

DROLLERIES OF DONEGAL.

A Series of Irish Folk Stories—By Seumas Macmanus. THE BLACK BULL OF THE CASTLE OF BLOOD.

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CHAPTER VII.

Once on a time, long ago, when good people were scarce and enchantments more plentiful, there was a queen who had three beautiful daughters who were renowned far and wide for their handsome looks and gentle ways, and were courted by kings and princes and many others of high degree, but hadn't yet been won by any. One day a great prince, whom no one knew and who had never been seen in that country before, came, like the others, looking and looking at one of these beautiful women. But the queen approved of him, because he was able to succeed in winning the willing head of either of her daughters, and though he tried his very best he couldn't win either of them; for they hadn't yet seen enough of him to consent, either of them, to be his wife. Then he was too proud and haughty to spend time in his courting, like the other great gentlemen who endeavored to win them, and when he couldn't have his desire granted at once he would not delay, but went away from the queen's court in great haste, saying that the next time he came for them they would come with him without the asking.

It wasn't long after he went away when one morning the queen and her three daughters, sitting by a window, chatting and looking out on the lovely garden, saw a great black bull tramping among and rooting up their flower beds. They were greatly annoyed at this, and the eldest daughter jumped up and ran out, seizing a bit of stick by the way to drive the bull from the garden, but when she reached the bull and struck him with the stick the stick stuck to the bull, and her hand stuck to the stick, so that she couldn't let it go. Then the bull started away, dragging her after him and over high hills and low hills, great mountains and green plains he ran, with the woman still drawn after him, very soon disappearing from view of the queen's castle, and for three days and three nights he never stopped running, till he reached another great castle, painted all over with blood. Here the bull changed his shape and became a man, and the frightened young princess saw that he was no other than the haughty prince who had a short time before rejected her. "Now, lady," said he, "it was my last warning, when leaving your castle, that the next time I would visit you, you would come with me without being asked. You see my word was good, whether you will or no. I now make you mistress of my castle. If you obey me you shall want for nothing and shall be happier than even in your mother's. But if you ever dare to disobey me, your fate will be that of many unfortunate ones who went before you, and whose blood has painted my castle the color you see it."

The princess resigned herself to her fate, and making herself as comfortable as she could that night, and in the morning the prince came to her with a great bunch of keys, which he gave into her possession, saying: "Now, since you are to be mistress of my castle, I give you charge of all the keys of it. I go away to remain away for ten days, and you can pass your time pleasantly going through the castle and seeing all the beautiful rooms it contains. Only this—there," said he pointing out a key, "is one key, and do not use it, nor enter the room it opens. If you dare to do so, you will surely suffer for your idle curiosity."

Then he went away, and the princess at her leisure went through the rooms of the castle, one after another, admiring their beauty and gorgeousness, until she had seen all but the forbidden room. And when she

she immediately killed her and hung up her body beside her sister's. About a week after the second sister's disappearance the queen and her only daughter, the youngest, sat in great grief by the window on a morning, endeavoring to console each other for their great loss, when once more the black bull appeared in the garden, rooting up their flowers as before. The young princess said she would go out and drive him off. Her mother endeavored to persuade her not to attempt it, but she insisted, and, setting a very long pole in order to keep further from him than her elder sisters. As she went she rushed into the garden and struck the bull with it. But the pole stuck to the bull and her hand stuck to the pole and the bull went off, and she went off, over high hills, low plains, running on and on without once stopping for three days and three nights, till at length she saw a great red castle, painted all over with blood. Here the bull stopped and changed his shape into that of a man—the very prince whom she and her sisters had some time before refused his hands in marriage.

"Now, fair young princess," said he, "when you refused me and I quitted your mother's castle, I said that the next time I went for you, you might come without asking. Has not my word been fulfilled?"

She did this, and let her sisters come to her in the morning. The prince then allowed her to bring to life in the same way all the other young women who had been killed and hung up in the room, and they were sent to their homes again.

The young princess found herself very much in love with the prince, for he was a most handsome man, and she now gladly agreed to become his wife. Her mother was soon made acquainted with what had happened, and her joy was great at finding her beautiful daughter still alive. She came to the marriage, and did all the other nobility, and it was allowed on all hands that a more beautiful or a happier pair had never before been united. The marriage lasted nine days and nine nights; the last day and night were as good as the first, and the first as good as the last, and the handsome prince and his beautiful princess lived happily ever after.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Maria, I told Jimmy he was wicked for little boys to fight."

"What did he say?"

"He said: 'Pa, you must be getting old.'"

"Mamma," said little 5-year-old Tommy, "do you good little boys go to heaven?"

"Yes, my dear," replied the mother.

"Well," continued the youthful observer, "if that's the case boys must be rather scarce up there."

"Well, Clara, what did you see in the country?" asked a father of his little 4-year-old daughter who had just returned from a visit to her grandparents.

"Oh, just lots of funny things," was the reply, "and the funniest of all was the hired man unmilking the cows."

Little 4-year-old Harold met with a very serious accident, having both a broken arm and a broken leg in consequence, says the

Then he told her that he would make her the mistress of that great castle and that she would want for nothing to make her happiness perfect. Only, he told her, she would have to obey him in all things; otherwise the fate of those whose blood had painted his castle would be hers.

On the next morning the prince told her he was going away, to remain for three days, and he gave her a great bunch of keys which opened every room in the castle and told her what he would be absent to amuse herself as best she could during that time, seeing their richness and beauty. But he showed her one key and told her on no account to dare to enter or open the room of which that was the key.

The prince bade her good-bye and departed, and the princess, taking the great bunch of keys, went through the castle, gazing in amazement and wonder until she had seen them all but the one he had ordered her not to open. She stood a long time before the door of this room, wondering why it might be forbidden her to enter it and what secret could it contain that he was so anxious to keep from her. At length she resolved to open it and peep in anyhow, for how should she know whether she had disobeyed him or not. So she opened the door, and, seeing the floor covered with something red, she put her foot to it to find what it was and discovered it was blood.

Then she saw a very great number of bodies of beautiful ladies who had been murdered and hung by their long hair from hooks round the walls. Horrified by this, she hastily closed the door and locked it. But she found her foot was covered with blood and she went at once to the stream that flowed by the castle for the purpose of washing it. Yet, though she washed and washed, and scrubbed and rubbed for hours together, she was unable to take a single trace of the blood off the foot. Then she felt, saying to herself that she would be able to conceal it from the prince anyhow.

In the evening, as she ate her bread and drank her milk for supper, under the trees in the garden, a cat came creeping up to lick the drops of milk that fell from the basin.

"Oh, poor puss!" said she, "you're dry, and that's not much milk for you. Here," said she, giving the half-fisher basin to the creature—"here is a drop for you, for

She was a bright little girl and was not at all backward for her years, but one day on her return from school she surprised her mother by remarking:

"The music teacher must be a fool or else he thinks we are."

"Why, what can cause you to say that?" queried the mother.

"Well, today he stopped us in the midst of our singing and asked how many potatoes there were in a bushel."

The mother was naturally as much surprised as the child and determined to investigate, so she sought the master of the school, who could see no light upon it, and together they interviewed the singing teacher. He was thoughtful for a few moments and then a smile broke over his face, which resulted in a general laughter when he explained that he had stopped the music to

"How many beasts to the measure?"

Political Changes in Washington. A bewildered individual walked into the Postoffice department the other day, relates the Washington Post. He seemed to have a very clear idea of what he wanted, but he didn't know how to get it. He went into one of the rooms and stepped up in front of a desk.

"I want to see Mr. Gresham," he announced to one of the young women clerks. "Mr. Gresham," she exclaimed, "I don't know him."

"Walter Q. Gresham," insisted the man with the whiskers. "I want the postmaster general."

"Smith," queried the visitor. "The name sounds kinder familiar, but I reckon I don't know him. They're a whole pack of Smiths in this country, and they ain't no kin neither." "He's dead," answered the young woman solemnly. He was secretary of state after he left here?"

The old fellow never batted his eyes at the statement. He simply said "Uh-huh" and walked out while the girl in the office wondered if he was not related to Rip Van Winkle.

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KRUGER TELLS HIS STORY

An Interesting Talk with the Famous President of the Transvaal.

Character Sketch of One of the Most Remarkable of Living Men—How He Came to Be a President of the Transvaal—By Cecil Rhodes.

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Character Sketch of One of the Most Remarkable of Living Men—How He Came to Be a President of the Transvaal—By Cecil Rhodes.

Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, president of the Transvaal, is the most interesting public character today to interview. Upon being introduced you first conclude that he has been greatly overestimated, and seems nothing more than a shrewd old hunter, who, by constant contact with wild animals and savage Kafirs, has developed a wariness that makes him suspicious of everything and everybody. He does not have the "gentlemanly" quality usually ascribed to great men. On the contrary, a puff of flesh underneath his eye, as a rule, permits one to see but a narrow glare, giving one the impression of shiftness.

His legs are so short and slender that you wonder how they bear the weight of a heavy, thick and solid body. His head is big, with nose and ears to match, and his neck concealed by beard, hair and coat collar, so that you cannot determine whether or not he indulges in neckwear. At home he is usually puffing a short briar pipe and as he handles the pipe you notice that the thumb of his hand is missing. There is a story in connection with this that his honor will tell you between puffs if he is in the mood. It gives an idea of the grit which is a characteristic of the old Boer.

Mr. Kruger when a young man was out hunting hart beasts one day with a rifle which had not been used for a long time. While tinkering with a charge the gun exploded, tearing his left thumb in shreds. Kruger's companions wanted to give up the hunt and hurry to the nearest surgeon, but the intrepid young Boer refused. Taking out his hunting knife, he placed the lacerated thumb on the stock of the rifle and amputated it himself. By trying about the stump he found a splinter he stopped the flow of blood and winding around it his red handkerchief he continued the sport.

All through his life Kruger has had narrow escapes from death and his career, if detailed fully, would be thrilling. When he was nearly 60, he and a little sister strayed away from the laager in Orange Colony, where the elder Kruger had settled emigrating from Germany, and while playing were suddenly attacked by a leopard. Young Kruger's only weapon was a jack-knife, and he held his sister with one arm, he met the vicious spring of the leopard with the other and after a bloody struggle succeeded in stabbing it to death.

It is the appearance of rough hardihood and unkempt personal attire that first impresses the visitor. "Oom" Paul, but when the man begins to talk and unfolds gradually his mental power you forget all else but Kruger, the diplomat and careful statesman. He gave the writer a short insight into the life of the Boer, and the understanding that the Boer side should be represented from his own viewpoint, first inquiring if he were a spy from Cecil Rhodes. On being assured to the contrary by several of the Raad members who were present he followed it up by another customary question, "turning on me suddenly and asking, 'What is your religion?'"

These two inquiries give an insight into Kruger's life. His first duty, he believes, is to God, and his second to Rhodes, whom he has followed as a secretary, and now for Rhodes. Mr. Kruger says, all would be peace and quietness in the Transvaal, so long as this man is in South Africa there is no rest for the Boers, and on every side there is a knocking about and a look-out for Outlander conspirators.

From all outward appearances Oom Paul is intensely pious, and though the English insist that it is all hypocrisy, there is no proof that Kruger does not live in strict accordance with his preaching. He was confirmed in 1842 by Rev. Daniel Lindlay, an American missionary, and from that day to this has led a severely Christian life after the precepts laid down by John Calvin. He can quote nearly the whole Bible, and this he does so well as a secular way, for he has learned from it to speak in parables, terse epigrams that are readily interpreted by his followers and have more force than the most brilliant rhetorical flights.

Kruger, in addition to his other accomplishments, is by far the best preacher in the Transvaal, and his sermons are church boasts of some capable men there. He occupies the pulpit in a modern brick edifice across the street from his home about once a month, and always talks to standing room only. He uses no notes, but speaks from a text, and does not hesitate to sprinkle a little humor in the discourse. In his speeches before the Raad he quotes scripture generously, and even more so in conversation.

As for his private life, that seems to be exemplary. After rising he prays for a long time in his room and talks over with "the Lord" the questions of the day. When he develops a conviction in this way he proceeds to act on it. Kruger's piety once nearly cost him his life. A good many years ago he suddenly disappeared, and when he returned he showed a searching party was made up to hunt for him. At the end of three days they found the future president, who was then a field cornet, lying face down on the veldt. He had been praying three days and nights steadily, without food or water, and he was nearly dead. With his back and revived he explained that he had done it as a chastisement for his sins.

The Other Side. Two stories the Outlanders relate to offset Kruger's pious disposition. One was printed in a Natal paper during my sojourn there and I did not see it referred, though I can vouch for its accuracy. The writer accused Oom Paul of punishing one of his Kafirs boys by tying him under his wagon, spreading out his legs and arms and making them fast to the axle. The boy was hauled for two days in this position, declared the writer. On another occasion Kruger, when he was breaking, lost an ox and could not find another to take its place, so he hitched up a Kafir in the team and completed the journey. This chap is still living near Dreykloep, in Orange Free State, at a ripe old age, so the experience does not seem to have injured him. In fact, he seems rather proud of the distinction.

Cannot Serve Two Masters. The first question I put to Oom Paul was why he did not give the Outlander the right to vote. He said the English put forth as their chief cause for complaint:

Kruger smoked hard for a moment, then laid down his pipe and, placing his hands on his knees, said: "A man cannot serve two masters. Either he will hate the one and cling to the other, or he will love the one and hate the other. Now, the Englishman wants to do this. He demands the franchise from me, desires to become a burgher, and yet when it comes to trouble, he would forsake me in a moment and claim the protection of his own country. How can I give such men the chance to vote? They do not take any interest in our country. They have not come here to settle. They wish us no good. I want to be fair with everyone who comes here to live and when he has proved that he

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