

Only one real and sweet thing is here which will always remain as it revealing the radiance of the poet's gentle presence. That is the near little river, Awbeg, the "Mulla" of his joyous verse; more joyous and melodious ever, as it sings of him who sung, on its sunny, beauteous way to the Blackwater and the sea.

There is nothing more beautiful in all Ireland than Cork city, set in stone and terrace against her leafy heights, and the broadening river Lee, which, rising in the mystic depths of weird, wild Gougane Barra, at the edge of Kerry, wanders through lovely glens and sunny vales to where the city and tide meet, and then, blending with the salt water, sweeps through the most glorious and picturesque estuary in the world, down past Queenstown to the sea. But this has been repeatedly told by word-painters galore. My own secret longing led me first and last to,

"The groves of Blarney,  
That look so charming  
Down by the purlings  
Of sweet silent brooks."

One hardly realizes that he is in Ireland while among these handsomely attired people who, seeking their suburban homes, throng the cars of the little railway leading from Cork along the sweet shores of a murmuring stream; and for the short four miles to Blarney one almost feels he is again within the atmosphere of the clear-eyed, active, breezy and prosperous folk one always finds in American and London suburban railway travel. At the end of this little railway, and at the head of the valley through which it and the stream have run, in a tiny, pockety vale whose surface is almost level on either side to the edges of noble wooded bluffs, is the trifling hamlet of Blarney; and, not a stone's throw from the station, the gray old walls of its world-famous castle rise high above the rich foliage of the sycamore groves, and the musical Blarney rivulet below. Altogether it is one of the sweetest and most restful spots you ever beheld.

Blarney is the original Irish form of *Blarna*, means a "little field," from *Blar*, a field, this name having been given the place from its location almost in the center of the tiny vale-field, which was no doubt a source of rich harvests even under the rude forms of cultivation in vogue in most ancient times. As nearly as can be determined, the latter popular signification of the word—palavering rhodomontade, glib, specious pleading, or wheedling eloquence—originated in Lord Clonacarty's often promising, when the prisoner of Sir George Carew, to "surrender his strong castle of Blarney," this very pile, "to the soldiers of the queen, and as often inventing some smooth and palatable excuse for exonerating himself from his promise." But the place no doubt became world-famous through the celebrity of the verses beginning with the four lines above quoted, attributed by adepts in ballad literature both to Father Prout and Richard Alfred Milliken, the latter a former Cork attorney.

The castle itself was built in the fifteenth century by Cormac MacCarthy, "the Strong," and the old coign stone, the kissing of which conveys the magic power of "blarney," according to popular legend, at least, is still intact. It is said that at one time it bore the inscription,

"CORMAC MCCARTHY FORTIS ME FIERI FECIT, A. D. 1446." It is preserved and held in place by two iron girders between huge merlons of its northern projecting parapet, nearly a hundred feet from the ground. The ancient castellated pile now consists only of a lofty quadrangular keep, with a half-ruined tower, through which access is gained by winding stone stairs to the battlemented parapet above. Beneath the tower and keep are a number of wonderful dungeon-cells; the most truly impressive of these I have found in any of the castle ruins of Ireland; while a cave of remarkable formation, but a few rods from the castle, permitted of subterranean ingress and egress in ancient times.

Once having gained the lofty parapet, you are among massive ivies, while many shrubs and young trees have shot out towards the sky from this strange eerie. Mosses and grasses have almost completely thatched the old ruin, and if you will wait until the chattering tourists have gone and the scolding daws with the gentle evening have come, you can, as I did in the grewsome and shadowy place, stealthily and unobserved grasp the iron girders, and, at the risk of breaking your neck, crane your head far out and downward, to give the sturdy old "Blarney Stone" a loud, resounding smack; and then grope your way through the echoing windings of the lonely tower to the dewy, blossom-strewn earth below.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## GIRLS AND MARRIED MEN.

(Copyright, 1893, by the Bok Syndicate Press, New York.)

However much of a flirt the average American girl may be, she confines her field of conquest to the single men.

I say the average flirt. But now and then, in country places, in lesser cities, and in the large metropolis, we come upon the exception to the rule, and find a girl who is not averse to numbering married men among her admirers, even among her victims. A good deal of study and observation of this order of girl has led me to the following conclusions regarding her:

The young women who get their names associated unpleasantly with married admirers can be divided into three classes: the spoiled girl, who is over-sentimental, conceited and gushing; the utterly selfish and vain girl; and the overripe girl.

I met one of the first type recently in the heart of the great metropolis. She was a beauty, an only child and motherless, and possessed wealth and position. She had gorged her naturally romantic mind on French novels, and she was utterly spoiled by adulation.

She loved to talk of herself, and she confessed to me that she had, at the age of twenty, grown quite *blasé* with the monotonous attentions of adoring swains, and that she found nothing so interesting now as the admiration of married men. "I suppose I like them because they are unattainable," she said quite nonchalantly; "and I confess the nearest sentiment I ever felt to love was inspired by a married man. His unhappy domestic life first drew me to him; he said he felt I had such a sympathetic nature from the very first. Poor fellow! he is nearly crazy about me now; he fairly adores the ground I walk on."

"My dear girl, nothing is so uncertain as the impression a coquettish young woman makes on a married man," I replied. "Quite likely he is telling his wife that he pities the fool who marries you. He may flatter you and pay you compliments galore, and sigh over you just to see how much you know of human nature; but he is not respecting you, that is certain. He may feel the charm of your beauty, but he would not defend your good name if he heard it assailed; if he is sufficiently lacking in principle to lead you to receive his compromising attentions, he is lacking the honor to defend you from the tongue of gossip."

"He would defend me because he is in love with me," she urged. "Did you never hear of an unhappy married man really feeling the love of a lifetime for some one he met afterward?"

"Once in a while that occurs," I replied. "But you are scarcely the type of girl to inspire such a passion. A man would amuse himself with you, and try to lead you on, but he would not lose his head over you. Your position and wealth and beauty would flatter his masculine pride, and he would enjoy thinking he had power to lure you over convention's barriers; but he would feel a secret contempt for you all the same. You are a spoiled, sentimental girl, whose imagination has gotten the better of her head and heart. You are wasting sympathy and jeopardizing happiness. Nothing will so effectually drive away desirable suitors from a young girl as the accepted attentions of a married man."

The most hopeless coquette is the heartless girl with an abnormal love of conquest and excitement, who finds with married men the adventure and reckless element necessary to her happiness. Such a girl is seldom morally vicious in the generally accepted use of that term; she is superficial in her emotions, cold, vain, and selfish. She likes her freedom and the opportunities of conquest and adventure it affords her. She has no idea of going wrong, but loves to play about the brink of danger. Her only debauchery is that of the imagination. Having no deep emotions of her own to control, she tempts and arouses those of men, scarcely conscious of her evil influence; she flies laughing, mocking, and more amused than terrified out of danger's reach as soon as it menaces her. She enjoys the tragedy of the situation, and has complete control of herself. She has a cruel element in her nature, and enjoys the power to cause pain. She prides herself on being able to make wives jealous. Both she and the sentimental girl are given to boasting of their conquests, and of their ability to attract men from their wives. Fortunately it is a shallow, weak, and selfish type of man only who is bewitched by her—men who lack moral balance and who seek constantly for some new diversion, and who regard women as their lawful prey. Amused, teased, and momentarily aroused by the elusive coquette, they seldom feel a deep passion for her, as their natures are too shallow for more than a passing excitement and desire, which ends in resentment and anger when she escapes them.

The world accuses the girl flirt of being far more depraved than she is. Hers is the depravity of mind without the corresponding depravity of body. But the public is slow to believe this