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REPUBLICAN TICKET.

- State. For Judge of the Supreme Court—J. H. Horner, Madison. For Regents of State University—Charles S. Allen, Lancaster. W. G. Whitmore, Douglas.

Get the voters out on election day and the result is assured to the republican ticket.

But a little more than two weeks of the campaign remain, and this should be put in toward seeing that the republican voters are enough interested to get to the polls.

Chr. Schavland may undoubtedly be depended on to swing into line with the usual majority to his credit. The people know that he is a man to be trusted in any office to which he may aspire.

The socialists have invaded many of the counties of the state with full tickets, but so far the third party has not made its appearance in Madison county, but there will undoubtedly be socialist votes for the state ticket.

The voters would like to see some of the parties in the field attempt a real live rally some time before election day arrives. Such a meeting would demonstrate for a fact whether or not there is anything but apathy in the race.

Jefferson precinct is one that always comes up to the scratch with a good rousing republican plurality, and this fall would be a good time to acknowledge that republicanism by electing that precinct's candidate. She should be rewarded with a good, strong vote.

The clearing of Tillman is about what might have been expected of a South Carolina jury, but it will not be able to convince the public generally that shooting down a man in cold blood was not some sort of crime, punishable in some manner. South Carolina is in need of missionaries, or reformers, or both.

The nominees for the county offices are hustling with a right good will, and the fight is the only one that appears to be anything like strenuous in the campaign. Workers of both parties are in the field and it will be surprising if they do not create the interest necessary to get the voters out to the polls.

It is anticipated that Norfolk and Madison county will give a strong complimentary vote regardless of party for their home candidate for a state honor—Judge J. B. Barnes. He is admired by his neighbors, regardless of political preference and his friends wish to see him given a handsome endorsement by those who know him best.

Fortunately America has no foreign enemies to whom it is necessary to explain that the army maneuvers now under way at Fort Riley and those that have been held in Kentucky are not meant as warlike demonstrations. Those who would care to scrap, however, may take notice that the United States would not be entirely at their mercy in case of war.

The time is not long until the people of Madison county will be getting hold of those election board pencils that sometimes make a mark that can be seen, and making real or imaginary crosses after the names of Chr. Schavland, Joe Clements, Charley Eiseley, Henry Field, James Curtis, Wm. Dowling, John Rynearson, Dr. Kindred, "Bill" Lowe and George Smith. At the same time the voters of Norfolk precinct will be

remembering Col. Mayne, L. M. Maylord, J. A. Rainey, J. M. Covert, Ernest Boldt and August Schultz.

Judge J. F. Boyd will be re-elected, beyond a reasonable doubt, but the many friends of ex-Judge Cones are allowing no opportunity to pass of saying a good word for their candidate and it will stand the republican in hand to wage a sharp contest throughout the district during the remaining two weeks. If they fail to make an effort they need not be disappointed if there is a reduction of the republican majority or perhaps a turning over of the district to the fusionists. Over confidence will make inroads in the republican vote, if no effort is made to get the voters out.

Perhaps the people of Nebraska will enter an energetic campaign next year with a national campaign on, but so far this year, except in county fights and remote localities, it appears that this campaign will go down into history as one of the calmest, quietest, most peaceful and good natured of any campaign during recent years. The people generally are pleased to notice the absence of bitterness and mud-slinging, which should never again be revived. They can approximate a decision just as well and effectually without it and really it is no inspiration to see the characters of men torn from them merely because they are candidates for office.

The opinion of workers in the field of politics is that this is a republican year in Nebraska, and that ticket will surely win if the voters can be interested enough to get them out to the polls. It is an off year for politics, and many of the voters have not yet been interested to the point of enthusiasm, but the workers are confident that everything is favorable for a republican victory if the rank and file of the party can be induced to appear at the various polling places and cast chief work of the committees and party workers—to get the voters out—and the hustle will come on election day. This has been a strong point for the fusionists. They have worked untiringly to get their vote out in the past, and unless the republicans employ like tactics they may succeed in carrying the election. Every republican should make it a point to interest those who are apathetic and get them to turn out and vote.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

How many kin stories the people know.

Fist fights are not as common these days as formerly, and that's progress.

An Atchison man is ruining his natural disposition by trying to be agreeable.

When we hear a man say that he has a conscience, we watch him a little more closely.

We have remarked that a good republican can produce figures that put everything on the democrats.

After women marry they can be said to be reasonably happy if they don't spell brute with a big B.

Whenever we read an obituary we are impressed with the fact that people must be better than we thought they were.

Every day in this big wide world some man is married who never said outright to the girl beside him, "Will you marry me?"

They are telling of an Atchison man who gave a compliment to a clerk who worked for him, and the next day the clerk asked for an increase in wages.

We are never sorry when a man is held up in a saloon; on the contrary, we hope his wife will hear of it, and hold him up again when he gets home.

A change is good for every one, which is the reason the average housewife shifts the bed and bureau from their positions; it is the only change of scenery she gets.

Newspapers are often abused after this fashion: A man started a card room back of a cigar store. The men played high five there, and the proprietor made a great talk about the local papers because they did not print the scores.

Mathias Rush, a merchant of Pana, Ill., shot and killed himself yesterday because his wife insisted upon going to church, thus enabling her to go more than ever in the future, and receive more attention than ever because she has a husband in hell.

At a recent divorce trial in Topeka, brought by the wife, the husband introduced seven doctors, who swore that, although the wife had long pretended to be sick, there was nothing the matter with her. The husband swore he had spent \$18,000 in doctor bills. The jurymen gave the wife everything the husband had; they said he was brutal.

LONDON'S SHOPLIFTERS.

Methods Employed by Some of the Stores to Avoid Arrests.

Though there is every appearance in all the great London shops that the public is to be trusted implicitly, an elaborate and carefully organized system of espionage prevails to circumvent the designs of the penitentiary and the marauding kleptomane.

The invisible detective, whose office is some unsuspected gallery in the ceiling, whence from artfully designed peepholes in the molding he can survey the whole establishment, is the most successful foil to the shoplifter. But there are only a few shops so structurally designed that surveillance of this kind is possible.

At all periods a careful watch is kept on those dress establishments that are pervaded by women, but more especially at sale time, for it is then that covetousness overwhelms morality most easily, and the crowded state of the shops favors the picker up of unconsidered trifles.

Every shopwalker and counter attendant is in effect a detective, but there are some professionals who assume the guise to hide their real position. It is the duty of each attendant when he is suspicious of a customer to call the attention of the detective to her, not blatantly, but by prearranged sign. The detective then keeps the suspect under her immediate eye.

When an attendant misses or thinks he misses something or notices disturbing signs of thievery he speaks to the detective, who, as an elegantly garbed customer, seats herself in a position commanding a good view of the suspect and makes her purchases like any other woman, all the while gathering data upon which to proceed. The disguise assumed by the shop detective differs day by day.

If there be one result less desired by the shop proprietor than another it is to convict a kleptomane. Prosecutions do not forward business. The proprietor's policy is to prevent pilfering by every conceivable means. Hence a blind eye is turned to what is a theft in embryo, and the wretched shoplifter caught in the act of purloining a blouse under cover of her waterproof is asked whether the article may not be sent home for her. To the bulging umbrella or the gaping handbag the detective alludes with an apology, fearing that madam has inadvertently incommode herself with something that fell from the counter.

First offenders are often cured by narrow escapes such as this from falling into the abyss that leads to the dock and gladly pay for the experience in coin of the realm as if they had all the while meant to purchase instead of to purloin the goods. Should leniency of such a kind fail to lead the trespasser back into the paths of rectitude the manager's office is made the scene of more serious negotiations, on which it is well to draw the veil. But as a rule it does not—London Mail.

Making Old Furniture.

Much work is done in New York city in the reproduction of colonial and English furniture, but the best of it costs more to do here than it does abroad. Large quantities of modern "antiques" are also made in Philadelphia and are extensively sold as genuine. The cleverest reproducers in the world are the French, who copy the minutest details with perfect accuracy. Old wood from sheds and barns is used for the backs and interior of articles of furniture, and imitations of old fashioned locks are soaked in water and made to be thickly covered with rust. Bird shot is fired into the reproductions to make them appear worm eaten, and an ancient look is imparted to wood by prolonged polishing and hand rubbing—New York Post.

How to Save Gas Bills.

A North Broad street man who has a passion for reading the out of town newspapers and also for answering many of the advertisements he finds in them tells this on himself: The other day he answered an advertisement in one of the New York papers stating that for \$1 a method for saving gas bills would be sent. In two days he received a printed slip by mail which read, "Paste them in a scrapbook."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Soft Answer.

Mrs. Enpeck—Oh, you needn't talk! You're not quite perfect yourself, I would have you know. Enpeck—No, my dear, but when you're around I'm mighty near perfect.

Michael Angelo's Attempt at Suicide.

Michael Angelo, after receiving a painful injury to his leg by falling from a scaffold while at work upon "The Last Judgment," became so morose that he shut himself in his room, refused to see any one and "resolved to let himself die." Fortunately his intentions were frustrated by the celebrated physician Baclo Rothild, who learned by accident of his condition.

Delhi, the Gem Market.

Delhi remains the center of all Indian art industries. The most skillful jewelers and gem cutters, painters, carvers, embroiderers and craftsmen whose creations could tempt the purse or minister to the luxury of the greater and lesser Moghls have gathered there for centuries, and trade habits are but slowly broken. Along Chandni Chalk plump merchants in snow white clothes and tiny jewelers' turbans invite one to their whitewashed, felt floored inner rooms, and there, treading catlike in stocking feet, they unroll gold and silver embroideries, Kashmir shawls and "camel's hair" stuffs and cover the last inches of floor space with jewels.

Necklaces, girdles and a queen's ornaments are drawn from battered boxes, scraps of paper, cotton cloth or old flannel. Nothing seems quite as incongruous in this land of the mist and the incongruous as the way in which the jewels of a rajah are produced from old biscuit tins, pickle bottles and marmalade jars. One buys the gems of a temple goddess, and they are laid in grimy cotton wool and packed in rusty little tin boxes of a crudely inconceivable. From Eliza Ruhamah Selldinore's "Winter India."

Superstition of the Unlucky Thirteenth.

When King Arthur founded the famous round table he requested Merlin, the enchanter, to arrange the seats. Merlin arranged one set of seats to represent the apostles. Twelve were for the faithful adherents of Jesus Christ and the thirteenth for the traitor Judas. The first were never occupied save by knights distinguished for their achievements, and when a death occurred among them the seat remained vacant until a knight surpassing him in heroic and warlike attainments should be considered worthy to fill the place. If an unworthy knight sought the chair he was repelled by some magic power.

The thirteenth seat was never occupied but once. The story goes that a haughty and insolent Saracen knight sat down upon it and was immediately swallowed up by the earth. Ever after it was known as the "perilous seat," and, brave as the celebrated knights of the round table are said to have been, not one ever had the courage to sit on the thirteenth chair, and the superstition against it still survives.

Watch a Horse's Ears When Driving.

Whether you drive a single horse or a team the principles are the same, but in driving a pair see to it that each horse does his share of the work and no more. A pair of horses, moreover, unless well driven are sure to get in the habit of wandering over the road.

To drive well you must keep your eye and your mind on the horse. Watch his ears. They will be pricked forward when he is about to shy, droop when he is tired, fly back just before he "breaks" (into a gallop) and before he kicks. Before kicking, too, a horse usually tucks in his tail and hunches his back a little. When you observe any of these indications, speak to him sharply and pull up his head.

Gypsies and Death.

The custom of placing the property of the dead in their graves has always been followed by the true Romany gypsies. It is due to some old tradition of ill luck attending the possession of an article whose former owner is gone, and much valuable property is buried in this belief. There is also a sentiment among gypsies against the possession of anything that has belonged to a dead person, because it serves to remind the living of the departed and inspire in them a dread of death. The custom of burying their property with gypsy dead dates from the earliest history of the Romany tribes.

First Test of the Air Pump.

The first public test of the air pump was in 1654 by its inventor, Otto von Guericke, in the presence of Emperor Ferdinand of Germany. Guericke applied the carefully ground edges of metallic hemispheres, two feet in diameter, to each other. After exhausting the air by his apparatus he attached fifteen horses to each hemisphere. In vain did they attempt to separate them because of the enormous pressure of the atmosphere. The experiment was a great success.

An Enraged Report.

The family doctor had been summoned hastily, and he climbed the tenement stairs with a grave face. A woman was awaiting him in the doorway of a flat.

"I understand little Tommy has swallowed a quarter," he said. "Where is he?" "Oh, doctor, I'm glad to tell you we've made a mistake," she said blithely. "It wasn't a quarter after all. It was only a nickel."—New York Press.

The Rule Wabbed.

Whiffers—See here, Bliffers! You told me the way to win a girl was to devote myself to her mother.

Bliffers—Yes, sirree, that will do it every— Whiffers—Huh! I wanted to win Miss Beault, and I took your advice and devoted myself to Mrs. Beault, and now the old lady, who is a widow, wants to marry me herself!

He Had Been Helped Once.

Two Turks were at a French banquet. Toward the end of the feast a Frenchman selected a toothpick from the tray near him and politely passed the tray on to his neighbor, who, however, promptly declined the offer, exclaiming: "No, thank you; I have already eaten two of the accursed things."

Poor Auntie!

Enfant Terrible—And did they go in to the ark two by two? Mamma—Yes, dearest. Enfant Terrible—Well, who went with auntie?

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