

The women are good looking in spite of the fashions.

Has any inventor ever tried to evolve a smokeless parlor lamp?

A cat farm has been established in Cincinnati. Its purr-puss is to raise fur.

The busiest men now are those who run the thrashing machines. We all have our busy days.

Whenever you see a woman wearing suspenders you can safely wager a nickel her husband has borrowed her belt.

The bloomer shows how much there was in the skirt to admire; but no—ah, no—not in the case of the bow-legged girl.

Ex-Reverend and Ex-Mayor Stark-weather of Superior, Wis., is now planning for the stage. He ought to take a few rounds in the ring.

A private bank in Tacoma "busted" last week, with \$380,000 liabilities and \$444 in cash. Just figure out how much the creditors will get if they are real lucky.

Rev. Mr. Wilson of Terre Haute declares that he will not recognize a woman in bloomers. And still the Terre Haute ladies are wearing them. They evidently don't care.

As the smoke of battle gradually clears away the public discerns that the smiling figure sitting on the top of the heap, with the spoils of war clustered around him, is that of Matt Quay.

St. Louis papers are discussing the question why women will not treat one another. They have a first-rate reason. After they have bought material for their dress sleeves they have no money left.

Some of the people in Pontiac, Mich., have actually gone mad on the Sunday closing craze. They even went so far as to try to keep the postoffice closed, but when Postmaster Pierson informed the leaders that he would see that every one of them were indicted in the United States court if they didn't let up they wisely concluded to allow Uncle Sam to continue to accommodate the people. There are a great many people in Pontiac with wheels concealed in their upper stories.

"Women are no better than men," said Mrs. Almy, in addressing the women's parliament at Point of Woods recently. This is not true. Women are better than men. There is no man worth his salt who doesn't believe so. Women are the elect of the earth. If they did not supply men with ideals, furnish them with objects for devotion, give them lessons in unselfishness, the whole structure of civilization would come down like a card house. No man would have made such a statement. Mrs. Almy owes an apology to her brothers for attacking the foremost article of their social creed.

The Louisville Courier-Journal prints a sensational article about the Czar of Russia mistreating his wife. In the course of which it says: "Three times the Czarina burst into tears at the breakfast table and hurried away, leaving the despot of Russia to think how cleverly he was taming her." This is a gross injustice to the Czarina, who is a woman of spirit. As a matter of fact the young people have had but one difficulty. One Monday the Czar made sneering remarks about "a washday dinner," and the Czarina informed him that he could eat down town or hire a cook, just as he chose. Since that he has not had a captious word to utter.

How to build a good road is a very important subject to the people of a great nation that is just becoming fully aroused to the importance of maintaining a better system of public highways. In his new book, Gen. Roy Stone, special agent of the United States Department of Road Inquiry, says that the perfection of roads is a fine dry smooth dirt track, for the reason that such a surface is easy on horse and vehicle, while free from jar and noise. He advocates narrow stone roads beside the dirt track for the reason that in wet or frosty weather dirt roads are often impassable. A dirt road in good condition is preferable to a surface of stone for driving and wheeling purposes and would save much wear on the latter which is the more expensive of the two. As a matter of course this general suggestion is to be modified to suit different localities, but on the whole, Gen. Stone's report, made after the examination and a careful survey and study of recently built roads in all parts of the country is a safe and scientific guide for the correct building of logical and lasting highways.

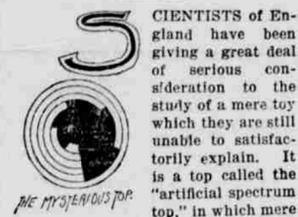
The Sun, expressing its surprise that men with such names as Dink Botts, Pod Dismuke, Hoke Smith, etc., have attained prominence among their fellow citizens, seems to have lost sight of the fact that Hon. Button Gwinnett signed the Declaration of Independence.

It is now more than some weeks since W. W. Taylor, the ex-cash-handler of South Dakota, was sentenced to five years at hard labor. He hasn't done a stroke of work yet, and it begins to look as if it wasn't intended that he should kill himself laboring.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

EXPERIMENTS AND INVENTIONS INTERESTING TO ALL.

Some Marvellous Strides Recently Made in the Mechanical World—Chemical and Electrical Wonder Workers Revealing Hidden Treasures.



THE MYSTERIOUS TOP.

Scientists of England have been giving a great deal of serious consideration to the study of a mere toy which they are still unable to satisfactorily explain. It is a top called the "artificial spectrum top," in which mere tracings of black and white are made to assume colors when in motion.

The top as now constructed consists of a revolving disc, half black and half white. On the white half are short, concentric arcs of black. When the top revolves close under a bright lamp these arcs appear, not as gray lines, as might be expected, but as lines of color. To most eyes the effect is as follows: (1) When the revolution is such that the black line is preceded by the black half of the disc and followed by the remainder of the white, it appears red; (2) when the direction of rotation is reversed it appears blue; (3) when the lines are on the central portion of the white (so as to have equal white immediately on each side) the color is green; (4) intermediate positions give approximately the intermediate colors of the spectrum. A few people see the colors differently, and one or two people, by no means color blind, can see no color at all. Curiously enough, a few people who are somewhat color blind can see the colors on the top very well.

Molasses Pavements.

Perhaps the oddest pavement ever laid is one just completed at Chino, Cal. It is made mostly of molasses, and if it proves all of the success claimed for it, it may point a way for the sugar planters of the South to profitably dispose of the millions of gallons of useless molasses which they are said to have on hand. The head chemist of a sugar factory at Chino, Mr. E. Turke, was led to make certain experiments, of which the new sidewalk, a thousand feet long, from the factory to the main street, is the result. The molasses used is a refuse product, hitherto believed to be of no value. It is simply mixed with a certain kind of sand to about the consistency of asphalt and laid like an asphalt pavement. The composition dries quickly and becomes quite hard, and remains so. The peculiar point of it is that the sun only makes it drier and harder, instead of softening it, as might be expected. A block of the composition, two feet long, a foot wide, and one inch thick, was submitted to severe tests and stood them well. Laid with an inch or so of its edges resting on supports, it withstood repeated blows of a machine hammer without showing any effects of cracking or bending.

Submarine Photography.

Mr. Louis Boutan has made some interesting experiments in submarine photography. He is an ardent student of zoology, and during the investigations he made on the shores of the Mediterranean he was so impressed with the beauty of the sights offered that he concluded to make some effort to represent them by pictures as well as words. His first experiments were made at a slight distance under the surface of the water, where the intensity of the light is still sufficient for the production of photographs; he constructed a camera and an instantaneous shutter especially adapted for use in water. Finding it desirable to take pictures at greater depths, Mr. Boutan resorted to the employment of artificial light, and employed an apparatus whose construction is shown in the cut.

The apparatus comprises a barrel, T, containing oxygen and carrying a glass globe, C, in which is placed a lamp, A, having a wick impregnated with alcohol.



The operator, by pressing the bulb, P, at the end of the tube, H, may throw some magnesium powder into the flame, or otherwise produce a flash light within the globe, C. The operator puts on a diving suit provided with the usual air supply pipe, S, and places his camera, M, which is watertight, in proximity to the oxygen barrel, T, so that he can readily actuate the shutter and the flash light apparatus.

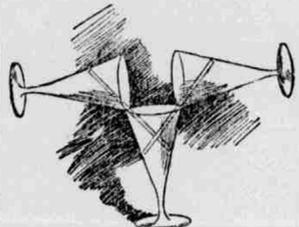
Battlefield Cremation.

In view of the terrific slaughter by means of the latest improved munitions of war, it has been suggested that some steps must be taken toward providing for the removal of the dead which would so encumber the ground as to make action and locomotion extremely difficult. It has been proposed that crematories be started for the purpose of disposing of the dead. While it is clearly apparent that something must be done in this direction, it seems an exaggerated form of brutality to dump

the dead into crematory furnaces in this way. There is also the very grave danger that careless and unfeeling employes may pick up men who are only stunned or who may have fainted and plunge them into the fiery vortex. It is a well-understood fact that men have lain for hours on the battlefield dead to all appearances, and such might easily be gathered up by ignorant or unobserving attendants and consigned to the flames. It would be very much better to prepare temporary receiving hospitals, where all men not absolutely shot to pieces could be removed and examined. Then the crematory might do good work. There is, however, a melancholy satisfaction to surviving friends in the idea that the bodies of their loved ones who have fallen in battle may be brought home to them and buried in the family vault. Battlefield crematories are not likely to come into general favor among people of delicate sensibilities.

Triplet Glasses.

To perform this pretty experiment you need three old-fashioned champagne glasses and two wooden sticks, say the ordinary pen-holders.



The position of the glasses shown in the illustration almost explains itself. You will have to try it tentatively, so as to get the exact point inside the glasses, where the stick will serve the purpose desired, but it may be done by careful handling.

Having succeeded in doing this, see whether you cannot place three glasses upon a fourth in the same way.

The Vesicating Constituent of Croton Oil.

In a communication made to the Royal Society, Mr. Wyndham R. Dunstan, M.A., F.R.S., and Miss L. E. Boole, lecturer on chemistry in the London School of Medicine for Women, record the results of an experimental inquiry into the nature of the vesicating constituent of croton oil. According to the research of Buchheim, and more recently of Kobert and Hirscheydt, the vesicating action of croton oil is due to an acid closely allied to oleic acid, which has been given the name of crotonoleic acid, and which is now prepared for medicinal purposes on a large scale in Germany. The process consists, broadly, in the formation first of barium crotonoleate, and the subsequent decomposition of this with dilute sulphuric acid, and extraction of the liberated crotonoleic acid as a viscoid oil with ether. By a process of fractional precipitation, using lead salts, the above investigators were able to separate from this so-called crotonoleic acid a large proportion of inactive oily acids, till at last they were successful in obtaining, by a series of operations in which alcoholic extraction and separation by means of lead oxide were made use of, a resinous substance having extraordinary power as a vesicant. The composition of this resin is expressed by the empirical formula C13H18O4. All attempts to crystallize or to obtain crystalline derivatives failed. It is a hard, pale yellow, brittle resin, nearly insoluble in water, light petroleum, and benzene, but readily dissolved in alcohol, ether, and chloroform. In regard to its constitution it is concluded that the vesicating constituent of croton oil is a lactone or an anhydride of complicated structure.

Electricity on Japanese War Vessels.

The firing of great guns and the explosion of shells appears to have the effect of disarranging some of the electrical devices on war ships. The Japanese legation in Paris has forwarded to the French government a report relating to the recent naval combats, in which it is stated, with regard to the electric installations on board the mikado's warships, that the interruptions of current which took place were not caused, as has been said, by the recoil of the guns, but by the bursting of Chinese shells. The working of the ordnance maneuvered by electricity was not interfered with. The electric wires used for igniting charges were, however, broken by the vibration set up by the firing of the heavy guns.

Electrical Notes.

It is said that electric lamps run by storage batteries last twice as long as lamps operated directly from dynamos.

Any galvanometer having a resistance which is large in proportion to the current to be measured can be used as a voltmeter after calibration.

In an arc lamp, supplied with a direct current, the consumption of the positive carbon is in round numbers one inch per hour, and of the negative carbon one-half that amount.

Aluminum has the least electrical resistance for a given length and weight and mercury has the greatest; but for a given length and sectional area, annealed silver has the least resistance and bismuth the greatest.

Before beginning to charge a storage battery, it should be gone over carefully, and any cell that is not up to the standard should be taken out of the circuit, and put in working condition before being replaced.

S. P. Thompson says: "You will get the given amount of magnetism and traction, with the least amount of magnetizing force, when you have the area (of the magnet) as great as possible and the length as small as possible."

Catherine de Medici paid about 4 shillings for a pair of gloves.

A Paralytic Cured.

His Grandfather, a Revolutionary Soldier, and His Father, Both Died of Paralysis, Yet the Third Generation Is Cured—The Method.

(From the Herald, Boston, Mass.) Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, a stroke of paralysis came to Mr. Frank T. Ware, the well known Boston auctioneer and appraiser, at 235 Washington street. He awoke at one night about six years ago seemingly in robust health. When he awoke his left side was stiffened by the deadening of the nerves. The interviewer sought out Mr. Ware to get the facts. He gave the interesting particulars in his own way: "The first shock came very suddenly while I was asleep, but it was not lasting in its effects, and in a few weeks I was able to be about. A few months after, when exhausted by work and drenched with rain I went home in a very nervous state. The result was a second and more severe shock, after which my left arm and leg were practically helpless.

"My grandfather, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and lost an arm in the struggle for American independence, died finally of paralysis. My father also died of paralysis, although it was complicated with other troubles, and so I had some knowledge of the fatal character of the disease which is hereditary in our family. After the second shock I took warning, for, in all probability, a third would carry me off. "Almost everything under the sun was recommended to me and I tried all the remedies that seemed likely to do any good, electricity, massage and specialists, but to no effect.

"The only thing I found that helped me was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I verily believe that if it hadn't been for those pills I would have been dead years ago.

"Yes, I still have a slight reminder of the last attack six years ago. My left arm is not as strong as the other and my left foot drags a little, as the paralysis had the effect of deadening the nerves. But I can still walk a good distance, talk as easily as ever, and my general health is splendid. I am really over seventy years old, although I am generally taken to be twenty years younger.

"The Pink Pills keep my blood in good condition, and I believe that is why I am so well.

Mr. Ware has every appearance of a perfectly healthy man, and arrives at his office promptly at eight o'clock every morning, although he has reached an age when many men retire from active life. He says that, in his opinion both his father and grandfather could have been saved if Pink Pills had been obtainable at that time.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

SHE WAS THE ONLY WOMAN.

The Belle of Rattlesnake Hills Has a Great Rush of Lovers.

Annie Thomas is the only woman in Kamania county, Wash. She is a squatter and lives in Rattlesnake Hills. There has of late been a great strife for her hand in marriage among the rough settlers of that region. Hank Monley and Jerry Woods seemed to be the highest in her favor and so it was finally agreed that these two men should settle the question between them by a duel with bowie knives. After a desperate fight, in which both were wounded, the battle was declared a draw. It was then agreed that the matrimonial question should be settled by a game of seven-up. The fortune of cards favored Monley and he was declared the winner of the squatter bride.

A parson was called in to assure him his prize. The fickle Annie had a long talk with the parson, and, though she had never seen him before she at last announced her intention of marrying the parson himself and not Monley. In vain did the hero of the bowie knife duel and the victor in the game of seven-up object to this proceeding. The woman was firm in her intentions and the upshot was that the parson got the woman.

Out of Sight of Land on a River.

Were it not for a decided difference in the color of the water you would never know when the Atlantic is left and the Rio de la Plata entered. The high-rolling, white-capped billows are the same, and no land is visible, for the great river which James Diaz de Salis discovered is 125 miles wide at its mouth, though with an average depth of only fifty feet. Sebastian Cabot, who arrived in the year 1520, soon after the natives had murdered poor Don Salis, dubbed it River of Silver, not on account of its color, which might have won for it the more appropriate name of Golden river or River of Chocolate, but because he had wrested quantities of silver from the Indians who swarmed its banks, and naturally imagined that an abundance of precious metal remained in the vicinity.

When Does the Year Begin?

The countries and nations of the world with a few exceptions, begin the year with January 1, but that this system is arbitrary and based upon nothing in particular does not even need to be proven. The ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, Phoenicians and Carthaginians each began their year with the autumnal equinox, or about September 23. Among the Greeks the beginning of the year was at the time of the winter solstice down to 432 B. C., when the "Menton Cycle" was introduced, after which the new year began on June 23. In England from the time of the fourteenth century until 1752 the legal and ecclesiastical year began on March 25.

Women to Study Our Schools.

English educators have done a good thing for the cause in that country by sending five women to the United States for the purpose of examining the American system of public education in order to ascertain if there be any of its features that can be advantageously adopted in England or can be incorporated in a new school bill which is in course of preparation for introduction to parliament. This is a compliment to the American school system and to woman.

THE REWARD OF HONESTY.

It is Not Always So Free and Generous as to Be Very Encouraging.

"The case presented in last night's paper of a reward of \$10 being paid for the return of \$50 reminds me of a similar anecdote—only different," said the ancient New England member of the club to a Utica reporter. "It happened in Providence (R. I.) forty years ago, when the city contained but one millionaire, who was an old Scotchman named Alexander Duncan. One day Mr. Duncan, in leaving his office, dropped a large roll of bank notes in the street. They escaped his eye, but not that of the small boy, who is around everywhere, and who pounced upon the bills immediately. The roll contained \$500. When Mr. Duncan received it he eagerly counted the money and, finding it correct, he turned to the boy and said: 'I thank ye, my little man.' Then, noticing the look of dismay in the poor lad's countenance, he felt in his trousers pocket and fished out a coin, which he handed to the finder of his wealth. And the coin represented—what do you think?" "Five dollars?" "A dollar?" "A half dollar?" "A quarter of a dollar?" "Just half of that. It was an old Spanish coin that we used to call a ninepence in New England and that you would call a shilling in New York. In other words, it was twelve and a half cents which Alexander Duncan, the millionaire of Providence, paid to the honest boy who found and returned to him \$500."

A POET'S LICENSE.

Squeezed the Hand of an Empress in the Fervor of Recitation.

G. W. Smalley, in "Studies of Men," relates the following incident: "Tennyson was one of the party invited some years since by Sir Donald Currie on a yachting trip, the yacht provided being an ocean steamer of the South Africa line, known as the Pembroke Castle. Mr. Gladstone was another guest, I think—certainly he was on one of the two or three trips then taken. There was on board a young English girl, since married and dead, whose beauty and intelligence and charm were all remarkable. Tennyson attached himself to this brilliant and sympathetic creature. He was often asked to read, and it became his habit to read holding her hand, which, in the fervor of recitation, he often pressed. The ship put in at Copenhagen, and the Princess of Wales and the Empress of Russia, then on a visit to her old home, came on board. There was luncheon, and after luncheon Tennyson was asked to read; and did, sitting between the Empress on one side and the English girl on the other. When it was over and they had gone up on deck, he asked the girl whether she thought the Empress liked it. 'Well,' answered she, 'her Majesty must have thought it a little unusual.' 'What do you mean?' 'I mean that I don't think the Empress is in the habit of having her hand squeezed in public even by poets.' It seemed proper to Tennyson to offer to the Empress his most humble apologies for his mistake. The Empress laughed, and told him she had enjoyed the reading extremely."

Has Gray Whiskers and a Terrier.

A bicycle seems to call out a man's latent peculiarities with unfailing certainty, and there are always interesting examples of such development to be seen among the riders in the park or on the roads. A gray whiskered man rides on the boulevard almost every day with a small Skye terrier in a wire basket fastened to the front of the bicycle just below the handle bars. He has been riding this way for several months, and is never seen without the dog. The animal's expression is a curious combination of terror and ennui, and there is an alertness in his look which might be understood to indicate that he would jump out at the first opportunity. Other similar riders are to be seen on the road every day, but unfortunately all of them are not so harmless.—New York Sun.

Plants Boarded for 50 Cents a Month.

Boarding houses for plants are a novel institution, designed for the housing of plants for families who close up their city houses for several months during the summer. Every woman who loves flowers is at her wits' end to devise a means of having her plants cared for while she is away. In the case of a large and valuable collection this becomes a serious matter. Often in the spring and summer anyone passing a florist's may see in his window a strip of painted glass or, some other sign, bearing the words: "Boarding House for Plants, 50 Cents Apiece." A few of the establishments offer accommodations for 25 cents. This price covers a month's board and lodging for a single potted plant.

Cleveland's Flag.

Just at the eastward of Gray Gables stands a flagpole, which towers 50 feet high toward the clear blue of the summer sky. The moment he leaves the place an American flag, which waves from the apex of the flagstaff, is lowered, which tells all onlookers that the president is not at home, for when he is at home the glorious star-spangled banner is always whipping about the signaling wind. Many a marine glass sweeps the flagstaff from cottages and hamlets miles around, and many glass owners smile when they see the flag is not flying and mutter to themselves, "Cleveland has gone fishing again."

Maudie's Busy Week.

Following is a society item from Cedar Point, Kan.: "Maud Hastings was pretty busy while here last week. She broke John Sayre's colt to ride, raked alfalfa, pitched wheat and killed a snake. Come again, Maudie."

AWAY WITH THE TAG.

It is an Insult to a Shirt and a Nuisance to Its Wearer.

As warm weather continues, sweltering mankind with one indignant voice demands the abolition of the senseless little tag which makers attach to the bottom of the modern shirt front. At best this pesky tag is a useless fixture and two often it is an unsightly nuisance. When it is concealed by the waistband of the wearer's trousers it frequently causes a lumpy wrinkle, and when it rises above that line it has an uncanny way of thrusting itself into view between the button-holes of one's vest.

On the shirt of a man who goes vestless in hot weather the little tag is a fluttering badge of vulgarity, an audacious insult to good taste and a starchy affront to social order and progress. The tag is the one useless, witless and exasperating part which evolution has not yet eliminated from the nineteenth century shirt. It is a survival of the unfittest, a relic of the dark ages when a stranger desirous of cashing a check at the bank pointed to the initials on the tag of his shirt front as a means of identifying himself; wherefore the offensive and ostentatious tag must go. Suffering man has pulled the tag and evolution will do the rest.

In This Work-a-day World

Brains and nervous systems often give way under the pressure and anxieties of business. Paralysis, wasting of the nervous tissues, a sudden and unforeseen collapse of the mental and physical faculties are daily occurrences, as the columns of the daily press show. Fortify the system when exhausted against such untoward events with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that most helpful medicine of the weak, worn out and ailing. Use it in rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation and malaria.

A Year of Old Names.

It is a year of old names for men of sudden fame. Here is a list that suggests itself at a second's thought: Zimri Dwiggins, banker; Dahomey Dodds, warrior; Hoke Smith, journalist and statesman; Sylvester Pennoyer, who told the president "to mind his own business"; Stanhope Sams, poet and statesman; Colonel Pod Dismuke, statesman; Colonel Dink Botts, office-seeker. And the year is not over.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess W. Va., says "Hall's Catarth Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarth." Druggists sell it, 75c.

A properly constituted summer engagement is taken with a grain of salt and a pound of sugar.—Truth.

It is a Fact

That Hood's Sarsaparilla has an unequalled record of cures, the largest sales in the world, and cures when all others fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. \$1.50 six for \$5. Be sure to get Hood's.

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Walter Baker & Co. Limited.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great

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NEW SHORT LINE

TO HELENA

J. FRAVIER, Agent, OMAHA, NEB.

LEWIS' 98% LYE

POWDERED AND PERFUMED

The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other lye, it being in fine powder and packed in a case with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 30 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning waste pipes, disintegrating sinks, closets, washing clothes, paint, brass, etc.

PENNA. SALT MFG CO. Gen. Agents, Phila., Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases, itching humors, and dandruff.

Omaha STOVE REPAIR Works

Stove repairs for 10, 0 different styles and ranges. 1209 De La Salle St., Omaha, Neb.

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