Excellent Endorsement.

An Omaha Concern Commended by a Minister of 86 Years' Standing.

The following letter, written to Prof. and Mrs. Kharas, expressly for publication, tells its own story. It is from Rev. E. W. Johnson, a retired minister, who has been a preacher for thirty-six years, and is well known throughout the state:

REV. E. W. JOHNSON.

Seward, Neb., April 8, 1900.
Prof. and Mrs. Kharas,
1515-17 Chicago Street,
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Friends: I write this to be published, for I want to say to the public that I came to your place in Omaha last February suffering from what the best of doctors said was Brights' disease, and I also had a severe case of stomach trouble. In four days, after taking treatment twice a day, I went home perfectly well and had no indications of a return of my former trouble. I am going to take a course in Magnetic Healing and practice the grand science myself for the good of humanity. Thanking you for many favors, I am Sincerely yours,
E. W. JOHNSON.

N. B. You can get information by addressing Prof. Theo. Kharas, 1515-1517 Chicago street, Omaha, Neb. Be sure to ask for what you want—he's not a mind reader.

COUNTRY PUBLISHERS COMP'Y
OMAHA, Vol. 3—No. 29—1900

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 was 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.

WHEN GOING EAST

Ask for ticket between Omaha and Chicago via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Ry. Trains depart daily from the magnificent new Union Depot, Omaha, and arrive at the Union Passenger Station, Chicago. Finest equipped trains in the west. Electric lights, free reclining chair cars, buffet library and smoking cars, dining cars and palace sleeping cars. Send for an elegant little vest pocket map of the road. Information of any class and description cheerfully given on application to

F. A. NASH,
General Western Agent,
1504 Farnam St., Omaha.

When the Egyptians of old met on the street their greeting was, "How do you perspire?" And this probably explains the ancient origin of that diabolical query, "Is is hot enough for you?"

Menses surely brought on regularly, suppressions neglected often result in blood poisoning and quick consumption, and is the direct cause of women's troubles; therefore keep the menses regular with "De Le Due's Female Regulator," and women will be happy and healthy. If it fails, Kidd Drug Co., Elgin, Ill., send free medicine until relieved and fully cured; $2 per package, or 3 for $5, per mail. Retail and wholesale of Myers & Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; M. A. Dillon, South Omaha; Davis Drug Co., Council Bluffs; Riggs Pharmacy, Lincoln; H. S. Baker, Sioux City. A complete line of rubber goods on hand; ask for what you want.

Chicago is troubled with a plague of bugs that pile upon the street car tracks and interfere with traffic. And yet it was Chicago that once referred to the germs in Kansas City drinking water.

Don't fail to read Drs. Thornton & Minor's two-column advertisement which appears in next week's issue of this paper. This firm has gained a wide reputation in the treatment and cure of rectal diseases of all kinds, and those who are afflicted can do no better than to read the advertisement and profit thereby.

HEZEKIAH'S COURTSHIP.

Hezekiah Kimball, at the urgent request of his two neices, recently gave an account of his courtship. I tell the story as 'twas told to me. Hezekiah, after knocking the ashes from his pipe, spread himself after the following fashion:

"Well, gals; I s'pose if I must tell you about it I must. Yeou see, when I was a young feller, I was about as big a goose as ever walked on two feet, allers takin' a notion of some gal or 'nuther, and allers gettin' into trouble. Wall, when I lived down to Braxton, there was a young girl come there who was most outragin' poorty, and of course I took a hankerin' arter her. I got so badly in love I couldn't eat nothin' of no account, went around lookin' very solemncholy. Dad and marm didn't know what on arth was the matter with me, but finally they arrived at the conclusion that I was goin' in a gallopin' consumption. I didn't say nothin', but I knowed all the time it was a gallopin' gal that was ailin me. Her name was Maria Hopkins, and I tell yeou, gals, she was a stunner. "Zeke Blake and me used to go to see her a heap, and for a considerable spell it couldn't be said which on us was ahead. Zeke used to slick up mighty grand when he went to see her; he would slam on an awful lot of ile on his hair, and comb and comb, and slick up for about an hour afore he would start. I've hearn it said that the gal took a dislikin' to me just because I didn't slick up quite enough when I went to see her; but I really don't think that it was so.

"Wall, it seemed to be about nip and tack between us for a long spell; but arter awhile Zeke got to goin' it like a streak, and I knowed it would all be over with me presently if I didn't wake up and knock about with a little more agility.

"Wall, I axed her one night at singing-school, if she'd allow me to take her to a big quiltin' and log rollin' that was a comin' off the next week down to old Squire Barker's, in Huckleberry Holler, and she said as how she'd be mighty glad to go. I tell yeou, gals, I went home that night feelin' awful good. I couldn't sleep a wink after I went to bed, but kept continually thinkin' about Maria.

"The next night I slept a dreamish, feverish sort of sleep, that didn't seem to do me no sort of good. I would awake and start out of bed, imaginin' I was at the party, or that I was ridin' alongside of the poorty Maria.

"The time went on awful slow but the day of log-rollin' come round at last. I slicked myself up, and down I went to Deacon Smith's. Yeou see, gals, Maria was a sort of a milliner woman and made bunnits and such like things, and she boarded and had her shop down at the deacon's.

"We started off to Squire Barker's, and as we rode along we talked about every conceivable thing 'ceptin' matrimony. I didn't intend to say anythin' on that topic until we should be a comin' home, but I had made up my mind I'd know that very nigh jest whether Maria would have me or not. She looked most 'mazin' poorty at the party, and Zeke kept hangin' around her a leetle too much to be agreeable to a feller's feelin's, situated as I was. Once they both looked at me at the same time, and Maria kinder looked down and blushed and Zeke he kinder larfed a little, and then tried to turn it off into a cough. Arter that I kept observin' of them poorty close.

"Wall, poorty soon goin' home time come round, and Maria and I started. Afore I got sixty rods from the house I began to feel kinder queer, and I had half a notion to say nothin' about gettin' spliced. I did commence once, but I kinder choked, and turned it off.

"When we got poorty nigh home I thought I'd try it aga'n. Thinks I to myself, I'd better speak right out now, for Zeke's goin' it strong, and he may get ahead; and then again thinks I, I mayn't have another chance soon.

"So says I, all of a suddint,—

"'Maria!'

"'Law', sez she, 'Hezekiah you spoke so desput you kinder startled me. But what of it, Hezekiah?'

"'Maria,' sez I, 'I'd like mighty well to be a relation of yourn.'

"'Indeed,' sez she. 'What relation would you like to be to me?'

"'Guess,' says I.

"'An aunt,' sez she.

"'Pshaw,' sez I. 'Maria, what's the use o' foolin'? S'pose you guess again?'

"'Wall, an uncle, then,' sez she.

"'No, 'taint an uncle,' sez I.

"'A cousin then,' sez she.

"'No, 'taint no cousin,' sez I.

"'Wall, I can't guess,' sez she.

"'Yes, you can,' sez I. 'Go ahead, Maria; you're doin' fust rate.'

"'Wall, is it a brother?' sez she.

'No,' sez I, 'it aint a brother; it's somethin' nearer and dearer than a brother.'

"'If that's the case,' sez she, 'it must be a father or a mother;' and as she said this a little softarf rolled out of her mouth.

"'Pshaw!' sez I, 'Maria, how you do go on.'

"I had half a mind to give it up, and I've wished a hundred times since I had. But I plucked up courage, and sez I, boldly.—

"'Maria, will you marry me?'

"'I won't,' sez she.

"'I don't care two straws,' sez I 'You can go to grass.'

"We rode on home, but I tell you, gals, we didn't talk much more.

"Now you know when most fellers get mittened they go round awful solemncholy, but I didn't act that way. I slept better that night arter I got home than I'd slept for two weeks. I didn't take on hard about it at all.

"In about six months arter that Maria married Zeke Blake, and I tell you I have been glad ever since that I didn't get her. They say she didn't know nothin' whatsumever about things—couldn't keep house no more than a Hottentot.

"Wall, I don't fall in love soon again, I tell you. I kept clear of the women folks after that for two whole years, and then, dad and marm got to talkin' to me about stickin' at hum so close, and said I ought to be pokin' round 'mungst the gals, and mebby I'd find a wife. I told them I didn' want no wife, but they kept on talkin' and finally I concluded to go jest to please 'em.

"There was an old feller named Jake Sloper, who lived about three miles from our house, and the old feller had a mighty slick darter. He called her Betsy. Wall, I got goin' to Sloper's occasionally, and by-and-by I got to likin' Betsy more and more. Fact is, gals, I got to feelin' about as slushy like as I did when I was courtin' Maria. I felt convinced Betsy was a slicker gal than ever Maria dared to be, but I was fully determined I wouldn't ax another gal without feelin' poorty sure I would come off with flyin' colors.

"One night I went down to Sloper's and I found a feller there—a right slick lookin' sort of a chap he was, too. Arter we had all sot and sot for an hour or two, and arter I had fidgeted round a little, as if I had a notion of goin' home, Betsy, she jumped up and run out of the room, and sez she.—

"'Hezekiah, come here; I want to show you our new cider-mill!'

"I riz up, and went out, and Betsy whispered to me,—

"'Don't you go away, Hezekiah. Make that other feller go. Be sure and stay him out.'

'That was all she said, and then we went back to the other room. I guess the feller got mad, 'cos he didn't get to see the cider-mill, so he got up and bolted off poorty soon.

"'Now,' thinks I, 'if Betsy had rather have me spark her than that other feller, she must like me some.' So to make a long stay short, I axed her that very night if she'd be Mrs. Hezekiah Kimball, and she said she would willingly. And now gals, we've been married more'n forty years, and I haint ever regretted that I axed Betsy."

STORIES OF GENERAL LAWTON.

One Time in His Life He Was Scared—His Taciturnity.

Many good stories about Gen. Lawton have come to the surface since his death, says the Army and Navy Journal. Maj. Putman Bradless Strong, who was on the staff of Gen. MacArthur in the Philippines, says Lawton confessed to being afraid once in his life. That was when he was riding his 12-year-old son Manley past Paco cemetery, at Manila. It seems that a Montana detail had just buried a comrade when a California burying detail came up. Somehow they failed to get cartridges and asked the Montanas for some. The latter had nothing but ball cartridges.

"Oh, they'll do," said the California sergeant.

"Ready, fire!" came the order a moment later.

The bullets went whizzing over the grave and over the stone wall, on the other side of which was riding Gen. Lawton, his head only a few inches below the wall. The bullets made a breeze as they went past. That was the only time I can remember being scared," said the general later, "but my boy spoke up and said: "Papa, is this like being under real fire? If it is, I like it."

During the early years of the civil war a party of young men walked out of a theater in New York after the performance of an opera then popular, "Maritana." Standing head and shoulders above his companions was Henry W. Lawton, then captain of the 13th Indiana. The martial spirit of Don Caesas de Bazen completely won him. The tenor on that occasion was an excellent one, and the young captain was taken with the famous solo, beginning.

"Yes, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain."

He asked the bandmaster of his regiment to learn the piece upon which his fancy had fallen. When the selection arrived theband master was dismayed to find that it was almost strictly a tenor solo. Nevertheless so persistent was Capt. Lawton that he turned the solo into a march, which the band played as one of its favorite pieces of the regiment. And during the continuous rise of Capt. Lawton through the various grades to that of colonel of the regiment he never lost his love for that bit of song. After this was his love for the piece continued until, among his friends, it became almost known as Lawton's song.

When Gen. Lawton was called upon for a speech at the Gridiron club in Washington, the club composed of newspaper men, his name was mentioned with a most cordial reference to his soldierly qualities, which Lawton heard with a calm smile, as he sat half-facing the presiding officer. The applause that followed the introduction was immense and hearty, the diners rising to cheer and wave their napkins at the tall, slender man in uniform. Standing for a moment as straight as an arrow, Gen. Lawton bowed first to the chair, then to the right and then to the left, once more to the presiding officer—and sat down. He picked up his cigar and again became a spectator. The cheering that followed was as tumultuous and appreciative as if it had been evoked by the wittiest of remarks. The general had not been distressed at the expectation that he was to be called on. He enjoyed himself and the merriment of the occasion, evidently having determined that he would utter no sound when summoned, and his performance was so absolutely in key with his reputation for taciturnity that it took the company as thoroughly captive as if he had uttered a great sentiment or told a funny story of soldier experience.

Guernsey is to be the name of the railroad and commercial center of the Hartville mining region in eastern Wyoming. The iron ore in this district is reported to be unusually rich, and the quantity apparently unlimited. The Burlington is building an extension up the North Platte valley that will probably reach Guernsey early in the year.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

We supply four-fifths of the world's cotton.

Texas has 30,660,772 acres of unimproved land.

New Hampshire's annual shoe output is $23,000,000.

The Tokio Labor World says that the factory system of Japan is "simply a slaughtering house of human beings."

Kansas girls in men's attire in the harvest field earn $1.50 and $2 a day at light work, driving a header box collesting the wheat.

Youngstown, O., claims the largest blast furnaces in the country, if not in the world. Recent tests have demonstrated close to an 800-ton capacity for pig iron in twenty-four hours.

Electricity has just been added to the making of cigarettes and cut tobacco, with the result that 180,000 cigarettes and 5,0000 pounds of cut tobacco were produced in one minute. Hundreds of hand workers will be displaced.

The International Union of Steam Engineers has granted charters to unions in St. Paul, Baltimore and Omaha last month, and have secured the eight-hour day for all engineers employed in twenty-six breweries in the city of Boston.

A thousand dollars an acre may be taken out of a patch of strawberries in a season of five months' labor. This sounds like a fairy tale, but it is just what has been done for the last thirty years by Henry Jerolaman of Hilton, N. J.

The cigarmakers of York, Pa., are fighting hard to drive out the New York firms who are endeavoring to establish sweatshops in that town. The fight is attracting the attention of organized labor throughout the country and is being watched with a good deal of interest.

WHEN CHILDREN GROW MOST.

The laws of childgrowth are curious. Boys do more growing in the 17th than in any other year; girls in the 14th.

Girls usually reach their full height at 15; boys at 18 or 19.

From the 11th to the 1th year the average girl is bigger and stronger than the average boy. She can't do the same "stunts," but that's only because she isn't in training. She has the muscle all right.

From November to April children grow very little. From April to July they gain in height most rapidly. From June to November they gain in weight.

In hot countries children of both seves mature much more quickly. The winter cold seems to retard the growth of children just as it does of plants.

Indianapolis Journal: "You can always tell a bridegroom." "How?" "He isn't afraid to take men home to dinner without telephoning his wife."

Be sure and read the advertisement of Drs. Thornton & Minor of Kansas City in next week's issue of the paper. If any of the readers or their friends are troubled with any rectal diseases the, will be interested in reading what others say of their treatment and methods.

Chicago Typewriter: "Your typewriter girl is a very gay and picturesque dresser." "Well, that's all right; if she can make it appear that our wholesale leather business is a garden party, I have no objection."

Boston Transcript: Mrs. Mann—I am afraid, Martha, young Mr. Styles is not altogether correct in his habits." "Oh, you think that because he and pa are such good friends, but after we are married I shall insist on Charles having nothing to do with pa."

Drs. Thornton & Minor of Kansas City, Mo., will have an advertisement in next week's issue which should be read with interest by any one troubled with rectal diseases of any kind. The large number of people who give testimony in regard to the treatment and cures is proof enough that they certainly cure any case of the above diseases.