THE SENTINEL,

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A Glimpse of Mount Vesuvius and a Look Within Its Crater.

II

The second of Edwin A. Welty's descriptive articles of certain features of Europe as he saw them:

I left you I believe in my last letter on the deck of the Werra in Naples Bay. I will now, some 10 days later, on my return from Rome, ensconce you comfortably within the Grand Hotel De Vesuve, one of the great hostelries of Naples, on the great terrace and promenade fronting the Bay. The hotel is an elegant one, the rooms given myself and family consisting of two beautifully furnished bed rooms with a parlor en suite, fronting on a small balcony, commanding a grand view of the Bay, the islands in the distance, and the distant pillar of smoke rolling lazily up from the crater of the great volcano beyond the Bay. The view from the hotel was at all times a vista of beauty such as the eye never tires of gazing upon, and, were I but gifted with the brush of any one of my lady friends of the Oregon Art club, I would put the scene on canvass in a far more satisfactory way than this poor pen of mine can depict it. But I will not long detain you in even the elegant rooms of this, one of the leading hotels of the Continent, for I have promised you a glimpse with me at Mount Vesuvius and the subterranean fires within its crater. The hour would be an early one for my good friends, those luxurious sybarites, Deacon Shutts, Judge C. J. Hunt and Major Tom Curry, I know, but my early training on a good old fashioned Holt county farm in the late '60s, put me in good trim to be up with the lark, as it were, and on the morning in question I surprised even that industrious bird. The breakfast in Continental hotels is a simple one, a — blamed simple one, either one of the above distinguished Missourians, I am satisfied, would say, but my vocabulary is more limited and I will confine myself to plain English phrases. The breakfast consisted of black coffee, cold rolls, hard as brick bats, and butter, and is never different any where on the Continent—save in Germany and Austria, where they put in a plate of honey in addition, and this hastily despatched, a party of 60 Americans took our places in the carriages and coupes provided for us, and were soon rattling down the streets of Naples over rough cobble stones and lava paved streets in a way that must have struck the average Neapolitan as unusual, to say the least, for lattices were hastily opened and windows thrown up, and the sleepers, lying in the embrasures of the windows and on the overhanging balconies on what looked like a cross between a carriage cushion and a mattress, quickly roused themselves, and with the pretty dark eyed Signoras at the open lattices, looked down with amazement at the long cavalcade of carriages filling the street below them. The picturesque high roofed houses, with here and there a niche with the shrine of some Saint beneath the quaint small paned windows, the curious arched passages leading to the open courts within, the streets narrow and winding and crowded with a mass of carts, wagons, misfit, carry alls and vehicles of every kind and size, with an indescribable number and variety of beasts of burden, horses, ponies, oxen, dogs and donkeys, with here and there a woman hitched up with a goat, all loaded, as a rule, with fruits and vegetables for the early city markets, form, as a whole, a picture beyond my power to adequately describe. Groups of black browed, wolfish Italians were everywhere, either preparing breakfast in the street, boiling vegetables and other edibles in grimy kettles, or hanging up great strings of macaroni on frames to dry in the sun, or the day's washing in lines strung along the edges of the pavement, or upon the balconies or house tops which ever was, for the time, most convenient. The smell from the foul open courts and the filthy streets were as variegated as the best regulated nose could wish. Dozens of street urchins followed the carriages, turning hand-springs and sumersaults as they, panting from heat and exhaustion, followed alternately one after another of the fast driven landaus, or thrusting fruits and flowers into the open carriages in eager anticipation of the coppers usually thrown them on such occasions by the visiting tourists.

Street fakirs of all kinds, and cripples with every deformity the human anatomy is heir to, hastily aroused from their morning slumbers, thrust their wares or their deformities, which ever was handiest, into the open coupes and the faces of their occupants, and many ladies, unused to such scenes, actually sickened at the spectacle of the deformities they unwittingly witnessed; as we proceeded bands of street musicians surrounded the carriages, playing mandolin and guitar, interspersed with popular street songs of the day, and peddlers jumped on the steps with cases of mosaics, Florentine statuettes and cheap Venitian trinkets, all equally vociferous and all equally intent on opening the hearts and emtying the purses of the "vella gooda Americanos."

I will divert from my description a moment to give a comical epsode of the ride: In the carriage in front of my own was the heavy weight of our party, a gentleman from Troy, N. Y., smooth shaved and heavy set, of the Kid McCoy or 220 pound type of beauty, envious men would say, of the bull dog type. Our friend, locally known among the boys of the party as "Papa," had already won the sobriquet of "stronga manno" and "fatta manno" among the Italians following us. A street fakir had stood on the steps of his carriage for at least two miles urging him to purchase some of his wares, as he vigorously and persistently cried their merits, courtesy and kindly refusals to purchase being equally futile in removing the now vociferous nuisance, our heavy weight, finally losing the good stock of patience he usually carried, lifted the expostulating fakir off the steps of his carriage with the toe of his not too gentle boot, the disconsolate fakir picking himself up out of the dirt, and recognizing in me at once, I suppose, "an easy mark," at once jumped upon the steps of my carriage, and as he began expatiating on the excellence of his wares, emphasized the treatment he had received, by ruefully pointing at the Troy man and adding "stronga manno," fatto manno," "vella bad Americano." After two miles of equally futile efforts to unload penny articles at franc prices, and after the waste of an intense amount of indignation and gesticulation, as he crawled slowly out of the carriage, without, however, the aid of any pliant boot leather, he pointed his hand menacingly at me and disparagingly said, pointing towards "Papa's" carriage, "likee fatto manno." The implied rebuke and his indignant tone were equally crushing, and it required a balm of two coppers on my part to assuage his lacerated feelings: two coppers will do much with lacerated feelings in sunny Italy, I will observe.

As we proceeded towards the suburbs of the city, the streets grew less crowded and congested, both with traffic and with pedestrians, and we began to pass beautiful villas, with the gleam of marble in every open archway from the wide lawns studded with flowers and shrubbery extending from portal gate to wide Italian portico; these villas commanded a wide view of the Mediterranean and the Neapolitan coast, and stood usually in the midst of ornamental grounds, magnificently decorated with statuary and fountains, and laid out in groves and terraces and shady drive ways. Everything that could gratify the taste or appeal to the eye was lavished on these villas, and their ornamental grounds. The streets began to widen into open country, surrounded on both sides by high stone walls, enclosing tempting groves of ripe orange, lemon, limes and figs, with trellises of vines hanging from tree to tree.

The land, through which the road winds, gradually ascends, but seemed rich and fertile; by the roadside are charming cottages and little farm houses, whose white washed walls are usually half hid from the road by great trellises of vines and thick groves of fruit bearing trees—in front of each porch the little round table and the rude bench which mark the rural wine houses everywhere in Italy. The soil upon which these orchards and vineyards rise in terraces is largely composed of lava and volcanic cinders; the cherry trees rich with their red fruit, the oranges gleaming yellow through the overhanging branches, the intense green foliage of the olive and the spreading, awkward looking fig trees, all produced on lava reduced to soil by the disintegrating effects of the heat and storm and the lapse of ages. As we proceeded the groves grew fewer and the vegetation more sparse. Above us on the slopes appeared what looked like a black wave at first sight; the scene, hitherto so smiling, became on nearer approach a melancholy one indeed; what we thought a black wave, as we first saw it, proves to be great blocks of dark, ashy colored lava; the road winds irregularly, now through, now around these blocks, which dark and forbidding, cover a landscape once as fair as the one we have just left behind. The road seems a thread of ribbon through a black causeway; enormous masses of lava surround us on every side, in hue dark red and black, like so many torrents and cataracts frozen into petrifaction; here and there a few blades of grass appear, but vegetation is virtually confined to a few lichens of pale and sickly growth. Every where the happiness and charm of the present, as seen in the green and fertile slopes below, and the desolation and misery of the past as reflected by the stricken country about you, and the uncertain security of the future as emphasized by the sinister cloud of smoke, hanging like a pall above you. Ere long the gap between the black waves widens a little, and as we proceed higher, opens into a gem like oasis in the general desolation surrounding us. In this oasis is the dining hall and station of the Funicular railroad. Here we take a good lunch, and after the usual fierce onslaught upon us by the carriage drivers for the never ending tips and macaroni; we take the railway partly destroyed by the fierce eruption of May, but sufficiently repaired to allow us to make part of the journey upward upon it. The cars are odd-shaped affairs, with seats facing each other, in size and appearance like the sleigh like seats of the merry-go-rounds in our own country, while the size of the compartments are about the same. The cars run with the jerky, unsteady motion peculiar to all cable lines.

The incline is very great, and the ride on the whole is much like being hoisted up on a pulley. The view is a magnificent one; below lie orchards, vineyards, villas and palaces, and the whole panorama of the great city, till it merges into the terrace of the Bay, whose gleaming waters sparkle and dance in the sunlight, while beyond in the distance roll the blue waves of the Mediterranean in swelling, undulating billows. The contrast, between the enchantment of the distance and the desolation of the immediate landscape, is overwhelming. The whole side of the mountain about us is covered with a black pall of lava, breaking into eddys of dust and ashes in the immediate vicinity of the cars, which rise in suffocating clouds as a half dozen rough looking Italian peasants trudge, or rather slide down the shifting sands, as they descend from the summit. On reaching the terminus, a stretch of possibly half a mile intervenes between the the station and the summit above you. The heat is stifling, above you rolls a dense cloud of black smoke from the crater, while around you sweeps a billowy sea of ashes, debris, scoria and lava dust, stirred into dun clouds by every passing breeze. The ascent of the precipitous slope before us was in every sense an arduous one.

The first step off the hastily improvised railroad platform landed us in ashes and dust above the shoe tops; the heat, as we struggled upward, at each step became more intense from the added reflection of the shifting sands we were passing over, which seemed both hot and damp to our feet, the hot ashes and lava dust corroded and burnt the soles of our shoes and cracked and shrivelled the uppers in seams and welts, the fumes of sulphur were stifling, and black clouds of dust settled over our clothes and faces, until our little party looked more like a band of chimney sweeps than the gay debonair group of tourists of scarce an hour ago. The dust was no respecter of persons, but had the true Democratic spirit of our own soil, and the dainty ladies, who essayed the toilsome ascent, soon developed complexions that would certainly have done credit to Comanche Indians. My wife pluckily pressed onward, but her steps began to lag, and when within a short distance of the summit she stopped altogether, and informed me that she felt too exhausted by the exertion and too choked by the heat and stifling fumes of the sulphur—now almost overwhelming—to proceed further, but we were now to near the summit to give up, and encouraging her the best I could, partly supporting and partly carrying her at times, and growling at her in regular bear fashion, which she promptly resented, as all good Missouri wives do when their husbands essay the bear act, we wearied, exhaused and decidedly out of breath reached the crest of the peak, and with eyes rivetted on the crater stood at the brink of the great chasm opening at our feet, a gust of wind rolled the clouds of smoke that shrouded the crater away, and we gazed for a moment down the mouth of the vast pit yawning there at our feet, a mighty abyss seemingly cut out of the summit of the mountain by repeated strokes of lightning. It was indeed the sight of a life time.

The crater resembled a deep gash cut in the centre of the peak, its sides irreguia an angular, but sloping in tne centre, blocks of molten lava bubbling and agitated, thin spiral columns of white vapor escaping here and there, and emitting the penetrating fumes of burning sulphur thrown off from the fierce hidden fires of the volcano beneath. Suddenly there came a quiver, the mountain beneath us tottered and trembled like an aspen tree in the breath of a storm, and then a dull, indescribable roar, and then it seemed as if the very jaws of hell opened there at our feet, and we looked for one brief moment into its illimitable abyss, and red hot stones, blocks of molten lava, vapor, smoke and a hail of pebbles and ashes gushed forth from the mouth of the black, fathomless chasm. The magnificence of the scene, its sublime power, and yet at the same time the infernal attributes of the picture, is such that no pen can adequately describe it. And yet men say there is no hell I saw one that day on the summit of Mount Vesuvius. Awed, covered with ashes, debris and a hail of pebbles, half suffocated with the escaping fumes of sulphur we staggered, like drunken men, down the slope.

At St. Peter's in Rome we saw the greatest handiwork of man, today, at Vesuvius, we saw the all-potent handiwork of God as written in the spheres. We realized there, as never before, that he who would tamper with the unseen forces of nature can well fall a victim to them, and possibly we realized also the further fact, that it is not best to lift the vail that conceals what God intended should be the unknowable; it is not well to ask Heaven to mirror forth its glories, or hell to grant us touch or sight of its unseen fires. Such was Vesuvius, as I saw it, and such were some of the thoughts and reflections that came with the seeing.

OREGON, Mo., November 27, 1900.

Jell-O, The New Dessert, pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

There is no pleasure in life if you dread going to the table to eat and can't rest at night on account of indigestion, Henry Williams, of Booneville, Ind., says he suffered that way for years, till he commenced the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, and adds, "Now I can eat anything I like and all I want and sleep soundly every night." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat. C. O. Proud and S. W. Aiken.

Always Make Love to your wife. Remember she is just as sweet and dainty now as when you used to hold her by the hand and look into her eyes and tell her she was your only love, your heart's delight. Half the petulance and distress that makes you so irritable comes from Indigestion. You can cure it by taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is guaranteed by T. S. Hinde & Son.

Both makers and circulators of counterfeits commit frud. Honest men will not deceive you into buying worthless counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The original is infallible for curing piles, injuries, eczema and skin diseases. C. O. Proud and S. W. Aiken.

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MEN OF OTHER NATIONS.

Admiral Sir Edward Seymour is a most accomplished linguist. As a boy he learned languages simply for amusement.

Lord Salisbury, in speaking of the social side of English political life, said recently that there is really little of it. He has never so much as spoken with John Morley and never even saw Mr. Parnell.

Sir James Joicey, the British coal king, has an income of about $5,000,000 a year, and is one of the wealthiest men in parliament. He began his business life as a clerk in New Castle at five dollars a week.

Daniel Orisis, a Greek millionaire of Paris, has set aside the sum of 100,000 francs to be given yearly "to the inventor, discoverer or producer of the most noteworthy idea or object for the benefit of humanity."

Gen. Lord Kitchener's leaning toward the enforcement of severe discipline is said to be more or less inherited, as his father, Col. Kitchener, had the reputation of being the strictest disciplinarian in the British army.

Mirabeau, one of the great Frenchmen of the revolution, was a noted gourmand, and it is said that amid all the squalor of the Terror he ever maintained spotless raiment and always satisfied a desire for the dainty things of life.

The castle offered to ex-President Kruger by M. Oswald d'Aumerie is situated at Anderlecht, a suburb of Brussels. It was built by the monks three centuries ago, and used as a convent. In 1840 it belonged to the burgomaster of Anderlecht, who had the honor of entertaining within its walls Leopold I. Lately it has been restored to its former splendor with all modern improvements. It is surrounded by a splendid park.

NOT VERY MODERN.

Chess has been traced back 6,000 years.

Quoits was played in the dawn of the world's history by the soldier priests of Isis.

Ages ago the Hindu "medicine man" knew all about disease germs and microbes, although he was jeered at by western scientists because he called them "little worms."

In the archaic vaseroom at the British museum there may be seen babies' feeding bottles of sun-baked clay which were antique when Joseph went into Egypt.

It has been generally supposed that the system of using raised letters for the education of the blind was a European invention. No such thing. Books printed in this species of type have been in use in Persia from time immemorial.

The telescope, so far from being, as is generally averred, the outcome of the famous experiment of Galileo, was known at least 300 years before his time, while the microscope certainly dates from the early part of the ninth century, although greatly improved in the sixteenth by Jansen and others.

A bone collar stud was recently found in a Sakkarahian sarcophagus resembling almost exactly in appearance those sold by hawkers in the Strand at three a penny. Yet the man who made it had been dust and ashes thousands of years, at the time the patriarch Abraham fed his flocks on Hebron.

For all fresh cuts or wounds, either on the human subject or on animals, Ballard's Snow Liniment is excellent; while for corn-huskers' sprained wrists, barbed wire cuts and sores on working horses, it cannot be too highly commended. Price, 25 and 50 cents. For sale by J. C. Philbrick.

Burlington Route.

New Through Trains to Portland and Puget Sound, "The Burlington-Northern Pacific Express," a **New Daily Through Train** from Kansas City and St. Joseph for Lincoln, Northwest Nebraska, Black Hills, Wyoming, Montana, Washington Tacoma, Seattle, Puget Sound and Portland, Oregon, via Billings, Montana—the short line and time saver to the Upper Northwest. To Central Montana in 43 hours; to the Puget Sound in 70 hours from the Missouri River. Through coaches and chair cars, through tourist sleepers, through dining car service and standard sleepers This is the main traveled road Missouri river to the Northwest.

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FACTS ABOUT OUR SCHOOLS.

The highest wages to women teachers are paid in California and the District of Columbia, an average of $64 a month.

The average salaries paid schoolteachers in the entire United States in 1899 was $45.25 a month for men and $38.14 a month for women.

There are 16,738,362 children and young men and women being educated in the schools and colleges of the United States—1,503,921 in private institutions.

In 1899 the people of the United States spent $197,281,603 to educate their children, which is $2.67 per capita of population and $3.20 per capita of children of the school age.

There are 244,527 schoolhouses, dormitories and other buildings in the United States devoted to education, and they are valued at $524,689,255. There are 415,660 teachers—131,793 men and 283,867 women.

In Illinois the average for men was $60.42 and women $53.27; in Indiana, $48 for men and $43 for women; in Michigan, $44 for men and $35 for women, and in Wisconsin, $41 and $29. Wisconsin pays her schoolma'ams less than any other of the states.

The average paid to men teachers in Massachusetts in 1899 was $136.23 a month; in Rhode Island, $103.74; in Nevada, $101 a month. Schoolma'ams do not fare so well in those states, their pay in Massachusetts averaging $51.41; in Rhode Island, $51, and in Nevada, $61.50.

NOTES OF UNION LABOR.

San Francisco printers are jubilant over the establishment of the nine-hour day in that city.

The laundry workers at Savannah, Ga., have organized the first union of their calling in that state.

The national secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, in his last report, shows a cash balance of $1,044,605.

Every German paper except one in the United States is under the jurisdiction of the German-American Typographical union.

Fifty new unions and 37 new branches have been organized during the last 17 months by the United Brewery Workmen's union.

Of members of nearly 800 labor organizations in France between seven and ten per cent. are out of work, and at present over 20,000 persons are either striking or are locked out over labor differences.

The Atlanta Federation of Trades has presented the Universalist church of that city with a memorial window in recognition of the stand taken by that congregation in favor of union labor during the carpenters' strike in Atlanta.

Reports of the bureau of labor statistics of New York for the last quarter show that active organization work continues, and that a gain of 15,000, embracing 151 unions, was made to the membership in that period. New York state now has 1,603 labor organizations, with an aggregate membership of 247,602.

THE WHEELS OF TRAFFIC.

Two thousand tons of American steel rails are being sent to Italy for use on the railways.

Out of nearly 30,000 pressed steel cars there has never been one which has been wrecked beyond repair.

The English staff system of dispatching trains has been put in force upon the single bridge now being used by all the lines entering Galveston, Tex., in order to expedite the traffic.

The Chicago & Northwestern railway, in order to enter Peoria, Ill., from Sterling, purchased the village of Pottstown entire, and will move every house in order to occupy the site of the town with yard tracks.

Thirty new freight engines are to be put on the tracks of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad next March. The engines will differ from the average freight train puller in having wider and shorter fireboxes. The weight of each engine on its drivers will be 120,000 pounds.

Paul Storitzky, of the Moscow locomotive works, who is making an inspection of locomotive works in this country, says: "There are six or eight locomotive factories in Russia, one of the largest being located at Kolomna, not far from Moscow. I am satisfied, however, that for all general purposes the machine made in this country are superior for the Russian service."

GOOD CRANBERRY RECIPES.

Cranberry Jelly.—Wash a quantity of cranberries thoroughly. Measure them, and to every quart add one pound of sugar and one full cupful of water. Put this in a preserving pan and place on the fire to simmer for half an hour. Then pass through a strainer, and when cool turn it into molds.

Cranberry Tart.—One pint of cranberries, one-half pint of granulated sugar, one-half pint water. Pick the cranberries over. Wash and put in a stewpan (porcelain is best), then add the water and sugar. Cook the sauce rapidly for 10 or 15 minutes, then turn into a mold and set away to harden.

Cranberry Pie.—Chop one cupful of cranberries and half a cupful of seeded raisins together into small pieces; add to this a cupful of sugar, a half-cupful of water, a teaspoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake with an upper and under crust.

Cranberry Sauce.—One quart of cranberries, two cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water. Put them in a porcelain-lined or granite saucepan, with water to cover them. Cook until tender, add sugar and remove as soon as sugar is dissolved.

Dr. W. H. Lewis, Lawrenceville Va., writes, "I am using Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my practice among severe cases of indigestion and find it an admirable remedy." Many hundreds of physicians depend upon the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in stomach troubles. It digests what you eat, and allows you to eat all the good food you need, providing you do not overload your stomach. Gives instant relief and a permanent cure. C. O. Proud and S. W. Aiken.

There is probably no disease more distressing and annoying than piles. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment is daily curing cases of years' standing of itching and bleeding piles. The cure begins on the first application, a little perseverance makes the cure complete. Price, 50 cents in bottles. Tubes, 75 cents. For sale by J. C. Philbrick.

Druggist Morgan of Crawfordsville, Ind., says: Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a medicine I can conscientiously recommend as it does just what you claim. It is the best laxative I ever saw." Sold by T. S. Hinde & Son.

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Leslie's Weekly, New York City	4.00	4.00	4.50
Review of Reviews, New York City	2.50	2.50	3.15
Scribner's Magazine, New York City	3.00	3.50	[illegible]
American Agriculturist, New York City	1.00	1.25	1.85
Rural New Yorker, New York City	1.00	1.25	1.75
Cosmopolitan Magazine, Irvington, N. Y.	1.00	1.25	1.90
Country Gentleman, Albany, N. Y.	2.00	2.25	[illegible]
Farm Journal, Philadelphia, Penn.	.50	1.00	1.50
Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia, Penn.	3.00	3.00	3.75
Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.	1.75	2.25	2.75
Farm and Home, Springfield, Mass.	.50	1.00	1.50
New England Homestead, Springfield, Mass.	1.00	1.25	1.85
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Farm, Field and Fireside, Chicago, Ill.	1.00	1.00	1.65
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Epitomist, Indianapolis, Ind.	.50	1.50	1.50
Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio	.50	1.00	1.65
Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich.	.50	1.00	1.65
Farm and Fireside, Springfield, Ohio	.50	1.00	1.50
Farm News, Springfield, Ohio	.50	1.00	1.50
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