

below. Some ladies who were along declined to attempt it, after witnessing my exploit. At the hotel was a young American who a few weeks ago fell, in trying to kiss the stone, broke two arms and one leg, but has now about recovered. He says he will wait until he gets perfectly strong again, and then he'll kiss that stone—if he breaks his other leg. Nervy boy.

Killarney, with its lakes and legends, was a charming stopping place, and reminded me vividly of home. For in true Irish style,

The pigs were on the sidewalk,
The goats upon the walls,
The dogs fight in the doorways,
Nor heed their master's calls.

A cow owned all that little street
With bad and bloody eye,
Who thought her end in life was to
Make every woman fly.

Her calf was loudly bleating,
But its mother's ears were closed,
For she was calmly eating
At a high-priced climbing rose.

To this lonely wretched stranger,
Oh how home-like did it seem,
For I have been in Jackson,
Where old Brindle reigns supreme.

A trip through the lakes, in a skiff, with four stout Irish oarsmen, and a bugler, occupied us one day; probably as interesting as either lakes or legends were those five Irishmen, whom we kept good-humored with poteen, their favorite drink. What yarns they spun and what songs they sang; they told us the history of Ireland from St. Patrick to Queen Victoria, canonized Parnell, denounced Castlereagh, and hurrahed for Gladstone. They showed us the very place where Magog, the ancient giant, ran across the lakes, when the rocks were soft, using the islands for stepping stones, and pointed out the footprints six feet long on the rocks. They showed us where St. Patrick fastened up the last snake in a barrel and threw him into the lake, promising to let him out "to-morrow." Every day now this trustful old snake comes up and inquires, "Is it to-morrow yet?" But to-morrow never comes.

The most remarkable thing, though, was the echo on the lakes. Surrounded by smooth gigantic cliffs, our bugler played a martial air, which echo took gently up, closely following the bugle and played second to it, then another echo and another, each following the one just before, until we had a band of four bugles, and every nook and cranny in those green old mountains seemed alive with sound.

We are now in Dublin, where there is much to write about, but most of it is already familiar to every reader, so this letter is made to deal with personal incident and accident, rather than with weightier affairs that may be gotten out of any history.

F. A. K.

A BRAVE SOUTHERN GIRL.

By way of preface to the recitation of his poem, "The Veterans of the South," at the Birmingham Confederate reunion, Henry Clay Fairman, editor of the *Sunny South*, related the following thrilling story as having been vouched for by General N. B. Forrest himself:

"My authority," said the speaker, "is Colonel John Goode, of Virginia, who related it to me and two others at Richmond last May with the remark that nobody ever heard the general repeat the incident without heart-thrills and watery eyes."

Forrest (as the story goes) was glowing under the conception of one of those bold and unexpected enterprises which have immortalized him as a knight of the saddle and a cavalry captain of the first class.

Night was upon him and a river was before him.

The blow must be struck at once or the opportunity of surprising the enemy would be lost.

At the head of his eager and devoted columns he stopped at the door of a log cabin, and to the poor woman who appeared in answer to his call, he said:

"My good woman, I want to ford the river right away."

"You can't do it," she answered; "it's up."

A slender young girl came to the door and said:

"I know where you can cross." The mother frowned and interrupted:

"No he can't, child! The river's 'up' I tell you, and it's dangerous! Dangerous!"

Forrest laughed at the strange word, and the faces of his followers reflected his invincible resolve.

The girl looked bravely at the general, and replied firmly:

"Mother, of course it's dangerous! But I know where he can get over!"

"Madam," said the commander, "I am General Forrest. Let your daughter go with me. I'll send her back, safe and sound."

The child rushed forward impetuously, and the anxious mother yielded.

"General, I'll ride behind you," cried the girl, and strong arms lifted her to her place, and the column pressed forward through the dark swamp under the guidance of the woman-like little maid.

By paths she led them a mile or two down the river, and at length pointed out the place where the perilous attempt must be made, if made at all.

Ordering his men to halt, Forrest rode on to test the ford.

The stream was rocky, roaring and turbulent, and when the horseman was near the middle he was fired upon by Federal pickets from the opposite banks; and before the general could realize her purpose, the girl had risen to her feet on the horse and sprung in front of him!

"General!" she cried, clinging to his neck, "let me stay in front! If one of us must die, let me die! The South cannot spare you!"

SONGS OF SEVEN.

(BY JEAN INGELW.)

REPRINTED FOR THE SCHOOL GIRLS
OF '94.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

You bells in the steeple ring, ring out
your changes,

How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note
as he ranges

Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by
swelling

No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of
telling

The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they
rang cheerily,

While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so
wearily

All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good
days are over,

And mine they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught,
aught discover,

You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green
matted heather

Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle and slept till the sunshiny
weather;

O, children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the Spring would
go faster,

Now long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove
and aster,

For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts
shall discover,

While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may
close over,

For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story, the birds cannot
sing it!

Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years,
O bring it!

Such as I wish it to be.

The salesmen at Lusk's have been having a rushing sale this week, on the novelties in fancy hair ornaments, lace pins, and other late novelties sent from New York, by Mr. Lusk.