In Picturesque Burano

by Dr. Habberton Lulham

AN OLD WOMAN OF BURANO

THOUSANDS of travelers hopefully seek Venice yearly, their imaginations long fed by the painters and poets who have pictured the beautiful city in hues and terms which, though it may be true to their own highly cultivated senses, tend to bring no little disappointment to the ordinary beholder. For Venice, but too often, proves to the latter not quite the fairy Venice of his visioning, his chief disappointment being, perhaps, its lack of those glowing colors which he has been led by books and picture galleries to expect. And nowadays this falling short of his ideal is increased by the vulgarizing effect of the penny steamboat—the vaporetto, with which the Venetians seem so contented—that sets his gondola rocking as it passes, and stirs up that in the sleeping canal waters which had better been let lie; to say nothing of the motor-boat, which is threatening to do for the gondola what the "taxi" is doing for our hansoms at home.

If such a traveler be leaving Venice with a sense of disappointment, let him by no means depart till he has visited the fisher island of Burano; for, if he but choose his day and hour well, he will assuredly take home with him a satisfying picture of one spot at least, glowing with color and teeming with a picturesque life, that has outrun his most hopeful imaginings.

There can be few more pleasant experiences on a fine, warm afternoon in spring or autumn—in early May or mid-September for choice—than to take a gondola, with two good rowers, and win one's first sight of Burano.

A gondola it must be, not the vaporetto, that one may arrive alone or with a well-chosen companion, and not as one amongst a crowd of chattering, sight-seeing snapshotters.

The way to Burano takes one through about six miles of lagoon landscape to the eastward of Venice. The island is situated about five miles northeast of Venice, in northern Italy. The chief industries of the people are market gardening, building of boats and fishing; the women are employed principally in lace-making. The island of Torcelle also belongs to Burano. It is located on an adjacent isle and the principal attractions that would interest travelers are the two museums of antiquities and the cathedral, which was built in the seventh century and was rebuilt during the year 1008. This cathedral contains many valuable mosaics.

It is a populous little place, with a busy community of fisherfolk and lace-makers. In the struggle for existence it has fared better than its older and once more prosperous neighbors, Mazzorbo and Torcello; the former it has, in fact, annexed by means of a long, arching, wooden bridge, which, seen from the low seat of a gondola, looks like that on a willow-pattern plate.

Approaching the island, one may hail one's gondola passing or passed by increasing numbers of fishing boats racing each other home to Burano; finely bronzed, statuesque men stand bending lustily to their oars, their half-clad forms showing many a fine play and molding of muscle. The sails of these boats are of delightful coloring—saffron and sienna, orange, red and burnt umber—and are often emblazoned with fantastic designs, or with stars, flowers or portraits of patron saints.

Then the island, with its leaning campanile, appears before one, its many-tinted walls basking in the late sunlight. Approaching it on its westward side one glides past the opening of a canal that intersects the island, and a first glance it reveals a scene that must live long in the memory of any lover of movement and color. The gray sides are lined with fishing boats, newly home, many with their gorgeous sails still swaying idly and glowing in the level rays of the late afternoon sun. Sunburnt, earring-d men are heaping piles of glittering fish before the cottage doors, helped by the women, who add still more color to the scene with the shawls and kerchiefs worn over their heads. These most becoming garments are, however, not as a rule very brilliantly hued, but of mauve, fawn color, or a tawny red, the stronger colors being reserved for the bodices. Shoals of brown children laugh and dance about the shining heaps, thrusting out, here and there, little bare feet to touch and make leap some strangely shaped, brilliantly hued fish.

A QUAYSIDE IN THE FISHER-ISLAND OF BURANO

All is swift movement, glowing colors and vivacious sound, the whole picture backed by the cottage walls, which themselves display many a soft, weather-stained tint, for the Buranelli are fond of washes of pink, light green and primrose color.

There I first met old Pietro, with his crisp, white curls, ruddy bronze, and merry laugh, despite his ninety years and many seasons of toil in the boats, still cheerfully making his daily cast of nets. Old Nonna, his wife, was herself only a few years younger, but possessing a head of thick, wavy white hair, of which any woman twenty years her junior might have been proud. Always busy was she, mending, cooking, cleaning, and always, it seemed, happy, with a smiling word for every passer-by.

There, too, dwelt little Adelle, their grandaughter, an incarnation of youthful loveliness and delight in life. Merry, gracious, tender-hearted Adelle, with your great brown eyes, tossing curls, and flash of teeth, with your dancing feet and quick, helpful hands, how many pictures and memories you gave us, little one! I recall how when first we landed from our gondola, and the bandit horde of village children came flying down the shore, leaving their games to crowd around us, with their cries of "Soldi, soldi, signore!" you, like a proud little princess, remained behind, by the ruined wall, tying your bunch of rosy flowers.

Yet once you did beg; it was when you took us to see that poor, wasted little friend of yours, sitting at her cottage door, bending so frailly over her pillow lace; then you took her small, thin hand and drew it toward me, whispering a shy "Soldi" in my ear, and I felt proud of my little friend and her way of begging.

And again I see you, with your young rogue of a brother, Beppo, putting out in the small, light gondola—sandola, did you call it?—one May evening at moonrise, to take the same little friend's bunch of pink Judas-blossom across the lagoon and lay it before the shrine of the Fisherman's Madonna, that stood up solitary out of the shadowy waters, there to offer up your simple prayer for her recovery.

The Buranelli are an independent spirited, hardy, strongly marked race, but their dialect is one of a caressing softness; sharring and half-singing their words, they dwell on the vowel sounds till the consonants well-nigh disappear, and each sentence ends in a sort of crooning diminuendo.

One is loath to leave the little island and row home at last. But the lagoon is quieting down to a pearly gray in the evening light, though still flushed to westward with a faint rose, which touches also the far-away peaks of the Euganean hills. Presently the moon rises behind Murano, and ere long a welcoming path of reflected lamplights shines on the water, from Riva and Piazetta, and soon Danielli's landing stage receives one again. But that first glimpse of the brilliant, vivid scene in the fisherman's canal at Burano, of the healthy, handsome old faces and the laughing young ones, will haunt a grateful memory for many a day.

And Adelle herself may still be found there, only two years older, and still, one may hope, wreathing her flowers, tending her old folk and her little friend, working busily at her lace, and affording, in her gracious being, recompense for many a disillusionment of travel.

Enemies Necessary

Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty regardless of spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that it resists nothing, while every one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive, active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark. "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute with them, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let them talk—there will be a reaction if you perform your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated, from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error. Follow this advice, and you will never have cause to regret it.—A. F. H.

Railroad Wireless Stations.

The Union Pacific Railroad company is erecting a number of wireless stations along its line for the purpose of augmenting its regular telegraph service, and in this manner it is hoped to establish a means of communication which will insure a continuity of service which might not be expected from either alone. The stations being erected will cover the states of Kansas, Nebraska and Wyoming.

One Thing Needful.

"How was the day's fishing?"

"A failure."

"Didn't the fish bite?"

"There were plenty of fish, but Jim Culver dropped our only flask in a tenfoot pool and then we all came away."

LOS ANGELES TIMES WRECKED

NEWSPAPER PLANT WRECKED BY INFERNAL MACHINE AND NINETEEN ARE KILLED.

GEN. OTIS AND OTHERS CHARGE OUTRAGE TO LABOR UNIONS SEEKING REVENGE.

Score Badly Hurt in Addition to Fatalities — Attempt Made on Manufacturers' Secretary.

The building and plant of the Los Angeles Times, one of the best known newspapers of the southwest, Gen. Harrison Gray Otis editor and principal owner, was destroyed by an explosion and fire. Upwards of 20 of its employes were killed and the financial loss is nearly half a million dollars. At least 22 are injured.

The management places the blame for the explosion on the labor unions with which the paper has long been engaged in bitter warfare. It is charged that unidentified persons set off a charge of dynamite in a blind alley which ran into the center of the building. The structure was completely wrecked; the flames enveloped it from cellar to roof.

An attempt to destroy the residence of Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, publisher of the Los Angeles Times, by means of an infernal machine, was made following the explosion which caused great loss of life and destroyed the buildings and plant of the Times, and a suspected effort to blow up the auxiliary plant of that paper.

A powerful infernal machine was also found in the residence of Secretary Zeehandelaar, of the Merchants & Manufacturers' association.

$100,000 Reward for Dynamiters.

Under the stimulus of proffered rewards aggregating $100,000, hundreds of policemen, detectives and private citizens are searching for clues that may lead to the arrest of the conspirators who blew up the Los Angeles Times building, causing the death of more than a score of persons and attempted the destruction of the homes of Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, owner of the Times, and of F. J. Zeehandlaar, secretary of the Merchants & Manufacturers' association.

Police and civil officers believe that at least three men were concerned in the outrages, and the city has placed a price of $10,000 on the head of each. The county voted an additional reward of $5,000 for every man captured and convicted, and members of the Merchants & Manufacturers' association offered a reward of $50,000, of which $25,000 has been subscribed.

Prosecuting Attorney Michael J. Doyle, of Menominee, has decided to take no action against Otto Schwartz, who shot William Pontow in mistake for a deer. The evidence taken at the inquest showed that the shooting was entirely accidental.

THE MARKETS.

DETROIT—Cattle, Market dull at last week's prices on all grades. We quote best steers and heifers, $5.50@5.75; steers and heifers, 1,000 to 1,200, $5@5.50; steers and heifers, 800 to 1,000, $4.50@5; steers and heifers that are fat, 500 to 700, $3.75@4.25; choice fat cows, $4.12@4.65; good fat cows, $3.50@4; common cows, $2.75@3.25; canners, $2@2.50; choice heavy bulls, $4.25@5; fair to good bologna bulls, $3.75@4; stock bulls, $3.25@3.50; choice feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, $4@4.25; fair feeding steers, 800 to 1,000, $3.75@4.25; choice stockers, 500 to 700, $4@4.25; fair stockers, 500 to 700, $3.50@4; stock heifers, $3.25@3.75; milkers, large young, medium age, $40@55; common milkers, $35@$25.

Veal calves—Market steady, last week's prices. Best, $9.75@10; others, $4@8.75.

Milch cows and springers—Steady.

Sheep—Market 25c lower on ewes, 25c lower than last week. Best lambs, $5.75@6.85; fair lambs, $5.25@5.50; light to common lambs, $5@5.25; fair to good sheep, $3.50@4.25; culls and common, $2.75@3.25.

Hogs—Market nothing sold at noon; packers bid 25c lower on pigs, 5c to 10c lower on others than last Thursday. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $9@9.35; pigs, $8.75; light yorkers, $8.75@9; heavy, $9; stags, 1-3 off.

EAST BUFFALO, N. Y.—Cattle: Slow.

Hogs—Lower; heavy, $8.90@$9; yorker, $9.20@9.25; pigs, $9.

Sheep—Lower; best lambs, $7@7.10; yearlings, $5.50@6; fair mixed, $4.90; yearlings, $5.50@5.90; wethers, $4.75@4.90; ewes, $4.25@4.60.

Calves—$5@$11.

Grain, Etc.

WHEAT—Cash No. 2 red, 97 1-2c; December opened with an advance of 1-4c at 97 3-4c and declined to 97c; May opened at $1.07 1-4 and declined to $1.06 3-4. No 1 white, $1.2-4.

CORN—Cash No. 2, 54c asked; No. 2 yellow, 55c bid; No. 3 yellow, 55c asked.

OATS—Cash standard, 1 car at 35c, closing at 35 1-2c. No. 3 white, 35c.

RYE—Cash No. 2, 72c; No. 2, 71c.

BEANS—Cash, $2.22; October, $2.15; November, $2.15.

CLOVERSEED—Prime spot, $9.10; December, $9.20@9.25; plus, $9.

FLOUR—Best Michigan patent, $5.10; ordinary patent, $4.90; straight, $4.80; clear, $4.60; pure rye, $4.50; spring patent, $5.20 per bbl in wood, jobbing lots.

As a tragic sequel to the death of Edmond Poillot, the French aviator, his fiancee, who had shown almost uncontrollable grief, went to the grave in Paris and fired a bullet into her heart. M. Poillot was killed Sept. 25, while making a flight with a passenger.

Train No. 23, bound for San Francisco, left Reno, Nev., packed to the doors with gamblers. It is said that nearly all the gamblers who were financially able have left Reno. None wished to remain for the police cleanup that will follow the closing of the gambling houses.

The plant of the American Olive company said to be the largest of its kind in the world, was destroyed by fire at Los Angeles. The loss will be $450,000.

John R. Bradley, who financed Dr. Frederick A. Cook's polar expedition, is sick in New York city after a three months' shooting trip in the Rocky mountains. He declares that he is forever through with financing polar expeditions. He was very much astonished to learn that he was reported to have been on a yacht with Dr. Cook near Greenland. Bound for Etah, to recover whatever was left there by Dr. Cook.

A NOTE OF SYMPATHY

Immediately on knowing of a death in the family of a friend one should show formal recognition of the fact, even though the acquaintance be slight. Only if one is really an old friend does one send a note or go to the house, but unless some attention is paid to the affliction those who are undergoing it have no way of knowing whether the others from whom they have not heard are aware of it.

To post one's visiting card, or, better still, to leave it at the house in person is the most formal way one may do. Something may be written on the card or not, as one chooses; but, generally speaking, if one writes at all the form should take that of a note and not a line on a card, which may always be considered casual, saving the bother of a note. The card, which should be accompanied also by that of the husband when a woman is married, is addressed to the widow or widower, as the case may be, or to the parents when the death has been that of a child.

Flowers which may be sent are addressed to the head of the house and visiting cards are placed in the box. It is not good form to send them when funeral notices request that flowers shall be omitted. If one is keenly desirous of expressing a sympathy which is felt, one may wait until after the funeral services and send flowers to the person most deeply bereaved, as the wife, or widow. Only at that time are blossoms received by an individual; that is, any sent before a funeral are supposed to be for use at the services and are not retained in the house. Those sent several days afterward are undoubtedly meant for the use of the individual to whom they are addressed.

It is a very pretty thought to show such an attention a week or so after a funeral, for those in affliction are more than apt to feel that their grief is quickly forgotten by their friends, who are all sympathy at first. It is not necessary that any note shall accompany the box, but the recipient is required to send a note of thanks, written either by herself or another member of the family or a friend for her.

COULDN'T FIND THE PATTERN

Experience of Unfortunate Man Whose Wife Sent Him to Purchase Some Yellow Ribbon.

Observe the man in the department store. He is on a shopping tour, and it is plain that he is shopping for some one else—some person in authority, otherwise he would not be here.

He has been sent to match some yellow ribbon, and has mislaid the tiny sample given him. He sticks experimental and flurried fingers into all his pockets. He feels inside his waistband. Then he takes a brace on himself and demands yellow ribbon.

"Silk or satin?" inquires the saleswoman wearily, "and what width?" The man doesn't know.

"Either will do," he says sternly, "just so it's yellow."

The tired saleswoman lays before him a tray containing hundreds of paper spools, each bearing yellow ribbon of diverse shades and widths.

These the man regards with sinking heart. How can a man select from this awful array of ribbon just the shade and width he is supposed to get?

"What is it to be used for?" the saleswoman asks kindly. The man shakes his head.

"I don't know," he says; "maybe it was on the list of things I lost."

"I'm sorry," says the saleswoman.

"Gimme some of that," he says desperately, pointing a finger at one of the yellow rolls.

"How many yards?" the girl asks, producing a bright pair of scissors. The man reflects.

"I don't know," he says. "How many would you get?" The saleswoman smiles.

"It would depend," she says, leaning on the counter, "on what I wanted it for."

"Well, give me two dollars' worth," says the man. The girl stares at him.

"Two dollars' worth!" she gasps. "It's eight cents a yard."

"Oh, well," says the man, "make it five dollars' worth. Would you mind hurrying it up? I have to catch a train?"

Then he stands on one leg and waits, and the floorwalker passes and repasses him, eyeing him suspiciously. He may not be a shoplifter, but he may be trying to flirt with the ribbon counter girls.

But finally the agony is over, and the man puts the package under his arm and departs, leaving the floorwalker interrogating the saleswoman, who is throwing her arms in the air and acting very queerly.

But he has the yellow ribbon all right.

Real Test of Character.

You cannot read a man so well during his busy hours as by what he does after supper, or from the closing hour of business to bedtime. You cannot gage his character so well by the money he spends for necessaries of the living of his family, as by that little overplus of money which is left after the necessary expenses are paid. What does he do with his spare money, that margin left over from business and from living expenses? What he does with that margin will throw a wonderful light upon his character.

The largest part of every active life must be devoted to getting a living, attending to one's affairs, and this is done by most people in a routine sort of way. You cannot tell much about the real man during these hours, because he has a system, his regular daily routine, and he does very much the same thing every day. But the moment he is free, he is quite a different man. Then his real propensities come out. People are not naturalists until after they are free from restraint.

Watch the boy and the girl when they are free from their regular duties, and see how they spend their evenings, what society they keep, what companionships they form, what they do. This will be a pretty good test of their character.—Success.

Nest in "Uncle Ebb's" Whiskers.

"Uncle Ebb," an aged man of Peats Corners, had an unusual experience recently.

He is known far and wide for his wonderful long red whiskers; also he has been termed "Rip Van Winkle," for no sooner is he seated than he is asleep.

His favorite haunt is a large tree in the town pump lot. There he has a rustic seat, and during the summer months he can be seen seated and sleeping.

The other afternoon pedestrians in passing the pump observed birds fluttering about his head. They went to him and discovered that the birds had built a nest in his whiskers. A bird was in the nest and when she was scared away two tiny eggs were found. It is solemnly averred.

"Uncle Ebb" did not discover the nest until this morning, and he says that it was the prank of boys.—Syracuse Herald.

"Woolly West" a Myth.

Lady Grizel Hamilton, big game hunter, the female Roosevelt of the African jungle, has returned to England from this country not altogether satisfied with what she found here. After a journey across continent she has concluded that our "woolly west" is a myth, our cowboys an extinct species. She is right. The west is no longer "woolly" and our cowboys consist mostly of circus riders in the employ of moving picture machine men. The west is a settled country with a civilized and educated population. This year's census will show that nearly one-half of our 90,000,000 live on the other side of the Mississippi river.

The Pilgrim's Progress John.

Cornelius V. Collins, the superintendent of New York's prisons, said in Troy of a discredited penologist:

"He is as ignorant of prisons as Deacon Smith was of the Bible.

"Deacon Smith, you know, once he gave a religious lecture with these words:

"'Ladies and gents, there's three Johns mentioned in the good book. There's Justly, John the Evangel; second, John the Baptist, and, three, John the Button.'"

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS.

Little kidney troubles gradually grow more serious and pave the way to dropsy, diabetes, and fatal Bright's disease. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills at the first sign of trouble. They cure all kidney ills.

Mrs. A. R. Hayes, Anamosa, Iowa, says: "I suffered such awful pain I could not lie down. I was perfectly helpless for six months. My ankles were so badly swollen I could not wear my shoes. Soon after using Doan's Kidney Pills I was able to walk without crutches. I gradually improved until I ceased to bloat and the kidneys became normal."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

FAIRLY WARNED.

The Slugger—An' see here, you don't wanter be goin' around brazzin' dat it was me wot soaked you, see!

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

His First Lesson in Economy.

"When I was a very small boy and a dime looked pretty big to me, I met John H. Parley—who had always been my good friend—on the street one June day," says Frank Harris.

"'Frank,' he said, 'the Fourth of July is coming soon. You'll want some change then. Let me be your banker until then and you'll have some money to spend. Firecracker, torpedoes, lemonade and peanuts.'

"I emptied my pockets into his hand and every day thereafter until the Fourth I turned over to him my small earnings. When the day of days came around I had no fund that enabled me to celebrate in proper style, while many of my playmates were flat broke. It was my first lesson in thrift, and it was a good one. Hundreds of Cleveland people would be glad today to testify to the fact that when John H. Parley was a friend of a man or a boy he was a friend indeed."—Cleveland Leader.

Love's Crime.

George was a manly fellow, yet, surprising as it may seem, he was guilty of a grave charge, a criminal offense—theft, for had he not many times stolen kisses from his fair sweetheart?

Maude, one of the most lovable of girls, was equally guilty as an accessory, she received the stolen property. Each seemed to have perfect confidence in the other, however, and when sentence was pronounced by a properly qualified official, they decided to serve their time together.

They remained loyal to the end, neither making any effort to have their sentence abrogated or shortened, but during the course of their long term together several small offenses were directly chargeable to them.—J. W. B. in Puck.

A friend in need is a friend we usually try to dodge.

A FOOD DRINK.

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes:

"Though busy housekeeping with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a poison like coffee.

"I began to use Postum eight years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long weary periods to be dreaded and imitting me for business during the day.

"On the advice of a friend, I first tried Postum making it carefully as directed on the package. As I had always used cream and no sugar, I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream turn a rich, my Kentucky friend, always wanted her coffee to look—like a new saddle.

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied, with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years.

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep sound and am not nervous.

"There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.