

MARY JANE'S TRAVELS.

SHE WRITES FROM CHARMING PALANZA, ITALY.

Trouble at Milan in Finding a Famous Painter—Something About Americans Who Are Travelling Abroad—The Lake of Italy—How Come Was Named.

FALLAZZA, Italy, Aug. 12.—I don't know exactly the size of the ignorance ordinarily met with, but I am free to confess that until I bought my ticket to this place I never heard of it. It is a charming place, too, surrounded by history and beautiful scenery and summer resorts, and sits so close to Lake Maggiore that the foot of the street we live on hangs over into the water. We came here to take a little breathing spell before getting into or onto that diligence to ride sixty-five miles over the Alps, because beyond the Alps lies Switzerland.

To recur to the subject of ignorance, we had a manifestation of it in Milan, which gives me the courage to acknowledge that I never heard of Palanıza till now. At our hotel in Milan, which was in sight of the cathedral, I found it necessary to ask one of the English speaking men in the office the direction to the other great attraction of the city, to wit: "The Last Supper," a picture familiar by copies to every Sunday school scholar in America. I called on the painter, of course, and I said to him: "Where is Leonardo da Vinci's picture of 'The Last Supper'?"

"Men's" said he, with a twenty-cent smile. "Where's da Vinci's 'Last Supper'?" thinking he hadn't understood me. "Da Vinci—da Vinci?" he repeated questioningly, as he scratched his head thoughtfully. "Yes," said I, "da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' a famous picture; don't you know where it is?" "No men, I never heard of it. Excuse me, I'll call up the head waiter."

Then he called up the head waiter, and that worthy gave me the precise direction as to where in very evident satisfaction that the hotel was so well equipped for the benefit of its guests, and with never a sign for his own culpable ignorance. By the way, the English speaking waiters, or waiter, for there is often only one, with which nearly every continental hotel is provided, are the most valuable men in the entire establishment, and are superior to any of their class in America. They know nearly as much as the prevalent American hotel clerk thinks he knows, and when I have had a more comprehensive complaint can I pay them? From a railroad timetable to the price of a hairpin they know every foot of the way; and they are as conversant with an art catalogue as with a dictionary. Every one-tongued American on the continent under obligations to these waiters, and I guess the waiters are not sorry of it. Neither are the hotel proprietors, for the guests pay the salaries, or words to that effect.

My "Last Supper" incident reminds me of a story which I cannot vouch for as I can my own. A rich American over here from Chicago seeing the sights met a friend in Milan who had spent the winter in the city. Very naturally, the friend made inquiries as to what the visitor had taken in during his urban and suburban ramble. "Have you seen da Vinci's 'Last Supper'?" he asked early in his catechism. "Well, no," replied the Chicagoan, regretfully. "I can't say that I have. You see, I've been so confoundedly busy chasing around after a chance and that sort of thing I haven't had a moment to spare to go to the cathedral. I presume he won't give an Of course, this kind of conversation is unbecomingly common to the ears of an American, even if they be true, for it brings the nation into disrepute, but I hold to the contrary and will proceed with another.

The cemetery at Milan, which, by the way, is a very handsome one, is called, as in all Italian cities, "Campo Santo" ("Camp of the Saints," Dickey says it means), and every body who goes to Milan gets out to see it. The day we were there we met an American lady residing at the hotel, on the outside of her glove an very willing to talk without the formality of an introduction.

"What an unbragging spot this is," she said to me after a few questions of identification. "Yes," said I, trying to think what unbragging meant and wondering if she signed "Boston" after her name on the register. "Beautiful," she continued; "with the exception of the one at Genoa, I think this the handsomest cemetery in Italy." I concurred with great unanimity, and turned away to prevent Dickey from choking to death on a handkerchief she had stuffed into her mouth.

But this is hardly a narration of travel, and right on the heels, too, of a trip from Como to Palanıza, than which for a day's journey there can be none more variously beautiful in all the realm of nature. If I could transfer a patch of this portion of Italy, about 100 miles square, to some point in Pennsylvania, equidistant New York and Philadelphia, and have the copyright secured for five years for excursion privileges, I'd have enough money at the expiration of the time to live like a Pullman palace car porter. We boat through the lake, a nobleman, rich and powerful, in an easy position, and I heard to Dickey in rapturous glee eloquence telling a Baltimore newspaper man of the beauty of the Italian lakes, and just about the time I thought three might be a crowd, and had given my skirts a preparatory shuffle previous to quietly stealing away, she asked him how Lake Como had received its name. This was in the nature of the details of historic-geography, so to speak, and I remained to glean a fact or two.

"It is a pretty story, but a tragic one," he said, fixing himself in an easy position, "and I shall only be too glad to tell it to you. Away back yonder, before the mountains were gray, there lived in a castle on the shores of the lake at a narrow point the Count Teodoro Albergi, a nobleman, rich and powerful. His daughter, Mercedes, a lovely girl of 18 soft Italian summers, was his only companion, although their association could scarcely be called companionship, for he was dark and stern, and she was all light and sweet. The count was an ambitious man and he had a long cherished desire that his daughter should ally herself in marriage to the great Lord of Caldiorea, and the two families thereby form a combination which would be well nigh invulnerable. But Mercedes, who was a noble girl, instead of thinking of the pomp and panoply of state, and the consumption of lofty ambition, she had let her young heart, all unfettered, go rambling over the green hills about the lake, and on the farther shore a young herdsmen, Henrique Botenichino, had placed it forever in thrall.

"And Mercedes was happy. "But her father knew it not. "By day after day, as the sun went down, the golden led to rest, and the shadows stretched their arms across the lake, Mercedes came to her resting place near the shore and called across the waters to Henrique, and Henrique always came.

THE NATIONS' DEED.

SOLDIERS WHO PERISHED THAT THEIR COUNTRY MIGHT LIVE.

Something About the Soldiers' Cemeteries at Vicksburg, New Orleans and Other Points—List of National Cemeteries. The Blue and the Gray.

(Special Correspondence.) VICKSBURG, Aug. 30. On Fame's eternal camping ground Their silent troops are spread; And every grave a vast and round The bay of the dead.

This verse from a Confederate general's poem is cast in bronze and set up with other lines of similar sentiment in eighty-one national cemeteries, where sleep those who died "under the stars and stripes, and for the people and for the people might not perish from the earth." The largest cemetery maintained by the government is here at the chief city of the bayou state. There are 16,000 headstones in this great assembly of the dead.

At Vicksburg—187. the dead—soldiers that have stacked their arms and surrendered to the final conqueror. One of the principal features of Vicksburg is this vast cemetery. The rough and hilly hills which form a part of the bank of the Father of Waters have been fashioned into a place of profound beauty and impressive grandeur. Forty-seven acres are enclosed in the improvement, of which the government has expended more than \$500,000. Ten men, under charge of a superintendent—a private soldier from Ohio—are constantly employed in keeping the grounds in order. On the most elevated point stands the monument, or what is left of it, originally erected on the spot where Grant and Pemberton arranged for the surrender of the city after the long and terrible siege. Belle hunters had so defaced it by chipping off pieces that to save it from utter destruction it was removed to the cemetery and a caution substituted. Below us sweeps the majestic river, but since the siege it avoids the town and strikes the bluff a mile or so below the old landing. The former bed of the river is now a lake, and where the great galleons lay and belated fire and destruction into the devoted city is now a bank of sand covered with a growth of coarse grass and underbrush. All around the city are signs of combat.

Such war, such waste, such fiery tracks of death and ruin, however, is only repairing the ravages of nature, which has smoothed the earth and rain is smoothing the earth-works and filling up the rifle pits. In this Vicksburg city of silence, where more than 12,700 graves marked with headstones which bear the names of the brave and the unknown, the bones of those unidentified sleepers were gathered from battlefields, near and remote, brought here by contract. A price was given for each, and negroes counted the bones and skeletons. It is claimed that old negro graveyards were robbed and their contents brought to this place of beauty, and laid side by side with the brave boys of the northland who died in the heat and dust, in the cold and rain, with wounds and with fever, and so far away from home. Peace and pity for the soldier, but what of the mercenary who for his pieces of silver practiced such a wicked imposture? Of the stones standing at the head of each grave are the names, and the names, which include name, company and regiment, and in case of officers the rank. At Chalmette cemetery, just below New Orleans, there are 12,521 graves, with 5,674 unknown occupants. The hospitals contracted for care to the knowledge of Chalmette. This cemetery covers fifteen and a half acres and is a part of the site of the battlefield on which Jackson repulsed Pack-enham's men and saved New Orleans during the war of 1815-16, which event is duly commemorated on the 25th of January every year, by the people of the Crescent City. The cemetery wall crosses the line of earthworks thrown up by the Americans, and on which the cotton bales were placed to give additional protection from the bullets of the invaders. The location is greatly unlike that at Vicksburg; here the ground is level as a floor, with the surface of the river above, the water kept from submerging it and the surrounding country, and city only by a mere wall of earth, the high levee, the light waves entered over his hills above the swelling floods; here the eye sweeps up and down long rows, twenty-four in number, each a half mile in length, in all twelve miles of graves; in both shells and in the light waves and the evergreen, artistically arranged. The roses and trees are fragrant and the heavy foliage drops as if in everlasting sorrow; the thick leaved arbutus live oaks, the heavy trailing creepers of the vines, the magnolias and myrtles, the light waving banners of the moss, all bending low as if in funeral mourning. Near by the Chalmette cemetery is the tall shaft built in 1855 by congress in honor of Jackson's victory. It shows

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Sanitation in Key West. The people of Key West are said to be to blame for the yellow fever getting a foothold there. They refuse to put in any sewerage, drink the worst kind of water without filtering, and the back yard of every house is used as a receptacle for refuse. It will be a costly lesson to her people. She is purified.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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Advertisement for 'ALL HEARTS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN' featuring a portrait of a woman.

Advertisement for 'S.S.S.' (Scars, Sores, Scurvy) with a portrait of a man.

The Theatrical Profession. Merit will win and receive public recognition and praise, which are the outcome of general respect, growing through years of critical and practical test, become as rooted and immovable as the rock of Gibraltar in public opinion, and henceforth need no further guarantee as to their genuineness.

Hugo Hankler's Testimony. The Swift Swift Company, Atlanta, Ga. I feel that I have had a severe case of eczema, and I used your ointment, and I feel that I have had a severe case of eczema, and I used your ointment, and I feel that I have had a severe case of eczema, and I used your ointment.

Building in Omaha. Fred Ames, of Boston, one of the sons of Oakes Ames, is putting up a six story brick building which will cost \$180,000. The first National bank building is a seven story granite and brick building which cost \$240,000, and just opposite this is the Merchants' National bank of eight stories, which is to be made of brown stone, and which will cost \$100,000.

Chinese Hospitality. The Chinese are proverbially hospitable during their festival seasons—sometimes to the outside barbarians embarrassingly so. The visitor is invariably pressed with various confections, some of these colorful and fortunately mostly tasteless, but of general stimulus of coloring, others more refined and worklike, that my guide asked me were composed of the canned entrails of rats. I can only say the form of these latter delicacies bore out the idea.—San Francisco Cor. Boston Transcript.

Continuation of Hemlock. Mr. Edward Jack, writing about hemlock in The New York Tribune, says that until lately it has been abundant in Maine and in the maritime provinces of Canada, but ax and fire are fast exterminating it. The liability of work. They have tried to make a chair of its luscious tops causes windfalls, which sometimes cover considerable areas, over which fires rage furiously. The lateral roots run near the surface to a great distance from the trunk, and as the wind blows they bring up large masses of earth. In a windfall the trunks, tops and the clumps of earth brought up by the roots form a tangle through which one can make only little progress. Two days of hard work known, 25,000 and 30,000 unknown, and Confederate prisoners, 11,601. Seventy-eight of the eighty-one national cemeteries are under charge of superintendents. A list of these cemeteries, with the number of interments, may be of interest. It is alphabetically as follows:

Table listing national cemeteries and the number of interments.

Advertisement for 'Ayer's Pills' by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Advertisement for 'RAILROAD TIME CARD' with a table of train schedules.

Advertisement for 'THE FAMOUS CHATAQUA ASSEMBLY' and 'LAKEWOOD' with details about the assembly and lagoon.

Advertisement for 'A Physician' who has lost his medicine chest and offers a reward for its return.

Advertisement for 'PULLMAN'S FINEST COACHES ON ALL THROUGH TRAINS' with a table of train routes.

Advertisement for 'THE H. P. HUBBARD CO.' featuring various electrical and mechanical services.

Advertisement for 'BUSINESS DIRECTORY' listing various professions and services.

Advertisement for 'AT.8. AGARIC' featuring a portrait of a man and a testimonial.

Advertisement for 'MISSOURI STEAM WASHER' and 'SACHS-PRUDEN & CO.' with details about the products.