

DROLLERIES OF DONEGAL.

A Series of Irish Folk Stories—By Seumas MacManus.
JACK AND THE KING WHO WAS A GENTLEMAN.
 Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "The Lassie's Road to Donegal."

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It is much to be regretted that the Bum-madler was not a millionaire, for in that case at the Bank money would run like the rain at Lanes. Of course, with a steady and assured income of two pounds five shillings and sixpence per quarter, he was rich enough to be generous—but, alas, not rich enough to be lavish.

There was no other employer of labor at the Bocht to whom the Bummadler would give their services with the alacrity they ever showed when the Bummadler had a cart of fir to take in or rushes to bear home to the bolls to crush his cabin. And, awaiting their promised pay, they, in the course of time, got to know pay day and to long for it with all the greedy eagerness of the thirteenth old pensioner in the land.

But, in consideration of pay day being still far in the future, Moneys was frequently importuned by his men for the loan of their drafts and pay interest thereon in the shape of a good exciting story of the king-and-queen's age. Which demands that he might shove a run on the bank the Bummadler was fain to concede. For the widow's Faoth's tales had a thrilling interest and on the occasion of one, seated in his usual sloop in the corner, he followed with such a breathless excitement as held not even the youngsters themselves.

"Well, children, want you a time when pias was sweeter than a poor widdy woman lived all alone with her wain son Jack in a wee hut of a house that on a dark night ye might alasily walk over it by mistake, not knowin' at all, at all it was there, barrin' ye'd happen to strike yer toe agin it. An' Jack, his mother lived for lee an' long, as happy as hard times would allow them, in this wee hut of a house, Jack strivin' to arn a little support for them both by workin' out, an' doin' we turn back an' forrid to the neighbors. But there was one wint' an' times come to look black enough for them—nothin' to do, an' less to ate, an' clothe themselves as best they might; an' the wint'her wore on, gettin' harder an' harder, till at length when Jack got out of his bed on a mornin' an' axed his mother to make ready the drop of wate about for their little brakus as usual 'Musha, Jack, amble,' says his mother, says she, 'the mall-chist—thanks be to the Lord—'s empty as Paddy Ruadh's donkey that used to ate his brakus at supper time. It axed out long an' well, but it's empty an' last, Jack, an' no sign of how we're goin' to get it filled again—only we trust in the good Lord that never yet deserted the widow an' the orphan—he'll not see us wantin', Jack."

"The Lord helps them that help themselves, mother," says Jack back again to her.

"Thrus for ye, Jack," says she, "but I don't see how we're goin' to help ourselves."

"He's a mortal dead mule out an' out that hasn't a kick in him," says Jack. "An' mother, with the help of Providence—not comparin' the Christian to the brute beast—I have a kick in me yet, if you thought ye could only manage to shryve along the best way you could for a week, or maybe two weeks, till I get back again, on a little journey I'd like to undertake."

"An' may I make bold to axe, Jack," says his mother to him, "where would ye be after makin' the little journey to?"

"You may ax me that, but it's empty an' 'It's this, you know the king of Munster is a great jintleman entirely. It's put on him, he's so jintlemanly, that he was never yet known to make use of a wrong or a disreputable word. An' he prides himself on it so much that he has sent word over all the known airth that he'll give his beautiful daughter—the loveliest picture in all Munster, an' maybe in all Ireland, if we'd say it—an' her weight in gold to any man that in three trials will make him (the king) use the unrespectful word, an' say 'Ye're a liar!' But every man that tries him, an' falls, loses his head. All sorts an' descriptions of people, from prences an' peers down to bagmen an' beggars, have come from all parts of the known world

she done the neighbors round about; an' once she took it in her head to fly over to Englan' an' she created such mischief an' division as to my father it he didn't come immediately an' take his queeny bee that was crackin' an' runnin' all afore her he'd come over himself at the head of all his army an' wive my father of the face of the earth. So my father ordered me to mount our wonderful big horse that I toud ye about, an' that could go nineteen mile at every step, an' go over to Englan' an' bring home our queeny bee. An' I mounted the horse an' started, an' when I come as far as the sea I had to cross to get over to Englan'. I put the horse's two fore feet into my hat, an' in that way we thrashed the sea dry all the way across an' landed me safely. When I come to the king of Englan' he had to supply me with 99,000 men and the queeny bee an' hind her. It took us nine years to catch her, nine more to tie her an' nine years an' 9,000,000 of men to drag her home, an' the king of Englan' was a beggar aft'er from that day till the day of his death. Now, what do you think of that bee?" says Jack, thinkin', he had the king this time sure enough.

"But the king was a cutter one than Jack took him for, an' he only smiled again, an' says he:

"Well, Jack, that was a wonderful great queeny bee entirely."

Next, for poor Jack's third an' last chance, the king took him to show him a wonderful field of beans he had, with every bean-stalk fifteen feet high an' every bean the size of a goose's egg.

"Well, Jack," says the king, says he, "I'll engage ye never saw more wonderful bean-stalks than these."

"Is it them?" says Jack. "A'ra, an' yer kingship," says he, "they may be very good for this country; but sure we'd throw them out of the ground for useless a'fter-shoots in Donegal. I mind one bean-stalk in particular, that my father had for a show an' a curiosity, that he used to show as a great wonder an' a thing to strangers. It stood on ninety-nine acres of ground, it was nine hundred miles high, an' every leaf covered nine acres. It fed nine thousand horses, nine thousand mules, an' nine thou-

bubble and the liquid, an estimate can be made of the temperature of the quartz when it was first hardening out of its molten state. The liquid in the little cavity is probably a saturated solution of common salt, and the gas is carbon dioxide.

Dr. Julien has another piece of quartz, found in North Carolina, which has a cavity holding liquid and a bubble which is remarkable because the bubble can be made to appear and disappear at the will of its owner. All he has to do is to breathe hard upon it, when it will disappear. It is the heat of his breath which causes the liquid to expand and fill up the space ordinarily occupied by the air bubble. Of

course, any gentle heat will cause the change, but when we reflect that the bubble, like its fellow mentioned above (this one does not jump about), has been in existence for millions of years, the potency of the human breath in causing the change seems much more inspiring.

Dr. Julien has still another gas bubble, this one enclosed in a piece of white topaz from Minas Geraes, Brazil, which under the microscope shows some wonderful effects. The cavity is tubular and the sides or walls are parallel to the prismatic faces of the crystal. The liquid in the cavity is a quite strong brine, with still another colorless liquid (liquid carbon dioxide) occupying a central position. Looking through the microscope you may see the first cavity, then the densest brine near the ends, with infinitesimal salt cubes floating in it, then in the center the liquid carbon dioxide with the air bubble in the middle of it. The curves of demarcation which show up between the colorless and the non-colorless liquid are very regular. It is really one liquid floating within another liquid, and an air bubble in the center of all. The air bubble always floats near the upper surface of the cavity, whichever way the mineral is held, so that the piece of topaz is a natural spirit-level which has been in existence since before man first came on earth.

Dr. Julien has also many specimens of what might be called phantom organic minerals. That is, minerals containing internal markings which seem to show traces of organic forms. Their resemblance to the most cases, but they are purely crystalline in structure.

HOW THEY ENDURE GREAT HEAT.
Men Working at Furnaces Suffer Less at 118 Degrees Than Ordinary Folks.

How the men employed in iron foundries and steamship boiler rooms, blast furnaces and other torrid places stand the terrible heat is a mystery to all but the initiated. In the melting room of the United States mint at Philadelphia the thermometer usually indicates 106 degrees, in gas works 118 degrees and in blast furnaces about 115 degrees, while in steamships the furnace sometimes have to endure 140 degrees of heat. In all these places the men wear very little clothing, and undoubtedly suffer from the exposure, but not so much as a person might suppose.

The explanation of this fact is that these men are not reached by the humidity. They are working in places where the artificial heat is so intense as to drive out the humidity and 118 degrees of heat in a pure dry air is not felt so much as a mixture of 90 degrees of heat and 80 per cent of humidity that tells on people and sorely tries their vitality.

The humidity is the moisture in the air. When it is very intense it prevents the perspiration from passing out through the pores of the skin, and its pressure on the

THE KING SHOWED JACK SOME WONDERFUL BIG HORSES.



said Jack, "for this country. But at home with us in Donegal we'd only count them little nags, shootable for the young woids to drive in pony carriages."

"What says the king, 'do you mane to tell me ye have bigger in Donegal?'"

"Bigger!" says Jack. "Phe! Blood alive, yer kingship, I seen horses in my father's stable that could step over your horses without trippin'. My father owned one big horse, the greatest, I believe, in the world again."

"What was he like?" says the king.

"Well, yer highness," says Jack, "it's quite beyond me to tell ye what he was like. But I know when we wanted to mount it we'd get it by means of a step-ladder, with nine hundred an' ninety steps to it, every step a mile high, an' you had to jump seven miles off the topmost step to get to his back. He ate nine ton of turnips, nine ton of oats, an' nine ton of hay in this air, an' it took ninety-nine men in the daytime, an' ninety-nine others in the night-time, carryin' his feeds to him; an' when he wanted a drink the ninety-nine men had to lead him to a lough that was nine miles long, nine miles broad, an' nine miles deep, an' you used to drink it dry at every drink, says Jack, an' then he looked at the king, expectin' he'd surely have to make a liar out of him for that.

But the king only smiled at Jack, an' says he: "Jack, that was a wonderful horse entirely, an' no mistake."

Then he took Jack with him out into the garden for his second trial, an' showed him a bee-kep, the size of the biggest rick of hay ever Jack had seen; an' every bee in the skep was the size of a crush, an' the queeny bee as big as a jackdaw.

"Jack," says the king, says he, "isn't them wonderful bees? I'll warrant ye, ye never saw anythin' like them?"

"Oh, they're middlin'—middlin' fatrick," says Jack, "for this country. But they're nothin' at all to the bees we have in Donegal. If one of our bees was flyin' across the fields," says Jack, "and one of your bees happened to come in its way, an' fall into our bee's eye, our bee would take the mite out of his eye."

"Do you tell me so, Jack?" says the king.

"You must have great monsters of bees," "Monsters," says Jack. "Ah, yer highness, monasters is no name for some of 'em. I remember," says Jack, says he, "a mighty great breed of bees me father owned. They were that big that when my father's new castle was a-buillin' (in the steedin' of the old one, which he consnated to be too small for a man of his mane) the workmen closed in the roof, an' it was found there was a bee inside, an' the hall door not bein' wide enough, they had to toss the side wall to let it out. Then the queeny bee—ah, she was a wonderful beauty entirely," says Jack. "When ever she went out to take the air she used to overturn all the ditches and hedges in the country; the wind of her wings tossed houses an' castles; she used to swallow whole flower gardens; an' one day she flew against a ridge of mountains 1,000 feet high an' knocked a piece out from top to bottom an' it's called Barnesmore Gap to this day. This queeny bee was a great trouble an' annoyance to my father, seen' all the harm

exact counterpart of the Sorrowful Tree, but less beautiful, and strange to say, it blooms only in the daytime.

Buy it and try it if you want a delicious wine with a beautiful bouquet—Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Now, Bobby, if you are not unreasonable you can choose your own birthday present."

"Well, pa, I don't want much; I've want a soda fountain, an' a new wheel, an' a cash register."

Little Clarence—Papa, what's a friend in need?

Papa—a man around the corner who holds "fire" when a fellow can't think of any good excuse for leaving home after dinner.

Mother—You are a very naughty little girl!

Little Girl (after some thought)—Aren't you glad I wasn't twins, mummy?

"What's the matter, little boy?" said the kindly old lady.

"I've lost threepence," replied the little boy, crying bitterly.

"Well, here is threepence more for you; so don't cry. How did you lose it?"

"I lost it at pitch and toss!"

Max and Edith were playing with a new flag.

"Papa says there'll be a new star in the flag pretty soon," gravely said 4-year-old Max.

"Where'll they get it?" asked his little cousin.

"Out of the sky," answered Max. "I s'pose the United States can have 'em any time she wants 'em."

"When I grow up," said Edith, with a dreamy, imaginative look, "I'm going to be a school teacher."

"We're going to be a mamma and have six children," said Edna.

"Well, when they come to school to me I'm going to whip 'em, whip 'em, whip 'em."

"You mean thing!" exclaimed Edna, as the tears came into her eyes. "What have my poor children ever done to you?"

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs, she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption, and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles found herself sound and well; now does her own housework, and is as well as she ever was. "I'm proud of this Great Discovery," says Mrs. Michael. "It's a wonderful recovery at \$1.00; every bottle guaranteed.



I LIFTED MY FOOT AND GAVE THE FOX THREE KICKS.

flesh is very exhausting and the confinement of the perspiration exceedingly unhealthy. Although people do not know it, they would be cooler while sitting beside a red-hot stove than they would be in the street on any hot mid-summer day.

THE SORROWFUL TREE.

It Grows in Persia and Blooms Only at Night.

There is a tree in Persia to which the name "The Sorrowful Tree" is given. Perhaps because it blossoms only in the evening.

When the first star appears in the heavens the first bud of the Sorrowful Tree opens, and as the shades of night advance the blossom begins to close its petals. It continues gradually opening until the whole tree looks like one immense white flower. On the approach of dawn, when the brilliancy of the stars gradually fades in the light of day, the Sorrowful Tree closes its flowers, and ere the sun is fully risen not a single blossom is visible. A sheet of flower-dust, as white as snow, covers the ground around the foot of the tree, which seems blighted and withered during the day, while, however, it is actively preparing for the next nocturnal festival. The fragrance of the blossoms is like that of the evening primrose.

If the tree is cut down close to the roots a new plant shoots up and attains maturity in an incredibly short time.

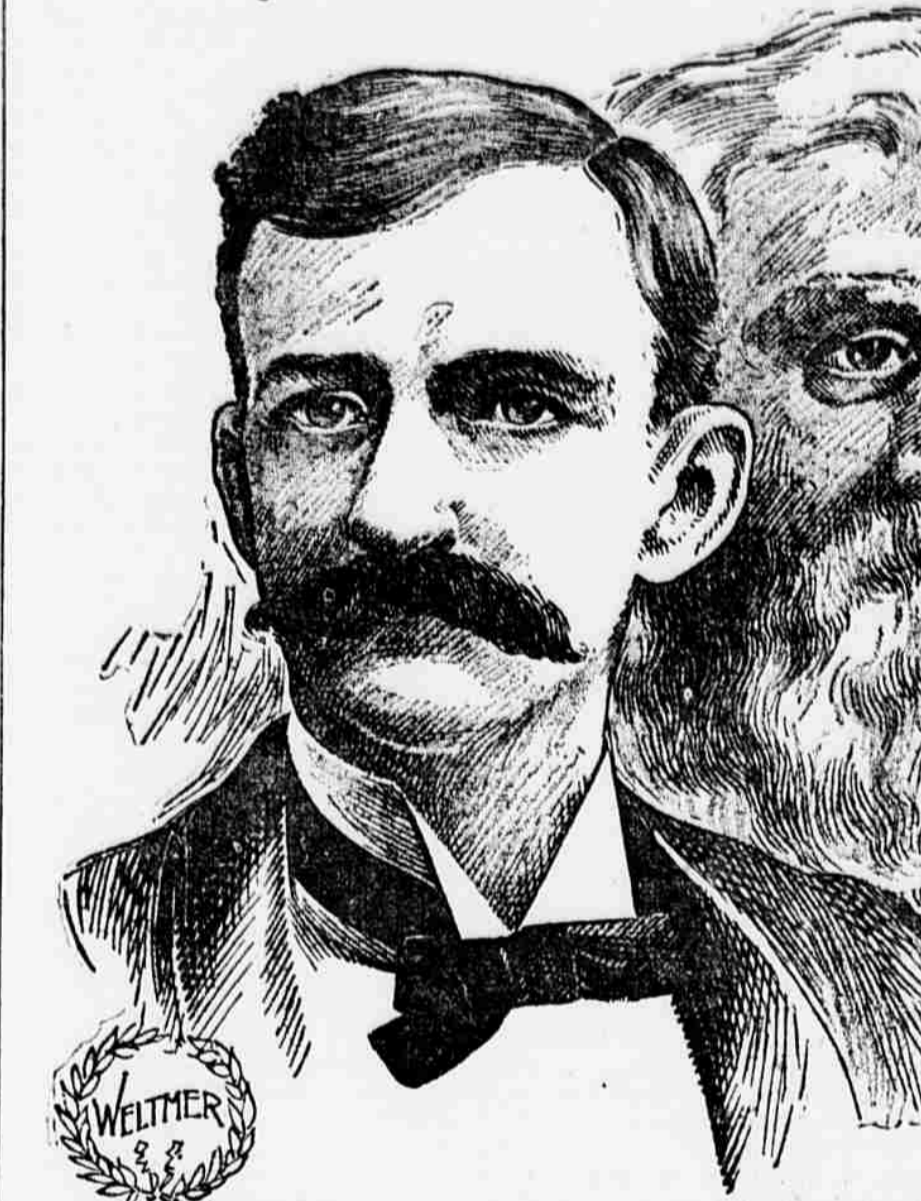
In the vicinity of this singular tree there usually grows another, which is almost an

FROM B. C. 292 TO A. D. 1899

ASCULAPIUS, IN B. C. 292, ASTONDED THE WORLD BY CURING DISEASE WITH MEDICINES, ROME TERMED HIM THE GOD OF THE HEALING ART.

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The phenomenal cures made by Prof. S. A. Weltmer of Nevada, Mo., have been so astounding and wonderful as to attract the attention of scientists and physicians throughout the world. An eminent physician who has won the esteem of the medical profession by his history of Aesculapius, the healing god, known in B. C. 292, says: "While it is true that we are told that Aesculapius became so efficient in the healing art that he actually succeeded so far as to raise the dead to life, and in this way offended Pluto who complained to Jove of the innovation and Jove slew Aesculapius by a flash of lightning, still in making my researches up to the present day, I can say without hesitation that Prof. S. A. Weltmer, the great Nevada, Mo., Magnetic Healer, has done more for science and humanity than did Aesculapius, for the wonderful man has followed the precept of the Living Christ. In this I do not mean to be sacrilegious, but to emphasize my statement by saying that the Nevada (Mo.) great scientist is following in the path made by Him who was born at Bethlehem and healing without drugs or the surgeon's knife. Again Prof. S. A. Weltmer is more generous to humanity than was Aesculapius, for the latter had a few followers, known as the Aesclepiades, who were bound by an oath not to divulge the secret of the healing art, while anyone placing themselves in communication with Prof. S. A. Weltmer can receive in-

markable ability to cure people at a glance, and hundreds have been restored in this way. Mr. G. W. Hickey, Tex. City, Mo., was a total wreck, having suffered thirty years with stomach, liver and kidney troubles. After trial everywhere without relief, fully restored by Professor Weltmer's Absent Method.

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Mrs. Lavine Black, Barry, Ill., suffered for thirty years with neuralgia and stomach troubles. Nothing but morphine would relieve her. Permanently cured in a few weeks by the Absent Method of Treatment.

Mrs. M. A. DeWalt, Bellefonte, Co., was afflicted five years with dropsy, stomach and kidney troubles. Could get no relief from medical science. Was fully restored by Absent Treatment in ten days.

Mrs. M. M. Walker, Poca, W. Va., suffered with general indigestion and female troubles. Doctors failed to give any relief. She was permanently restored by Professor Weltmer's Absent Method in two months.

Mrs. Jennie L. Linn, Lakewood, Mo., was thirty-two years afflicted with obstruction of the womb, heart and stomach troubles and general debility. Was reduced to a mere skeleton. After trial everywhere without relief, she was permanently restored by Professor Weltmer's Absent Treatment. In less than thirty

days she was entirely relieved and gained fifty pounds.

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