

## ON THE OTHER SIDE.

(Written for THE COURIER by C. Y. Smith.)

No. 9.

John Kendrick Bangs says Venice is an old water-logged town. Built on 117 islands, separated by 147 canals and connected by nearly 400 bridges; of course it is water-logged. For seven or eight hundred years the city has been standing in water more than knee deep and as its territory extended it became necessary to rest the buildings on piles to keep them out of the wet. In its early days it may have been inconvenient for the lady folks to wade across the lagoons in order to reach the city, but this little annoyance was fully recompensed by the fact that the inhabitants could sit on their back door step and catch all kinds of fish to their heart's content. This made a livelihood a matter of small difficulty.

Venice from the distance seems like a floating city, rising from the depths of the sea. The islands in the midst of marshy lagoons were difficult of access, but channels have been dug so that large ships may reach the city from the sea. The tides rise and fall every six hours and keep the waters of the canals continually in motion, and the ships and gondolas free it from stagnation. The city is about six miles in circumference and is divided into two unequal parts by the grand canal which winds through it like the letter S.

In the language of a sailor there are no barnacles on Venice. It is one of those cities which a traveler can not afford to miss.

Had it been the home of Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face or some other Indian it might have been called "City-of-No-Horses." A total absence of horses is one of the features of Venice, and bicycles too, for that matter. The fact is, however, there is no place to ride, unless it be along the Riva degli Schiavoni. This follows the head of the grand canal from the Arsenal to the Piazzetta. Here we take a sharp turn to the right around the Ducal Palace and enter the Piazza di San Marco, where an opportunity is given to take a short rectangular spin, with a turn or two around the Campanile tower. But the ride is so short and subject to falling into the canal or bumping into somebody that it is extremely doubtful if bicycling will ever become a fad in Venice.

The city is a regular network of canals and narrow streets; often mere footpaths connected by small bridges. They bend and turn in every conceivable direction. The cyclist would be often obliged to ride up and down steps, scale walls on narrow footpaths, cross small bridges, bump into walls or else turn around and retrace his route in part in order to get ahead at all. About half his ride would be spent in finding out where he was and how to get out.

One of my first exploits in this city of the sea was to start from the Piazza San Marco on a tour of inspection on foot. I had a small map of the place and I was curious to see where I would bring up. Following first a narrow street, in the short space of almost two minutes I came to a canal where I must either jump in and swim across or else turn back. Sometimes a street would follow along the canal for a short distance and then end abruptly, any further progress being impeded by a high wall or side of a building. Again one would find himself led into a narrow court with no way to get out but the way he entered. But one can walk all over the city after he knows the way. During my tour of inspection I became all tangled up time after time, having not the slightest idea where I was, and I was as mystified to know how I could get back. But I kept on. Sometimes I would find myself in the little court yards where little Italian boys would gather around me and offer to show me the way to Piazza San Marco. They

knew in a minute I was an American bobbing around their city to see what I could see, and further they knew I didn't know where I was or how to get out. At one time I had about ten or fifteen of them following me along offering to show me here and show me there; and by way of advertisement of their powers as a guide they would perform all sorts of acrobatic feats, turning handsprings, cartwheels, etc.

I thought it wiser, however, to follow my own nose as it had always before led me into the harbors of safety. But really at one time the little kids got so thick around me that my situation was a serious one. I couldn't trust the little chaps. I didn't know but what they would lead me into some snare and dump me into some dark and gloomy canal. I pegged along, getting into all sorts of places, crossing bridge after bridge, following canal after canal, retracing my steps in part time after time. Finally I came up against the Arsenal, face to face with the colossal lion of Pentelic marble. I knew where I was. About a five minutes walk along the Riva degli Schiavoni and I stood at the place where I entered this bewildering labyrinth. I had gone around a circle perhaps a mile in circumference.

Venice is in no wise cosmopolitan. It is strictly *sui generis*. Everything there is either a foot, afloat or on a wheelbarrow.

I know of no place in all Europe where the tourist will meet with so much pleasant surprise as Venice. There is much there beside the gondola.

Venice is one great museum of fancy. I take it to be the most fascinating, the most bewitching and the most enchanting of any city in existence. No matter what her praise has been, no matter how often described, no matter how romantic it may all appear to one who has never been there; it is never a city of disappointment.

But let me suggest. Arrange to arrive there at night, when the moonlight casts her rays upon the water. What joy can be keener than to step from the cars, after a long day's ride through the mountains, at the hour of midnight, in the stillness, pass down the stone steps at the station and take a seat in a large, black gondola at the command of some devil-eyed Italian! The order is obeyed in intense wonder and not without a strong sense of fear. It is all remarkably strange and weird. Yet the whole body is thrilled with strange delight. Our canoe shaped craft, with our gondolier standing, oar in hand, at one end, and the large, artistic prow throwing a hobgoblin shadow into the water at the other end, pushes away from the steps and silently glides through the waters of the Grand Canal.

The night was intensely dark when I was first initiated into the mysteries of Venice. Our only light was the pale glimmer of a lamp from the top of some pole along the way. At intervals the lightning from a distant storm would enable us to see the outline of some old palace and the sombre figure of the man who had our lives in his hands. It would not have surprised me at any time to have had a long stiletto plunged into my back. Still I was not trembling with fear. I was on the lookout for phantoms, ghosts and hobgoblins. The situation was so weird, so strange, the stillness only broken by the almost silent splash of the oar, that I became a mere creature of fancy, an inmate of air castles built some years before. We finally passed under the arch of the Pont de Rialto and then turned into a smaller canal, dark as a dungeon cell. How our craft skimmed over the surface within such narrow ways without bumping into somebody or something has, to this day, always been to me an item of wonder. Many of the small bridges are just high enough in the center of the arch to allow the steel prow to pass under without touching; but three or four inches either to the right

or left would cause disaster. At every cross canal our gondolier would utter the most unearthly cry as a warning to any other craft that might be coming in the opposite direction. We had no difficulty until we arrived at the other side of the city, near the head of the Grand Canal, where we were obliged to pass under another bridge. Here in the darkness were some four or five gondolas with sleeping occupants, blocking up our path. When our man had bumped into them, I had the pleasure, if that is what you call it, of listening to the Italian language as she is spoken at night and in anger. Excuse me from any more. I didn't know then whether I had two more minutes to live or five, but our man was master of the situation and wedged our way through. We passed under the Bridge of Sighs and landed at the steps of Hotel Royal Danieli. The ride was over. I was glad and I was sorry. But the greatest pleasure was when I stood on the steps, safe and sound, out of harm's way, revolving in my mind the strange experience of the past hour.

Few write of Venice without speaking of the pigeons in St. Marco. I bought a cornucopia of corn from a vendor and stood in the middle of the Piazza near the Campanile tower. As I threw out a few kernels Mr. Pigeon flew around me and in a minute or so I was so completely enveloped by fluttering birds that I thought I would have to cry for help. I did not count them, but there were at least seven or eight hundred roosting on my head and shoulders, and the ground at my feet was a bobbing mass of birds. 'Tis a source of amusement which every tourist indulges in.

Venice. Before we leave it I shall take a tour around the Doges Palace and the old church of St. Marco.

## SHERIFF SALE.

First publication June 8.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution issued by the clerk of the district court of the third judicial district of Nebraska within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Albert W. Jansen is plaintiff and Lou Wessel, Jr., is defendant. I will at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 9th day of July A. D. 1895, at the east door of the court house in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit:

Lot "A," of Spencers subdivision of lot seven (7) of block three (3) and lot seven of block four (4) in Spencer's addition to Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 31st day of May A. D. 1895.

Fred A. Miller  
Sheriff.

July 6.

## NOTICE.

## CHATTEL MORTGAGE SALE.

First Publication June 8.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage, dated on the 29th day of April, 1895, and duly filed in the office of the county clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 29th day of April, 1895, and executed by J. E. Howe to M. L. Thomas to secure the payment of the sum of \$28.00 and upon which there is now due the sum of \$28.50. Default having been made in the payment of said sum and no suit or other proceedings at law having been instituted to recover said debt or any part thereof, therefore I will sell the property therein described to-wit:

One oak roll top desk, one oak ice chest, two eight foot maple birdseye show cases, three counters eighteen feet in all, ten feet of shelving, one square oak card table, one square black walnut card table, one four gallon water cooler, eight high back chairs four of them cane seat and four wood seat, one six foot rustic oak seat, one soft coal heater round sheet iron drum six electric light burners and all other furniture and fixtures belonging to said J. E. Howe and kept at number 110 north 13th street at the time said mortgage was executed, at public auction at number 1127 O street in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska on the 28th day of June, 1895 at one o'clock P. M. of said day.

M. L. Thomas, mortgagee.

By C. S. Rainbolt, his attorney.

June 22

Watch for the name

## LINCOLN ICE CO.

They have no pond ice. 1040 O street.

Perfumery and Toilet Articles at

## Riggs' Pharmacy,

N. W. Cor. Twelfth and O Sts.

## GUIDE TO HEALTH FREE.

Ask for particulars.

ED. M. ALLEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

## SHERIFF SALE.

First Publication June 8.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Mary E. Swayne is plaintiff, and John Werts et al, are defendants.

I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 9th day of July A. D. 1895, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit:

Lot number eight (8) in block four (4) in McMurtry's addition to Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 6th day of June A. D. 1895.

Fred A. Miller  
Sheriff

July 6

A. Bruce Coffroth

Atty at Law.

First publication June 8.

## ORDER ON ABSENT DEFENDANT

In the circuit court of the United States, for the district of Nebraska.

At a session of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the district of Nebraska, continued and held pursuant to adjournment, at the United States court room in the city of Omaha, on the third day of June 1895, the Honorable Elmer S. Dundy, Judge, being present and presiding in said court, the following among other proceedings were had and done to-wit:

No 114 R.

Edinburg Lombard Investment company limited, a corporation, Complainant, vs. Herman P. Hermansen et al, Defendants

IN CHANCERY  
Order on absent defendant

And now on this third day of June A. D. 1895, being at the May term, A. D. 1895, of the said court, it having been made to appear to the satisfaction of the said court that this is a suit commenced to enforce a lien upon real property within the said district, and that Herman P. Hermansen and Johanna M. Hermansen, defendants herein are not inhabitants of, and have not been found within the said district, and have not voluntarily appeared in this suit, on motion of said A. Bruce Coffroth, solicitor for the said complainant, it is considered by the court and ordered that the defendants above named be and are hereby directed to appear and plead, answer or demur to the complainant's bill of complaint, on or before Monday, August 5th, 1895, and in default thereof, an order be entered in this cause taking the said bill *pro confesso*.

It is further ordered by the court that at least twenty days before the said Monday, August 5th 1895 a copy of this order be served upon Herman P. Hermansen and Johanna M. Hermansen the said defendants wherever found, if practicable, and also upon the person or persons in charge or possession of the real property described in complainant's bill of complaint, if any there be; or in lieu thereof a copy of this order be published for six consecutive weeks in THE LINCOLN COURIER, a weekly newspaper published and in general circulation in said district of Nebraska.

(signed) Elmer S. Dundy,  
Judge.

The United States of America, } ss  
District of Nebraska.

I, Elmer D. Frank, clerk of the circuit court of the United States for the district of Nebraska, do hereby certify, that the above and foregoing is a true copy of an order entered upon the journal of the proceedings of said court, in the cause therein entitled; that I have compared the same with the original entry of said order, and it is a true transcript therefrom, and of the whole thereof.

Witness my official signature, and seal of said court, at Omaha, in said district, this third day of June A. D. 1895.

Elmer D. Frank,  
Clerk.

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