

SHOT TWICE AT A BURGLAR

Two Bullets Went in Direction of Intruder.

HE TRIED A HOME IN HEIGHTS.

Mrs. D. D. Hall, Corner of Ninth and Hayes Avenue, Had a Scare—Hurry Up Call to Police—Man Had Gone.

[From Wednesday's Daily.]

It was a noise at the front door and a burglar who made it that caused Mrs. D. D. Hall to fire a pair of bullets at a man last night and to send a hurry up call to the police shortly after. It was the successful get away of the intruder, also, that caused Officers Kane and Koch, when they did arrive, to search the neighborhood around Hayes avenue and Ninth street for several fruitless hours looking for the one who made the disturbance.

At just about 10 o'clock, when the neighborhood in the Heights was quiet, the noise at the front door came and gave Mrs. Hall a scare. She had been ill before it, anyway, and that, with the fact that there was money in the house, tended greatly to intensify the alarm. After the call had been sent to Chief Kane, Mrs. Hall went out to look around the house. In the shadow of the night she thought she saw the figure of a man. So she pulled the trigger twice and two little balls of lead went whizzing through the air. They whizzed through nothing more, for the man failed to drop. The police arrived shortly and began a search but no trace could be found.

ERROR IN THE INITIALS.

Was Mrs. D. A. Hall Instead of Mrs. D. D. Hall.

[From Thursday's Daily.]

It was not Mrs. D. D. Hall who was scared by a burglar Tuesday night, but Mrs. D. A. Hall, who lives on North Eighth street. Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Hall live at the corner of Hayes avenue and Ninth. D. A. Hall is a traveling salesman for the Chicago Portrait company.

RASTUS WAS LOCATED.

Oxnard Hotel Cockerel Spaniel Puppy Found Through News.

[From Thursday's Daily.]

Rastus, the little ten-week-old cockerel spaniel puppy that had been stolen from the Oxnard hotel, is now safely returned to its owner, Mrs. O. H. Vall. Shortly after the news came out last evening, several persons called at the office with information regarding the pet. They had seen it near the river in possession of a family who live on First street. A messenger was immediately sent to the house where any knowledge of the dog was denied. Strenuous insistence, however, developed the fact that they did have Rastus and that the boys were even then tossing him into the Northfork, just to watch the little fellow swim out again.

Rastus was glad to get back to the hotel. As he was being carried away from the boys who had thrown him into the water, Rastus gave them a bark that they might float, instead of himself. And that is the tale of the little hotel dog.

SPRINKLER HAS BEGUN.

Streams of Water Play Along the Avenue For First Time.

[From Thursday's Daily.]

Today for the first time this season the street sprinkler started on its rounds, shooting streams of water along the dusty parts of Norfolk avenue and bringing relief to people in the business portion. Nor, indeed, was the water too soon. With the fearful wind that swept into town this morning and nearly blew up a number of the business houses, besides taking a tear out of every street it struck, the eyes of Norfolk were getting pretty full of little grains of dirt and the disposition of the city was getting pretty much "all in" as well. So completely was the driving dirt whipped into place, however, when the sprinkler said "Charge!" that persons now walk out just to enjoy the dustless breeze.

HOCHZEIT TODAY.

Herman Weich and Miss Lydia Kaun Married This Morning.

[From Thursday's Daily.]

At 10:30 o'clock this morning Herman Weich and Miss Lydia Kaun were married in the Christ Lutheran church of this city, by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Mueller. After the ceremony the wedding party drove to the home of the bride's parents north of the city and had a big wedding breakfast. A great many Norfolk friends attended and the hochzeit has been the occasion for a jolly celebration among the guests all day.

SHERIFF'S POSS DISAPPEARS.

Fearful That Smugglers Have Captured Their Pursuers.

Tucson, Arizona, April 23.—Special to The News: It is feared that the sheriff of this county and a posse under his command have been captured by a gang of smugglers which they were pursuing. A relief posse has been formed and will follow the trail taken by the sheriff and will attempt their rescue if they find the situation as they fear.

RACE DISTURBANCE KILLS MANY.

Thirty Jews Dead and Three Hundred Injured Today.

Kishineff, Russia, April 23.—Special

to The News: In a serious anti-Semitic race disturbance here this morning, workmen attacked the Jewish quarters and killed thirty of them. Three hundred were badly injured. It is feared there may be more serious results still.

EXPLOSION IN MILL.

Minneapolis Has Bad Accident, Fire and Deaths.

Minneapolis, April 23.—Special to The News: The mammoth North-western mill has just exploded in this city, with terribly disastrous results. Fire is raging fiercely through the entire buildings. The plant is totally destroyed, partially covered by insurance. Two men are killed and seven missing, thus far.

LORD ROBERTS WILL COME.

He Will Represent British Government at St. Louis.

London, April 23.—Special to The News: It is announced in official circles this morning that the government will send Lord Roberts to represent England at the St. Louis exposition.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR.

He Works and Plays Hard and Spins Great Yarns.

The sailor's life is not altogether one of hard work, and on the whole he has a very good time. Dancing, gymnastics, fencing, boxing and boat racing fill his leisure hours. His natural fondness for pets is proverbial, and there are few ships without a mascot, be it a goat, dog or Dennis the pig, which serves to lighten the hours of the watches at sea. Many stories are told of the prowess of ships' pets at night on the forecastle, when the hammocks are down and the pipes lighted. One man spins a yarn of a cat that was born in an old boiler, cruised 50,000 miles in one ship, established a great reputation as a fighter in all parts of the world and finally ended his adventurous career on the coral reefs of Samoa, says a writer in the World's Work. Another tells of a monkey without ears or tail, with which he sailed in the China seas, whose fondness for liquid paint produced periodical attacks of blindness. There is a story of a dissipated dog who never lost an opportunity to get drunk and who always recognized the bugle call for the gig and invariably ran to the gangway when it sounded to go ashore with the captain. But the best of all is the one of the pet bear who chased a young officer up the mizzen rigging. Fortunate indeed is the animal that falls into the hands of a sailor.

"The sailor man has his vagaries," once said the bishop of Shanghai over the coffin of a sailor who had taken his own life, "but he is the tenderest hearted creature into which God ever breathed the breath of life."

A Powerful River.

"Should one be asked at random to name the most powerful river in New England—that is, the river yielding the most water power and doing the most work—he would be likely to name the Merrimac," said M. S. Edgar of Portland, Me. "He would have in mind the great manufacturing city of Lowell, and the answer would be a natural one. It is surprising, therefore, to be told by the United States geological survey that the most powerful river in New England is the Androscoggin. Yet the surprise abates when the facts are recounted. There are nine or ten developed water powers along the river, and it appears that they furnish total power equal to 73,000 horses. The falls at Brunswick yield 7,700 horsepower; at Lisbon Falls, 1,925; at Lewiston, 12,600; at Livermore Falls, 3,000; at Otis Falls, 8,000; at Jay's, 3,700; at Peterson's Rips, 6,000. At Rutherford Falls there is a potential of 30,000 horsepower when the resources at that place are fully developed, and that is altogether the greatest water power in New England."—Washington Times.

Cheese Dishes.

Cheese is one of the most concentrated forms of nitrogenous food and as a food well adapted to the laboring man or those working in the open air. When properly cooked, cheese is probably more easily assimilated by the ordinary stomach than eaten raw, and hard, uncooked cheese should be served grated. In combination with certain food materials cheese is valuable, but when used in this way should form the staple dish of the meal. Macaroni and cheese, rice cooked in stock and then baked with cheese or cooked with it, as in the form of risotto, should be used in the place of meat. An ordinary dinner menu of meat, potato, macaroni and cheese is not properly arranged. Macaroni and cheese should be used for a luncheon dish, and a green vegetable should be served with meat and potato.

Would Try to Prevent It.

"What a fine little fellow," said the patronizing old gentleman who had been elected representative for four successive terms from his congressional district. His remark was addressed to a kind hearted lady holding in her arms a little fellow who blinked gravely at all that was going on. "Yes," replied the lady. "His father and I set a great deal of store by him." "Well, he's a bright looking little fellow. Maybe he'll be a congressman some day." "Maybe he will," said the mother. "But," she added earnestly, "I'm going to do my best to raise him right."—Youth.

How They Are Kept.

Miss De Style—He said I was a little flower; that he intended to keep me. Miss Gumbusta—I noticed him pressing you.—Smart Set.

ARBOR DAY IN NORFOLK.

Is a Great For the Planting of Trees.

NORFOLK BANKS ARE CLOSED.

Schools Have Half Holiday This Afternoon—Children Were Dismissed at Noon for the Rest of the Day.

[From Wednesday's Daily.]

This is Arbor day and a great day it is. The twenty-second of April sun has never shown brighter and warmer and the trees have never grown faster. Dozens of them are today being planted in Norfolk. There was a light frost this morning, but vegetation is not so far advanced that any damage was occasioned. Fruit not yet being in blossom, it is believed that no damage was sustained by it. The temperature has warmed materially during the day, and one of the most beautiful spring days imaginable has prevailed.

The day is legally a holiday and the banks are closed. Business otherwise is pretty fairly active. The public schools of the city closed at noon for a half holiday this afternoon.

[From Tuesday's Daily.]

Tomorrow is Arbor day in Nebraska and preparations are being made over the state to properly and fittingly observe the occasion made memorable through the efforts of the late J. Sterling Morton, by planting trees. Norfolk has always taken a great deal of pride in her trees and probably no avenue more prettily lined with foliage are to be found in a Nebraska city of its age.

This year is to be a great year for this city in the way of improvements and for that reason, especially, it is considered that an unlimited number of new trees will be put into Norfolk earth tomorrow.

On account of the day and what it means, Mayor Koenigstein has issued the following proclamation urging the citizens to clean up the yards and alleys as well as plant trees:

To The Citizens of Norfolk: Tomorrow being Arbor day, a day on which nearly every body stays at home either to plant a tree or to attend to such other odd jobs as may be around the place, it is requested that all the citizens of Norfolk make it a point to thoroughly clean up their premises, especially the alleys, placing all refuse in such shape that it can be easily hauled away the following day.

Business men are especially requested to clean up all rubbish at the back of their business houses. This is not only necessary for the health of the city but also as guarding against fire. I trust that all citizens will take interest in adding this to their Arbor day duties. DANIEL J. KOENIGSTEIN, Mayor.

CURIOSUS BLUNDERS.

The Anachronisms That Crowded a Once Famous Poem.

The medieval romances are full of blunders, making contemporaries of men who were separated sometimes by hundreds, sometimes by thousands, of years, but as historical criticism had not then a being and the general information of the age was not superior in any particular to that of the novelists, their plans do not amount to much from a literary point of view. Such an instance is the case of Ariosto, who might be supposed to know something at least of the truth of history, but whose once famous poem, "Orlando Furioso," is a tissue of historical absurdities from beginning to end.

In this poem Charlemagne and his peers are joined by Edward I. of England, Richard, earl of Warwick; Clarence, and the Dukes of York and Gloucester. Cannon are employed hundreds of years before the time of Monk Schwartz, and the Moors are represented as established in Spain, in spite of the historic fact that 300 years elapsed after the death of Charlemagne before they crossed from Africa. In one place Prester John, who lived 400 years after Charlemagne, and Constantine the Great, who died five centuries before him, are introduced and hold familiar converse with the great Charles, while in another Saladin and Edward the Confessor are joined by the Black Prince.

A Lincoln Story.

The spirit in which Lincoln joined in his famous debate with Douglas is best illustrated by an anecdote which Leonard Sweet related to Augustus C. Buell. "I believe, Abe, you can beat Douglas for the senate. You can carry the legislature if you make the best use of your opportunity," said Mr. Sweet to Lincoln on the eve of the first debate. "No, Len, I can't beat him for the senate, but I'll make him beat himself for the presidency."—Leslie's Weekly.

Inconsistent.

"Here, you!" cried big Mrs. Cassidy. "Strooke or no strooke, O'll not hove ye standin' round doin' nothin'." "Well, oh, well," meekly protested little Cassidy, "'tis the most ornamental woman ye are. Last wacke ye told me 'O' didn't behave mesel' ye'd make me stand round, an' now that 'O'm doin' it ye're kickin'."—Philadelphia Press.

Governor Bliss Will Not Interfere.

Lansing, Mich., April 22.—Governor Bliss gave notice that he will not interfere in the matter of Sunday baseball in Detroit and the local authorities will have to settle the matter on their own responsibility. "I believe," the governor said, "there are better places for the people to go on Sunday than to the baseball grounds, but there are also worse places."

STANTON'S IRISH STEW.

A Story of the Great War Secretary as Told by His Bodyguard.

An attempt by Secretary of War Stanton to cook an Irish stew while holding the war department office against the removal order of President Andrew Johnson is one of many anecdotes related by Louis Koerth, at the period mentioned the great war secretary's bodyguard.

Feb. 21, 1868, President Johnson appointed General Lorenzo Thomas secretary of war ad interim, but the power of removal having been taken by the tenure of office act from the president, Mr. Stanton refused to resign or to vacate the office of secretary.

He camped in the office, determined to hold it until the result of the impeachment proceedings against the president, which were then pending in the senate, should be determined. For sixty days Mr. Stanton held "the fort," and during that period his faithful bodyguard, ex-Sergeant Louis Koerth, then in the United States general service, assigned to the war department, kept him company.

On the day in which Mr. Stanton received the official notification of his removal by the president he made immediate preparations for a siege. He dispatched Sergeant Koerth to Mrs. Stanton for blankets and pillows, but that lady refused to send them, insisting that the secretary should come home and give up the office.

Mr. Stanton smiled on receiving her message and simply said:

"Koerth, go to your own house and bring blankets, pillows and such cooking utensils as we may need."

The Irish stew was the first effort of the secretary and his bodyguard. Koerth, being a German, needed instructions in the mysteries of preparing the savory stew, and the secretary named the various ingredients, which he ordered the servant to purchase.

Both men had spent a busy and laboriously exciting day, and both were tired out when the pot was put on the fire to cook the stew.

The consequence was that the great war secretary and his bodyguard fell asleep. The secretary was the first to be awakened by the smell of the burning stew.

"Koerth, Koerth! Wake up, man!" shouted Mr. Stanton. "The stew is burning!"

Koerth sprang to his feet, but, alas, too late to save Mr. Stanton's Irish stew. It was burned and smoking, while the pot was a glowing red. Ruefully the secretary rolled himself up in his blankets on the sofa and went to sleep for the night supperless.—Washington Post.

Blazed Her Way.

There is a story about Alaska and its people in which is mentioned a man who chose a bride from among some of the Indian tribes up toward the Chilkoot pass. He took her to a large city, Montreal, perhaps, and left her in a splendid hotel while he went out to see some one about a dog. She missed him sadly. She sat at the window looking out on the street four stories below. Solitude became intolerable. She decided to find her husband. There was an elevator, but she didn't care for it. Softly as moccasins could carry her she issued forth. When she had gone out, a beliboy saw queer marks on the balusters and doorcasings. The Indian bride had blazed her way with a tomahawk so that she could find her way back. The Indian bride was merely living up to her education, for it is very necessary to know how to blaze a trail in Alaska.

Men Crotchety at Breakfast.

"If waiters had their way, men would not be permitted in a restaurant before the dinner hour, or at least before lunch," said the proprietor of a cafe on upper Broadway.

"Why? Simply because they are so cross at breakfast. No, it isn't the question of tips altogether, although I never saw a waiter refuse a quarter. But the fact is men are crotchety before they get their breakfast. If they have to wait five minutes, it seems an hour to them, and even the morning paper seems to lose its charms unless breakfast is on the table. There is no meal in the day where the waiters get so many 'kicks' as they do at breakfast, and the men are always more ill tempered than the women."—New York Press.

Lovemaking in Mexico.

In northwest Mexico the courting is all done by the lady. The young people meet at the feasts, and there the damsel who has fixed upon a member of the opposite sex whom she wishes to become her husband tries to attract his attention by dancing before him, persistently keeping her back turned toward him. Eventually she may sit down near him and pull his blanket and sing to him in a gentle, low voice. When she desires to bring matters to a focus, she begins to throw pebbles at the chosen one. If he throws them back at her, they are betrothed.

Eyes With Double Pupils.

Cicero says that "the glance of all women with the double pupil in the eye is noxious, blighting and withering." Cadmus tells us that such persons would not drown. Still others say that if they did drown the body would never sink, neither would it decay. They could cure the disease of the chest—consumption—by rubbing their perspiration on the affected parts of the individual, and in case the double pupils were red instead of black they could cure the lepers and the blind.

Its Exclusiveness Its Charm.

"What is the object of your society?" said the serious little woman. "Why," answered Miss Cayenne, "the same as that of any other society—to enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that there are a lot of people who want to get in and can't."—Washington Star.

COUNTRY IMPROVEMENTS

Agricultural People Follow Spirit of Season.

PLANT ORCHARDS AND TREES.

Improvements to Add to the Appearance and Permanency of the Community—Materials by The Wagon Load Being Hauled to the Country.

[From Thursday's Daily.]

The town people are not the only ones who are making and planning improvements in this vicinity this year. The farmers are in the business of improving pronouncedly, and there are few who are not adding to the permanency, comfort and beauty of their country environments. Almost every farm wagon that leaves the city contains some sort of material that will go toward the improving of property, and much of the material is of a character that indicates permanent and extensive betterments.

Brick, rock, dimension timbers, lumber of all kinds, posts and wire for fencing, and other like materials are being carted to the country by wagon load.

Many of the wagons that leave town this spring contain fruit and forest trees, shrubbery, and other products of the nursery that will go toward the betterment of the farming country, and will in future years produce fruit, fuel and beauty to the advantage of the owners and all who observe their thrift.

A HORSE AT THE SHOW.

Story of a Ribbon Winning From an Equine Viewpoint.

One of the popular features of the annual horse show in New York is the squad of park police horses that is always entered. The winning of a blue ribbon by one of these police horses is told in "Horses Nine," by Sewell Ford, from the viewpoint of the horse. The author says:

So it happened that one morning Skipper heard the sergeant tell Reddy that he had been detailed for the horse show squad. Reddy had saluted and said nothing at the time, but when they were once out on post he told Skipper all about it.

"Sure an' it's apparin' before all the swells in town ye'll be, me b'y. Phat do ye think of that, eh? An' phatbe ye'll gettin' a blue ribbon, Skipper, me lad, an' mebbe Mr. Patrick Martin will have a roundsman's berth an' chevrons on his sleeves afore the year's out."

The horse show was all that Reddy had promised, and more. The light almost dazzled Skipper. The sounds and the smells confused him, but he felt Reddy on his back, heard him chit-chat softly and soon felt at ease on the tank.

Then there was a great crash of noise, and Skipper, with some fifty of his friends on the force, began to move around the circle. First it was four abreast, then by twos, and then a rush to troop front, when, in a long line, they swept around as if they had been harnessed to a beam by traces of equal length.

After some more evolutions a half dozen were picked out and put through their paces. Skipper was one of these. Then three of the six were sent to join the rest of the squad. Only Skipper and two others remained in the center of the ring. Men in queer clothes, wearing tall, black hats, showing much white shirt front and carrying long whips, came and looked them over carefully.

Skipper showed these men how he could waltz in time to the music, and the people who banked the circle as far up as Skipper could see shouted and clapped their hands until it seemed as if a thunderstorm had broken loose. At last one of the men in tall hats tied a blue ribbon on Skipper's bridle.

When Reddy got him into the stable, he fed him four big red apples, one after the other. Next day Skipper knew that he was a famous horse. Reddy showed him their pictures in the paper.

Eating a Prickly Pear.

My first sad experience of the African prickly pear was gained on a visit to the market place of Algiers. The fruit was handed to us, politely peeled by the Arab dealer, and thus as we made acquaintance with its delightful coolness no suspicion of its evil qualities entered our minds.

A few days later, adding the excitement of a little trespassing to the more legitimate pleasures of a country rambler, we came upon a well laden group of prickly pear bushes and could not resist the temptation to help ourselves to some of the fruit. The result was woeful.

Concentrated essence of stinging nettle seemed all at once to be assailing hands, lips and tongue, and our skin, wherever it had come in contact with the ill natured fruit, was covered with a thick crop of minute, bristly hairs, apparently growing from it, and venomous and irritating to the last degree.

Our silk gloves, transformed suddenly into miniature robes of Nessus, had to be thrown away, perfectly unwearable, and the inadvertent use of our pocket handkerchiefs before we had fully realized the extent of our misfortune caused fresh agonies, in which nose as well as lips participated. For many a day did the retribution of that theft haunt us in the form of myriads of tiny stings.—"Home Life on an Ostrich Farm."

Hyphen Succeeds Hymen.

The Professor—they have traveled safely along the happy journey until now their hopes are about to be realized.

Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, Cupid, the god of love, must now give way to Hyphen, the god of matrimony.—Kansas City Journal.

THE OLD RELIABLE



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Insane on One Point.

Erskine mentions a case where a person who had been confined in an asylum prosecuted his brother and the proprietor for imprisonment and false duress. The prosecutor, himself a witness in support of the indictment, was put into the witness box and examined. When Erskine came to cross examine him, he tried to discover some lurking allegation of mind, but during a cross examination, conducted with all the skill and sagacity of which he was master, for nearly an hour he was completely foiled.

But a gentleman who had come accidentally into court witnessed in Erskine's ear that the witness thought he was the Saviour of mankind.

On receiving the hint Erskine made a low bow to the prosecutor, addressed him in terms of great reverence, respectfully begged to apologize for the unceremonious manner in which he had treated a person of his sacred character and called him by the name of Christ. The man immediately said: "Thou hast spoken truly. I am the Christ."

The Original Carnation.

The original carnation was a five petaled bloom native in the south of Italy. It was imported into England about the time of the Norman conquest. As early as 1619 horticultural works gave minute directions for the cultivation of the flowers in winter. The carnation industry has risen to considerable importance during the last ten years, according to Town and Country. As 2,500,000 of young carnation plants are sold each year and florists produce an equal amount grown by themselves which are not sold, the entire production of young carnation plants approximates 5,000,000 and upward a year. These plants are grown under glass during the winter time for cut flower purposes, producing an annual average of more than 100,000,000 blooms. What becomes of this enormous number of flowers is somewhat of a mystery. They are put to innumerable uses.

The "Huntsman's Cup."

The "huntsman's cup," or pitcher plant, is conceded to be one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of the wild flowers of America to become known to Europeans. References occur in relation to it as early as 1570, when a Lisbon physician named Launanus sent it to a contemporary as the leaves of the frankincense tree. It appears that two sailors brought the curious leaves with some resin from the pine trees growing near, and Launanus supposed they belonged together. Much confusion occurred and much wonderment was expressed as to what curious tree with such leaves could be found in America giving such "sweets odour when the gum was burned," and, strange to say, most attempts to clear up the mystery resulted in greater obscurity.

Remote Kin.

Kind Lady—How many are there in the family beside yourself?

Little Amie—Four; mamma, papa, sister and a distant relative.

"That is only three. The distant relative is not a member of the family."

"Oh, yes, he is. He is my brother."

"Your brother? Then he isn't a distant relative."

"Yes, ma'am; he is in the Philippines."—Kansas City Journal.

Would Avoid the Trouble.

"I suppose you'd like to be worth a million dollars?" she suggested.

"No, mum," replied the tramp. "It 'ud be too much trouble lookin' after the money. All I want is that some feller what's worth a million dollars shall provide fer me."—Chicago Post.

As Ever.

Bizzibode (discouragedly)—I did everything in my power to make those two young people see that they were not fitted for each other—

Wyzacre—And when is the wedding to occur?—Baltimore American.

Why He Was There.

Teacher—I notice that you are never able to answer any of the questions. How is this, little boy?

Willie Dullboy—Well, if I knew, dad wouldn't go to the trouble of sending me here.

The Victims.

"Did Ayrekaastil take in a partner when he started his newest get rich scheme?"

"No; only the people who bought the stock."—Cincinnati Tribune.

CHAS. A. MCKIM, M. D. C.

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist.

Graduate Chicago Veterinary College.

Assistant State Veterinarian.

Office: Brunson's Livery, South Third Street. Phone 185.