AUSTRIA'S NEW MOVE

Questions Involved In Annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina.

STATUS OF THE PROVINCES.

What the Mandate Austria Received From the European Powers Meant. Measures Undertaken That Indicated a Permanent Occupation.

Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, with Servia's resentment thereat, seems today to furnish the only probable cause of war, says the New York Post. Now, there are three questions that we have to consider in connection with this Austrian action. What had European diplomacy in mind when, at the termination of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8, it gave Austria-Hungary the mandate to occupy and administer Bosnia and Herzegovina? What ultimate disposition of the provinces can be thought of other than the one which the powers are now calling upon to ratify? How far is the incorporation into the dual monarchy already an actual fact?

When the representatives of the powers met at Berlin in 1878, what they were called upon to do was to reorganize the political system of the Balkan peninsula—that is, to arrange the precise manner in which the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire in Europe, brought about by Russia's onslaught, was to be effected. The terms imposed by Russia upon Turkey in the treaty of San Stefano were to be set aside, but Turkey's disintegration was to be accepted as an accomplished fact. Roumania, Servia and Montenegro were cut loose entirely from their Turkish moorings; Bulgaria, for five centuries an integral part of the Ottoman realm, was erected into a Christian principality, tributary to the porte; eastern Roumelia was created an autonomous province under a Christian governor. The mandate which Austria-Hungary received to administer Bosnia and Herzegovina could not very well have been conceived to mean anything else than the permanent severance of those regions from Turkish rule. Russia was compelled to forego in great part the fruits of her dearly bought victory. The turning over of Bosnia bodily to Austria-Hungary would, however, have been too much for Russia to swallow, and so a modus had to be found. The oppressed Christian Bosniaks and Herzegovinians, whose uprising in 1875 had initiated the convulsions that brought Russia to the gates of Constantinople, it was agreed, could not be allowed to remain under the Turkish yoke.

Could the thought have been entertained by the diplomats at Berlin that the European concert might eventually restore Bosnia to the sultan? This country had its long tale of misery under Ottoman domination, as well as its neighbor, Servia. Its mediaeval feudal lords had, after the Turkish conquest, saved themselves by embracing Islam, so that here the spectacle was presented of the oppression of Christian rayahs by Slavic Mussulmans. Naturally the Bosniak Mussulmans, the dominant class, did not relish the idea of being transferred to a Christian power. The negotiations of the treaty of Berlin evidently did not anticipate any desperate resistance on their part. Yet there was bloody work ahead for Austria. The subjugation of these brave Mohammedans was not an inspiring spectacle, but Christendom looked calmly on while Austria carried out the mandate of the powers. Having thus been severed from its connection with Turkey, Bosnia was practically bound to remain so, even in face of the convention signed by Austria-Hungary at Constantinople on April 21, 1879, in which the Turkish rights of sovereignty were recognized. The treaty of Berlin made no provision regarding the termination of the Austro-Hungarian administration. The article decreeing the occupation appears to have been drawn up with the intent of enacting a disguised cession.

Did the framers of the treaty imagine that ultimately Bosnia might be turned over to Servia, which state is now convulsed over what was virtually consummated years ago? If so, European diplomacy must long since have lost sight of this, else the assimilation of the region by Austria would not have been allowed to proceed without protest. In 1880 Bosnia was brought within the pale of the Austro-Hungarian customs, and in the following year compulsory military service was introduced. Roads and railways were built by the government on an extensive scale, stately public buildings were erected, the judicial system was reorganized, and measures were undertaken for the promotion of industry and education. All this certainly did not argue a transient occupation, and Bosnia ceased to interest European diplomacy.

The Bosnian nationality is much the same as the Servian, but only two-fifths of the inhabitants belong to the Greek church, the church of the people of Servia. Fully one-third are Mohammedans. They constitute the upper and ruling class, embracing the great landowners.

Something in the nature of this move on the part of Austria was certain to come sooner or later. Bosnia and Herzegovina have been hitherto administered by the minister of finance of the dual monarchy and have had no representative body. This had finally to change, and the admission of the province to constitutional privileges would involve the declaration of full sovereignty on the emperor-king's part.

An Odd Legacy.

Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Jefferson family of actors, was remembered curiously in the will of Weston, who was himself an esteemed member of Garrick's company. Weston's will contained this item:

"I have played under the management of Mr. Jefferson at Richmond and received from him every politeness. I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of."

Not So Blind.

"Miranda, I want to ask you to marry me and to tell me"—

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

—"to tell me what date you and your mother have decided on for our wedding."—Brooklyn Life.

BIRD ALARM CLOCK.

Chicago Man Declares Sparrows Beat Any Mechanical Device.

LEADER STARTS THE CHORUS.

Regular Hours Observed—Only Improvement to Be Made Is Some Method to Prevent Jensen's Pets From Singing on Sundays and Legal Holidays.

Harold Jensen of 659 Loomis street, Chicago, has adopted the novel idea of employing a cageful of common sparrows as an alarm clock. While Jensen was late to his work in the stockyards on an average of four times a week before the advent of the feathered colony in his home, he is now happy in the feeling of surety that he will be one of the first to punch the time clock every day. As a certainty, in regard to starting noise every morning at a fixed hour, Jensen believes his "living, breathing" clock has anything beaten that has ever been turned out by the most skilled mechanics.

The sparrows, nine or ten of them in a large wire cage, hang on the rear porch during the day, where they can chirp in the sunlight, but at night, when the house is closed up, the birds are brought to the head of Jensen's bed and set on a small table, says the Chicago News. They seem to pay no attention to the light of the gas burner, but only draw their heads deeper down into their "ruffs" and wink solemnly at each other in silence until the light is extinguished.

At the break of dawn, however, when the first rays of the sun come peeping over the housetops and flicker across the waters of the Chicago river lagoon, the "alarm" starts "a-ringing" with a vengeance. Like all choirs or gathered choirs, the sparrows have a leader, a male bird. He is the first to lift his voice in the summons which brings Jensen leaping from bed. One by one the birds join the "choir master" until the shrill piping can be heard all through the house.

The feature of this "invention" which particularly tickles Jensen is the fact that the birds "sing to death," as he expresses it, any of the so called intermittent alarm clocks. The birds sing in spasms, so to speak, stopping every few seconds for a long breath. They continue their programme until some member of the family removes them to the porch and fills the bottom of the cage with crumbs and grain.

Jensen, the "inventor," has gained about ten pounds since the installation of the cage of sparrows about a month ago, and he is wearing a smile that refuses to remove itself from his countenance. He attributes his gain in avoirdupois to the feeling of happiness which comes with "getting next to nature" and with having the sounds of cheerful bird talk the first to reach his ears on arising in the morning.

"Grouchy?" ejaculated Jensen when asked how he liked his alarm clock. "Why, I haven't had a grouchy or sour minute since I got my little pets. To make a man really cheerful and able to bear up under the strains of business and domestic life there is nothing like the voice of nature's children to do the work. The first thing I hear in the morning is Bill—that's the leader—letting out a bunch of 'tweet-tweets' right in my ear. It isn't very loud, and it allows me to awake slowly and gently. I remain in a kind of half dream, imagining that I am out in the woods or in some beautiful garden and that wonderfully plumaged birds are singing over my head.

"Then Maggie and Mike, the most industrious singers in the bunch, get busy, and I am thoroughly awakened. Sometimes Bill is a little previous in starting the 'bell' to going, and I have a chance to lie in bed for a few minutes and listen to the chirping and imagine all sorts of pleasant things. Why, it keeps me in good humor all day."

Jensen sees room for improvement in his invention in only one direction. The sparrows, led by the wonderful Bill, start trouble just as promptly and as industriously on Sunday mornings as on the other six days of the week. Jensen is now trying to train the sparrows to notice the red numerals on the calendar which hangs in his room, so that he will be allowed to snooze on Sundays and legal holidays.

The Jews and Thirteen.

Commenting on the thirteen superstitions in the Oesterreichische Wochenschift, Jacob E. Ehrlich, a Jewish writer, says: "The number thirteen is surely not a bad one for us. The holy writ tells of the thirteen attributes of the Most High, and we have thirteen feast days in each year. Our great arch enemy, Haman, was hanged on the 13th of Abes. The thirteenth birthday of our sons is a day of joy because on that day the child becomes a member of the religious community. The dream of Joseph was of thirteen—the sun, the moon and eleven stars—and Jacob had thirteen children."

No, you don't have to use every advertising medium or scheme—any more than you have to ride on more

OFFICIAL COUNT MADISON COUNTY.

Results Not Changed by Official Figures.

SLIGHT CHANGES IN TOTALS.

Madison County is One of the Few Counties in the State That Remains in the Republican Column—Taft Carries it by 259.

The official count of the Madison county vote was made Thursday afternoon at Madison under direction of County Clerk Richardson. The official count makes slight changes in some of the figures from the way they had been counted, but the results are not affected. James Nichols for county attorney received the highest majority of any candidate in the county, while S. R. Barton for state auditor, Brian for state treasurer and Bishop for superintendent received the largest majorities among the state candidates.

The total vote of the county was 4,157. Taft received 2,187, Bryan 1,878. Sheldon for governor received 2,112, Shallenberger 1,912. Hopewell for lieutenant governor received 2,108, Garrett 1,880. Jankin for secretary of state received 2,122, Gatewood 1,862. Barton for auditor received 2,159, Price 1,855. Brian for state treasurer 2,158, Mackey 1,858. Bishop for superintendent 2,160, Abbott 1,846. Thompson for attorney general 2,147, Flaherty 1,871. Cowles for commissioner of public lands and buildings 2,127, Eastham 1,859. Williams for railway commissioner 2,111, Cowgill 1,859. Boyd for congress 2,064, Latta 1,988. Randall for state senator 2,035, Rees 2,008. Beels for representative 1,969, Young 2,044. Nichols for county attorney 2,201, Engelman 1,720. Davis for commissioner 1,881, Malone 2,150.

BANNER REPUBLICAN PRECINCT.

Meadow Grove Gave Good Majorities All Down the Line.

Meadow Grove, Nov. 6. (Special to The News). Meadow Grove precinct is the Republican banner precinct in Madison county. It gave Taft 192 votes and Bryan 56 votes. The Republican candidates along down the line went out of here by a large majority. On last evening the Republicans built a huge bon fire on the street leading to the depot which lasted for about all night, with the shooting off anvils and shot guns, and as the evening passenger was pulling west everybody in town was out to see the old sidewalks, store boxes and hay hauled and thrown into the fire and cheering for Don William H. Taft at the top of their voices. Stand up for Meadow Grove and her Republican citizens.

THURSDAY TIDINGS.

Martin Spern returned yesterday from Omaha.

L. N. Gossard of Le Mars is visiting with his brother, B. J. Gossard of Norfolk.

S. J. Clark of Meadow Grove was in Norfolk yesterday.

Dr. Oekle and wife of Pierce motored to Norfolk yesterday.

Mrs. Dunn of Meadow Grove was a Norfolk visitor yesterday.

Mrs. J. Mass of Battle Creek was in Norfolk Wednesday.

Mrs. William Venter of Stanton was in Norfolk yesterday.

Dr. Kierstead went to Inman Wednesday on a business trip.

Mrs. William Hamilton of Stanton spent Thursday in Norfolk.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Myers of Stanton spent Wednesday in Norfolk.

Mrs. Warren and family of Tilden visited friends in Norfolk yesterday.

Mrs. Zbonar and daughter of Hoskins visited in Norfolk Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lambert of Foster came to Norfolk on business Wednesday morning.

Mrs. W. L. Lehman and family have left Norfolk for a few days' visit in Warnerville.

Mrs. B. J. Gossard went to Wayne last Sunday to spend about a week visiting with relatives there.

Dr. Meredith went to Battle Creek Thursday to atend the annual district Sunday school convention held there this week.

O. F. Scholz leaves today for his home at Gothenburg, Ia. Mr. Scholz has been with the A. K. Leonard drug store all summer.

Mrs. John Reid left for Wakefield yesterday to assist with the nursing of her father-in-law, John Reid, of that town, whose condition is serious.

Among the out-of-town visitors in Norfolk were: F. A. Seahy, Wayne; Lorenz Jurgensen, Tilden; Will McDonald, Meadow Grove; S. O. Campbell, Creighton; J. J. Wager, Gregory; W. O. Gain, Battle Creek; A. Purchase, O'Neill; L. Thompson, Creighton; Thomas Loftus, Plainview; N. C. MacMahone, Wisner.

Mrs. W. H. Du Mont of Chicago returned to her home on the morning train after a visit here with her father, W. M. Ryel, and her brothers and sisters, A. J. Ryel of Norfolk, G. W. Ryel of Chadron, Mrs. G. W. Roseberry of Norfolk, and Mrs. Hilborn of Plainview. She was accompanied to Missouri Valley by her father. Mrs. A. J. Ryel went as far as Omaha.

William Uecker is seriously sick at his home on Madison avenue.

J. T. Wolfkiel has been bedfast for several days and is quite sick.

The fire and police committee of the city council met in a body to test the new hose recently purchased with the results. The hose was supplied by C. E. Hartford, local agent for the Eureka Hose company.

The Star Transfer line has just added to its equipment a fine, new Bain coach.

The Madison high school football team, in advertising a game that is to be played at the county seat Saturday with the Nelligh high school team, says: "The Madison boys have promised not to use the 'slope' on Nelligh." The following scores made by the Madison team are reported to: Madison 0, Norfolk 16; Madison 10, Norfolk 0; Madison 17, Columbus 0; Madison 56, Newman Grove 0.

The full moon and the balmy, invigorating air of night during the past few evenings has bathed Norfolk in an autumnal picturesqueness that scarcely could be surpassed in dear old Italy or southern California. Strollers have been making the most of the rare weather.

Will Carroll, a traveling salesman for the Gund Brewing company out of Norfolk is laid up at the Oxnard hotel with two badly poisoned feet, as the result of going duck hunting in boots too large for him. They blistered his feet and on top of that the leather poisoned him. He has lost almost a week's time as a result of the accident already.

Reynolds Johnson, ten-year-old son of Axel Johnson, a Northwestern bridge carpenter at the Junction, sustained an injured eye yesterday, probably as the result of a torpedo explosion. The lad threw something in a tin box, which is supposed to have been a torpedo. It exploded and sent particles into his eye. He was taken to Omaha on the morning train for eye surgical treatment.

William Kroeger, president of the Interstate Telephone company, with headquarters at Stuart, Neb., has written a letter to G. T. Sprecher, manager of the Nebraska Telephone company's office in Norfolk, expressing his gratification over the service rendered by that company in the matter of election returns. He says that the service beat the Western Union all along the line and that the next time it will not be so difficult to convince people in advance of the worth of service that the telephone can render.

A family reunion of the children of W. M. Ryel of Norfolk was held at Plainview in the home of Mrs. H. F. Hilborn, one of the daughters. Mr. Ryel and five of his children, together with a number of grandchildren, were in the party and the event was one to long be remembered. In the family were the following children of Mr. Ryel: G. W. Ryel of Chadron, A. J. Ryel of Norfolk, Mrs. W. H. Du Mont of Chicago, Mrs. G. W. Roseberry of Norfolk, and Mrs. Hilborn. These were all but two of the children in the family.

There was a "mad dog" scare in town yesterday morning. "Mad dog nothing," said Chief of Police Peters, but he didn't care to take chances. When Mrs. C. E. Evans of 406 South Third street went out to screen off the back porch the strange antics of the family dog caused her considerable alarm. The demented animal was falling all over itself in vain endeavor to swallow its tail, froth dripping the while from its snapping jaws. This was enough for Mrs. Evans, and she sent for the police. First, however, there being several little children playing in the vicinity, she courageously succeeded in driving the dog under the porch and penning him in. Chief of Police Peters, armed with a shotgun, answered the summons in person. He examined the canine offender at a distance. His opinion was that the animal was suffering from fits, an illness common among dogs and cats that is often mistaken for madness. However, as the dog was not a valuable one, it was decided, both kindest to the suffering animal and safest for the public, that he should be disposed of.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Battle Creek Convention Elects District Officers.

Dr. O. R. Meredith, who has been attending the county district Sunday school convention at Battle Creek, returned to Norfolk yesterday. Mr. Meredith reported the results of the meeting to have been very satisfactory, the attendance good, and that every one billed to speak on the program came forward to do their part.

The district officers elected by the convention were:

President—Rev. Minde, Meadow Grove.

Vice-President—Louis Johnson, Battle Creek.

Secretary and treasurer — Miss Glendoris Snider, Battle Creek.

District superintendent of departments—Mrs. H. E. Mason, Meadow Grove.

Primary department—Miss Maude Whitla, Battle Creek.

Home department — Miss Edith Twiss, Meadow Grove.

Teachers training—Mrs. C. F. Smith, Tilden.

Temperance—Rev. Mr. Tillery, Battle Creek.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY.

News Notes of Norfolk From the Daily News of a Score of Years Ago.

The county election resulted in the choice of Burt Mapes for county attorney, J. W. Stirk for representative, Herman Barnes for county commissioner and Dr. Long for coroner. Dr. Plasch ran for coroner ten ahead of his ticket.

Ten Years Ago Today.

Norfolk citizens were advised to exercise caution to avoid a diphtheria epidemic, several new cases having been reported during the day.

A Year Ago Today.

Weather bulletin service, inter-

WHOM WILL DEMS CHOOSE NEXT?

Johnson Or Folk Suggested in Norfolk.

OR BRYAN AGAIN IN 1916.

One Norfolk Democrat Suggested That He Thought Mr. Bryan Would Probably Retire Now—Another Wants Him for Senator.

What will the Democrats do next? That is the question being asked right now by northern Nebraska Democrats. But few are answering it.

"Johnson or Folk ought to be nominated next time," said one. "I believe Mr. Bryan will now retire."

"Bryan to the senate two years hence and for president eight years from now," suggested another Democrat.

Foley's Honey and Tar clears the air passages, stops the irritation in the throat, relieves the inflamed membranes, and the cause of simple cough disappears. Sore and inflamed lungs are healed and strengthened and the cold is expelled from the system.

FORTUNE FOR POET.

Good Tidings For Joaquin Miller From Miner He Befriended.

Gratitude to Joaquin Miller for saving his life and nursing him through a long spell of sickness many years ago has caused John Herren, an old prospector who has "struck it rich" at Rawhide, Nev., to make a will leaving everything he possesses to his old friend and benefactor, says the Oakland correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle. More than thirty-five years ago the "poet of the Sierras," while carrying the mail between Florence and Millersburg, Ida., brought the minor into the latter place after he had become unconscious while lost in the deep snow.

Since then the prospector has become old seeking the claim which was going to make him wealthy, but he never forgot the kindness of Joaquin Miller, who furnished him with provisions and nursed him back to health.

The letter Miller received is as follows:

Rawhide, Esmeralda County, Nev., Aug. 17, 1908.

Joaquin Miller, The Heights, Cal.:

My Old and Very Dear Friend—I creep into your mind, such as it is, today to get a favor to write this letter to you to notify you that I have made my will in your favor. I am leaving you all my mines and my two pet jackasses that have been my faithful trains by day and my pillows by night and across the most desolate regions that God ever made. As you are a poet, perhaps you know what he made them for.

You may have forgotten me, but I never will forget you, for long ago away up in the pass, south Salmon River mountains of Idaho, at Florence and Millersburg, you did me favors I can never forget. You truly gave me half your necessary stock of food, saving my life when I had neither food nor money, and you nursed me when I was down with snow blindness and mountain fever. And I shall never forget when you faced death to bring in our letters across the hundred miles of freezing snows and how you brought me a cheery letter from my little girls down in the Willamette valley. But, alas, they are now all dead and gone, and I am a wanderer on the face of the earth, and the most lonely, since I lost part of it. Kindly it was better to sit down and rake bubbles on the lake and say more than wander west, as I have done, smashing the heart into nasal-dentized pavement stuff.

I have had generally poor luck since the years when I knew your kind hearted boss, but now at last I have struck some good claims, which will yield a fortune or several of them. I am leaving them all to you, knowing that you will use their output for the benefit of the poor and of mankind. I feel that first frost will soon be blooming the yellow sage and bring on the autumn rains for me and that the sand in my glass will soon run out. But as I climb the last divide I will think kindly of you as one of the true benefactors of mankind, and then my lawyer will notify you that I have gone over the hill, and you can do the rest. Meanwhile I hope you will enjoy good health for many years to come. Very truly yours, JOHN HERREN.

The poet answered this letter by hoping that the miner would enjoy good health for many years to come, but that he thought more of the jackasses than of any other property his old friend might leave, as it would be a pleasure to have them wandering around his front yard.

WIRELESS TYPEWRITING.

Practical Demonstration of Knudson's Machine—Type Set Same Way.

Hans Knudson, a Danish electrical engineer, recently gave in London a practical demonstration of his ability to work a typewriter by wireless telegraphy. Knudson declares that a linotype composing machine can be operated in a similar fashion, and, although his demonstration was made with apparatus in a more or less experimental stage of construction, the results were such as to open up a wonderful vista of almost magical attainment.

Many people present at the demonstration, which was held at the Hotel Cecil, wrote on a wireless typewriter in one room, and what they wrote was immediately printed by a receptive typewriter in a neighboring apartment. In a precisely similar way Knudson says it will be possible to actuate a linotype machine, messages of news being sent off on a wireless keyboard at a central office or news agency.

Telegraphing sketches and photographs by wireless can also be accomplished, he asserts, by means of a special form of the same machine.

The time to "retrench in your advertising" is when you decide to slow down in your business—or to "get on the toboggan."

At least two Hallowe'en mischief-

Right Here —in the baking

that is where Calumet Baking Powder proves its superiority; its wonderful raising power; its never-failing ability to produce the most delicious baking—**and its economy. In the baking**—that is the only way you can successfully test it and compare it with the high price kinds. **You cannot** discredit these statements until you have tried

CALUMET

the only high grade baking powder selling at a moderate cost. $1,000.00 is offered to anyone finding the least trace of impurity, in the baking, caused by Calumet.

Ask your Grocer—and insist that you get Calumet.

Received Highest Award World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907.

So Bad as That!

A young mother's student who was calling upon a girl volunteered to sing and help entertain the company which arrived unexpectedly. At the end of his second solo he turned to the young lady and remarked: "I am thinking of taking vocal lessons. Do you know of a good teacher?"

"Yes, indeed," was the quick reply. "I know the very one for you. Here is his address," and she scribbled the name on a card, giving it to the caller.

Next day he called up the teacher by telephone: "Is this the instructor of vocal music?"

"The what?" was the answer.

"The vocal teacher?" was repeated.

"Naw," came the reply, "I don't teach nothin'. I file saws!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Who Would Want to Be a Lama?

The lama pilgrims among the Tibetan Buddhists, as they pursue their mountain pilgrimages, literally measure off the distance with their bodies. The distinguished traveler, Sven Hedin, writing of his discoveries in Tibet in Harper's Magazine, describes them as lying down full length on the ground, making a mark on the road, rising and stepping forward to the mark, once more to fall full length. One such walking journey, he says, Dr. Hedin, equals thirty ordinary ones. Among the lamas who are to be found those who immure themselves in a dark cave for life, food being passed to them through a passage or hole underground. Should the dish be one day untouched those outside may know that the sacrificial prisoner has died—seated, since all good lamas must die seated, in the wooden frame which was fashioned for him when he was entombed.

Useless.

There was some speculation as to whether the instrument would benefit the old gentleman or not. One was holding the ear trumpet, while another was explaining its use and shouting old Mr. Borrows how to hold it to his ear.

"Say something to him through it, Joe," said one to the other.

Now, Joe had long waited for an opportunity to reach Mr. Borrows' ear. So, speaking very distinctly into the trumpet, he said:

"You've not paid me that sovereign you owe me yet, Mr. Borrows."

But the old gentleman put the instrument down, with disappointment on his face, and they could see it was a failure even before he had time to say:

"That thing's not a bit of good to me!"

And he sighed, but his sigh was not so deep as that which came from Joe.—London Express.

Trophies of the Chase.

In the days when buffalo still roamed the plains of Kansas in countless numbers a great many hunting parties came over from Europe to join in the festive slaughter. One party was composed of a Frenchman named Auguste Rouzaud, the first husband of Christine Nilsson, the prima donna, and an Englishman, a Mr. Blackmade, from London. They arrived at Dodge City one day in the fall with a carload of equipment, including every sort of delicacy that the country afforded and several large flasks full of bright new hunting knives. A detachment of the sixth cavalry from Fort Dodge was detailed to accompany them, and probably no command ever fared better than that one did. The Englishman shot a few buffalo, and the soldiers slaughtered them by the hundreds. But the Frenchman didn't kill one. Instead, as fast as the animals were shot he would take one of his brand new butcher knives, plunge it into the skin animal until it was smeared with blood, wrap it carefully in tissue paper and put it back in the trunk as a trophy of the chase to exhibit when he got back to Paris as proof of his mighty prowess, no a hunter. What was his idea of sport?—Kansas City Star.

Not Very Funny.

"I did my best to be entertaining," said the young man in a voice of sorrow.

"Did you succeed?"

"I'm afraid not. I recited Hamlet's soliloquy. She looked at me reproachfully for several seconds and then exclaimed, 'I don't think that's very funny!'"—London Telegraph.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never come.—Lowell.

Interest All Along the Line.

Electing a president is a big job, that Norfolk, the county, Nebraska and the nation spent the day attending to little less than this task.

In Norfolk national politics had to contend for interest with the state land and to a less extent with the local fights. Interest was shown in the outcome of the Randall-Rees fight for the senatorship, all indications, however, favoring Randall by a good sized majority.

Voters Beat Workers Out.

The voters kept the workers to the polls in Norfolk. The voters came during the early hours of the morning, following the opening of the polls at 8 o'clock, outnumbering the workers who came to the polls of their own accord. The workers were slow in getting to work. Some party carriages were in evidence and party banners were missing.

The saloons were, of course, closed during the day.

What Will the County Do?

"What will the county do?" was the question asked during the day by politicians. Chances of local candidates were figured on the vote expected on the head of the ticket. Few Democrats really expected Bryan to carry the county but most of them hoped for a majority for Taft below 100. Republican figures ran anywhere from 500 to 500.

In the score or two of years that The News has recorded elections in Madison county it has never told of a Democratic presidential candidate carrying the county.

After a girl has graduated, she thinks the essence of polite manners is to hear some one pronounce incorrectly a word she knows by heart, and never smile.

GOLD RUSH PIONEER CELEBRATED BIRTHDAY.

J. B. Perviance 81—Walked Across American Continent.

J. B. Perviance, pioneer of Madison county and resident of Norfolk for the last twenty-two years, celebrated his eighty-first birthday Tuesday.

Mr. Perviance took part in the California gold rush in 1850. He holds the remarkable record of having covered the entire distance separating California from Illinois on foot. Even in this advanced era of good roads and railroad tracks, there are not many who would want to undertake such a tramp, and yet on poor roads and indifferent wagon trails Mr. Perviance succeeded in reaching his Eldora just five months from the time he left home.

It took him from the twelfth day of March till the twelfth day of August to make the trip.

Mr. Perviance moved to Nebraska from Wadena, Ia., in 1886.

The occasion of his birthday the week was cause for hearty and sincere congratulations from his many friends.

LIBEL RUMOR IS PREMATURE.

Senator Randall Has Not Sued John Harding.

SAYS HE MAY TAKE ACTION.

State Senator C. A. Randall of Newman Grove has Turned Over to an Attorney an Article Published in Meadow Grove Concerning Himself.

State Senator C. A. Randall of Newman Grove, has not brought suit for libel against former County Commissioner John H. Harding, as was rumored in Madison and Norfolk last night. Over the long distance telephone Senator Randall informed The News that he had filed no such suit although he has, he said, turned over to an attorney an article which appeared in the Meadow Grove News over Harding's name. Mr. Randall said that he would go to Madison within a few days to determine more definitely upon what action he shall take. He says the article was untrue.

The article referred to Mr. Randall and County Commissioner John Malone of Madison.

Senator Randall said that Mr. Malone was considering taking action in