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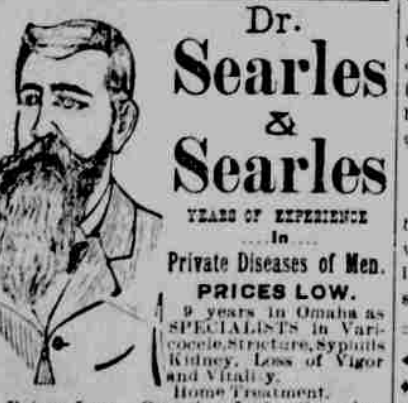
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Be sure to read Dr. Thornton & Miller's advertisement in this paper next week. If our readers or any of their friends are troubled with any rectal diseases they will be interested in reading what others say of the treatment and methods.

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Dr. The Kharras Method of Absent Treatment, cures diseases at any distance without medicines. COSTS NOTHING to try it. Absolutely no pay unless you are cured or benefited. Many excellent testimonials, some sworn to, will be sent inquirers for 2c stamp. Address: PROF. KHARRAS, 1617 Chicago St., Omaha, Neb.

REMAINS OF A PREHISTORIC RACE.

The recent discovery of what are unmistakable evidences of a prehistoric race along the Neosho valley, in south-east Kansas, is adding great interest to the development of fossil beds which have lately been found in that section.

A collection of pieces of human images that instantly excite speculation as to their origin and age is now in a modest museum at Neosho Falls, a small town in Neosho county. Ethnology throws no light on their history. In fact, from all the writers on prehistoric America can no theory of the origin of these images be obtained. They seem to be unlike any heretofore found on the continent. It is certain, at least that nothing resembling them has ever been found in this part of the United States, and they will add new and interesting pages to the works of authorities on antiquities.

So recently have they been found that there has been no opportunity for more than a vague conjecture as to their age and probable creators. The first scientist is yet to inspect them. They can have no significance with the fossil finds in this part of the state, though they may serve to confirm the modern theory of the co-existence of man with extinct animals. The two distinct representatives of ancient life have appeared here simultaneously in the past year. One seems to represent a period of at least semi-civilization, and while it is the common belief that the fossils are of a more modern age, it is possible that they are as old as the fragments of images.

The collection of pieces of human images belongs to J. W. Dice, a farmer living near Neosho Falls, who also has some valuable fossil specimens. There are seventy pieces in it, and that they are the genuine creation of a people quite advanced in art there is no question. They were found either in the gravel bars along the Neosho river, within a radius of a few miles of Dr. Dice's farm, about twenty-two feet under the surface of the valley, in a stratum of gravel, or were recently uncovered in the banks of the Neosho by the attenuation of floods.

The substance of which they are

formed is a composition like cement and sand. The surface is rather glazed and impervious to water, while the substance itself is porous. Minute shells are found in the composition, and in some pieces the material is perceptibly finer than in others. It appears as though the artisan of ancient ages completed his image and then cut or sawed them into sections, perhaps for the purpose of facilitating transportation.

Among the most perfect pieces is a section from the lower part of the bust to the middle of the thigh, showing the hip and a part of the body. Both ends are smoothly cut, and the abdomen seems to have consisted of a separate section. Other pieces are in the form of breasts, feet, arms and shoulders, parts of the head, etc. Few of them are intact, but nearly all of them can be designated as parts of human forms. The proportions of all pieces seem to be perfect, and there is nothing to indicate that they are the distorted Aztec images, such as have been found in Mexico and Central America.

Authorities insist that such images found in other parts of the world are products of an age antedating the Aztec period. It seems that they could have been deposited at no other time than when the gravel was. One suggestion, based on the condition in which they were found, is that they were objects of worship by a nomadic people, and were made in sections as a means of expediting their removal from place to place. The strata of gravel where they were deposited is washed clean, indicating that it was once the bed of a running stream. The fact that but one man, with hardly any knowledge of prehistoric developments, has been interested in the search for relics in this field, and yet has collected such an interesting lot of specimens, lends bright prospects to the field for those whose life work is along ethnological lines.

The country in which Mr. Dice's specimens were found is remote and sparsely settled. Since the Indians gave it up to the white man thirty years ago it has been farmed and pastured.

EFFECTS OF ARTILLERY PUNCH.

"I notice," said an officer of the Sixty-ninth regiment yesterday, "that Admiral Dewey was knocked out at Savannah by imbibing a glass of 'Artillery Punch,' combined with a plate of chicken salad. It is my private belief that the chicken salad mixture is a myth, invented by the resourceful newspaper correspondents. From my experience with that particular punch I am free to say that I believe its deadly effects need no side issues to put it on the plane of knock-out drops.

"Our southern friends, who understand the mystery of the compound, can drink quarts of it. They are immune. They have gone through Dewey's experience, and the strange element in the tale of an artillery punch is that after a man gets over the first essay at it he may regard it with scorn; it's something like a boy smoking his first cigar. The second was never known to make him wish he had not tackled the first.

"My initial experience with the punch in question was acquired at Huntsville, Ala., where we were camped in the winter of 1898-99, after our ineffectual attempts to inject ourselves into the struggle in Cuba. The officers of our regiment were invited to a ball given at the best club I ever enjoyed the hospitality of. A feature of the entertainment was a monstrous bowl of artillery punch. The officers of the Sixty-ninth, toasted by the charming ladies of Huntsville, drank of this punch brew.

WHAT TWO GLASSES DID.
"I drank two glasses—small glasses at that—and the next I knew I was riding two horses around the public square, standing up, holding the reins with one hand and my revolver in the other, but failing to hold my voice. Another of the boys was engaged in target practice at negro cavalrymen on their way to a cakewalk. One young soldier jumped out of a window in the club house because a girl he had never before met refused to marry him. We were all foolishly intoxicated, and the next morning Colonel Duffy, who heard of our exploits, threw the soldiers' inebriation into us in a manner that made us long for a sight of Broadway. We learned that day that some of us had been found asleep in vacant lots and doorways and that the only Sixty-ninth regiment officer who had escaped the seductive influence of the punch on this occasion was a dear friend of Mayor Murphy of Huntsville, who had put him through a rehearsal a few nights previous.

"Well, along came another reception at the club. We went and scorned the

punch as we would a chance to retreat before the enemy. But so strong were the assurances that it would not affect us that we took a chance. Say! It was glorious. Dancing with those beautiful southern girls seemed like floating on clouds with hangers. Conversation of a scintillating nature was the rule. We went to camp clear and fresh and got up in the morning feeling like potentates.

NEWSPAPER MEN TRIED IT.

"I don't know what they put in the punch; it is a southern secret, but I imagine that there is a blend of superior moonshine whiskey and champagne in it somewhere. A couple of New York newspaper men came to Huntsville to report our movements for their papers. We took them to a stag reception at the club, and with real reporter enthusiasm they went at the punch like a Brooklynite goes at Perry's soda water after a session at a Broadway theater. After three glasses apiece they moved the piano downstairs and wheeled it to a hotel a block away, turned in a fire alarm, broke up a crap game, released all the prisoners in the guard house, woke up the manager of the telegraph office and wired news of a bloody riot to their papers—which news the wise manager spiked—and finally went to sleep on the roof of a cotton warehouse, with their feet hanging over the eaves. When they got on earth two days later I asked them what they thought of 'artillery punch.' They replied in chorus: "Carbolic acid, chloride of lime, cyanide of potassium, nectar of the gods and dynamite."

A GRAND CONCOCTION.

"On subsequent nights, when we had receptions at the club they remained at the hotel and played pool for high balls of gin and Nashville beer. "The 'Artillery Punch' is the grandest concoction on earth—after the first time—but we couldn't get those cynical New York scribes to believe it. I trust Admiral Dewey will be more reasonable and find as I did that after the initial internal vaccination the seductive dreams induced by the green pill are as the roar of Broadway traffic to the tinkle of mandolins compared with the mental exhilaration that follows indulgence in this premier of southern drinks. To the taste it is as pleasant as milk lemonade; to the senses—well, I've told you a few things I know about it."

It is illegal in Great Britain for a pawnbroker to accept the Victoria Cross as a pledge under any circumstances.

WONDERS OF A CAVE.

Hot Springs, S. D., April 10.—Since the secretary of the interior has rendered the recent decision setting Wind Cave, S. D., apart as a national reservation, there is more than ordinary interest taken in the great cavern. The very fact that the government has declared it a national wonder, and for that reason retains it for the enlightenment and delight of the public, at once gives the place national notoriety.

The cave is said to have first been discovered by a cowboy in 1884, when he was riding the range. While in the ravine in which the cave is located, his horse suddenly became frightened from a roaring noise from a cliff of rocks near by, and the cowboy alighted. Upon examination he found that there was a hole in the side of the embankment, though only a little over a foot in diameter, from which wind was rushing with great force. From this wind the cave derived its name. The cowboy then procured some of his friends, and together they blasted the rocks near the surface until a man might enter, the cavern being larger further in. One of the venturesome cowboys tied a rope about his body, and while those outside held the rope he climbed in and down, against a terrific wind and into utter darkness. It was necessary for him to crowd and squeeze himself through some small crevices, although there were occasionally large apartments. After lowering himself fifty feet the wind had ceased blowing, and upon lighting a match he found that the walls were covered with what resembled a heavy frost, which glittered and sparkled brilliantly.

The cattlemen and pioneers of that locality thought of the cave only as a temporary attraction and had no desire to claim it under any government right. Until 1899 it thus remained unclaimed and practically unexplored, only as the daring and venturesome visitors delved into its mysterious labyrinth. In that year it was located as mineral ground and the work of opening the cave as an attraction was commenced. Since then it is claimed that 100 miles of passages have been explored without reaching the end, and 3,000 different chambers have been discovered, varying in size from 12x12 feet to about three acres. These chambers have been named by guides and visitors appropriate to the formations of crystals upon the walls, or upon suggestions of tourists exploring them, among the most prominent being the "Bridle Chamber," "Red Room," the "White Room," "M. E. Church," "G. A. R. Hall," "Fair Ground," "Johnstone's Camping Ground," and "Dante's Inferno." They have already discovered fourteen different routes in the cave, only three of which have been thoroughly opened to the public and made easily accessible, viz.: "The Gar-

den of Eden," "Fair Grounds" and "Pearly Gates."

The whole cave, with its numerous byways, yawning chasms and crazy walls, has the appearance of what might be an extinct geyser. There are fissures or crevices paralleling one another all the way from 50 to 300 feet apart, which are connected by cross passages. There are also eight different tiers of chambers overlying one another. In the first tier you find the water formation—beautiful, clear stalactites like icicles hanging from the ceiling, some of which connect with the stalagmites below.

The second tier has the frost work—like a bank of snow—composed of tiny, fine, needle-like crystals of the purest white, being from one-fourth to two inches in depth. The third tier is the very delicate box work, the prevailing formation of the cave. In the fourth tier the box work is a little heavier and of a transparent color. The fifth is the popcorn formation. In the sixth and seventh tiers the box work is still heavier, with geodes and all colors of crystals, while in the eighth tier, which is 500 feet below the entrance, the formation is heavier than anything seen before, and is indigo blue in color and dazzling to the eye.

The cave is perfectly dry and the air pure, sweet and invigorating, especially to asthmatic people. The temperature is about 45 degrees all the time. The pure, fresh air is caused by the wind at the entrance, which blows outwardly at times, and again blows in, changing according to the rising and falling of the barometer. It was in this cave that Johnstone, the famous blind reader, searched while blindfolded for a hidden pin, finally finding it after searching three days and nights. The cave is located ten miles from Hot Springs, and is reached by daily stage coaches. It has been under contract for the last three years, one party claiming it as mineral land and another as agricultural land, each attempting to carry out the governmental provisions for acquiring title, and between them they have built a hotel, a log cabin over the entrance to the cave, and have made many and expensive interior improvements. A warden will no doubt be at once appointed by the government to take charge, and it is expected that mere of the surrounding landscape will be included in the government reservation.

A. D. Storms applied for a marriage license in Hartford a few days ago. The Connecticut law requires that the Christian name in such cases be given in full. He said that he had no Christian name and that the letters "A. D." did not represent anything but just themselves.

Boise City can talk over the telephone with San Francisco, 1,000 miles away.

SMOKER AND DRINKER.

Has Had the Habit for a Hundred and Twenty Years.

New Brunswick (N. J.) special in New York World: It is a favorite temperance argument that smoking and drinking tend to shorten life, but such an argument cannot apply in the case of Noah Raby, Middlesex county's famous old man.

Raby will celebrate his one hundred and twenty-eighth birthday tomorrow. He says he has smoked since he can remember, certainly 120 years, and has drunk whiskey whenever he could get it during almost as long a space of time. "Maybe it will shorten my life," he says, "but I really don't think it will."

For over thirty years he has been an inmate of the Piscataway township poorhouse at Steilton, about three miles from this city. He is bent and twisted with age and rheumatism. He is toothless and sightless, but his other faculties are perfect, and his mind and memory are faultless. His head is large and finely shaped. It is crowned by a mass of white hair. A full beard covers nearly all of his face. He is very proud of his long hair and beard.

Raby is an inveterate smoker. He says that his mother used to tell of the first time he ever smoked. She had been blowing smoke rings to amuse him and laid down her pipe for a moment. He at once seized it and was puffing away energetically when she returned. He was soundly spanked, but this did not break him, for he has smoked and chewed for the last hundred years. Up to the age of ninety years he was a heavy drinker.

He never married, although he had one romance. When about twenty-eight years of age he was overseen on a tobacco plantation in Nansemond county, Virginia, owned by Mrs. Sarah Parker, widow of Cotton Parker. Mrs. Parker was a remarkably beautiful woman of great wealth. Raby did not have the courage to confess his love, but made a confidant of a negro slave named Uncle Mingo, who offered to "hoodoo" Mrs. Parker so that she could not resist the amorous pleadings of Raby, but to this Raby would not consent. Raby enlisted in the navy. He served four years on the Constitution and the Brandywine. He was honorably discharged in 1809, and revisited the Parker plantation. Mrs. Parker asked why he had left her employ so suddenly.

"I told her it was because I loved her," said Raby, "and what do you think she said? 'You should have had more courage, Raby. Faint heart never won fair lady.' But it was too late then, for she had married another man two years before. Maybe she was only joking. It was just as well, for I don't think I would be alive now if I had married her, for she had an awful temper."

Raby was born at Eatontown, Gates county, North Carolina, on April 1, 1772. His father was Andrew Bass, a North American Indian, and his mother Morning Raby, an Englishwoman.

ABOUT NICARAGUA.

No Field for Young Americans of Any Trade.

In answer to inquiries by a New York correspondent as to the field for American skill and labor afforded in Nicaragua, Consul Donaldson, of Managua, on February 10, 1900, sends the following information:

As teachers and professors in government and other schools in Nicaragua, there is really no opening for our young graduates. Salaries here are insignificant and customs so different that Americans have never proven successful. The salary of a principal here is 50 pesos, or about \$17, per month.

American physicians and surgeons are successful here, but no part of the world is more crowded with them than the large towns of Nicaragua. Hundreds of the native young men study medicine in the United States and return here to practice. They understand better their own diseases, customs and majority of the people prefer them. Dentists, however, are scarce, and whenever an American dentist comes he does a good business and can charge remunerative prices.

Engineers of all kinds are the most successful any professional men in these tropical countries. Very few natives follow that vocation, and most of the engineers employed by the government are foreigners. An engineer's salary at the start is from 250 to 300 pesos (\$80 to \$100 in United States gold) per month.

Business here is the favorite occupation for all natives. The wives of the officials, of planters, of lawyers, of doctors and even of politicians, have their little shops and thus crowd every town with stores. Salaries for clerks are not worth the consideration of any foreigner.

Pearl Buttons From Milk.

It is reported that making pearl buttons out of milk is a curious industry of the creamery of Cuba, New York, and for that reason the creamery people were able to pay the farmers a higher price for milk last season than ever before. All of the product of the Cuba creamery is used for buttons. In preparing the button material the milk is placed in a huge vat and mixed with rennet extract, as in cheese making. It is kept at a temperature of 100 degrees until it is of the proper consistency. Then a fine white powder is added and the whole thoroughly cooked for an hour. After that the whey is separated from the curds, after the manner of making cheese, but in this case the curds or solids are packed in barrels and shipped to a button manufactory in New York to be molded into attractive forms.