THE NORFOLK NEWS: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1901

DAWN AT VENICE.

One burnished cloud first turned a jagged prow; The conscious water nestled deep among Her murky gondolas that, bow on bow, Freighted with shadows at the molo swung.

Boon palace and canal paled into sight, Fainting as watchers whose long vigil wanes Till dawn's approach across the waves of night Flushed the rose blood in sleeping Venice's

Then up the dazzling steps that lead to God One radiant sunbeam and a lone white dove Banta Maria's holy threshold trod-A shrine of morning lit by light and love!

veins.

Loud warned the chime to mass o'er quay and in a thunderclap of sudden, impetuous, home,

Calling soft flocks of doves to meet the day Mid sculptured saints and angels round the dome, While market women followed in to pray, -Martha Gilbert Dickinson in Scribner's Mage-



From such surroundings? Yes, perhaps because of such surroundings. Genius will flourish anywhere, and genius has the happy faculty of bending every difficulty to its own advantage. At any rate, though genius itself is apt to be very dubious respecting this comforting doctrine, I cannot but think that Princes road made Catarina. Yet, truly, what a setting for such a pearl!

Her mother was an Italian, her father had died while she was still a child, and from that day Catarina was marked by fate. The mother had bought a greengrocer's shop in that very unlovely Princes road I have relittle fortress-it might be truly said | leave it." hardly ever quitting guard-she had begun and carried on through long years one of those terrible, grim, silent struggles with poverty, disaster and death with which London is replete, light glaring like those of a tiger, She had survived, she had been always able just to keep her head above wa- | tiful countenance. ter, but heaven only knows at the cost of what heroism, of what intelligence and of what privations in that little sea ed and bruised from the terrible battle of troubles in which her lot was cast!

still remember her as a buxom and Princes road, which she had piously high spirited young woman, speaking accepted as the English vernacular. English very badly, but shrewd enough withal. But the years had gradually robbed her of every trace of her for- road." mer beauty, and from the first day I knew her she was a prematurely old, quiet, careworn dame, her face sallow and withered, her cheeks drawn and sunken, her hair dry and dusty, and If any hint remained to give assurance to the memory of her charms it was in her Italian eye, sad, but deep, lustrous, blazing up at times with some inward | talk to the mater. She sits up waiting fire or occasionally revealing the for me always. And if you tell her I strange, yearning, hunted look of a danced well she could listen to you tellpoor child of the sunny south wearing | ing it a hundred times."

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how been dissolved into it, the volume of sound in singing was altogether too feeble. The audience laughed, laughed even at the beautiful Italian eyes, simply because they were "new"-until Catarina began to dance. They had taught her steps for a fortnight, but in her excitement she had forgotten them. She fell back upon the steps her mother had taught her and upon her genius. Her dancing spoke, it sang, it laughed. it teased-yes, like the very kitten with the worsted-it fascinated, it struck fireworks, it brought down the house

astonished applause. I met her going home one night shortly afterward. She had slipped away and was actually trudging or, rather, stepping it, like a fairy on foot. Perhaps she liked the walk; perhaps it was the habit of the old days when a halfpenny loomed vast as a sovereign. She was beautifully dressed, though outwardly enveloped in a coarse cloak. It came on to rain, and I suggested we should take a hansom. She consented with the air-in her it was no affectation-of a princess, giving me her dainty little hand. On the way down Bayswater road she alternately laughed and cried for joy, and her whole pleasure was that she would be able to make the "mater" a countess.

"The mater, you know, suffers, although she never complains. She has indigestion."

Poor mater! I thought of that long campaign of suffering, of privation, even doubtless at times of starvation. and Catarina knew it. We came near Princes road.

"Tell him to stop!" Catarina cried suddenly. Then with the confidence of old acquaintance:

"I can't bear to tell any one my address is in Princes road. I abhor it. ferred to, and there, ensconced in that | But the mater is positively loath to

"Catarina," I said, "no one, I hope, judges you by"-

She started up as if she had been struck by a whip, her eyes in the moonthrowing a luster upon the pallid, beau-

The sudden glance recalled to my mind the picture of the "mater" maimof life, with her broken English, gar-The older inhabitants of Princes road nished with the hideous slang of

"Catarina," I pursued firmly, "no one, I hope, judges you by Princes

She seized my hand. The tears gushed to her eyes. "I thought you were going to say something else. If you had, by Jove, I'd 'a' gone for you!"

We walked on in silence till we came to the little greengrocer's shop. I was about to bid Catarina good night, but she said: "Come in for a minute and

BOUND FOR THE FRONT.

An Incident Showing the Military Courage of the Montenegrin. In military courage the Montenegrin probably stands at the head of European races. The best wish for a baby tion ago and at Jerome park. Kelly boy is, "May you not die in your bed?" and to face death is, to man or boy, only a joyous game. Says W. J. Stillman in his "Autobiography:"

1 have seen a man under a heavy Turkish fire deliberately leave the only to expose himself from sheer bravado.

While lying at headquarters at Oreabuk, awalting the opening of the campaign in 1877, I was walking one day with the prince, when a boy of 16 or 18 approached us, cap in hand.

"Now," said the prince, "I'll show you an interesting thing. This boy is the last of a good family. His father and brothers were all killed in the last bat- lard." Quickly he turned to the totle, and I ordered him to go home and stay with his mother and sisters, that the family might not become extinct." fore us, his head down, his cap in hand. the same odds? Should be delighted "What do you want?" asked the to accommodate you." prince.

"I want to go back to my battallon." "But," said the prince, "you are the | and walked away. last of your line, and I cannot allow a good family to be lost. You must go home and take care of your mother." The boy began to ery bitterly.

"Will you go home quietly and stay there," said the prince, "or will you take a flogging and be allowed to tight?"

The boy thought for a moment. A flogging, he knew well, is the deepest disgrace that can befall a Montenegrin. "Well," he broke out, "since it isn't for stealing, I'll be flogged."

"No," said the prince, "you must go home."

Then the boy broke down utterly. "But," he cried, "I want to avenge

my father and brothers!' He went away still crying, and the prince said: "In spite of all this he will be in the next battle."

CHINESE PROVERBS.

Dig a well before you are thirsty. The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth.

Great wealth means destiny. Moderate wealth means industry. The pleasure of doing good is the only

one which does not wear out. Water does not remain on the moun-

tain nor vengeance in a great mind. To nourish the heart there is nothing which frequented those seas when the better than to make the desires few. When life comes, it cannot be declined. When it goes, it cannot be

detained. Good governments get the people's wealth, while good instructions get

their hearts. Those who labor with their minds simple enough-the drops or globules govern others. Those who labor with of water are bigger than the holes.

Called Lorillard's Bluff.

lard once met his match when he ran up against gray bearded James E. Kelly, who introduced bookmaking into this country. It was nearly a generawas laying 21/2 to 1 against one of Lorillard's horses in a big stake event. on his coach on the elubhouse lawn.

"I'll just take a little of the concelt out of that sawed off Irishman." said trenches and climb the breastwork, Lorllard to Wright Sanford, Newbold Morris, John Hunter and a few other congenial spirits. They started for the ring together.

"I'll lay \$10,000 on my horse at that price, Kelly," said Mr. Lorillard in his princely fashion, expecting to see Kelly wilt and refuse to take the wager.

"Certainly, Mr. Lorillard." Then turning to his sheet writer, Kelly said: "\$25,000 against \$10,000, Pierre Lorllbacco magnate with a polite "Much obliged to you, Mr. Lorillard; very much obliged. Would you or your The boy drew near and stopped he- friends care to bet another \$10,000 at

> "What a nerve!" was all Mr. Lorlllard could say as he turned on his heel

Jimmy Kelly won the bet, for Lorillard's horse was beaten .- New York Times

The Landlubber Ducks of Sahara, "The proverbial fondness of ducks for water would lead one to presuppose that of all the world the most destitute of ducks would be the Sahara desert and that if a stray 'springiail' happened to drift into that region he would either vamoose or turn up his toes with briefest delay. Well, not at all," said a Frenchman who was formerly a resident of Tunis.

"There are parts of the desert where ducks abound, flourish and multiply with every evidence of perfect satisfaction. The fowl is slightly different from any of the varieties we know in this country, but it has the same flat bill, extensive breast and web feet, showing that it was once a water bird, though now it scarcely finds enough to drink and has become too provident to waste any of the precious fluid in ablutions. Like the other good Mussulmans of the country, they take their prescribed bath in the sand, and their web feet come in very handy as snowshoes to CATARRHAL AND walk upon the deep yielding dust. It is claimed by an eminent French ornithologist that the Saharan ducks are the remains of a race of aquatic birds present desert was a part of the Atlantie ocean."

Holes In Everything.

You are skeptical about the accuracy of this statement and ask why water does not leak from a bottle lf there are

holes in everything? The answer is

Called Lorillard's Bloff. Heavy better as he was, Pierre Loril- YOU MUST .NOT FORGET

That we are constantly growing in the art of making Fine Photos, and our products will always be found to embrace the

The news went to Mr. Lorllard, scated Most Artistic Ideas

and Newest Styles in Cards and Finish. We also carry a fine line of Moldings suitable for all kinds of framing.

I. M. MACY.

Medical Opinion in regard to

An editor of a medical journal

"Dr. A. H. Keller's Sylvan Ozone

offered by the Dr. A. H. Keller

Chemical Company as a cure for

Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis,

Hay Fever, Catarrh, Coughs,

Colds and all diseases of the air

passages. This we know to be a

genuine specific for these com-

plaints, and as such, entitled to

our confidence and that of our

"Close examination into the

practical results which have been

had from the use of this remedy

has caused us to endorse it as be-

ing an undoubted cure for the

above ailments, effectual in re-

moving the exciting cause in a

number of attacks which had been

of the severest and most tedious character. Dr. A. H. Keller's Syl-

Dr. A. H. Keller's Sylvan Ozone.

writes as follows :

readers.







SIOUX FALLS, S. D., FOR FULL INFORMATION. Dr. Keller, Specialist in Nose, Throat, Lung and Kidney Diseases will correspond with you in regard to your condition.

25 F St., Wash



WILL CURE TUBERCULAR WRITE TO DR. A. H. KELLER CHEMICAL COMPANY AND MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

out her life in a somber clime and among an alien people.

No; there was another testimony to her former beauty-Catarina! She was about 13 when I saw her first, and most children are pretty at that age, but no one with the eye of an artist or with insight into character could once gaze upon Catarina's countenance strange, foreign looking creature was predestined to a "career."

Catarina was often to be found in the shop about that time or in the little "parlour" that served for everything at the back. She was generally to be found there, in fact, for, though she avoided school and was not a particularly shining light in the paths of learning, the girl was devoured with a rage for reading. There she was to be found as often as not with a smudge upon her short nose from having handled dusty potatoes, perched up or crouched down with a novelette, a story book, a book of travel, of adventure. She was extraordinarily precocious in her understanding of the world, just as much as she was backward in physical development, for she was small for her age. Even then she was ambitious-she was more than ambitious; she was fiery and resolute. One saw it in the flash of the wonderful eyes as she glanced up quickly from her book, seeming in one earnest dart to look through your own eyes into something, possibly the soul, behind!

She was delightfully shy, though confident; timid, though fiery; rapid, though tender. When she dropped her eyes, there was a fascination that depended on no mere demureness, that must indeed have been something unconscious, for it seemed really to be due to the lashes, with their long and peculiar fanlike sweep.

Catarina had resolved even to be an actress. By a sort of instinct she perceived that that was the only avenue by which she could escape from the surroundings of Princes road, which at the same time she loathed and acquiesced in with a natural and even affectionate familiarity.

Catarina would weigh out a pound of potatoes with "East Lynne" in her hand. She would haggle over an odd halfpenny with the asparagus man, dreaming-for she was always dreaming-of the most brilliant conquests, the most illustrious situations of the "boards."

. Catarina had been six months in "the

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profession." By dint of what exertions, of what energy, resolution, had she carried her point! It was heroic, but of that kind of heroism which is utterly unconscious to the doer. Catarina knew a world of things, and she had nerves of steel. She had succeeded. And then her chance came. Almost as one tosses a ball of worsted to a kitten they had given Catarina an interpolated "song and dance."

She could not sing a "little bit," for, though her voice had a quality as he is sure to make his way in the though the sense of touch had some- world."-Washington Star.

mater had not opened to greet her, well. called out, "Mater, mater, mater!" as

she entered the room. chair. In front of her on the table was tiles. without inwardly resolving that that a little painting representing herself as a young girl of about Catarina's age. Beside the painting was Catarina's latest photograph. A newspaper was still in her hand. Her face was smoothed

White,

"In the Swim."

This phrase is, one fears, bad English up in a "local" elevator, at moderate in so far as it has acquired a soupcon speed, but even that caused him to of vulgarity which, in the first place, suffer many qualms before he stepped perhaps, it did not possess, since it is out on the firm landing. In coming thought to have originated from an- down to street level again they took glers being in luck when they find a an "express." With one switch of the swim or "school" of fish. Thus it has handle and a few sparks from the concome to mean being in the popular cur- trolling apparatus they were deposited rent either in opinion, speculation or on the ground floor. The city man fashion-dans le mouvement, in the asked the other if "that was quick vogue with others. It is possible that enough" for him. "Quick enough!" he the phrase was suggested to anglers by exclaimed. "Why, I might just as well the eastern metaphor "To swim in have jumped."-New York Post. golden lard," meaning to be prosperous, 'And, gentle sir, when you do come to swim in golden lard" (B. Jonson, "The Fox," I, 1).

angler can pitch his hook in such a earth. place he is said to be 'in a good swim.' ' -Notes and Queries.

The Kings of Denmark.

The dust of the Danish kings is kept in a great cathedral at Roskilde, an old town 20 miles from Copenhagen. Every year the entire royal family always pays a visit to Roskilde in obedience to an ancient custom. On one of the pillars are marks showing the height of Peter the Great, Nicholas, the Iron Czar; Alexander III of Russia; the king of England, and many other kings. The cathedral was built in the eleventh century. It has two mighty towers, which can be seen at a long distance. The oldest grave is that of King Harold I, who died in 987 .- Chicago Record-Herald.

Good Children,

"People are always content w"th their children," said Mr. Crusty, "Yes," answered Mr. Dusty, "if a loy

is diffident they say he is naturally ie fined, and if he is boisterous they say

We entered through the darkness of their strength are governed by others. the shop. A pale light shone, however, A small bag cannot be made to con- that air is about the only substance through the erack in the parlor door. tain what is large. A short rope can- that can get through those holes. Catarina, a little surprised that the not be used to draw water from a deep

Let every man sweep the snow from exhausted of air and hermetically

Express Elevators.

To the man who is accustomed to faintly, perhaps, but nevertheless there buildings where staircases are still useful as well as ornamental the speed of air has got in. It has made its way of wrinkles in its last repose. In the the "express" elevators in New York through the holes in the glass. pale light of the lamp it had an ex. skyscrapers is disturbing. Recently pression almost of joy .- Black and an "up state" man, who was being shown about the city by a friend, was der filament may glow when the electaken at last up to the sixteenth story of one of the high buildings. He went

A Ghostly Satellite.

Under certain conditions there may item in dietetics. It is supposed to cure be seen in the night sky, exactly op-Webster gives it as colloquial and posite to the place where the sun may says the meaning is "to be in a favored then be, a faint light, rounded in outposition; to be associated with others | line, to which the name "gegenschien" in active affairs." The Imperial Dic- has been given. It has always been a tionary also classes the phrase in the mystery to astronomers, but Professor | walnut makes a very good salad same way and describes "the ewim" as Pickering suggested that it may be a "the current of social or business cemetery or meteoric satellite of the events; the tide of affairs; the circle of earth. He thinks it may be composed those who know what is going on." of a cloud of meteors 1,000,000 miles The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable from the earth and revolving around it gives the origin as from an angler's in a period of just one solar year, so phrase and says, "A lot of fish gathered that the sun and the ghostly satellite together is called a swim, and when an are always on opposite sides of the

A City of Boiling Springs.

Carlsbad has been humorously described as being built on the lid of a boiling kettle, which is almost literally true, as it stands on a crust of comparative thinness through which rise several mineral springs. The most abundant and most used of these springs is the Sprudel, which discharges 130,000 gallons a day of various temperatures. The water of the hot springs has been famous for more than a century as a "cure" for various complaints, and the town can nearly always boast of its royal visitors during the season from May 1 to Sept. 20.

The Difference.

Pater-You are very forwerd, sir. In my day the young man waited until he was asked to call. Young Man-Yes, and now he waits until he's asked not to call .- Tit-Bits.

As Usual.

"What has society done for us?" "Increased the number of our inferiors."-Brooklyn Life.

Taking glass as an illustration, we find A scientist proposes the following as an experiment: Place a bell in a bottle

before his own door and not busy him- sealed. The bell will not ring because There the mater sat in the old arm- self about the frost of his neighbor's the medium for conveying sound is not there.

> Set the bottle aside for a few months, then try the bell again, and it will ring, will be a sound. That means that the The incandescent lamp is a bulb of glass exhausted of air so that the slentricity runs along it. The air works its way in gradually and the light becomes less brilliant in proportion.

Nuts as Food.

Nuts contain a large amount of nourishment, and owing to their oily nature digest easily. Eaten with salt they are palatable. Either as a dessert course or salted and used as a relish their value is the same. They are not expensive, for from the peanut through the imported varieties they can be l bought in bulk at small cost.

The peanut has many good qualities to recommend it, and from its low estate is coming to the front as an important . insomnia if eaten just before retiring. Salted, they are much cheaper than almonds. The small hickory nut, at a few cents a quart, can be used on the most economical table. The English blanched and used with celery. Filberts, almonds and Brazil nuts are more expensive, but as only a few are needed at a time the cost is not great.-Woman's Home Companion.

Eggshell Flowerpots.

Eggshells may be used to advantage in starting delicate plants for transplanting. The half shells are filled with earth and set in a box also containing dampened earth. A hole is made in the point of the shell to allow drainage. A single seed is then planted in each shell, which is easily broken when transplanting is done without the slightest disturbance of roots. This use of eggshells is the discovery of a French gardener, who claims that they are vastly superior to the little pots generally used for the purpose by florists.

How the Fuss Started.

"That hand me down suit you're wearing," remarked Rivers, "reminds me of an unripe watermelon."

"Why?" asked Brooks. "Because it's so different. One isn't cut to fit, and the other isn't fit to cut." It was then that Brooks blazed away at him.--Pick-Me-Up.

Hamlin's Soliloguy,

Hamlin (standing before the tattooed man in the dime museum)-Heavens, how that fellow must suffer if he ever gets the fimiams -Smart Set.
