

TOURING BONNIE SCOTLAND.

Three Men's Adventures in Robert Burns' Native Land.

Special correspondence of The Florida Star.

GREENOCK, Scotland, Nov. 4.—All the varied adventures we went through on the cattle ship Cymric, in the south of England and in Dublin have been dwarfed into comparative insignificance by the happenings of the last few days. When we three Jersey men started out to see Europe on a record breaking economy basis, little did we imagine the extremes to which we would go in fulfilling the iron bound resolution to "cut rates" and abhor "extras." We forsook Dublin to tramp the surrounding counties, but found the fare placed at our service by the cheap wayside inns and eating houses we patronized too crude for even our plebeian tastes. At Bray, on St. George's channel, in County Wicklow, we embarked for Scotland, determining to stop at some port from which we could strike into the interior. Well, the gist of the whole matter is, we got to Scotland finally, but instead of striking the interior we struck work. Just how we came to do it is not clearly fixed in our minds, but the one certainty is that all three are bound body and soul for at least a fortnight to fill positions as "tally" clerks in one of the Greenock shipyards.

The steamer Macreddin dropped us at Greenock, on the frith of Clyde, Nov.



AULD BRIG O' DOON.

I at midday. Soverel said on landing that after a light meal we should establish a headquarters in the city before doing anything else.

"Then," said he, "we can branch out on all kinds of jaunts and feel that we have some one place where we can be sure of a good, substantial meal on returning. Besides, regular customers can, of course, get better terms."

The last argument appealed to Martin and I, so we acquiesced without the usual opposition.

"Your time in the Land o' Cakes will have been but ill spent if you don't see the former haunts of 'Bobby' Burns, the keeper of our boarding place in Dumfries street told us. Accordingly that very afternoon we started down the frith for Ayr, 35 miles away. The steamer wheezed painfully, but late in the evening we were warped up to a spacious wharf and made fast. As the boat was to remain at Ayr overnight, we prevailed on the captain to help us save money by permitting us to sleep on board.

"Ef you're sot on doin' it," said he, "w'y, all right. But you'll have to bunk in down w' th' hands."

No objections were made, and the hours of darkness passed off quite comfortably. No sooner had we breakfasted than the start for the poet's birthplace several miles distant, at Alloway, was in order. The "auld brig o' doon" we saw, and the beauty of the softly flowing river beneath it forced on our minds the lines:

Of't ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah, he left the thorn w' me!

We were taken to see a little old house at one end of the village, in which was the mounted skeleton of a whale, brought to Alloway by some enterprising persons who hoped by charging an entrance fee to realize a profit thereby. The current story is that when the giant fish's frame was first placed on exhibition no small amount of wonder was created among the Alloway folk. One man once saw it and said to his companion: "Captain Cook, you're a seafarin man. Did ye ever meet w' ony o' the beasts?" "Oh, yes," was the latter's reply. "Mony a time." The highlander answered, "Eh, but it maun be a fearsome sight to see sic a rickie o' banes soomin about."

It was on the return trip to Greenock that the event which resulted in the trio's going to work occurred. We were standing at the stern of the steamer as it entered the Largs channel, when a well dressed, prosperous looking Scotchman near by began conversation with us. He was much interested in the details of our experiments in economy. He told us that he was the owner of a large shipyard in Greenock and that he had been to Ayr for the purpose of getting a few men to assist in his offices for a couple of weeks during the ab-

sence of some of his clerks. "I was unsuccessful," he said, "and I will make you fellows a fair proposition if you care to consider the matter." After ten minutes' discussion of the project we agreed to work in Greenock for two weeks, provided that we would be allowed spare time in which to see the adjacent territory.

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OLD-TIME HUSKING BEE.

The Pleasures of the Corn Shucking Festival—No Longer in Vogue.

WESTCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 13.—The husking bee has gone and with it the romance of the red ear. The young people of today, with their "pink teas," their parties, their golfing tournaments, their cotillions and their trolley parties, may think they are having good times, but they do not know what good times are.

The younger generation may not know what a husking bee is. If they do not, they can ask the older generation, or they can glean information right here.

A hospitable old farmer decides to give a husking bee for the entertainment of his neighbors. "He heaps up a huge pile of jerked corn on his barn floor, issues a general invitation to all the countryside and then starts the cider mill to working. Then the good farmer's wife immediately begins to roast turkey and chicken and make mince meat and stew pumpkins. Apples and hazelnuts are got ready, and the pantry shelves are heaped with pies and other delicacies known to the good housewife. Down cellar is a barrel of newly made cider, peeks of apples polished till they shine, and out in the barn is a heap of unhusked corn.

'Tis the night of the husking bee. With merry jest and laughter the people from the countryside roundabout come to the place of meeting. The old farmhouse is filled with laughter. The old folks finally drift into the corners and begin to talk politics, the best recipes for making apple butter and preserving peaches and the outlook for higher prices. The young folks sit around quietly for awhile, being somewhat modest at first. Finally the host announces that it's time to begin the "shuckin'," and the young folks troop out to the barn, each young man escorting the young lady of his choice— if he can get her. The crowd is gathered around the corn pile and divided off into two squads, each squad being under command of any acknowledged corn shucker of ability. Each husker must throw his corn over his shoulder, so that when all is husked the host may decide which side has "shucked" the most.

Then the signal is given. The flinty ears begin to patter against the barn floor. The girls husk an occasional ear, but their chief task consists in raking down the ears within the reach of their partners.

Suddenly there is a scream of laughter, a scramble and then the sight of a smiling young man and a blushing



PREPARING FOR THE HUSKING BEE.

young woman. The young man has found a red ear and claimed toll. The young lady always objects to paying toll, but old folks will remember that somehow or other it was always collected.

As soon as the huskers are well at work the cider mug is passed around. Finally the corn is husked and the winning side named. No one knows how it was done, but somehow or other the good old farmer's wife always has supper ready just as the last ear of corn hits the floor. The guests go trooping into the farmhouse, and amid a clatter of knives, hearty laughter, quick

jest and happy repartee the sumptuous repast is devoured, while the good housewife bustles about with a smiling face and a cheery word for each guest. The delight of her life is to see her visitors eating at a rate that threatens a famine.

When the supper is disposed of and the girls assist in carrying the dishes into the kitchen, the long extension table is shoved out upon the porch, and the young folks take possession of the dining room.

The old fashioned clock over the fireplace strikes 1. The old folks have settled grave political questions or decided whether "salt risin'" or yeast bread is the more healthful and are ready to go home. The young folks are, too, but they would remain until sunup before they would take their departure before the old folks.

The elders bid a parting good night to the happy old couple, drinking a farewell mug of cider, and drive slowly homeward, and finally the young folks get started.

The old fashioned husking bee seems to be a thing of the dim, dead past. Be that as it may, no amusement of the present day can compare with the old fashioned husking bee in the matter of real, innocent enjoyment. We would be far better if we husked a little more corn and opened fewer bottles over the remains of sn-all, hot birds.

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