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ERIN'S IRON-BOUND COASTS.

A Foster Spot of Race and Religious Prejudice.

MAGNIFICENT GERROW POINT.

A Pleasant Legend and a Pleasant Fact—A Sail up the Coast and Under the Cliffs—Beauties of Irish Scenery.

Afoot in Ireland.

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OFF THE SKERRIES, Ireland, Oct. 15—

(Special Correspondence of THE BEE.)

—Trudging over the Lisburn road into Belfast, some trifling impulse of interest impelled me to stroll upon Queen's bridge. Standing above its broad arches and peering down the river Lagan across the crowded shipping to where the noble Belfast Lough, or Carrickfergus bay, beyond, shone blue and brilliant between rigging, masts and lazily-flapping sails, I described several little craft, no larger than ordinary fishing-smacks. My curiosity led me down along the wharves to these. I found among them some tiny coasters from far Donagal, away over on the western Irish shore; and within a half an hour I had made the acquaintance of the two-man crew of one; struck a bargain with them for a trip to their home port; and was sailing out to the Irish sea; as dusty and grimy a pilgrim as ever, in the twinging of an eye, exchanged adventure for land for a sailor's luck at sea. And so "as we sail an' we sail," for these Irish coasters are as slow as a well-proven pension claim at Washington, I will endeavor to picture what can be seen by the eye and mind in a cruise around that most dreary and drear of all Erin's iron-bound coasts, the wild, weird north.

To the right and left as we descend Belfast Lough, are winsome scenes and bold. Countless gables, villas, castles, luxuriant farms, ruins and picturesque headlands crowd the lovely shores.

Contemplating these strikingly beautiful scenes of opulence in nature and artifice alone, one could scarcely recall or imagine the slavery and poverty of Ireland. But wraiths of the last century's slaves of Belfast's looms peer from behind this magical brightness, while its hideous antithesis is found in Belfast's by-streets and slums. That is the story briefly. But over there to the left only a few miles from the never-silent spindles and looms, is ancient, unvarying Carrickfergus, with its mighty castle, its thousand or so Scotch fisher-folk, and its altogether ugly memories. A queer old live is this, and we are long enough in passing it to note some of its odd features. Had it the same great mass of rock behind it, one would involuntarily imagine a diminutive Quebec had been set down here at the water's edge. Though lacking that, it is still a cracked and crumbling prototype of Quebec's choked and crowded lower town. The old, old central, once-walled city, for it is so old that its origin is well enough lost in tradition, is a suffocating mass of angles, arches, decaying walls, grim legends and fith. But in a sense it is blessed. It is neutral ground. The

Scotch quarter sets over against the eastern walls. The Irish quarter straggles alongshore to the west. They are thus apart. But the ferocious denizens of these two odoriferous quarters, craning their savage necks over the seat of the law, sound plibrophs of defiance, or shriek Gaelic invitation to war. And thus it ever will be, worlds without end, in this foster spot of race and religious viciousness. And what a blessing it would be if a few of these old hate-breeding, hell-feeding den in all lands could be watted into impalpable fertilizers by the dextrous touch of divine dynamite. After all, the antiquity, associations, memories and history of Carrickfergus are so revoltingly written in inhumanity and blood, that even one of noblest digestion can scarcely reach enthusiasm over its really picturesque old castle, for which it is most famous. Its framed Scottish auxiliaries; instead of John de Courcy; and it is said to be the only existing edifice in the kingdom exhibiting a specimen of the old Norman military stronghold. Perched upon a narrow, rocky peninsula, and washed on three sides by the bay, whether approached from the sea, seen from the heights of Antrim, observed from the opulent fields of Down, or looked upon from the bosom of the calm and shining Lough, it certainly grows upon the thought and sense as a picture of unusual, one might almost say melancholy, magnificence and grandeur. To-day instead of being the proud abode of Irish kings; instead of owing secret league with the Scottish lord of the isles, and preserving the witehing bardic minstrelsy of the Hebrides; instead of ringing the shouts and pipes of giant-fancy; instead of being the scene of housing the lively followers of the McCarthy and the O'Neil, the stubborn soldier of William, or the light-hearted adventurers of Thurot; the great hall of its massive keep is a barracks for soldiers and rats. The great hall, from even a sniff of, and a look at, the medieval tatterdemalion, and turns his face to the seaward highland, with ineffable longing and relief.

Rounding White Head and Black Head, on the north shore, which have their corresponding twin headlands opposite on the lovely shores of Down, we left Belfast Lough, the Vindictus of Ptolemy, and were soon in the Irish sea, hugging Island Magee, when, scarcely separated from the mainland at the southwest, for a breadth of two miles and a length of nine sweeps gracefully around in a new-moon form to the north, and behind which smiles the blue waters of the Lough Lorne, where many not-fisheries live and talk the year round, as did their fathers for centuries before them, the place, or flat-fish, and the mullet. One longs to wander in Island Magee. It is magical with natural beauty; its inhabitants would turnish marvelous studies for the artist and novelist; it is the legendary abode of the wildest fantasies of sorcery; on its extremities are numberless raths and cromlechs; while the entire coast-line is rife with natural wonders, historic fancies, and marvels of legend and tradition. Midway between its northern and southern promontories are the grim old Gobbins, basaltic cliffs rising upward of 200 feet perpendicularly out of the sea, stern and martial in character, and with numberless caves at high-water mark, the resort of olden Hebridean pirates, but now put to the milder use of fishermen's boat-houses; for along this entire shore are noted fisheries of herrings, blackens and turbot. It was here that, in 1642, one of those tender-hearted Covenanters, in command of old Carrickfergus Castle, out of revenge for some fancied

slight to becoming reverence, came one fine morning in January with his soldiery and massacred nearly the entire inhabitants by driving them like swine from the heights of the Gibbons into the sea beneath. As we sailed past the gruesome spot, my coaster's skipper pointed out myriads of slender and graceful hawks nesting in, and wheeling about, the lofty crags. These are the "Gobbin-hawks" of lowly folk-lore of to-day. But long ago they were the Irish goshawk famous in history and legend as objects of chase with ancient nobles of the kingdom.

We sailed between the Maidens, or the five Hulin Rocks, the two largest with their lofty striped light-houses like some giant's balloon hose hung from invisible lines in the clouds to dry, and the mainland, catching charming glimpses of Larne city at the sea mouth of Lough Lorne; and then stood away to the northwest for Benmore or Fairhead, the most northeastern point in Ireland. To Glenarm river and bay was a noble sight all the way. The far outlines of Scotland are here and there traced through the misty horizon haze, while shoreward, all the witchery of the coasts of wild Wales cannot excel the fascinating scenes which often partake of positive grandeur. Extraordinary variety of picture adds greatly to the wondrous charm. The entire coast formation is seemingly broken into parallel ridges which, descending from cloud-cleaving mountain heights, reach the sea in successive ridges of cliffs, or dreamful valleys whose very edges are lit by gentlest swells of the sea, while at either side the thunders of ocean-battles among the cavernous cliffs are deafening and frightful beyond description. In all these scenes, the most distinctive and picturesque elements are the steeply rising cliffs, and the very tops of the mountains, which are lit by the sun's rays, and the white chapel or manor house. Perched in the mountain peaks behind, or on crags half a thousand feet above the sea, and whose tops seem to pierce the very clouds, hang castles old and new as time is measured here, and gray ruins, all like half-hid nests of the rooks, magpies and sea-fowl that wheel, caw and shriek around them. And then as we pass sweet Glenarm town, nestling behind the bay, the radiant village at one end of the great arched bridge, and at the other, the grotesque, though imposing castle, what loving imagines the fancy paints within those lofty hills—scenosed gables, far the marvellous coverts—Glenarm, Glenariff, Glen-Ballymen, Glencarne and Glendun; where, in the shadows, those tenderest of all forlornly superstitious creatures, the good Irish fairies, fit and dance and hold high carnival, and never cease their happy orgies.

From Glenarm to Fair Head the tide-sweps are most powerful, and our little craft was of necessity kept further at sea. But that grandest of all Irish east coast giants, magnificent Gerrow Point, was near enough to be seen in all its stately grandeur. Rising to a mighty height almost straight out of the waves, three lofty and symmetric pinnacles, united by wall-like ranges of basalt, crown it above the nearly perpendicular escarpments, like tremendous and perfect-wrought ramparts. Near to it lowers the ancient fort of Dunmaal, like a grim outpost at its feet; while close at hand are the picturesque habitations of the coast-guard and the river fisher station. To the north lies Red bay, a huge curvature in the sea, with its caves and ruined castle; and we are soon abreast the Cushendall, on the great coastroad of Antrim, beside the river Dall, and at the bottom of the romantic glen of Ballymena. Behind are the lofty hills of Lurgaidan, green from its summit to its blanched chalk base,

the splendid Tivevehill, soaring to the clouds, and beyond, the majestic Troshach, from whose peak lone Errigal on the western coast can be dimly discerned. Cushendall is noted for two things; one, a pleasant legend, and the other a pleasant fact. On a fair meadow which reaches to the edge of its little bay, Dall, a mythical Scottish or Danish giant-king intruder, was cut down by the sickles of the meadow-reapers, or dispatched by the valorous hand of the poet Ossian himself; and the famous Cushendall ponies have been from time immemorial bred in all the region roundabout. They are a branch of the Shetland Islands family; but far stockier and harder than the former. They run wild in the mountains among the white-heads and heather; or are herded by boys and dogs, as are the sheep in all the north counties. The annual "round-ups," as with our strange and almost unknown wild "banker" ponies of the Carolina Banks, form most interesting and exciting episodes in these remote northeastern districts. Once in the hands of their captors the animals, which when wild in the heather are most vicious, like the Sable Island ponies whose progenitors were the same as these, immediately became demure and tractable to a ludicrous degree of servility. Buyers come from all parts of the United Kingdom for the pairs where they are exposed for sale; and you will see them harnessed to carts of moderate burthen in the principal English and Irish towns, as commonly as the donkey itself, which is very common indeed.

Rounding Fair Head, we were swept along at a alarming speed by the great force of the wind between the east coast Bay and Rathland Island, which the legends say is the remains of a great series of stepping-stations for the devil and the olden giants between Scotland and Ireland. Be that as it may, it is a sad region in which to linger in a frail craft upon opposing tides; and I felt far lighter-hearted when we came slowly and safely around great Begore Head and sailed lazily upon a mountain of water, the famous Causeway of the Giant's Causeway, and the stately remains of the once mighty Dunluc castle, within a rifle-shot of the whole grand panorama of pillars, until the wild and romantic Skerries were reached. And in the interests of truth, may the shades of magazine writers forgive me for a bit of healthy iconoclasm concerning this "spot, which has been written, illustrated and "illuminated" into one of the world's wonders. It is not one. Only in a geologic sense can it be thus classed. From one end to another of the entire pillared coast there is not a lofty height—the Pleasanthone excepted, and that rises but a few feet above the sea level. From the sea it has the appearance of a dingy honey-comb, set flat against the water, its waxy, dreamy level top an abrupt insult to a throbbing Irish sky. I have stumbled for days about the crumbling bases of the Little, Middle and Grand Causeways; loitered about the Giant's Gateway and Loom; tried to imagine with the fertile-brained guide-book makers the musical Giants seated at the Giant's Organ; wandered up and down the Shepherd's Path; lingered with fond hope of awed inspiration in the Giant's Amphitheater; endeavored to realize the appropriateness of application in the Giant's Chimney-Pop; wandered in tortuous ways about the really fine (and that is all) Pleasanthone; sketched with impudent gaiety; traversed the mazes of diplomacy with erudite-peddlers; quailed in the jingling air way the wailing of beggars; humbly paid awful penance for an instant's glimpse within hotels; realized the inevitable at the hands of

instantaneous photographers who caught me in the very vortex of the ballistic jaws; and at last, leisurely and earnestly studied the entire rock-palimpsest shore, under the best possible conditions, at sea; and I have no hesitancy in saying that there is not a firmer reach of Irish coast from Malin Head to Bantry Bay, and from Cape Clear to Begore Head, that does not somewhere infinitely surpass it in every essence and feature which, in scenic marvel, charms the eye, thrills the heart, and exalts and exults the soul. The Giant's Causeway is simply and only a geologic curiosity; presenting, occasionally, interesting effects to the eye, but never in a single instance inspiring the mind of one wholly in his right mind with awe and wonder;—any more than should many crystals of sand, many blades of grass, or many cubes of coal. Without its mirth-provoking legends of Fin Mac Cool and the rest of the giants, it would be to all, save those who profit by it with more savage voracity than like bandit at Niagara, a weary and dreary place indeed.

Some German Traditions.

Written for The Bee.

The Germans, as a class, are the most enlightened people living. Notwithstanding this fact, however, there are many who still hold to many of the old traditions and signs of the superstitious days of the early German empire.

My father, who owns a large farm in the west, has for many years been in the habit of employing Germans to work his land. They prove themselves to be good, industrious and reliable men, working for the interest of their employer. It was from one of these "hired men" that I learned of many of the old German fables and traditions.

One day there came to our town a French conjurer, who resided in many sleight-of-hand performances and in the art of jugglery. As it promised to be a fairly good show, I thought I would attend. The next day I expressed a wish that I could see how it was possible for a man to accomplish such wonderful tricks before a large, intelligent audience and not be detected.

After a while the "hired man" said: "My brother once told me how I could clearly see through all of those tricks, but I dare not tell it to anyone older than myself or the charm would be broken." I thanked my lucky stars that I was younger than he and I asked him to be kind enough to divulge to me the secret by which the conjurer's tricks would all appear as plain as day. "Well, if you will promise never to tell it to anyone older than yourself, I will." Of course I promised, and he continued: "In the first place, you must catch a bat; just a common red bat, and be very careful not to injure it in any way until you are ready to kill it; then strangle it. No other mode of killing will answer. After life is extinct, carefully dissect it and procure its heart."

The heart must be thoroughly dried before a fire of seasoned hickory wood. After it is perfectly dried and cleaned, you must string it upon a silken cord of reddish hue. The cord must be long enough to wear around the neck and reach to the vest pocket. When the conjurer comes upon the stage before you, take from your pocket the heart, and hold it in the palm of your right hand and repeat the words: *Quoiba mena ecta poia*, when everything will appear to you as plainly as it does to the conjurer."

Not long after this he told me about a wonderful book. This book was an old heirloom which had been handed down from many generations. Concerning it, he said: "I have a book, given

me by my father, which will keep me from all danger, seen or unseen. In order that the charm may work, you must have plous faith in its power, when it will positively keep you from all danger. At the beginning of the revolutionary war this book was in the possession of my grandfather, who lived in Vermont. One day, when the excitement of war was at its height, there came to my grandfather's house four young men of his acquaintance. They were going to the war and had come to bid my grandfather good-bye; he being a cripple could not go. As they started to go he told them about this book which he had offered to write it out for them; they wished it. Two of them hooted at the idea, saying that it was all a piece of foolishness and that they would have nothing to do with it. The other two wished him to write it out for them in it with pious faith.

He wrote it out for each of them and they went their ways. Time passed and the war came to an end; the two men who had accepted the book, came home, hale and hearty. But with the others it was different; one was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill and the other at the battle of New Orleans.

In this book there is a passage for the prevention of rather for the cure of tooth ache. The way in which the cure may be effected is simply this; write out the passage intended for this particular pain, fold it neatly and suspend it by a silken thread around the neck, with the paper hanging down the back. At intervals of about fifteen minutes the string is to be raised to the mouth and moistened with saliva. In the course of eight or ten hours the silken string will part where it has been constantly moistened. At the same time that the string parts the toothache will cease."

"No harm can come to the house beneath whose roof that book is placed."

"How did it happen that it did not keep you from danger last winter, when that rump attempted to murder you?"

"At that time I did not have the book in my possession. I only received it last winter."

"Where can a person send to get a copy of this wonderful book?" I asked.

"It is not a public book and was never printed in any but the German language and it is long since out of print."

"How did this book have its origin?"

"It first came before the people way back in the early days of the Christian era. There was a good man and one who believed in God, condemned to die. The night before the execution was to take place he was sitting in his prison cell thinking over past events and also of the execution which was set for the morrow. Suddenly the cell was filled with a strange bright light and out of the light proceeded a voice which said, 'You are unjustly condemned to die. If you will write, and devoutly believe, that which I will tell you, there will no harm come to you.' There was paper and pen on the stand, placed there for the prisoner's use in writing to his friends. Seating himself at the stand he proceeded to write as the voice dictated to him. What he wrote is the book now in my possession. The execution was set for 3 o'clock the following morning. Nine o'clock came and the prisoner advanced into the yard where the execution was to take place; his head was placed upon the block, and yet he had faith that all would yet be well with him. The executioner's axe was raised, but an unseen power prevented it from descending. And so it has been with all who possessed this charm and who piously believed in it."

A SONG OF DAYS.

Julie M. Lippmann.

'Twas Spring, when hope-days dawned, my My gypsy heart at your dear feet Did pitch a tent, Nor all the Spring Did my wild heart go truanting; It was content.

In Summer, when the joy-days came They found my ragged heart grown tame To your sweet spell; Forgetful quite, Of all its former fret for flight, It rested well.

And yet when Autumn days dreamed deep Of some dread portent, and asleep, Did sigh awake, My heart glowed not, Strange fears and fled, It loved the spot Where you had place.

So when the Winter-days awake To find a ravished world, and make My heart will sing, For where you are is always Spring And Spring alone.

CONNUNALITIES.

Three of the daughters of Charles Carroll of Maryland became respective marchionesses of Walsley, duchess of Leeds, and Lady Stafford.

A New York girl dropped dead the other day, two hours after having become engaged to be married. It is supposed her death was caused by an attack of heart disease, brought on by joy.

The Rev. F. L. H. Pitt, a young Episcopalian clergyman, of Greenwhich, Conn., who went out to find a father-in-law, married Miss S. N. Wong, whose father was the first Chinese convert to christianity.

In Cuba a woman never loses her maiden name. When many distinguished names are added to her own, but she is always called by her christian and maiden names. Children take the name of both parents, but place the mother's name after the father's.

If marriage is a failure, there is no short-age in the east of young women willing to take the risks. One of them, a Miss Sandell, lately journeyed alone 2,000 miles to the Turtle mountains of Dakota to share wedded life with a man she had only seen by photograph.

Miss Marie Howell, daughter of Admiral Howell, is engaged to Mr. Chester, an English solicitor. The groom-elect offered his hand and fortune two years ago to Miss Howell, but was refused. Chester continued to charge upon the attitude of her heart, however, and now he will be finally succeeded in this paragon.

Johnston Newton Camden, Jr., son of ex-Governor Newton Camden of West Virginia, and Susie Freston Hart, the most beautiful woman in the south, were married at Versailles, Ky., recently. It was a very brilliant affair, many distinguished people being present. The couple have comfortable nest-eggs of \$150,000 each to begin house-keeping on.

Eligible women are at a premium in Dutch India. They are so scarce in that country that young men who wish to get married write to their friends in Holland to find them wives. The friend selects a willing lady and forwards her photograph. If all is satisfactory the would-be husband sends back a soiled left-hand glove with power of attorney. The friend then marries the young lady as a sort of legal proxy, and the marriage is as binding as though the groom himself were present.

Although young Antoine Betz was only an ambulance driver at St. Catherine's hospital, Williamsburg, N. Y., he so fascinated Sister Mary, a nun on duty in the institution, that she went with him to a priest's house, and that clerical functionary was asked to marry the couple. He declined, so Sister Mary and her sweetheart sought elsewhere for sacerdotal sanction to their union. Before she became a nun Sister Mary had been known as Miss Julia Healy. Betz is employed in a New York sugar refinery.

A free and easy expectation is produced by a few doses of Dr. J. B. MeLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm, in all cases of hoarseness, sore throat or difficulty of breathing. 25 cents a bottle.