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OUR IRISH LETTER.

Edmund D. Whelan Pays a Visit to the Beautiful Seaside Resort of Tramore.

A Description of the Race Course.

TRAMORE, IRELAND.
COUNTY WATERFORD.

Boarding a train at Waterford, a run of twenty-five miles brought me to the beautiful seaside resort of Tramore—Great Strand. It is a grand strand, a charming strand indeed, three miles in length and 250 yards broad, where the sporting, musical, white-crested waves are forever kissing the golden sands. Here the weary traveller may rest, receive a bouquet of refreshing offerings from Mother Nature, and while inhaling an Atlantic breeeze laden with ozone on a beach that is carpety, rich and expansive, he can recline on her bosom free from all care. Tramore is one of those beauty spots where land and sea are linked—a bright gem in the rich garment of Nature which adorns a region of ancient and historic fame, which lures the wayfayer in search of health and pleasure. It is a bathing resort not only of singular beauty, but it possesses a variety of gifts—health, beauty, quiet, peace and happiness combined, leaving very little to be desired by the child of nature. I came along a little too early in the season to see Tramore at its best, but the traveller could wait for seasons to view the beauties with which his pathway is strewn. He must, like the good Christian, be ready 'in season and out of season,' to worship at Nature's shrine.

The tourist, we may assume, always seeks temporary abode the first thing when he arrives at a place, and I was not long finding pretty comfortable quarters at the Tramore Hotel, pleasantly located on the brow of a hill overlooking the loveliest of strands. This pleasant inn is locally known as the 'Little Hotel,' to distinguish it from a very big neighbor, but it was big enough for me. Here I had a kind and warm reception faom the proprietor—Mr. Edward Doyle—a courteous, energetic, but unostentatious young gentleman who is also a relieving officer for the district. But the hotel is very well managed by Mrs. Doyle, an amiable lady and good business woman. My host at once kindly expressed his willingness, not only to give me all the information he could, about this lovely region, but still more, to escort me around personally, to make my stay more interesting. Such men, I thought, are calculated to attract visitors, and add nameless charms to the other beauties of the place. When the landlord took me upstairs to show me my room I felt like a certain man at a banquet, who having too many nice things set before him, was at a loss to know which to choose. To be plain, the season was not yet opened and the rooms were all vacant, a luxury that could not be had after June 1st. They were fine, big, airy rooms, too, in which one might breathe the ozone without going on the cliffs at all.

Finding that I was the only guest at a seaside hotel, I thought I might look on myself as a 'laird alone' for awhile and go to sleep, after I grew tired gazing on the nice views from the coffee-room windows. But I was soon agreeably surprised when I perceived my surroundings made more pleasant by the presence of a group of lively, pretty girls, comprising the staff of the hotel, whose merry voice as they tripped about the house, humming some favorite air, dispelled anything like a sense of loneliness. The bar-maid, especially, was always singing, and reminded me of a sweet musical instrument, which after hearing, one would like to see, or a certain beautiful singing bird which always hides itself while it sings. She impressed me as one of those interesting, musical, amiable beings whose presence gives a poetic touch to life and brightness of whose own soul manifests itself in a perpetual song. I thought Miss O'C——, at all events, might be called the 'Nightingale of Tramore.' Ah! no place is dull where those Irish colleens are around. I often think when I hear the artless voices of those guileless Irish girls, to use a figure, that in other lands you may see birds of beautiful plumage, but one must come to Ireland to hear real songbirds. Nay, the very brooklets, rivers and seas, that beat against her emerald shores, seem to sing to the heart. Truly it is a land of music and song! To make it better, I had a waiter to myself, a scion of the noble house of Grattan Esmonde, but alas for the ups and downs of this rugged world. Still I found John Grattan Esmonde a hard-working, smart fellow who didn't seem to bother himself much about his noble ancestry, although I fancied I could see traces of nobility in his sharp features as he placed before me the bacon and eggs. I had the coffee-room to myself, too, as a sort of studio—a boon which a writer don't always enjoy at a hotel. From the windows of the hotel I had a fine view of the circular strand, to the southeast, which kisses the foot of a valley in which is located the celebrated Tramore race-course, backed by a low-lying ridge of country. Tramore is not less noted for its races than for its beautiful bay and strand, and hither big crowds are attracted three times a year, from June to September, to witness the mettle of horseflesh, in what may aptly be termed the 'Happy Valley.' No doubt the winners are happy, and all those who don't lose win! The course is enclosed by about two miles of fence, consisting of a wooden railing to which is attached a high corrugated sheeting, concreted and bound with wire roping. Outside this is a trench of water about eighteen feet wide, so that it would take a rather nimble person to cross the ditch scale the fence and see the races without paying the entrance fee. Times are changed even in the Green Isle, and nowadays is got up for money-making. In the good old racing days in Ireland, the course was as open as the mountain air, and the king or the beggar might stroll in over the green, without the inhospitable barriers of gates and fences. Nevertheless, I am informed that the Tramore Races are a successful speculation, and the owner, Mr. M. J. Murphy, T.C, hon. sec., to whose enterprise the beautiful course owes its existence, is able to give £1,800 every year in prizes for the different events. So the people love sport as well as sea-air, and will pay for it. The course has three handsome stud-houses, thirty-three well-built stables and other racing requisites. I have been tempted to say so much about the 'racing' quality of life here because it was one of the features of the Tramore season.

EDMUND D. WHELAN.

We are pained to learn that Dr. Sheffer and Dr. Persis White, two of the leading physicians of the staff of the Chicago Hospital for Women and Children, have resigned because of the dominance of prunes in that institution. Dr. Persis says that prunes are served for breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper—boiled, stewed, baked, broiled, fricasseed and deviled. She doesn't object to prunes ocasionally, but for a steady diet she prefers beefsteak. Far be it from us to question the soundness of the doctor's position in this matter. Perhaps she is right in insisting that a hospital management that is full of prunes ought to be amended. But we cannot share her prejudice against the meek and lowly prune per se. There are times when we prefer strawberries, we admit, but it must be remembered that the prune never exhibits the objectionable characteristics of the strawberry. We do not wonder that the latter blushes continually. It comes into market under false pretenses. It looks inviting to the eye, but inwardly it is full of seeds, bitterness and cholera morbus. Does the bottom of the prune box ever rise and knock 50 per cent. out of the selling price. We should say not. The strawberry is here a few months in the year, but the prune ye have with you always. If Dr. Persis imagines that prunes are unhealthful, even when indulged in to riotous excess, she has only to consult the nearest boarding-house keeper to be undeceived. If she personally prefers strawberries we hope she may have the best that the market affords, but she must not make that an excuse to deal a deadly blow to the modest prune. It lies close to the hearts—and the fifth ribs—of us all.

Thackeray on John Paul Jones.

"Traitor, if you will, was Monsieur John Paul Jones, afterward Knight of His Most Christian Majesty's Order of Merit—but a braver traitor never wore a sword."

Such were almost the last words traced by the hand of Thackeray, and they show the astonishing misconception of Paul Jones which prevailed in the mind of one of the justest men that ever lived. Washington was a hero even to his enemies; yet Washington had actually held a commission in the British army, while Paul Jones could say proudly to the American Congress at the close of the war: "I have never borne arms under any but the American flag, nor have I ever borne or acted under any commission but that of the Congress of America." This singular distinction against Paul Jones extended to the whole of the feeble naval force of the colonies. Soldiers were treated from the beginning as prisoners of war, while until Paul Jones forced an exchange of prisoners upon equal terms, American sailors were formally declared to be "traitors, pirates, and felons."—Century.

WOMAN'S POSITION.

WHAT IT WAS BY NATURE AND WHAT MAN HAS MADE IT.

Intended For Maternity and Homekeepers, Many Are Driven Into Occupations That Were Once Only For Men Some Very Plain Talk.

The reiteration of any statement, however important or timely, becomes monotonous, but so long as mischievous ideas are promulgated they must be met and discredited, though it be seventy times seven and more. Otherwise the world would remain eternally in error. It will be admitted, even by the most radical of the so called woman's rights advocates, that, in conformity to her peculiar physical organization, the female of the human race has been especially created to perform a specific work in the domestic economy. This is, comprehensively stated, to bear children and maintain the home. On the other hand, it was manifestly intended that the male of the human race should cherish and protect her, assuming the severer physical labor which must be performed and shielding her from every danger that might threaten the health, happiness and perpetuation of the species. In the original plan one duty was not regarded subordinate or inferior to the other. Nature had simply divided the burden of existence, assigning to one the active part of providing food and shelter, and to the other the more important part in the reproduction of the species—to strip it of all its sentimentality and state it plainly.

But in this, as in all things else, the majority of men have subverted the law of nature and have promulgated the theory that they, the actual earners of wealth, owe little to women who merely raise children and preside over the home which they, the men, have founded, and which they alone work to sustain. This assigns maternity and home keeping to an inferior position and places the mother and the head of the household in the attitude of dependent, who must be content with whatever the husband and father sees fit to give her, disregarding common justice and that which is her rightful due—the absolute and equal division of all that accrues through his work and her economy.

The increasing love of luxury among men, the comfort which club life provides, with emigration from thickly populated centers to remote fields of industry, have reduced the number of marriageable men in many states. This, with the unwillingness of the few to accept the dependence of the nature described above, has also largely increased the number of unmarried women who choose to, or are forced to, provide for themselves. Whether they belong to one class or the other, it remains none the less certain that whatever income they are to have they must acquire by their own efforts. They have no other alternative, unless they are willing to accept the distasteful charity of wealthy friends or relatives, or join the army of the lost, whose brief season of ease and luxury almost inevitably ends in the prison, the almshouse or the potter's field.

And yet, again and again, and still again, solemn exhortations are sounded from the pulpit warning "woman" from deserting the home, her proper sphere, to join the feverish multitudes who crowd the marts and highways of the world. Women themselves, weak, foolish and unthinking, selfishly satisfied with their own seclusion, echo the senseless and cruel command.

For it is cruel, as heartless as the suggestion of the pampered French queen whose subjects, starving for bread, were advised "to put a chicken in the pot."

The wife of a famous Union general some time ago deplored the exodus of woman from the home into business and the professions. In all her life she had never known want or the lack of a thing she desired. After the death of her husband friends and the government, in consideration of his service, provided for her so that she might enjoy the same comfort to the end of her days. Not a dollar of the generous income was the result of her own personal effort, and but for the bounty of the country she might have learned something of the stress which forces other women to seek an honest livelihood for themselves.

The situation has passed beyond the power of any human being to alter it. Instead of decreasing, no matter what the result may be, the exodus will continue. Those women who have braved the world have tested through experience the sweets of independence and the satisfaction which comes from being able to do work and do it well, which not only provides a living for the present, but independence in old age. Poverty, helplessness—bread and board that are bitterly grudged—have hurried many a woman to her grave whose old age, had she been able to benefit by the new conditions of today, would have been serene and unclouded.

There is no fear that women will cease to marry and to aid in founding homes, but the skilled workwoman of the twentieth century will be able to demand that equality in matters of domestic authority and finance which her ignorant sister dared not ask, hampered by the limitations of her sex, aggravated by her ignorance. A new era has dawned. Neither prejudice, nor conservatism, nor the combined hostility of church and state can order the sun to stand still. The day of miracles, in this direction at least, has passed.—Mary H. Krout in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Big Bells In China.

Besides hundreds of bells weighing from 10,000 to 25,000 pounds, Nankin, China, has four bells which weigh 50,000 pounds each. They are nearly 12 English feet each in height, and are almost 23 feet in diameter. The metal in these monsters averages about 5½ inches in thickness throughout, being about 8 inches on the lower lip, or rim. In Peking there is a chime of seven bells, each of which weighs 120,000 pounds.—St. Louis Republic.

A DELAYED BRIDE.

She Wouldn't Be Wedded Till the Conditions Were All Right.

The company waited, but the bride was not ready. A bridesmaid was sent to notify her that George Edward was in the oriel room and the band under the stairs waiting to strike up the first strains of the wedding march.

"I don't care," she pouted as she threw herself disconsolately on a divan, to the great danger of her veil; "I'm not going to be unlucky all my life if I can help it. Dear, dear, why didn't I remember it sooner."

"Remember what, dear?" inquired the perplexed bridesmaid.

"Why, that everything I have on is new. I did remember that if

"Married in white,
You have chosen all right,

but I forgot the other:

"Something old and something new,
Or your choice you'll surely rue.

Every stitch I have on is new, and I just will not stir a step until I have something old added to my dress."

"Take my handkerchief," suggested one of the girls.

"What could I do with it?" whined the poor thing. "Brides don't have pockets; neither do they carry handkerchiefs in their hands. It would look as if I expected to cry."

"I have a happy thought," said the bridesmaid. "Exchange shoes with me."

"They won't fit. My feet are two sizes smaller than yours."

"Thanks, awfully. Haven't you a pair of your own Cinderellas?"

"Yes, I have," said the bride, jumping up in a hurry. "Your head is level, dear. Look in the pink box in the chiffonier, or in the blue one. Oh, they won't do, they're so awfully soiled!"

"Get me some bread crumbs and a box of powder," said a practical soul in the party. "Quick! I'll have them white in a jiffy."

"You're just dear," said the grateful bride. "Now I shall feel that I am properly married, and that everything has been done to insure my future happiness. Just one thing more for luck:

"Hurtle a shoe
After me—do."

When the bride descended the stairs leaning on the arm of George Edward, the sweet serenity of her face was a subject of favorable comment. Her friends felt that she was not entering unprepared upon the future awaiting her, and she felt that way herself.—Detroit Free Press.

A DOCTOR'S YARN.

It Is of Two Sisters Who Killed Their Grandfather to Ease His Pain.

This is a bit of a true story a physician told me the other day, and it struck me as being the text for a fascinating story of the Sherlock Holmes sort. We were talking of the advisability of putting hopelessly ill persons out of their misery as soon as possible. Dr B. didn't believe in it.

"I was asked to do it once," he said. "Two sisters asked me to kill their grandfather, whom I was attending. He was old and could not recover. They seemed simply to pity his pain. I refused. Next morning when I called the man was dead. The nurse told me the sisters had sent her out on an errand. When she returned the windows of the sick room were open. There was a strong odor of chloroform in the room and the man was dead."

"And what did you do?" was asked.

"Nothing. The elder sister is now under the care of a specialist in nervous diseases. She cannot sleep. She will not allow herself to be alone a moment, and she keeps the gas burning in her room all night. I think she will end in a madhouse."

Isn't that a priceless bit for some author's notebook?—Washington Post.

An Awful Bite.

"Speaking of fishing experiences," said the man in the negligee shirt, "I shall never forget the day when Bob White and I—you know Bob?—were trying our luck on Lake Squam. We had fished for an hour or more and had caught only a few little fellows, when suddenly I had an awful bite"—

"And then you pulled in your line, hand over hand, only to lose a ten pound pickerel just as you were about to land him," interrupted the fat man sitting on the flour barrel.

"I had an awful bite," the fisherman resumed, without noticing his interrupter, "and I mashed the fellow as flat as a doormat. It was the biggest mosquito I ever encountered."—Boston Transcript.

Oh, Boston!

A funny incident—and not so funny, after all—occurred on the Fens the other afternoon. Two cyclists met unexpectedly. The woman did not turn to the right, and the man ran straight into her wheel, upsetting both. They scrambled to their feet, righted their bikes, and glared at each other for half a second. Then the man coolly slapped the woman's face, and jumping on his wheel, rolled away with lightning speed. An eyewitness of the scene was ungallant enough to applaud the act, for, he said, it was deserved.—Boston Herald.

A Symptom.

He staggered to the door. "Your refusal," he gasped, "will drive me insane." She laughed mockingly. At the moment she treated his words lightly, but when upon the following day she saw him abroad wearing a pink shirt she was startled and bethought her of his fateful remark.—Detroit Tribune.

A man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out, in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions.—Lamb.

The Pearl river, Mississippi, was called by the Indians the Tallahatchie, "the river of pearls."

Uruguay was named from the river which flows through it.

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Notice to Creditors.

Pursuant to an order of Hon. J. A. Adlington, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Berry Neier, late of the city of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, to present the same with the vouchers thereof to the undersigned Thomas B. Mooney, one of the administrators of the estate of said deceased at his place for the transaction of business as such administrator at 196 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 20th day of July, 1895.
Dated January 18th, 1895.
THOMAS B. MOONEY, Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

PURSUANT to an order of Hon. J. A. Adlington, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law to all persons having claims or demands against Mary O'Brien, late of the City of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned Catharine O'Brien, executrix of the will of Mary O'Brien, deceased, at her place for the transaction of business as such executrix at No. 49 Bates Street, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 20th day of August, 1895.
Dated February 20th, 1895.
CATHARINE O'BRIEN
Executrix, etc.
IRVING PAINE, attorney for Executrix.
Rochester, N. Y.

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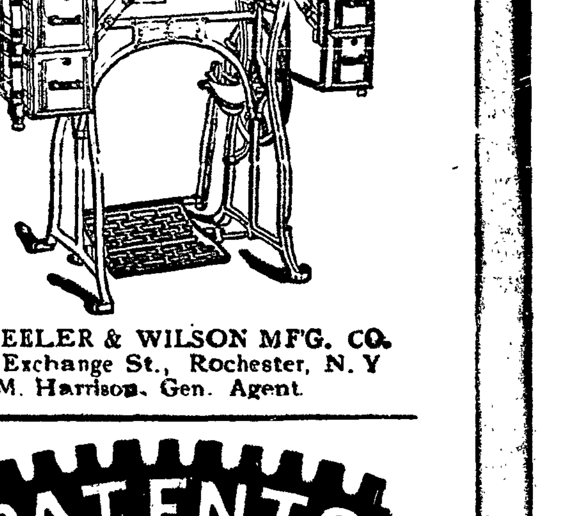

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