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**DEFIANCE**  
**\$16.00**

Deposit with your freight agent sufficient money to guarantee the freight charges and we will forward to you our elegant drop head, five drawer Sewing Machine. Guaranteed for five years. A complete set of modern attachments and instruction book with each machine. You can examine this machine and if satisfactory, you will then pay to your local freight agent \$16.00.

You take no chances. Keep your money until you are perfectly satisfied as to the quality of the goods.

New bicycles complete \$13.50, and sold on the same terms.

Second hand wheels from \$3 up.

We sell all parts for every sewing machine manufactured.

**NEBRASKA CYCLE CO.**  
 Cor. 15th and Harney Sts. OMAHA, NEB.

**Dr. HENDERSON**  
 101 and 103 W. 9th St.,  
 KANSAS CITY, MO.

**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, 1908, 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. **JANEY PURVIS.**

306 Broadway, Leavenworth, Kan.  
 Subscribed and sworn to before me, Thomas L. Johnson, a notary public, this 17th day of March, 1909, at Leavenworth, Kan. My commission expires August 21st, 1911.

(Seal)  
 For further particulars of this painless treatment, address,  
**DR. J. C. McLAUGHLIN,**  
 KANSAS CITY, MO. KAN.

**HOMESEEKERS' 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, Arkansas, 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.

**COUNTRY PUBLISHERS COMPY**  
 OMAHA, Vol. 3—No. 26—1900

**HAY! SWEEPS AND STACKERS**



2 or 3 wheel side hitch.  
 3 or 4 wheel rear hitch.

**THE SEASON IS HERE**

We have some print for you. Write for it.

**KANSAS CITY HAY PRESS & MACHINERY CO., Omaha, Neb.**

**BILE IN THE BLOOD**

No matter how pleasant your surroundings, health, good health, is the foundation for enjoyment. Bowel trouble causes more aches and pains than all other diseases together, and when you get a good dose of bilious bile coursing through the blood life's a hell on earth. Millions of people are doctoring for chronic ailments that started with bad bowels, and they will never get better till the bowels are right. You know how it is—you neglect—get irregular—first suffer with a slight headache—bad taste in the mouth mornings, and general "all gone" feeling during the day—keep on going from bad to worse until the suffering becomes awful, life loses its charms, and there is many a one that has been driven to suicidal relief. Educate your bowels with **CASCARETS**. Don't neglect the slightest irregularity. See that you have one natural, easy movement each day. **CASCARETS** tone the bowels—make them strong—and after you have used them once you will wonder why it is that you have ever been without them. You will find all your other disorders commence to get better at once, and soon you will be well by taking—

**THE IDEAL LAXATIVE**

**Cascarets**

**CANDY CATHARTIC**

**BEST FOR THE BOWELS** ALL DRUGGISTS

10c. 25c. 50c.

To any needy mortal suffering from bowel troubles and too poor to buy **CASCARETS** we will send a box free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York, mentioning advertisement and paper.

**ITEMS OF INTEREST.**

In proportion to its size, Great Britain has twice as many railways as the United States.

Nearly sixty contractors in New York are now paying their electrical workers \$4 a day for eight hours' work.

Labor troubles in the copper region of Michigan have all been settled satisfactorily. The men are receiving an advance in wages and general good feeling has been restored.

The street car company at Kansas City has about \$45,000 as deposits from employes, the interest on which is sufficient to pay the entire running expense for one day.

In Danbury, Conn., the trade and labor organizations fine their members \$2 each for drinking non-union beer and frequenting places where such beer is sold or dispensed.

San Francisco parties are having built at Seattle, Wash., a raft of logs which, when completed, will be 625 feet long and contain 14,900,000 feet of lumber, to be towed to Japan.

The British trades unions have issued a statement showing the relative wage rates that exist in the Transvaal and Great Britain. According to the document wages are much higher in the land of the Boers.

In New York contractors in a number of trades are rapidly forming associations and getting into line ready to join in a general fight against the labor unions. At present the contractors are united in opposition to Electrical Workers' union No. 2 in its demand for \$4 for eight hours' work.

The bakers of Cleveland, O., who went on a strike some weeks ago to abolish the sweat shop system and to substitute the ten-hour workday, instead of the fourteen, and to label the output, have been successful in having their demands submitted to an arbitration committee for adjustment.

The Mormons are the most successful producers of beet sugar in this country. Last year the industry turned out 19,000,000 pounds of white sugar and 20 per cent was paid on the investment. The novel feature of the enterprise is that the beet juice is conveyed to the factory twenty-two miles through pipes, it being pressed out near the farms and pumped from the vats into a three-inch pipe, thus saving enormously in the cost of transportation.

**\$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 the constitution and assisting nature 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.

**THE DISINHERITED.**

Miss Acton stood by the center table of the library with a match in her hand. The big room was as dark as a cave. She could see absolutely nothing, but what was it she heard? Surely someone was moving softly over the heavy carpet.

"Who's there?" cried the girl.

The only answer was the sound of scurrying feet. Someone was hurrying toward the door communicating with the conservatory. Instantly the knob clicked sharply, but the door did not open because it was locked, as Miss Acton well knew.

The girl had an impulse to scream and another to run away, but her strongest desire was for light. She feared darkness more than the mystery that it hid.

It required less time than the tick of a clock for her to turn on the gas in the drop light and strike the match that was ready in her hand. The gas was ignited with explosive suddenness. All that was in the room seemed to leap into being out of the vanishing shadows.

With his back against the conservatory door and his outstretched hands upon the wall, as if to steady him, stood a young man, ill, lean and pale. He wore a long black overcoat, but it was hung open and revealed the garb of a convict.

"Do not be alarmed," she said. "I know who you are, and I will not betray you. Sit down and we will decide what it is best to do."

"I read in a newspaper that you had escaped," she said, "but I did not suppose that you would dare to come here. Yet I believe that your father expected you and that he went away to avoid the risk of meeting you."

"And you read of my escape?"

"Yes, I read a few days ago that a convict named Irving had escaped with two others. I knew, of course, that you had dropped your last name for your family's sake, when you were arrested."

There was a moment's silence. Then the young man leaned forward with his face close to hers, and asked in a low, intense voice, "What are you going to do for me?"

"What do you need?" she asked.

"Food? A hiding place?"

He sprang to his feet so suddenly that the girl was frightened almost to the point of crying.

"Money, money!" he whispered. "That's what I need. With money enough I can get out of this country and begin a new life on the other side of the world. If I go back to prison it will kill all the good that's in me. If I don't—if I get clean away—who knows what I can make of myself?"

"I believe that there is much truth in what you say," she replied. "If I could have advised you before you broke out of prison I would have told you to serve out your sentence and then begin life anew. But I know that if you are captured now you will have to serve years and years in addition to your original sentence. I cannot ask you to do that. It is very wrong of me, but I shall help you to escape. How much money do you need?"

"More than you can get, I'm afraid," said he gloomingly. "I must make Australia somehow."

There was a safe built in the wall of the library. Miss Acton walked up to it, turned the knob of the combination lock and swung open the door. Within was a second door of thin metal, which the girl opened by means of a key that she took from her pocket.

There were books of accounts on each side of the safe within, and between them three little drawers, with pigeonholes above and below. Miss Acton took a roll of money from the lowest of the drawers and handed it to the convict, who counted it rapidly.

"Four hundred," said he. "I can never do it with this."

"It is all that belongs to me," she said. "Of course we cannot touch your father's money."

An inward struggle convulsed the young man's slender frame.

"Why not?" he said at last. "You said that he still loves me."

"It would not be honest," she replied. "This would be theft. Can't you make this do?"

"Australia is a long way off," said he. "I think my father ought to contribute something."

"No," said she firmly. "I will not consent, and you should not ask me."

"I'm afraid it's all up with me," said the convict, sinking into a chair.

Miss Acton reflected deeply.

"It is possible that if I ask my aunt she might do something for me," she said, "but I can't get to her now, because there are people in the hall. They might look in here if I opened the door."

"There certainly are people out there," said he. "I've heard them talking for the last few minutes. But I could hide, you know."

"True," said Miss Acton, "and perhaps that's the best way. Get behind those curtains at the window."

The convict rose hastily. Miss Acton closed the inner door of the safe and put the key into her pocket. As she turned away she saw her companion standing with his face in his hands, while his form was shaken by convulsive sobs.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the girl in tones of sympathy.

"It's nothing," he replied, "only—only you looked that door. You didn't trust me. Why should you? And yet if there was someone who did, some one in all the world who could see the little good in me—"

Miss Acton took the key of the inner safe door from her pocket and laid it upon the table.

"You see that I trust you," she said. "Thank you, thank you, a thousand times," he murmured, and so strong was his emotion that he positively staggered as he made his way toward his place of concealment.

Miss Acton passed out into the hall—which was now light—and was greatly surprised to see in the reception room on the other side, her aunt in conversation with a young gentleman. He arose as Miss Acton approached, and she was the better able to admire his exceptionally fine physique. His face matched his form, being remarkable for strength and beauty, and, moreover, it had for her an aspect of familiarity. He looked as much like the master of the house as was possible considering the difference of their ages.

"Mildred," said the young lady's aunt in a voice betraying considerable agitation, "this gentleman is Dr. Vane, my husband's son."

Mildred, left alone, hastened to the library—and the things that she knew or suspected in that moment will readily occur to the reader. Without a word to the visitor she darted back across the hall. The library door was locked. In another instant she was back again in the reception room.

"Dr. Vane," she cried, "there's a thief in the library. I have given him all my money and the key to the safe. I thought he was you."

"Thought he was I?" exclaimed the young man astounded.

"Yes; I thought you were in Sing Sing, and that you'd escaped, and—"

"Thought I was in Sing Sing?" he cried. "So I was. I am assistant to the prison physician, and I have escaped—for a couple of days. But this thief! We must catch him. He has locked the door? Then I'll break it down."

"No, no," exclaimed Mildred, "run around to the window. He will escape that way. Auntie, call the servants."

She flew to the outer door, dragging Vane after her. In a moment he was racing around the house. Mrs. Vane had run through the hall to collect a posse of male dependents.

Mildred, left alone, hastened to the library door and listened. Instantly the door was opened and the convict sprang out into the hall.

"I'm much obliged to you for sending the others away," he called out as he fled by her. "You're a pretty bright girl—I don't think."

Mildred sat down on the steps and burst into tears of rage. She paid no attention to her aunt, with the servants in her wake, rushing in to join the pursuit. Not till she heard the voice of Vane, returning, did she raise her head.

"You will beg the young lady's pardon for all that you have said and done," was what Mildred heard.

Looking up she saw Vane holding the culprit by the collar.

"I recognize this fellow," the young physician continued. His name is Irving. His home is only a few miles from here, and it is not strange that he should have selected this house for a robbery that should help him in his flight."

"He need not apologize to me," said Mildred. "I don't deserve it."

When the elder Mr. Vane returned to his home on the following day he heard the story of his son's adventure. It lost nothing by Mildred's telling. The young man appeared as her rescuer from the clutches of a desperate brigand.

It transpired that the quarrel between father and son turned upon a question of marriage, Vane, Jr., objecting to uniting himself for life to the bride selected for him when both were children. As a matter of fact, the father's views had somewhat altered in the course of years, and he was ready to seize upon the adventure here narrated as a pretext for the beginning of a reconciliation which became complete a few months later, when the young physician, with Mildred's full authorization, suggested her as a substitute for the daughter-in-law that the elder Vane had originally chosen.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

**They Retreated**

The other night in a Maine village the dynamo at the electric light had a fit all of a sudden and there was darkness on the face of the land for a little while.

A prayer meeting was in progress in the vestry of the Methodist church. When the lights went out all the people sat quiet, thinking that in all probability the current would flash back again right away.

All at once there were voices in the vestibule. Two young men had come in, and were talking.

"This is funny," quoth one of them. "Why, I didn't know it was anywhere (time for meeting) to be over. That minister is getting lazy. I told George I'd be here at the door when meeting let out. She'll be mad and between you and me I don't care if she is. You never saw such a girl as she is, never. Wants to go to all the shows that come along, and even went down and inquired of the jeweler how much the bracelet was worth that I gave her for Christmas."

"She's getting altogether too fresh, that's what she is. There are other panicles on the fire, don't you forget that."

"Well, I don't suppose there is any need of waiting round here," remarked the other young man in robust tones. "Come along up to my room with me. I can furnish something more entertaining than walking home with a girl. I've got a little bottle of Glenlivet Scotch whisky, and you take a little hot water and—"

Just then the lights flashed on in the vestry, and the people within, in order to drown out the conversation that was rapidly destroying the devotional spirit of the assembly, struck up, "Sinner, oh sinner, turn from thy ways."

And before the chorus was reached there was the rapid creak of shoes on the snowy walk outside—and two prominent young men of the village retreated to think it over.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Experiments were recently conducted by the German army to determine what color of uniform is most advantageous in war. Twenty sharpshooters who were directed to fire at different colors in the distance found scarlet the most difficult to hit. As the colors were gradually removed to a greater distance, it was found that light gray was the first to become indistinguishable, then scarlet, then lark gray, and, last of all, blue and green.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow as if to beg pardon for saying it.—J. C. and A. W. Har.

**CANCERS CURED.**

Hundreds of People Gladly Testify to their Permanent Cure Without the Use of the Knife.

Write to Some of the People Whose Testimonials are Given Below and Tell Yourself That This is True.

**DR. E. O. SMITH**  
 OF KANSAS CITY, MO.

Has Cured Hundreds of Cases Pronounced Hopeless and if Your Case can be Cured by Human Agency, He can do it.

**HE DOES NOT ASK FOR PAY FOR WHAT HE DOES NOT DO, BUT CURES FIRST AND ASKS FOR HIS PAY AFTERWARDS.**

**READ THESE TESTIMONIALS.**

**Cancer of Breast.**  
 Greenmont, Mo. Dec. 24, 1908.  
 Dr. E. O. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.  
 My Dear Doctor—It gives me sincere pleasure to inform you of the safe return home of my dear wife, who arrived Saturday, the 25th inst., perfectly restored to health and happiness.

In restoring my wife to health you have brought pleasure and happiness to our entire household, for which it is needless to say that we are truly grateful. It also gives me sincere pleasure to tender to you our grateful thanks for your great kindness to my wife while under your treatment, for which we will always hold you and your truly good wife in grateful esteem. In conclusion we can only pray that as all kind Providence will bless, protect and keep you in His holy care through life, and in death bless you with happy eternity. Gratefully yours,  
**JAMES and Mrs. GLYNN.**

In a letter of October 1st, Mrs. Glynn says she is entirely well and in splendid health. If you are afflicted write to her about it.

**A Prominent Attorney Cured of Cancer of the Ear.**  
 Oberlin, Kan., July 27, 1908.  
 Dr. E. O. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.  
 Dear Sir and Friend—I am O. K. I never felt better in my life, than since my return home, whereas before that I was troubled with a cancer of the ear for several months. I am now able to hold my pen at the office and at home about the orchard. We are all well and I wish to be personally remembered to Mrs. Smith.  
 Fraternally your friend,  
**G. WESS BERTMAN.**

**Suffered 17 Years—Cured in 18 Days.**  
 Phillipsburg, Kan., Nov. 20, 1908.  
 Dr. E. O. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.  
 Dear Sir—It is with pleasure that I state that your treatment of a cancer on my lower lip was complete success. It was of about four years standing and for a year I had to use treatment of other doctors, but to no avail. I came to you and you cured my cancer in 18 days. I shall be grateful to you as long as I live.  
 Yours Truly,  
**H. SWANSON.**

**Other Doctors Failed to Cure Him.**  
 Prairie Home, Mo., Nov. 12, 1908.  
 Dr. E. O. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.  
 Dear Sir—It is with pleasure that I state that your treatment of a cancer on my lower lip was complete success. It was of about four years standing and for a year I had to use treatment of other doctors, but to no avail. I came to you and you cured my cancer in 18 days. I shall be grateful to you as long as I live.  
 Yours Truly,  
**WILLIAM KIMBROUGH.**

**Looks Like Himself Again.**  
 Dr. E. O. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.  
 Dear Doctor—I write to tell you we are cured and that the cancer you treated on my neck is entirely cured, and I am back to my old weight again. When I went to you for treatment I weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, now I weigh one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and they all say I am looking like myself again.

Tell Mrs. Smith that we thank her for her gift. We thank you both every day of our lives. We shall never forget what you did for us. We have been trying to get one of our sons here to come and see you. I told him that if you could cure him that he would be cured. Your grateful friend,  
**MR. and MRS. GUSTMAN.**

(Mr. Gustman was cured of scirrhous cancer on the small of the back, that measured six inches and down and five inches across. He has been cured for nearly two years.)

**She is Sure She is Cured.**  
 White Hall, Illinois.  
 Dr. E. O. Smith Sanitarium Co., Kansas City, Mo.  
 Dear Doctor and Mrs. Smith—Through the guidance of kind Providence and your skillful treatment I am completely cured of that dreadful malignancy, cancer. My breast is entirely healed and I consider myself cured. I would be glad to see you sooner but wanted to be sure I was cured. I feel grateful to you both for the great acts of kindness and courtesy shown me while under your care. I felt at home there. The treatment was not nearly as severe as I supposed it would be. I will heartily recommend you when I have opportunity. My friends all think I have improved wonderfully. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for all you have done for me.  
 Wishing you success in your noble work, I remain ever your friend,  
**LOURETTA HENGER.**

**List of a Few Former Patients.**

The following list gives names and addresses of a number of former patients whom I have cured of cancer. We ask any afflicted person who reads this advertisement to write to any one of the names given and learn for themselves whether or not my treatment is safe, reliable and sure to cure. I do not accept your money until you are cured. This should be guaranteed and sent to satisfy the most skeptical. Do as follows: Write to my former patients and if you are convinced by their letters, write to me at any information you wish and I will obediently give it to you free of any cost.

Mrs. Jennie Gooding, 711 W. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of the breast.  
 Katie L. Beck, 221 Armstrong Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of the breast.  
 L. J. Hancock, 221 E. 22nd St., for three years principal of Adams school, Kansas City, Mo. Cured of two cancers of the face.  
 Mrs. J. W. Shannon, 1 Ohio St., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of the breast.  
 A. M. Perkins, 607 E. 29th St., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of cheek, 1897.  
 Mrs. A. M. Klockner, 1221 Flora Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer on forehead.  
 M. Little, 618 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of nose.  
 Joe Hanson, 122 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of face.  
 Geo. Ryan, 2018 E. 10th St., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of breast.  
 David Urie, 722 Cypress Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of hand of eight years' standing.  
 Chas. B. Huntington, 218 Rochester St., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of ear.  
 Mrs. Anthony Smith, cor. 6th and Elizabeth Sts., Kansas City, Mo. Epithelial cancer, situated on the end of the nose, treated August, 1898. Frank Gilliland, 1717 Holmes St. Cured of cancer of the jaw in 1899.  
 Lizzie Burdett, 212 and Grove Sts., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of the ear.  
 Thos. L. Tucker, 601 Mills, Mo. Cured of cancer of face and nose.  
 C. Groom, Gooch's Mills, Mo. Cured of cancer of lower lip.  
 Jacob Class, Tioga, Mo. Cured of cancer of face.  
 Mrs. Julia Nichols, Jamestown, Mo. Cured of cancer of the face.  
 We also refer to Rev. Phillips, pastor of the M. E. Church of Jamestown, Mo., as he has treated several cases we have cured.  
 W. W. Henson, Terry, Mo. Cured of cancer of lip, 1897.  
 Mrs. Ellen DeVanit, New Florence, Mo. Cured of cancer of the nose, treated August, 1898.  
 Paul Kohler, Arizona, Neb. Cured of cancer of the lip.

Dr. Smith treats Cancer, Lupus, Tumors, Scrofula, Old Sores, all Blood Diseases.

Parties desiring treatment can either give satisfactory references or deposit the money in any bank, to be paid when they are ready to go home cured. Dr. Smith does not ask pay for what he does not do but cures first and takes pay afterwards.

His down town office is at the north-east corner of Tenth and Main streets, when he may be consulted free of charge, from 9:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. After these hours he can be seen at his private sanitarium, Tenth and Cleveland avenues.

Pamphlets and circulars containing letters and lists of persons cured of cancer cheerfully furnished those who apply for them either in person or by letter.

**E. O. SMITH, M. D.,**  
 Kansas City, Mo.