

A Young Woman's Summer Wardrobe.

Emma M. Hooper in answer to a correspondent who inquires concerning a wardrobe for the summer (in May Ladies' Home Journal): "Have four dancing gowns of net overall, chiffon, white Dresden silk and a spangled net. White and pale blue pique suits, several fancy silk waists, a dotted Swiss, a flowered organdy, blue duck and bright blue outing gown of tulle; then a golden-brown cheviot for traveling; black satin and white silk separate skirts; shirtwaists, and a tan mohair suit. Add a pretty taffeta silk of medium hues of changeable green, and you have the array in which expense is not an object."

A Profitable Invention.

While a great many inventors are able to invent and perfect new ideas but few of them possess the business tact necessary to introduce their inventions after they have been patented. Occasionally, however, an inventor is enabled to devise a valuable invention and is at the same time able to realize a snug sum on the same.

One of these successful inventors is Thomas S. Ferguson, of Omaha, Nebraska, who has invented a bit, within which is embodied a removable and adjustable shaper so that oval, spherical or irregular openings can be drilled, the bit being arranged to automatically adjust itself as it feeds forward.

Inventor Ferguson further devised an egg carrier which is the simplest and cheapest egg crate yet invented and placed upon the market and both of these inventions he was enabled to dispose of to a company with unlimited capital, the patents being procured and sold through Messrs. Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, of Omaha, Nebraska.

Charles H. Judson, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, has received a patent for an exceedingly clever device, which can be used both as a toy and an advertising medium. The invention consists of a peculiarly constructed metal frame which can be made for a few pennies and which is adapted to hold a square piece of cardboard such as an ordinary business card, and which when thrown backward will expell the card with a force sufficient to send it fully a hundred feet straight upward, the invention being practically a card shooting gun.

Inventors desiring valuable free information as to the law and practice of patents, may obtain the same by addressing Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

Only Made It Worse.

A country editor, wishing to pay a high tribute to an old soldier living in the village, wrote of him as the battlescared veteran. When the printer got through with it he appeared next day and the old soldier was referred to as a "battlescared veteran."

Ball's Cataract Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Physiology as She is Taught.

A 12-year old boy wrote the following composition on "Breath": "Breath is made of air. We always breathe with our lungs, and sometimes with our livers, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we are asleep. If it wasn't for our breath, we should die when ever we slept. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe; they should wait till they get outdoors. For a lot of boys staying in a room make carbonic acid, and carbonic acid is more poisonous than mad dogs; though not just the same way. It does not bite; but that does not matter as long as it kills you."—Bristol Medical Journal.

Three for a Dollar.

Three what? Three charmingly executed posters in colors, drawn by W. W. Denslow. Ethel Reed and Ray Brown will be sent free of postage to any address on receipt of One Dollar. All who are afflicted with the "poster craze" will immediately embrace this rare opportunity, as but a limited number of the posters will be issued. The scarcity of a good thing enhances its value. Address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Summer Excursions Via the Wabash R. R.

St. Louis June 15th to 16th.
St. Louis July 2d.
FARE Washington July 2d to 6th.
Buffalo July 5th and 6th.

Now on sale Summer Tourist Tickets to all summer resorts good returning until Oct. 31st. Cook & Son's specialties of Europe. For rates, itineraries, sailing of Steamers and information regarding summer vacation tours via rail or water call at the Wash. Ticket Office, No. 115 Farnam St., Paxton Hotel Block, or write G. N. Clayton, N. W. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

To Make Strawberry Jelly.

Boil three-quarters of a pound of sugar in half a pint of water, pour it boiling hot over three pints of strawberries in an earthen vessel, add the juice of two lemons, cover closely, and let it stand twelve hours. Then strain through a cloth (flannel is the best thing); mix the juice which has run through with two and a half ounces of gelatine, which has been dissolved in a little warm water, and add sufficient cold water to make the mixture one quart. Pour into a mould and set on the ice to cool.

A Summer Resort Book Free.

Write to C. S. Crane, general passenger and ticket agent Wabash Railroad, St. Louis Mo., for a summer resort book, telling all about the beautiful lake region reached by the Wabash railroad.

The grateful heart has music in it that no tongue can sing. A good character is in all cases the fruit of personal exertion.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. It gives information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

A SUMMER COQUETTE.

"Good night," said Brent, as we separated. "Good night, brother," said I, with profound sympathy. "Pleasant dreams," said he. "Confound all women!" said I. "Alas, how easily a woman can make a fool of a man," said he. "Or two men," said I.

Ethyl Lynn was by far the prettiest summer girl at the shore, and she lived about a mile down the beach from the hotel where I was spending a month and all my spare cash.

I was strolling along the sand in the purple and blue twilight toward her cottage when I was overtaken by Frank Brent, a man I had a real admiration for until I heard Miss Lynn go into raptures over him one day when I was doing my best to make myself entertaining to her, if nothing more.

Ordinarily I am pleased with any person's good taste who agrees with me in what I think admirable, but in this instance I seemed to have departed from my usual custom.

However, as I was saying, Mr. Brent overtook me on my stroll, and as I had an engagement with Miss Lynn and felt easy in my mind on that score, I was rather pleased than otherwise to have company in my leisurely twilight walk.

"Good evening, Mr. Hite," he said, tipping his hat with the grace that made him a favorite with all women.

"Ah, Mr. Brent," I smiled, "how do you do? I am charmed to see you. I hope you will join me in my walk."

"With pleasure, my dear fellow. We were friendly enough for that sort of familiarity, and he caught step with me as we moved along.

"What a delightful evening!" I said, "and how soft the air!"

"Yes, a land breeze is always delightful when the days have not been too hot. There is an odor of flowers in it, and an absence of that indolent little chill which seems to be an essential of the salt air of the sea."

"I have noticed that myself," said I, "pleased to think that he was so observant, for I admire observant people."

"It is the time for poetry and lovers' rhapsodies," I ventured. He laughed.

"There is an idea in that," he said. Then I bowed with mock superiority.

"Of course, of course, but as I was about to elucidate, it never occurred to me before to have the meteorological conditions coincide with the emotional, and I never have considered atmospheric currents in connection with composite currents of two throbbing hearts. I mean now, though, the advantages of a soft, sweet, caressing land breeze as compared with the clammy dampness of a breeze just off the salt water."

"It is a beautiful thought," I responded, proud of the suggestion I had given him on which he had based so remarkable a conclusion.

"Yes," he laughed lightly, "and the land breeze doesn't make a girl's nose cold either, and her hands don't feel like dry before yesterday's biscuits in the gloaming, nor does when the sea breeze sweeps its salty favor in."

Notwithstanding Brent was becoming brilliant, I blushed painfully, for somewhere out of my memory, like the ghost of something, came the thought of a cold nose that I had once upon a time felt touch my cheek, and I remembered that it was not a land breeze blowing at the moment of contact.

"You treat those things with too much levity, old man," I said, in a tone of reproof. "Love is a sacred thing, and the matters you refer to are incidents of that sacred experience."

"I presume you are right, he said, as he carelessly flipped the ashes from his cigar. "But how does it happen that you are strolling on the beach alone?"

"And you," I replied, turning upon him.

"Oh, I'm with you," he laughed. "And I am well accompanied," I bowed.

"But what are men to men, under the twilight stars?" he chanted. "This was touching a subject I was not anxious to dwell upon, as I expected to take Miss Lynn out for a moonlight walk, and I most emphatically did not want Mr. Brent to be of the party, so I hedged."

"I don't know," I said. "I think men can be perfect companions to each other, even under the most romantic auspices."

"Possibly a man might be so to you," laughed Mr. Brent, "but not to me. For me moonlight, music, maids and—"

"Mush!" I interrupted.

"Ah, mush indeed," he signed, with his eyes rolled heavenward, "but better than any pie that ever pleased a palate."

Brent was getting silly. "How far are you going down the beach?" I asked rather suddenly, for at this point we were only a quarter of a mile from Miss Lynn's cottage, and I wanted to get Brent turned in some other direction.

"Oh, not very far," he said, rather superciliously, "I thought, as if I had no right to ask him such a question."

"Far enough, I fancy," I retorted.

"And pray, Mr. Hite, how far is 'far enough' in your vocabulary?" he responded in such a manner as to provoke me all over.

"The beach is a public highway to all intents and purposes, Mr. Brent," I replied with frigidity, "and I presume you can go as far as it extends."

"And still farther, no doubt," he said sarcastically as usual, "if it only extended over the rocks into the sea, and there was deep water there and no life savers in sight."

"As you prefer, Mr. Brent," and I stopped.

"Are you going back?" he sneered. "Not just at present."

"You might go over to Miss Lynn's cottage and rest awhile," he suggested.

knew he could see more in what I said than I wanted him to know. "I presume you would have no objection to my going with you and obtaining a much needed rest myself, would you?"

"Certainly not," I replied, and he seemed to think better of me, "but Miss Lynn might."

"And why Miss Lynn, pray?" "Really, Mr. Brent," I said, most sneeringly, "I cannot undertake to explain to you why Miss Lynn is particular about whom she associates with."

"I thought this would crush him, but it didn't."

"Seeing that you are one of her associates, Mr. Hite," and he swept a scornful salutation before me, "I should think not."

"Mr. Brent," I said, exasperated almost beyond control, for I saw he was bent on interfering with my plans for the evening, "if you will permit me to explain I will say to you that I am here by design."

"And so am I, sir."

"Miss Lynn," I continued, "has an engagement with me for this evening, made yesterday, and I may add that from what she said to me at the time and from what I have said to her at more than a dozen times during the past two weeks, that engagement will very probably be made a permanent one."

"In other words, Mr. Hite, you and Miss Lynn will be an engaged couple after this evening?"

"Exactly, Mr. Brent."

"Then, Mr. Hite," he went on, "let me inform you that I am also a suitor for that young lady's hand."

"Her fortune, you mean," I sneered. "Please don't interrupt," he said. "I was more polite when you were talking. As I was saying, I am also a suitor for her hand, and she does not, I fancy, look coldly upon me. Indeed, I had an engagement with her myself this evening."

He was telling me a cruel lie, and I knew it, but I could not tell him so. I had my engagement to keep with Ethyl, and I could not risk a fight and go to bed covered with gore and victory, and much less with gore and defeat, for Brent was an athlete, while I wasn't.

"But you do not love her as I do," I said half pleadingly.

"Love her, man?" and his tones were fierce and fervid. "Love her? Why, you could no more love that woman as I love her than a humming bird could fly with an eagle. All my hopes and my ambitions, my present and my future, what I have and what I am or ever expect to be, are in her hands, and if I thought they were to be thrown back upon me I would cast myself into the sea on the instant. Love her, man? Love her? Why my love for her passes the comprehension of a dozen men like you."

"This was painful and personal, but I preserved my balance.

"It is easy for you to talk," I replied, for he was a lawyer, "but you are not selecting the proper text. Ethyl Lynn for weeks has been to me the one woman in the world, and I would give my life gladly to win her. Already we have talked over the future, that is opening so happily before us and I have gazed rapturously along the rose-leaved path which we shall follow hand in hand to the end of our days."

I am sure Brent thought I was lying to him, but fortunately he did not say so. At that moment I was desperate, and it would have taken very little for me to become a factor in a twilight tragedy down by the sounding sea.

"Mr. Brent," I said, repressing my indignation, "you have traduced this lady, and I do not want to hear any more from you."

"I have not traduced her any more than you have, sir," he retorted. "It does not traduce a woman for an honest man to say he loves her."

"Thank you," said I, much to his surprise at the neat turn I had given his remark.

"And why shouldn't I have thanked him? I, at least, was an honest man, and I loved Ethyl Lynn with all my soul."

Brent was an interloper, and I was certain of it. He had the specious manner of the man of that character.

"Mr. Brent," I continued, seeing that he was silent, "you have made certain statements this evening concerning a lady which must be shown to be true or you will have to answer for them to me."

"This was almost a declaration of war and I made it with some degree of nervousness, but it had to be done."

"Very well, sir," he replied confidently, "I think I can satisfy you that I am speaking the truth." And he took from his pocket a delicate little note and handed it to me. It was from Miss Lynn—from Ethyl—and it appointed a meeting with Mr. Brent at evening at 8 o'clock.

Was it possible that I had made a mistake in understanding her to say that she would meet me that evening at the same time?

"This was possible, for I know that when she told me to come I was in such a state of rapture as scarcely to be responsible."

"This note," I said after I had glanced over it by the light of Brent's cigar, for it was already dark, "seems to entitle you to some rights in the premises, but there are others to be satisfied in this matter."

"Rather, I should say," he said, with the air of a triumphant conqueror. "Can you show cause why you are here, Mr. Hite?"

"None, sir," I said, braving it out as best I could, "except my verbal statement, and I hardly think Mr. Brent will say that I am a liar."

"It is not necessary for Mr. Brent to say what he believes," he replied, and I never felt so like hitting a man in my life, but I restrained my impetuosity.

"Neither is it necessary for two gentlemen within sight of a lady's house to become common street brawlers," I retorted with great dignity.

"Another time is better." And there was a threat in his voice.

"Quite so, Mr. Brent. Now let us go on to Miss Lynn's cottage and submit the matter to her."

"As you please, Mr. Hite."

We walked on in silence. A storm was rising, the black clouds were banking up in the west. There were flashes of lightning and the angry mutterings of thunder, but all of it was a May morning to the shore that was tugging within us. We walked some distance apart, but not at last at the gate of the cottage, and stopping there an instant, waiting which one should lift the latch, there came a brilliant lightning flash which illu-

minated the whole front of the cottage. It lasted not an instant of time, but it was enough.

Seated on the piazza was Miss Lynn—my Ethyl, Brent's Ethyl, our Ethyl—and Jack Harper, a young dude both of us despoiled from the bottom of our hearts, and Jack's arm was around her.

"We saw it all and heard her little scream as she saw us, and then the darkness came down thicker than ever."

I put my hand to the latch of the gate, and Brent's hand was there. But we did not lift the latch. We squeezed each other's hands as brothers in a common woe, and went back to the hotel arm in arm.—Washington Star.

SKATES SET WITH DIAMONDS

Sometimes Made of Gold and Other Extravagant Fads in Business.

There's an extravagant fashion in skates in Russia which has been making its way westward the last year or two, and this winter has really taken a hold upon people in this country who can afford to indulge in such expensive caprices," said the manager of a great firm, which turns out some tens of thousands of skates every year. "I allude to the fancy for skates of gold and silver."

"The year before last we had but three orders for skates of these kinds; last year we received eight; but this year, although there has really not been any skating up to the present moment, we have had orders for no fewer than twenty-two pairs of skates in gold and five in silver, while for silver and gold plated skates the demand this year has been almost phenomenal."

"It is nothing more than a fad, of course, for a pair of gold skates are no better than—perhaps not as good—as a pair of best steel, but they cost more than a hundred times the money. If you pay a guinea for a pair of steel skates, you can get them as good as you could wish, but you certainly will not get a pair of gold under \$500."

"We recently made a pair of gold skates for the daughter of a prominent Liverpool merchant. That the fad is merely the outcome of a desire to spend will be seen from the fact that she was not content to have them of solid gold and highly chased, but had them so massive that they weighed half as much again as was necessary."

"A great number of orders for skates of this kind come to us from abroad. The other day we dispatched three pairs of golden skates to St. Petersburg, and we have in hand for a lady residing in that city a pair to be made of gold set with diamonds, which we estimate will be worth \$7,000 when finished."

"That sounds an enormous sum for such an article, does it not? But there are more than one pair of skates worth five or six times that amount. The wife of a Russian minister has a pair which are valued at \$40,000. We had them to repair two years ago. They were clumsy things, gold, set with diamonds and emeralds, and obviously made only to look showy. No one could have used them with any degree of comfort. Now the fashion has begun in England, I dare say we shall go one better. We have already made a pair of gold skates set with a tracing of small pearls for an English customer which cost \$3,500."—London Tid Bits.

"The inventor of the Safety Wheel.

The stupendous growth of the bicycle since the "safety" and the pneumatic tire was invented is illustrated by a statement which comes from London, where an international exhibition of horseless carriages, motors and motor industries is to be held, beginning and continuing during May, June, July and August. The queen and the prince of Wales are the patrons of the exhibition, and the chairman is H. J. Lawson, who twenty years ago originated the bicycle which is now in almost universal use, and known as the "safety." Last year a banquet was given to Mr. Lawson by the mayor of Coventry and by the chief firms of cycle manufacturers of the country, at which he was presented a testimonial congratulating him upon being the original inventor of the chain-driven safety, and a magnificent gold watch was left with him as a souvenir.

The Bicycling News says that, thanks to Mr. Lawson's invention, over 200,000 machines are turned out annually by British manufacturers, and an equal number or more in the United States, France and Germany, and it can be justly claimed that Mr. Lawson has placed something like \$50,000,000 in the pockets of cycle manufacturers, steel merchants, iron founders, wire drawers, rubber works and the leather trades.

Mr. Lawson was asked how he came to patent the safety, and he laughingly pointed to himself and said: "I am a very little man, and I wanted to ride a bicycle as well as the rest, and so I had one cut down to suit me. I may say that my short legs have made my fortune." So the popular "safety" is the outcome of one small man to construct not a bicycle built for two, but a machine to accommodate his own diminutive proportions.—New York Press.

A Beaver's Mechanical Skill.

Nat Ellis of Rangeley claims to be the only man in Maine who knows exactly how fast a beaver works. He was going up to Seven Ponds, and at 5 o'clock he was passing the spot where Ed Grant's camps are now located. There was an inch or two of snow on the ground, and he noticed the track of one beaver leading up to a birch tree as though his levership had been out prospecting before commencing his lumbering operations. The next morning about 8 o'clock Nat reached the same place on his return trip. There was still the track of but one beaver, but in the night one birch about four inches in diameter had been cut down, and about eighteen inches farther up the log another cut two-thirds of the way through had been made. Besides this, a near-by birch about two and a half inches thick had been cut down.—Boston Herald.

All in Due Order.

Old Daughters.—Children, I hope you peeled the apples before eating them!

"Yes, mother, dear."

"What have you done with the peels?"

"Oh, we ate them after!"—Familiarity.

The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy she uses the gentle and pleasant Syrup of Figs. Made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

Gown for a Girl Graduate.

A dress of white crepe made with a five-yard skirt interlined with stiffening to a depth of fifteen inches. Round waist in back, pointed in front, large leg-of-mutton sleeves, belt and collar of five-inch taffeta ribbon bowed at the back. Box-pleat of the goods down the center front on the waist. Bretelles of ribbon from belt to shoulders, back and front, with short bow of four loops and four ends.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Except in the little differences in crankiness, all men are exactly alike.

Mrs. H. C. Ayer of Richford, Vt. writes: "After having never I was very much debilitated and had dyspepsia so bad I could scarcely eat anything. A little food caused bloating and burning in the stomach with pain and much soreness in my side and a great deal of headache. My physician seemed unable to help me and I continued in this condition until I took Dr. Kay's Renovator which completely cured me."

Sold by druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00, or sent by mail by Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb. Send for free sample and booklet.

Settlement day finally comes to every man.

I know that my life was saved by Fisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1905.

An empty head and a rattling tongue go well together.

"DON'T" let your money rust; make it work! \$100 invested in our system of investment will earn you \$2 per day. An opportunity of a life time. Address for particulars Chandler & Co., Brokers and Bankers, Kasota Block, Minneapolis.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Secure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MacWilder's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Most people do not want to know the truth, if it is disagreeable.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

Congress declared war with Mexico, May 13, 1846; closed Feb. 2, 1848.

Robbing a Mother.

The alivettes that we wear in our hats are the feathers from the back, called the dorsal feathers of the white heron. They come only when the little mother bird is getting ready to build her nest and lay the eggs which she will care for so carefully, that her little birds may help to make the world a more beautiful place. The hunters know they can get these feathers only when the mother heron is on her nest, and that she will not leave her nest. Then the hunters shoot her, pluck her beautiful feathers, and leave the baby birds to starve and perish in the nest for want of care.—Outlook.

Responsive Both to Harsh and Sweet Sounds.

The nerves are of an painfully acute. When this is the case, the best thing to be done is to seek the tonic and tranquillizing assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a superior nerve. No less beneficial is it for dyspeptic, bilious, malarial, rheumatic, bowel and kidney complaints. Use it with persisting regularity. A wineglassful before retiring confers sleep.

There's nothing grieves worse than a proud mind and leggy's purse.

Paralysis.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kille's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first use. Paralysis cured. Treatise and full particulars free. Please send for Kille's Great Nerve Restorer.

The first lucifer match was made in 1828.

The Bane of Beauty.

Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose basket of charms is yet unfilled by time.

Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose basket of charms is yet unfilled by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use

BATTLE AX

BIG AND GOOD.

Battle Ax

PLUG

Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money. No doubt about that. But once in a while it isn't. For instance, there's "BATTLE AX." The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good." There's no guess work in this statement. It is just a plain fact. You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

1896 Hartford Bicycles

REDUCTION IN PRICE

Patterns Nos. 1 and 2	\$80 to \$65
reduced from	
Patterns Nos. 3 and 4	\$60 to \$50
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Patterns Nos. 5 and 6	\$50 to \$45
reduced from	

This is the best value for the money offered in medium grade machines

Columbias THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

acknowledge no competitors, and the price is fixed absolutely for the season of 1896 at **\$100**

If you can't buy a Columbia, then buy a Hartford.

All Columbia and Hartford Bicycles are ready for immediate delivery.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not promptly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

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