### HALLOWED BY SCOTIA'S BARD

Scenes Made Memorable by the Writings of Robert Burns.

HIS LIFE RECALLED

Wakeman's Wanderings in Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire-Interesting Identification of Poet and Places. The Doon from Its Source to the Sea.

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Arn, Scotland, Aug. 26 .- | Correspondence of THE BEE | -In that broad and measureless sense in which a poet of the people knits his personality adorably into the hearts of an entire nation, all of grand old Scotia is truly the "Land of Burns." In a closer geographical respect, where both personality and genius have been all-pervading, and have left on every hand some memory of association and enduring reminder of the bard's actual presence, there are, provincially, distinctively two "Burns Lands" in Bonnie

These are Ayrshire, on the Firth of Clyde, and Dumfriesshire, on the Solway Firth, adjoining counties of southwestern Scotland. From the top of Merrick mountain in the northern part of Kirkeudbrightshire, which wedges a strip of glorious hill country up to the north between the two former slires, to which I had tramped to wander down the Doon from its very source, the sight can traverse the entire breadth of both the Ayrshire Land of Burns and the Land of Burns of Dumfriesshire. There is not another scene in all the world more fraught with glowing natural beauty; not another one more mournfully sweet and ten-

der in gentle and pathetic memories. To the eye the panorama of all the lovely land in which the brief life of the bard was passed is practically complete. To the mind all the vast host of his poetic creations; the joy and sadness of the man in their doing; the penury, struggle, glory and despair, from birth to death, are here massed with overwhelming impressiveness. To the west is Ayrshire, at first, by the birth-spot near pleasant Ayr, sunny and low beside the sea. Then, following the vale of the Doon, it comes all the way to your feet, in gentle uplands, then in rugged hills and shadowy burns, and finally in huge mountains and savage glens. Passing over into Dumfriesshire, the mountains spread into broad, luxurious vales. One, where the murmuring Nith winds to the Solway, is a dream of opulence and rest. Then as the spires of old Dumfries town blend with the ragged Solway edge, "hoary Criffel" threateningly. At last glint of blue shows where is Brow Well, from which the poet, close to death, was carried back to the little Dumfries cottage and his loyal Jean; and like a tiny dazzling cone of white is seen the dome of the huge mausoleum where old Scotia's dearest bard is at rest in eternal peace.

### Epochs in Burns' Life.

The two shires and their very topography -the western sea and its soft shores, the vales, the uplands, the midshire rugged heights, the sweet valley where the bard's most fecund and his happiest hours were passed at Ellisland beside the Nith, the lowering mountain again, the glint of the sea and a nation's grave—powerfully suggest the two epochs of Burns' eventful life. Ayrshire saw his youthtide; his feverish, fer-vent early struggles. Dumfriesshire gave the only biessed calm he knew; the sad and desperate later days; and yet it was in Dumfriesshire that the great heart grew still. Ayrshire glories in his birthplace, the scenes of his youth, the unfolding of his genius, the first acknowledgement of his fame. Dumfriesshire is glorified by his riper fame, his better accomplishment, even by the pathos of his later days, and by the precious heritage of cherishing his mortal

Though here to wander by the Doon, to which the mind unconsciously reverts at mention of the poet's name, while pigrining among the countless shrines created by his living presence in these two shires, and looking down along the flaming shaft of light that links his genius and world-girding human love and magnanimity to the fadeless immortality of his name, I cannot but feel that the scenes which most breathe to the beholder the the spirit of ineffable pathos and tenderness belong to the second epoch of his life, and lie along the Nith Instead of clustering about "the banks and brace o' bonnie Doon." True, from where you may stand here with me on Merrick's heights the Ayrshire shrines, almost within the limit of vision, are rich and countless. You may not discern each one with the naked

eye, but you can plainly see where all may be found in a short day's journey.

The spares of Ayr seem almost beneath your feet. Just outside the rim of verdure shutting in the city, where a faint carling line of misty purple outlines the simous course of the Doon as it nears the sea, are the low-roofed thatched cottage where Burns was born, beside the splendid scat of Roselle, on the little farm of seven acres which was rented by the poet's father, and the spot where the Gypsy hag foretold, as the father was riding in haste for the doctor, that

### We'll a' be proud of Robin. Familiar Scenes.

Not a half-mile distant can be descried the rotting bell tower of "Alloway's Aud Haunted Kirk." All about are the scenes of "Tam o' Shanter," and near on a slight em-inence can be seen the white, colonnaded shafts of the great Burns monument. But a few miles to the northeast in a pleasant champaign country, now dotted by thriving villages and threaded with emerald lines of hedge, coppice and plantations, are Tar-bolton and Maschline, but four miles apart. At the former was laid the scene of "Death and Dr. Hornbrook," and it was "Death and Dr. Hornbrook." and it was here that the pathetic parting of Burns and his Highland Mary occurred. You can see the square tower of Mauchline castle, whose owner, Gavin Hamilton became Burns' patron, and will know that at this village was "Johnny Dow's" house, and still remains unaftered the public house of "Poosie Nansie," scene of the "Jolly Beggars;" while over there but a mile and a half west of Mauchline is the noted farm of Mossgiel, once conducted with such ruinous heroism by the poet and his brother, Gilheroism by the poet and his brother, Gill bert. It was here that the "Cotter's Satur-day Night" and others of Burns' greatest poems were written, and where the poet, after preparing to fly to Jamaica and sud-denly being called by Dr. Blacklock to Edinburg, from which he had returned in triumph, was clasped in his poor old mother's embrace while her ecstatic lips

could only utter the cry, "Oh, Robert Robert!" These and countless other interesting with many tender identifications of bard and place or object are yours when wandering in or near the vale of the Doon. They are all or near the vale of the Doon. They are all fine and good, and worth coming a long way to enjoy, but I do not think any or all of them take hold of the heart as does the spell which broods on the other side of these mountains in the Dumfriesshire land of Burns. Perhaps it is your own attitude and sentiment. Perhaps in the Doon country the suggestiveness of the youthful, vagarous, implisitely violous earlier years of the ploy. impulsively riotous earlier years of the plow man poet, when he himself sang of the

"Rakish art of Rob Mossgiel." haunts you like hints of hovering shadows. Perhaps, too, it is the occasional shock to your own reverence that now and then comes from the holiday sort of levity in thousands from all lands who come and poke about and go, as though there we, a certain kind of purient gratification in fine remarks on the sacred episodes of Highland Mary, and partie, loyal Jean, and on finding where im-merial poet soul was sent among the human harmonics in the dark recess of the Ayr cottage-forgetting that the Master in the lowly manger came.

## Bennie Doon.

So if you know all the strange story and double picture, you instinctively turn from the vague buffoonery casual pilgrims interpart where the strong, fine tread of poet and lith street.

man first truly set in; to the scenes where few irreverent pigrims come; and here, at the utmost source of the bonnie Doon, with misting eyes you look over into Nith vale past old Dumfries town to the roaring Sol way tides and seem to know, as of a loved one gone, the deeper, tenderer mysteries of his environment and life. The period covers the ten years preceding his death, from his 27th to his 37th year of age; a period into which was crowded more personal hope and disappointment, joy and suffering, remorse for impulsive wrong doing, heaven of purest for impulsive wrong doing, heaven of purest domestic pliss, temptation and victory, agonized despair and triumph, than fall to the lot of most great men in their entire lives. There were first the dissumment and describin by Jean Armour; the betrothal to Highland Mary, with the sad parting and her tragic death; the publication of the now priceless though them humble Kilmarnock edition of his powers the prevention for edition of his poems; the preparation for flight to Jamaica; the triumphant visit to Edinburg: the generous caring for the mother and brothers; the glad remnon with his Jean, and the homebuilding at Ellisland

over there by the songful Nith.

The came the brief, bright days. The proceeds of settlement with Creech, his Edinburg publisher, netted him the munificent sum of about £500. Magnanimously generous always, much of this sum the first and last material good forcune Burns first and last material good forcune Burns ever knew, went to Jean's parents, and to assist his brother. Gilbert Burns, in averting disaster in the latter's farm life efforts. His lucky meeting with the ingenious and kindly Patrick Miller of Dalswinton Hall had occurred. It had been settled that the poet, who hated the city with a royal hatred, should return to the plow. The nobility of the day never quite forgave this plebian longing and love, the source of his grandest inspirations. The beautiful farm of Ellisiand, five miles above Dumfries, was taken at a rental of £50 per year. Burns unaided began his farm labors the first Monday after began his farm labors the first Mondayafter Whitsunday, 1788. He toiled manfully until the autumn of that year, meantime singing many a lusty song to his absent wife, and built the lovely cottage which stands embowered in roses to this day.

### Burns at His Home.

And then was celebrated the simple but glorious home coming, when, with rustic rites, and his bonnie Jean upon his arm, "preceded by a peasant girl carrying the family bible and a bowl of salt," he marched proudly into his little home heaven beside the winding Nith. All evidences agree that in the brief period of a trifle over twe years, between Whitsunday, 1783, and Martinmas, 1791, Burns and his good Jean experienced an Eden of labor and love, despite their final enforced departure. It was also the period of Burns' best and greatest accomplishment. But more children accomplishment. But more children came to them. These must be supported. The crops failed, and inevitable ruin was approaching. It was then, with nowhere else on earth to turn, with no one on earth to defend him from the wretched influences of such environment, that to save his wife and children from actual want, he was forced to accept the government position of excise-man at the beggarly pittance of £50 per year. The five remaining years of his life, after the poet, his Jean and their three children, Robert, Francis Wallace and William Nicol removed to the humble lodgings, and then their cottage home, in Dumfries, checkered, sad, pathetic beyond comprehension, are known to all.

It is because you see along the witching valley's ways the Burns of reality-manly, sturdy, weak as you or I in like plights, generous, magnenimous, pitiful, great—that you linger and still linger here. You can see him singing at his toil by day, or by the ingle-neuk with Jean and the bairns at night, or still, by the little south window, working away at the tiny deal table when the inspiration came. You see him guest of lairds or companion of cottagers, and beloved of all. There is not in all this fair domain a castle a gentleman's seat, a cabin or an old roadside inn that existed in Burns' time which does not preserve some relic of the poet, or some revered memory of his one time pres-ence. The eyes of your consciousness may know, all through Dumfriesshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, at this farm house of some unrecorded kindness; at the next of some pleasant incident; at another, of an odd adventure; now of perhaps a forgivable roy-stering; then, of some blessed help in time of need; again, of festivity of which he was the life, and again, of prayer. Prayer from Burns! Yes, prayer with the living and at the couch of the dead, among those so lowly that somehow those "spiritual excisemen" who delighted to league the poet exciseman with "Auld Horne" had no time from their "higher" parochial duties to minister there. You see him riding about the country on his two horses, "Pegasus" and "Peg Nicholson," not as exciseman rapacious with the scourging instruments of law. but keen with friendly warnings instead; ever leaning to the side of mercy; saving, not ruining, the ignorant and lowly. You see him, as the bitter days come on; with a curse in your heart on the curse which cursed his life, when the hand of poverty crushed him, and there was no helping one to save. You see him at Brow Well with the consciousness of death, still the most lovable of men, and alone with his bible there. You see him carried back to the little cottage to die, and you hear then from the rips of loyal Jean the mighty disproof of all sianderous tongues in the one sentence, ever glorifying the husband and man: "He never spoke mis-behadden word to me in a' his life!" And you know that tender husband and loyal wife rest together beside the songful Nith.

## A Witching Valley.

Two tiny streams, hardly more than brooks at some seasons of the year, and having their sources in respective lochs like little moun tain tarns, are the real source of the Doon. These little lochs lie at the eastern and northern edges of Merrick mountain. They have the curious appellation of Eagton Land and Gallow, or Gala, Lane. They flow north and dailow, or Gaia, Lane. They now herting and empty into a greater loch called Loch Doon, an expanse of water perhaps seven miles in length and nearly a mile in width. This in turn discharges its waters into the now real river Doon through most picturesque gorges and tunnels, forming many beautiful, if not majestic, torrents, forces and cascades. Thence the course of the Doon is northwesterly to where it reaches the sea, about two miles below the city of Ayr, and its entire length, inclusive of the expanse of Loch Doon, cannot be upward of

forty miles.
The scenery about Loch Doon is wild and picturesque. Its northern horizon is a lofty mountain fringe of heathery heights, broken here and there by rugged, rocky escarp-ments of purple and puce. From this loch, for a distance of about twenty miles, the Doon winds prettily enough between the Ayrshire hills through valley reaches and past quaint old villages, but without that exquisite variety of bank and brae for which the pen of Burns has made it famous. At Patna, or still a little further at Holly-bush begins its tortuous windings. From here to the sea there is an ever varying suchere to the sea there is an ever varying suc-cession of the most idylic riverside pictures to be found in all Britain. These were dis-tinctively the boyhood haunts of the poet. After Hollybush comes Dalrymple, perhaws the loveliest village in the loveliest vale in Scotland. It seems in an endless slumber in its nestlike vale, bushed by the murmurous inliabys of the Doon. A little beyond is ancient Casillis cestle, a noble old mansion on the left bank of the Doon, famous in song and story from the elopement of Lady Jane Hamiton, first wife of John, sixth earl of Casillis, "the grave and solemn earl," with Casillis, "the grave and solemn earl," with the noted "Gypsy Laddie" chief, John Faa. From Casillis castle to the sea the distance

is about twoive miles. Here there is not a straight reach of the Doon a fourth of a mile in length. It twists and turns, forming every conceivable fanciful contour of shore; is hid between verdure covered cliffs to leap again into sunny openings, breaks into broad shallows with lawn-like edges, then with a rush scampers to covert beneath overhanging trees whose branches, dipping overhanging trees whose branches, dipping to its surface, sob and sough minor refrains to its own melodious music. Fair indeed is the Doon, as Burns knew it, as it now is, past the old bridge, past the new bridge, past the old bridge, past the new bridge, past the old Alloway Kirk, past the cottage where he was born, past a myriad thrilling witcheries of leaf and blade and bloom and bank and brac, to the very spot where it is husbed in the vast blue sea. To wander lovingly beside it is to feast anew, and marvelously close to the personality of him who made its melodies beloved strains to ear and heart in utmost lands.

and heart in utmost lands.

EDGAR I. WAKEMAN.

George C. Chase, Bates college's newly-elected president, may be said to have worked his passage. He has raised about \$140,000 for the benefit of the institution.

The 'No.9' Wheeler & Wilson makes a perfect stitch with all kinds of thread on all classes of materials. It is always ready. Sold by Geo. W. Lancaster & Co., 514 S., 18th Areaster

Viewing the Famous Buried City and Its Excavated Contents.

ANCIENT LIFE AND HABITATION REVEALED

Comforts and Conveniences of the Early Days Contrasted with the Present-Glories of Naples and Its Entrancing Bay.

ROME, Aug. 20 .- [Correspondence of THE Bee |-Our voyage of eighteen miles across the bay from Naples to Sorrento, a little city situated high above the sea on vine-clad hills, was delightful beyond description. It was almost the sunset hour when we arrived, that hour of the evening when the day's toll is ending and evening rest approaching. when beautiful sounds grow more beautiful and unpleasant ones die away rapidly. Passing down terraces gleaming with statuary, under foliages of orange, lemon, peach, pear and plum, the luscious fruits yours for the plucking, we come to our hotel, a veritable palace amidst magnificent surroundings. Here one finds rich and great from every lime, as the little place is now what it has een for centuries, a famous summer resort. High up on this summit, from balconies overhanging the sea, the glorious evening greets us with an Italian sunset of such splendor of light and color as has never yet been caught by artist-brush. Before us Naples, crescentshaped, between mountain background and mirrored bay, the blue waters reflecting her lights, which glimmer beautifully, flashing her outlines in a fairy-like way. To the right, some seven miles away, towering in solemn grandeur, rises old Vesuvius, wreathing forth his vapors in graceful clouds thousands of feet into the clear sky. Far below, murmuring the sweet breathing like sound so in harmony with the thits yet lingering, the restless Mediterranean gleams, its surface dotted with thousands of white sails, which in the soft light look silvery like the stars as they are reflected by the blue waters. This scene surpasses our expectations of Naples and her beautiful bay. It lends a perfect sense of ideal beauty never before presented. The sea sounds charm us into a sense of rest entirely new to the tireless travelor. Here one is away from the noisy, driving, dusty world, surrounded only by elements that produce sweet dreams and perfect rest. Such sights, such sounds we fully appreciate are enough to make the dying request to be carried to the sea. It is a beauty that conforms with the quiet of a parting hour. The dignity of death, of going away entirely alone into an unknown, is not marred by such scenes. The place does not make us sad. It rather puts one's being into a kind of harmony with the scene, and the sense is joyful and never to be foresten. to be forgotten.

### Amid Ancient Ruins.

From this lovely retreat we drive by fine carriage road, skirting the sea, though high upon the hills, to Pompeii. The drive lasts two and a half hours, and carries us from the height of Sorgette and carries us from the height of Sorrento miles around and down to the water's edge, as at Cas-tellamore, only a short distance from Pom-peit, where we rest and lunch, before pass-ing through the gates to the rained city.

As this is one of the most interesting places we have visited our readers may enjoy a description of what we saw, and our telling what we learned.

It is important to know that Passaciana.

It is important to know that Pompeii was built upon a small hill, formed by an early outburst of Vesuvius, and was near the shore of the bay. A small river ran through the little city, where about 30,000 persons resided, among them many noted ones.

Pompeii suffered from a serious eruntion of

Pompeii suffered from a serious eruption of Vesuvius in 63, A. D., at which time many of her temples and dwellings, along with her forum and basilic, were destroyed. sixteen years later, came the fearful eruption that so effectually destroyed the whole place. Only about 500 skeletons have been found. It seems remarkable that so many people escaped. But on learning that during the first outbreak only ashes fell, and at only about three feet in depth, this was sufficient to allow all to escape. Many people returned for valuables when came the second shower, adding some five feet, soon followed by others and still others, until the city was buried twenty feet. The vapor from the volcano condensed and fell in a fine and steady rain, forming the ashes and fine and steady rain. forming the and steady rain. forming the and steady mud. Many of the buildings had a second story. Many of the staleway inside or outside of reached by a stairway inside or outside of the house. The timbers were crushed by the weight, and the debris fell within the walls, and all into the mud or wet mixture which of itself so well preserved all. falling moisture prevented any distruction

The excavating at Pompell has been ex-tensive, but at Herculaneum little has been done. The city was at the foot of Vesuvius on the western slope and was covered be neath burning lava, which hardened, forming a solid substance difficult to work upon.

We learn that it was during this awful trial that the elder Pliny lost his life. He was with his fleet at Misenum, some nine miles from Naples, when he noticed the peculiar situation about Vesuvius. Setting out for a closer inspection he landed at Stabia, new Castellamore, where he watched until retreat became necessary, during which he was overcome by the sulphurous vapors and thus perished under the ashes as they fell. The vivid word pictures of the horrible scene—how the sea seemed to retreat, the clouds settled, the inky darkness hid nearest objects, crowds of men, women and children hurried from Pompeli screaming and crying for the sound of a familiar voice, as friend after friend separate in the awful din, are left us by the younger Pliny, a nephew of the general and historian, who was also his

### adopted son. Digg ug in the Buried City.

In digging a ditch to carry water some peasants came upon some columns, which led to an investigation. Since that date, 1748, excavating has been carried on. One of the gates to the buried city shows two entrances one wide, paved with large lava blocks, the other narrow, paved with the beaten earth. The museum of Pompeii is just within, and here is found every object of interest that has not been carried to Naples to the great museum there.

In this Pompeii collection we see casts of some people found beneath the ruins. One is the body of a woman who had fallen face is the body of a woman who had fallen face downward, showing how the hair was worn at that date; one, the figure of a man who must have died in awful agony; a mother and her child and a servant are also seen. Some skeletons in caskets, as if they had been ready for burial, reduced to dwarfed proportions. There is also a dog, fastened by a collar, found at the door of a house known as the House of Orpheus, one of the cash keepers. The position shows the agony cash keepers. The position shows the agon the poor brute must have suffered while try ing to escape.

We saw many familiar articles, such as screws, hinges, locks, masons' tools, cups, tiles, plates, candelabra, jars, vases, lewelry, beautiful objects of ornaments of glass and gold and precious stones, jars of fruit, loaves of bread and cake, olives and such things, dried fruits, egg shells and fruit molds. dried fruits, egg shells and fruit molos.

From the museum we go to visit some houses to note the domestic arrangements.

There is not wanting evidence of comfort and luxury. Most of the houses show a vestibule, then a court, used as a general family living room, which had a roof sloping toward a center, opening from which the rain fell into the marble basin in the center of the court. This hastn count also be fed of the court. This basin could also be fed from the public aqueduct, the lead pipes

from the public aqueduct, the load pipes showing in many places, the stop cocks and valves, loinings, etc., being quite similar to the ones used at the present time in our country. Usually the sleeping rooms and dining room opened into this court, while the kitchen was but to the rear.

In the houses of the wealthy are found back of this court or atrium a tablinum, where were kept family relies, and the record; then came the peristyle, with a basin, as in the court, having the same kind of roof, where was found a garden, showing shrules, flowers and statuary. From this opened the dining room showing the table, surrounded on three sides by couches or divans, where persons rectined. The end of the table was open for the use of the servants, who could thus serve the people or guests with convenience. Upon this peristyle

the chambers opened, mere closets, without light or air, except from the door, each with a sort of bench white into the wall, upon which the occupant-slept without removing his clothes.

is the very narrow-streets. Often where only one stride would cross there is a step-ping stone in the middle. The paving is of lava, in big blocks, and shows plainly in many places deep ruts worn by chariot

wheels.
The forum, where people assembled for the purpose of discussing questions of public in terest, also where games, markets and feasts were held, shows pedestals where were placed the busts of noted citizens and is the point of interest usually first approached.
The basilica or court of justice shows three naves, portions of the grand columns that supported two of the naves, the tribune where the manistrates sat, and beneath this where the maristrates sat, and beneath this a sort of cell, reached by stone stairs. This cell, it is believed was used for storing the furniture of the tribune. This is a very interesting and well preserved object, as are the Temple of Jupiter, the Temple of Venus, unfinished at the time of the city's destruction, and the Pantheon, or Temple of Augustus Augustus Augustus tus. Among the important institutions were the baths. If the people bathed three and four times a day, and it was at the bath the tollet was made, as we are told by some his-torians, the statement is not difficult to believe. The baths were spiendidly decorated, large and elegantly appointed. There were swimming baths and halis for gymnastics, and portions reserved for women and small rooms reserved for any who wished to be alone, as well as hot and cold water. The heat was supplied through tiles carried be-tween the walls. The tubs and basins were all of white marble, the floors and corridors all in beautiful mosaic. There was an amphitheater where 5,000 persons could be scated, and is preserved almost wholly, and two theaters, one comic, the other tragic, showing a number of preserved features. Near the amphitheater were the gladiators' quarters, where were found three skeletons in the stocks and sixty other bodies. We visited the "house of the tragic poet" spoken of by Bulwer in his "Last Days of Pompen," with its mosaic of the chained dog and its inscription, "Cave Cavern;" the house of the great General Pansa, the historian Sallust, and a bake shop, where we took a look at some mills, where the stones used for grinding are perfectly preserved and show how badly they were worn from service. The mills were operated by slaves. The ovens were great places, and in one shop were found some sixty loaves well preserved.

Protected by the Government. The place is one of great sameness, but of vast interest. The streets are silent enough and perfectly clean. The government has all control, and so everything is conducted very decorously. There are many paintings of the walls, sherids and blues remarkably preserved. The houses are characteristic of their occupants, as in all towns and countries. Many were rich and elegant, some mean and humble. Some show the indellible imprint of vice in its various forms, the whole place betraying the fact that the human race has been about the same at all times. There certainly could not be much difference for forming a conclusion between that time and this were any city of that size of this day to be suddenly unroofed just as

ime might dictate. For hours we walked up and down these uins, wondering and thinking. We do not see that we of the present time have advanced so far. To be sure it was a slow time, when we think of the matter of navigation and locomotion. Outside of these they were a learned people.

We spent the night in a small hotel in the present Pompeii (four or five buildings without the gates of the ruined city), being too weary for further journeying, though usually tourists return to Naples, some seventren miles away. Nor did we ascend the volcano Versuvius, deeming it a dreary waste of time.

By train, at 7, we left the sad scene, bound for Rome, some six hours away. The jour-ney is not unpleasant, though not of any particular interest. About thirty-five miles away, as we begin to descend into the val-ley, we see Rome agrees the wide Campagua, the monotony of the plain now and then broken by the aqueducts as they trail in a black line from the Labine and Alban mountains toward the city so long and so well known the world over. From this side Rome St. Peters towers above everything, the city looking 10w down in a ravine like, instead of a lovely valley. As we approach we are ready for rest, knowing, as we leave for Florence in a day or two, we shall have a lovely view of Rome from that side. As we go northward the view is fine. From Rome to Florence, our stay there and of Venice we shall speak in another letter.

### ALLIE C. MILLARD. THE YOUNGSTERS.

Six-year-old Dorothy went for a horse car ride with her aunt one day this week, says the Somerville Journal. She had her little purse with her, and was anxious to pay her fare herself, but her aunt said no.

"You are my guest," she explained to Dorothy, "and so I must pay your fare; but you may take the 10 cents and hand it to the conductor, if you like."

So Dorothy took the dime, and when the

conductor came along she handed it over in the most dignified way. The conductor gave one quick look at ner, and estimating that she was under the 5-year-old limit, he rang in only one fare and handed back a 5-cent ece, which Dorothy took without a word.
"Wasn't it strange?" she asked, when she was telling somebody all about it, after she had got back home. "The conductor took my fare, but he didn't charge Aunt Alice any fare at all, and so she rode free."

Mother-So you have been fighting, my Johnnie-I had to. Tommie Brown hit me n the face. Mother-But, my boy, you should have turned the other cheek.

Johnnie-I did, and then he hit that, and, by Hokey, I couldn't stand it no longer, and licked the stuffin' out of him in about two

Tommy-It must be awful unhandy to live mong them heathers that don't wear no

Tommy—Cause. How can any one tell whether any one is rich enough to 'sociate with, when they ain't got no clothes on?

Sunday School Teacher—As you have trayeled a great deal, perhaps you can explain to the class the difference between civilized and barbarous countries. Little Miss-Yes'm, In civilized countries we is polite to fooks in our set, but in barbarous countries we has to be polite to everybody.

Tommy-Maw, doesn't anybody but good people go to heaven? Mrs. Figg-That is all, my con. Tommy-But, maw, how does the good people enjoy theirselves if they ain't any bad people there for them to try and man

Teacher—Now, children, I have told you that we have five senses. Johnny, you may tell me how we may use them. Johnny-To buy soda water.

Little Tommy (oldest of the family, at dinner)—Mamma, why don't you help me before Ethel? Mamma-Ladies must always come first. Tommy (triumphantly)—Then why was I born before Ethel?

Mamma-Have some more ice cream, Willie-I guess so; my stummick only

A peculiarity of the Mormon tabernacle choir, which is soon to sing in Chicago, is that in the organization is represented aimost every known civilized nationality. Easton, the crack tenor of the choir, who is Easton, the crack tenor of the chor, who is said to sing high C sharp with perfect case, is a Scotchman: Agnes Olson Thomas, the mezzo soloist, is a Norwegian; so is Weihe, the young man who is billed as "the fore-most violinist of the west;" Mrs. Pugsley, the high soprano, is of English birth: Prof. Stephens, the conductor, and Mrs. Edward, the ballad singer, are Welsh; Radeliffe and Dayner, the organists, are English: Pederson, the planist, is Swedish: Ensign the baritone, is an American, and the 250 voices in the chorus are distributed almost evenly among the nationalities, though the Americans, of course, heavily predominate

There are three things worth saving—time, trouble and money—and De Witt's Little Early Risers will save them for you. These little palls will save you time, as they act promptly. They will save you trouble, as they cause no pain. They will save you money as they commune doctors bills.

# Continental

## Monday will be A Great Day Boys's Short Pant Suits.

never been offered at such panic prices as we season.

Ages 6 to 14,

Double Breasted all wool Cheviot Suits, \$3.75.

Plaid Cassimere Double Breasted Suits \$3,00

## Scotch Cheviot Double Breasted Suits \$5.

Monday will be the Great Money Saving day for Boys' Clothing of all kinds at

# **Continental Clothing House**

# CREAT FAIR AND RACES

St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23.

GO AND SEE A GREATER TROTTER THAN MANCY HANKS,

The Black Whirlwind from California,

## DIRECTUM 2:07

Who holds seven world's records. He does not trot against time, but fights out races in big fields of horses. He starts at Boys' clothing has the meeting against Belle Vara 2:0834, Martha Wilkes 2:08, Alix 2:0934, Walter E. 2:10, Nightingale 2:101/2, Greenleaf 2:101/2, Ryland T, 2:111/4, Phoebe Wilkes 2:121/4, in the

# are offering to open the Great Free for All Trot, Purse \$4,000 HAL POINTER 2:042

The greatest campaigning pacer starts against Mascot 2:04, Flying Jib 2:051/2, Guy 2:063/4, Ontoniaro 2:071/2, Manager 2:0734, Blue Sign 2:0814, Robert J. 2:0934, Riley Medium

on Monday at \$2.50. Great Free for All Pace, Purse \$4,000

# THE GREATEST FIELD OF HORSES

EVER ENTERED FOR A ONE WEEK MEETING.

FOUR GREAT RACES EVERY DAY

\$47.000 IN PURSES.

Half Fare Rates on All Railroads.

JOHN, S. BRITTAIN,

H. J. KLINE,

President. Secretary. Omaha Loan and Trust Co

> SAVINGS BANK. SIXTEENTH AND DOUGLAS STREETS.

Capital \$100,000; Liability of Stockholders, \$200.000

PER CENT interest bald on SIX MONTHS: 46 227 22-11 on PHREE



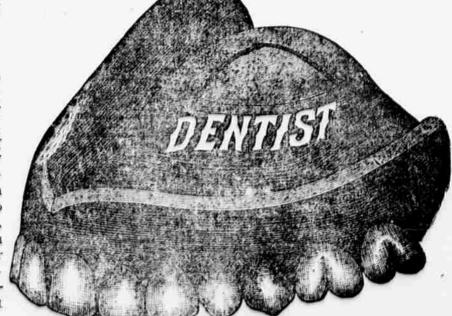
THE MERCANTILE CIGAR, BETTER THAN EVER! Made of the fluest quality of Havana Tobacco that can be bought. Equal in every respect to the bounces signars. Manufactured by F. R. 2702 MERCANTILE CIGAR FACTORY, Sc. Levi

# Which Shall It Be?

Call on

One week's delay may be long enough to lose a tooth that today could be easily made serviceable. Why do people put off attending to their teeth? It is because they fear pain. With the latest methods for filling and extracting teeth without pain there should be no longer any delay on that account. While you have the money you had better invest a portion in your mouth than to risk in many ventures that might not prove so beneficial to you. Visit the dentist of reputation and experience,

DR.



BAILEY, OFFICE THIRD FLOOR PAXTON BLOCK:

Entrance 16th Street Side, P. S .- We charge nothing to examine your mouth and tell you how much we will put it in good condition for.