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JULY MAGAZINES.

Water Lilies are Easily Grown

All that is needed to grow water-lilies is a tub, sunlight from six to eight hours a day, some rich garden soil, and a little water. The easiest way to grow them is from seed, and the prettiest varieties are the African, or Zanzibar; they are purple, blue and red. To sow them take a common bowl and half fill with finely sifted soil packed down level and hard. On the surface scatter the seed evenly and cover with not over a quarter of an inch of fine sand; then very gently fill the bowl with water so as not to disturb nor wash away the sand. Place where the water will be kept at a temperature of about eighty degrees. In two weeks they will be ready for transplanting.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

Woman's Conscience

Late that night, lying awake, with her heart stinging with an unwonted excitement, her ears ringing with snatches of music, her mind occupied with confused memories of conversation which showed the mettle of a man under the insouciance of boyhood, like service-stained armor glinting through a gay silk robe, she conscientiously asked herself if there had been anything unseemly in the music and gayety at that prolonged hour of the night; anything in such innocent friendly social intercourse with that labelled explosive, a married man, which the sharpest censor—herself, for instance—could condemn? The inward monitor made no answer, leaving it to her own decision in the shirking way of consciences, and she said aloud, with a laugh half embarrassed, half indignant, "Certainly not!"

She pressed an unusually flushed cheek into the placid, uncontroversial pillow, raising it again to add reproachfully, "And if it were, it has been so long since any man made me feel I was a woman!"—Louise Bette Edwards, in July Lippincott.

Piano Playing in "Blind Parts."

One can scarcely refrain from exclaiming, What a memory! and what an experience! when reading a chapter from Clara Morris' "Recollections of the Stage and its People." In the June number of McClure's magazine, Miss

Morris gives, in her merriest vein, some anecdotes of the comedian, John E. Owens, one of the most popular American actors of a generation ago. Mr. Owens was a very keen critic, according to Miss Morris, who says:

"I was called upon to play blind 'Bertha' to Mr. Owens' 'Caleb Plummer,' in the 'Cricket on the Hearth,' and I was in a great state of mind, as I had only seen one or two blind persons, and had never seen a blind part acted. I was driven at last by anxiety to ask Mr. Owens if he could make any suggestions as to business, or as to the walk or manner of the blind girl. But he was no E. L. Davenport—he had no desire to teach others to act, and he snappishly answered: 'No, no! I can't suggest anything for you to do; but I can suggest something for you not to do! For God's sake don't go about playing the piano all the evening—that's what all the rest of them do!'"

"The piano?" I repeated stupidly. "Yes," he said, "the piano! D—d if they don't make me sick! Here they go—all the 'Berthas'."

"He closed his eyes, screwed up his face dismally, and advancing, his hands before him, began moving them from left to right and back, as though they were on a keyboard. It was just ridiculous.

"And that is what they call blindness—playing the piano and tramping about as securely as anybody."

The Leading American Physicist.

Professor Henry A Rowland, who died in Baltimore on April 16, was unquestionably the most brilliant physicist living in the New World, and one of the three or four greatest scientific men of contemporary times. Since 1876 Dr. Rowland has been professor of physics at Johns-Hopkins. Among the great employers of electrical genius the expression, "a Rowland man," as applied to a Johns-Hopkins graduate, has a significance even higher than that of a degree. No man living is able to make the microscopically fine gratings on a concave surface for spectroscopes, of essential value in astronomical and chemical work, which Professor Rowland made. These large refraction gratings which Professor Rowland's laboratory produced were different from all others in being ruled directly on concave mirrors, thus producing an image of the spectrum without the aid of lenses.

With the aid of a screw that he invented, his workmen succeeded in ruling 48,000 lines to an inch, and the photographs of the solar spectrum obtained through these marvelous gratings easily surpassed all other attempts that have been made.

Professor Rowland was essentially an artist in science. He had the fiery enthusiasm for his work, the leaping imagination, the persistent faith, the murchurial temperament, and the striking individuality of the true artist. He was one of the foremost of that band of scholars and scientists who were brought to Baltimore by President Gilman's magnificent judgment, to make Johns Hopkins university famous throughout the world in the very first few years of its life.—From "Professor Henry A. Rowland, the Great Physicist," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for June.

FISH LINES.

A fish sat him down with a blink to think, And dipped his fin thoughtfully into the ink; Then fished this short note: "Dear Tommy," he wrote, "In response to your line of the other day I hasten to thank you without delay. But, had not that squirming, delicious young worm Shown a set in his curves too suspiciously firm, I might not be here To write you, my dear (What you may not believe, 'tis so monstrously queer,) That the wriggler you sent With most kindly intent Had swallowed a pin that was frightfully bent!"

"You see—if I'd greedily taken a bite, The pain and the shock would have finished me quite; So, the next time you send My juvenile friend, Just mark if the worm has a natural bend Ere you dangle him temptingly down here to be The death of some innocent young thing like me."

And he grinned as he used some dry sand for a blotter (Ink dries rather slowly, you know, under water,) Then signed it in haste And sealed it with paste.

It was growing quite dark and he'd no time to waste, So he posted it slyly, without wasting more, On the crest of a ripple that ran toward the shore; Then, shaking his scales in a satisfied glow, All shining and shimmering, sank down below, Where he soon fell asleep In an oyster-bed deep With the green sheets of water his slumber to keep.

—Jessica H. Lowell, in June St. Nicholas.

To Clean Soiled Millinery.

Milliners clean soiled wings that accumulate in their stock by shaking them gently in a box of white cornmeal, brushing all the meal out carefully with a fine brush. White aigrettes are cleaned by washing them gently in warm soapuds made from good soap, rinsing in cold water and shaking them dry over a fire.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

Daughters of Eve.

Are women better than men? This is a question that E. S. Martin asks and answers in an article entitled, "Women," in McClure's magazine for June. No better, only different; or if better, merely in a negative fashion. They drink less, smoke less and certain of their emotions are less strong than corres-

ponding emotions in men. Women are what men make them, and while men are still appreciably far from perfection, why, women will still be a little short of the angels they are sometimes represented, and what is worse, expected to be.

To Drive Ants from the Lawn.

Fine coal ashes sprinkled about the burrows of ants will cause them to leave. Ashes may be used on the lawn without injury to the grass. Sifted ashes are best, but those fresh from the stove, shaken from the stove-shovel, will answer the purpose very well.—April Ladies' Home Journal.

LOVE'S ILL LUCK.

From the Greek of Anacreon, translated in the same measure as the original, but with the semi-modern invention of rhyme.

'Twas once among the roses, Where many a bee reposes, It chanced that Master Cupid (Who's often very stupid) Saw not the dozing vagrants Amid his roses' fragrance— Till one bee stung his finger!

Then Cupid did not linger, But swiftly, sorely smarting, With sobs he could not smother, And babyish tears outstarting, Hied to his Goddess-mother.

"Oh, mother!" said he, crying, "I'm dying! oh, I'm dying! For in my rose dominions A cruel creature hit me— A nasty serpent bit me— A tiny snake with pinions, Called honey bee by farmers."

Said Venus, Queen of Charmers: "Oh, Love, if bees hurt badly, Just think, dear boy, how sadly Men suffer—oh, how madly!— The men you sting so gladly!"

—Town Topics.

THAT BOY O' ROGERS

That boy o' Rogers', Lord spare me From rasin' sech a brat as he! Ef ever mischief was boiled down Into a freckled, red-haired clown An' turned loose on two spindlin' shanks T' bother mankind with his pranks, 'Twas that ar boy o' Rogers'!

The' wa'n't no question that he'd be Inside the penitentiary Afore he was a man full grown. He could conspire more tricks alone Than any boy I ever seed, Th' biggest scamp, we all agreed, Was that ar boy o' Rogers'! He turned up missing: went out west; I 'low we thought it was th' best Thing that had ever happened yit When he made up his mind to git. For us he couldn't go too fur An' we all said, "Good riddance," sir, 'T' that ar boy o' Rogers'!

He left us twenty years ago: I was out west a month or so Las' spring, an' Jack, my boy, says he, "I'll take ye up today t' see I'h' governor!" Waal, sir, I'm cussed. I knew him when I seed him fust— 'T was that ar boy o' Rogers'!

—Bismarck Tribune.

Y. P. S. C. E. CONVENTION.

Cincinnati, O., July 6-10.

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