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(50 years old.)
Office over
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THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SPECIALIST

In the treatment of all forms of **DISEASES AND DISORDERS OF MEN.**
25 Years' Experience. 14 Years in Omaha.

VARICOCELE cured quickly and permanently. The most natural and scientific treatment that has yet been discovered. IT NOW REQUIRES BUT A FEW DAYS to cure Varicocele, without cutting, pain or loss of time. **CHARGES LOW.** I positively guarantee a cure.

SYPHILIS in all stages and condition cured, and every trace eliminated from the blood. All appearances of the disease quickly disappear. No "BREAKING OUT" of the disease on the skin or face. A cure that is permanent for life.

WEAKNESS of young and middle aged men. **LOSS OF MANHOOD** from Excesses or Early Vices, Night Losses, Stricture, Hydrocele, Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, Nervous Debility, Gonorrhoea, Gleet.

CURES GUARANTEED. CHARGES LOW.
Treatment by mail or express free from public gaze. Free Consultation. Send for free book on **DISORDERS OF MEN.**
Hours 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sundays 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. Office over 215 S. 14th Street, between Farman and Douglas Streets, OMAHA, NEB.

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 Summer Tour, call on or write to
G. N. CLAYTON, N. W. P. Agent,
Room 405 N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

COUNTRY PUBLISHERS COMPANY
OMAHA, Vol. 3—No. 41—1900

Farmers and Poultrymen!!
Now you can afford to be without **LAKE'S LICE EXTERMINATOR.** Save your Hogs from Cholera; Horses and sheep from Distemper, Scratches and Mange. Keep your Cattle free from Fleas, and Poultry from Cholera, Roup, Scaly Leg, etc. If your dealer does not have it, send for a trial.
LAKE CHEMICAL CO., 1913 GRAND AV., Kansas City, Mo.



SOUTH OMAHA MARKET REPORT.

Live Stock Report furnished by the Flato Commission company of South Omaha, Neb.

There has been no material change in the condition of the fat cattle trade since last week. There have been very few choice corn-fed steers on the market and those sold at fully last week's prices. The bulk of the offerings have been half fat and common quality stuff which buyers were forced to take or leave. The consequence has been that the half fat stuff has been selling a little stronger than it did last week. There have been but few good range steers offered, that were suitable for killing purposes, and they have not been in such active competition with the native steers as is usual at this season of the year.

Receipts of cows and heifers have been pretty liberal, but the market has been holding up in excellent shape. Last Saturday the market was 10 to 15 cents lower than the week before, but this week there has been no change at all to speak of, good cows and heifers selling strong and others fully steady.

The past week has seen a steady decline in the price of stockers and feeders and they are now 30 to 50 cents lower than at the beginning of last week. The market the past few days has been in anything but a satisfactory condition and prices have gone off 10 to 20 cents in the last two days. The choice stock now to bring \$4.00, and the big end of the stuff is selling away below that.

Receipts of hogs have been liberal the past week and prices have been in a very demoralized condition. There has been a constant decline since last Saturday, and prices are now 17 1/2 cents lower than last Monday and 27 1/2 cents lower than a week ago. The good heavy hogs are coming into demand again and are selling at just about the same figures as the good light hogs, and we do not think it will be very long before the choice hogs will all sell in the same notch.

HAVE YOU A GOOD WINDMILL?

No farm is complete without a wind power mill. It pumps water, saws wood, grinds feed, chops fodder and works gladly and freely every day in the year. In this connection we call attention to the advertisement in another column of The Aermotor Co., Chicago, Ill. We heartily endorse and recommend this great concern and advise our readers to correspond with them for catalogue and full particulars.

Why not doctor yourself? "Genova" Tablets guaranteed by Kid Drug Co., Elgin, Ill., to cure all diseases of the urinary system, inflammation, ulcers, etc., of the bladder, etc., or send free medicine and cure if cured. Retail and wholesale of Miers & Dillon Drug Co., Omaha; M. A. Dillon, South Omaha; Davis Drug Co., Council Bluffs; Riggs Pharmacy, Lincoln; H. S. Baker, Sioux City. Complete line of rubber goods; ask for what you want.

Kidneycure. CURES all Kidney Diseases, Backache, etc. Adm. Druggists, or by mail. Free book, advice, etc., of Dr. B. J. Kay, Saratoga, N. Y.



KIMBALL BROS., MFGS.
1051 9th St. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

SYNOPSIS

Rachel Jorgenson was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love with and married an idler, Stephen Orry. Her father had other hopes for her and in his anger he disowned her. Then Orry deserted her and ran away to sea. Of this union, however, a child was born, and Rachel called him Jason. Stephen Orry was heard from in the Isle of Man, where he was again married and another son was born. Rachel died a broken-hearted woman, but told Jason of his father's acts. Jason swore to kill him and if not him, then his son. In the meantime Orry had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man, and he was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orry went from bad to worse, and married a dissolute and their child, called Michael Sunlocks, was born. The woman died and Orry gave their child to Adam Fairbrother, who adopted him, and he became the playmate of the governor's only daughter, Greeba. Time passed and the governor and his wife became estranged, their five sons staying with their mother on account of their jealousy of Sunlocks, who had become a favorite with the governor. Finally Stephen Orry confesses his misdeeds to Sunlocks, who promised to go to Iceland to find Rachel if possible and care for her and if she was dead to find her son and treat him as a brother. He bid good-bye to his sweetest, Greeba, and started on his journey. Meantime Jason had started on his journey of vengeance and his ship was wrecked on the Isle of Man. He saved the life of his father unknowingly. Orry died, and on his death bed was recognized by Jason.

CHAPTER X. THE END OF ORRY.

When the tumult was over, and all lives appeared to be saved, and nothing seemed lost save the two vessels—the schooner and the yawl, which still rose and fell on the Carick and the forked reef of the head—and the people separated, and the three old net weavers straggled back to their home, the crew of the Peveril went off with the Fairbrothers to Lague. Great preparations were already afoot there, for Asher had sent on a message ahead of them, and the maids were bustling about, the fire was kindled in the kitchen, and the kettle was singing merrily. And first there was a mouthful of grog, steaming hot, for every drenched and dripping seaman, with a taste of toast to sweeten it. Then there was getting all the men into a change of dry clothes in order that they might wait for a bite of supper, and until beds were shuffled about and shake-downs fetched out. And high was the sport and great the laughter at the queer shifts the house was put to that it might find clean rigging for so many, on even so short a cruise. When the six Fairbrothers had lent all the change they had of breeches and shirts, the maids had to fish out from their trunks a few petticoats and some gowns, for the sailors still unfurnished. But the full kit was furnished out at length and when the ship's company mustered down in the kitchen from the rooms above, all in their motley colors and queer mixture of garments, with their grizzled faces wiped dry, but their hair still wet and lank and glistening, no one could have guessed, from the loud laughter wherewith they looked each other over, that only an hour before Death itself had so nearly tricked them. Like noisy children let out of school they all were, now that they were snugly housed; for a seagoing man, however he may be kicked about the sea, is not to be downhearted on land. And in two or three of the company continued to complain of their misfortunes, their growlings but lent zest to the merriment of the rest. So that they laughed loud when old Davy, cutting a most ridiculous figure in a lincey-wolsey petticoat and linen bodice that would not meet over his hairy chest, began to grumble that he had followed the sea forty years and never been wrecked before, as if that were the best of all reasons why he should not come by such rough harm now, and a base advantage taken of him by Providence in his old age.

And louder still they laughed at the skipper himself when, still sorely troubled by his ill luck, he wanted to know what all their thanking God was for, since his good ship lay a rotten hulk on a cruel reef; and if it was so very good of Providence to let them off that rock, it would have been better far not to let them on to it. And loudest of all they laughed, and laughed again, when an Irish sailor told them, with all his wealth of brogue, of a prayer that he had overheard old Davy pray while they hung helpless on the rock, thinking never to escape from it. "Oh, Lord, only save my life this once, and I'll amuggle no more," the Manxman had cried; "and it's not for myself, but old Betty I ax it, for Thou knowest she's ten years dead in Maughold churchyard with twenty rolls of good Scotch cloth atop of her. But I had nowhere else to put it, and, good Lord, only remember the last day, and save my life till I did it up from off of her chest, for she never was a powerful woman."

And the danger being over, neither Davy nor the skipper took it ill that the men should make sport of their growlings, for they laughed with the rest, and together they waked a most reckless uproar.

All this while, though Mrs. Fairbrother had not left her bedroom, the girls' feet had been jigging merrily over the white holy-stoned floor to get some supper bread, and Greeba, having tapped Jason on the shoulder, had carried him off quietly to the door of the parlor, and pushed him in there while she ran to get a light, for the room was dark. It was also cool, with crocks of milk standing for cream, and basins of eggs and baskets of new-made cheese. And when she returned with the candle in one hand, shaded by the luminous fingers of the other, and its

What's what about the "KHARAS SYSTEM" of Magnetic Osteopathy?

Which Cures Every Known Chronic Disease Without the Use of Drugs in Any Form or the Surgeon's Knife.

The Very Strange History of the Life of Mr. Cason Bartusek, A Bohemian Laborer, Living at 26th and L Streets, South Omaha.

Something over two years ago, Mr. C. Bartusek, a workman employed on the construction gang of the Armour Packing company of South Omaha, was at work in the basement of one of these new buildings, the adjoining construction. A workman overhead allowed a large beam to fall in such a way as to strike Mr. Bartusek across the back and hips while he was in a stooping position. He was immediately taken to the hospital and placed under the care of the very best doctors. In time he recovered so that he could hobble about with the aid of crutches, and the physicians insisted that he must undergo an operation to enable him to walk without his crutches, but the operation performed made him much worse. For the past two years he has stood on the street corners of Omaha and South Omaha and begged work grinding knives and scissors to make a miserable living. A friend met him one day and told him to go to Prof. Kharas, the Magnetic Osteopath. He came to the institution in Omaha, and was examined. As he was unable to pay for treatment he was placed in the clinical department, where he received treatment free by two of the students of the Kharas school, but under the direction of one of the teachers in the institution. A photograph was taken on the day he first came to the institution, for as soon as Prof. Kharas examined him he knew a cure could be made, and wished to place photographs of the progress of his work on record. He had never, since being hurt been able to straighten his left leg a single inch, although a great deal of force was used by the hospital surgeons to straighten it. At the Kharas institution, after five days' treatment by combined Magnetic Healing and Osteopathy, he was able to walk with a cane, straightening his leg with perfect ease. The second photo was taken July the 12th. In four days more he was discharged from the infirmary perfectly cured, and he is sound and well today, and is hard at work at manual labor, earning a good living for himself and those who depend on him. As Mr. Bartusek is a foreigner he cannot read or write the English language, but if any man or woman will investigate this case or similar proofs submitted by Prof. Kharas of the grand and good work he is doing for maimed, crippled and afflicted humanity, the result of the investigation will be in favor of the new science of Magnetic Osteopathy, as it has been named by the originator, Prof. Theo. Kharas.

Prof. Kharas never turns a patient away from his institution in Omaha because the patient has no money. If he is a poor man he can get treatment free. This rule, however, does not apply to branch offices. The usual rates for treatment at headquarters and at branch offices in Iowa and Nebraska are \$5 a week for one treatment a day, or \$10 a week for two treatments a day. The very worst cases of paralysis, rheumatism, female trouble, tumors, stomach, liver and kidney troubles are curable by this new method in from one to three weeks.

A little over a year ago this work was practically unknown, just then being introduced by Prof. Kharas. To-day he has in his different institutions a working force of over thirty of his graduates who are doing grand good

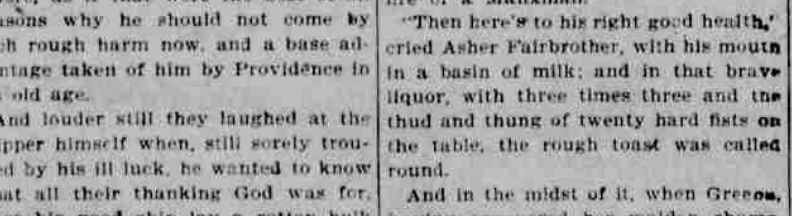
for humanity, and are earning splendid salaries for themselves. It takes three months to graduate in the Kharas School, but all graduates are employed. Kharas will not accept as a student a man or woman of questionable reputation and character, and he offers employment to all he accepts as students. This is positively guaranteed, and there is a vast fortune behind any offer Prof. Kharas makes. Those who choose to investigate this matter a few months ago are now reaping rich rewards, while those who were blind because they did not want to see are still turning their backs on the greatest blessing mankind has ever known and are calling it a "fraud," without know-

ing whereof they speak. The following branch offices are now under the Kharas management of Omaha: Missouri Valley, Ia., Prof. Aldrich, Mgr. Jefferson, Ia., Dr. Webster, Mgr. Atlantic, Ia., Prof. T. J. Ruddy, Mgr. Harlan, Ia., Miss Marion Thompson, Mgr. Fremont, Neb., Prof. T. A. Edwards, Mgr. Fremont, Neb., Mrs. Lela Edwards, Mgr. Ord, Neb., Prof. R. Lee Hamon, Mgr. Ord, Neb., Mrs. Addie Hamon, Mgr. Hastings, Neb., Prof. L. J. Gallentine, Mgr. Aurora, Neb., Prof. A. Gillet, Mgr. Aurora, Neb., Mrs. L. Gillet, Matron. Offices will likely be established during the next three or four months at the following points in Nebraska: Lincoln, Grand Island, Ponca, Superior, Kearney, Chadron, Beatrice, Nebraska City.

The management in Omaha takes measure in sending literature or answering questions. Ex-teachers, preachers, honest lawyers (?) and others fairly well educated, or any young man or woman who wants to enter a lucrative life profession on a sound basis wherein he or she will not have to undergo a "starvation period," are invited to correspond with Prof. Theo. Kharas, The Original Magnetic Osteopath, 1515-17 Chicago St., Omaha, Neb.

Offices to be established in Iowa: Sioux City, Des Moines, Boone, Davenport, Council Bluffs, Burlington, Fort Dodge, Waterloo, Cedar Rapids, Muscatine, Dubuque, Keokuk, etc.

And at other good points as rapidly as good men and good women can be found who will take the regular course of instruction and graduate from the Kharas School in Omaha, and then take the management of one of these institutions on a large salary. No branch schools. The treatment at the branch offices is just the same as at headquarters, except no treatment is given free, as it is given in the clinics of the school at Omaha for the benefit of the students. Students never see or treat



July 7th. July 12th. July 16th.

And presently the delirium abated, the weary head lay still, the bleared eyes opened, the discolored lips parted and the dying man tried to speak. But before ever a word could come, the change was seen by Kane Wade, who cried, "Thank God, he has found peace. Thank the Lord, who has given us the victory. Satan is driven out of him. Mercy there is for the vilest of sinners." And on top of that wild shout old Chalse struck up, without warning, and in the craziest speech that ever came from human throat, a rugged hymn of triumph, wherein all the lines were one line and all the notes were one note, but telling how the Lord was king over death and hell and all the devils.

Again and again he sang a verse of it, going faster and faster and faster at every repetition, and the others joined him, struggling to keep pace with him; and all but Greeba, who tried by vain motions to stop the tumult, and Jason, who looked down at the strange scene with eyes full of wonder. At last the mad chorus of praise came to an end, and the sick man said, casting his weak eyes into the faces about him, "Has he come?" "He is here," whispered Greeba, and she motioned to Jason.

HIS ONE CONUNDRUM.

The old captain of the little steamer, Maid of the Mist, which used to carry passengers right up into the spray of the falling waters beneath Niagara, says the Mail and Express, had just one conundrum, and like a college professor, he used it on every new class. The pilot always led up to it in the same way. He would move his hand along the woodwork of the pilot-house, as if examining it, and remark: "Stranger, do you know what this little boat is made of?"

An odd question, the stranger would say to himself, but he would reply, "Why, of pine and oak, isn't it?" "No, sir."

Then would come a round of guesses, generally winding up with the acknowledgment of ignorance. And the old pilot's eyes would twinkle as he replied: "Why, she's Maid of the Mist, sir!"

shunned by most folks, and by his own son among others. It was his son who sailed to Iceland tonight.

"Iceland? Did you say Iceland?" "Yes, Iceland. It is your country, is it not? But he hadn't lived with his father since he was a child. He was brought up by my own dear father. It was he who seemed to be so like to you."

Jason stopped suddenly in the dark lane. "What's the name?" he asked hoarsely.

"The son's name? Michael?" "Michael what?" "Michael Sunlocks."

Jason drew a long breath, and strode on without a word more. Very soon they were outside the little house in Port-y-Vullin.

Chalse was there before them, and he stood with the door ajar. "Whist!" the old man whispered. "He's ebbing fast. He's going out with the tide. Listen!"

They crept in on tiptoe, but there was small need for quiet. The place was a scene of direful uproar and most gruesome spectacle. It was all but as thronged of people as it had been nineteen years before, on the day of Lisa Killee's wedding. On the table, the form, the three-legged stool, and in the chimney corner, they sat together cheek-by-jowl, with eyes full of awe, most of them silent or speaking low behind their hands. On the bed the injured man lay and tossed in a strong delirium. The wet clothes wherein he had passed through the sea had been torn off, his body wrapped in a gray blanket, and the wound on his head bandaged in a cloth. His lips were discolored, his cheeks were white, and his hair was damp with the sweat that ran in big drops to his face and neck.

At his feet Nary Crowe stood, holding a loos cup of brandy, and by his head knelt Kane Wade, the Methodist, praying in a loud voice.

"God bring him to Thy repentance," cried Kane Wade; "restore him to the joy of Thy salvation. The pains of hell have gotten hold of him. Hark how the devil is tearing him. He is like to the man with the unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs. The devil is gotten into him. But out w' thee, Satan, and no more two words about it! Thanks be unto God, we can wrestle with him in prayer. Gloom at us, Satan, but never will we rise from our knees until God hath given us victory over thee, lest our brother fall into the jaws of hell, and our own souls be not free from blood-guiltiness."

In this strain he prayed, shouting at the ful pitch of the vast bellows of his lungs, and loudest of all when the delirium of the sick man was strongest until his voice failed him from sheer exhaustion, and then his lips still moved, and he mumbled hoarsely beneath his breath.

Jason stood in the middle of the floor and looked on in his great stature over the heads of the people about him, while Greeba, with quiet grace and gentle manners, thinned the little hut of some of the many with whom the dense air smoked and reeked. After that she lifted the poor restles, tumbling wet head from its hard pillow and put it to rest on her own soft arm, with her cool palm to the throbbing brow, and then she damped the lips with the brandy from Nary Crowe's cup. This she did, and more than this, seeming to cast away from her in a moment all her lightness, her playfulness, her bounding happy spirit, and in the hour of need to find such tender offices come to her, as to all true women, like another sense.

And presently the delirium abated, the weary head lay still, the bleared eyes opened, the discolored lips parted and the dying man tried to speak. But before ever a word could come, the change was seen by Kane Wade, who cried, "Thank God, he has found peace. Thank the Lord, who has given us the victory. Satan is driven out of him. Mercy there is for the vilest of sinners." And on top of that wild shout old Chalse struck up, without warning, and in the craziest speech that ever came from human throat, a rugged hymn of triumph, wherein all the lines were one line and all the notes were one note, but telling how the Lord was king over death and hell and all the devils.

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And in the midst of it, when Greeba, having conquered her maiden shame, had crept back to the kitchen, and Mrs. Fairbrother, aroused at length by the lightsome hubbub, had come down to put an end to it, the door of the porch opened, and crazy old Chalse A'Killee stood upon the threshold, very pale, panting for breath, and with a ghastly light in his sunken eyes, and cried: "He's dying. Where's the young man that fetched him ashore? He's crying for him, and I'm to fetch him along with we straight away."

Jason rose instantly, "I'll go," he said, and he snatched up a cap.

"And I'll go with you," said Greeba, and she caught up a shawl.

Not a word more was said, and at the next instant, before the others had recovered from their surprise, or the laughter and shouting were yet quite gone from their lips, the door had closed again and the three were gone.

Chalse, in his eagerness to be back, strode on some paces ahead in the darkness, and Jason and Greeba walked together.

"Who is it?" said Jason. "Do you know?"

"No," said Greeba. "Chalse!" she cried, but the old man, with his face down, trudged along as one who heard nothing. She tripped up to him, and Jason walking behind heard the sound of muttered words between them, but caught nothing of what passed. Dropping back to Jason's side, the girl said: "It's a man whom nob dy holds of much account, poor soul."

"What is he?" said Jason.

"A smugger, people say, or perhaps worse. His wife has been long years dead, and he has lived alone ever since,

bright light of her comely face, she would have loaded him with every good-thing the house contained—coloured head, and beef, and binjeen and Manx jough, and the back of the day's pudding. Nothing he would have, however, save one thing, and that made great sport between them: for it was an egg, and he ate it raw, shell included, crunching it like an apple. At that sight she made pretence to shudder. And then she laughed like a bell, saying he was a wild man indeed, and she had thought so when she first set eyes on him on the shore, and already she was more than half afraid of him.

Then they laughed again, she very silly, he very bashfully, and while her bright eyes shone upon him she told him how like he was, now that she saw him in the light, to some one else she knew of. He asked her who it was, and she answered warily, with some-thing between a smile and a blush, that it was one who had left the island that very night.

By this time the clatter of dishes mingled with the laughter and merry voices that came from the other side of the hall, and the two went back to the kitchen.

Asher Fairbrother, who had been dozing like a sheep dog in the ingle, was then rising to his feet, and saying, "And now for supper; and let it be country fashion, girls, at this early hour of the morning!"

Country fashion indeed it was, with the long oak table scrubbed white like a butcher's board, and three pyramids of potatoes, biled in the jackets, tessed out at its head and foot and middle, three huge blocks of salt, each with its wooden spoon, laid down at the same spaces, and a plate with a boiled herring and a basip of last night's milk before every guest. And the seamen shambled into their places, any man anywhere, all growling or laughing, or both; and the maids flipped about very lightly, ruing nothing, amid so many fresh men's faces, on the strange chance that had fetched them out of their beds for work at double tides.

And seeing the two coming back together from the parlor, the banter of the seamen took another turn, leaving old Davy for young Jason, who was reminded of the kiss he had earned on the beach, and asked if ever before a sailor had had got the like from a lady without took or longing. Such was the flow of their banter until Greeba, being abashed, and too hard set to control the rich color that mounted to her cheeks, fled laughing from the room to hide her confusion.

But no rudeness was intended by the rude sea dogs, and no offence was taken; for in that first hour after they had all been face to face with death, the barrier of manners stood for nothing to master or man or mistress or maid.

But when the rough jest seemed to have gone far enough, and Jason, who had laughed at first, had begun to hang his head—sitting just, where Stephen Orry had sat when, long years before, he took refuge in that house from the four blue-jackets who were in pursuit of him—old Davy Kerruish got up and pulled his grizzled forelock, and shouted to him above the tumult of the rest: "Never mind the lolly boys, lad," "It's just jealous they are, being so long out of practice; and there's one thing you can say, anyway, and that's this—the first thing you did on setting foot on the Isle of Man was to save the life of a Manxman."