Frances retired, and after the lapse of a few minutes she came upstairs. "Did you hear me come down stairs this time, mamma?"

"No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily. I see that you can come quietly if you will. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise."

"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.