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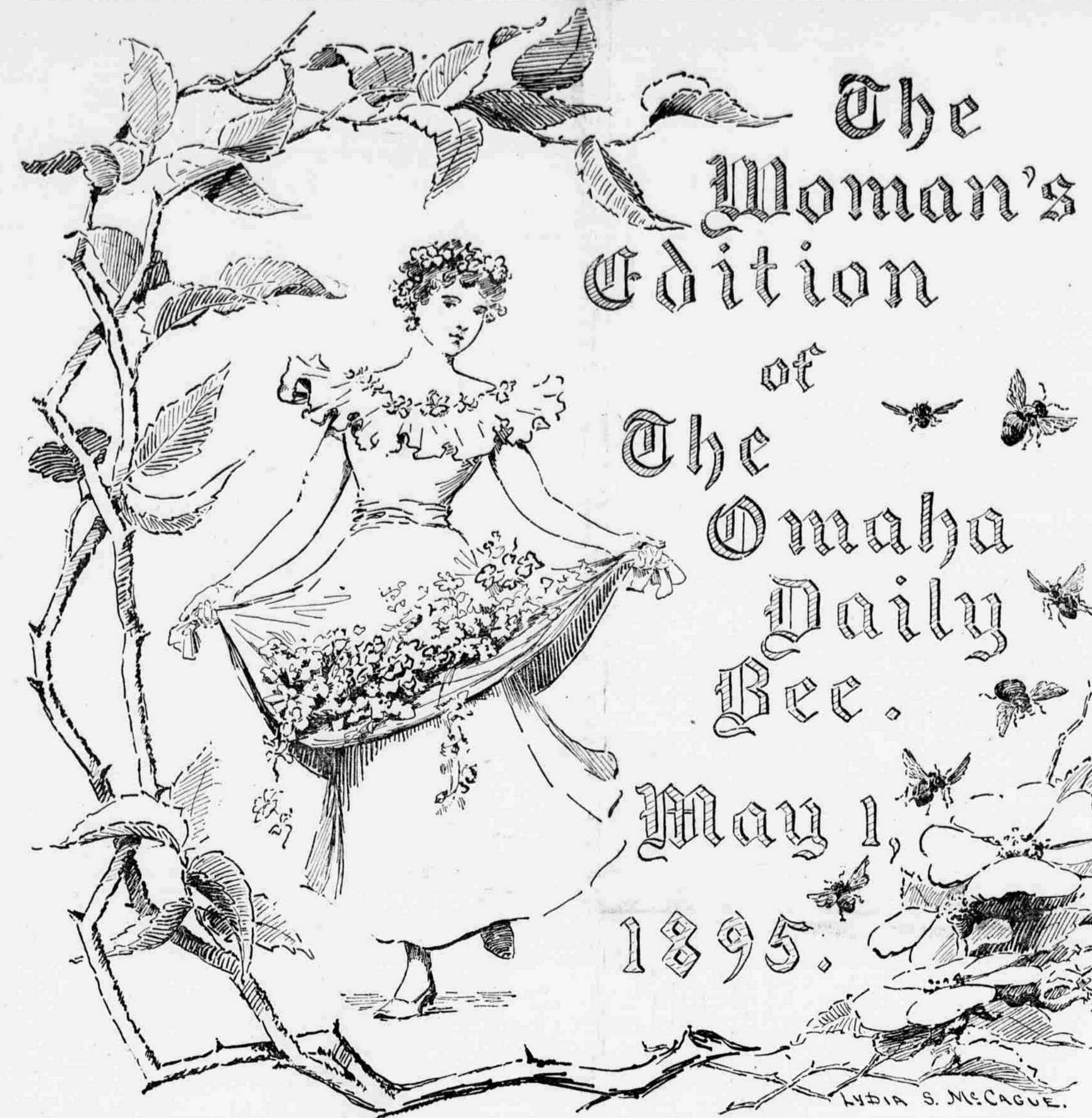
FRIENDS OF OTHER DAYS

All Send Good Wishes for the Women Editors Today.

MESSAGES FROM MAIDS AND MATRONS

From Mexico and Laos, from Peru and the Bermudas, Come Words of Greeting and Interesting Descriptions of the Lands Wherein They Are Now Sojourners.

Edited by MISS ETHELWYNE KENNEDY. Should you acquaintance be forgot... An' never, never, never, never...



The Woman's Edition of The Omaha Daily Bee. May 1, 1895.

LYDIA S. McCAGUE.

GLIMPSES OF AYRSHIRE

Honeymoon Wanderings of a Couple in the Land of the Leal.

THE MONTGOMERIES AT EGLINTON CASTLE

A Railway Accident Brings Together Two Members of the Clan and Opens the Way for a Delightful Visit.

Through the kindness of her sister we are permitted to publish Mrs. John W. Montgomery's "Glimpses of Ayrshire."

EGLINTON CASTLE, Ayrshire, Scotland. My Dear Margaret: Just notice where this letter is dated, my! From a real castle, and such a castle too!

It is a stately, baronial structure, second to few in Scotland for dignity, and yet it has a cheerful and winsome look within—more of beauty than of stateliness.

The interior is just what one would expect from the exterior. The great entrance hall is rich in suits of armor and other relics, including a chair made in 1818 from oak of the roof of Alloway Kirk.

Here hangs a portrait of Mary Seton, one of the "Four Maries" of the faith, whose necklace, by the way, is still worn on occasions by the countess of Eglinton.

On the second floor are six suites of bedrooms, furnished by the late Earl of Angus, who was Duke of Argyll, and who were all his guests at the same time—and now one of the suites is occupied by John and me!

But, to relieve your curiosity and let you how we got here. At last John has had that longed-for adventure, and luckily I was along to help him enjoy it.

Two days ago we left Glasgow en route for the land of the Montgomerys. About halfway between Glasgow and Ayr the train suddenly jumped the track—which had spread or something. I don't know just what—and rolled off the embankment into a deep ditch.

Our coach being turned upside down, John and I found ourselves in a heap on what had been the ceiling of our compartment, but as no bones were broken we were soon safe outside, bag and baggage. Our exit, however, was not made without some laughing incidents, as the door was locked and we departed through a window.

The next coach was piled on top of the one which had jumped the track, and we could just see the waving hands of some one trying to escape from the under coach. John went to the rescue and succeeded after some difficulty in prying up the top coach enough to allow us to crawl out.

Interest in my Omaha friends and thank them for remembering me. Very sincerely, FRANCES K. MASON.

Mrs. J. W. McKeen, after five years in that comparatively unknown country, can speak with authority on life in Laos.

The people of Laos resemble their half-brothers the Siamese, but are considered by every one (except the Siamese themselves) a superior race.

There were no elegant mansions to be opened and displayed, no table service of the Dresden or Sevres, no menu of dozens of courses.

In those early days in Omaha there were no newspaper reporters present to publish in the morning a "Daily Record."

Mr. Dana Lander writes from Chicago: It was very kind of you to think of me, and thinking of me, to honor me by a request to write something for you.

Mrs. H. M. James cannot tell on account of her eyes, but sends all good wishes and kindly greetings through her daughter.

Mrs. O. N. Ramsey writes in answer to our request for a letter from Los Gatos: "A letter! What have I to say? Los Gatos is a real Spanish Hollow; nothing ever happens here."

Mrs. Edwin E. Mason of Fort Snelling, Minn., says: "I find my time so full of things which I could not, and indeed cannot, neglect, that I feel constrained to forego the pleasure it would give me to add any little note to your good work."

temples full of idols. In each temple there is usually one large idol placed on a pedestal and about its base are multitudes of smaller ones.

JEANIE WOOLWORTH HOWARD, Agua Caliente, Mexico.

NEW ORLEANS IN APRIL

Features of Life in the Old Creole Town Away Down South.

It has often been said that when you visit New Orleans you must go in Mardi Gras time, but I have found the present month of April a very pleasant time to see the city.

There is much throughout the country to interest and attract travelers. One can with perfect safety traverse the length and breadth of the land.

Early this morning we were awakened by the shifting of our car—No. 26—Texas Pacific, from the express train to a side track, where we were to spend a delightful day.

We were seven in our special car, taking the beauties and joys of Mexico, and had decided to spend Sunday in this curious village, with its still more curious baths.

The houses are surrounded by very high fences, and the door bell is attached to the gate, and when one wishes to make a call she pulls the bell and it is not out of order, which it often is, the servant appears and unlocks the gate and escorts her to the house.

Our car belongs to our whilom Council Bluffs neighbor, General Dodge, and we have as cook his servant, an Omaha man.

would like to say of this church, and of the city, but time and space forbid.

SARAH A. NOLL, New Orleans, April, 1895.

Carnival Time in Lima

Shrove-tide, all over the Latin-Christian world, is a time of merry-making and folly.

All of the older houses, as in most Spanish-American towns, follow the Moorish style of architecture.

In the more modern dwellings these balconies do not appear, as a municipal decree prohibiting them was passed about twenty-five years ago.

The French quarter of the city is very interesting, with its narrow streets and old, old houses, some with tiled roofs, and many with a low Gothic door, and over them the notice that some baths were 20 cents, and some 25 cents.

The marriage ceremony consists in the hands of the bride and groom being tied together and then they are blessed by some aged person who was previously selected.

Woman holds a higher place here than in most heathen countries. She has perfect freedom and I have been told she takes charge of the family pocketbook.

According to Buddhist teachings, a woman cannot begin to be saved until she has merited enough to be reborn as a man.

The country is full of temples and the

unmolested are the passing priests and his attendants carrying the last consolation of the church to some poor mortal who has the misfortune to be dying at this merry time.

Wednesday morning all is changed. A perfumed stillness settles over the town and the devout make preparations for the Ash Wednesday which ushers in the dreary time of fasting and abstinence from anything approaching pleasure.

SYBIL RUSSELL DOGUE.

PASSING AWAY

So often, so sadly, the people say, "I don't feel any passing away!"

For what is transient and what shall last? What makes its grave in the growing past?

While our Heavenly Father's throne is sure, His name after ages shall endure, That day after day are passing hence, Though the heavens depart and the whole, Be taken away like a banner furled, Though the sun and the twinkling stars Be gone.

Our deathless happiness liveth on.

As we move heaven's stairway we need not grope For richer than all that has gone before.

Robert Louis Stevenson's will, dated 1893, provides fully for his mother and his relatives on his father's side, and leaves to his wife in life rent the part of his father's estate held by his mother.

The only pedestrians allowed to move on

the balcony at carnival time could easily enter by the "patio," and, climbing the broad staircase, seek his revenge.

The most one has now to dread in passing along the streets is an occasional spraying of Florida water or the reception of the contents of a broken bag of colored, scented powders.

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