THE NORFOLK NEWS: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1901.

NERVES.

CONTRACT

The modern maindy of love is nerves. Love, once a simple madness, now observes The stages of his passionate disease And is twice sorrowful, because he sees, Inch by inch entering, the fatal knife. O health of simple minds, give me your life And let me, for one midnight, cease to hear The clock forever ticking in my ear, The clock that tells the minutes in my braint It is not love nor love's despair, this pain That shoots a witless, keener pang across The simple agony of love and loss Nerves, nerves! Oh, folly of a child who dreams

Of heaven and, waking in the darkness, screams! --Arthur Symons in Saturday Review.

Priscilla's Peculiarity 000000000000000000000000000

"Odd to hear from him again, after all these years! I wonder what made him write directly he reached Southampton!"

Priscilla Baberley glanced inquiringly from the open letter in her hand to the mirror over her drawing room mantelplece as though her reflection might possibly answer the query.

The wistful melancholy of her expression was due to an illness which had left her almost totally deaf; though the fact was scarcely noticeable, thanks to the knowledge of lip reading she had acquired, and when this means failed she resorted to the use of an ear trumpet, or an ingeniously constructed fan.

"Oh, dear! If only I hadn't been deaf; men have a horror of deaf old maids! But I needn't let him know just at first-he always spoke distinctly and was clean shaven, which means a great deal to me now. I'm sure I can day winning you, but now it seems as Stephen usurped the crown of England manage it," she resumed meditatively. "I will set him talking of his campaigns."

Sec. a.

She crossed the room and touched the bell.

"Catherine," she said to the maid, "Major-I mean Colonel Ewart will be here presently. Send up hot toast with the tea and extra cream."

A moment after the maid held aside the heavy plush portiere and a tall, military looking man, with a flowing gray beard and mustache, filled up the doorway.

"Good gracious-a beard as well!" Miss Baberley murmured, horror stricken, as she caught up her fan and went to meet him, holding it gracefully to her lips.

"Ah, major-colonel, I mean"-she corrected herself agitatedly-"delighted to see you! It's like your good nature to call so soon. How you have altered! 1 should scarcely have known you."

"You haven't chauged in the least degree," he said gallantly, shaking her hand between both his. "Why, it seems only yesterday that we said 'goodby' at your sister's garden party." His tone was gruff, but hearty, and somewhat above the normal pitch, and she managed to eatch a word here and there as she watched his lips anxiously, holding the fan to her own.

Vey-or-I have a little

t at he alluded to the modern style of ANCIENT UMBRELLAS hairdressing she had adopted.

"But you needn't be stand-offish with an old-er-admirer," he added quietly and reproachfully.

"I-I beg your pardon-what did you BUX ?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he responded hastily, fearing he had been too precipitate. "What a charming room this

"Now you must have some tea," she said, after rather an awkward pause, laying down her fan, and moving to the table. "Being an old maid I'm rather fussy, so you must not talk while I'm making it-it distracts my attention," she added with a forced little laugh He watched her with growing pleas-

ure as her hands busied with the cups, the lamp rays touching the gold in her

"It's like old times, watching you make tea, Cella. I wish it would be my privilege always." "I told you not to talk," she said

with playful severity. "But I must. Don't be so tantalizing, dearest. I'm not to touch tea till I've had your answer, till you've promised, in fact-" his voice dropped to an earnest whisper, and he crossed the room to her side, "to be my wife."

She glanced at him bewildered. "Er-er-in fact, of course, scarcely in theory," she said vaguely.

"Celia," the exclaimed, "what earth do you mean?"

A dead silence followed. She saw by his face that something was wrong. and her agitation increased when he commenced to pace restlessly about undertone

"Ever since I've been abroad I've lived and worked in the hope of one though'

She looked up puzzled. "What did you say?" she asked desperately. "I first mention of the umbrella in Eugdid not quite catch it, but it is your lish literature is in Florio's "World of it? You see, I've remembered the correct number-and half the cream jugyou were always terribly greedy, col-

cup and caught up her fan. "Now you Collection of Rarities Preserved at must begin all over again. I don't think you've lost the spice of humor." Tradescant," which was known as And she flashed a nervous little smile over the top of the fan.

"Cella," he said slowly, raising his voice till it rang through the room, "this is not a time for joking."

The anger in his tone and his hurt expression frightened and bewildered her; with a gesture of despair she turned away

"If only it hadn't been for the mustache?" she murmured, half audibly. "Mustache!" he exclaimed eagerly, that your only objection? How I wish have it off directly."

and wringing her hands.

"I thought I could have mana;

THEY FIGURED IN CHURCHES IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN DAYS.

When First Adopted by the Public, They Seem to Have Been Utilized Solely as Sun Protectors-Once an Attribute of Dignity.

In the early Christian churches a large umbrella usually hung over the priest, and it is said that from this custom it became one of the attributes of cardinals appointed from basilican churches. For years the doges of Venice carried umbrellas of state, and in 1288 Pope Alexander III. declared that these should be surmounted by golden statuettes of the annunciation. Michael Morosini was the first Venetian layman to carry an umbrella, which consisted of a small, flat square of green stuff, over which was a copper spiral. Soon after the umbrella was adopted by fashionable Venetian dames. According to Coryat's "Crudities" (1611), the Italian umbrella was a small canopy and was made of leather extended by a series of wooden boops. He says umbrellas were used by horsemen, who, resting the handles

en the thigh as they rode, bore them so that they should "minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching sun."

In the Harleian manuscripts, now in the British museum, there is in manuscript No. 603 a crude illustration showing the figure of a yoeman hold ing an umbrella over his lord, which leads me to infer that umbrellas were the room, muttering to himself in an known in England even in the early Anglo-Saxon period.

Beck, as quoted in the Draper's Dietionary, as wits that at the time that (twelf(h century) umbrellas were in common use among the English. The own fault. I told you not to talk while Wonders" (1598), where it is described I made tea-two lumps of sugar, isn't as a "kind of round fan or shadowing that they use to ride with in summer In Italy; a little shade."

In 1656 an umbrella was exhibited in onel! There!" She handed him the the "Museum Tradescantianum; or, South Lambeth, Near London, by John "one of the wonders of the ark."

In the church of Cartmell, in Lancashire, England, there was preserved until a few years ago an umbrella said to be over 300 years old, which was used chiefly to protect the host.

References to the umbrella are to be found also in Blount's "Glossographia" (1674) and Phillips' "New Worlde of some anxiety at his hands. They were Words" (1678). In the first the refer. as clean and white as a girl's. ence reads: "Umbrello, a fashion of round and broad fans, wherewith the ously hopefulness staring into his tone, -"Is Indians (and from them our great ones) preserve themselves from the heat of I had known before I came! But I'll the sun, and hence any little shadow, fan or other thing wherewith the wom-

He was standing beside her again, en guard their faces from the sun" and now he rested his hand on her The second runs: "Umbrello, a screen shoulder; but she shrank from his against the sun's heat, used chiefly by touch and turned away, half crying the Spaniards, among whom it is known by the name quitasole."

The imaginative Dean Swift

A WOMAN'S LOVE. A sentioul angel sitting high in glory

and this shrill wall rong out from purgatory; "Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story! "I loved, and, blind with passionate love, I fell,

Love brought me down to death and death to hell, For God is just, and death for sin is well. "I do not rage against his high decree

Nor for myself do ask that grave shall be But for my love on earth who mourns for me. "Great Spirit, let me see my love again

And comfort him one hour, and I were fain To pay a thousand years of fire and pain." Then said the pitying angel: "Nay! Repent That wild vow! Look! The dial finger's bent Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed: "I pray thee, let me go! I cannot rise to peace and leave him so Ob, let me soothe him in his bitter woel"

The brazen gates ground auddenly ajar, And upward, joyous, like a rising star, She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sumset sailing, And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing. She fluttered back, with broken hearted wailing

She sobbed: "I found him by the summer sea Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee. She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is mel'

She wept: "Now let my punishment begint I have been foud and foolish. Let me in To explate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered: "Nay, sad soul; go higher! To be deceived in your true heart's desire Was bitterer than a t.ousand years of fire!" -John Hay,

A SALE OF WARTS.

One Jusenile Transaction That Seemed to Confirm a Theory.

"This theory," said the traveling man, "that warts will go away when you stop thinking about them may have something in it, and I am inclined to have faith in it. I know from actual observation that warts can be transferred and will give you the case in point. "I was buying a newspaper when I noticed that the hands of the newsboy were covered with warts. His stand was within a block of my house, but I am away so much the little fellow did not know me by name. I said to him: "'You should get some one to charm away those warts,' that being the method of getting rid of them when I was a boy.

" "They ain't mine now,' he said. 'I sold them last week to Teddie Stearns, and they'll all go to him."

"Now, Teddie Stearns is my own boy, and I did not like to think of his smooth, chubby hands being disfigured with warts, and we did not live in a wart atmosphere. They belong more exclusively to the barefoot boy with check of tan conditions. I had been such myself. When I went home, I called my boy to me and looked with

"'What is it, papa?' he asked curi-

"'I am looking for warts."

"'Oh,' and he drew a long, delighted breath, there ain't any yet, but they're sure to come, for I bought them from: "Carrotty Mike" for a pin. He says I'm sure to get 'em. Ain't you glad?' "Glad! I could have cried, and I belleve his mother did cry. But that blamed little cub said he wouldn't be a tenderfoot, and he would have warts.

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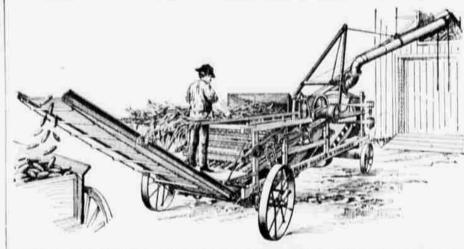
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here," she rejoined hesitatingly. "But come and sit down. I want to hear all about yourself and your campaigns. Of course I learned a great deal from the papers, but it isn't the same as a personal narrative, so you must just tell me from the very beginning." She seated herself opposite him, her eyes still fixed on his face.

"Really, Celia-I may call you the old name, may I not?-there is nothing to tell, just the usual changes from hill stations to the plains, and vice versa; then the outbreak, which we quelled after some sharp fighting and losing some of our best fellows, and that's all. You don't suppose," he resumed in a lower tone, "that I've come here, directly I set foot in the old country, to talk about my campaigns?"

She heard the note of interrogation and dropped her eyes rather disconcertedly, murmuring an unintelligible monosyllable.

"I want to talk something far more interesting," he continued softly-"that concerns you as well as myself. You've no idea what pleasure it is to see you again-and to find that you-that you are not married."

"Really?" she exclaimed after a slight pause, cleverly simulated surprise in her tone.

"Yas, it has always been in my thoughts," he rejoined eagerly, his courage rising. "I should have spoken before I went away, but do you remember remarking once that you never intended to marry unless the man who asked you had something more to his credit than a banking account. That was why I exchanged and went abroad. I did think of writing when I was out there, but until these frontier affairs were quite settled I thought it fairer not to ask you to tie yourself to me, as if I'd been hit it might have been a blow to you. Of course that was taking for granted you cared a little for me." And he concluded smiling rather shamefacedly.

"Indeed!" She smiled also, feigning astonishment.

"Now, confess, Celia, this is not altogether a surprise to you. Even if it is -you do not find it disagreeable?"

"Dear me-how strange!" she exclaimed hesitatingly, after a slight pause, still keeping her eyes fixed on his face, while she bit the tip of her fan nervously,

She broke the silence at last with a little regretful sigh.

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"Is that all? It is most interesting." "Ah, Celia," he sighed, "you are just as tantalizing and stand-offish as ever -but- I like you all the better for it." And he leaned forward with an admiring glance at the fair face and shapely head, crowned with neat dark brown coils.

"Yes, may people have told me the same," she replied complacently, catching the end of his sentence, and, noting the appreciative glance, she concluded

but I shall have to tell. I can't go on like this," she sobbed. "Tell me what? That there is some one else?"

himself in the armchair, burying his the worthy Hanway take his cue from face in his hands.

But," reproachfully, "you needn't have kept me so long in suspense, Celia." she left her seat and walked to the fireplace and stood looking down at him, toying nervously with her fan.

"I can't hear what you say," she said at last desperately, flinging the fan from her. "I should have told you-I ear trumpet just at first, because I thought you would regret having come. I know men have a horror of deaf old maids."

She laughed hysterically as she produced the trumpet from the little bag at her side and adjusted it.

"It was just my silly pride," she con tinued quickly, "and I thought I could manage with my fan. You see, it has this tube in the center, which carries the sound through my lips-and then-I understand lip reading-if it hadn't been that your mustache conceals yours"-

"Is that all?" he interrupted eagerly, starting up and placing his hands on her shoulder. "There isn't anybody else?"

"Anybody else, where?" she asked, bewildered.

"I mean any one you care more for than me-whom you intend marrying?" "N-no-" she faltered, the color rush-

ing into her cheeks; "but what an odd question." 'Not at all," he answered delighted-

ly. "Can't you guess, Cella, what I have been asking you, or-" and his eyes twinkled merrily-"shall I begin all over again?"

But it was scarcely necessary, for though she blushed still deeper she did not now resist when he took her hands in his.-Mainly About People.

England's Early Coins.

When England was being made into mincement and blocks of real estate by the Saxons and Danes, silver and brass were in use as currency, but the Normans subsequently installed the aristocratic metal and left the democratic brass to take care of itself. Gold was first coined by Henry III. and copper made into British coin in 1672. Tin was used for colnage in 1680, and the national farthing was made of this Cambrian product, with a stud of copper set in the center. In 1690 and 1691 tin halfpence were issued in considerable quantities. The only pure gold coins issued in Engish history were those of Henry III.

"Tale of a Tub" (1696) depicts Jack, an 1 read the riot act to him and went parchment copy of his father's will as a nightcap when he went to bed and as

this or from Kersey, according to whom "Just my luck," he said brokenly, the umbrella was a "broad fan or "But it's hard after all this time, and screen commonly used by women to now when it seemed all plain sailing shelter them from rain?" The last refto hear that-that-I have a rival, erence, made in 1709, is the first mention of it as a protector from the rain. Later Bailey, who in his dictionary A moment's silence followed. Then (1737) called it a parasol, defined it as "a sort of small canopy to keep off the rain."

Small, light umbrellas came into fashion among the ladies of the French court in 1675, and these were carried by attendants. Richelet tells us that am deaf, but I couldn't bear to use my they were made of oilcloth or leather and had ribs of whalebone. A century later they found favor with the men, who carried red umbrellas, with edges fringed with gold lace.

The precise date when Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, introduced the umbrella into England is not recorded in any of the encyclopedias I have at hand, but they all state that he was popularly known as its introducer. With the Dutch, as with the Indian grandees, the umbrella was first an attribute of dignity, and well it might be, for the prices paid for them at TL2 Hague in 1650 ranged from \$75 to \$120 each. The Dutch colonists who settled at the Cape of Good Hope were not slow to insist on preserving the dignity of the umbrella, for Ryk van Tulbagh, governor of Cape Colony in 1752, enacted that "No one less in rank than put and fell asleep again. At the end a junior merchant or those among the citizens of equal rank, and the wives and daughters only of those who are or have been members of any council shall venture to use umbrellas, and those who are less in rank than merchants shall not enter the castle in fine weather with an open umbrella."-Frank H. Vizetelly in New York

A Nongolfer's Opinion of Golf. Imagine a great fat creature who ought to wear a turban and a long black robe to hide his grossness whacking a little white ball for miles and miles with a perfect surgery of instruments, whacking it either with a babyish solemnity or a childish rage, as luck may have decided, and incidentally training an innocent eyed little boy to swear and be a tip hunting loafer. That's golf.-H. T. W. Wells in Pearson's Magazine.

Times.

To the Best of Her Knowledge. A lady was looking for her husband and inquired anxiously of a housemaid. "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?" "I'm not sure, mum," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they're in the wash."-Pathfinder.

ever resourceful type, making use of a away for a month's trip, and when I came back he was as proud as Punch. His hands had grown a crop of warts He turned abruptly away, and flung an umbrella in rainy weather. Did that discounted anything I ever saw in that line. I hunted up 'Carrotty Mike,' and, would you believe it, there wasn't a wart on his hands! He had transferred them all to my boy."-Chicago Record Herald.

Very Tired.

It has remained for a little girl to nearly, if not quite, equal a famous wittleism of Leigh Hunt. Of course she spoke in childish innocence, where the English essayist and wit used his ripened intellect.

Hunt, in describing an exceedingly warm day, it will be remembered, spoke of it as one which tempted him to strip off his flesh and sit in his benes.

The little girl had been romping and running all day. Toward nightfall her father met her. "Are you not very fired, little one?" he asked,

"Oh, not so very tired, papa," she replied. Then in a burst of confidence she whispered, "Only I do feel as though I'd like to take my legs off and carry them awhile."

A Long Sleep.

Dr. Soca, an English physician, reported the case of a young girl of seventeen taken with syncope after a cold "tub" who slept for seven months in the hospital to which she was admitted. When she was aroused from sleep. she responded drowsily to questions of seven months she died of pneumonia, having slept herself out of life. Sometimes she was fed in her sleep and at other times while they kept her awake.

Dog and Wolf.

There has been some dispute as to the descent of the dog-whether it is an improved progeny of the wolf or a distinct variety. That it is a different species is proved by the fact that the dog and the wolf will mate and produce offspring. Nevertheless it is probable that the dog is merely descended from the same original stock with the wolf.

Why He Escaped.

The Literary Editor - That fellow Scribbler sent in a poem this morning entitled "Why Do I Live?" The Editor-What did you do with it? The Literary Editor - Returned it with an inclosed slip saying, "Because you mailed this instead of bringing it

Her Assumed Name. He-Yes, she is living under an as sumed name.

personally."-Indianapolis News.

She-Horrible! What is it? He-The one she assumed immediately after her husband married her.

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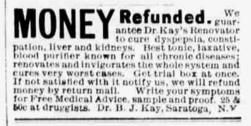
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