



CONSUMPTION

It is declared that Miss Marie Andresser, an Austrian woman of fortune and social position, is the only female tourist who ever crossed the Andes. Miss Andresser has just left New York for her home after an extended tour of the new world. Last March she was in Rio, and, though 59 years old, determined to make the overland trip to Peru. For a good part of the journey she had to be strapped to the mule which she rode.

If you dwarf the boy you cannot develop the man.



The Improved

KIMBALL BROS. CO., Mfgs.

1051 9th St. - - - Council Bluffs, Ia.
Omaha Office, - - - 1919 11th St.

FOR MEN ONLY.

Free Book! We will send our elegant 16 page book to any one who is afflicted and in need of medical treatment. Our book is the best of its kind ever published and is of great value to any one who is in need of medical treatment. We send the book in plain envelope sealed. Write for it today—by postal card or letter—Address **DRS. FELLOWS & FELLOWS,** 321 W. Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia. When writing, mention this paper.



Madame Marchesi has just celebrated her golden wedding, and among those who went specially to Paris to congratulate the great teacher and to sing at the reception, was her famous pupil, Madame Melba. Her husband, Signor Salvatore Marchesi, of Castrome, fought at Rome in the revolution of 1848, and the two were married in the little church of Hedenheim, in the Duchy of Nassau, Heinrich Henkel presiding at the organ.

In municipal government the European cities continue to leave ours far behind. Liverpool is engaged in tearing down 22,000 unsanitary houses and replacing them with sanitary ones. Twelve thousand of the number have already been razed.

One-third of the United States proper is vacant land.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Fire being now prohibited in Parisian playhouses, the manager of the Chatelet Theater has devised an electric boiler for a stage steamboat. This has a capacity of twelve gallons and is provided with a whistle, siren, pressure gauge and other usual accessories. Through holes in the bottom project ten tubes, fourteen inches long, closed at the top. Into each tube is pressed a so-called "candle," consisting of a cylinder of fire-clay, covered with asbestos cardboard, and the passage of an electric current heats the wire to redness. With the candles all in circuit a current of forty amperes gives sufficient steam pressure for whistle and siren in about an hour and a half.

With his electro-magnetic gun, Prof. Birkeland, who has been experimenting at Christiania, expects to hurl one thousand-pound projectiles much farther than they can be thrown by explosives.

The recurrent alarm about the approaching exhaustion of the coal supply of Great Britain has been fanned a little by the recent appointment of a royal commission to inquire into the matter. About thirty years ago a similar commission investigated the British coal supply, but since then, it is said, unexpected changes in the coal trade have taken place, which affect the question. At present Great Britain produces one-third of the world's entire supply of coal. No immediate danger of exhaustion is feared, but among the duties of the new commission is to inquire into the possible substitution of other fuel, or the employment of kinds of power not dependent upon the use of coal.

In Brussels, Malines and other Belgian towns, a novel method of not only getting rid of smoke, but turning it into use, has recently been employed. The smoke is driven by a ventilating fan into a filter filled with porous material, over which a continuous stream of petroleum, benzine, alcohol or some liquid hydrocarbon flows. The result is that the smoke is entirely suppressed, while the filter yields a gas of great calorific power, which can be used for heating purposes and for driving gas engines. The filtering material itself also becomes a good combustible.

All the blood in the human body passes through the heart in about three minutes. The heart beats 70 times a minute, 4,200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, throwing out 2 1/2 ounces of blood a second, 656 pounds an hour, 7,334 tons a day. It is only when supplied with pure, rich blood that the heart can organ six inches long by four inches wide, can accomplish this enormous amount of work and rebuild its own wasted tissues.

Dr. A. A. Julien recently brought before the New York Academy of Sciences evidence to show that the ravages wrought upon sea bluffs during great storms are often due to the wind as much as to the ocean waves. Sand and salt spray driven for hours before a violent wind act like a gigantic sand blast, eating away, with surprising rapidity, the layers of gravel and sand of which many projecting headlands are composed. The surfaces of bodies exposed to such a wind are soon pitted. In a great gale in 1829 a single night sufficed to convert the window panes

of the life-saving station at Truro into ground glass.

Young cattle in South America are attacked by a peculiar disease—sometimes known as manaque—that is recognized by a characteristic lameness of one leg and develops foul-smelling abscesses. Mr. O. Voges of Buenos Ayres has discovered in the abscesses a bacillus that is much smaller than that of influenza or any other hitherto known, being scarcely perceptible when magnified 1,500 times. Experiments have shown that mice, rats and rabbits resist infection by the bacilli, but that guinea pigs succumb in 24 to 48 hours, and that the effects are due to direct action of the bacilli and not—as in the case of tetanus and anthrax—to poisonous products they produce. The disease is one of hot weather, inoculations failing in winter.

Hamin's Wizard Oil is a friend of the afflicted and an enemy to pain—whichever it overcomes.

HERE AND THERE.

Open warfare—mouths in a confab. Almost any ship takes summer boarders.

In spite of women's rights, some of them get left.

The Daughter of the Revolution should not be afraid of a revolver.

The hair bleacher gives his customers a fair show.

The cloak of friendship is too thin even for warm weather.

When the seafaring passenger sees a pirate, he is ready to throw up his hands.

It is a sign of shallowness to get deep in love more than once.

The huntsman can stay at home and bar his game playing pool.

Some politicians are so lazy they wouldn't want to carry the day if it wasn't light.

The best-laid plans of mice and men are often upset by a woman.

Even the char woman might cook you a steak without charring it.

Some girls enjoy eating candy alone and others prefer sweet meets with their lovers.

The judge, like an experienced writer, can crowd a great deal into one sentence.

People who won't work are the ones who deserve to go to the workhouse.

It's a foolish dentist who has his motto posted in his office: "Grin and bear it."

First they try a play "on the dog," and then as like as not it goes to the dogs.

Only good swimmers are accepted as recruits in the German navy. The best swimmers in the service are able to cross a stream several hundred yards in width; even when carrying their clothing, rifle and ammunition.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Miss Mary Morton, the youngest daughter of the former vice president of the United States, devotes most of her time and her large income to the benefit of unfortunate children of New York City.

People buy Hamin's Wizard Oil because they have learned by experience that it cures pain of every kind.



A ROMANCE OF MANY LIVES' ERRORS.
BY ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.
Author "A Slave of Circumstances," "A Bargain in Souls," "The Black Ball," "The Cruel City," "A Woman's Will," "At the World's Mercy," "The Scarlet Cypher," "The Secret of the Marionettes," &c.

(Copyright, 1902, by De Lancey Pierson)

CHAPTER V.

James Ellison was seated at his desk in the library writing, now and then stopping in his work with pen poised to think, his eye fixed on the bright garden that spread out beyond the window. He was still a handsome man for all his 59 years and grizzled hair and moustache. Seated there quietly at his desk, he had not the appearance of a man who had lost his wife in such a tragic manner but a few short days before. Apart from a certain nervousness which manifested itself when he heard unexpected sounds, he might have been mistaken for a man who is at peace with his fellows and the world. It was in one of the pauses of his work, while his eyes rested on the garden beds without, a distinct cough close to him caused him to turn swiftly around in his chair with a muttered exclamation.

He found himself facing a small man in a brown suit, who stood in a respectful attitude, twisting a shabby hat between his red fingers.

"Who let you in—what are you doing here?" asked Ellison, angrily.

The stranger waved his hand in a deprecating way and smiled.

"There, my dear sir, don't excite yourself unnecessarily."

"But I do excite myself, as you call it, over this intrusion."

"No intrusion at all. I have come to talk on a subject that will interest you deeply. I knocked on your door, and, not getting an answer, I came in."

"Then you can take yourself off as you came," exclaimed the other, unappeased. "I told the household that I would not see any one. It is no time to receive visitors."

"No, no, of course not. People should respect a grief so deep as yours," replied the stranger, soothingly.

Ellison looked at the stranger suspiciously to see if there was any lurking sarcasm in that remark, but the unwelcome visitor's face was calm and placid.

"Well, now that you are here," said the banker, roughly, "perhaps you will tell me who you are, and why I am indebted for this visit."

The other, without waiting to be invited, sat down in a comfortable chair, and crossed his legs like a man who is making himself at home.

"What you have to say make brief," growled the banker, frowning at the little man's presumption.

"I will reduce my story to as few words as possible," meekly. "I have come to speak to you on behalf of a friend—one you knew in the past—his name was Martin Frale."

Ellison jumped to his feet, his hands clasped and his lips moving. A moment only these evidences of emotion lasted, and then he laughed nervously and dropped back in his seat.

"It must be a very old story that you have to tell me," he said, "some bits of ancient history. Tell me, your way in for that? Did you?" recovering his arrogant manner.

"Yes it was exactly to rehearse some bits of ancient history that I came to see you, James Ellison," returned the visitor, at the same time fixing his bright eyes on the other's face.

For a moment their glances met, but it was not the visitor who retired first from the contest of staring each other out of countenance. Ellison looked down on the floor, twiddling his thumbs and twisting uneasily in his chair. There was something in the manner of his uninvited guest that made him think after all it might be best to hear him out and have done with him.

"You had a certain interesting transaction with this Frale nearly 17 years ago," began the stranger.

"Certainly, but what of those old times? In the first place, the man we are speaking about is dead," and in saying this he seemed to feel a certain satisfaction.

"How do you know he is dead?"

"Eh, what's that?" this time staring at the little man as if he would read the secrets of his heart.

"I say, how do you know he is dead? Did you ever take any great pains to find out?"

"I heard it on pretty good authority," sullenly. Then, his voice rising, "I wish you would be kind enough to come to the point, and not be beating around the bush in this distressful manner."

"It don't distress me a bit," and the little man smiled. "Well, since you wish it, we will come to the point. If it pleases you to have it so, Frale is dead, though I would not be willing to swear to such a statement."

"Go on."

"Frale, these many years ago, became involved in a robbery. A factory it was, and the foreman happened, unfortunately, to be killed. Frale was supposed to be guilty. He managed at the time to escape. He came to you—"

"O, why tell me everything that I know already?" said the banker, testily.

"I thought perhaps you had forgotten. But I am coming to the point. The object in Frale's escape was to find a name for his baby daughter. It seems

me. I should have lost no time in doing all I could for him."

He said this with an air of frankness, but the other eyed him for a moment with a certain distrust.

"You are a relation of Barnett's?" asked Ellison, uneasy under that uncompromising glance.

"No, never saw the fellow but once in my life. But I have made up my mind that he is innocent, and I want him free. You have money—use it. Hello! What's the matter now?"

For the banker had been staring out of the window and then stooped forward and made a quick gesture as if to some one in the garden.

Henricks had slipped forward and peered out behind his back. He was just in time to see a man dodge behind a tree. The one glance was enough for him to see that the fellow was very ragged and unkempt, then he was gone.

He returned noiselessly to his place, just as Ellison turned. The latter found his uninvited guest seated with his face resting on his hand evidently in deep meditation.

"You may have been surprised at my rushing to the window in such an abrupt way," explained the banker. "You see, we are overrun with the neighbors' children, who come in and steal flowers from the garden. Now I shouldn't mind that if they wouldn't trample down the beds and ruin everything. I saw them at it again just now and was moved to anger, you see."

"Yes, I see," replied the worthy Henricks, regarding the other out of the corner of his eye. To himself he said: "What's the use of this elaborate lie unless there is something serious in that man's sudden appearance which he does not care about others knowing? A cunning knave this—surely."

(To be continued.)

A BIG FAMILY A BLESSING.

So Says Mrs. Swartwood, Looking Back on Twenty-Nine Children.

Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Correspondence New York Sun: The largest family in Pennsylvania was born at Mountain Top, near this city, and still lives there.

The mother, Mrs. Samuel Swartwood, has borne 29 children, and 22 of them are living.

Mrs. Swartwood naturally has advice to give to mothers. In the first place she advises marriage when young. She married when she was 14. Here are some of her maxims for mothers:

"Work hard and always be cheerful. Be mistress of your house. Remember that the most glorious responsibility in the world is to be a mother."

"Do not be afraid of having children. I never regretted the birth of one of mine."

"The loneliest woman in the world is the childless wife."

"Do not mind what furniture you have if you can fill the house with children."

"Clothes go a long way in our family, and no garment is useless until there is not enough left for the baby."

"Lots of air, lots of sunlight, lots of food, and lots of love are good for children."

The Swartwood children all live at home. The dining room at meal time is a sight to make a census taker glad. Quantities of food sufficient to make the average housekeeper gasp are consumed at each meal, but Mrs. Swartwood takes great pride in it.

"They are fine eaters," she says, beaming with maternal joy on her children's healthy forms. "They get all they want to eat, but it keeps me and the girls hustling."

Mrs. Swartwood says there is no trouble in raising a large family. "I would not be happy unless I had them," she said. "I remember when the first one came, and there were seven of them by the time the eldest was 5 years old. Then, I tell you, it was hard work, but as soon as they began to grow up and help me it was much easier."

The chief difficulty was about clothes. They take a lot, and clothes cost money. At first Sam and I had hard work to get enough for them, but once started we used the clothes for all there was in them, and I have cut down and refitted them like a tailor."

"You tell the women of the state that a big family is a blessing. They may think differently, but I know and they don't."

PREHISTORIC REMAINS.

Some Interesting Excavations Recently Made in Bosnia.

London Standard: Extensive remains of prehistoric lake dwellings exist in the bed of the river Save, near Dolina, in Northern Bosnia, which fall in no way behind the better known remains in Switzerland. The excavations made during the year now ending have surpassed all expectations in regard to the wealth of material obtained for the Bosnian museum, at Sarajevo. Four dwelling houses built on piles—three of which are well preserved, while one has been buried—have been laid bare, as well as the burying place belonging to the settlement, containing a number of fine bronzes and urns. Numerous products of the potter's art, utensils of staghorn, weapons of bronze and iron, ornaments of bronze, silver, gold and amber, seeds and bones compose the chief discoveries made so far. The results of these researches have a special value in that they have determined the architectural construction of the pile dwellings with an accuracy which has seldom been attainable.

One of the most valuable discoveries is a boat five meters long, hollowed out of the trunk of an oak. This was found lying nine meters below the platform of a pile dwelling, and must have lain there nearly 3,000 years. The work of digging out this unique object, which can be matched in no museum of Europe, took six days, and was so successfully carried out that the boat was brought unharmed to the Sarajevo museum. The pile dwellings of Dolina belong to two different periods, and were in existence during the bronze and iron ages throughout the first millennium before Christ. They were probably destroyed by a sudden inundation in the third century before Christ.

There Are Intermissions.

Visitor to the Prison—I suppose this life of yours in here is a continual torture?

Convict—Oh, no, not so bad as that. We don't have visitors every day, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Not a Worker of Miracles.
While Professor Kharas Disclaims Any Miraculous Power, Many of His Patients Speak of His Work as Wonderful.
HEALS ALL DISEASES BY THE TOUCH OF HIS HANDS
No Medicines, Surgery, Nor Electricity Used in Any Manner.
PATIENTS MAY PAY AFTER THEY ARE CURED.



Kharas Headquarters, 4th Floor, Bee Bld'g, Omaha, Neb.

HE TEACHES HIS WONDERFUL METHOD TO OTHERS AND EMPLOYS EVERY GRADUATE TO WORK FOR HIM.

Prof. Kharas has established a school in which is taught the grand and noble truths which have enabled him to cure several thousand sick people in so short a time, and without a single failure. It is not every person who can learn this work, but those who can learn are taught and employed by Prof. Kharas as his assistants. He pays large salaries. He needs more help, and all applications will be considered. He does not promise to teach you until he becomes acquainted with you, but if he accepts you as a student, permanent and pleasant, well-paying employment the rest of your life is assured.

If you are sick and have failed of a cure elsewhere, or if you are not satisfied with your position in life and wish a larger income and better, nobler work, learn this new profession. Write today for a large illustrated catalogue which will tell you all about Prof. Kharas and his grand work, gives testimonials and particulars you want to know. The catalogue is free. Tell all about yourself in your first letter, and ask any questions you want answered. Address,

Professor Kharas,
4TH FLOOR, BEE BLDG.,
OMAHA, NEB.

During the past four years the astonishing growth and popularity of Professor Kharas as a healer of so-called incurable chronic diseases has grown so that he has become endorsed and beloved by all who know him and his mighty healing power.

Mrs. Anna Swinney of Nebraska City was at the point of death with consumption. The doctors gave her up, her husband and her friends said she had to die in a few days, but Professor Kharas immediately restored her to health. This was three years ago. Two years later her daughter Nellie was said to be dying from a menstrual disorder (she being just 14 years of age at that time), but Professor Kharas was telegraphed for, and hastening to Nebraska City went to the bedside, where four strong persons were struggling to hold the poor girl in bed, quited her by simply laying his hand on her head, and in a short time she was restored to perfect health. The family was amazed at the result. Mr. Chas. C. Brant, Recorder of Deeds, Nebraska City, Otoe County, Nebraska, was stricken with paralysis in his right arm, and the numerous physicians told

him there was no hope for his ever regaining the use of it. When he heard of Prof. Kharas he went to him and was cured in four days. Later he took treatment for a severe stomach trouble which had bothered him for years, and was cured. Rev. E. W. Johnson, a well known minister of Seward, Neb., was cured by Prof. Kharas of a bad case of what doctors called Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, which was said also to be "incurable." Miss Tenn Guin of Lexington, Neb., was cured of a colic that was so bad that surgeons had refused to operate on it, saying that her life could not be saved. She is well and strong, and was cured about 18 months ago. Two years ago Mrs. M. A. Honaker of Beebetown, Ia., was relieved of a fibroid tumor as large as a coconut. No surgery was used at all.

S. H. Young of Lexington, Neb., was brought to Omaha on a stretcher, he not being able to walk. He had rheumatism of the worst kind. In a short time he was sent home sound and well, and is well yet.

There is no form of chronic disease which does not yield to the Kharas Treatment. All chronic diseases readily cured. Best of all,

The difference of color between green tea and black tea depends on the fact that the first is obtained from leaves dried as soon as they are gathered, while in the case of the black tea, the leaves are allowed to ferment before drying. Black tea, therefore, contains much less stannin than green.

A correspondent who has held positions in various tobacco manufactories in London and Liverpool since 1844, says that he has never known a single death of a chikemaker or tobacco cutter from cholera or small-pox.

Washington Star: "Suppose I were an absolutely perfect woman," she remarked sharply. "Do you know what you'd do them?" "No," answered her husband. "What?" "You'd growl because you had nothing to growl about."

The gray buzzard is said to be the heaviest bird that flies, the young males, when food is plentiful, weighing nearly forty pounds. The bird is nearly extinct.

The total number of farms in Alabama is given at 223,220, of which 129,137 are operated by white farmers and 94,082 by colored farmers.

Among the spring flowers the tulips follow the rule of "early to bed and early to rise."

What is said to be the largest steel safe in the world is nearing completion for a life insurance company at Hartford. It is to cost \$15,000 and weigh 42,000 pounds.