

day a story of how he got in some of it unknown to his father. It was in corn plowing time, and the farmers of Kentucky worked from daylight until dark. Adlai Stevenson had got his first taste of Robinson Crusoe, and he carried the book with him to the fields, going out with his father's one-eyed mule ostensibly to plow corn. His father was in another part of the plantation, and during the old man's absence Adlai rested and read. Adlai's father, however, knew something of the boy's tricks, and in order to be sure that he was at work he fastened a bell around the mule's neck, and told Adlai he should know that when that bell stopped ringing he had stopped work. For some days, however, he noted that the bell rang continuously, but that there was little plowing done. He could not understand it, and he slipped quietly around to the corn field, the bell keeping up its ringing as he came. When he reached the fence he looked in vain for Adlai or the mule. But the bell still rang. He followed its sound, and there in the thicket at the side of the field sat the barefooted future vice-President deep in the mysteries of Robinson Crusoe, while his foot moved regularly to and fro pulling at a string, one end of which was attached to his big toe and the other to the bell, which he had hung up on a bush a few yards away. It is needless to say that Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday were laid away for that day at least. Soon after this Adlai's father moved to Illinois, but the boy came back to Centre College, Kentucky, to get his education.

It was at Centre College that Joe Blackburn was educated, and Adlai and he were there at the same time.

Senator Blackburn will cut a big figure here at Chicago. He will probably have a complimentary vote from Kentucky for President, and he may make one of his great speeches in the convention. Blackburn is a famous word painter. His mouth can grind out eloquent expressions faster than forty-seven graphophones run by electricity, and at his home he is known as the silver-tongued Blackburn. His speeches, however, are more noted for their beauty than for their depth of thought, and this reminds me of how Blackburn was once taken down in Kentucky. Candidates for office in that state, you know, debate with one another before an audience of both parties as to the questions of the day. They go about their districts to show off their parts to their constituents. One night Senator Blackburn made the first speech. He had captured the audience, and as he sat down his friends looked about in triumph. His opponent then rose and turned the tide of popularity with a single sentence. In this he likened Senator Blackburn to the swan, saying:

"He is like that beautiful bird which glides along, the perfection of grace, and dips and curves in lines of beauty—but only draws an inch or so of water."

No one expects Blackburn to get the nomination. Still he will be one of the ornamental features of the convention, and if he speaks he will bring down the house.

Frank G. Carpenter

ON THE EMERALD ISLE.

I left Dublin at 7:45 p. m. on the 5th, on the steamer Express, of the City of Dublin Steam Packet line, for Belfast. It is a very small boat and there was only one cabin passenger besides myself. The water was quite rough when we started, especially in Dublin bay, where so many vessels have been wrecked. I remained on deck until near midnight. It seemed but a few moments after retiring until I heard a fearful blowing of whistles. In a moment I was fully awake. I opened the port-hole and recognized the sound of another vessel near. A dense fog prevailed. On looking out I recognized a large steamer and knew we were running directly into the center of the broadside of the vessel. The noise of the waters and shouting of the sailors rendered the incident exceedingly exciting. I just drew my head in and grasped the side of my berth as the terrible crash came. Despite my efforts to hold on I was thrown to the opposite side of the room. I knew we were at least fifty miles from land. I dressed quickly and rushed above board. When I reached the deck I saw the life-boats being launched and now fully realized that things were really serious. The captain called to me to remain where I was, so I began examining the *Denia*, but the fog was so dense that until we had partially turned around I could not see much of her. We drew up as near as possible and then I saw the terrible gash cut in the side of the vessel. As soon as the life-boat touched the water five men jumped into it and rowed over to the *Denia*, which was being tossed like a feather upon the waves. Our men returned and reported her condition and said she had no passengers, but was so badly injured that she would have to return to port (Belfast) for repairs. The hole made in her side was several feet above the water-line and would only ship water during high waves. It was not long until we started again, but for nine hours the fog was so thick we could see but a few feet ahead. Vessels were whistling all around us but we could see one of them. Our fog horn was blown every thirty seconds. Finally conditions became so bad that the captain said the coast is so rugged he could go no further, so we were compelled to anchor for several hours. Some time afterwards the fog cleared so we could see land and soon entered Belfast Bay.

On arriving at the dock on Victoria pier I proceeded to the office of the Ireland conference, where I was cordially received by President Omas Peterson and the following Elders: Thos. Adams, Jas. Hirst, Daniel Whipple, F. A. Stowell and Alexander Faddies.

We held an outdoor meeting at the junction of Roundhill and Erekin streets. We took a position in the middle of the street and formed a half circle. Some halted for a second but passed on before learning our object. President Peterson announced our purpose of meeting and then read the first verse of a hymn. I do not think any one listened to a word. We sang with such force that several doors were opened along the street and persons

stood there listening. After the opening exercises were over, I was called upon to address the people. This was the first out-door meeting I ever attended and hardly knew how to proceed. You might imagine my feeling with a great crowd of people passing on either side, the only listeners being two or three who were gazing from their doors or windows. It was a very trying ordeal. I shot out passages of scripture one after another. A crowd began to gather. Some sang, others blessed and a few dealt out threats and curses, but I went on and was encouraged to see a few serious faces in the growing crowd. This strengthened my voice until doors and windows were opened for a considerable distance. After thirty minutes of the most fatiguing experience I ever had, I felt that I had said enough; my voice gave out, I could recall no more passages so I stepped back, exhausted as though I had worked at a furnace for twenty-four hours.

Brothers Petersen, Adams, Hirst, Faddies and myself left for Fort Rush. The first place of interest encountered was the "Priests Hole," a very deep chasm at the side of the road and a beautiful sparkling spring at the bottom. A little farther on we reached Dunluce Castle, a noble pile of ruins of a handsome castle built in the fourteenth century. It completely covers the summit of a very rugged island of rock, and is connected to the main land only by a wall about eighteen inches wide and over one hundred feet high. I was so much interested in the ruins that I paid but little attention to the narrow path when I first crossed (the rest of the company remained in the jaunting car) but on returning it was some time before I induced myself to recross. I could hardly muster enough courage to do so. One must have very steady nerves if he attempts to cross it, but the prize on the other side is well worth the risk. We reached the famous Giant's Causeway at 10 o'clock and spent some time in admiring this marvelous freak of nature. We hired a boat and took a row on the Atlantic, entering two beautiful caves. One is 600 feet long. They are filled with stones of many colors, which glisten beautifully in the torch-light. At times the waves become so angry at the mouth that many lives have been lost. The Giant's Causeway (pathway) contains over 40,000 pillars of basaltic stone, as hard as marble. Most of the columns have six sides and are about eighteen miles in diameter. It is a gradual slope from the mountains (rising 400 feet high) to the ocean, tapering from a pathway 300 feet wide to a point extending into the water. The columns are not solid pillars, but are composed of many blocks about 16 to 20 inches long. The columns lie so snugly together and the layers fit so perfectly that all who behold it marvel exceedingly. To appreciate its grandeur one must see the Causeway for himself. Before returning three of us scaled the lofty cliffs and peered over the terrible brink, until we could see and hear the crashing waves beating at the foundation, over 400 feet directly below.

The Giant's Organ, a perfect form of a pipe organ, chiseled out of rock by the hands of nature; the Giant's Head,