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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

APPROPRIATE FOR THE SEASON

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR, BUT COMING ONCE FILLS ALL THE MONTHS WITH CHEER.

THE BANKERS RESERVE LIFE

Looks Forward to This Christmas With More Than Ordinary Pleasure.

Christmas is the great Christian festival. All other celebrations sink into insignificance in the presence of this brightest day of the calendar. Not alone because of its deep religious importance do we enter into the festivities of the birthday of our Lord and Savior. It is the feast day of all, Jew and Gentile, native and foreign born, religionist and infidel, Catholic and agnostic.

THE BANKERS RESERVE LIFE has seen but five Christmas anniversaries, but it comes to the front this year all smiles and all good cheer. The year 1902 has been a genuine record-breaker. No single month of the rolling year just passed has failed to make its record on new business. The result is most gratifying to the management and its friends. THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS IS PAST.

The Bankers Reserve Life, having fought its way to the front, is in position to lead in the insurance field in Nebraska. It should have \$10,000,000 by July, 1903. The assets are rapidly increasing. Next year, unless all signs fail, it will receive an income of at least \$250,000 in cash. No wonder

B. H. ROBISON, PRESIDENT, is eagerly seeking experienced underwriters. He has already engaged several old commercial travelers. These men having had training as business solicitors, make superior life insurance agents. Any man who has traveled for a commercial firm for a period of years can make big money soliciting applications for the

**BANKERS RESERVE LIFE,
OMAHA.**

Great Scheme.

"Mr. Cumso has got a great head." "What makes you think so?" "He attached a cyclometer to the snow shovel and gives his son a dime every time he scores a century."

True if Not Rhyme.

An esteemed contemporary rejoices because, as it claims, there is no rhyme for "Monroe doctrine." The mere fact that the aforesaid esteemed contemporary is an administration organ proves that it is wrong.

And here's the proof:
The Monroe doctrine
Was lately knocked in.

Professional.

"Writerly can never forget that he is an editorial writer."
"What's he been doing now?"
"He gave his affianced an engage-

A Long Time Ago.

This "world power" business is causing us woe,
Don't you know.
It's hard on the doctrine laid down by Monroe,
And that's so.
In days that are gone no time would we waste,
The land-grabbing nations would quickly be chased
From this hemisphere with the greatest of haste—
But that was a long time ago.

Brave Stephen Decatur, in long vanished years,
At Algiers,
Toward the bold pirates—see, swiftly he steers!—
Amid cheers.
But we've changed the methods, and now we pursue
A course that is wrong, and for Uncle Sam new—
We pension rank robbers like those in Sulu—
And the sultan our flag 'udly jeers.

This "manifest destiny" 'bout which we blow,
Don't you know,
Means holes in the doctrine laid down by Monroe,
And that's so.
Once we could remark with our words ringing clear,
"You monarchs of Europe, up anchor and steer
Away from our sisters in this hemisphere"—
But that was a long time ago.

Our forefathers brave fought for justice and right,
With their might.
And after the gloom of a long weary night
Saw the light.
But we have forgotten the lessons they taught;
Torn down the foundation they patiently wrought;
And for greed and empire we've schemed and we've fought,
And laughed to scorn Liberty's plight.

For freedom and justice we once struck a blow,
As you know.
And Liberty's torch o'er the world shed its glow,
And that's so.

For rights that are equal we once took a stand,
And denounced the vile habit of grabbing off land,—
To sister republics we gave the glad hand—
But that was a long time ago.

This "thrown in our laps" is a species of graft
And of craft,
At which our forefathers so scornfully laughed
Loud, and chaffed.
Once we could boast loudly, "The starry flag means
Equality, freedom and right in all scenes,
But now that we've grabbed off the far Philippines
It seems that on "empire" we're daft.

Once we could stand firm by the words of Monroe,
As you know.
And to back them up bravely we never were slow,
And that's so.
Once we never mixed in monarchical schemes,
And visions of empire ne'er troubled our dreams,
But, judged by events that are recent, it seems
That that was a long time ago.

—Will M. Maupin, in The Commoner.

ment ring for a Christmas present."
"Well, what's that got to do with his profession?"
"The ring was sheer paste."

Justified.

"What makes Richeigh walk so proudly this morning?"
"Santa Claus put a pint of coal in his stocking Christmas."

Overlooked Something.

She wandered down the broad church aisle
Just as she schemed—ten minutes late.
A dangling cloak tag raised a smile:
"Great Bargain. Price \$5.98."

A Plain Case.

"Your honor, there can be no doubt about this man's insanity."
"What grounds have you for making that statement?"
"Why, your honor, the poor man has twin sons, and on Christmas he gave each of them a drum and a tin horn."

Heartless.

Knott A. Coyne—"This is a mean an' crool world, pal."
Broken Flatte—"Wot's de meanin' o' dis pessimism, Knotty?"
Knott A. Coyne—"I struck a bloke for somethin' t' celebrate Christmas wid an' he grinned an' give me a box o' cigars w'at his wife had give him."

Kismet.

Hushed the sound of mirth and laughter,
Dimmed the waves tapers' light;
It is now the morning after
And the nursery floor's a sight.
Papa ne'er a word has spoken
Since the morning meal was through,
For the Christmas toys are broken

And the bills are coming due.

Brain Leaks.

It's a waste of time to pray for anything you will not work for.

The value of a gift depends altogether upon the spirit of the giver.

You can't play with monarchy without losing respect for liberty.

Some men are like trolley cars—they stop when the central power plant shuts down.

Because they cannot eradicate poverty some men refuse to give a hungry man a bowl of soup.

There is something wrong with the heart of the man who neglects warming the bridlesbits these frosty mornings.

About the greatest case of self-deception is that of the man who dyes his whiskers and imagines that nobody knows it.

It's easy for a boy to forget about the kindlings, but he never forgets to hang up his stocking the night before Christmas.

The right kind of a father always gets a receipt in full for all Christmas money expended when he hears the happy shouts of his children.

—Will M. Maup'n.

Going to Bed Hungry

It is All Wrong and Man is the Only Creature That Does It

The complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness so often met with. There is a perpetual change of tissues in the body, sleeping or waking, and the supply of nourishment ought to be somewhat continuous and food taken just before retiring, adds more tissue than is destroyed, and increased weight and vigor is the result. Dr. W. T. Cathell says: "All animals except man eat before sleep and there is no reason in nature why man should form the exception to the rule."

If people who are thin, nervous and sleepless would take a light lunch of bread and milk or oatmeal and cream and at the same time take a safe, harmless stomach remedy like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in order to aid the stomach in digesting it, the result will be a surprising increase in weight, strength and general vigor. The only drawback has been that thin, nervous, dyspeptic people cannot digest and assimilate wholesome food at night or any other time. For such it is absolutely necessary to use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they will digest the food, no matter how weak the stomach may be, nourishing the body and resting the stomach at the same time.

Dr. Stevenson says: "I depend almost entirely upon Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in treating indigestion, because it is not a quack nostrum, and I know just what they contain, a combination of vegetable essences, pure pepsin, and they cure dyspepsia and stomach troubles, because, they can't help but cure." Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. They are in lozenge form, pleasant to take, and contain nothing but pure pepsin, vegetable essences and bismuth, scientifically compounded. Your druggist will tell you they give universal satisfaction.

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2 oz. 22 inches, 1.25 | 3 1/2 oz. 26 inches, 3.25
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All short stem, three strands. Send sample lock of hair. We can match perfectly any hair. All orders filled promptly. Money refunded if desired. Illustrated Catalogue of Switches, VI G'S, Curis, Bangs, Pompadours, Waves, etc., free. We send switches by mail on approval, to be paid for when received, if satisfactory. Otherwise to be returned to us by mail. In ordering, write us to this effect. This offer may not be made again.
ROBERTS' SPECIALTY CO.,
THE OLD RELIABLE HAIR GOODS HOUSE,
112-14 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

A Suggestion.

Of course the natives of the Philippines have been charged with some inhuman practices, but would it not be well to recall the troops for a time and let them operate against the coal operators of Pennsylvania?—Joplin (Mo.) Globe.

The Bivouac of the Dead.

(Theodore O'Hara.)
The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swell upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flashed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

—Theodore O'Hara.

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