

AN INTERESTING LETTER

From Across the Atlantic by an Anderson Lady.

Mr. Editor: We left New York on the morning of June 18th for Southampton on steamship Philadelphia, American line. This is truly a fine vessel, and we have been told is one of the most comfortable boats that crosses the Atlantic. She is fitted up with every modern convenience that could add to one's comfort and pleasure. The fare was delicious and in the greatest abundance. We were blessed with fine weather; the sea was as calm and smooth as a lake all the way over, and we did not miss a meal. We met some very pleasant people on board, and altogether had a very enjoyable time. In coming up Southampton Roads we saw a magnificent fleet of war vessels, more than 300 in number, representing all the navies of the world, prepared to take part in the review in honor of King Edward's coronation. We landed at Southampton on the 19th, and after a good night's rest took a conveyance for Netley Abbey, one of the show places of England, and although built in the eleventh century still is in a wonderful state of preservation, considering the fact that Oliver Cromwell attempted to destroy it by fire. The suburbs of Southampton are beautiful. There are some wonderfully handsome residences, the grounds of which are kept in splendid order; rare and beautiful flowers are growing everywhere in great luxuriance. We left Southampton for Liverpool Thursday evening, arrived there same night. Next day we saw a very fine display in honor of King Edward's coronation. One of the most interesting features of this display was the orphan children of the city, of every denomination, about five thousand in number, seated upon the steps of St. George's Hall. Each orphanage was accompanied with its own band, playing national airs, and the children together singing the national anthem. After seeing this great sight we took a conveyance and drove over the city, which was beautifully decorated with great festoons and ropes of artificial roses; flags and colored electric lights in every imaginable form, diamonds, stars, hearts and the arms of England, very noticeable everywhere, in brilliant colors of light. All this in honor of the coronation. Then after a hearty supper at the North Western Hotel we took a boat for Western Ireland, and arrived next morning in good health and spirits. We found the people nice and polite, and a more prosperous looking city could be hard to find. We had some beautiful drives in the vicinity of Belfast, and were perfectly charmed with the hawthorne and holly hedges, these hedges are kept along the roads trim and neat as the best kept garden hedge in Anderson, and the hawthorne blooms, with now and then a rose among it, were perfectly charming, and the fragrance of the hawthorne delicious. We noticed that early every house, no matter how humble, had a profusion of flowers. The variety of the greatest beauty and variety of bloom were to be seen everywhere; they seem to thrive in its atmosphere. Roses were also in abundance, and were trained along the walls of the houses and cottages on ground to the roof. Belfast is situated at the foot of the Black Mountains, prominent among which is the beautiful Cave Hill, a truly grand mountain. On the other side is Belfast Lough, a noble body of water, whose sides are dotted with beautiful little watering places and fine residences, prominent among which is that of the Marquis of Dufferin at Claudeboe. There is an island on the Lough called Queen's Island, on which is situated the great ship building yards of Harlan and Wolff. In these yards were built all the steamers of the White Line plying between New York and Liverpool. We were truly charmed with Belfast and its environments. There are any subjects of interest to be seen here, and not the least of which are Adam's and linen factories. After staying a few days at Belfast we took train for Larnoe, and drove from there to the beautiful and romantic little town Cushendall, nestling in the bosom of the mountains, with its shady roads and avenues leading every direction. The houses were very quaint, and some of them very old, and made beautiful by roses trained on them. We lunched at the Carron Tower Hotel, the magnificent summer home of the Marchioness of Londonderry. This is an ideal spot, situated on a level plateau one thousand or more feet above the ocean, yet close to it that one could imagine they could drop a pebble into it from a terrace wall. The grounds are laid out in magnificent order—grass like velvet and trees shapely and many

much. We then went to the Lakes of Killarney, which my pen cannot picture. Surely there is nothing in England or Scotland as beautiful as Killarney—its lakes, its streams, its hills and valleys, its mountains, wood and water, harmoniously blended, constitute the most perfect loveliness that nature presents. It surely must be professed that it has in all the world no equal. After remaining here a few days longer, we go to Glasgow and Edinburgh for a week, thence to London and, as a matter of course, see Paris. The weather has been perfect, only one wet day since we left home. It is as cool here as our October days; we wear flannel and heavy wraps. ELIA B. LAUGHLIN. London, W. C., July 21, 1902.

variety. I was very much struck with the very fine range of hot houses, in which were growing fruits and flowers of great variety. After luncheon we resumed our journey sixteen miles away. The roads were most beautiful (as all Irish roads are,) the ocean on one side and the mountains on the other, and arrived at the Giant's Causeway Hotel. Next morning was lovely, not a breath of wind, and we were informed by our guides that it was an exceptionally fine day to do the Causeway. So we started down the cliff, embarked in a whole boat for the caves. Anything like the beauty of these caves I had never imagined; there were floating in the water fifty to seventy-five feet deep, and the roofs of the caves one hundred feet above us. The sides and arches of the caves were composed of a dozen different huge rocks, and on the ledges high above our heads sat large sea-birds, with their young ones, and a quaint old man with a pistol sat on the rocks at the entrance of the cave. He fired the pistol and the echo of the shot was something astounding. It seemed as if a huge cannon had been fired instead of a small pistol, and the echo rolled on through the cave, and seemed to vibrate far into the earth. Some of these caves have an entrance from the land, and others have not, or if they have they have never been discovered. After leaving the caves the boatman rowed us past the Grand Causeway, which is magnificent and truly a wonderful sight. After passing the Grand Causeway we came to the Giant's Amphitheatre, in the center of which were shown a number of vast upright columns, which looked from the distance very like the pipes of an organ. We were struck with this likeness before our guide told us that this was called the Giant's Organ. After leaving the Amphitheatre we came to some upright rocks, two hundred and fifty feet above us, which we were informed were called the Chimney Tops, and were also told that the Spanish Armada, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, mistook them for Dunlough Castle and opened fire on them, and unfortunately for the Spaniards one of these large vessels struck a sunken rock and was wrecked, and to this day the bay is known as the Spanish Bay. After leaving the Chimney Tops we passed Amphitheatre after Amphitheatre, some of which were so perfect as to look like they were cut out designedly by the hand of man. The last place we were shown was the Horse Shoe Bay, a deep body of water surrounded by rocks in such a manner as to look exactly like a horse shoe. Above the Horse Shoe Bay we were shown the Nurse and Child Rock, which bears a wonderful likeness to a woman with a child on her back. After this we came back to the Causeway and were shown the Giant's Wishing Chair, where we sat and made three wishes; then Lord Antrim's Parlor, the High-landman's Bonnet and the Giant's Well, a beautiful spring of water, coming out 'neath a vast headland four hundred and fifty feet high. We drank some of the water and found it deliciously cool and pure. After this we adjourned to the hotel for luncheon, where we enjoyed fresh salmon, young duck and green peas, with vegetables, sweets, &c. Next day we drove to Dunlough Castle, one of the most picturesque ruins in Ireland, perched upon the edge of a precipice several hundred feet above the level of the sea. With a vast chasm between it and the mainland, it must have been a formidable fortress in the days before cannon were invented. There is a spring in the castle, and also a cave running under the rock it is built on, which gave the inhabitants an entrance and exit to and from the ocean. Altogether it is a most interesting sight. We next visited Port Rush, a fashionable watering place, and then resumed our journey to Dublin. We heard one of the finest organs in the country at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Then we drove to the Strawberry Beds, a beautiful drive of six miles from Dublin. Here we enjoyed strawberries and cream, and anything like the size and flavor of these berries is hard to imagine. We then drove through the Phoenix Park, one of the most extensive in Europe, and containing a great herd of deer of different varieties, principally the old Irish red deer. We saw where Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered by the Irish Invisibles in the park. Next day we went to Glasnevin Cemetery, where numbers of distinguished Irishmen are buried, the patriot Daniel O'Connell among them. After spending a few days in Dublin we went to the city of Cork to see the Exposition, which are enjoyed very

friends "settled for life" as they express it. They are probably in earnest in thinking them exactly suited for each other, but the chances are that in their zeal they color some virtues and conceal some defects so as to smooth away any obstacles that might prevent the match upon which they set their hearts. How can any third party know the aspirations and needs of two human hearts or the infirmities of human tempers? But suppose all the preliminary steps have been taken and the irrevocable vows have been made—fortunately in our State such a supposition is admissible—how can a woman best convince her husband that he has really chosen the right sort of wife? Unless he be the veriest idiot she will not do so by talking about woman's rights and assuming supreme control of the household. No man worth talking about ever submits to be openly ruled by his wife. Her influences and persuasions can easily bend his will, but a masterful attempt to control him never succeeds. Even though all a man's friends may be cognizant of the fact that his wife rules him, he is rarely conscious of the fact, with such tact does she conceal any outward manifestation of authority. If she expresses an opinion upon some family matter and he disagrees with it, she does not argue the point, or give way to frowns and tears, she simply waits and lets him think the matter over and, as a rule, is rewarded by his coming around to her view, and doing so in such a way as would make one believe the idea originated with him. Patience and good temper achieve more victories than any other qualities in domestic concerns, and tears are the worst weapons a woman can use, although they are supposed to be so effective. No man cares to live in a continual shower bath of tears, and their constant dropping wears-out love faster than anything else. Perfect truthfulness and confidence between a couple is absolutely necessary to true happiness. There can be no lie between them so small as to be harmless, and the first discovered pervariation awakens distrust of everything said thereafter. Again, a woman should never employ the few hours her husband can spend at home by telling him every little domestic misfortune that happened in his absence. He probably cannot help it if the servants are not perfect or if the children were disobedient in little things, or if any of the other machinery of the household, which it is her duty to attend to, does not run quite smoothly. If he is a manly fellow he does not bother and worry her with the unpleasant incidents of the day's business and she should show equal forbearance. Probably he has had a hard day and has come home hoping to find rest and cheerfulness, and if his wife is the right sort of one she will be quick to see that he is tired and will do what she can to make the home bright for him. Again, the right sort of wife is even more particular about her dress than she was in the days when her husband came courting. It is a perfect miracle how affection can endure when the pretty, well-dressed girl gradually sinks into the untidy, careless wife and mother as is so deplorably often the case. And last of all, the right sort of wife is religious. No matter what a man's opinions on such subjects may be, he cannot help feeling there is something wanting in a woman who has not reverence for sacred things. To have that reverence for womanhood that underlies the pure love of a husband for his wife he must think of her as infinitely better than himself. Sometimes he even feels that her goodness will count something for him, too, in the day when accounts are made up.—Charleston Sunday News.

Wasted Energy. "Mad!" he exclaimed. "Of course, I'm mad I tell you what we need in this world is some good system of general thought transference or mind reading. You know how hard I worked to get Margaret." "Yes." "Just gave all my waking thoughts to the subject, neglected my business, and all that, and made a fool of myself generally." "What you succeeded." "Oh, yes; we're engaged. And now that we have exchanged confidences I find that she was working just as hard to get me, and it makes us both mad to think of the waste of effort." A Young Lady's Life Saved. Dr. Chas. H. Utter, a prominent physician of Panama, Colombia, in a recent letter states: "Last March I had as a patient a young lady sixteen years of age, who had a very bad attack of dysentery. Everything I prescribed for her proved ineffectual and she was growing worse every hour. Her parents were sure she would die. She had become so weak that she could not turn over in bed. What to do at this critical moment was a study for me, but I thought of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and as a last resort prescribed it. The most wonderful result was effected. Within eight hours she was feeling much better; inside of three days she was upon her feet, and at the end of one week was entirely well." For sale by Orr-Gray & Co.

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