ANNIE A REAL PERSONAGE, NOT A MYTH

Who Married a Man with Broad Acres and Plenty of "Siller" in Spite of "Her From se True" to Him Who Immortalized Her Name.

[Copyrighted, 1893.] MONIAVIE. Scotland, Sept. 21,-|Correspondence of Tag Bgg.]-Two of the fadeless songs of human affection were written by Scotchmen in the eighteenth century, These are: "John Anderson, My Jo, John," and "Annie Laurie." Both were written near the banks of the songful Nith in Dumfriesshire. Both were written by almost strangers to their temporary environment. Both were written as true peans of joy out of almost inexpressible human happiness. And both gained their deathlessness from their directness, brevity and simplicity, which ever most powerfully appeal to the universal human heart.

Robert Burns wrote "John Anderson, My Jo, John," from a hint he received out of the old deggerel rhyme upon one John Anderson, he town piper of ancient Kelso, preserved in Bishop Percy's old manuscript of about 1560. The first two lines of the rhime were: John Anderson, my Jo, John, cum in as ye gae

An' the shall get a sheep's held weel baken in

but its matchless picture and lesson of shangeless connubial affection and loyalty was the legitimate outgrowth of his own noble and contented life with "bonnie Jean" on the Ellisland farm, shortly after Burns' removal from Ayrshire, beside the river Nith, about eight miles above the city of Dumfries. The few years passed by the bard and his family bere were years of unalloyed happiness and content; and this poem, written in 1789, is the clearest, sweetest note to reach us out of the brief Eden of that idellie time.

Stealthy Wooing of Annie Laurie. "Annie Laurie" was written a little more

than half a century earlier, in Maxwelltown, in Nithsdale, by William Douglas, to a real flesh and blood Annie Laurie, on the occasion of his departure from Maxwelltown, after a period of stealthy trysting and wooing, which left the Annie Laurie of the song his betrothed. This William Douglas, who. never wrote other immortal lines, was a native of Fingland, a wild little district of the parish of Carsphairn, in the northern part of the adjoining shire, or stewartry, of Kirkeudbright. There is little known of his people. However, through his native talents he became cadet to the noble Queensbury family, and their patronage and support gained for him the position and associations. tions of a gentleman of rank. At an Edinburgh bull he met and became enamored with Annie Laurie, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, baronet of Maxwelltovn. She was born at the old manor house of the latter place in 1682. Sir Robert, not faneying the prospects of young Douglas as a dependent of the Queensbury family, and noticing that the love affair between him and Annie was becoming serious, suddenly left Edinburgh and returned with his family to Maxwelltown in Nithsdale, hoping thus to separate the lovers an end an unfortunate attach-

Had everything gone to the liking of the baronet, the world would have missed the sweet old song. Douglas shortly learned of the whereabours of his inamorita and promptly followed. He remained secretly at Maxwelltown for months, and the lovemaking went on famously betimes among the glens, bracs, woods and shadowy ruins possessed Jacobite affiliation, and rumors suddenly coming from the North of an im-pending Stuart uprising, he hastened to Edinburgh to be near the scene of action. But before quitting the side of his Nithscale love, he secured "her promise true." In the elation of joy upon this achievement he wrote, and left with his betrothed, the immortal lines, as imperishable as any that Robert Burns ever left to Scotland and the world, beginning:

Maxwelltown's braes are bonnie, Where early fa's the dow;
And t'was there that Annie Laurie
Gled me her promise true;
Gled me her promise true
That we'er forget wad be;
And for bounde Annie Laurie,
I'd lay he down and dee!

Unromantic End of Poetic Love.

But, save in reminiscence, it was not to happen that "her promise true ne'er forgot wad be;" and William Douglas declined to "lie down and dee" on account of Aunie Laurie or any other lady fair. Douglas' adherence to the Stuart cause brought him under the ban of the authorities, and he was soon compelled to escape to France, where he remained in extle for a few years, until he could secure, through the powerful Queensbury family, his parden from the government. There is no proof that either "jilted" the other. Perhaps Annie Laurie was as canny as her father. Sir Robert, who was a staunch Jacobite hater. Perhaps Douglas found interesting temporary attachments in Paris. Perhaps each unconsciously drifted away from the other through the deadly political and religious rancor of the time. It is doubtful if Annie Laurie ever retime. It is doubtful if Annie Laurie ever re-ceived another missive from her impassioned poet lover after the one containing the bal-lad, which must ever preserve the memory of both. And it is certain that the pair never again met after the sadly blissful parting which gave birth to this sweetest and tenderest of songs. It is said that it was first given to the public by Lady John Scott, sister of the late duke of Buccleugh, who slightly rearranged the words and the music, and who secured their publication for the benefit of some charity in behalf of widows and orphans of the Crimean war; but there is no substantial proof that the words and the tune are not now precisely as they came from the soul and the pen of the ardent Jacobite lover.

Annie's PersonalA ppearance.

The portraits of Annie Laurie, preserved at Craigdarroch and Mansfield, scats of her descendants, show her to have been a woman of slender physique, with a peculiarly slight and willowy figure. Upon this was set a head whose profile is as markedly classic as ever was shown upon ancient carving or motera coin. The neck was long, with that graceful swelling from breast to throat so loves of the artists; the chin was almost sharp, though roundly pointed; the lips, though closed, were beautifully rounded, full and widely parted at their edges; the nose and the archings from its bridge strong, full, and as exquisitely moulded as the most re-fined Grecian type; the forehead high, wide and straight from the nose tip, and the eyes large, full and tender, while this remarkable face and head were crowned by a mass of wavy, golden brown hair. With all her impressive beauty she seems to have been a most commonplace personage, and while capable of awakening sudden and mighty flames in the breasts of ordinary Scottish folk as well as poets, to have been herself devoid of any of those mental or spiritual qualities capable of elevating her character to the realm of remance or heroism. She is to the realm of remance or heroism. She is known to have placially enjoyed, as many young women now do before entering matrimony, a very great number of love affairs. many, a very great number of love ablairs, all of which seem to have been turgid and rampant on the part of her male admirers, and received and benignantly telerated on and received and benignantly tolerated on her own, her "promise true" evidently hav-ing been rather widely distributed in south-western Scotland until, warned by advanc-ing years, she became the wife of a man with no more poetry in him than a kail-yard wall, but, with broad acres and plenty of "siller." Alexander Fergusson, laird of Craig-darroch, Giencaira parish, Dumfriesshire.

Romantie Region Roundabout.

The whole region roundabout the scene o romantic episode between Annie Laurie and Douglas and of the latter's poem is exquisitely beautiful and is wondrously rife with poetle and historic interest. Much of its poetle glamer is of course due to the personality and pen of Burus. Every object

you look upon from Dumfries to Craig-darroch has been given almost individuality, life, and certainly undying interest from his personal association or the magic of his ruse. From the ancient observatory in the Maxwelltown opposite Dumfries, which must be kept distinct in the mind from Annie Laurie's village birthplace of Maxwelltown, a few miles distant, one can see and feel the tenderness of complete identification. The eve ranges to the east over and beyond fair Annandale; across Kirkeudbrightshire, to the west, to the noble bills skirting Ayrshire; to the north, up dreamland Nithsdale to the far, dim turrets of Drumlanrig castle, and to the south to the vast expanse of Solway Firth, where, to the right of Niths-mouth, looms gray-browed Criffel; while to its left is caught a gleam of the sands at Brow Well, at whose waters Burns too late struggled to save his life. Thus almost at a glance not only does the bewitching cyclorama give the beholder the entire field of the every day scenes of the poet's life during his last eight memorable years, but at the same instant comprehension of the three most impressive epochs in his career of which we can baye memory—the homeheaven of Ellisland farm life, the wretched fight against poverty in the gray old border Ight against poverty in the gray old border town beneath us, and that last unavailing struggle at Brow Well, by Solway's shifting sands; all made inexpressibly more impressive by the lofty dome of the sheat mausoleum, over there in that shadowy kirk yard, looming before us wherever we may look for the recognition of his old-time presence within the fair region round about. Where Burns Received the Chill of Death.

There, too, in Bank street is the "Wee Vennei, in whose upper three little rooms the bard and his family lived when Burns was driven from the Ellisland farm by ruin-ous crops to the more ruinous life of excise-man; the out 'Globe Tavern,' Just as it man; the out "Globe Tavern," just as it stood in Burns' time, in which unhappy as is the fact for contemplation, one seems now almost to hear his thrilling voice, mingled with the laughter of Syme, Maxwell, Landford Hyslon and his wife Meg and their siren barmaid, "Anna of the gowden locks;" the little close behind the "howf" or tavern, where poor Burns, brain-beclouded and bewyldered that history and the state of the wildered that bitter January night in 1796, upon the straw and refuse, just at the edge of Shakespeare street, and insensible until of Shakespeare street, and insensible until
the morn, received the chill of death that
never left him, though he lingered conscious
of his fate, until July 21 following; and
there just back of this sau spot on Burns
street, in the poet's time, Mill street, is the
veritable cottage where he lived and died.
Every square yard of Dumfries town is
aglow with some touching reminder of
Burns. And were this not enough to hold
heart and mind to the locality what visia heart and mind to the locality, what vivid reminders of Scottish history are here! What kingly cavalcades have passed and re-What kingly cavalcades have passed and re-passed, in despair or triumph, the ancient bridge of Devout Devorgilla, built in the middle of the thirteenth century, and still stauach as the rock beds out of which its stones were hewn! And there near where ruses the lofty spire of Greyfriar's church, once stood the monastery of Greyfriar's in which the avenging hand of Bruce cuck the blow which set in march the mighty events leading to Scotland's most glorious greatness and power. greatness and power.
Pilgriming from Dumfries a distance of

ut twelve miles too Craigdarroch, the home of Annie Laurie from the time of her mar-riage to Alexander Fergusson in 1709 until her death in 1761 at the age of 70 years, you cross the "new Brig" to the west and are at once among the braes of the Dumfries Maxwelltowa. The shore side of this ancient hamlet reminds you of scores of other sleepy "auld clachans of Scotland," but the streets on the gentle neights are full tree-embowered villas, and have sleepy, sunshiny look of comfort of content. Once out upon the highway—the ancient coach road between Dumfries and Glasgow—it winds over brae and hill, through dale and dingle, over beck and burn, through shadowy avenues and patches of sanshine, past deserted cla-chans and now silent old inns of call, with the songs of streams and birds ever in your cars, a long and winsome way.

Burial Places of Other Historic Dead. When past the outlying village habitations you will see down there to the right the pic-turesque ruins of Lincluden abbey, but a few ninutes walk from the highway, as beautifully situated as those of Dryburg on the Tweed, where repose the remains of Sir Walter Scott. Beneath the shadows of its aes, woods and shadowy ruins | majestic walls lies Margaret, daughter of the locality abounds. Douglas | King Robert III. of Scotland. The fine old bridge near by at which you tarry—for there is a pretty scene of sheep shearing going on beneath the shade of the willows just above -crosses the river Cluden, a small and tune-ful stream. It bounds merrily along through copse and between emerald haughs below, sweeps around the ancient abbey walls, and entering the Nith, broadens into a deep pool or linn. Hence Linn Cluden, "the Cluden pool," and the name of the grand oid monastic pile, Lincluden abbey, which towers at

its edge above.

If you proceeded five miles further on this highway you would reach Ellisiand, on the west bank of the Nith, for many years the farm home of Burns, but turning to the left you enter a lovely region, and in hilf an hour's walk come to Irongray Church beside Cairn water, Here you will tarry for a little, for within its grass-grown churchyard you will find the grave of "Jeanie Deans," immortalized in "Heart of Midlothian," and the inscription immortalized in on the table tombstone was written by Scott himself. It is now but a short and a sunny distance to the real Maxwelltown of Douglas' verse, to Monlayte and Craig-darroch, a collection of county seats and hamiets, most interesting from their age, beauty of environment and absence of all the modern fashionings which the railways have brought to many other equally ancient Scottish towns. On your way, at mossgrown old Dunscore, you come upon another reminder of the bloody days in the tomb of Sir Robert Griceson, whose memory is loathed like "popery" by every descendant of the Covenanters.

Where Annie Lived the Braes Were Bonnie. Midway between Dunscore and Monavie is still more ancient Glencairn, for more than a thousand years site of the parish church. It was at Glencairn church that Annie Laurie was baptised. The entire region is one of the most beautiful in Scotland, and full of relies of feudal wealth and power. An hundred hills many growned power. An hundred hills many crowned by the still noole rains of massive square cops, are in view; scores of misty, opulent dales and glens greet the eye; and well-kept farms and dreamful olden hamlets are interspersed with splendid seats of lairds and country gentry. It was in such a spot, whose countless verdure-covered "braes" might well prompt poetic fervor were not the inspiration of love behind, that Douglas wooed and won and lost, and that Annie Laurie chose to contentedly remain the hon-ored wife of a country gentleman, rather than share the fortunes of a poet's and a multical adventional of the content of the country of the c political adventurer's doubtful career.

Became a Garratous Matchmaker.

The old manor house of Maxwelltown is gone, but many relies of the heroine of the song are religiously preserved in the neighborhood. Craigdarroch, her home during married life and widowhood, for the survived her husband. Alexander Fergusson, and became the lady bountified of Nithsday. and became the lady bountiful of Nithsdate, is a noble mansion upon the Fergusson estates, but a short distance from her birthplace, now owned by Captain R. Cutiar Fer-gusson, great-great grandson of Annio Laurie, As Mrs. Forgusson, she had entire supervision of the construction of the pres-ent Craignarroch house, as well as the extensive Georgian pleasure grounds in the rear of the mansion. Craigdarroch house and its environs possess countless relies of the flesh and blood Annie Laurie of yore; but the remance you have built about the entire character of the heroine of Douglas immortal verse fades away as you come to immortal verse fades away as you come to the spot where she lived and died. Had she been a genuine myth instead of a genuine personage, the loving fancy which invests the heroines of poets with tender attributes could never cease its witching conjurings. As it is, if you come here, you must be prepared to find that Annie Laurie became a pared to find that Annie Laurie became a garrulous neighborhood matchmaker and was addicted to taking souff! She lies buried in the old Craigdarroch graveyard. And peace to her shade! say! For without her lissome form and levely face of youth, the world missed perhaps the sweetest of its tender olden songs. Edgas L. Wareman.

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worth \$2.50, now 90e Verona plush, worth 75c, now 24c

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Not long ago several attorneys of Lincoln happened to meet in the law office of Dewecse, Marquette & Hall in Lincoln, and very naturally the men began to talk shop. The conversation finally turned to the shysters that infest the bar of Lincoln, as they infest every other bar in the country. One of the atterneys finally suggested that it might be a good idea to call a meeting of the Lancaster County Bar association and disbar a few of the lawyers who were known to be guilty of a great many unprofessional acts. The names of several such parties were mentioned, and finally it was decided to take some steps to purge the association. While this talk was going on Marquette sat n his chair and never said a word. Turning to him one of the attorneys asked; G"What do you think of the plan, Mr. Mar

The old gentleman studied a moment and then replied "It night be a good idea, but there seems o me to be one great objection."

What is the objection " asked one of the "Weil," replied the old gentleman in his thin, rasping voice, "there are a plamed sight more of those fellows than there are f us, and if we called a meeting of the har o discuss the advisability of disbarring them, they might turn the tables and disbar

The proposed meeting of the Lancaster Bar association has never been called

Some years ago Marquette was in Red loud in connection with his duties as one of the general attorneys of the Burlington rail road, and he wanted to get to Oxford to catch a train for Lincoln and get home that night. When he arrived at the depot he discovered that his train had been gone about ten minutes. He stepped up to the ticket window and coolly asked the agent to steam up an engine and take him to Oxford The agent looked at the uncouth figure on the other side of the window and asked:

"Who the h-l are you!"

This made Marquette mad, and he profanely replied that it did not make a blankety blank bit of difference who he was.

He wanted a special engine to take him to Oxford and he proposed to have it. The agent replied that if the stranger was leorge Holdrege himself he could not have that engine.

that engine.

"Give me a telegraph blank," shricked Marquette, and when he got it he scribbled off a message to Holdrege that fairly scorched holes in the paper. "You send that, and send it queek," he sequenced. The agent said he would if 40 cents charges were paid first. This made the attorney how! with rage, but the agent was obdurate and the 40 cents was forthcoming. In a fer moments the agent at Red Cloud received message that made his hair stand on end. It was: "Give Marquette anything he wants and do it quick." This was signed by the general manager of the B. & M. system. In less than half an hour Marquette was speeding to Oxford on a special. The agent afterward remarked that when he saw Marquette and had sized him up he thought it was a tourist trying to run a

An interesting incident occurred on a Union Pacific train a few nights ago. The train reached Fremont at 8:40 p.m., and when the waiting passengers at the deport attempted to board the coach they were con-fronted by the sight of a drunken woman stretched out in the car hisle. She was evi oily a Russian emigrant, and her fat and tidy form looked unusually repulsive Several of the maie passengers laughed loudly at the look of astonishment on the faces of those who entered the coach, and severa: remarks that were meant to be witty were made. Several men stepped over the were made. Several men stephed over the prostrate form and took seats. Just before the train started two women, both richly dressed and bearing every indication of refinement, came aboard. They glanced at the drunken woman, and soon learned what was the matter. Then they raises the inanimate form between them and placed it on seat. They arranged the woman's bundle so as to support her, and in a dozen different ways made her comfortable. As they took their seats the train started, and it carried a lot of shamefaced men and at least tw Christian women.

There was once a great industry in Ne-eraska, but the onward march of the settler has forced the men who were engaged in it to cast about for other employment. The bone gatherer used to be a great man in central and western Nebraska, but he has dis-appeared. Whom the Cheyenne branch of the B. & M. road was built from Holdrege to Cheyenne the traveler from the effete east who rode over the road was startled to see at almost every station a great pile of glistening bones near the track. Visions of massacre and devastation by blizzards and cyclones would filt before his eyes, and when

he was told that the bones were those of buffalo that used to feed upon the prairies he would hardly believe it. But it was the truth, A few years ago the bones of the bison were scattered with great profusion all over the western prairies. When the Bur-lington pushed through the country some enterprising individual conceived the idea of gathering up all these bones and shipping them to the fertilizing factories in the east. And for a long time the industry was a pay-ing one and gave employment to a great many people. But the bones, like the bison soon disappeared, and the bone gatherer de parted hence. But while it lasted it was no an uncommon sight to see a whole train lead of bones rushing eastward. It was a sad commentary on the criminality of allowing the buffalo to be wiped from the face of the earth by the skin hunters.

Those are the days when the great state of Nebraska is at her best. No other state can borst of as fine weather as Nebraska in October, and the floods of sunstine on the great fields of ripened corn make them look like great sheets of gold. It is a subject that can only be given justice by the pen of the poet or the brush of the artist. And not the poet or the brush of the artist. And not even a Millet can catch the colors that flood the landscape. Any one who loves to back in the beauties of nature will be amply repaid by boarding a west bound train and sweeping across the state while October lasts. It is like sitting in an easy opera chair and watching the shifting scenes of a grand coordinate with this difference that grand panorama, with this difference that grand panerama, with this difference that the panerama that can equal the beauty of the shifting landscape has not been nor never will be painted. Through fertale farms, past cosy farm houses with their tasty outbuildings that betoken thrift and prosperity; past great starks of siraw that stand as mute witnesses of bountiful harvests; skirting countless thousands of acres of rustling corn and by great cribs already bursting with the and by great cribs aiready bursting with the long cars of the king of Nebraska's products, and onward through busy, bustling, thriving owns that stand where less than a decade ago was nothing but the bleak prairies, the rain rushes with tremendous speed, but with scarce a jar or quiver.
The wide landscape appears as a mighty

chess board, with squares of corp and meadow and stubble, and palatial farm houses take the place of the castles, while sappy men and women are the kings and pueens of this mighty game of life. Only one thing is needed to cause the tillers of the sterile hills of New England or the bottom-less mud of filinois to make Nebraska his home, and that is a sight of the country. There are men and women in Nebraska to-day who believe that thousands of years ago this section of the footstool was the site of the Garden of Eden. They do not get this belief from anything they have read in the

good book, but they do get it from what they have experienced in the giant young state carved out of the "Great American Desert." CONNUBLALITIES.

England has over 1,000,000 widows-most whom would rather be in the United "Is she well married?" "I should say so,

She's been trying for years to get a divorce and can't." When the practical girl is asked to share a man's lot she is pretty liable to want to know what kind of a house he has on it. Those familiar with love symptoms say that a girl putting her arms, round a fellow's neck is a sign she wants to hang on to him No man loves a woman when he is busy and no woman understands why a man

doesn't enjoy stopping, while driving a nail, Miss Bella Hughitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Hughitt and Mr. Albert Hogg-Granger were married in Chicago last Wednesday.

The engagement is just announced of Miss Amette E. Agnus, the eldest daughter of General Felix and Mrs. Agnus of Baltimore, to Mr. Oscar Leser, a talented young mem-ber of the Philadelphia bar. It is hard to convince the young

the has just accepted a young man that it

is always necessary for a young man to pro-pose to two or three girls in order to learn how to do it in the most effective way. Ex-President Harrison will visit Tennesses in October. He will be present at the mar-riage of his niece, Miss Lazzie Harrison, to William P. Buckner of Cincinnati, at Mur-freesbore, on the 30th. Miss Harrison is the daughter of United States Marshai Carter B. Harrison.

Miss Hester Weymouth, a teacher, who left Windham county, Connection, last June with only \$3, walked to the fair and took it in thoroughly, has returned home with a husband and \$50 that she careed herself. Young women would do well to go early and avoid the crush.
The engagement is announced in Washington of Captain John Miller, corps of engineers, to Miss Mary Raoul, eldest daughter of Captain William G. Raoul, president of the Mexican National railroad. The wedding will take place in the latter part of November at Captain Raoul's residence, Atlents (a.

A colored man, who said he was 97 years of age, went to the marriage license office in Philadelphia to get a license. After the preliminaries were arranged Clerk Bird asked him pleasantly; is this a case of love at first sight, pop"; "No.o." replied the old man, slowly; "I guess this is love at second sight."

The marriage of Miss Jeannette Le Brun

Mott to Mr. W. Eugene Parsons, both of New York, will take place October 28. Miss Mott is an attractive girl and is related to the famous Mme. Le Bran of France. Her father is a member of the New York Stock exchange. Mr. Parsons is identified with the world of finance in New York, London and Paris. and Paris.

Counters Pappenheim, formerly Miss May Meeler of Philadelphia, married two years ago, is coming home to sue for a divorce. The main cause of difference, as usual with The main cause of difference, as usual with marriages with foreign nobility is a finan-cial one. The count's skill and grace in spending money were not at all below the average of his kind. Attempts to limit aim caused many differences, culminating in a flux) disagreement.

Cupid knows neither race, religion nor Capid knows neither race, religion nor clime. In love's latitude the Arctic sea and the Indian ocean are less than a span apart, in affairs of the heart the icy peaks of Sweden are as near the sun as the coral strands of India. Luther nor Mohammed cuts a figure. The language of the heart is universal. A genuine romance at the World's fair proves all this. Within a few days Shumsher Khan of Calcutta will lesd to the altar Jane Linbiad of Stockholm. Miss Linbiad is Robert Lindbion's private secretary, and the bookkooper at the Swedecretary, and the bookkeeper at the Swed-

THE CITY CHOIR. Cy Warman in New York Sun. I went to hear the city choir.
The summer right was still.
I heard the music mount the spire.
They sang: "He'li take the pil—"

"I'm on! I'm on!" the tenor cried:
And looked into my face:
"My journey home. My journey home."
Was bellowed by the bass.

"It is for the -It is for the-"
Shrieked the soprano shrill.
I knew not why they look at me,
And yelled "He'll take the pil-" • Then clutching wildly at my breast, Oh, heaven' My heart stood still; "Yes, yes," I cried, "If that is heat, Ye nowers! I'll take the pil—"

As I half fainting reached the door, And saw the starry dome. I heard them sing: When life is o'er light take the pilgrim home.

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toonth street Gotha's is the latest opera house which has followed the Bayrouth example of makeing the orchestra invisible.