SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mrs. Auguste Vespermann, De Forest, Wisconsin.

De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a weakness. The doctor wanted me to have another operation. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am entirely cured of my troubles."—Mrs. Auguste Vespermann, De Forest, Wisconsin.

Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. Lily Peyroux, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

$650.00 Given Away

For forming the most words with the letters contained in the two words—

VICTORIA CLEANSER

This great educational contest will terminate November 15th, 1910, so sit down right now and write out your list.

We want to make

VICTORIA CLEANSER

The Most Extensively Used Cleanser on the Market. This contest is one of the means we are employing to do it.

Go to your grocer and ask him for a can of Victoria Cleanser. In this can you will find a coupon entitling you to enter the contest.

Fill out the coupon and mail it to us with your list. If your grocer doesn't handle Victoria Cleanser, send us his name and for your trouble we will see that you are supplied and you may enter the contest.

VICTORIA CLEANSER

Is the latest and greatest on the market. When you get a can try it on an article cleaned with any other cleaner and see how Victoria Cleanser will improve it.

As priority of date is a condition of the contest it will pay you to act today. Write

VICTORIA CLEANSER CO.
Dept. C. Omaha, Neb.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

Nebraska Directory

Marseilles Corn Shellers Are the best for you to buy. Made in all sizes. Ask your local Dealer or JOHN DEERE PLOW CO., Omaha, Neb.

PILES FISTULA, Pay when Cured. All Rectal Diseases cured without a surgical operation and guaranteed to last a lifetime. No chloroform or general anæsthetics used. Examination free. DR. E. R. TABBY, 223 Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

TAFT'S DENTAL ROOMS 1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB. Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

Oysters, Celery, Poultry. Cream Wanted. DEVID COLE COMPANY, Omaha, Neb.

RUBBER GOODS by mail at cut prices. Send for free catalogue MYERS-DILLON DRUG CO., Omaha, Neb.

Omaha Commercial College Nine complete courses. Experienced faculty of twelve instructors. Personal interest taken in all students. Write for free catalog, Business Agriculture Booklet, or specimens of beautiful penmanship. E. A. Zarbaugh, Pres., 24th & Farnam Sts., Omaha, Neb.

THE MOSHER-LAMPMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE is the school that gets results. Send for Catalogue, which contains full information about the college, and some of the most beautiful penmanship ever published. It is free. Address Mosher & Lampman, Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS A VACUUM CLEANER Retails for $10.00 Built by a machine. Works better than the $75 machines. Sells on sight. Big profit on each machine. Men and women sell 5 machines in a day. People want them, why not give all or part of your time. It's a money maker. Write at once. Territory will be taken quickly. Ask for description and special offer now. SANITARY MFG. CO., 2422 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

POSITIVELY CURES **Keeley Cure** ALCOHOLIC INEBRIETY OPIUM MORPHINE AND OTHER DRUG ADDICTIONS. THIRTY YEARS of continuous success. Printed matter sent in plain envelope upon request. All correspondence strictly confidential. **THE KEELEY INSTITUTE** 2nd Twenty-Fifth and Cass Sts., OMAHA, NEB.

HOIST BY HIS OWN PETARD

A True Story of the Secret Service
By
COL. H. C. WHITLEY
Former Chief U. S. Secret Service

DURING the sixties and and the early seventies of the last century, counterfeiting blossomed into one of the fine arts, and to such perfection was it brought that, in many instances, it was exceedingly difficult to detect the bogus stuff from the genuine.

As insidious enemies of the people in every walk of life, counterfeiters may well be classed among the most subtle and dangerous persons with whom officers of the law have to cope. Ever wide awake and on the alert for treachery in their own ranks, these crafty rogues can only be captured and convicted by means of carefully baited traps, or by what is generally known as the stool-pigeon system.

Counterfeiters are divided into six distinct classes: First, the capitalist or procurer; second, the engraver; third, the printer; fourth, the wholesale dealer; fifth, the retailer, and sixth, the shover or circulator. The capitalist is the most difficult man to reach as he seldom handles any of the plates or spurious money. Hence the chief offender in this line may walk calmly about, defying the detective, each tacitly understanding the other in his relative position; one suspecting and watching, the other patiently and tirelessly picking up, crumb by crumb, convicting evidence.

The methods pursued by detectives to entrap counterfeiters are rarely better illustrated than in the following account of the capture of William M. Gurney, alias "Big Bill" the Koniacker, one of the foremost wholesale dealers in "queer" of his day. He was born of respectable parentage, reared in the quietude incident to country life, educated and supplied with a sufficient amount of money wherewith to live like a gentleman and, strangely enough, he chose a path that led to his ultimate ruin.

In the excitement of those tumultuous days the city of New York was well stocked with men possessed of a genius for conceiving and concealing crime. Perhaps no other city in the civilized world has ever afforded a better opportunity for fleecing the public. Gurney had been handling counterfeit money for several years but had managed to escape punishment. He was one of the chief distributors for Joshua D. Miner, who was the head and front of a powerful octopus whose tentacles were stretched out in almost every section of the country.

Gurney was by no means unattractive in appearance, and there were few men walking Broadway in his day whose physique could compare favorably with his. He stood six feet two inches in height and was correspondingly well proportioned, while his expansive chest and well-developed limbs gave him the appearance of a man possessing the muscular strength of a giant. His black eyes were sharp and severe, or mild and pleasant, to suit occasions. In conversation he was easy and interesting and, among strangers, would readily have passed for a gentleman of marked ability. To be a leader among the counterfeiting fraternity seemed to have been the crowning glory of his highest ambition.

In the spring of 1869 I was appointed chief of the government secret service and, though I had had experience with General Butler in New Orleans, and later in the internal revenue service, I was unknown among the counterfeiters.

Shortly after my appointment I received information, at my headquarters in Washington, regarding a rather unique affair that had taken place at one of the drinking resorts on Houston street, in New York city. William Gurney, with his characteristic push and daring, had invited a party of "queersmen" to partake of a banquet at this place. There were 24 persons present at this function, three ex-detectives being among the number.

On the following day I was furnished with the particulars of this remarkable assembly, and the ex-detective who reported it also provided a list of the banqueters. Among other things I learned that my appointment as chief of the secret service was discussed at the affair, and pronounced a good joke upon the government. Gurney addressed his guests, boastfully declaring that "the new chief might do for a preacher or an internal revenue clerk, but that he could never cope with shrewd men like the queersmen."

"Now is our opportunity," he said, "to reap a rich harvest." At the same time he advised his friends that he was going to take the new chief into his confidence and keep him well stuffed with fictitious information. "In the meantime," he continued, "I will draw out from him his plans and keep myself posted as to his proposed movements."

This plan pleased the fancy of the scoundrels, and they agreed that Gurney was a great man. They were seated at the tables imbibing wine, and they drank to Gurney's health while the ex-detectives and counterfeiters jostled elbows and bandied jokes good-naturedly as they contemplated the easy times in store for them. When sufficiently filled with wine and enthusiasm, they capped the climax by hurrahing for his satanic majesty. The feast of Belshazzar was a tame affair in comparison with the indulgence of these men. If there were any letters of warning upon the walls, all were too drunk to read them, or they lacked a sober Daniel to interpret them.

Under the circumstances it seemed advisable to allow these merry plotters to pursue their way unmolested until sufficiently off their guard to permit the successful carrying out of a plan to entrap and apprehend the entire party.

Much of my time was now spent at my New York office in Bleeker street where, in due time, Gurney called upon me for the purpose "of paying his respects and tendering some information in regard to counterfeiters." The artless appearing fellow said that when quite young he had been foolish enough to engage in counterfeiting, but had long since abandoned it and was now ready to render the government such assistance as he could. I affected to receive him with open arms, and apparently gulped down as truth everything he had to offer. Gurney was well fitted to deceive with a plausible story, for he seemed candid in manner and well equipped in every way to impose upon the most incredulous.

The officers of the secret service all considered him a dangerous person and none was anxious to encounter a man of such gigantic proportions and apparently desperate character.

My first move against Gurney was to send Mike Bower, a newly-fledged government detective, to form his acquaintance. Bower was selected because his appearance was anything but that of a detective. Bower drifted into Gurney's "boozing-den" on East Bleeker street where, after loitering around drinking and smoking for a week or two, he one day called Gurney aside and told him he was broke and must have a little money. He drew from his inside pocket a gold watch with a short piece of chain hanging from it, giving it the appearance of having been nipped from the pocket of some unfortunate citizen.

Gurney snapped at the bait at once and intimated, with a sly wink, that the watch had been stolen. When Bower finally admitted as much Gurney seemed pleased and bought the watch at about one-third its value, remarking: "You're all right, my boy. When you want anything, come to me."

After a few days Bower again approached Gurney, this time with a diamond stud that had been slipped from its fastenings. "I need some more money," said Bower.

Gurney inspected the gem with an appreciative eye, and finally said: "You are a good one. Did you ever handle any of the 'queer?'"

"I took a little hand in it once," replied Bower cautiously, "but I do not like to take the chances any more."

"Oh, h—l," replied Gurney. "We've got everything our own way now. The government detectives are all green men and there's no danger of getting caught unless a fellow goes and gives himself up." Taking from his wallet a $20 counterfeit note on the National Shoe and Leather bank of New York city, he added: "Here's something good enough to deceive the disciples."

After some parleying Bower accepted $300 of the "queer" for the diamond, and I now instructed Bower to stay away from Gurney for a couple of weeks.

While Bower had been working Gurney, that worthy had been coming to my office every few days to work me. He imagined that I fully believed what he said, and that he was regarded as a valuable ally. I always received him kindly, and assured him that I had no desire to make arrests unless forced to do so, and that I did not believe in using harsh measures unnecessarily. Gurney fairly chuckled at this simplicity and was thrown completely off his guard.

He assumed an air of great mystery and spoke of the possible existence of counterfeit plates that might be reached for a reward. He would not, he declared, accept a dollar for his personal services but, because of his great fancy for me, was ready to assist in every way possible. He was permitted to blarney along and play the game to his own liking, secure in the belief that he was completely deceiving the government officials.

In the meantime the services of an old counterfeiter, fresh from the penitentiary, had been secured. Many of his old confederates were now operating with the Gurney gang and, through him, Bill Butts, a fresh-looking detective from one of the western states, was introduced to several of the men who made their headquarters at a saloon on the Bowery. Butts informed the barkeeper of the saloon that he had just served a term for "shoving the queer."

At first the counterfeiters and thieves hanging around the place appeared to be suspicious of Butts. One day, however, when these villians were drinking beer in the back room of the place, a fight arose. The detective went in with the rest and stretched out several of the fellows, though he was badly beaten up in the end, and in addition was robbed of his pocketbook and watch.

The ethics of the criminal profession are peculiar. When a crowd of crooks fight they frequently rob one another, and if the victim calls in the police to recover his property he loses the confidence of the rogues who took part in the fray. But if he keeps silent it is conclusive evidence in their minds that he cannot stand investigation, and this establishes his character beyond doubt. It is accepted by them as sufficient voucher that he is a member in good standing in the brotherhood of crooks, and he is then admitted into full fellowship.

Shortly after the melee one of the crowd suggested to Butts that he call in the police. He promptly replied: "No police for me," and the detective was thereupon received without hesitation or mental reservation. During the next seven or eight months Butts worked with this gang of counterfeiters as a shover of queer.

"Counterfeit shovers," as they are called, usually travel in pairs. One fellow carries the bogus money and remains outside, while the other takes one bill, enters a place of business, purchases some trifle, tenders the counterfeit note in payment, and receives change in good money. If this precaution were not observed, the possession of other counterfeit money, in case of detection and arrest, would indicate guilt and lead almost inevitably to conviction.

Detective Butts, however, did not pass any counterfeit money but used instead a good bill in the place of the one he received from the carrier. That was kept for evidence, and in this way he deceived the queersmen for months, and secured evidence to convict about twenty of the Gurney party.

While Butts had been busy with the gang of shovers, Bower had been devoting his time to Gurney and the other leaders. On one occasion Bower purchased $500 of counterfeit money from Gurney, and this he handed to me as I was on my way to dinner at the St. Clair house. As I entered the restaurant I met Gurney looking as cheerful and innocent as a Raphael cherub. The rascal appeared with a bland smile and informed me that he had come there especially to see me about counterfeiting transatcions out west. I took him by the hand, thanked him, and invited him to dine.

We selected a table where Gurney could talk without being overheard. His information, as usual, was indefinite, hearsay, with no particular point to it. He told me that my policy of being easy with the counterfeiters was working like a charm—that there was no counterfeit money in circulation in the east—in fact, he had not seen a bad dollar in six months. At that very moment my hand was resting on the package of counterfeit money that had just been purchased from him by Bower.

A few days later Gurney told Bower, in a boasting way, of this interview and, in a burst of enthusiasm, declared that everything about the government detective headquarters was known to him before it transpired. He asserted that he was one of my assistants, and was so puffed up over his imaginary success that he really believed he knew what was going on in my office.

The time now seemed ripe for the arrest of the entire party who had discussed my qualifications over their wine at the banquet on Houston street. Bower had completely won Gurney's confidence. Telling him that he was about to take a trip to Texas, he inquired if he could buy $3,000 in counterfeit money at a wholesale figure.

"Of course; any amount of it," answered Gurney.

A deal was arranged for its delivery on the New York side of Fulton Ferry. Bower was to be at a designated spot at a certain time, and Gurney was to pass along, hand over the spurious and receive good money in payment.

At the appointed time there was a large crowd standing around the ferry landing waiting for the boat. Bower was there, and a few paces from him stood a seemingly honest tinsmith with a joint of stove-pipe under his arm and a pair of snippers in his hand. His clothes and the soot upon his hands and face bore unmistakable witness to his calling. Near by, looking in another direction, stood a stoutly-built business man of ample girth. In one hand he carried a hat box, in the other a valise. In the immediate vicinity was a tall, reverential appearing gentleman, with neat side whiskers, whose white tie and the ministerial cut of his coat were in keeping with the sanctimonious expression of his face.

When the ferry boat struck the dock Gurney stepped off, peered cautiously and carefully around, scanning the faces of those who were standing near. Being satisfied that there were no suspicious persons about, he drew a package from under his coat and stepped toward Bower to deliver it.

At this instant the ministerial-looking man raised his hand. The fat man dropped his luggage and the tinsmith his tools. Both seized Gurney by the arms and held him while the tall brother, with a quick movement, snapped handcuffs on his wrists. Everything was done so quickly that Gurney did not have time to catch his breath before he was securely ironed.

The prisoner was taken to the secret service office. I removed my side whiskers and made some change in my clothing, then entered the office and shook hands with the crestfallen criminal.

During that day and evening the government officers were engaged in arresting the shovers of the gang, against whom Butts had secured evidence. Two of the ex-detectives, guests at Gurney's banquet, had already been arrested for passing counterfeit money—one at Pittsburg and the other at Cincinnati. By 11 o'clock that night the officers had arrested 20 of the gang. They were arranged in a circle at the office, and the right hand of one was handcuffed to the left hand of the next. Gurney, appropriately, happened to be the center-piece.

I could not help a feeling of pity for the unfortunates, but they had voluntarily preyed upon society and transgressed the laws of their land, and the common weal required that they be punished. They were all tried and convicted, most of them entering a plea of guilty.

The boastful Gurney now fully realized the trap into which he had fallen. He had been hoisted by his own petard, a circumstance that seemed to humiliate him almost beyond measure. With little or no pressure he weakened and confessed that he had received his counterfeit money from Joshua D. Miner, who was the capitalist that owned the plates upon which the National Shoe and Leather twenties were printed.

Among the secret service officers Miner was known to be a counterfeiter, but on account of his great wealth and political standing, he was considered a difficult man to grapple with. He was a large city contractor at this time, and employed about one hundred men opening up a new road at the end of Ninth avenue.

Gurney was altogether too timid to make a deal with Miner in order to give the officers an opportunity to capture him red-handed, but he finally agreed to go with me to see Miner who, he believed, would surrender the $20 counterfeit plates for the purpose of shortening his sentence.

Leaving a carriage on the boulevard, I walked with Gurney a short distance on Sixty-ninth street toward Miner's house. We met Miner on the sidewalk and I was introduced by Gurney, who then explained the trouble he had gotten himself into. Miner said he could do nothing for him and, as a last resort, I requested Miner to step aside with me, where I told him that I was convinced that he was the owner of the counterfeit plates of the National Shoe and Leather bank. This he firmly denied, but I insisted and threatened to arrest him. He finally said that he would make an effort to secure the plates. I knew what this meant and, upon his promise to meet me the following day, I left him.

Miner appeared on time, but was still doubtful in regard to his ability to make the surrender demanded. He was a hard nut to crack but, before we parted, I succeeded in convincing him, by the use of language not less threatening than it was forcible, that it was for his interest to surrender the plates. This he now promised to do and, shortly after another interview at his home, I received a check for a piece of baggage at the Grand Central depot. A detective went to the baggage room at this depot and obtained an old hair trunk in which were found the plates.

According to promise, Gurney, through my intercession and explanation, was given a sentence of seven years instead of the maximum sentence of fifteen.

(Copyright, 1910, by W. G. Chapman.)

Pressure of Light on the Earth

Light, traveling its 186,000 miles a second, once was regarded an ethereal, immaterial something in vibration. Simon Newcomb, in his "Popular Astronomy," issued in 1878, said of this: "If light were an emission of material particles, as Newton supposed it to be, this supposed pressure of light would have some plausibility. But light is now conceived to consist of vibrations in an ethereal medium and there is no known way in which they could exert any impelling force on matter."

But today Newton is supported and science has gone so far into the pressure of light as to figure that this light pressure on the globe reaches 74,000 tons. Further, along the lines of deduction, there is pressure upon any object that reflects or that absorbs light, the pressure being greater on the reflecting matter. That mankind is not to be smothered or knocked out by this, however, is shown in the fact that 10,000 trillions of light particles strike the globe every second, these overwhelming numbers of particles equaling a five and one-half pound shot falling the 186,000 miles in a second. Unless some unknown influence suddenly should congeal the immeasurable corpuscles of light into solid shot, each striking every second, there's no danger either of death from the shots or of a darkness, relieved only by the sizzling whitehot missiles bombarding us.

The Briefest Letters.

Even the new French ready printed postcards, upon which you have only to tick off the sentences that fit your case, do not beat the record of brevity in a holiday correspondence established by a Frenchman in the eighteenth century. Voltaire and Piton, the epigrammatist, exchanged challenges to write the shortest possible letter. So, when Voltaire was starting on a holiday, he wrote to Piton, "Eo rus," which is the complete Latin for "I am going into the country." Piton's answer was just "I"—complete Latin for "Go!" The tick on the new postcard can hardly be shorter than that single letter. In business correspondence the record is divided between Victor Hugo, who, anxious to know how his "Les Miserables" was going, wrote to the publisher —"?"—and the publisher, who triumphantly replied "!"—London Chronicle.

WOULD BE OF MORE VALUE

Father O'Leary's Facetious Rejoinder to John Philpot Curran an Example of Real Wit.

One day the famous John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honor to meet him. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talent, and, as it may easly be imagined, O'Leary versus Curran was no bad match.

One day after dinner Curran said to him: "Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter."

"And why, counselor, would you wish that I were St. Peter?" asked O'Leary.

"Because, reverend father, in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in."

"By my honor and conscience, counselor," replied the divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, then I could let you out."

Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of justice in it.—From Kelly's Reminiscences.

WELL AT LAST.

Terrible Kidney Trouble Cured After Doctors Gave Up Hope.

Mrs. F. M. Hill, 188 W. 10th St., Waterloo, Iowa, says: "It makes me shudder to think of my awful suffering. I was languid and weak and never free from dull pain in my back. My hands puffed and my feet became so swollen I could not wear my shoes. The kidney secretions were painful and frequent in passage. I gradually grew weaker until the doctors gave up hope. It was then I began with Doan's Kidney Pills and soon improved. Continued use cured me."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

"No, I don't think Reggy will ever learn to run his auto."

"Why not?"

"He's always trying to roll a cigarette and guide the machine at the same time."

SICK, SOUR, UPSET STOMACH

Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn or Dyspepsia Relieved Five Minutes After Taking a Little Diapepsin.

Here is a harmless preparation which surely will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach within five minutes.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of Indigestion.

Get from your Pharmacist a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or Intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store here in town.

These large 50-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure almost any case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other stomach disorder.

Too Free.

Seymour—What caused the Allcome Life Insurance company to fail?

Ashley—It was altogether too free in accepting risks. I don't believe it would have even refused to insure the life of a turkey the day before Thanksgiving."

What Murine Eye Remedy Does to the Eyes is to Refresh, Cleanse, Strengthen and Stimulate Healthful Circulation, Promoting Normal Conditions. Try Murine in your Eyes.

Capacity.

Knicker—How many will your motor car hold?

Bocker—Five and a cop.

Sore throat leads to Tonsilitis, Quinsy and Diphtheria. Hamlins Wizard Oil used as a gargle upon the first symptoms of a sore throat will invariably prevent all three of these dread diseases.

There is said to be a professor of languages in an eastern college who has mastered all the modern tongues—except his wife's.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A conventional man is one whose action you can predict ahead of time.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is made to satisfy the smoker.

Silence may give consent or it may give offense.