

**Edmund D. Whelan Writes About
the Magnificent Scenery of
Along the Route.**

BUNDORAN, IRELAND.

At Bundoran a big gathering awaited the arrival of the train—and wasn't it a motley crowd. In it were fair samples of blooming country girls, Donegal peasants, Bundoran ragamuffins, aristocrats, fine ladies, home and foreign tourists— young and old, rich and poor. Some wanted to carry your bag, others to carry yourself—in fact all your "wants" are anticipated, when you come to the seaside. The writer declined to be carried, he must confess. I walked to Sweeney's Hotel, a handsome cream-colored block of a building, where the bell was ringing for dinner. Well, turbot, green peas, cauliflowers, and new potatoes were quite in order after three days' traveling. The first person to welcome me to Bundoran was the owner of the hotel, R. Sweeney, Esq., J. P., an enterprising, plain, practical business-man. But evidently my host comes of a fine Donegal stock, for there are several priests and nuns in the family. A little later I was kindly greeted by Mrs. Sweeney, a bright, amiable young lady, who has two or three dear little tots of children. Tourists will find Sweeney's Hotel up-to-date in every respect. It has fine, airy, well-furnished dining room, drawing room and smoking rooms, and the hall is adorned with photographic views of the wild scenery and ancient ruins of Donegal and Fermanagh. Mr. Sweeney himself, who keeps a fine drapery store at Ballyshannon, leaves the management of the hotel in the hands of a competent, courteous manager and a nice manageress. To crown matters, "John," the head waiter from Dublin, is on the spot, who, while attending to one's physical needs, can enlighten one on the unrivaled charms of Donegal Bay. When John folds his arms and gets enthusiastic about the hidden beauties of "Dark Donegal," H. M. Stanley in "Darkest Africa," might

Others of Ireland's beauty spots have been written up better than Buncrana, yet not a few pens have been dabbling in the magnificent bay. But the field is wide and there is enough left—not only for my humble efforts, but for able pens—like the spring that never seems lessened, no matter how many buckets are carried away. Some come along with wooden vessels, others with tin, horn or earthenware, or perchance there may be a few golden or silver vases dipped in. But all the same, each bears away some of the pure spring—a draught of which is calculated to raise our hearts “from nature up to nature's God.” I wish to say in passing, that the best written and most attractive little work of its kind, I have seen, is Rev. Father Connolly's “Guide to Buncrana and Neighborhood.” It states in this little book that owing to its geographical position and the influence of the Gulf Stream, the sea is warmer and the air more balmy at Buncrana than anywhere else along the n. w. coast. So pure and invigorating is the air, that the new-comer feels with every breath he draws its beneficial effects. Other places may have special charms of their own, but certainly Buncrana seems to excel all others I have seen.

A Chinese paper, which has recently reached this country, gives a new version of the Chinese riots, which resulted in the death of sundry missionaries. It says that the real trouble began with the outrageous conduct of some of the native hangers-on of the missions. The missionaries, as a rule are entirely ignorant of the language, and have to depend on interpreters. These are usually in the interior towns, disreputable fellows, who, for some crime, have had to leave home and take refuge on the coast, where they learn "pidgin English." Returning home, after their offenses are forgotten, they hire out to the missionaries as interpreters. It is a common practice with these fellows, the Chinese paper asserts, to kidnap girls of 12 or 14 years of age, and keep them on the mission premises, representing to the missionaries that the girls are anxious to stay there and become Christians. They commonly treat these unfortunate captives with great cruelty, and when opportunity offers sell them to worse than slavery, supplying their places with other victims. The paper says that some of these girls, escaping from the missions at Ohen-Tu, told such a tale of cruel abuse as aroused the fury of the people, who determined to drive the missionaries away and break up such dens of iniquity.

Missouri ranks first in number of deaths in the last census year 1911-12; the next being Texas, with 275,454, and the third Tennessee, with 226,000.