BLACKROCK CASTLE.

CORK EXAMINER.

There are not many now extant who manufer the old castle of Blackrock, are Cork; and few doubtless who do with the same tender and pleasant especiations as myself—the home of cally say boing within a stone's the word of the edifice. A curious-looking building it was, standing on the fee of the present Blackrock Castle, at modern successor; the rocky promotory on which it was build juting out where the Lee—that loveliest of rivers—maker a bend in its course; looking up towards Cork on the one sie, and on the other commanding a fiver down the river and around, the ike of which for beauty of seenery it would be hard to match.

The castle itself was a round tower, with a circular chamber at top having large windows all round it, which had served to all appearance, as a lighthouse in the olden time: and the roof was a dome-shaped cupola of lead, surmounted by a large ball. It was rather quaint-looking than picturesque, though the graceful pencil of Crofton Croker, to whom the old castle, standing within view of his birthplace, was a dear and familiar object, contrived to render it with charming fidelity. In the first edition of his "Fairy Legends," upon the page bearing the lines dedicating the book to Lady Chatterton, there was an exquisite rignets of the old castle, from an etching by himself. Pleasant it was on a summer's day, sheltered from the sun by the projecting shadow of the lofty tower, to sit among the rocks at its base and watch the results of the old castle, from an etching by himself. Pleasant it was on a summer's day, sheltered from the sun by the projecting shadow of the lofty tower, to sit among the rocks at its base and watch the results and the rocks at the same had be a proposed from the sun by the projecting shadow of the lofty tower, to sit among the rocks at the same and sole, from a teching by the rock it with claim pleasure boat, and you't with snow-white sails; the stately brig; the Portuguese schooner with the unit mental proposed from being seen until they suddenly appeared so close as to

secribed by the rower, his comrade vigorously flinging out the net. Then would begin the hauling in by the fahermen, in tucked up trousers, and hare legs, stationed on the beuch, at each end of the semicircle. How anniously they pulled, and how crecited the groups of women and lads, looking on with creels and basked to roceive the prize! What exultation and what bustle when a fine haul of fish—splendid silvery salmon leaping in the net—gladden were taken, and women and boys had to shoulder their baskets and march in dudgeon home.

One of the rooms in the lower part of the tower was tenanted by an old grone, who would certainly have been burned for a witch had she lived in earlier times. Not that there was anything malevolent or witch like in her face, which must have once been comely; but her habits were strange and mysterious, and she was regarded with superstitious were as something weird and uneanny. She spoke to no one, and would sit for days, and smeltimes nights, motionless on arcek, looking down into the water. There was a talk of some tragedy in her early life connected with the river; of all she loved having been swallowed up m its depths, their boat on the propular bailef was that her rose left in her youth, andthus strange silent being loft in her place. On stormy nights or in rough weather, when the wave were dashing up wildly against the tower, she never would remain indeed covering.—Blown back, and her she ploce of a walput shell. She would have been a grand model for a Herborotting—Blown back, and hen she was a fair one. Nothing the stranger what will often take place when, as in the present instance, deash hee seased neitibes grief nor symapskiy, and there are no feelings to be hurt by unitimely nirely. It would have been a grand model for a Herborotting—Blown bear of the proper in the stranger on that his present instance, deash hee seased neitibes grief nor symapsky, and there are no feelings to be underlying the definition of the proper in the stranger of the stranger of the stranger of the t

long as "one of their own" was its inhabitant, the "good people" proteoed the place; but they could not suffer it to become, after her, the dwelling of an ordinary mortal, and so destroyed the castle to prevent its being thus desectated.

The seene of the conflagration was one to be remembered by those who, like myself, witnessed it. Glanmire and the opposite banks of the river lit up by the burning glow, which brought out in strong relief villas and trees and every object along the shore. The roar of the flames, leaping flerely upwards, their orimson glare reflected blood like in the danoing waves and on the excited up turned faces of the crowds surging inside the eastle yard. The resound coffin with its silent tenant, laid on the turf, awe-stricken groups aurounding it. The crash of falling timbers, and every now and then a shower of molton lead from the cupola plashing down and plunging with angry hiss into the waters.

Among the dismayed lookers-on at the destruction of the time-honoured building was an old sallor who loved Blackrock Castle well: a native of the village who had come to end hisdays in the place that gave him birth. He was a bit of a character in his way, full of wise saws and stories of advontures that had happened during his voyages: and these yarns he loved to tell as he leaned over the low wall to the eastle yard, or lounged about among the rocks and fishing-boats on the beach, where every day he was to be found. Many of his stories live in my memory still, and one I will repeat now as nearly as possible in his own words.

"Twas in the last voyage I ever made before coming to lay up my old bones sahore for good, that what I am going to tell your houours happened. Nancy our ship was called, halling from Oork, bound for Van Dietman's Laud; and we were lying in the Mersey, waiting for our passengers. The captain was short of hands, and we got two or three aboard before we salled. Among them was a young fellow who gave his name as Bruce; nigh upon twenty-four years of age or thereabouts, seem

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Working and thinking should go together, the thinker working and the worker thinking.

THAT DRAGGING IN THE LOINS

nucespenenta American Kideng Cura Will Postlersh Relieve it is Six Bears.

One may be descrived by the feeling of whight or deraging in the loins that onuses unpleasantees and incoavenience to many men and women. Attituding the trouble to something else, they forget their this say he evidence of inflammanory affections of the hidneys, that eventually may developed into serious trends. That even troubles are supported to the serious specific, South Aldeny Trouble, and will quickly remove the course, and they do not the complete recovery is soon reached. It is worth repeating that South American Kidney Care is a reserved for the perfect use of this one treatish. In does not previous to be a cure-all, but it is cours earlied in every ones of kidney trouble. And it does it quickly.

Struggle With a Wildcat

One of my very first experiences in the West was a midnight tuesle with a fifty-four pound wildeat in a lonely cabin in the Greenhorn Mountains of Colorado. I shall never forget my horror at the sight of that huge puss on a beam over my head; for I had had a serious experience with the wildeat of the Northeast, and supposed that this fellow, who was twice as being was likewise twice as much to be dreaded as that oreature.

I did not know then that the Rocky Mountain wildeat is not nearly so fierce, and that he never attacks man as does sometimes his cousin of the Maine and New Hampshire forests: and I had very slight hopes for the ou ome of a struggle twice as severe as that which a furry freebooter in the Penigewassett wilderness gave me a few years ago. I need not have worried. The Golorado cat was easy game; and when the last charge in my six shooter had brought him to the floor his life was soon ended.

The first encounter, in New Hampshire, was more than a dozen years ago; years filled with roving and adventure and many other things which are apt to crowd the past back into forgetfulness. But I remember it as though it bad been yesterday. Small white "exclamation-points" on my cheest, with several other scars, occasionally call it to mind.

I had grown from a consumptive to a small but athletic young man Wrestling, boxing, canceing, hunting and fishing had brought me into good condition, and every muscle stood out like a little whip-cord. But 'x that fact I should not be writing this; for the fight took my utmost ounce of strength. Had it come a year earlier my grave would be in the wilderness to day.

Of the yearly thousands who visit the great Summer hotels of the White and

strength. Had it come a year earlier my grave would be in the wilderness to-day.

Of the yearly thousands who visit the great Summer hotels of the White and Franconia mountains, extremely few men ever penetrate the Pemigewassets wilderness. The wild ranges wall its cides, and between them is a huge and virgin forest. full of game, dotted and seamed by lakes and brooks that swarm with trout. In this almost untrodden wild rises the east branch of the Pemigewassett, the beautiful little river which later becomes the Merrimac.

I was lunning and fishing that Spring on the head waters of the east branch. My cance swam a lovely but namelees lakelet, and my camp, roofed with birch-bark, was near the shore. There were three brooks running into the lake noisily; and at the south end the clear young river slipped silently out through the dark trees.

It was the last day of May, and still cold in that mountain bowl. I had a fat deer hung high beside my shelter; so there was meat for some time. In a little while the fishing would be very tame, for there the trout have not fully learned what a deceiver man is, and there is little sport in standing almost astride a rill, and with a five-foot willow pulling a dozen or twenty fish out of one pool. But now I knaw that the big fish were around, and I determined to spend the day with my rod.

By ten o'clock I was well over toward Mount Lafavette. on the

that the big has were around, and the determined to spend the day with my rod.

By ten o'clock I was well over toward Mount Lafayette, on the largest of the brooks which came into my lake from the west; and descend-ing the steep banks to the bed of the stream, prepared to fish down toward came.

stream, prepared to fish down toward camp.

The brook fell very rapidly here, in a series of short falls, at the bottom of each of which was a deep lovely pool of water, so clear that it seemed only air with a light tinge of green. I could, see pebbles tem feet below the surface, and the brown flashes of the sportive trout.

In five minutes I was landing my first fish, a game half-pounder, and others bit as fast as I could attend to them.

There was no need of covering much ground. I could have caught in fifty yards all I could est in a week. But I kept moving homeward, taking only one or two of the largest fish from a pool and throwing back any accidental small ones.

In this way I had gone down perhaps a half a mile, when I came to the largest pool I had ever found on that brook. Here it seemed likely that there might be some particularly large trout. In fact the first one I struck seemed to be much larger than any on my string; but he enapped the hook and was gone with a splash.

I had drawn an extra hook from my box and was "gaging" it upon the line, when some impulse caused me to look up. As I did so the tin box fell lelatoring upon the rocks and my rod went over into the pool at my feet.

The brook here had cut a narrow gorge through a ridge, and the pool at whose beed I stood touched on each side the very foot of rocky walls nearly perpendicular and some forty feet high. I was standing on a ledge whence the brook dropped perhaps ten feet into the pool, and the banks were not nearly so high there. Still, I presume the tops were nearly fifteen iset above my head.

A gia t pine hed fallen across the gorge from bank to beak, making a intoty bridge, which was almost over me, but a little in front; and upon that great log was the something which meads brought my beart up into my

On the dark side of the tree behind the stump of a huge limb, flat and motionless as you could press your hand upon the table. Lay almost the last thing in the world I desired to state there wildcat.

Whether it was crouched there when I came, or as is more likely, had crawled out from the banh to surprise me. I never knew; but there it was confronting me I could just see the fleres glints in its eyes; and when its gaze met mine, the tips of the ears, outlined on a patch of sky, seeined to flatten. My rife was in camp, for it was too long a walk to bring it when I wished to fish. I had not even a revolver—nothing but a keen edged, clip-point hunting, knife, which hung in my sheath on my left hip.

I hardly dared move, but that knife I must have. Slipping my right hand cautiously behind my back. I reached far around till at lest it touched the welcomed hilt, and I began to slip the sheath slowly round to my right side, where the knife could be drawn less costentatiously.

All this time I had never taken my eyes from the unwelcome intruder, and I kept scowling at him with a savage expression which was meant to slarm him, but which sadly flattered my real feelings.

How long we stood cying each other thus I do not know. It seemed an age, and must have been several minutes. Neither of us moved. He lay crouched and menacing; I stood outwardly defiant, with my hand on that precious buckborn handle. And then my wet feet chilled with the icy water of the brook, betrayed me. I felt a sneeze working towards the surface.

Now when I sneeze it is no gentle techoo! but half a dozen or more wild and uncontrollable explosions, which never fail to bring tears to my own eyes, if they are lucky enough not to scare some unsuspecting stranger.

I struggled to clocks that sneeze, to hold it back; but I might as well have tried to hold the foaming brook.

Ker-cheooo! Ker-cheooo! Ker-cheooo! Ker-cheooo! Mer-cheooo lowed was an any body shook; and as I straigtened up after the fifth burst I saw—through the mist that filled my eyes—som

filled my eyes—something dark descenting upon me like a great, hay bird.

I had not once changed my position since first seeing the wildcat. He was a trille to my left, and my left foot and shoulder were pointed up stream. Our lives hang on such trifles as that Now, with the trained instint of the borer,—who has first to learn to activitions topping to think how to activithous arm's length it met that they arm's length it met that they a valanche, and broke its force. The cat landed full against my side. Its sharp hind claws sank into my thigh, and the sharper force claws clutched me in the peotoral muscles in front, and between the shoulder-blades behind. The pain was cruel, but I had no time even to cry out. At the instant I expected to feel those mericless jaws on my neck, and that would be the last.

The wildcat knows where the jugular is as well as the best surgeon of them all; and it is for that he invariably jumps. Animals killed by these cruel ambuscaders are sometime left whole and unmangled, save for that wicked little gap at the side of the throat.

But my boxing lessons had saved me. As my left hand went out in that "straight counter" its track full in the throat of the eat; and with the swit inspiration of deperste men I clutched the folds of fur there with all my might.

The eat strained hard to pull in to

the interest of the cat; and with the swift inspiration of deperate men I clutched the inspiration of department of the inspiration of

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Once, too, I struck high, and the cat caught my right wrist between his savage teeth and tore out a piece. Was he invulnerable? I began actually to believe so—to fancy thatafter all it may be a hideous dream.

You may imagine from that into what a state my mind had come. But still I plied the knife; and still with cramped and trembling arm held off the creature's jaws.

And then, on a sudden, a great wave of joy swept over me, and I yelled madly. The curving claws, set deep in my back and breast, relaxed. It was only the least bit in the world, but I could feel the exquisite pain of that slight withdrawal; and in another instant they came out altogether, and my foe fell limp upon the rocks beside me, where he never moved again.

I looked at him once, my eyes grew dim, and I fell across him.

When I recovered consciousness we were kiving hear.

side me, where he never moved again.

I looked at him once, my eyee gew dim, and I fell across him.

When I recovered consciousness we were lying in heap, wet with our common blood. I crawled a couple of feet to the brook, and the icy water revived me so that at last I could rise and limp about the field of our strange battle.

The cat was a mass of wounds; and as I counted the eleven fatal thrusts, I marvelled at his vitality and pluck—and very heartily respected them, too. Any one of ten of them would have finally killed him, but he had kept his hold to the very last, which had sunk deep into his heart.

But such a small beast to attack the lord of creation! I do not think he weighed over thirty pounds, but what a model of compact strength and agility! His akin was so slashed as to be absolutely unawable; but I kept his sealy a long time, till the moths destroyed it.

As for myself, I was in little more attractive shape than ha. Of my stout duck coat and trousers only the right half remained. My duck west and heavy fiannel shirt boasted little but a few shreds two-thirds of the way around my body. I was half-naked, and my breast, back, left side and left thigh were laced with deep, bleeding gashes.

There is only one thing about that day which I do not remember; and that i., how I got back that ten miles to camp. But somehow I get these; for when I awoke next morning, very weak and stiff—for of all wounds? I know of none so painful as those in-flicted by a cat—I was under my cord of birch bark, and a spotted scalp lay on the sand beside me.

Charless F. Lumins.

HAMILTON BAPTIST PREACHER.

Joins With Leading Hombers of the Pacult; of McMaster Hall in Praise of Br. Agnowing Catarrhal Powder.

et MEaster Hall in Praise et Br. Agnew's Catarrial Pewder.

Everyone who uses Dr. Agnew's Catarria al Powers he agned word to say for it. In these columns a short time since was quiested the favourable opinion of three measures bers of the faculty of McMaater Hall, the great Raplate university. Of the same dea nomination is to be added to day the hearty endorsement of this remedy by the Eart, G. Anderson, the indefaulgable and successful measure of the Wentwert Baptatt Charten Baster Of the Wentwert Baptatt Charten G. Anderson, the indefaulgable and successful date not healtate to proclaim its good preparation. Just at this particular time of the year this remedy is doing a grand work in removing that dreaded trouble to many. Hay Faver.

One short puff of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrial Towder, diffuses this paper. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and pormousenly query.

There is more than sontiment in the any.