

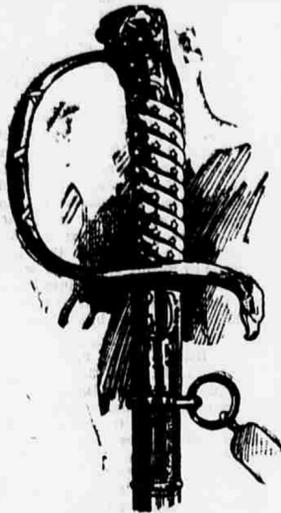
SWORD FOR DEWEY.

Heart of the Admiral Touched at Nation's Gift.

WORDS FAIL THE SEA FIGHTER.

Labors to Repress Pent Up Feelings and Makes the Effort Twice Before His Lips Respond When It Becomes His Turn to Reply—Trying Hour.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—The culmination of Admiral Dewey's triumphal home coming was reached yesterday in the shadow of the dome of the national capitol. Here he received from the hands of the president the magnificent jeweled sword voted him by congress in commemoration of the victory of Manila bay. This was the official reason for the ceremony. But more official sanction could never have thrown into the demonstration the fervor of enthusiasm that was meted out to the admiral as he appeared before the vast audience, composed not only of all the highest officials in the land, but of spectators drawn from every quarter of the United States. The battle of Manila bay was not forgotten, but it might be said to have been relegated almost to second place in the desire to do honor to the man who had proved himself as great after victory as before it and who had



THE DEWEY SWORD.

shown in the long and trying months that followed his naval triumph the qualities of a statesman and a wise administrator as well as a fighting leader of the victorious fleet. And enhancing these qualities was that of manly modesty, displayed in the quiet dignity with which he met the occasion. This trait of Dewey's character was evidenced from the moment he reached the stand side by side with the president. He paused at this point for a moment unwilling apparently to take the place that had been prepared for him on the right of the platform lest he should appear to usurp the place due to the chief magistrate. President McKinley grasped the situation in an instant and taking the great sea captain by the arm placed him by gentle force in the chair that had been intended for him. Later in the day as the carriage bearing the official party drove away from the capitol between walls of cheering people the president again displayed his tact by remaining covered and ignoring the demonstration himself, leaving its acknowledgment to the admiral alone.

Trying Day for the Admiral.

For Dewey it was a trying as well as a triumphal day. It has been given to few officers in the naval history of the country to sit before a crowd of thousands while the chief of the naval establishment dilated upon their exploits, and then to stand before the same crowd to receive at the hands of the president a sword prepared for him at the behest of the representatives of the whole people. The strain upon Admiral Dewey reached almost to the breaking point. None but those nearest to him could see how he labored to repress his feelings during the address of Secretary Long, but when he arose to receive the sword from the hands of the president no one could mistake the flash of the white-gloved hand as it rose to dash away the tears before the admiral came to the rigid attitude of attention before his chief.

When it became Dewey's turn to reply, his voice failed him and he made the effort twice before his lips would respond. When he did succeed, his tones were clear and steady, but so low that only those nearest to him could hear.

There was an exquisite bit of comedy following the trying formalities, though it escaped all but those directly on the stand. As the admiral closed and took his seat, he turned to the president and in a tone of quizzical appeal inquired, "Now, really, don't you think I did pretty well for an amateur?"

Joy Over Schley.

One of the most remarkable features of the eventful day was the ovation to Rear Admiral Schley on the return of the party from the capitol to the white house. His carriage was several numbers behind that of the president and Admiral Dewey and received an ovation that could scarcely be ranked below that accorded to the admiral himself. The tumult grew as the carriage proceeded down the avenue and the crowd surged around it until the horses were brought to a foot pace. Finally a company of high school cadets came to the rescue and formed about the carriage in a hollow square. Thus protected and flanked by a force of police the carriage reached the white house with a long

gap between it and the next official guests.

Out of the store of his experience the president was able to give Admiral Dewey one valuable suggestion before leaving the capitol. The venerable Cardinal Gibbons was presented and after an exchange of greetings the president asked the admiral if he felt equal to a general ordeal of handshaking. The hero of Manila swerved from the shock, explaining that his right arm was partially paralyzed from his experience in New York. "Let me suggest to you," said the president, "hereafter you shake the other man's hand, don't let him shake yours. You save yourself by not letting them get the grasp on you."

BUYING UP AMERICAN MEAT.

English Government Places a Big Order for Canned Goods.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—It is reported here that the British government has placed a large order for canned meat and tinned fruit with some of Chicago's large packing concerns. An official of one of the large packing companies, who did not wish to be quoted, said that he understood that one firm had secured a large contract with the English government for the shipment of canned meats with which to supply the army while in the Transvaal.

BAY STATE ASHORE.

Vessel Bound for Boston Goes Aground at Cape Race in a Fog.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., Oct. 4.—The Warren line steamer Bay State, Captain Walton, from Liverpool, Sept. 25, for Boston, with general cargo is ashore near Cape Race and will prove a total wreck.

Four boats containing the captain and 60 men were picked up by the bark Flora and landed at Cape Broyle last evening. Another boat with 15 men aboard is still missing and a tug has been sent to search for it.

BIG FIRE AT DES MOINES.

Harris-Emery Department Store a Ruin and Other Buildings Damaged.

DES MOINES, Oct. 4.—Fire yesterday destroyed the five-story department store of the Harris-Emery company and communicated to the Masonic Temple, Murphy house, Hegele cigar store and Hill shoe store, the total loss amounting to \$500,000. The loss to the Harris-Emery company alone is estimated at \$150,000. All the buildings were insured. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Bartley Bondsman Case is Advanced.

LINCOLN, Oct. 4.—The supreme court began its second sitting since the summer vacation yesterday. Most of the time was spent in arguing motions. The case of the state against the bondsmen of Treasurer Bartley was advanced. The case of the Pacific Express company against the state board of transportation, a companion suit to the Nebraska Telephone case decided by the court at the last sitting, was set for hearing Nov. 8.

"OIL PAINTINGS."

Those That Cost 90 Cents Apiece and Sell For \$2.

"Most of the cheap oil paintings," said the picture dealer, "are done by Italians on the east side in New York. They work in their living rooms, and most of the paintings have several half grown children as assistants. The wholesale dealers have a number of such artists on their books and agree to take all they can do, the firm supplying the canvases, but not the paints. Of course the pictures are done rapidly.

"An expert will range six or eight canvases on a shelf that is used instead of an easel and generally has a colored print tacked up above as copy. Then he proceeds to rapidly block in the subject. A favorite scene is a mountain lake with a ruined temple in the foreground. He will indicate the lake, the sky and the mountains without attempting any details and pass on to the next canvas. By the time he is through with the last one the paint on the first is dry, and he proceeds in the same order with the trees, clouds and temple. Meanwhile his helper is putting in all the small accessories, and by the time daylight wanes the row will be done. By this system of working the artist does not have to be continually changing his brushes, and he loses no time in waiting on the drying of pigment.

"We sell such a picture as he would turn out at about \$2, including frame, the net cost of the canvases to the dealer being in the neighborhood of 90 cents. The workman gets 40 cents apiece for his paintings, and most of them average \$2.50 a day year in and year out. I know one man who makes just double that amount, but he has two clever children. As you may see, some of the pictures are by no means devoid of merit in spite of their slap dash handling. In fact, a good many of the 40 cent artists occupy their leisure in doing artistic things which they may or may not be able to sell. They may bring in a steady income and keep the pot boiling."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Land of Many Thirsts.

The Egyptian never travels without his goshah. He fills it with filtered water and in the morning can command a pint or more of water cooled by evaporation through the unglazed clay. This precious fluid he does not waste on unsatisfied thirst. Taking off the long white wrap and the piece of cloth that covers his head during sleep, the native pours the water over his head, neck and hands. The European, with all his instinct for cleanliness, seeks first to relieve his overmastering thirst.

There are in Egypt as many thirsts as plagues, but the dust thirst is the worst. Every pore is sealed; the throat is a lump of dry clay, and one feels what it must be to be a mummy.—London Standard.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

A CANOE RACE IN WHICH A HUMAN LIFE WAS THE STAKE.

The Adventure of a Missionary in the Kongo Country and How He Saved a Native From Being Cooked and Eaten by the Cannibals.

The stories that missionaries send home often throw a vivid light upon the dark and savage conditions that encompass them. One of the teachers of the American Baptist Missionary union, in his annual report, tells of a recent incident that occurred far up the Kongo river among the natives living around the shores of Lake Tumba, only a short distance south of the big river.

Early one Sunday morning, as the missionary and his wife were preparing for the duties of the day, they heard a shout from the lake. An old man was seen seated in a canoe, which a number of stalwart fellows were paddling as fast as they could toward the little river that carries the waters of the lake to the Kongo, a few miles north. The old man was crying in a frantic and despairing voice:

"Mpebe na Moukasa."

These were the names by which the missionary and his wife are known to the natives. The old fellow called them again and again, till he saw the white man and his wife standing on the beach. Then he shouted to them:

"Oh, come and save me! They are taking me away to kill and eat me!"

The missionary understood the situation at once. The place is not more than a day's travel from the mouth of the great Mobangi tributary of the Kongo. The banks of the Mobangi are lined with cannibal tribes, and it is one of the greatest hotbeds of cannibalism.

Explorers have often told of the canoes sent out from these tribes to the districts a little south of the Kongo for no other purpose than to buy slaves or steal men to carry away to their homes for their cannibal feasts. Here was an old friend of the missionaries who had fallen into the power of these savage foragers. Not a moment was to be lost, for the canoe was shooting past the station and rapidly approaching the foot of the lake.

At a word from the white man a half dozen young blacks launched a canoe in the lake and plied their paddles with all their might. It was an exciting chase. The cannibals, seeing they were pursued, redoubled their energies to reach the river a few miles north of them. It was a boat race in dead earnest, and the stake was a human life.

There were six of the pursuers and only four of the fugitive canoeemen. The chasing party had a larger sum total of muscle, and this advantage began to tell. Slowly the missionary boat gained on the cannibals, who saw at last that they would certainly be caught before they reached the river. Then they paddled like mad for the shore, and the pursuers were only a few boat lengths from them as they ran their canoe up on the beach.

The cannibals jumped out and three of them made their escape into the woods, carrying with them a considerable quantity of brass wire, the form of money they use in buying slaves. The fourth man was made a prisoner and was taken back to the missionary settlement with the poor old captive, who was now trembling with joy as a few moments before he had quaked with fear. The missionary says that if he had not called for help he would probably have been killed before night.

The expected then happened. Of course, the savages did not relish the idea of returning to their people without any victim and with one of their party missing. The white man felt certain they would try to ransom their comrade, and, sure enough, the crestfallen man entered after a little while appeared within hailing distance.

They had brass wire, they shouted, and how much did the white man want in exchange for their friend.

He wanted all they had, and after considerable parleying a lot of wire was brought half way to the station.

The old man said he was sure this wire was all his captors had in the canoe, and finally it was accepted and the prisoner released. The men probably made their way as best they could back to their tribe.

The wire was worth only \$4, but the missionary says this was enough to keep the old man in food for over nine months, and the fair inference is that the cost of living on the upper Kongo has been reduced to a bedrock basis.

The Kongo state is rigorously suppressing cannibalism as far as its influence extends, and therefore the natives who indulge in the practice no longer dare, in accordance with their former custom, to send large expeditions out to buy slaves. Now and then, however, a small party engage in the hazardous business, hoping by the smallness of their numbers to escape the attention of the whites.—New York Sun.

Prevalence of the Lying Habit. Did you ever count up how many times in the course of a day you tell a lie even though you consider yourself a truthful person? You tell a lie when a friend asks if a new hat is becoming, when you praise something your hostess cooks and when you say you had a good time in bidding her goodbye. You must lie or offend a hundred a day, and you naturally prefer to lie. Its effects may be as bad as those of giving offense, but they are not so apparent.—Atchison Globe.

The cemeteries around London cover 2,000 acres, and the land they occupy represents a capital of \$100,000,000.

The smallest known insect, a parasite of the lizard, is but one-ninetieth of an inch in length.

THE HORSE COLORER.

In Race Track Parlance He is a "Ringer Preparer."

"See that man who just went out?" asked a blacksmith, referring to a middle aged man who had left the shop a moment before.

"Well, he's the greatest horse colorer in the country and the only man who has got the business down to perfection."

"A horse colorer? What kind of a profession is that? Never heard of it before."

"Well, the business ain't generally known to the public, but nowadays the horse colorer is the whole thing in racing circles. For some time there has been an opening for a clever horse colorer, and the man who just went out has made a good many thousand dollars during the past few years working around race tracks.

"Of course, you know that the outlawing rules on the race track are pretty strict, and it has become very difficult to start a 'ringer' on any track. A 'ringer,' you know, is a good horse made to appear like an old skate, so that he can be entered in the slower races.

"This professional colorer is nothing more nor less than a 'ringer preparer,' and he's got the slickest methods you can imagine. He can take a bay mare into his barn and within 24 hours bring her out as white as snow or jet black, just as you please. The old fashioned way of coloring horses was done by a liberal use of paint, but I've known it to go pretty hard with owners when their colored horses happened to be caught in a shower.

"The new method is fully known only to this one man, but he says that he uses some kind of chemicals and can give any color to any horse. He can give a black horse white feet and turn a sorrel into a dapple gray on very short notice. In another 24 hours he can bring back the original color of the horse. He charges \$25 a transformation."—Chicago Democrat.

COOKING VERSUS MORALS.

Perfect Meals Are a Saving Grace to Many Men.

When a man does not get the stimulating nourishment which his nature craves, he resorts to liquor to supply the want. With this fact staring one in the face, is it not wise to teach that unflatteringly good food, with all the elements that stimulate and nourish the body and the brain, has its moral as well as its physical benefits?

There are cases on record proving the benefits of public school cooking, where the domestic sky has been perfectly cleared of clouds because good food was offered where before it had been badly cooked, and consequently did not properly nourish. In one home the substitution of a well cooked cup of cocoa for the sloppy, herby tea that had become a component part of every morning meal, and a nice Indian cake or plate of muffins for the dry baker's loaf, began a work of reform. The father was proud of the daughter's skill as a cook; the mother, who had grown careless and shiftless and indifferent, was shamed by it. The consequence was better provision on the part of one or more care in preparation on the part of the other.

The mother was by no means above turning to account some of the practical knowledge the daughter had acquired under such competent training, and she began also to brush up her own knowledge that she had carelessly allowed to fall into disuse. The result is a happy home, a united family, a cheerful, contented, busy wife, and a man who puts into the family larder what formerly went to the saloon.—Baltimore News.

His Wedding Fee.

A clergyman, speaking of wedding fees, said: "About a month ago a couple came to my church to get married in accordance with arrangements made with me. The church was opened and lighted up brilliantly, and the organist played the regulation marches. The nuptial knot being tied, the smiling groom approached me and placed a spotless white envelope in my hands. It was heavy, and a touch showed that it contained a coin. I concluded that it was a \$10 goldpiece. After the bridal party had departed I opened the envelope. What do you suppose it contained? A silver quarter. I dropped it in the poor box."—Brooklyn Times.

Taking No Chances.

"Now," said the enterprising interviewer, "please read this over and hold up your right hand."

"But," said the public man, "this is merely an interview."

"That's all it is now. But I thought it would be a good thing to be appointed a notary public. We've had too many denials, and this article's going to be an affidavit before it gets into the paper."—Washington Star.

Sleep.

Some doctors believe that a man has just so many hours to be awake, and that the more of them he uses up in a day the shorter his life will be. A man might live to be 200 if he could sleep most of the time. The proper way to economize time, therefore, is to sleep when there is nothing better to do.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Boston Boy's Grief.

Mother—Why do you weep so, Emerson?
 Little Emerson—Because Waldo Smith informs me that he is to take up the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics next week, and papa refuses to let me begin until I am 5 years old.—San Francisco Examiner.

Climax of Culture.

"What is a cosmopolitan?"
 "He's a man who can go all around the world without buying a souvenir spoon."—Chicago Record.

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What Others Say of the Book.

REV. C. W. SAVIDGE,

Founder and pastor of the People's Church, Omaha, writes: "I have received a copy of the 'Perfected Receipt Book' and am highly pleased with it. It will be of great value to the public. I wish it a large sale."

REV. J. C. LEMON,

Founder of the Christian Home Orphanage, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "It is a very valuable book, and I fail to see how it could be improved upon."

A. C. HAMMOND,

A prominent stockman of Stockton, Kansas, writes: "I would not take \$6.00 for one of the receipts in your Receipt Book."

W. R. ROBERTS,

For many years cashier of the Citizen's Bank of Omaha, writes: "I received your Receipt Book and have examined it carefully, and am more and more pleased with it. It is the most complete work I ever saw."

B. F. BERRY,

Of Irwin, Iowa, writes: "Recently two of my hogs took sick with hog cholera and one died within twenty-four hours. I had your receipt for hog cholera filled, as given in Kendall's Perfected Receipt Book, and I gave it immediately. It cured the other sick one and prevented the others from getting sick. I think it saved my herd of thirty-one. Your receipt book ought to be in every family for I think it is worth twenty times the price asked for it (25c.) I shall always believe that your receipt for hog cholera is just the medicine for hogs, for it saved my sick one and prevented the rest from getting sick. If my theory is correct, as I believe it is, it saved me at least \$150. I wish all who are losing hogs would get a receipt book and try this remedy. The book seems to be full of other good things also."