

HIGHLAND LEGENDS

WHERE WITCHES AND FAIRIES ONCE
HELD HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

Fascinating Chapter in the History of the
Highlands of Scotland—A Tailor's Cunn-
ing Device—Little Girl Surprised Her
Father by Sinking Ships With a Glance
—A Shepherd's Experiment—A Popu-
lar Legend.

One of the most fascinating chapters in the history of the Highlands of Scotland is that which treats of witchcraft and second sight. The Highlands were the happy hunting grounds of witches and fairies, who differed in many respects from their unsavory sisters of the plains. There was little of the repulsive about them, save, perhaps, in the physical sense, for they were usually poor old women to whom nature had been unkind; "De'il hae me, but the Lord was fair beside himsel' gin he gived the poo' o' evil intil the hands of sic an ill-faured (ill-favored) be-son!" was frequently the contemptuous remark of the scoffer. They had no midnight meetings or dances with the devil, "dead men's fingers" were excluded from their stock-in-trade, and it is doubtful if there was even a broomstick in the possession of all the unholy sisterhood. They were mostly blackmailers.

Witches' Remarkable Powers.

Just as the Highland caterans levied toll on the Sassenach cattle-owners for the immunity of their stock, so, in most cases, the local witch demanded, and was generally paid, a fixed sum annually, in consideration of which she agreed to refrain from exerting her evil powers on her clients' cattle beasts. Supernatural gifts had only to be claimed to be acknowledged, and many of the unhappy women believed in their professed power. Their emoluments were not large, and some idea of the strenuous competition that latterly prevailed in the profession may be gathered from the fact that a pound of tobacco could accomplish great things in the way of healing disease in a man or beast. Many remarkable powers were ascribed to the witches. It was averred and believed that they could take the milk from their neighbor's cattle (generally by milking the iron crook on which the kettle was hung), and they could bring the herrings to the coast, and so insure the success of their fishermen clients, and that they could raise storms and sink ships, drowning those who had given them offence. In fact, there was little the witch could not do when she had a mind. As Burns says in "Tam o' Shanter":

"For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and hear,
And kept the countryside in fear."

They had a pretty way, too, of flying through the air with incredible swiftness to London or Dublin, where they took possession of wine cellars and drank wine till morning. Curiously enough, they never thought of flying across the Irish Sea so long as they could sail across in an egg-shell or a sieve. Then for a purely nominal charge they could waste an enemy with disease by the simple process of melting a waxen image over the fire, and, when the spirit moved them, they were wont to turn themselves into seagulls, cats, hares, mice, black sheep, rats, ravens, whales, and occasionally, foaming breakers. (It was sometimes in the disguise of a hare that they deprived cows of their milk).

Tailor Too Sharp.

To this day tales of the uncanny doings of the witches are told with bated breath round the peat fires of many a lone Highland croft, and one or two of these may be worth retelling. One night a Lewis tailor discovered the meeting place of a number of witches, among whom he recognized his own wife. They disappeared in creels, and returned in the morning, each with her creel full of herrings. The tailor impressed on his wife the advantages of co-operation, and his arguments being considered good he was allowed to accompany the band on their next expedition. Twenty of the witches set out to sea in a creel, and the tailor's wife was detailed to remain on shore, and pay out a long line of worsted attached to the witches' peculiar craft. The tailor, however, prevailed on his wife to hand over her duties to him and join her companions; and when the wily man had paid out what he deemed a sufficiency of line he cut it, and the witches were all drowned. On the death of his wife, the tailor occasionally dabbled in the black art. He had observed an old woman step into a creel, mutter an incantation, and disappear through the hole in the roof that formed the chimney, returning later with a basketful of herrings. In endeavoring to emulate this feat the tailor unfortunately forgot part of the incantation, and, consequently, instead of skipping lightly up the chimney he came bump with his head against the rafters. "Where in the name of God are you taking me?" cried he, when on the mention of the Deity the creel dropped to the floor with such violence that the tailor broke both his legs. There is no record that he continued his researches into the unknown.

A shepherd and his little daughter were walking on the hills of Mull, in view of the shipping in the Sound. "Father," said the little girl, "would you like to see me sink all those

and surely joking, the girl," said the startled shepherd, "how could you do it?" The girl stooped down and looked through her legs backwards at the vessels, whereupon they all whirled round and sank beneath the waves. The horrified father ascertained that both his wife and daughter were witches, and with the assistance of the neighbors he burned the pair of them.

A Popular Legend.

The following used to be a popular tale in the Western Highlands: A shepherd was sitting at his lonely fireside when a number of cats entered the room, and sitting round the fire proceeded to make themselves comfortable. After a bit one of the cats rushed to the door, and, putting on a black cap, cried, "Hurrah for London!" and disappeared with a whisk of its tail. The others proceeded to follow suit, but ere the last could get off the shepherd seized its cap, and shouting "Hurrah for London!" was in a trice hurtled through the air to that identical city. There he got drunk in a wine cellar, where he was found in the morning by the wine merchant, who hauled him before the Lord Mayor. The unfortunate man was now regretting having left his comfortable home—all the more when the Lord Mayor ordered him to be hung. While awaiting his doom with the rope round his neck on the gallows, he made this last request that he should be allowed to die with the black cap—his mother's last gift to him, so he said—on his head. No sooner had he donned the cap than with "Hurrah for Skye!" shepherd and gallows and all whirled out of sight, and in less than no time he was back in Skye, where he made of the gallows a boat, which is to be seen in Skye to this day! Various districts claim the venturesome shepherd as their own, but for his method of locomotion it is clear that he must have been a Skye man!

Many of the stories of witches are obvious exaggerations of commonplace occurrences. In these enlightened days one would never dream of connecting the unusual antics of a frisky hare or an innocent tom cat with some misadventure of everyday life, but the Highlander of a bygone day was not so blind. A mist over the sea swirled into fantastic shapes by an eddying wind was, without doubt, a witch endeavoring to destroy a ship—indeed, there was little in the heavens above or on the earth beneath that the Highlander could not ascribe to witches. Few people take such notions now, but there are still a few of the "auld bodies" who tell such "auld farnt" tales as are here set down as if they believed in them.—The London Globe.

Adelaide.

Adelaide enjoys the distinction of being the oldest municipality in Australia. It was named after the Queen of William IV., in whose reign it was founded, and its principal thoroughfare bears the name of King William street. Its oldest newspaper, the South Australian Register, was first published in London as the organ of the South Australia Association, the body under whose auspices the pioneer settlers and founders of Adelaide were dispatched from England. The pioneer colonist were in sore straits when valuable copper mines were luckily discovered near Adelaide. The late Sir George Grey, who was appointed its governor at the early age of twenty-nine, materially helped to pull the place out of the slough of despond and rescued the infant settlement from imminent bankruptcy.

Vain.

"Did you find the Chinese a vain people?"
"Very. To hear a Chinese brag you could almost believe an American was talking."—Detroit Free Press.

The undersigned is now manufacturing and is ready to supply all demands for paper spools or cores under the King-land Ziegler patent No. 69423, dated 29th November, 1900.

Feb. d 21.

C. W. HALL.

Holiday Goods.

Lucy & Co's goods for the New Year's trade are now in stock and purchasers requiring useful serviceable goods will make no mistake in selecting from our stock. We have mens' youths' and childrens' suits in all sizes and patterns, overcoats, ulsters, reefers, rain-coats, water-proofs, etc. In boots, shoes, etc., our stock is as complete as it is possible to make it. Mens', boys' and childrens' hockey boots, also kid, calf and buff of the best manufacturers in Canada, moose moccasins, shoe-packs, oil tanned moccasins and leggings, fur caps and fur collars, also a large stock of cloth caps in corduroy, plush and astrakhan, trunks, valises, umbrellas, together with a large assortment of men's and ladies' underwear, silk handkerchiefs, neckties, etc., all at popular prices during the holiday season at Lucy & Co's.—d.

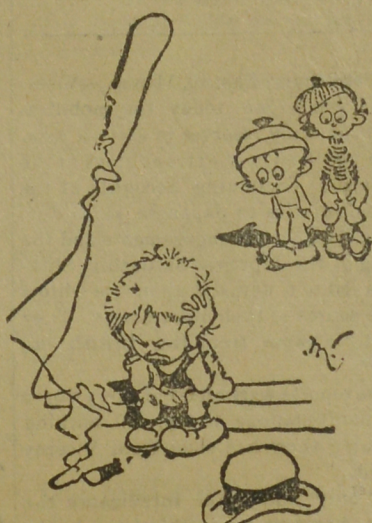
For Stomach Troubles.

"I have taken a great many different medicines for stomach trouble and constipation," says Mr. S. Geizer, of Dunkerton, Iowa, "but never had as good results from any as from Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets." For sale by all druggists.

The Explanation.

"He says he moves in the best society."
"So he does. He owns a furniture van."—Smart Set.

Dizzy.



"How d'yer feel, Jimmie?"
Jimmie (faintly)—Fine! Jest like I did when I spent \$2 a-ridin' on de merry-go-round onces!—San Francisco Examiner.

Cabbages in Pledge.

There is one pawn-broking establishment in connection with Covent Garden Market, London, that is absolutely without a rival. The pawn-broking license enables the holder to lend money on garden and other produce by special contracts that only hold good for forty-eight hours as the extreme limit. Many a good load of fruit, flowers, or vegetables that may arrive late for one market, or that may not be instantly saleable, is pledged. Next morning the stuff can either be redeemed or sold by the broker.

Switzerland's Hotels.

There are now 2,000 hotels and pensions in Switzerland, employing something like 35,000 persons during the summer season. It is estimated that 380,000 people visit Switzerland in the season and spend about \$20,000,000 there.

The Cold Wave.

Men and women should be interested now in the sale of fur coats and other fur goods going on in that department at Edgemoor's. They are offering great bargains and the weather continues cold.—d.

Tendency of the Times.

The tendency of medical science is toward preventive measures. The best thought of the world is being given to the subject. It is easier and better to prevent than to cure. It has been fully demonstrated that pneumonia, one of the most dangerous diseases that medical men have to contend with, can be prevented by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of influenza (grip), and it has been observed that this remedy counteracts any tendency of these diseases toward pneumonia. This has been fully proven in many thousands of cases in which this remedy has been used during the great prevalence of colds and grip in recent years, and can be relied upon with implicit confidence. Pneumonia often results from a slight cold when no danger is apprehended until it is suddenly discovered that there is fever and difficulty in breathing and pains in the chest, then it is announced that the patient has pneumonia. Be on the safe side and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the cold is contracted. It always cures. For sale by all druggists.

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The Great South American Rheumatic Cure.
Seizes hold of the disease at once and in three days has the outside the wonder is done, oftener in one day. Relief felt at the first spoonful.
Lumbago and Neuralgia flee before it; and it prevents their return. A bottle of it saves many a dollar and hours of pain, to say nothing of preserving valuable lives.
James A. Anderson, of Calgary, N. W. T., writes:
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The Great South American Nervine tonic sets all the vital organs in order by first feeding the nerves. The best cure for any and all affections of stomach, liver, heart, brain. 23

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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It is the best remedy we know of for Dyspepsia in all forms, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilioussness, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Water Brach, Sick Headache and all the terrible diseases caused by Dyspepsia. It is not a scattering "Shot Gun" Prescription but it goes straight to the mark, and has cured so many people right here in town, that it gives us confidence to sell it on an absolute guarantee, as follows: If you use a bottle and it does not help you, we will give you your money back without a word of complaint. We could not afford to guarantee it so boldly if we had not seen it succeed ninety-eight out of every one hundred cases.

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