THE NORFOLK NEWS: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1901.

BOBOLINK.

Dateies, clover, buttercup, top, trefoil, meadow sweet, Ecstatic wing, soaring up, Then gliding down to grassy seat.

Sunshine, laughter, mad deaires, May day, June day, lucid skies, All reckless things that love inspires. The gluddest bird that sings and files.

Meadows, orchards, bending sprays, Eushes, lilles, billowy wheat, Song and frolic fill his days, A feathered rondeau all complete.

Pink bloom, gold bloom, flesbane white, Dewdrop, raindrop, cooling shade, Bubbling throat and hovering flight And jubilant heart as e'er was made -John Burroughs in McClure's Magazina.

·]-&-[-&-]-&-]-&-]-&-**]-**&-**]-**&-]-&-]-&-]-&-]-&-]-&-[-& DAPPLE'S MISTRESS A Story of the Civil War.

"Stop, Dapple. We must look to this."

The secne was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farmhouse; the speaker a slight, bright faced girl, gracefully mounted on a small, gray pony.

The sun was dropping out of sight behind the green hills, and far away and to Colonel Moreton's farmhouse down the silver bend of the Accoceek the moment he was discharged from came the tramp of retreating troops, with now and then the muffled roll of a drum or the shrill bray of a bugle.

Old Virginia, the queen mother of the sunny south, was overrun with soldiers. devastated by fire and sword, shaken to her very foundations by the thunders of the civil war.

Colonel Moreton was far away from his pleasant home in the front ranks of death and danger; but Irene, his brave little pony bore him safely beonly child, still braved the terrors of invasion and remained at the farmhouse with her invalid mother and a few faithful old servants.

Cantering across the grounds an hour after the retreat of the invading troops, something attracted the young lady's notice-a prostrate figure under the shade of the great cottonwood tree.

"Stop, Dapple. We must look to this,"

Dapple stopped, and Miss Irene leaped lightly from her saddle, and, throwing the silken reins over the pony's neck, she went tripping across the grounds to the spot where the figure lay.

It was a tall, soldierly figure, clad in army blue, with a pale, worn face and an abundance of curling chestnut hair. Colonel Moreton's daughter looked down upon the senseless soldier with all her woman's divine compassion stirring within her bosom.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, laying her soft hand upon his brow. "I wish I could help him."

The soft voice and the softer touch

your comrades by dawn. Hurry; there is no time to lose?

The soldier leaned upon the brave, helpful young arm and succeeded in reaching the lawn below.

"Dapple," the young girl called in her clear, silver notes, "come here!" In a breath Dapple was at her side. The girl stood and looked at the genthe creature and then threw her arms

around his neck. "Oh. Dapple, pretty Dapple," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to part from you! Goodby, Dapple!"

In the next breath she stood creet, her eyes flashing through a mist of tears.

"Come, sir," she said, "allow me to h lp you to mount. Dapple, take this

gentleman down the river road and at your utmost speed." Dapple uttered a sagacious whinny,

but the soldier hesitated. "Why don't you mount, sir?" cried the girl impatiently. "Will you remain here and ruin both yourself and me?"

He vaulted into the saddle without a word.

"Away, Dapple, like the wind!" cried Irene, and the little mountain pony shot off like an arrow.

. . . . The war was over, and once more over the blasted and desolate homes of

Virginia peace and freedom reigned. Captain Rutherford made it his busi ness to go back to the Potomac hills service. But where the stately old homestead stood he found nothing but a mass of ruins, and of Dapple's mistress not the slightest tidings could he

obtain. Three years went by, and the ex-captain found himself the wealthy heir of an old uncle and took himself off on a tour amid the Swiss mountains. Dapple went with him, as he always did since that eventful night when the youd reach of the enemy. He had been the captain's inseparable companion in all his wanderings. He was with him now, ambling over the green Tyrol valleys and climbing the Switzer steeps.

One September afternoon, when the captain's tour was drawing to a close, somewhere in the vicinity of Mont Blanc he fell in with a traveling party from New Orleans. It consisted of Madam Lenoir, her son and two daughters and a young American lady who

was her companion and interpreter. Captain Rutherford found madam a charming woman, and while the young persons of the party busied themselves in spreading out a collation under the trees he lay amid the long, rustling grasses listening to madam's pretty feminine chatter and in his turn relating incidents and reminiscences of his own war experience for her edification.

Among other things he told her of Dapple and of his midnight ride among the blue hills of old Virginia.

Madam was intensely interested. "And the gallant little pony carried you safely through?" she cried, with beaming eves.

CHESTNUTS GALORE.

New Dishes For Which They Furnish len of plants has been a subject of in-

Foundation or Finvor. vestigation by Dr. J. M. Weir, Jr. This The chestnut is becoming very popu- affects insects, and it appears that the lar in the cuisine. Countless are the cosmos flower is specially potent as a ways in which it may appear, and the source of drunkenness in bees and othhousewife in search of new dishes or nectar loving creatures. A bee so would do well to turn her thoughts in drunk that it could searcely get upon this direction oftener than she has done its legs was taken to the laboratory hitherto. So advises a writer in the and placed about two inches from a Boston Cooking School Magazine, in cosmos blossom. It immediately stag-

which, among many other hints for the gered to the flower and began to suck use of this nut, appear the following the nectar and in a few moments tum-An excellent puree calls for one cup bled over, a senseless and almost inert

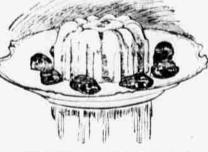
of cooked and mashed chestuats and victim of appetite. Drunken beetles one cup of cooked tomato. Mix with found under the blossoms prove that two quarts of stock, add a tenspoonful the pollen must have the same effect of celery salt, a tablespoonful of onion as the nectaries.

jnice and a dash of cayenne. Let come The experimenter swallowed a half to a boil, strain, mix in a tablespoonful teaspoonful of the pollen and in about of flour rubbed in a tablespoonful of 15 minutes experienced a feeling of exbutter, boil three minutes and serve hilaration, with acceleration of the

For chestnut croquettes much the pulse and warmth. An injection into roasted nuts to a smooth paste. To one the arm of half a dram of liquid discup add a tablespoonful of butter, two tilled from an infusion of the nectaries tablespoonfuls of milk, the grated peel caused exhibitration for half an hour, of a lemon, one teaspoonful of salt, a followed by nausea,

dash of cayenne and the beaten yolks of two eggs Form into balls the size of a "In muggy weather," said the retired large chestnut, dip in volk of egg. then burglar, "I stways used to stop work in fine crumbs and fry in deep fat not because work was unpleasant then. Serve with lemon juice and garnish but on account of everything sticking with parsley sprays.

For chestnut mousse cut half a cup of candied cherries in halves and mix them with one cup, lightly measured. of chestnut purce. To prepare the purce pass the chestnuts, shelled blanched and boiled, through a sieve Add two-thirds of a cup of sugar and a scant tablespoonful of vanilla and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Cool and fold into the mixture a pint of cream



CRESTNUT MOUSSE WITH GAILNISH.

it to overflowing : press the cover down ten of us button our coats the wrong tightly over a piece of wrapping paper. | way. We commence with the topmost pack in equal parts of ice and salt and botton when we should commence with let stand three or four hours. When the bottommost. turned from the mold, garnish with The frailest portion of a cost, in rewhipped cream or chestnut in a lemon spect to shape retaining qualities-no

until tender and served in a rich white chant tailor always cautions his cussauce or mashed with cream, butter. tomer to "wear it buttoned a few days G., M. & St P. pepper and salt.

cheese. Roast until tender and remove tugs and strains affecting this part of the shells and thin inner skin. Saute the garment tend to destroy its symin hot butter and sprinkle with salt metry. Drawing the coat together by and cayenne pepper. The piquant flavor the top button and buttonhole for the goes excellently with a cheese fondue or purpose of fastening exerts a pull all a cheese souffle.

The chestnut salad is much in favor. which, by repetition, in time will give and great is the variety both in method the smartest coat a bang dog appearof preparation and serving The chest- ance.-Chat. nuts should in any case be cooked until very tender, cooled and mixed with the dressing Equal parts of shredded celery and chestnuts is a popular combination Apples and chestnuts go well together The apples are pared, cored and cut in slices and mixed with an equal quantity of chestnut meats. Dress with French dressing and garnish with lettuce hearts.

Insects Become Intoxicated.

When Everything Sticks.

"You couldn't tell what night hap

"There's constant danger of some

thing of this sort happening, and it

doesn't pay to take the chances. And

it's easy enough to know when to stay home. My rule was never to try to do

any work in weather that would rust a

How to Button a Cont.

out and letting it drop.

Jimmy."-New York Sun.

Intoxication from the nectar and pol-

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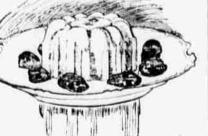
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I. M. MACY.



The art of properly buttoning a coat -nny coat-is, do it the other way. That is to say that nine out of every MILWAUKEE Direct DACIFIC NO ST.PAUL Route Rates Cheap matter how well made-is the region of FROM OMAHA Short Line to Chicago. so that the collar may set properly." TO Buffalo and Return Kansas City, St. Louis From Omaha, Fifteen Day Ticket \$25.75 AND. around the shoulders and neck region, TWENTY DAY TICKET, THE 'FAMOUS HOT SPRINCS 33.00 TOURIST'S TICKET, OF ARKANSAS 41 50

pen. Anything and everything was hable to stick and make more or less noise when you finally got it open. A window might stick at first and then go up with a bang. I've had a door open on me that way-fly open all of a sudden after I'd been pushing on it a long time and let me through the door way on to the floor. There's always danger, for instance, in pulling out a drawer that sticks of pulling it clean



beaten stiff Turn into a mold filling

sirup. Chestnuts are excellent simply stewed collar and lapels. The swagger mer-

Deviled chestnuts are liked with Then, this admitted, it follows that

called back the veteran's wandering senses. He opened his eyes and looked up in the young lady's face. Great, luminous, handsome eyes they were, that somehow reminded Irene of her brother Tom's eyes, and Tom was down in the trenches in front of Richmond. The compassion in her heart stirred afresh. She smoothed back the tangled curls from the soldier's brow. "My poor fellow!" she said. "Can I

do anything for you?" He struggled up to his elbow, with a

stiffed groan. "My horse threw me," he explained, "and they left me behind. I think I must have fainted from the pain. 1 thank you very much, but I can't see how you can help me. I suppose I must lie here till they take me prisoner, and I'd almost as soon be shot."

Irene smiled-a smile that lighted her dark, bright face into positive beauty. "I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me I think I can help you, at least I will see that you are refreshed and made comfortable."

She put her hand to her bosom, and drawing forth a tiny whistle she put it to her lips and blew a sharp little blast. Dapple pricked up his gray ears and came cantering to her side, followed instantly by a colored manservant.

"You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing a beaming glance on the soldier. "I hold my reserve forces at a moment's warning. Here, James, help this gentleman to the horse and then ride for Dr. Werter to dress his limb."

James obeyed without a word, and by the time the sun was fairly out of sight the Union soldier, refreshed and made comfortable, lay asleep in the best chamber of the pleasant old southern mansion.

Meanwhile, on the long veranda, Irene kept watch, her slight, willowy figure wrapped in a scarlet mantle, her flossy, raven tresses floating on the winds.

By and by, as the midnight stars came out and glittered overhead, above the dreamy flow of the river, above the murmur and rustle of the forest leaves, arose the clash and clang, the roar and tramp, of advancing troops.

Irene's dark face flushed and her lustrous eyes dilated. She crossed the veranda with a swift step and tapped lightly at the door of her guest's chamber.

"They are coming," she whispered. "They will take you prisoner if you remain. You must go."

The soldier started to his feet and made his way out, but he reeled against the doorpost, faint and gasping for rect sunshine is a fleeting thing. And breath.

"I can't walk!" he cried. "There's no hope of escape!"

But Irene held out her lithe, young arm.

"Yes, there is," she said cheerfully. the river road, and you will overtake without .- Woman's Home Companion.

"Safely through, madam, with the enemy at my very heels," replied the captain.

"Miss Moreton," cried madam, "will you have the kindness to pass the claret cup? And, pray, Captain Rutherford, whatever became of Dapple?" The captain raised himself to a sitting posture.

"Dapple, Dapple," he called. "Come here!"

From the forest shadows near at hand a small gray mountain pony came ambling forth. Madam Lenoir's companion, advancing with the claret dation chain. 1 double in the next cup in her slim white hand, uttered a sharp little cry and wasted all the luscious liquor on the rustling leaves at her feet.

"Oh, Dapple, Dapple!" she cried. Damle heard the sweet voice and knew it in an instant. He broke into a joyous neigh and shot like an arrow for the young lady's side. She caught his shaggy head and held it close to her bosom, sobbing like the silly child she was.

"Oh, Dapple, my pretty Dapple, have found you at last?"

Madam Lenoir, comprehending the denouement, looked on with glistening eves.

Two weeks later the pleasant party was breaking up. Madam and her

party were going back to France. "And now, Irene," said the captain, "how is it to be? You will not listen to my suit or accept my love? Then you will be forced to part from Dapple again. She is mine by the right of possession. I cannot give her up. Come, now, give you final decision-are you willing to part from me and Dapple forever?"

Irene looked up with her old, glorifying smile.

"I could bear to part from you." she said wickedly, "but never again from Dapple. If you take Dapple, you will bave to take her mistress, too, Captain Rutherford."

And the captain made no objection. A month later saw Dapple's mistress his wife.

Elm Leaved Goldenrod.

It is well known that when a plant grows in shady places it is likely to have a greater leaf area than when it grows in the open sunshine. It must have a larger surface to collect the light when the latter is comparatively dim. Now, most of the goldenrods live in the open fields, having rather narrow leaves, but the exquisite elm leaved goldenrod lives in woods and copses. where the shadows are thick and di-

so we find that this species has the broad, thin leaves of a shade plant-

leaves with well developed stems, but otherwise so similar to those of the

elm tree as to give this goldenred its distinctive name. But it gives a touch "Lean on me. I can help you down, of color to the somber shades of the and you shall ride Dapple. He knows woods that we would not willingly do delphia Press.

A Dainty Lace Pattern.

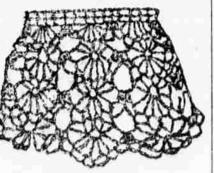
1. Chain 28.

2. Turn, 1 double on the sixth stitch of chain. Chain 2, skip 2 on the founstitch Chain 2, skip 2, 1 double on next stitch Repeat till the end is reached.

8 Chain 4 Turn, make a double on every double of previous row. with chain of 2 between.

4. Chain 2, 4 doubles under the first chain of 2 on previous row, skip the next chain of 2 on previous row Make 7 trebles with chain of 2 between them under the third 2 chain of foundation Skip 2 chain. 4 doubles under next 2 chain. Skip 2 chain of foundation. 7 trebles in the next Repeat until the end is reached 5. Chain 8, fasten in center of shell

of 4. Chain 6. fasten under chain of 2.



SPIDER FAN LACE.

Repeat to the end, fastening the last chain with a double instead of single. 6. Chain 10, fasten under the third chain of 6. Chain 6, fasten under next chain Chain 6, fasten under next chain. Chain 6, fasten under next chain Chain 8, skip 2 chains of 6 and fasten in next chain. Repeat to end.

This completes one row Make it as wide as desired by repeating from third row, making the shells of 4 under the chain of 8 and the fans under the middle chain of 6.

Made of 80 or 90 cotton, it makes dainty lace for handkerchiefs, curtains or infants' wear and is a very rapid pattern, says The Ladies' World in illustrating this lace.

The Handicap of a Name.

Poppers-No; we haven't christened the baby yet. My wife wants to give him a fancy name out of a book, but I won't have it.

Ascum-Why not?

Poppers-Because then he'd grow up to be homely as blue mud and tough as nails. I never knew it to fail .- Phila-

Made Good Matches.

She-1 can't make out how it is that Good Until October 31. Mrs. Wise has fish for nearly every

meal. It can't be for economy's sake, for she must be fairly well off. He-She has a large family of un

married daughters, you know. She-Now, don't be nasty and say something about girls and their brains. That's so old.

He-Oh, no, I hadn't the slightest in tention of doing so! She-Well, can't you tell me?

He-I don't know, I'm sure, unless t's because fish are rich in phosphorus.

She-1 don't see what that has to do with it. He-Perhaps not, but still it's good

for making matches.

Says a housekeeper: "My plang, which had been covered with a cambric cover, was loaded with dust that had sifted through the sleazy cloth. The dust was too thick to be wiped off. It should have been blown and lightly whisked off first, but this my maid did not do, and in consequence the grime was wiped in for all I know with a damp cloth. At all events the highly polished surface was clouded over almost to a gray, and I was in despair until a friend suggested a remedy. She advised me to wring as dry as I could a piece of chamols from out a basin of water and rub the plano until the chamois was bone dry. This I have done and completely restored the polish."

Scotch Thrift.

The city council of Auckland placed a price on the head of every rat in the city, and a grocer's boy became a perfect Nimrod and slew about 30. At the risk of contracting the plague he carried his dead along, obtained the scalp money and came back jubilant to his master and told him how much he had made. The master cast upon him an eye of Aberdeen gray, and then remarked quietly, "Weel, weel, ye'll just pay the money to our cashler, for ye ken the rats is mine, not yours."-Sydney Bulletin.

The Toothbrush Plant.

One of the most curious plants in the world is what is called the toothbrush plant of Jamaica. It is a species of creeper and has nothing particularly striking about its appearance. By cutting pieces of it to a suitable length and fraying the ends the natives convert it into a toothbrush, and a tooth powder to accompany the use of the brush is also prepared by pulverizing the dead stems.

Domestic Joys. Meeks-My wife prefers coffee for breakfast and I prefer tea. Weeks-Then 1 suppose you have both? Meeks-Oh, no. We compromise. Weeks-In what way? Meeks-We compromise on coffee.-Chicago News.





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