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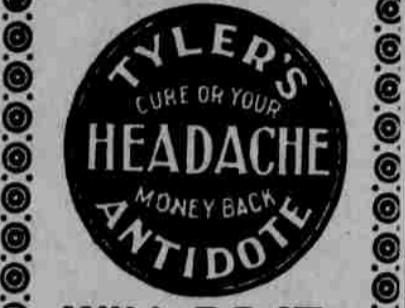
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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Eleven of the twenty-two dukes who sit in the British house of lords have no sons to succeed them.

With the coming of the new woman in the twentieth century we may look for the father-in-law joke.

The use of the vermiform appendix has been discovered at last. It increases the incomes of the surgeons.

Women object to a man who applies the title of a popular novel to a seat in the cable car, that is "To Have and to Hold."

In one of the races in Los Angeles is entered a horse named "Death." If he is true to his name he ought to be a sure thing.

Young: More hearts pine away in secret anguish for unkindness from those who should be their comforters than for any other calamity in life.

"Lord Raleigh's graceful little act in sacrificing his costly cloak so that the queen could go dry shod has been outdone by a Chicago bride. "What did she do?" "On a very slippery day last winter she scattered the cremated ashes of her first husband on the front steps so that the second might not slip."

A member of the Chicago school board wants to have the Czech language taught in all public schools where 50 per cent of the children are of Bohemian parentage. This suggestion has roused an Irish member of the board, who advocates the teaching of the ancient Irish language on the ground that in many schools more than 50 per cent of the children are Irish.

The federal government has recently awarded a contract to a Massachusetts firm for 10,000 white marble headstones at \$1.23 each. These stones are to be used to mark the graves of United States soldiers and marines and will be distributed upon application to Grand Army posts or relatives of those who lie in unmarked graves, upon application to the war department.

In Chicago, the other day, a street car conductor stopped a funeral procession in order to administer a thrashing to the driver of the hearse. The driver had persistently refused to turn out of the tracks to allow the car to pass and, upon being invited by the conductor to visit the car barn in order to take a "licking" at some future time when both parties to the dispute should be at leisure, he proposed to settle the matter at once. He climbed down from the hearse and was knocked out in the first round and the blockade was lifted.

\$100 REWARD, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

ON LOVE'S ALTAR

Twenty years ago, there was in a Mexican-Spanish town of Mexico, a dance hall known as the "Tivoli Alegre." Not a swell place, by any means. For it was mostly adobe, as regards construction, and the floor and tables and stage were of the roughest kind. But, being cheap, it was much patronized by the Mexican plantadores who hadn't many pesos to spend in amusement, the cheap clerks in the tiendas and the assayers and other employees from the "Santa Cruz" mine. Being an American-owned mine, the "Santa Cruz" men were all Americans—young fellows fresh from engineering colleges and the like. And "Santa Cruz" not being the liveliest place in the world, they were in the habit of turning themselves loose on occasions in this same Tivoli—even to George Hewitt, the M. E., who, being older and more experienced than the others, should have known better, but evidently didn't.

"La Conchita," "Little Shell," was the star of the place and admired alike by Mexicans, Spaniards and Gringos. And no wonder, either, for Conchita was as good and sweet as she was pretty. All the Americans had made love to her, by means of pantomime and sighs, mostly, not knowing the Spanish to otherwise express their feelings. But even those who could talk her language were frowned upon by Conchita—no one of them would she have anything to say. And as for the Mexicans and Spaniards—in despair they had long ago retired, to worship at other shrines. Of truth, Conchita was "dificil!"

Mr. George Hewitt, M. E., found it otherwise. As a "matter of form," more than anything else, he had sent many bunches of big poppies and crimson roses to the pretty dancer, likewise taking his drinks of an evening close to the rickety stage on which she, with true Spanish grace and verve, danced the exquisite Spanish "Jota" and to please the Mexicans, the "Jarabe." As a matter of form only—it could not mean anything. For he was engaged to a girl (with money) at home in New York—a fair, dainty, chic mortal, as sweet and fresh as a white violet. While poor little Conchita—well, even though a dancing girl does happen to be good, she rarely gets the reputation; and anyway, no one could liken the "Little Shell" to a violet. More was she like the flaring, glowing crimson of her country's caecus flower.

But Conchita, no doubt attracted by Hewitt's indifference, fell wildly in love with him. And, whatever else she knew, control, hiding of one's feelings, was not therein counted; even from her passing glance at Hewitt, one could tell. "Though, for that matter, he was the last to know. Men are proverbially blind, and perhaps he would never have suspected had not a cynical friend imparted the information. Naturally, Hewitt was shocked—he had done nothing to win the girl's fancy; why should she be fond of him? However, so long as she was puer! If a woman cares for you, you can't be rude to her.

Following out his theory that letting a woman see a great deal of your often cures her fondness, Hewitt began to bestow some of his idle moments on the pretty Conchita. To his surprise, he found that she was as thoroughly pure and sweet-minded as his own fiancée at home. Of course, she had no mind, no training, no education to speak of, and of the Anglo-Saxon belief that a man's wife should be his friend, companion and helpmate, she had no conception. To her the man one loves is a superior mortal (with capitals) to be worshipped, waited upon, indulged, petted and comforted to the last degree. One of the customs of the Dark Ages, as Hewitt amusedly thought, but still a pleasant one. For without doubt it was soothing to a man to occasionally find a woman who could think of him alone; whose few leisure hours were spent in devising plans for his comfort and amusement, and who even thought it the best of all good things to merely be allowed to gaze at and worship him. Probably some men would have found it embarrassing * * * Hewitt didn't! For more and more of his time was spent with Conchita, until at last the aunt who cared for her and watched her by day and by night, hinted openly at the marriage. Conchita laughed—she had not thought of marriage! Of course, she had no doubt but what it would be, later—people who truly loved each other always married! And loving her as did the "Americano," surely he would be as wretched away from her as she would be without him. In truth, she was too happy in merely loving the man to think or care for the future.

Antonio, her cousin, did think about it, however, being a "Gachupin" of some business sense, besides having a deep and not altogether selfish passion for his little cousin. He had always loved her, and her oft-repeated "No" to him had been the cause, as she was many times reminded, of his taking to tequila and cognac. And even after her refusal, and though he was wildly jealous of the Americano, he still had Conchita's good at heart, as he told himself. So that, after watching the two for a while, it appeared to him that it would be well to find out just how matters stood, and what Hewitt's intentions were—in the interest of Conchita.

It was the night of the "Noche Buena." The town was racy with the green, white and red colors, and the halls, plazas and dance halls were adorned with flowers and streamers. Over in the Tivola Alegre Spanish and Mexican colors were mingled in the greatest harmony. Blatant groups of Spanish "haendados" from San Vincente and Mexicans from the Santa Ana. La Conchita had just finished the "Jarabe," with wild shouts from the "Jarabe," with wild shouts of applause and "Buenos" from the audience, the latter being more than usually enthusiastic on account of also being more than usually tipsy. Even Hewitt himself, in his corner near the

stage, felt more sentimental than was customary with him, and gazed tenderly after the small crimson-clad figure of Conchita, as she disappeared en route to her dressing room. He waited to have another capita before joining her, however, thinking that she would thereby have more time to get wrapped up, and be ready for him when he did come. He was going to take her home afterward and talk to her for an hour or so—longer she would not permit. So, after tossing off the capita of brandy, he lit a cigarette and moved off toward the dressing room.

A strangled shriek of "Dios Mio! Help!" reached him as he turned the corner. Thinking it came from the dancing room he paid no attention. It was repeated, and he recognized Conchita's voice. He ran to her room. She was struggling in the furious grasp of Antonio, who was swearing by all the saints that she should never marry Gringo; she must marry him, Antonio, who loved her. To the devil with the Americano!

Infuriated beyond all control, Hewitt flung himself upon the drunken Mexican and slammed him against the wall, shaking him as a terrier would a rat. Panting, with his eyes gleaming murderously, Antonio made no resistance whatever for a moment. Suddenly, however, he made a spring forward and Hewitt felt something cold and sharp just graze his coat—a machete, the Mexican dog! And though he never knew how it happened, and could never account for it, in the twinkling of an eye, that same machete was in his own grasp, and he was thrusting it straight home to the heart of the would-be murderer. There was only a sickening gurgle, a last dying curse, and Antonio, in a limp, bloody heap, fell dying on the floor. It was over so soon, and Hewitt, as he stared at a dead man, could not grasp what it meant—that he had really killed Antonio.

Conchita had crouched, trembling and sobbing, watching it all with terror-stricken face. Now she moved and came forward weakly to Hewitt, throwing her arms around his heaving shoulders.

"You must go, querido mio," she whispered, brokenly. "It is dangerous—they will kill you. Then go, por el amor de Dios. But quickly run!" She knew the danger, as Hewitt could not. His first thought was to brave it out. He had not meant to kill Antonio—he could get off free. But how could he prove it? Conchita loved him—her testimony would not be taken. Besides, he, an American, had killed a Mexican, and whether rightfully or not, would never be considered. As he began to realize what it meant, Hewitt shivered! There would be no trial—no show whatever. The "ley de fuga" a lynching party, or perhaps a stab in the dark. Because vengeance is of the Mexicans.

There was no time to lose if he meant going. Now they were all drunk, as Conchita whispered, and would know nothing. He would have time to escape. But in the morning it would be different. Oh, he must go—flee!

As they embraced for good-bye, Conchita murmured, weeping that she would always be faithful—waiting for him until he came. And wrought up to a high pitch, as he realized how the girl loved him, Hewitt swore that he would return. And then, with a last kiss, he went.

Then Conchita knelt down by the dead Antonio, wetting her skirt in the blood. Because she caught the sound of approaching footsteps—soon it would be known, and Hewitt would be pursued, caught—killed! They should never take him—her beloved novice—first they should take her—her life if need be.

It all came out as she had thought. Hewitt got safely out of the way, but she was tried and convicted for the murder of her cousin, Antonio. It means hanging, or a life sentence, generally, but in the view of the circumstances, and her youth and heretofore perfect character, Conchita got only 25 years in San Juan. She accepted it gladly—for the Americano. And before imprisonment, she was allowed to write Hewitt, telling him that she would love him always, and would wait for him and marry him in 25 years. She knew that no answer would come to her in San Juan, but she wanted to write him of her constancy. Hewitt, of course, would have understood had he received her letter, which, being addressed simply to "Senor Hewitt, los Estados Unidos del Norte," never got to him. But Conchita, believing that everybody in the United States, from the president down to the train porters, must know her sweetheart, and would deliver her letter, went gladly to serve out her prison term, believing firmly that in 25 years he would come. And that is what has kept her alive—and sane. For that, however, few women die in San Juan, in spite of the yellow fever—more often they go mad.

Hewitt in the meantime, his wild oats sown, has married his sweetheart (with money) and is a most exemplary husband. At rare intervals he thinks of Conchita, and wonders what was her fate. Possibly married to some brute of a Mexican, he thinks, who beats and otherwise ill-treats her. And, of course, he is fat and ungrainly, and has a mustache. That being the very last straw, he says pityingly, "Poor little Conchita!" and promptly forgets all about her.

Meanwhile in the prison of San Juan de Ulloa, Conchita waits!

The late duke of Westminster was known to be strongly in favor of cremation, but it nevertheless came as a surprise to the public to find that his body had been committed to the furnace at Woking, instead of being buried after the fashion of his ancestors. He is the first duke who has been cremated in England; and it is no secret that the queen was a little grieved, not to say shocked, when she heard that the late duke had desired to be cremated, as she entertains a prejudice against this manner of disposing of the dead.

Railway tracks are often horrible examples of the deadly parallel.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Black taffets silk Eton coats are ornamented with rows of white stitching.

Suede gloves are very much worn, as they always are in summer, for the reason that they are much cooler than the glace glove. Pastel tints are the popular shades.

The display of dainty, expensive things for the neck is so irresistible this season that they seem to be a positive necessity as an accessory of every well regulated outfit.

Chamois skin is valuable for keeping linen goods and fine lingerie which is laid aside for some time from turning yellow. Well wrapped around the goods to be preserved, it keeps out the air.

Eton jackets and boleros are a boon to the mother who likes to dress her half-grown girl becomingly. There is nothing more jaunty and becoming to her immature figure, it is quite as becoming to her as to her older sister.

Dr. Kay's Renovator renews, invigorates and renovates every organ in the body. It eliminates all poisonous matter

See the wonderful testimonials in Dr. E. O. Smith's ad. in this paper next week. He guarantees to cure every case of cancer that he takes. Write to him about it. Address Dr. E. O. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.

Merer: Beauty is the first present nature gives to woman and the first it takes away.

Hon. A. S. Churchill, ex-Atty. General, of Neb., writes: "Having known of some remarkable cures of Omaha people, effected by the use of Dr. Kay's Renovator and Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, I believe that these great remedies are worthy of the confidence of the public. Mrs. Churchill has used Dr. Kay's Renovator and has been greatly benefited thereby. She had never been able to find any relief before for her stomach trouble." Free advice, samples and book write Dr. B. J. Kay, Saratoga, N. Y.

Dr. Kay's Renovator invigorates and renovates the system. At druggists.

Many people have tried in vain to find a successful treatment for that dreadful disease, cancer. We call the attention of such to the column ad. which will appear in this paper, next week, of Dr. E. O. Smith, the celebrated specialist of Kansas City, who positively guarantees a cure for every case he undertakes. Read his ad. and testimonials, and write him for further particulars.

The American blood who blew \$3,000 on a Parisian dinner bears the name of Thaw—Harry Kimball Thaw. Naturally he is quite warm.

Tone' up your tired body with Dr. Kay's Renovator. It gives you new life.

To cure obscure diseases, renovate the system with Dr. Kay's Renovator.

Dr. E. O. Smith of Kansas City, Mo., the famous specialist in the treatment of cancer, will have a column ad. in this paper next week, to which we call your attention. He has a treatment which positively cures, and his cures are permanent. Read his ad. and write him for further information.

Dr. Kay's Renovator cures headache, constipation, dyspepsia, 15c and \$1.00

SUMMER TOURS via the WABASH RAILROAD.

On June 1st the Wabash will place on sale summer tourist tickets good to return until October 31st, to all the summer resorts of Canada and the East.

The Continental Limited Leaving Chicago at 12 noon; leaving St. Louis at 9 a. m.; which is so popular with the traveling public last year, will run on same schedule time this season.

For rates, time tables, or further information in regard to trips East or to Europe, or a copy of our Summe Tours, call on or write, G. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agt., Room 405 N Y Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

New York crooks have improved on the hot stove standard by making way with a hot water boiler.

HOMESEEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

On the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in the months of February, March and April, the Missouri Pacific Railway will sell round trip tickets at very low rates to points in Kansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and certain points in the South and Southeast. For information write or call at company's office, S. E. cor. 14th and Douglas sts., Omaha, Neb.

W. C. BARNES, T. P. A. J. O. PHILLIPPI, A. G. F. & P. A. Omaha, Neb.

CANCER. on her tongue. A STRONG AFFIDAVIT.

Janey Purvis, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she had a cancer on her tongue and was treated August 24, 1888, by Dr. J. C. McLaughlin of Kansas City, Kansas, with his painless remedy for cancers and tumors; that in about one month her tongue was well, and is sound and well today; there was no pain from the application of the medicine, as she could read during the severest treatment. JANEXY PURVIS, 88 Broadway, New York, Kan. Subscribed and sworn to before me, Thomas L. Johnson, a notary public, this 15th day of March, 1900, at Leavenworth, Kan. My commission expires August 1st, 1900.

For further particulars of this painless treatment, address, DR. J. C. McLAUGHLIN, KANSAS CITY, MO. - - - KAN.

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Causes bilious head-ache, back-ache and all kinds of body aches. Spring is here and you want to get this bile poison out of your system, easily, naturally and gently. CASCARETS are just what you want; they never grip or gripe, but will work gently while you sleep. Some people think the more violent the griping the better the cure. Be careful—take care of your bowels—salts and pill poisons leave them weak, and even less able to keep up regular movements than before. The only safe, gentle inside Spring cleaner for the bowels are sweet, fragrant CASCARETS. They don't force out the foecal matter with

violence, but act as a tonic on the whole 30 feet of bowel wall, strengthen the muscles and restore healthy, natural action—buy them and try them. You will find in an entirely natural way your bowels will be promptly and permanently put in good order for the Spring and Summer work.

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