

The Norfolk News

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REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor, CHARLES H. DIERCKE. For Lieutenant Governor, R. P. HAYES. For Secretary of State, GEORGE W. MARRS.

Presidential Electors. JOHN F. DAVISON, JACOB L. JACOBSON, JOHN J. KARNET.

For Congressman, Third District, JOHN H. HAYS.

The Republican Judicial Convention.

The republican electors of the several counties of the Ninth judicial district of Nebraska are hereby called to meet in convention at Norfolk, Nebraska, June 21, 1900, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Nebraska is likely to be redeemed from "reform" rule this fall. It has been very sufficiently "reformed."

Bryan Towne is located on the banks of Salt creek and is so thoroughly pickled that a trip to the source in case of a flood of votes that will back the water up will in no wise inconvenience it.

There is not an unoccupied store building in a desirable location in Norfolk—another evidence of improved business conditions not in evidence for a number of years, and still Norfolk has some citizens who believe in going back to democratic rule which proved so disastrous in the years '93-'96.

Wouldn't it be consistent for the democratic press to give circulation to the fact that prices of wire, nails and other products of iron and steel have declined radically in price?

One of the chaplains who has been in the Philippines a year and a half, Chaplain Pierce, states that the anti story of the large increase of saloons in those islands is like many of the stories told by that class—mostly fiction.

Not for years, and perhaps never before, has there been as much painting done in Norfolk in one season as there has this spring. Nearly every business block in town, which has not received attention in the past year or two, has been painted and papered and they now look generally bright and attractive.

Table with 2 columns: Year, Amount. 1892: \$24,891,113; 1893: 17,308,476; 1894: 18,074,832; 1895: 14,300,773; 1896: 10,237,537; 1897: 13,902,940; 1898: 18,235,180; 1899: 21,666,114.

all banks in Nebraska under state supervision only. The decline during the democratic administration of 1893-96 is as remarkable as the increase in deposits under the present administration of President McKinley.—Nebraska City Press.

THE HOT WATER BUTTON.

A Country Couple Which Accepted the Directions Literally. This is a tale of pressing the button. Blaine Viles of Skowhegan tells it to me. I don't know where he got the facts; couldn't have been in Skowhegan, of course.

But, wherever it was, a couple from the country came to the hotel of which the tale is told. Of course this may have happened in Bob Haines' hotel in Skowhegan, but I doubt it, for Bob has told me many times that it is a liberal education for man, woman or child to stop in his hotel five minutes.

Rural parties in question asked to be shown to a room; boy escorted them up; left them standing in the center of the room looking around.

Over the electric push button, of course, was the usual card directing a guest to ring once for ice water, twice for hot water, etc. It is evident that the first business of the new arrivals was to study the card.

In about five minutes the bell on the annunciator in the office commenced to ring—prin-n-ng, prin-n-ng, prin-n-ng, prin-n-ng!—giving the hot water call over and over. The number shown was the number of the room occupied by the rural parties.

The boy rushed into the washroom and drew a pitcher of hot water. Still the bell kept sounding steadily, two rings in quick succession.

"Git a move on!" shouted the clerk to the boy. "Them parties in slumteen must be considerably fussed up on the hot water question. They must have cold feet."

The boy was already half way up stairs, running like a deer. The bell still kept ringing.

The clerk, crazed by the noise of the bell, stood up in a chair, saying things in rapid succession, and held his hand on the gong, dulling its sound.

The boy tore into the room, with his pitcher of hot water slopping. The new arrivals, man and wife, were standing before the electric button. Their eyes were on the card. The man held a bowl carefully under the button, with his head turned away, so that the hot water wouldn't squirt in his eyes, and the woman was pressing the button with regular stroke. They were doing their best to get hot water strictly according to directions.

"Here, stop that!" yelled the boy to the woman. "Here's your hot water!" The man with the bowl lowered that article and looked at the boy.

"What," says he—the man from the rural districts—"d'ye want to bring it in a pitcher in the old fashioned way? Waal, I snum! What's the trouble with yer waterworks here? I've been pressin this button accordin to the rewles here on the card, and there hain't a darned drop of hot water come out yit. When things ain't workin, ye ought to hang up a sign sayin 'Out of Order.' That's the way they do on the weighin machine up to Silc Cobb's grocery store."

And when the bellboy came out of his swoon he told the clerk, and the clerk went gravely up stairs with a tiny card on which he had written, "Not Working."

He carried a spike and a hammer, and after gaining admission to room slumteen he nailed up the card with the spike.

The guest surveyed his work with interest. "There, that's business!" said the man from the rural districts. "Ef she ain't workin, say so, and ef it's goin to trouble ye any to fetch water up here me and the woman will come down ter the sink and wash up. Jest as soon dew it's not."—Lewiston Journal.

Legend of St. Winifred's Well.

The following legend is supposed to have given its name to St. Winifred's well, once the most celebrated holy well in Great Britain: Winifred, a noble British maiden of the seventh century, was beloved by a certain Prince Cradocus. She repulsed his suit, and he in revenge cut off her head. The prince was immediately struck dead, and the earth, opening, swallowed him. Winifred's head rolled down the hill, and from the spot where it rested a spring gushed forth. St. Bueno picked up the head and reunitd it to the body, so that Winifred lived for many years a life of great sanctity, and the spring to which her name was given became famous for its curative powers.

The well was located in Holywell, County Flint, England, and was regarded with great veneration during the middle ages, being visited by thousands that believed implicitly in the healing virtues of the water. It is now in a state of neglect. A courthouse was constructed over the famous well by the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII.

What He Wished.

"I want some more chicken," said Bobbie at the dinner table.

"I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," said Bobbie's mother.

"I want more," said Bobbie. "You can't have any more now, but here is a wishbone that you and mamma can pull. That will be fun. You pull one side and I'll pull the other, and whoever gets the longest end will have a wish come true. Why, Bobbie, you've got it. What was your wish?"

"I wished for some more chicken," said Bobbie promptly.—Boston Herald.

A carload of oranges will average 340 boxes, and the boxes contain about 173 oranges each. A carload of lemons will average 288 boxes, with 360 lemons to the box.

BET ON ON THE SEVEN.

HE BET ON THE SEVEN

A GAMBLER'S SCHEME THAT WORKED WELL FOR AWHILE.

He Forgot One Very Important Thing, However, and His Last Plunging Wager Brought Rain and Tragedy in Its Wake.

A gentleman who lives in the Blue Grass and who has been a very extensive traveler has a silver service so magnificent in design and heavy in weight that its peers in the whole world may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The owner is even now, when past middle age, a "good fellow," who loves conviviality, and no game is too hazardous for him if he has the amount of the stakes. He takes pleasure in telling the history of this service, as it concerns the most audacious game of chance he ever witnessed.

"When I was in Bolivia some years ago," he always begins, "I got in with a crowd of men, English and natives, whose passion for gambling knew no bounds. Strange as it may seem, none of them knew poker, and I made myself solid with them by teaching them, but their great game was roulette.

"There was a little shop in Bogota, where they had a miniature Monte Carlo, and many nights did we spend around the great wheel, with our money and prospects hanging on the black or red. The wheel was entirely made of wood, and when it was spun around a cover was put over the machine so that they could keep on betting when it had ceased to turn.

"There is a worm down there in that climate that gets into furniture and bores until nothing but a shell is left. You may sit on a chair that looks perfectly strong, but at the first touch it collapses. This seems irrelevant, but it is not, as you may see later. In fact, that worm plays the title role in the tragedy I am going to tell.

"There was a wealthy Bolivian planter who had been a general in the war between Bolivia and Chile back in the early eighties. He was never absent a night from our games, but he would frequently stand about for a week and never make a bet larger than \$10. Then he would suddenly cry out just as the operator was about to lift the cover and register the highest bet the house would permit. Next he would place all the money he could find takers for among the gentlemen present. Before the season was far advanced he had won great sums, and we had all felt the results of his freakish luck. It seemed that when he played 7—black he could not lose, and he seemed to realize it, for when he did call that number he would put all he owned in the balance.

"Still he was a gentleman and a famous duelist, and no one cared to question his methods. It went on this way for two months. Then one night the wheel stopped, and there was the silence of the prairies in the room. We could hear the ball fall into the compartment distinctly. We could hear the distant tinkling of a mandolin. The planter leaped up as from a catalepsy: "Seven—black, senores. I will take all any of you or all of you will bet." Well, I had been winning strong and was so much to the good that I was reckless.

"Five dollars," I said. "Good, senor," he replied.

"He placed his entire fortune in different wagers. There were a number of strangers present, and they all seemed big flush. Then slowly, as a priest officiating at some solemn, barbaric ceremony, the banker removed the top. We all stood for a moment, and the tension was such that a carriage wheel on the cobblestones outside made us all start. 'Red,' came the announcement.

"The Bolivian was white as snow, but his voice was unshaken as he said: 'Gentlemen, you shall all be paid. As for me, I am ruined.' "That night he shot himself, and his will, which had been written just before his death, arranged for the payment of all his debts. I was to receive the service for my share, though it is worth much more. But what I valued much more than that was a note in which he expressed his attachment for me and asked me to accept the silver as a gift and not a debt.

"He left also a curious manuscript, written some time before, which seemed to be a sort of private journal. He stated in this that his ears were so accurate that he could detect the difference between the fall of a pin and a needle. One night, so he says, he heard the ball fall into the compartment with a hollow thud, and when the machine was opened he made note of the number and color, "7—black." Later, when alone for a moment, he found that the aforesaid worm had bored under that compartment. He sounded the excavation with a straw and found that it extended no farther than that one number. Then all he had to do was to listen and when his acute hearing told him that his number had come to get all the money possible on it.

"Yes, gentlemen, he had all his plans laid to perfection. There was only one weak spot in his calculations. He forgot that those worms could keep on boring."—Louisville Evening Post.

A HISTORIC CAVE.

After the execution of Charles I and the restoration of the Stuarts to royal power Edward Whalley and William Goffe, two of the judges that condemned the unhappy monarch to the scaffold, were compelled to flee from England. They came to America, and for a time they hid in a rock cavern near New Haven. This hiding place has since been known as the "Regicides' cave" and is one of the interesting spots in that locality.



Fashionable Footwear! Some of the leading styles in our line of Spring and Summer Specialties are here represented. They are made in Black and Tan Kid, exceedingly comfortable and yet snug fitting, with plenty of toe room. Ladies Boots from \$2 to \$4. Oxfords, \$1.00 to \$3.50.

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