NELLIES CAREER.

I shall never forget that June morning when Nell told us.

I was beating batter puddings—the cooking always fell to my share—and Nell and Deb were finishing the week's ironing. The big lilac bush was in full bloom outside the kitchen window, and some of the purple petals drifted in upon the old dimity skirt Nell was ironing. She had to brush them off, I remember, with her pretty, slender fingers. Deb and I always tried to save Nell's hands and do the rougher work ourselves. Why not? She was the youngest and our pet always.

Suddenly Nell set down her iron with a clatter and electrified us.

"Girls," she said, "the editor of the Orb has accepted another of my stories and I'm going to New York."

"What, to stay?" cried Deb, and I dropped on a chair, speechless.

"Yes," said Nell firmly. "I have it all arranged. I asked father's leave and made him promise not to tell you till everything was settled, because I knew you girls wouldn't like it and would try to persuade me to give it up. But the editor of the Orb has been very encouraging and you know I have had some work accepted by other papers, and I feel sure I can keep myself, at least, and I hope, of course," her eyes shining, "it will lead to better things. I wrote to Cousin Libby, and she has explained to me how she lives—she illustrates, you know, for weekly papers, I think—and she has rented a room for me in the apartment building where she lives herself. Fancy! She does all her own cooking on a little gas stove in her room—'pigging' she calls it—and I am to do the same for myself. You can live for very little that way," learnedly, "even in New York."

"But, Nell, you can't cook," I said. Somehow my dazed mind fastened on the least of the difficulties in my darling's path.

"Well, I can learn," she cried gayly, "or you can teach me, Em, in the next fortnight. I am not going till the 19th."

I saw her glance at me anxiously as she mentioned the date and then—I broke down and so did Deb, and presently we were all three clinging together and crying—into my bowl of batter.

What had father been thinking of, I wondered. But then he never could bear to cross Nell, any more than Deb or I could. And so from the first I felt that it was settled and that nothing I could say or do would alter it. But, oh, my heart was heavy.

By and by Deb said: "Nell, what will Morris say?" The same thought had been in my mind, but I could not put it into words and I was rather vexed with Deb. But we all knew that Morris loved Nell, though she would have nothing to say to him. It hurt me strangely even then that Morris should be slighted—Morris, so good and brave and strong and tender and steady—yes, and clever, too—that any girl might have been proud of his love. Nell only tossed her pretty head and said emphatically: "Oh, Morris!" And after awhile she and Deb began ironing again and I went to the cellar for more eggs and made fresh batter. And that was how Nell told us.

The next fortnight was a busy one, though it passed, as people say, like a dream. Miss Partridge came up from the village to help us put Nell's wardrobe in order, father crated the set of mahogany furniture which had been mother's when she married and which Nell was to take with her, and I got together the best and smallest of my kitchen tins and saucepans and packed them in a wooden box, which was to serve afterward, with shelves fitted inside it, Nell declared, as her "kitchen." How anxious I felt about the "pigging" arrangements and what careful instructions I gave, or tried to give, in coffee and omelet making! Morris came and went, looking, oh, so grave, and Nell's resentment of his attitude was hot and showed itself in the brusquerie with which she treated him. What passed between them the last evening I never knew. They were together for a long time in the garden and after they had parted Nell brushed past me crying and Morris, coming to say "good-night," looked white and stern. My heart ached for him. But he came with us to the station the next morning and tried to talk cheerfully to Deb and me after we had said good-by to our dear girl and watched the train steam off.

* * * * * *

That was a weary summer. It was very dry and hot and nothing did well in the garden. Father was ailing, and Deb and I dropped into a dull round of daily duties. Morris came seldom. He was very busy, he told us, with his increasing law practice, which was extending itself through all the neighboring villages. Nell's letters were our only excitement, and though they were cheerful and amusing, with many bright descriptions of New York life "from the pigging side," as she called it, it seemed to me that an undercurrent of discouragement ran through them. However, with the autumn, things began to look brighter. Father's health improved and Nell wrote she had been offered a position on the staff of one of the papers she had been writing for. Morris began to be about the house again as he used to be, and with him came Jack Herrick, a young fellow whom he had taken into partnership and who evidently admired Deb. Morris rarely asked after Nell, but I noticed that when her name was mentioned he never missed a word that was said, and at Christmas, in the box we expressed to her, he sent a small parcel. Nell wrote back, "Thank Morris for his pretty gift." After Christmas Morris and Jack came still oftener. We went sleighriding together—we four—and bobbing on the hill. Sometimes I used to wonder how Deb and I and Morris could be so gay and light-hearted with Nell away.

By Easter Deb and Jack were engaged.

After that—well, the five months that followed were—what were they? Ah, how happy I was! And yet how wretched! How I refused to look into the future and lived in feverish excitement from day to day, hoping, fearing, dreading, longing for what I would not, could not plainly face. Morris was growing to love me—a little, not as he could love, but a little—Morris, whom I idolized. And Nell?

The end came one day in September, when we went to the woods for golden rod. Deb and Jack had wandered off and I had torn my hand—my stubby, work-worn hand, so unlike Nell's—on a straggling blackberry vine. Morris had bandaged it for me and as I looked up our eyes met. He slipped his arm around me so tenderly, and "Em, little woman," he began.

I think the terrible aching sense of loneliness which has been with me ever since and always will be came upon me at that moment. For with the sound of his voice the blindness I had willfully encouraged fell from me and I saw quite plainly that this was not to be. But I rested my head for a moment on his shoulder—I could not help it—and let him speak. When he had finished I said quietly: "Morris, dear, I think you are mistaken. I always believed that you and Nell—"

"Em, Em," he cried, "do you think me so base. Can you fancy—"

"Hush!" I said. And just then Deb and Jack came up and we strolled home.

All through the night I lay awake. In the morning came Nell's letter.

"Oh, darling Em," she wrote, "I am so terribly unhappy! I cannot keep it to myself any longer! I am a failure, Em!—a failure. And I did so hope for success! Oh, I do not mean that I cannot earn my living. I still hope to do that, but—I see it at last, quite plainly—I shall never, never rise above mediocrity, never make a name, never be more than a hack writer, scrambling for my bread and butter and thankful if I can make it. And I had such dreams, Em, such plans, such ambitions! I thought myself clever! Clever! I am a fool! I gave up—well! Never mind! It is a relief to tell you, dear."

There was more, but when I had read so far my mind was made up. I had money in the bank—enough—that mother had left me, and I went to Morris and told him that I wanted him to take me to New York. I said I gathered from Nell's letter that she was not feeling well, and I wanted to bring her home for awhile to rest. I spoke with quiet frankness, as a sister might. He looked at me strangely.

We started the next night.

It was early on a sultry September morning that we reached New York. I can still see the unswept, half-deserted streets and smell the odor of stale vegetables which greeted us. Morris took me to breakfast somewhere—I forget where—and then we rode in a cable car for what seemed to me an interminable distance. At last we reached the "Windermere," a tall, dingy apartment house, near the river. I remember I walked through a dingy hall to a more dingy elevator and were guided on the fifth floor through passages dingier still, to Nell's door! I trembled and pushed Morris in front of me. "Come in!" cried her dear voice, and—there she stood! Thinner, paler, a little careworn, but, it seemed to me, more beautiful than ever! She did not see me, and Morris—forgot me!

"Nell!" he cried, and opened wide his arms.

"Morris!" she answered, and, like a tired child, crept close to him.

And so it ended as I—yes, as I hoped it would end.

May See Without Being Seen.

The transparent mirror, which has recently been invented by a German chemists, will doubtless find many patrons among women. It is made by coating glass with a chemical preparation of silver nitrate and other materials, mixed up in a manner that has been patented by the inventor. That part of it isn't interesting. What does appeal to the feminine fancy and to that of the magician is the number of uses to which it can be put. The new mirrors are now being made by a large firm in France, in various sizes and shapes—big mirrors, to set in frames on the floor, panel-shaped glasses for doors to dark closets, and tiny hand-glasses for the dresser, beside those of intricate and complicated design, for use by such artists as the great Hermann, who sees in the new invention a world of mystery-fraught ledgerdemain.

One of these "magic mirrors" placed in the panel of the door opening into a brilliantly-lighted reception room, would furnish endless amusement to a hostess who is inclined to be curious about the impression her home makes upon her visitors.

To quietly observe the actions of a devoted admirer, as he impatiently awaits the approach of his sweetheart, pacing about the room and perhaps consulting the very mirror behind which the object of his affections is concealed as he arranges his necktie for the seventh time, would be fun for the sweetheart, anyway.

If the mirror grows common, as they are likely to do, they will furnish parlor entertainments of many descriptions. For instance, suppose a cabinet to be fitted up with what appears to be an ordinary looking glass in its door. Conceal somebody within the cabinet and ask a lady to look at herself in the mirror, a request which, being a woman, she cannot refuse, then have the person within suddenly strike a match or turn on an electric light that has been previously arranged, and watch the effect upon your victim.

Such a mirror would be a great addition to a Halloween party, to be used when the anxious maiden, wishing to know her fate, gazes into the glass to see who looks over her shoulder, and beholds her sweetheart smiling upon her from behind the glass.

Ingenious minds, however, will surely devise many changes which can be rung upon this new magic mirror, and it is not necessary to specify further.

Drilling Holes in Iron Plates With Rifle Balls.

A novel method of perforating iron plates is reported from Salt Lake City. The city is being supplied with electricity for lighting and power generated fourteen miles away in the Big Cottonwood Canyon. It was found necessary for the purpose of pipe connections, to cut four forty-eight-inch openings in the seven-foot penstock, the plates of which were half an inch thick. The workmen began to cut with cape chisels, but the progress made was too exasperatingly slow for the engineer of the works, R. M. Jones, who is known throughout the West as the "cowboy engineer." Mr. Jones took up his rifle, and using steel bullets cased with copper, shot a line of holes through the plates from a distance of about thirty feet. The intervening edges were afterwards easily cut out, and in a very short time the hole was finished.

MEXICAN CIGAR WRAPPERS.

Use in This Country Not Yet Increased by the Cuban Revolution.

There is a growing idea among smokers that, owing to the troubles in Cuba, there will be a scarcity of Cuban leaf tobacco, which will soon affect both the quality and quantity of domestic clear Havana cigars, and a rumor is prevalent that already many of the so-called clear Havanas are covered with Mexican tobacco, and that it can not be detected by experts. The best informed persons in the trade deny this rumor, and state that most of the large American firms have enough Cuban tobacco to last them for a year or more, and that there is little or no tobacco in Mexico suitable for the fastidious smoker. They say also that Mexican tobacco is detected easily at sight, and while it may be possible in future years to produce a tobacco for wrappers which will compete with the Cuban article, it will be a long time coming, as up to date no effort has been made by the Mexican growers to cater to this market. The Mexican leaf is thicker and dulled in appearance, without the rich gloss of the Cuban variety so attractive to American smokers. What is still more to the point, it rapidly deteriorates in appearance after being worked up into cigars. Still another reason is that all the available Mexican wrappers worth anything are called for by the Mexican trade, one firm of which is said to be under contract with Englishmen for 500,000 cigars every two weeks.

The government statistics also give an important hint in this matter. The total export of filler tobacco from Mexico for 1893 was only 48,451 pounds, of a value of $11,456; in 1894, 44,101 pounds, valued at $11,125, and in 1895, 57,480 pounds, valued at $13,507; while the total amount of wrapper tobacco for 1895 was but 13 pounds valued at $7. This country imported from Cuba in 1893, 21,694,891 pounds, valued at $8,940,058; in 1894, some 14,578,000 pounds, valued at $5,828,964, and in 1895 some 20,147,000 pounds, valued at $7,233,474. The total amount of imported wrapper tobacco from Cuba paying duty into the United States Treasury during 1895 was 28,133 pounds, valued at $38,320. These are the facts in the matter, and as soon as Mexican tobacco begins to come in for use on domestic made clear Havana cigars its arrival will be shown in the weekly tables of imports published in trade and shipping organs. What is very likely is that the consumer of Havana cigars will soon have to face a darker tobacco on his cigars than he has been wishing for lately.—New York Sun.

The Economy of Electric Traction.

In order to rebut the frequently made claim that a locomotive can make as great a mileage as an electric motor, W. Baxter, Jr., shows what is done in actual practice, and at the same time makes the distinct statement that such a company as the Pennsylvania railroad could effect a saving of over $6,700,000, or 16.4 per cent of its operating expenses, by the adoption of electricity. On the railroad named there are 1103 freight engines, giving a mileage of 20,400,358 annually. In the passenger service there are 478 locomotives, and the total miles run per year by passenger trains is 14,908,800. Figuring on a basis of 90 per cent of the engines in use, the miles run per year would be 34,670, and on an 80 per cent basis, 39,000 miles. Trolley cars making an average speed of less than ten miles per hour run from 45,000 to 50,000 per year. At this rate, motor cars drawing freight trains at fifteen miles per hour could easily cover 65,000 to 75,000 miles per year, and those used for passenger work, and making an average speed of thirty miles per hour, could run over 100,000 miles per year. If so much greater yearly mileage could be made by electric motors, it follows that the wages of motormen would be very much less than the wages of enginemen per train mile, the daily compensation not being higher, and the distance covered being far greater. After going fully into every cost of operation and maintenance of the two systems, Mr. Baxter established the fact of the superior economy of electric propulsion for trunk lines.

A Typewriting and Adding Machine

A machine has been invented for typewriting and adding figures at the same time. The invention is described as being intended to quickly and accurately add a column or columns of figures and at the same time, and by the same manipulation of the keys to print these figures upon a sheet of paper or a blank book in the order in which they are added, so as to form a proof sheet, which will verify the correctness of the addition. The machine, by special adjustment, may be made to print at the end of the column the sum total of the figures, and to do this in a vertically descending or vertically ascending or horizontal progression. Additions can be made either to the right or to the left. The printing is in full sight. The machine works with the ease of a typewriter, and its speed is only limited by the skill of the operator. It subtracts by a reversing arrangement, the registering disk running one way as readily as the other. Its construction is simple, considering the variety and extent of work done. It is adapted to printing on pass books, which it does as readily as upon ordinary paten and sheet. It can be used to add without printing or to print without adding. If mistakes are made, they can be seen at once.

With the Theosophists.

"Hello, said Mahatma, as he met the Elemental in the Astral, "what are you up to to-day?"

"Oh, just knocking around," replied the Elemental.

"How's things in Thibet?"

"Well, we're having just the same kind of a spring we had 5,000 years ago, wet and backward. So long."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sense of Propriety.

"But what has become of Jack, your little white dog?"

"This is Jack. As I am in deep mourning, I had him colored black. It's more in keeping."—Le Journal Amusant.

HOW FITZ WON HIS BRIDE.

BY ADOLPH SWARTZ.

Fritz von Koppenfels was well educated, but so far had missed his vocation. He was not a bad fellow; nevertheless, his father, Jacob von Koppenfels, had against him so many foolish acts upon the notch-stick that he had refused to give the good-for-nothing boy any more money.

But Fritz had not allowed his hair to grow gray on account of this. He had a small inheritance from his deceased mother, and upon this he, for a while managed to support life. In the meantime he busied himself with this and that, and wrote much and dreamed of literary fame; but so little stir did he create that he earned less than he needed for daily use. Thus, one day, he reached a point when existence became void of interest; he was hungry and his money was all gone.

Discouraged, he roamed the streets of Berlin alone, and went sauntering "Under the Lindens." This is an agreeable enough occupation when one engages in it to assist the process of digestion, after a full dinner or supper; but when a hungering stomach and an empty purs eare your companions—well, that is a different matter.

Fritz cared little in which direction he went.

"Where shall I pass the night?" he asked himself again and again, without finding any answer to the question. His landlord had that morning demanded the key of his room, and locked the door behind him. He had no money and no lodging place. There was left him only the right to drown himself.

In a melancholy mood he left bustling Frederick street and wandered aimlessly along until he reached Kaiser Wilhelm street.

"So," I am near the palace," he thought.

He took the turning by the palace, huddled himself up under his high coat collar, buttoned the top button closely, and, casting a searching glance into the shadows of the tree groups, muttered:

"Yonder would be a good place to sleep."

"Hey, myneer!"

Fritz hastily drew back. It was the first time in his life that he had ever been frightened. A man approached him.

"Do you want to earn a thaler?"

Fritz knew not what to say.

"I am in pressing need of a messenger, and have sought one in vain," said the stranger. "Take this letter quickly to the address of the person who is awaiting it. Here is a thaler. Please make haste, the matter is urgent."

Before Fritz had recovered from his scare he felt the paper and the thaler within his hand. The stranger had already departed. He immediately approached the first lamp to learn the address.

"Fraulein Erna S., Beargarden street, No. 10."

"A woman, of course!" he said to himself. "Ever the woman draws all. Love's service brnigs none bad bread."

With speed Fritz made his way toward Beargarden street. The house designated was soon found, and he stood before the great door of an elegant residence, of which every line exhaled wealth and good taste. But the house was dark—not a window displayed a light. His heart beat a little as he rang the bell. With his hand still upon the door-knob he waited.

"At the worst, if I but give the letter to another the writing exonerates me," he murmured.

The bell had sounded. Almost immediately the door opened, and Fritz was drawn into the darkness of the great hall. A hand held him fast.

"Fraulein expects you, young sir," said the serving man, in a whisper. "Please come this way. I will lead you. Be silent. The master is sleeping."

Noiselessly he led Fritz up the velvet-carpeted stairway. A door opened above, the subdued rustle of a woman's dress was audible, a hand was laid on his and Fritz suddenly felt two soft arms entwined about him, a soft feminine body clinging closely to his breast, and warm ,sweet feminine lips laid upon his bearded mouth.

"Fritz, my dearest, only Fritz," he heard a gentle voice saying within his ear, "all is now well. Papa is pacified, mamma is consoled. Oh, how fortunate I am!"

Fritz began to grow warm. That there was a cruel mistake here was quite clear; but how was he to properly extricate himself from the dilemma?

The young lady left him but little time to decide.

"Come, Fritz!" she whispered. "You must be hungry and tired. I have your room ready for you." The soft arms which held him within their embrace pushed him away with gentle force.

"You will find supper there also."

Fritz attempted to speak.

"Please do not talk, Fritz. You speak so loud. Papa will know your voice if he hears it. He only this morning consented to have you here again, yielding to me. It will be all right to-morrow."

The hand left Fritz's neck, and once more the warm lips of the lady were pressed to his. A door opened before him.

"Good-night, Fritz. To-morrow all will be well."

A gentle pressure pushed him forward; the door closed; Fritz was alone in a commodious chamber. A lighted lamp stood on the table, and he looked smilingly around him.

"Well, it is much neater here than at Mother Greenaward's out of doors, and my sleep will be more restful," he thought, glancing at the bed with its silken hangings. "But the scene to-morrow morning will be comical. Holy smoke!"

On the table was set a delicious supper. Seating himself, Fritz prepared to enjoy it.

"I must certainly come to the wrong address; but, meanwhile, Fritz, let us eat."

Wine was included in the repast.

"This Fraulein Erna must be a practical maiden," laughed Fritz; "only by doing justice to this goodly supper can I reward the sweet girl for her kindness."

He ate and drank till satisfied, then went to bed.

The early morning had already flooded the room with golden light when Fritz awoke. Hastily leaving his couch, he dressed himself.

"Now the circus will begin," he thought, a little anxiously. "Now must you, Fritz, arm yourself with coolness and eloquence."

A knock sounded on the door.

"Enter!"

A servant, a young, trim maiden, brought in the morning coffee, looking at Fritz with friendly interest.

"And what is your name, child?" he asked.

"Lisette, gracious sir," replied the maiden.

"Yes, certainly, gracious sir. The gracious lady desires to know if the gracious gentleman rested well, and if all was ordered aright?"

"Thank her for me. Will you give this letter to Fraulein Erna? But listen; give it to her only when she is alone."

"Right willingly, gracious sir."

The girl departed and Fritz seated himself to drink his coffee.

"If now the bomb does not burst, the better for you, Fritz von Koppenfels!"

The aromatic coffee was scarcely sipped when there sounded a second knock on Fritz's door. He cried, "Come in," and rose to his feet.

A portly, white-haired gentleman entered. A lady, whose goodness of heart was shown in her kind eyes, followed him.

"Fritz!"

"Fritz, my dear Fritz, are you, then, here? Good heavens!"

"Well, well!"

The lady had stepped from behind the gentleman to rush at Fritz, but paused with an expression of surprise, almost of alarm, on her startled features.

"Good heavens! that is not our son Fritz; certainly not!" she cried.

"My dear sir—"

The old gentleman moved a step forward. At this instant a voice was heard in the corridor.

A young lady appeared at the doorway. Never in his life, Fritz thought, had he seen a more lovely vision.

"Fritz, you naughty, dear Fritz," she exclaimed, coming toward him. "Fritz, you wicked — Oh!" She suddenly drew back. "That is not Fritz, mamma!"

"Pardon me, gracious lady," said the young man, advancing a step. "My name is Fritz, and if I do not err, it is to you I owe the honor of being quartered here."

"Oh, heavens! mamma!"

"But do you mean to say that—"

"No, no, madam. I will tell you all. It is indeed all right. Fritz has written. Here is his letter, papa; he has been entirely exonerated."

Fritz stood as if turned to fire. He saw in the girl's white hand the letter he had brought the night before. She put it into the fingers of the old gentleman, and then shyly hid behind her mother while he read with intense interest the contents of the sheet. Fritz saw a happy smile come to his face, and felt that it was a good message he had brought.

"Young man," said the old gentleman kindly, "what is your full name?"

"Fritz von Koppenfels, sir."

"Ha, ha, ha! Fritz von Koppenfels, you have come at a fortunate hour. This letter—am I right in supposing that it was brought by you?"—Fritz bowed—"comes from my son Fritz, over whom a terrible doubt has been suspended, but which he has now explained. Accept my thanks."

"Please hear me," began Fritz, then paused in confusion.

"But you say nothing," The old gentleman laughed genially. "How came you, my young messenger, to be here?"

"Papa——" the little hands of the young lady stopped the old gentleman's mouth, her eyes looking roguishly, beseechingly, at Fritz—"he must say nothing. I will tell you all, wholly, truly."

"Well, then, he must be our guest for to-day."

"Oh, yes, papa."

Overjoyed by the invitation, Fritz stammered his thanks.

At the midday meal the longed-for Fritz appeared, and explained the terrible mistake through which he had suffered. He was employed at the foreign office, preparing himself for the diplomatic service. By some means an important document disappeared, and his chief accused him of having intercepted it. Vainly Fritz protested that he had not seen the document in question; the chief believed him guilty, and his want of confidence influenced his father, a man of firm and austere honor, to forbid Fritz the house until he had fully exonerated himself. This he could now do, for the missing paper had been found, and he was recalled to the office. Thanks to Erna's efforts, the anger of her father had already been overcome, and he had granted permission to his son to return to the house. Erna had immediately communicated with her brother. The result we know.

Fritz von Koppenfels remained with the happy family for several days; then, filled with new courage, for he now had a definite purpose in life, he sought his father and begged that he would give him still another chance. This the old man did ,and Fritz began a professional career, which, from the start, was a successful one.

Fritz von Koppenfels has dangling from his watch-guard a gold-linked thaler.

"It is the messenger's fee I received from your brother," he says to his handsome betrothed, Erna. "I prize it above all my possessions, for did it not win for me the loveliest maiden in the world?"

Uses for Ozone.

Ozone is becoming an important industrial agent. It artificially ages liquors, removes the effect of oily beans in coffee and improves tobacco. In its late application to the rapid seasoning of wood for sounding boards and musical instruments it increases the resistance of the wood to temperature and moisture and adds to its acoustic qualities. It thickens linseed oil for linoleum in a few days, whereas the old method of oxidation often took several months. It bleaches linen in less than a third of the time required by sunlight. It is also valuable in chemical and technical processes, especially in purifying starch derivatives from undesirable color, odor and taste.

Trans-Mississippi Inventions.

OMAHA, Nebraska, July 3, 1896.—Amongst the Trans-Mississippi inventors who received patents last week were the following: A. W. Freeman, Fullerton, Nebraska, pipe wrench; E. R. Draver, Alliance, Nebraska, sifter or chop grader; Hiram A. Guy, Wood River, Nebraska, band cutter and feeder; L. M. Hankansson, Mason City, Iowa, wire holder; William Louden, Fairfield, Iowa, singletree; Deborah Owen, Van Wert, Iowa, skirt protector and L. D. Smith, Waterloo, Nebraska, combination tool.

Amongst the curious inventions are found a pen wiper in the shape of a duck, which opens and closes its mouth in cleaning the pen; a fence supported under tension; a simple jar seal; a new match, the igniting composition comprising potassium chlorate and red phosphorus of cacium plumbate; an electric sign board, the letters of which are alternately made incandescent; a side-delivery hay-rake; a pyrotechnic firing device; a gun provided with an adjustable stock; a new plow provided with a rotary screw share, the point of which revolves within the earth in the manner of a cork screw in throwing the soil upward; a lathe for operating tools by flexible shaft; an accelerating cartridge; a packing ring for pump pistons; a curved single-tree; an an air tight coffin fastener.

Inventors desiring free information relative to patents can obtain the same in addressing Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

Why It Is Done.

"I wonder what makes so many of these actresses have their pictures taken with just a head and bare shoulders and not a bit of waist to be seen" asked the unsophisticated person.

"That," said the man who knows it all, "is done so that the picture can be used for the next twenty or thirty years without any chance of being given away by the old style dress, see?" —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Drinks for Warm Weather.

The drinks that quench thirst most effectually are, according to an authority on the subject, those that possess little sugar and no salt. Among the flavors to be combined with water are lime and lemon juice, the juice of the grape fruit, and phosphates of orange and cherry. Cold tea and coffee with a slice of lemon and no sugar are also beverages that will satisfy thirst. Both of the latter should be poured from the pot as soon as brewed.

Somehow no one ever seems to regard a little man's troubles seriously.

W. N. U., OMAHA—28—1896

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