#### THE PRIMITIVE RAILROADS.

Some Recollections of Bygone Trav-

THE STORY OF HUDSON'S RISE.

Laborers Who Work for Fifty Cents a Day-Farmer Greasers Who Took Their Revenge or the Companies.

Boston Globe: Hudson, N. Y., was settled in 1784 by a party of capitalists from Nantucket, which was then a large whaling port, and up to the great fire of 1845 was a thriving and prosperous city. From Nantucket came the Folgers, the Coffins and the Marcys. On the right bank of the Hudson, about thirty miles below Albany, in the township of Claverack, was laid out Hudson, which in a few years after became a city. There were several whaleships owned there, and as early as 1800 it had \$5,000 innabitants, and when steamboats came in vogue on the North river or Hudson, it was regarded by some as the head of navigation. About the year 1835, when it was at its zenith of its prosperity it felt like trying titles with its wealthier city Albany, who boasted one of the oldest railroads in the country. Everybody has seen the fac similes of the first railroad train on the Mohawk & Hudson railroad from Albany to Schenectady in which Thurlow Weed was one of the excursionists. Ten years later or just a year or two before the great panie of 1837, the people of the city of Hudson thought they could have a railroad as well as Albany. They thought it would be a grand idea to connect with the contemplated road the Western, and thus bring travel and freight from the east to the allegad head of navigation, Hudson on the Hudson river. So the capitalists of Hudson and along the contemplated line in Columbia to West Stockbridge in Massachusetts, formed a railroad company to be known as the Hudson & Berk-shire railroad. From Hudson to Chatham is seventeen miles. There it met the Western railroad and crossed it, and ran parallel to the Western road, which had then been surveyed. It ran from five reds to half a mile from the Western road from Chatham to the state line, and then went south to West Stockbridge, Mass., a distance of thirty-four miles. The road from Hudson to West Stockbridge was completed about the year 1838, and was a marvel of engineering. It cost about \$320,000, or not quite \$10,000 WORKING FOR 50 CENTS A DAY.

Plenty of men could then be found to work for three and four York shillings a day, that is thirty-seven and a half and fifty cents a day. The men used to dig and throw dirt on wheelbarrows, and later on one-horse earts and then dump it down the embankment. There were no digging machines that now do the work in one-twentieth or one-thirtieth of the time Some of the people along the lines were very much obposed to the enterprise. They said that their stock would be run over and killed, that their barns and houses and fences would be set on fire and that the clothes that the busy housewives put on the lines after being washed on Mondays would be ruined by smoke and soot. But when the capitalists paid them good prices for their land they left the ranks of the kickers and became warm friends of the cor-poration, Often some thrifty farmer would put \$1,000 or \$2,000 into stock and

When the first trains were put on the road there were three locomotives, the Hudson, the Berkshire and the Columbia. They were queer looking little machines but were in century. The Hudson in the infancy of the road was a crack machine. The old coaches were in 1858 laid off on a switch in a car house at Hudson, and they had not been used for nearly ten years. locomotive had only two four feet driv-ers and a supporting truck of four wheels under the big black flaring smokestack, There was a four wheeled tender. In later years there was a cab put up, but in the younger days of the engine, the engineer of the engine, the engineer had to stand out in the weather and take his chances. The engine weighed about seven or eight tons only. On its side just under the bell, was the name "Hudson," in brass block letters. The cars were on four wheeled trucks, and around the top was an iron railing, so that baggage and parcels could be carried on top without being jarred off. There were no doors in the end of the cars, but entrance was extended nearly across the car, with aisles between. Passengers sat facing each other, and four could sit very comforta-bly side by side. There were six seats across the car, three facing the engine, and three the end of the train. There were generally two and sometimes three of the cars attached to the engine. Each car would seat twenty-four persons. The conductor would walk around the car on the outside and collect his fare through the window in summer. In the winter he would get into the car and col-lect his fare, and then get out and shin nto the other car. There were no stove in the cars, and in the winter people used to find that warm bricks and old-fashtoned wooden and tin foot stoves were very handy accompaniments on a journey to West Stockbridge.

The brakes were very much like those

on a farm lumber wagon. The trains for a long time left Hudson at 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. They left West Stockbridge at the same hours to make the trip of hirty-four miles. The freight trains left Hudson early in the morning and went to West Stockbridge in five hours, where the hands would get their dinuer and then turn around and come back, arriv-ing at Hudson about 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening, if they had good luck.

THE TRACK was a curiosity. First an eight inch tim ber about twenty feet long was laid down and then another parallel. Across these were laid the ties and then along the ties were heavy oaken joists about about four by four or six and on these were nailed iron strips like heavy wagon tires. Then the road was ballasted with dirt, and except in the spring of the year when the frost was coming out of ground, the track was comparatively smooth, and the sensation of rading

along was quite agreeable. The station at the river was not visited by the locomotives. They were kept at the upper station because of a heavy grade of about 160 feet to the mile. The locomotives could hardly go up this grade of their own accord. So the company bought about forty targe Pennsyl vania horses, and these were used to draw up the freight and passenger cars. About four horses used to draw the cars up in about fifteen minutes. Then the ingine was hitched on, and after a great deal of fussing and ceremony the train would start, and from fifty to 100 persons would watch the train as it started off for West Stockbridge with thirty or forty passengers. The train used to manage keep along pretty well on time, unless it had happened that some farmer had become indignant because his cows or pigs had been killed by the engine. In that case he would hitch up and drive in to see the superintendent of the road and

HE GREASED THE GRADE. It sometimes happened that they could not agree. Then, if there was a grade

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would steat thither in the dead of high and put soft soap or lard on the track. When the wheels of the little seven toner would strike the lubricated track the wheels would spin around and the train would come to a dead stop. Then the train would back off quite a piece and the engineer and firemen would shovel dirt and sand on the track, then they would put on all the steam they could get, and if the track had not been greased tained more than ten or fifteen minutes. Sometimes, though, if the grade was very steep and the farmer had had lots of grease or soap, the train would be delayed an hour or more. This was the cause of considerable profaulty, and sometimes a civil suit would be brought against the 'greaser.' But the company did not always prove the offense to the satisfaction of the court and jury, and they would have to pay costs. Then they would hand over a good round price for the stock that had been killed, and there would be no more greasing for some time, unless it was done by vagrant boys

out of pure cusedness.

THE ENGINEERS used to be looked upon as superior be ings. The conductors, too, were great men in their way, and they used to handle great deal of money. Captain Bagley when he first went into the service of the road, used to have a salary of \$40 a month and the engineers from \$85 to \$40. he other hands, such as station agents, firemen, switchtenders, at from \$12 to \$18 a month. Many of the passengers of the road used to remember old Captain Bagley's peculiarities and quaintness of speech. When asked what the fare was from Hudson to Chatham he would reply, Well, I shall have to tax you six shillings" (equal to seventy live cents). It was always "I shall have to tax you so much." From Hudson to West Stockbridge the fare was \$1.50, which in those days was pretty high as things went. At the end of the trip, when the old captain went into the treasurer's office to settle he would have a shot bag half full of Spanish sixpences, shillings and quarters, and a large sprinkling of the old fashoned red cent nearly as large as a silver naif-dollar. There was more Spanish than American silver in those days, and

PRIMITIVE FREIGHT CARS. The freight cars were four-wheeled affairs. They had a swinging door that was fastened with a peg and staple. The cars were painted slate-colored and pink. Six cars were an ordinary freight train, and only when the road was in good con-dition could the little machine Columbia take nine freight cars up and down the grades and around the curves. But it winter-then it was that they could not keep down the accumulation of freight. In wintry months it was as much as the little teakettle could do to keep going, and the cars were never ex-pected to be on time.

when it was not worn it was handsomely

When the western railroad began to be of some importance and the Hudson & Berkshire had passed through the winter of bankruptey it was sold to the Western railroad and is now the Beston & Albany railroad, Hudson branch. It is a very valuable piece of road, both for freight and passengers The little machines have totally disappeared and the engines now are sixty and seventy-ton machines from the great works of the eastern states.

Some two or three years afterward the Housatonic Railroad company began to build their road from Bridgeport to the state line. The appliances for building the road were only a little better than those of the Hudson & Berkshire railroad. But the inhabitants along the line con-gratulated themselves on the new enterprise that would obviate the necessity of carting the produce across the eastern part of the state of New York to the Hudson river and thence to New York. Before that along the Columbia turnpike from Great Barrington to Hudson, N. Y., long lines of farmer's teams might be found in the fall carrying butchered pork, choose, butter, grain, etc., to the North river towns and steamboats About 1811 the road was completed and the locomotives were a little heavier and

more or less heavy in the vicinity, he a more modern type than the Houson and would steal thither in the dead of night Berkshire. The first machines were the Berkshire. The first machines were the New York with four-feet drivers, and this was furnished with a coweatcher. The machine with the four-wheeled tender weighed about eleven tons. An improvement was placed on the frame of the locomotive consisting of large splint brooms firmly fastened in holes which were about an inch above the track in order to clear the snow from the track. There was also a cab built on this engine Then there was the little two-driver en gine Albany, that very much resembled the Hudson of the Hudson and Boston road, was put on. Two larger machines followed, the Litchfield and Berkshire These had tenders with six wheels, and they weighed twelve tons. These ran the passenger engines. Then came the Housatonic and Pequonnock, and after wards, in about 1845, the Antelope and Reindeer, twin locomotives of about sixteen tons, were put on for the passenger train service.

THE FIRST EXCURSION TRAIN. Shortly after the road was completed the company gave a passenger excursion, and there were about seventy-five pas killed by one of the rails piercing the floor of the car. The terrible accident cast a gloom across the excursion party and some of them predicted the downfall of railroads on account of such accidents After this accident each engineer carried on his engine a bag of spikes and a large sledge hammer, and when a defective rail was discovered, known as a "snake head," the engineer would get down and nail it fast and leave word at the first station to have men go and ballast the

Forty years ago there was no such thing known as an express train. They stopped at all stations, and they never went at a rate of speed greater than fifteen miles an hour including stoppages. The Western railroad had a hard stint to get its road over the Green mountain range in Berkshire county. On the heavy grades at Dalton and Washington for a great many years it was necessary to have an engine to help push the passenger and freight trains up the grade. It was put through about the year 1841, and at once it began to be regarded as one of the most import-ant roads in the country. At that time there was not probably more than 500 miles of railroad in the country. The western road in 1812 adopted the first eight-wheeled passenger car that was put on the New England roads. was then a thriving little city of 6,250 in habitants. There was then no big rail road center where nearly two dozen roads congregate. It took from two weeks to a month to get there. In all the west there was not over fifty miles of railroad, although all the large cities began to talk

of them.

The Catskill & Canajoharie was in operation about the year 1835. The cars and locomotives were of the smallest and most primitive character. The freight cars were simply open wagons, and the freight was, in rainy weather, covered with tarpaulins. There was but little traffic or travel. The man in a New Engand village who had been to Boston and New York on the cars was a man to be looked up to as one of the fast men of the honored with his residence Should there be as great improvements in the next half century as in the last, this country will be a wonderful place to live

In a Doubtful State. Texas Siftings: Lawyer-"Are you

Female witness-"No." Then you are a married woman?"

"I am-an-engaged woman."

"So you are a widow?"
"No." "But, my dear madam or miss, you must belong to one of these classes. what shall I put you down?"

Herr Richini, one of the "mimies" of the Vienna opera house, still appears in pantomiime at the age of eighty. He has been for more than forty years a

HE SOLD HIS WIFE. From the French of Guy de Maupusjant by C. E.

Waggener. A peculiar case was on trial before the court of Assizes of the Lower Siene. Caesar Isador Brumont and Prosper Napoleon Cornu had been summoned to answer the charge of trying to drown by immersion Mme. Brumont, the lawful wife of the first named prisoner.

cented side on the bench. They were both peasants; the first one, small, fat and with short arms, short legs, and a round red head planted directly on his back also round and and short, without any appearance of neck. He was a raiser of pork and lived at Cachville, near Criquetor. The other, Cornu, was his opposite in appearance, thin, with long arms, long legs, and a head set awry on his shoulders. He had also a horrible squint in one eve. A blue blouse as long as a shirt fell to his knees, his yellow hair was cut short, and he had a dirty, worn-out look that was positively frightful. They had, nicknamed him the "Curate," because he imitated to perfection the chants of the church. This accomplishment drew to his cafe, for he was a wine-seller at Criquetot, a great number of clients, who much preferred the mass of Cornu to the mass of the

Mme. Brumont was seated upon the witness bench. She was tall and thin and seemed half asleep, so motionless did she sit, with her hands crossed upon er knees and her eyes fixed and vacant The judge continued his interrogations. 'So, you say, Mme. Brumont, they came to your house and threw you into a barrel full of water. Get up and tell us

he facts in detail.' Mme. Brumont rose, looking as high as mast, with the flaps of her headdress lying like sails, and began her story in a drawling voice:

"I was shelling beans when they en-tered," said she, "and I said to myself, 'What is the matter?' They are not nat-ural; they look wicked.' They watched me crossways, for you know, your Honor, Cornu squints. I did not like to see them together, for they are no great things in each other's society.
"I said to them, 'What do you want?'
And when they did not rep!y I was sure

hat some deviltry was afoot. Here the prisoner Brumont interrupted the witness, crying out: "I was drunk, your honor, drunk as a lord." Then fornu turned to his companioin and said in a deep voice like the notes of an organ 'Say we were both drunk and you wil

not lie."
"What do you say?" asked the judge sternly, "that you were drunk?" "No use to ask that question, your honor," said Brumout. "Everybody could see that," said Cor-

"Continue, Mme. Brumont," said the judge to the victim.

"Then Brumont said to me, 'Do you "Then Brumont said to me, 'Yes,' I want to earn a hundred sous.' 'Yes,' I said, for you see a hundred sous is not Then he said, 'Open your eye and do what I tell you.' And he went out and got a barrel that stood under the gutter at the corner of the house. When he had emptied it he brought it into my kitchen and put it in the middle of the floor. 'Now,' said he, 'go and bring enough water to fill it.'

"I went to the spring with two buckets and I brought water for an hour, for you see this barrel was as big as a boiler, save your honor, Monsieur le Judge. All this time Brumont and Cornu were drinking cup after cup, until they were full, full as the barrel. When I spoke of it Brumont will come. I paid no attention to him, for I saw he was drunk. When the barrel was even full I said: 'There, it is done.' Then Cornu gave me the hun-dred sous; it was not Brumont but Cornu who gave them to me. Brumont then said: 'Do you want to earn another dred sous?' Of course I said yes. see I am not used to getting present like that. 'Then take off your skirt and

sabots,' said he. 'What?' said I. 'Yes,' he said. Well, you see, a hundred sons is a hundred sous, so I thought. I took off my cap, my sacque, my skirt and my sabots. Then Brumont said: 'We are good boys,' and Cornu added, 'Yes, we are good boys.'

"They both then got up and tried to

stand straight, but they were too drunk, save your honor, Monsieur le Judge; and I said to myself, 'What are they plot-ting?' Then Brumont said: 'That's all Cornu said: right,' And they took me—Brumont by the head and Cornu by the heels—as they would a sheet from the wash. I screamed and velled, and Brumont cried, 'Hush They raised me up in arms and threw me into the barrel of water. My blood stopped running-I was frozen to the bone.

"Then Brumont said, 'Is that all?' And Cornu answered, 'Yes, that's all.' 'But,' said Brumont, 'the head is not in; that 'Put the head in, then. Cornu: and Brumont pushed down my head until I was nearly drowned water ran in my eyes and ears until I thought I already saw paradise He pushed me under once more and I disappeared, when he got frightened and pulled me out. 'Go, dry yourself,' he s: id, and I ran for my life to the house of Monsieur the Cure, who loaned me a skirt of his servant's, for you see I was un-presentable. Then, with Monsiur Chicot, he gatekeeper, I went to Criquetot for a

gendarme to go with me to the house.
"There we found Brumont and Cornu as drunk as two rams. Brumont was yelling, 'It is not true, I tell you; there least a cubic metre; it's not right! And Cornu was yelling in reply, Four bucketsful will not make half a cubic

"Then the gendarme put his hands on their shoulders, and that's all,"
She sat down. The people laughed, the jurors looked at each other stupidly. while the judge said, "Cornu, you seem to have been the instigator of this outage; what have you to say? Cornu got up and said, "Save your honor, I was drunk."

The judge gravely replied, "I know it: go on. 5 "Well, I'm going to. You see, Brumont came to my house about 8 o'clock

in the morning and ordered a tip of brandy. One for you, Cornu, said he. Then I sat down and drank with him for politeness. "I offered him one, and he another to

me, and so we went on tip for tip, until by 12 o'clock we both had a roof ou. Then Brumont began to cry. That softened me, and I asked him what was the matter: He said: 'I must have a 1,000 francs by Thursday.' At this I stiffened up again; you understand, your honor. Suddenly he cried, I will sell you my wife! I was drunk, and I am a widower-that touched me. I didn't know his wife, but a woman is a woman; you know that, your honor. So I asked him how much he would sell her He thought a moment, or he seemed to think; for you know when one is drunk things are not very clear. Then he re-plied: 'I will sell her by the cubic metre.' That did not astonish me in the least, for I was as drunk as he, and selling by the cubic metre is my business. So 1 said: That's all right; only the price remained to be fixed. 'How much a metre?' I asked. 'Two thousand francs,' he re-I made a jump liks a rabbit; then I reflected that a woman couldn't weigh more than thirty metres, but all the same I said: 'It is too dear.' 'I won't take any I said: 'It is too dear.' I won't take any less,' said he; 'I would lose by it.' You understand that one is not a pork-merchant for nothing—they know their business; and this seller of grease might be a

rascal—I must see what I bought.
"Then I said, 'She is not new, she second-hand, so I will not give you 2,000 francs; I will give you 1,500 francs a cubic metre; not another sou; will that do? 'Yes,' he said, and we went out arm in arm, for you know we must belp

each other in this life.

"Suddenly I stopped. 'How can you measure her by the litre unless you liquidize her?' I asked.

"Then he explained his idea, not with-

even full: I will then put her in it, and all the water that runs out will be her meas-ure.' 'Yes,' said I, 'but how will you get up this water that runs out?

"Then he looked at mc[as if I were a chitterling, and explained that the barrel must be filled again after his wife was taken out and the water put in would be her reckoning—he thought about ten buckets would be a cubic metre. He was not stupid if he was drunk, the old ras-

cal! "Well we went to his house and ooked upon my bargain. For a beautiful woman it was not a bad one, but she was not a beautiful woman; every body can see that. Look there, and see for yourself, your honor. But I said to myself I must do it, pretty or ugly; a bargain's a a bargain; and when I saw how thin she was I knew see wouldn't measure 300 itres. She has told you of the operation. I even let her keep on her clothing, to my loss, and when we measured the water, your honor, it was not four buck-etsful, ha! ha! ha!"

The witness laughed so loud that a gendarme had to slap him on the back. When quiet was restored he continued: Brumont declared that it would that it wasn't enough. I yelled, and he yelled, I thumped, and he knocked—and his would have gone on until judgment day, for we were both drunk, if the gendarme hadn't come and carried us off

to prison. I demand damages!" Brumont acknowledged that the story was true, and the jury retired in great consternation to deliberate. hours they returned with a verdict of acapon the majesty of marriage and the imitations of business transactions, but Cornu got no damages,

#### Some Idiotic Lawsuits,

A sait has recently been tried in Marion county, Louisana, 'in which Thaddeus Robinson was plaintiff and Catherine Queally was defendant. Nine years ago says the Moberly Monitor, Dave Board man stole a mare from Robinson and sold her to a man named Blair, who sold her to Mrs. Queally. The thief was caught, tried, convicted, and served a term in the penitentiary. The animal, however, was not found, and Mrs. Queally remained in quiet possession for a number of years. Robinson eventually found where his mare was and brought suit to recover her. How the suit re-sulted we are not advised, but the case reminds us of some others.

In 1848 a Mrs. Gatewood, in Boone county, Georgia, lost a sheep bell, the price of which was 371 cents. Her neighbor, Coleman Reid, found it, or came into possession of it some way-a very honorable man, as she was a respectable woman. But the discovery of where the bell was occasioned neighborhood gossip, and finally scandal. The neighborhood took up quarrel, and finally a suit was instituted. It grew gradually until Mrs. Gatewood and her three securities were bankrupted Coleman Reid and his two brothers lost all their property, and besides that Reid met James Arnold, one of Mrs. Gatewood's securities, on the road and cut him up savagely. The costs of the suit, including attorneys' fees, were said to have been about \$18,000.

In Montgomery county, Georgia, Isham Talbot was sued for the recovery of a bull calf said to be worth \$6.25. Talbot was wealthy, and so were his friends. They defended his suit, which went through the magistrate's court, and circuit court, and the supreme court several The costs alone were something over \$8,000.

In Boone county two neighbors had a colt, each very similarly marked. One of the colts was caught in a grapevine of the colts was caught in a grapevine and hung. Before it was discovered the hogs bad mutilated the hind legs so badly that they couldnot be distinguished. they couldnot be distinguished. same forest and the surmeasure her by the litro unless you liquidize her? I asked.

"Then he explained his idea, not without trouble, for he was very drunk. 'I will take a barrel,' said he, 'and fill it over \$15,000.

#### A DAY'S VISIT TO BERGAMO,

One of the Most Interesting Places in

A BEAUTIFUL CITY ON A HILL.

The Opera, the Requiem Mass, and the Annual Fair-A Grand Old Church - An Operatio Performance.

Bergamo, August 31. - [Correspondence of the Bee]-Yesterday we arrived here at 11:30 a. m., having come up from Milan, principally for the opera, the requiem mass at the Santa Maria Maggiore, and the annual "fiera," or fair The average traveler overlooks Bergamo, as a small town of little interest or importance, when in reality there are few places in Italy that offer more varied attractions, both of nature and of art, than this "city on a hill."

is most picturesquely situated, and is really "a city within a city," the old or "high town," with its irregular walls and quaint gates, being on the summit of the steep, and the new or "Lower Bergamo" circuing the base of the hill and gradually creeping out of its modern confines to spread itself on the beautiful plains and valleys before it. A magnificent background of mountains finishes as lovely a picture as one would care to see, and the feeling of enchantment that one succumbs to at the first glimpse of Bergamo and its environs is in no wise dispelled upon entering the gates of the city proper. The exuberant growth of foliage of all kinds immediately attracts one's attention, and the great love of the Italians for flowers and plants is shown at every turn. The windows of all the houses, from the palace or villa to the peasant's nut, are filled with flowering green, and long masses of delicate ivies and rose branches hang from the balco-nies, softening the oftentimes cold aspect of the light stone or brick houses. We drove through beautiful shaded streets to the open squares and market places, where the gaily decorated tents and booths, wretched brass bands and ani-mated groups of peasants told of the celebration of

THE FAIR SEASON.
The "fiera" usually lasts from the 29th or 25th of August to the 10th of September, and at Verona, Brescia, Pardua, Bergamo, etc., is especially important as an opera season. At noon we drove out of Lower Bergamo and up the well kept hill road to

Beautiful groves, lawns and fountains gave one the idea of a long continued garden, and a fitting termination to it was the half-ruined, ivy-covered gate, through which we passed into "High Bergamo." The contrast in architecture and structure between the two parts of the city is naturally very great, and as one winds through the narrow, uneven streets of the hill town, eatching glimpses of grim old towers, cool, picturesque loggias, worn shrines and tountains of traditional tritons, interest in the antique supersedes all else for the moment. An immense monument to Garibaldi stands in the arched court of the ancient town hall, while the campanile or bell tower of the latter easts its shadow over the grand old church of Santa Maria Maggiore, one of the richest and most interesting of the small cathedrals of Italy. Parts of it are said to have been built a thousand years ago, and on the walls are at least nine immense pieces of goblin tapestry. Only two or three have preserved their orig-inal rich coloring, for the others were washed during the invasion of Napoleon I., in 1803, and have faded greatly. Napoleon also carried away the MAGNIFICENT HIGH ALTAR CROSS

so exquisitely carved in gold and silver

and ornamented with precious stones, the whole valued at 500,000 francs. It was returned, however, and occupies its former position. The wood carving of the choir stalls around the high altar is considered the finest work of its kind in Italy, and represents, with the deheacy of etching, the "Creation and Fall of Man." The monuments to Donizetti and his old master, Mayer, are in the south transept of the church. The baptistry is a gem, built of the finest marble and ornamented with rich mosaics and rare alabaster columns. We next visited the new white marble Duomo, in the same piazza. It is costly, but not pleasing. Then we drove rather out of towa to lunch at a curious little inn, celebrated for the magnificent view it commands. The house was built on the extreme edge of a high boulder, and being considerably above Bergamo, overlooks the city, the beautiful valley (laid out like a park with mulberry trees and grapevine yards), the Swiss Italian Alps in the distance on one side, and the domes and pinnaches of Milan on the other. Until 4 o'clock we spent the time at the Carrara museum, where they have a splendid collec-tion of old paintings. Luini, Corregio, Titian, Tintoretto and many other masters of the old Italian school are well represented, as well as some of the famous Dutch painters, such as Rubens, Vandyck, Holbein and Jordaen. At 4:15 the mass for the peace of the soul of Ponchicili commenced at the Santa Maria Mazgiore, and seldom, I think, has finer pesic been teard than that given there; A full orchest— and two organs accompanied starge choir and a chorus of one hundre. The tenor had a voice that many an operatic aspirant might envy. The mass given was Pouchelli's favorite. We returned to the Hotel d'Italia and dined in the garden, and of course tried the "special" dish of Bergamo called "polenta con uccelli." It is a pudding made of fine chestnut flour and covered with tiny birds, which are fastened, by pairs, on sticks the size of matches. birds are cooked with claws and heads on, and the Italians look upon the heads as the daintiest bit of their repast. The opera "Gloconda" commeaced at 8:15, and was one of the finest performances we had ever heard.

THE OPERA HOUSE is said to be second in size to the Scala of Milan, and every place was occupied last night. The ladies in the five tiers of boxes were in full dress, as were also many in the parquet. The part of Gleconda was taken by Paulina Rossini, a young Hungarian girl, about twenty-five, who has been singing very successfully in Spain and Sicily. Her splendid dramatic so-prano showed to the best advantage in the passionate role she assumed, and, though the opera had already been sung five or six times, she received vehement applause throughout. The contralto had not only an unusually fine voice, but, like Rossini, was a finished actress. The like Rossini, was a finished actress. tenor, mezzo-soprano and baritone were all young, but sang with taste and ease, especially the baritone, who divided the honors of the evening with Gioconda. The mise easeene was very rich, and the opera is to be repeated seven or eight times before the "fiera" is over. On out way back to the hotel we stopped in the fair grounds and watched the gaily dressed peasants. The women wear a black cashinere shawl gracefully draped over head and shoulders, instead of the lace veil, and their neek kerchiefs are much more brilliant in color than those of the peasants around Milan. Many of the men wear knee-breeches of corduroy, with a short, round jacket like that of the Spanish loafer, and a fittle bright feather stuck in one side of the tipped-back hat. MIRIAM CHASE,