

Nerves Need Fuel

To feed the vital fires or they lose the power to regulate and control the body. Unnatural stimulants won't do. Like an air blast on dying embers they cause a sudden flash of heat—then all is dead. Give the nerves plenty of fuel, and the worry and fretting, the headaches, the nervousness, loss of sleep, deranged digestion, neuralgia, rheumatism and heart troubles, that burn up the brain substance and destroy the nerve-force, will disappear forever. Don't wait till the fires are burned out. Begin now.

"I was so nervous and restless that I could get little sleep, and the headaches were something dreadful. Pains would start in the temples and travel down the chords at the back of my neck to chest and arms. Doctors gave no relief, but Dr. Miles' Nervine cured me."

Mrs. A. H. WIEMAN, Genoa, W. Va., Ill.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

creates a good appetite, stimulates digestion, quiets nervous irritation, gives refreshing sleep and sends plenty of fresh blood to the furnaces of the brain and nerves.

Sold by druggists on guarantee. DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

THE GREAT FARMER GENERAL

De Wet the Greatest Military Genius of Modern Times. With a Host of Men He Holds an Army of 100,000 in Check

There appeared in the Cosmopolitan of May one of the most interesting articles that has been printed in any magazine during the last year. It was written by Mr. Allen Sangree, who was with General De Wet in a large number of his campaigns and is one of the distinguished men who risked their lives to present to the world a vivid account of what many military men believe to be the most wonderful campaign ever fought in any age. Mr. Sangree says:

The appearance of Christian De Wet in South Africa was like the blast of a trombone in a deserted building. The grim and dogged Buller by constant battering had finally crossed the Tugela and pushed back the thin, dust-covered line of burghers, who were sick to the soul with fighting against such odds. Ladysmith was relieved, and thirteen thousand men were liberated.

Kitchener—the of Khartoum—had swept northward with a big army and rescued Cecil Rhodes at Kimberley. Ladysmith had been relieved, and the clever resistance at Mafeking that this beleaguered stronghold would have to be abandoned in order that the Boers fighting there could be withdrawn to tackle Lord Roberts' hosts encamped at Bloemfontein which threatened to strangle the supplies of the British. The situation was extremely distressing. Not only had the great nations—Germany, Russia, France and the United States—declined to interfere with England's program, as the burghers had been led to hope they would, but England was even permitted to land troops in a neutral zone and convert eight thousand men across Portuguese East Africa, giving as an excuse that they were needed to keep the natives in subjugation. Against this violation of treaty, Mr. Kruger and Secretary Reitz appealed in vain. The whole world appeared to be in league to crush the little republic, and it is small wonder that many burghers lost heart.

In this hour of gloom there suddenly broke from an inky sky one piercing ray of sunshine that presently flooded the entire field—I mean the homely, unadorned patriot general, Christian De Wet. The news of the first harrowing defeat which this unknown burgher administered to Colonel Broadwood at Sannah Post arrived in Pretoria when the Transvaal artillery was still encamped at Helpmakaar, guarding the Natal mountain passes, and when half a dozen of the largest commandos were sparring with General Kitchener at Fouriesburg in the westerly Free State. No fight had been expected at that place, where there were so few Boer forces, and when the detailed report reached Pretoria of how General De Wet had killed or wounded two hundred and fifty men, taken four hundred and twenty-five prisoners and captured seven cannon, it was observed that a quiet but ardent joy dwelt in the capital. There were cheerful faces in the government offices, and Uitlanders who sympathized with Kruger swore that "this chap De Wet is the boy. Wish we'd had him at the start."

These persons expressed a common regret, and there is little doubt that had Christian De Wet begun his career in Natal at the head of thirty thousand burghers, fresh, vigorous and powerfully mounted, Ladysmith would never have been relieved nor the siege of Kimberley raised. It is usually given credit to the general who usually gave when it was proposed to make some hazardous expedition: "I'm afraid that would be dangerous. Some of our men might be killed." General Joubert was continually being fooled, as, for instance, when one of Buller's staff officers raised the entire Boer fortifications under the guise of escorting a woman who lamented that her husband was dying in Ladysmith. The general also consistently declined to follow up a retreat, and when he saw the English running was wont to call the army together and ask them to join in saving a piece of pie.

There are not the methods of De Wet, who, though nourished under the same sun as General Joubert and possessing most of the amiable qualities that characterized the Boer farmer, has been so wrought up with hatred for the English flag that he conducts war on more vigorous principles. He observed the mistakes that were made

in the early part of the struggle, and when it came his chance to command he resolved to cut loose from all precedent. With a following that insists on independence or honorable death, he has succeeded in baffling the entire British army for nearly one year and a half, and has increased the war expense to six hundred million dollars and the loss in English soldiers to sixty thousand killed or wounded.

There is something almost miraculous about these continued exploits, and the Boers themselves ascribe De Wet's half-brother escapes to divine intervention. For six months this potato-grower has fled hither and thither over the veldt, capturing onearrison here and avoiding another there, and all the time pursued by a combined army of one hundred thousand men. His position is much as though he were in London with a few retainers and skipping from street to street with the whole metropolis trying to catch him.

To secure food on a barren prairie, to replenish his cartridge-belts to keep his bases alive and to save his own head, under such perilous conditions, requires the strategy of a George Washington and the greatest mental domination. General De Wet has this. More than this, his troopers know that he is fighting for liberty, fighting else, but that he is ready to give up his life at any moment. They therefore trust him implicitly.

If this military genius were to appear on the streets of New York or Boston, he would not invite a second glance, except for his uncouth garb—black hair and beard, high cheekbones, narrow eyes wide apart and twinkling with humor much of the time, a nose large and aquiline, a firm mouth and chin, make his face strong but not distinguished. He is six feet tall, with muscles of tempered steel, rides horseback like a centaur, and always carries a ridiculously small carbine.

At home, on his truck-farm in the Orange Free State, where he was quietly living when war broke out, he had some reputation as a practical joker—nothing else in particular. He had served one session in the Raad at Bloemfontein, but achieved no prominence as a statesman. Even after the war was well under way, De Wet remained in the background, and it was not until the enemy drew near his own homestead, bringing death and destruction, that his latent gifts awoke.

Today De Wet is the most relentless patriot in South Africa. His farm has been looted, his house burnt to ashes, his wife and children deported to the shores of the Indian ocean. He has sworn a solemn oath never to surrender, and the British do not want to take him alive.

The English folk seem to have missed the point in estimating the real spirit that has actuated this man De Wet. After these long months of bloodshed and suffering, they now come forward and say that the Boers ought to give up because they have already caused enough trouble, or that, after all, England will furnish a better life when he disobeys her in her household command. "Johnny," she said, "from now on you must do exactly as I tell you, for when you get big you are to fight the English, and the first thing a soldier learns is to obey."

Another youngster—by way of illustrating the intense feeling against England—when saying his prayers the night after Lord Roberts entered Pretoria, suddenly turned to his mother and asked if Jesus Christ was an Englishman. "My child," said the mother, "I don't quite know what he was, but I feel pretty sure he wasn't English."

"Oh, I'm so glad," exclaimed the little chap with a sigh of relief.

General De Wet had no experience in warfare previous to taking command of four hundred Free Stateers in the fall of 1899. He had never heard of Kitchener or Roberts, had read little but his Dutch Bible, and knew nothing of Napoleon Bonaparte or Julius Caesar. One afternoon in the latter end of March, 1900, after several months' campaigning, a scout rode into his camp with news that an English garrison occupied a place called Sannah Post. In two days this farmer won victory that either of his two famous predecessors would have been proud of.

His opponent was Colonel Broadwood, an Indian veteran and a noted commander. He had with him two thousand five hundred men. They had camped on a knob of rising veldt. De Wet came within driving distance at 3 o'clock in the morning. He had fourteen hundred burghers, and a battery of four Krupp guns and one Maxim mitrailleuse. The latter were dragged to a spot five thousand yards from the English, where four hundred riflemen lay down to wait for dawn. At another spot six hundred marksmen were

stationed, and the remaining four hundred De Wet took with him to a dry river-bed that lay to the west, toward which he hoped the British might retreat. The horses were concealed there, with their mouths tied shut to prevent their whinnying.

The sun rose at 6 o'clock, and from the post where the assaults were made the camp-life, rattling of coffee-cans and crackle of fires. There was not even one outpost or scout, and when the Boers on the north opened fire at 6:15, the English camp was thrown into a panic.

The British artillery soon got in position, however, and opened on the Boers. The duel kept up for half an hour, then the Boer artillery let loose with its Krupp and created havoc. Three hundred British mounted infantry rode out on the veldt toward De Wet, and then wheeling off, suddenly disappeared. They were not seen again in the fight. By 9 o'clock the English were so demoralized that they began to retreat, and as De Wet expected, they rushed toward the spruit. First in the long khaki line were one hundred and twenty wagons, scattered among which were many Cape-carts, or "spiders." But right in the midst of the line De Wet spotted two cannon and these he planned to capture. The first Tommy to arrive at the spruit was driving an ammunition-wagon. De Wet rose up like a specter with his carbine resting on his arm, and motioning with his finger, said, "Come on, Tommy; I want you." The Tommy gulped down an oath and obeyed, never daring to signal to the enemy intended attacking on the left flank. He ordered the hlographers to signal his thanks, as his men were about to have breakfast on the right flank and did not want to be disturbed!

Personally the man is kind-hearted, agreeable, and courteous to women. On one occasion, at the Sand river, he was coming along at a gallop in full retreat with a troop following, when a well-known American woman who had been witnessing the battle halted him with a rebuke for running away. "You ought to be ashamed," she declared. "Why don't you stop and fight?" "Allemacht!" exclaimed the leader, when this had been interpreted to him, and looking the lady over curiously, he would have us all killed!" But he was greatly pleased, and expressed admiration for her gameness.

It is too early as yet to discuss the ethics of De Wet in the alleged shooting of so-called peace envoys, for the information has come only through British sources, and is as much as the Boers all the way have never killed a spy, though many were captured; never shot a Tommy trying to escape, though fifteen burghers were pierced with bullets at Cape Town prison in one week, and have never hanged a traitor, though a man is deservedly so, though he would not blame him if he did this. When a man is fighting for all he loves best, he does not receive kindly the cringing overtures of a renegade.

The American People Swallow Car Loads of Noxious Ingredients Year After Year and Still Some of Them Live.

There is nothing more astonishing to the sane man than the prevalence of the drug habit among the American people. The quantities swallowed are enormous. All classes of people seem to have the habit to a greater or less extent. Out of this habit comes most of the money that the doctors make, for fully one-half of their patients are the results of the drug habit. Several carloads of the stuff come to Lincoln every year and are swallowed by the inhabitants of the town and surrounding country. The habit has grown to such an extent that reputable physicians are everywhere making strenuous protests.

Various forms of faith and mind healing do their best work in the protest that they make against the use of drugs, among which the most numerous just at present are the Christian scientists. Eminent physicians have for many years been declaring that drugs kill far more people every year than they cure. The present protest by the leaders of the profession is by no means a statement that drugs should never, under any circumstances, be used. Take a case of poisoning. All the faith and Christian science in the world will not stop the effect of an active poison. A physician will administer an antidote and take other measures, which if he is called in time very often saves the life of the patient. While the Christian scientists have as many cures to their credit as the regular profession and their protest against the use of drugs has been an incalculable benefit to the world.

According to the testimony of the foreign military attaches, De Wet is not only the most brilliant military genius that this war has produced, but the most able tactician of the century. Like a skilful prize-fighter, he knows when to jump in and strike a fatal blow and he knows as well when to retreat.

Compared with his achievements, those of Baden-Powell or Kitchener are like a burning match dropped in the ocean. De Wet himself has not been out of the saddle in two years except to catch a few hours' sleep every day. He has been surrounded a hundred times, with no apparent loophole to escape. In this emergency he gives a quick order and his alert though wearied troopers, with the cry of "Oop sael, oop sael, burghers!" leap to horse and scatter like a flock of birds. They ride right through the English lines, and emerge only to gather again at some appointed place. The artillery at the same time hitch up their mules and thunder away like madmen over some stony path that would seem impossible, get a good position, and annoy the British, while De Wet has concentrated his force upon a detachment that his gifted brain tells him is ill fitted to resist. His scouts are the most perfectly trained in the world, and they bring him accurate information as to the enemy's position. When ammunition is nearly exhausted, De Wet makes a wide detour and falls unexpectedly upon a baggage-train, whence his troopers fill up their bandoleers with cartridges and their hampers with chocolate and Chicago tinned beef.

In the midst of this mortal embarrassment, this farmer general finds time to joke and humor his men. While retreating with his commando north from Bradford, we came across

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a Transvaal hlograph corps at sunrise one morning, that had intercepted signals between two English patrols. When De Wet had been told that the enemy intended attacking on the left flank, he ordered the hlographers to signal his thanks, as his men were about to have breakfast on the right flank and did not want to be disturbed!

Personally the man is kind-hearted, agreeable, and courteous to women. On one occasion, at the Sand river, he was coming along at a gallop in full retreat with a troop following, when a well-known American woman who had been witnessing the battle halted him with a rebuke for running away. "You ought to be ashamed," she declared. "Why don't you stop and fight?" "Allemacht!" exclaimed the leader, when this had been interpreted to him, and looking the lady over curiously, he would have us all killed!" But he was greatly pleased, and expressed admiration for her gameness.

THE DRUG HABIT

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Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Headache, Dropsy, etc. For these various ailments a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub, called by botanists, the Piper methysticum, from the Ganges River, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by draining out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Urates, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease.

Hon. R. C. Wood, a leading attorney of Lowell, Ind., cured his kidney and bladder disease, writes: "I am now 65 years old and have used various kinds of medicine for the past ten years. I have suffered from rheumatism and liver trouble and have also suffered from kidney and bladder trouble for the past five years. I have been treated by my home physician and by three different specialists, besides having used the most expensive medicine, but have not been benefited. My bladder trouble became so troublesome that I had to get up from five to nine times during the night. I am now cured. I was in misery the whole time and was becoming very despondent. I have now used Kava-Kava for the past five years. I feel so well now that I know Kava-Kava will cure bladder and kidney disease of any kind. I would like to send it to all sufferers. I feel so grateful to you that I feel I owe it to you to write you this. Wish you the success you deserve. I am, Respectfully yours, R. C. WOOD."

Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, D. C., testifies in the Christian Advocate that Alkavis completely cured him of kidney and bladder disease of many years standing. Many ladies, including Mrs. C. C. Fowler, of Lockport, N. J., and Mrs. James Young, of Kent, Ohio, also testify to its wonderful curative powers in kidney and other diseases peculiar to womanhood.

That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by Free, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a sure Specific and can not fail. Address: The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 67 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

there is no use to try to make a sane man believe that the work of an active poison is simply an erroneous belief or that its effects can be overcome by any suggestive treatment or influence of the mind. Between those two things there lies the dividing line between sanity and insanity.

The daily press has been filled, especially during the last few months, with falsehoods concerning them and Mrs. Eddy, the founder of the sect. It may be that some of the Christian scientist practitioners have made the claims ascribed to them in regard to contagious diseases, but Mrs. Eddy repudiates them. In an interview which has every mark of genuineness which appeared in the Chicago Record-Herald, Mrs. Eddy says:

"I say where vaccination is compulsory, let your children be vaccinated and see that your mind is in such a state that by your prayers it will do the children no harm."

After an experience of many decades all men of sound mind who have made a thorough examination of the subject agree that vaccination is a preventive of smallpox. Experience proves that persons who come in contact with smallpox who have never been vaccinated usually contract the disease. That there are a few unvaccinated persons who are immune to smallpox, reputable physicians will not deny. That thousands of persons who contract smallpox, especially in the mild form that prevails at the present time, will recover without any treatment by drugs, or faith or suggestion, no sane man doubts. Neither do they doubt that probably an equal number of patients treated by Christian scientists and the average practitioner will recover. But disregard the teaching of medical science, abolish vaccination, disregard the sanitary laws that physicians have succeeded in having enacted, give the smallpox germ a chance to propagate under favorable circumstances, stop all disinfecting, or, in other words, adopt the theories of Christian science, and does any sane man doubt what the result would be? In an interview with Mrs. Eddy quoted from above the following occurs:

"Do you reject utterly the bacteria theory of the propagation of disease?" "Oh, with a prolonged infection, "entirely. If I harbored that idea about a disease I would think myself in danger of catching it. No such thing. I may say that I am very susceptible to an atmosphere of fear about me."

Is the microscope a fiction. Do the pathologists in our laboratories only imagine that they see these tiny beings. Are they mistaken about finding them in the blood? Are all the conventional theories of eminent scientists moral errors? When the physician who is in doubt about his diagnosis sends a specimen from the throat of his patient to the bacteriologist and the scientist in the laboratory finds the diphtheria germ, does he find it or is that a mortal error? Will the suggestion of the Christian scientist kill that germ?

Mrs. Eddy says: "I may say that I am very susceptible to an atmosphere of fear about me." The influence of fear and other emotions have been recognized by the medical profession for hundreds of years. The old medical works of the last part of the century are full of descriptions of the effects of fear. Many instances are given where fear caused death. Furthermore, there are several cases reported where the emotions had an actual, visible effect upon the body, such as the case where a window fell down on the fingers of a babe and another, where seeing the accident was so affected that a deep red mark appeared across the mother's fingers that lasted for several days. The effect of the mind upon the body is as well recognized by physicians as anything in all nature. They all make use of it in healing in one way and another. The most distinguished physician of the day showed this writer his prescription book. He had one of those new-fangled things that keeps a copy of every prescription that he writes. More than one-half of those prescriptions had no more medicinal qualities than the most potent of the world. He said it was a mild sort of deception and that he was forced to use to prevent his patients from ruining themselves with drugs. They were bound to have something to take and if he did not write prescriptions for them, they would go to the drug store and buy drugs that would be injurious.

There is no sort of doubt that the mind can create actual disease in the human body—disease the most acute and desperate. A case was reported not long ago where a man induced appendicitis in that way. He imagined he had appendicitis. He came to consult a physician who knew that he had a case of the disease and told him that the pain that he complained of was on the wrong side of the body. The man went away and changed the pain to the other side of the body. Two months afterward the physician was sent for and found that the man had developed a real case of appendicitis for which an operation was performed and the patient recovered. It is not unreasonable to believe that if a man can induce an inflammation of the vermiform appendix through the influence of the mind, that that inflammation might be controlled by the mind. Some regular physicians in New York claim to cure appendicitis without a surgical operation, and their claim seems to be well established. One of them under close questioning said that he relied a great deal upon the influence of suggestion and to induce the proper state of mind he used Nostem's preparations under some meaningless or misleading name. In many of these compounds or mixtures, alcohol, opium, chloral, antipyrine or some other harmful drug is introduced, and after the victim has taken a few boxes he finds that he cannot get well without it and goes on buying himself in fetters which he cannot break. Every physician of large experience has met with cases of this kind.

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which we are justly reputed, at the core we are filled with superstition and are ready to drink from every cup offered us, invariably hoping that in it we may find the elixir of life and a panacea for our many ills. So eager are we in the pursuit of wealth, social position, political ambition or some other glittering bauble that we cannot take the time to rest our nerves, and when the consequent aches and pains goad us some hasten to the physician, asking him to do the impossible, while others eagerly read the so-called histories of wonderful cures and then proceed to swallow bottle after bottle of some preparation of unknown composition.

Fortunately most of these are inert, but this is not true of all. Many a babe has fallen into its last sleep under the influence of the medicine administered by its mother. Some years ago I made a chemical examination of so-called opium cures then in the market, numbering nearly a score. All of them with one exception contained an opiate in some form, the only exception was a solution of common salt in water. I was once severely berated by an aged man, who was consulting me on account of slight indigestion, because I advised him not to take any medicine.

Many of the powders, tablets and other preparations that are used for the relief of headaches and other pains are positively injurious and a number of deaths result from their employment. The fact that no recognized ill effect follows immediately after the use of a drug does not prove that it is safe. It may increase the appetite but it may increase the general tonic effect be felt under the influence of a drug which is slowly causing degenerative changes in the liver or kidneys that can never be repaired. The remote as well as the immediate effects of drugs should be known before they are employed in the treatment of disease. This is the explanation of the fact that the scientific medical man finds it necessary to study the action of new drugs on the lower animals before he dares to prescribe them for man. It has been said that the effects of drugs on the lower animals and on man are so dissimilar that nothing of value can be learned by such experiments. This statement is not true, as every pharmacologist knows. While the different species of vertebrate animals often show wide variations in the doses necessary to produce certain effects, under the full influence of the drug the results are practically the same. The best practitioners of medicine do not employ new drugs in the treatment of disease until their effects upon the lower animals, even in the minute microscopical changes, have been investigated. Every first-class medical school has its pharmacological and pathological laboratories in which these studies are prosecuted.

It must be evident from what has been stated that no medicine, unless it be of the simplest and most harmless character, should be taken except on the prescription of a competent medical man after a personal examination of the patient. Nevertheless, it is a sad and lamentable fact that the medicine taken by the people of this country is not prescribed by physicians. Members of the regular medical profession are not in the habit of giving medicine unless it is indicated, and many diseases are treated without any medication.

It is not to be supposed that medicines are altogether useless or that all diseases can be treated without them. For instance, malaria is caused by the presence of a parasite introduced into the blood by the bite of a mosquito. Quinine is the only known substance that can be introduced into the body in sufficient quantity to kill the parasite. However, even in this case the quinine must be administered at a certain time with reference to the onset of the chill and in certain doses before it will prove effective, and a qualified physician, after an examination of the patient, is the only one competent to make a financial advantage. The doses of the drug should be administered. The physician must first ascertain whether or not the disease is malaria. This he does by a microscopical examination of the blood, and then after acquainting himself with the history of the case he orders the quinine to be taken at a time when it will be effective.

Diphtheria is treated with antitoxin, but this does not indicate that any and all diseases are benefited by the injection of any kind of lymph or serum. The charlatan is always ready to warp and twist the discoveries of science to his own financial advantage. The qualified physician in a case of suspected diphtheria takes a culture from the diseased throat, and, having satisfied himself of the true nature of the disease by proper examination, proceeds to use an antitoxin, the efficiency of which has been demonstrated by experiments upon subjects who have contracted the disease. It is a commentary on our civilization that this most beneficent discovery of the value of antitoxin in the treatment of diphtheria is now being used by unscrupulous men to support claims that are without scientific foundation and that hundreds of people with locomotor ataxia and other nervous diseases are being treated and denied by ignorant pretenders to scientific knowledge. There are men who would not intrust a valuable watch in need of repair to any but the most skillful workman, and yet they will trust their bodies to the care of a charlatan who is wholly ignorant of anatomy and physiology. Looking at this from a selfish standpoint the reputable physician has no ground for complaint, because the drug habit to which thousands are victims furnishes him no inconsiderable portion of his income.

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In the matter of the estate of Thomas Egan, deceased. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of Edward P. Holmes, judge of the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, made on the 9th day of November, A. D., 1900, for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described, there will be sold at public auction at the east door of the court house at Lincoln, Nebraska, county of Lancaster, on the 23rd day of May, A. D., 1901, at two o'clock p. m. to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following real estate, to-wit: Lots one and two of Yates and Thompson's subdivision of block 12 in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, being No. 1240 North 21st St. in the city of Lincoln. Said sale will remain open one hour. Dated this 18th day of April, A. D., 1901.

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