

The Norfolk News

Now wait for Arbor day and plant a tree, and you haven't long to wait—the 22nd will soon be here.

A "tour of inspection" sometimes covers a multitude of ideas when used in connection with a railroad item and high officials.

A Syracuse, New York, man was fined \$1,000 for kissing a girl on the cheek. Problem: Find what a smack on the lips would be worth and the price per peck.

The Nebraska supreme court has no way of proving that it is the rightful heir to the late legislature's deadlock and should be enjoined from using it until title is proven.

Aguinaldo is now inviting his followers to give up. He doubtless recognizes the futility as well as absurdity of fighting against just what his people desire—freedom and opportunity.

Up to this writing the "Republic forever—Empire never" sentiment seems to have won out in the last campaign, and yet disastrous was the defeat of those responsible for its promulgation.

If Aguinaldo should finally commend the course of the republican administration in the Philippines how quickly would he find that his fusion friends in the states were friends for political purposes only.

C. J. Shumway of Hastings recently sold 83 hogs for which he received \$947.69. That sum would almost buy an ordinary farm. It is to be hoped, for Mr. Rockefeller's sake, that farmer hasn't an eye on his capital.

Nebraska editors who contemplate visiting the Buffalo exposition should start soon, as there are likely to be several days soon when the walking will be bad, and delays are dangerous when the distance is considered.

The curling iron is now entitled to be classed as a death dealing instrument. A Minnesota milliner in preparing her Easter toilet, caught her hair on fire and was burned to death and her establishment was destroyed.

The Sioux City Tribune and Journal are engaged in a controversy that might be expected from the Bee and World-Herald of Omaha or a couple of country publications but seems to be out of place in the Sioux City papers.

The duel between two Oklahoma women at 20 paces with pistols is novel in that women were the participants, but it is in no wise different from the French article in that neither of the combatants were seriously wounded.

Bixby, of the State Journal, is another who does not understand or appreciate classical music. He says: "To the uneducated ear some parts of 'Voguer's' Tannhauser could be improved by running it through a clothes wringer."

It is stated that a large amount of human hair and wigs are imported from Germany. Now if that country refuses to receive our pork why not exclude its hair. Enough is grown here to make the butter appear genuine, anyway.

There is a movement on foot to oust bridge whist as a social recreation in New York but an exchange is of the opinion that it will come to naught because no one can be found who will take the contract for moving the bridge.

"It is said that not for two thousand years has Easter fallen on April 7. Any way we do not remember of another time."—Fremont Tribune. We do, or at least our almanac remembers such a time no further back than the spring of 1833.

Aguinaldo has signed a peace manifesto to his followers and much toward settling the dispute is expected from it. If he has not lost his influence by taking up with the Americans an early termination of the Philippine troubles may be looked for.

Prospects for a large crop of apples, peaches, pears and all smaller fruit in Illinois are said to be excellent. People of the prairie states will hope that the forecast is correct and that much of it will seek a market west at a reasonable price.

A republican has been elected mayor of Denver and his name is Wright. It takes Denver some time to get Wright after going wrong on the free silver proposition for several years, but now that the reform is accomplished it will probably stick.

If there is an appointment, either federal or state, that no one else wants, a candidate for the position can probably be found in Omaha. That city appears to have an abundance of material for all desirable appointments and will probably undertake to see that none go begging.

Ranchmen about Chadros are borrowing trouble. They fear a raid of grasshoppers during the coming summer that will be disastrous to the ranges. Many people are of the opinion that there isn't

enough grass in the vicinity of Chadron to feed a grasshopper, much less to furnish cause for worry.

A Hoboken, N. J., firm is said to have cornered the peanut market and the circus packages this summer are quite likely to show an additional shrinkage. This is worse than the crime of '73 and some champion of the common people's rights should at once raise his voice in protest.

A Rhode Island young lady aged 19 married an 8-months-old baby boy, the ceremony being necessary to save an estate valued at \$80,000 left by the bride's grandfather. The bride has the advantage of other wives in that she can take her husband across her knee and spank him if he doesn't behave.

The "rubber neck" has got into court and a learned opinion has been handed down by a Toledo judge regarding the expression. He thinks that the use of the term is sufficient provocation to justify the administration of a sound beating. An exchange thinks this is stretching a point but that perhaps the necks can stand it.

The amount of building under way and contemplated in Norfolk this season is an encouraging outlook for builders and an evidence that the spirit of investment and improvement is greater than any year since the boom was on. Republicans are likewise inclined to consider it an evidence of McKinley prosperity.

The dry men of Kansas are desperate and propose to wet their throats at all hazards. At Coffeyville they were not satisfied with the beverage the name implies and broke into the city jail, stealing several gallons of whiskey that was stored in an inner cell and that had been taken from a joint. Two locks were broken in the raid.

With Governor Ditch as guardian of the public monies the appropriations of the late legislature were more than \$100,000 below what the legislature of two years ago did in that line. The fusionists will certainly be void of campaign material regarding republican extravagances and taxpayers will not be given much room for kicking.

Sioux City is congratulating itself that it will have a "rate making" railway this summer. It is said that the Chicago Great Western is certain to build to that place this summer. It is also asserted that the same road will build to Omaha. Whether this will affect the rates west of the Missouri is not stated and the two chief cities probably care not.

George Brettell, an old timer of Lead, S. D., who died recently, left his son \$10 per month for five years and at the end of that time he is to have \$2,000, provided he quits the cigarette habit. If all wealthy persons should leave such provisions in their wills the habit would receive a sad blow. It is probable that the power of money would have a greater influence in breaking bad habits than any moral force that could be used.

It is not only against the law to sell a man a gold brick, but the recent legislature has made it unlawful for a person to sell any kind of brick in Nebraska unless they are eight and one-quarter inches long, four inches wide and two and one-half inches thick. Violation of the act is made punishable by a fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$500. Now if the next legislature would regulate the size of a plumber's bill, a ton of coal and a ham sandwich, life would be worth living.

The Sioux City Tribune thinks that Mr. Bryan may ultimately discover where he stands in the estimation of his own party and of the country. It says: "Mr. Bryan declined invitations to speak for Carter Harrison in Chicago, but Carter was overwhelmingly elected. In the Commoner he opposed Rolla Wells, the regular democratic nominee in St. Louis, and Wells won a signal victory. After the election last fall an analysis of returns from states all over the country showed that Bryan uniformly ran behind the rest of the democratic ticket."

Mr. Bryan is of the opinion that the anti-imperialistic question is not even phased by the capture of Aguinaldo, nor will he probably concede that the Filipino leader's oath of allegiance, or the complete subduing of the rebellion, alters the importance of the question in any respect. Mr. Bryan has remarkable tenacity. When he believes a question is paramount, e. g., free trade, free silver and anti-imperialism in several separate and distinct campaigns, he will hang on until he beholds the people leaving him in flocks and herds then he becomes alive to the situation and creates a new issue that shall be paramount at least during one campaign.

Judge Barnes' Norfolk friends are sorely disappointed at his failure to secure the appointment as one of the supreme court commissioners. Mr. Barnes' friends had made an earnest effort in his behalf and it is so seldom that he has asked anything at the hands of the party with which he has affiliated since boyhood and for the success of which he has always earnestly labored, that they almost feel that constant loyalty to re-

publican principles is at a discount with those exercising an appointive power. His friends are gratified to know that his disappointment does not affect his party loyalty and that he remains true to the faith. In fact he seems to have the faculty of taking the decision of the judges with a greater show of equanimity than some of his friends. It is to be hoped that his failure to secure this appointment but presages his advancement to a better and more desirable position.

Beet sugar may never crowd out cane sugar but while the field for development of production of the former is practically illimitable, territory producing cane sugar has its confines. The wonderful development of the beet sugar industry is shown in the monthly summary of commerce and finance just issued by the treasury bureau of statistics at Washington under the head "The World's Sugar Crop of 1900." It shows that the total beet sugar production of that year was 5,950,000 tons and the cane sugar crop 2,850,000 tons, more than two-thirds of the world's sugar supply being thus produced from beets. This statement is followed by a table showing the cane and beet sugar provided in each decennial year beginning with 1840 and the percentage which these rival sugar plants have in supplying the sugar consumption of the world. This table shows that in 1840 beets supplied less than 5 per cent of the world's sugar consumption; 1850 they supplied over 14 per cent, by 1870, 34 per cent, by 1890 over 63 per cent and in 1900, 67.7 per cent. The beet sugar industry in the United States is comparatively in its infancy but has undoubtedly had a large share in changing the ratio of production between the beet and cane production in recent years.

An Idle Discussion. All democrats do not believe that the relinquishment of the Philippines is probable, or, indeed possible. Colonel Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal in commenting on Mr. Bryan's anti-imperialistic policy, says: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. He made the Spanish war. He was not less behind Dewey in Manila than He was behind Shafter and Sampson and Schley at Santiago. What was His allwise purpose? We know not. But that we were there, we are; and nothing is surer in the future than that we shall be there a century hence unless some power turns up strong enough to drive us out. Instead, therefore, of discussing the abstraction of imperialism, illustrated by the rights and wrongs of the Philippines, Mr. Bryan were more profitably engaged in considering how we may best administer possessions, which for good or evil, are with us to stay. "The flag will never come down by popular consent. He who proposes to take it down arraigns himself against irrepressible forces and antagonizes tendencies that ought to be obvious to the least imaginative discernment; because they are not merely national in character, involving the pride—call it the vanity, if you please—of the people, but they embrace in the wide sweep of their encircling arms religion itself."

FACTS ABOUT SARDINES.

The Greater Part of This Country's Consumption Now Packed Here. Formerly the sardines consumed in this country were all imported from France. Now about three-quarters of the sardines eaten in the United States are put up here, the chief center of the sardine industry in the United States being the eastern coast of Maine, though some sardines are now put up on the coast of California. The packing of sardines in this country was begun about 1886.

Thousands of people now find employment in one part and another of the work in catching fish, in making cans and in canning and packing and marketing and so on.

Sardines are put up in greater variety than formerly, there being nowadays sardines packed in tomato sauce, sardines in mustard, spiced sardines and so on, but the great bulk of sardines, both imported and domestic, are still put up in oil. Sardines are put up also in a greater variety of packages than formerly, there being, for example, various sizes and shapes of oval tins, and some French sardines are imported in glass, but as the great bulk of all sardines are still put up in oil, so the great bulk of them are still put up in the familiar flat boxes, the great majority of these being of the sizes known as halves and quarters and far the greater number of these being in quarters. Sardines are packed 100 tins in a case, and the consumption of sardines in this country is roughly estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 cases annually. Like canned goods of every description, sardines are cheaper now than they formerly were, and American sardines are sold for less than the imported. American sardines are now exported from this country to the West Indies and to South America.—New York Sun.

A CATHEDRAL.

The minister's mystic walls uprear In time's rich hours against the sky; Fair sentinels that year by year Have watched slow centuries go by. Within each perfect calm doth reign As by no word may be expressed; For, though without men war with pain, Here weary souls awhile may rest; And, resting, gather strength anew Mid dim memorials of the past; The faith our fathers held holds true O'er diverse ways love's light to cast. —C. M. Paine in Chambers' Journal.

RESPIRE.

A little while, dear God, a few brief days, I pray thee, let me kiss this love of mine; Just in my inmost heart, safe from the world! Too dear, too deep, it lies for earthly gaze. A few brief days! A little while, oh, grant the boon I ask, For none can ever know how bound divine How life's environments have bound my soul, Dear God! Oh, say I need not wear my mask A few brief days! A little while, oh, just a little while, To have and hold the love I've prayed so long! Though dark the way and drear my heart may smile, For evermore my life will hold love's shrine, Though love but linger here A few brief days! —Rose VanB. Spence in Scranton Tribune.

"LA DAME A LA CLEF."

By Walter Littlefield.

There were three of us one evening in the reading room of the Press club—M. Paul Blouet, better known as "Max O'Rell" through his sketches of French and English life and character; M. Charles P. Lebon, instructor of French, who, by the way, is a litterateur of some little note, and myself. The conversation, after various digressions, had assumed a story telling drift. M. Blouet had just related an amusing anecdote of his Boston sojourn, and we were silently puffing in that agreeable languor that arises from a good weed and a good story. On drawing his cardcase from his pocket M. Lebon brought forth a small bright object that glistened a second in the lamplight as it fell to the floor. He stooped for it with rather undue haste; with so much haste, in fact, that he called our attention to a movement that otherwise would have passed unnoticed.

"What is it?" inquired M. Blouet. Without a word Lebon handed him the object he had dropped, but eyed him carefully as it was examined. "A key," remarked M. Blouet; "a key and evidently of gold." And he passed it to me.

I held in my hand a key of perhaps an inch in length and half as wide. There was nothing particularly remarkable about it unless it were the material of which it was composed, that appeared to be gold. Suddenly my eye caught sight of a date and an inscription upon the ring of the key—"Jer June, 1848. Memento mori!"

"A curious key," I suggested as I returned it to M. Lebon. "Tell us about it." The one addressed puffed absiduously for a moment or two as he twirled the mysterious key between his forefinger and thumb, but he made no reply.

"Come, come," said M. Blouet as he leaned forward with interest, "there must be something to tell about a key like that. Why not let us have it?" "You are right, gentlemen. There is a curious story concerning this key, and since you desire it I will tell it to you, for truly, gentlemen, without exaggeration, this little bit of metal that I hold in my hand has one of the most remarkable of histories."

"Tell it! Tell it!" we both exclaimed in a breath. Fresh cigarettes were lighted, and, still holding the key in his hand as if to bear witness to what he said, M. Lebon began his story.

"It was in 1871, just after the surrender of Paris. The second empire had fallen. M. Thiers and his party held the government. Evidences of the terrible commune were on every hand, still the city was beginning to look like the habitation of a civilized people. One morning Le Journal des Debats announced the death at Versailles of a Russian lady who for more than 20 years had kept all the gossips of the Paris salons busy concerning a mystery that seemed to surround her. For reasons that I shall presently explain she became known as 'La Dame a la Clef.' Now, a nickname in Paris means a great deal more than it does here. When one is nicknamed there, one carries that name to the grave.

"The notice in Le Journal des Debats mentioned 'La Dame a la Clef est morte.' It did not give her own name. That would have signified nothing. The paper concluded by saying that she died, aged 45, in complete solitude. It seems that her husband, who was much older than she, had visited her regularly every six months during the past ten years and then had disappeared, no one knew where. All was mysterious about this 'Lady of the Key.' One day came to her the news of her husband's death. She survived him but a short time, and it was whispered that she had allowed herself to die from hunger. That was all the notice of her death had to say about the matter. The mystery still remained unexplained, and the interest concerning her grew less and less and gradually died away altogether."

M. Lebon paused to relight his cigarette, which he had allowed to go out. After doing this, he settled back in his chair, puffed once or twice, but did not seem at all inclined to continue the story.

"Well," I ejaculated, "go on. That is no story. Why, you haven't even said what the mystery was, or why she was called 'La Dame a la Clef.'"

"Ah, yes," he replied pensively, "quite right. I had forgotten. Gentlemen, I have not said that she was beautiful, yet such was the case. Her face was one of the loveliest that I have ever seen, her figure was perfect, and—"

of her death the chain never left her neck, nor the key." He paused again and once more seemed disinclined to go on. "Well," said M. Blouet, "we have the mystery; now for the solving of it."

"Gentlemen," continued M. Lebon, smiling sagely as he tipped off the ashes of his cigarette, "I have told you all that anybody but myself knows. Is that not enough? You now know what all Paris knew. Are you not satisfied?" and he laughed quietly to himself.

We smoked for a few moments in silence, both M. Blouet and myself surmising that the best way to hear the rest of the story was to leave the narrator completely to himself. In a moment the latter began again, speaking rapidly and in short sentences.

"In 1848 her husband owned a country house near Passy. She was then young and gay. No chain or key adorned her neck then. One day she was surprised by her lord, shutting somebody in the wardrobe, a servant had betrayed her. The Muscovite Othello turned the key twice in the wardrobe, took it out, then told his wife to follow him. A traveling briska stood a few paces from the villa. More dead than alive, the unhappy woman obeyed. When the husband had placed her in the carriage he gave an order in a low voice to the coachman. 'Keep this key,' he said to his wife. 'I have forgotten something and will return,' then went back to the house.

"He returned, according to his promise, but as the carriage descended the hill the poor woman saw flames issuing from the windows of the villa. She fainted. Three days she remained unconscious. On regaining her senses she perceived that a gold chain was riveted around her neck, to which was attached a golden key, the exact counterpart of the original, bearing an inscription. She wished to kill herself, but her husband pointed to the inscription and added that if she would save her family from dishonor she must ever observe it. She was therefore condemned to live. Her strange necklace excited much curiosity in Paris. At last her tyrant allowed her to retire to a quiet retreat on the express stipulation that she would not attempt to destroy herself during his lifetime. His death released her from this condition."

Some three weeks later I was calling on my friend Lebon, who wished to show me some old manuscripts that he had been collecting. He produced a large box of rosewood, which he casually remarked contained his family papers. To my astonishment, he drew from his pocket the mysterious key and inserted it in the lock, which yielded readily to his pressure, and the lid flew back.

"Why," I exclaimed in wonder, "that is the key?" "The key?" he interrogated. Then he laughed long and loud. "And you swallowed all that," he said when he could control his merriment.

"Certainly," I replied grimly. "By the way, though, it wouldn't make a bad story, would it? I think I will work it up—elaborate it a little, you know."

I left the house feeling deeply mortified to think I had been so effectually "sold." A desire for revenge took possession of me, and I determined to steal a march on him. I have done so.—Criterion.

Don't Scold. Of all forms of human effort and execution scolding is the most useless. When a parrot, a chipmunk, a squirrel or bluejay scolds he is ludicrous. For people to scold is ludicrous, too, but with a difference, and assuredly the difference is on the unfavorable side. It never did and never will do any one any good. It has done much harm. Besides, scolding grows to be a habit. We have all suffered because of the shortcomings of some one else, receiving tremendous tirades over what we had no hand in, because we happened to be present when the scolding habit was yielded to by one of its victims.

Scolding is easy. It takes neither power of brain nor heart to scold. It does not even make any great draft upon the physical being. Any fishwife alive can be a grand success at scolding. Why compete with her? Scolding should be compelled to perish from the earth. The tongue, the voice, the eye, the face—all should be trained not to scold—yes, and the pen, for of all things a scolding pen is the worst. And the habit once formed with the pen is apt never to be entirely shaken off.—Ada C. Sweet in Woman's Home Companion.

Millions Spent in Amusements. "The American people are great theater goers and spend about \$112,000,000 annually for such amusements," said a prominent theatrical manager to the writer recently. "This vast sum of money is paid into the treasuries of some 1,000 companies, which were estimated to be playing in all parts of the United States last year. This includes everything that can be considered strictly professional companies, to say nothing of the countless amateur organizations."

"Of the strictly theatrical organizations it is safe to say that the average receipts per night for the 1,000 companies is \$400 each. At seven performances per week for each company the weekly average would be \$2,800. The average theatrical season is 40 weeks. The entire 1,000 companies, with average nightly receipts of \$400, would produce weekly receipts at seven performances per week amounting to \$2,800,000. This multiplied by 40, the number of weeks in the theatrical season, will yield gross receipts amounting to \$112,000,000, which is probably far below what the people of this country really do pay every year for theatrical amusement."—Washington Star.

DEEP SEA PRESSURE.

How It Changes a Corked Bottle of Wine Into Water. "Speaking of deep sea pressure," said one of the officers of the training ship Prairie, "did you ever hear of the experiment of lowering a bottle of champagne and forcing in the cork? No? Well, it's very curious. I saw it done when I was on the Hero during its Pacific cruise, taking deep soundings. An officer on board offered to wager that if a bottle of champagne was let down to a certain depth it would come up tightly corked, but full of salt water. Somebody took him up, and the experiment was at once tried."

"A quart bottle of champagne was secured from the wardrobe and attached to the cannon ball weight used on the deep sounding apparatus. They let it down, how far I don't remember, but it was several thousand feet, and when they began to hoist there was naturally a great deal of curiosity."

"All hands clustered about the rail, and when the bottle appeared it was eagerly examined. The cork was firmly in place, although it looked as if it had been badly crushed or jammed, and, miraculous as it may seem, the stuff inside was undeniably sea water. Everybody could testify that the bottle went down full of champagne, and how the transformation was effected was a first class mystery to most of those present."

"Yet the explanation was very simple. When the bottle reached a certain depth, the pressure drove the cork right down into the body of it. The champagne then escaped, water under compression took its place, and in returning to the surface the cork, which was floating in the neck, was pushed up into its former position. Nevertheless it was a very surprising thing to witness."

"They tried the same experiment with a bottle of beer, and when hauled back to the surface its cork was found sticking tightly in the neck, but turned bottom side up. It had evidently whirled around while the beer was going out and the sea water was going in and happened to be reversed when the upward pressure drew it back into position."

"The performance was of no special scientific value, but it gave us all a vivid realization of the tremendous weight of water in those submarine depths. After such an object lesson it is easy to understand why a diver can go only a limited distance below the surface, if he had followed the bottle, he would have been smashed like an eggshell under a trip hammer."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE WRONG COAT.

What Happened When the Man Who Took It Came Back. "I'll carry it," said a young man at an up town barber shop as the boy vainly tried to help him on with the light overcoat he had plucked from the row. Throwing the coat over his arm he departed hastily.

"Always arouses my suspicions," said the wise guy, "when a man carries away his overcoat from a public place instead of putting it on." The man sitting alongside the wise guy looked up uneasily, walked over to the rack, examined the overcoat, emitted a howl and dashed out of the door. In a few minutes he returned with the young man who had carried the coat, both somewhat flustered.

The barber shop was very much interested, and the barbers did not go on shaving. Malevolent glances were shot at the young man. "I'm very sorry I took your coat," said he. "It looks very much like mine," as he indicated another coat hanging on the rack.

"Oh, yes," returned the other sarcastically. "Don't do it again, that's all." The young man flushed deeply, but maintained his composure. "I shall ask you," he said, addressing the proprietor of the barber shop, "to put your hand in the inside breast pocket of my coat hanging there and show these gentlemen what you find."

The proprietor did so, while everybody rubbed. He produced a pocketbook. "You will find cards bearing my name," said the young man, mentioning the name. The cards were produced. "What else is there?" continued the young man.

The proprietor fished into the pocketbook and displayed five \$100 bills and some others, making something over \$800.

"I may be very foolish to leave that money lying around in an overcoat," said the young man, "but I'd rather be thought a fool than a thief. I'm much obliged to you, sir" (bowing to the man who had brought him back), "for calling my attention so promptly, if rudely, to the mistake I made."—New York Sun.

The Dead Sea Falling. The Dead sea in Palestine was formerly much larger than at present, as is shown by the old beaches stretching at various altitudes around the whole basin. The phenomenon is not due to natural causes, but to the steadily increasing quantity of water that is taken from the Jordan river for irrigation purposes. There are other smaller streams flowing into the sea and they, too, are being utilized by the increasing number of farmers, who are diverting all the water they can get to the lands and are relieving the monotonous aspect of the former arid and lifeless region with many verdant fields.

The latest travelers say that some of the salt deposits covering the bottom of the lake may now be seen above the water in the shallower places and near the shores. This is a new aspect in addition to the deposits of salt crystals that have always been observed on the shores. But, even though this desiccation goes steadily on, it will take a long time to dry up the waters, for it requires a sounding line over 1,300 feet long to touch the bottom in the deep northern part of the basin.—New York Sun.

Deep Water Conference. "You are not a real fish; you are only an imitation," said the flying fish. "You can stay under water only an hour or two, and then you have to come to the surface to breathe."

"That's all right," retorted the whale. "You are only an imitation bird. I can live under the water longer than you can live out of it."

This, dear children, teaches us that those who dwell in water should not try to put on airs.—Chicago Tribune.