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BOOK for both sexes—95 pages, 24 pictures true to life, with full description of all diseases, the effects and cure, sent sealed in plain wrapper for 5 cents in stamps. You should read this book for the information it contains. N. B.—State case and ask for list of questions. Free Museum of Anatomy, for men only.

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COUNTRY PUBLISHERS COMPY OMAHA, Vol. 3—No. 42—1900

DO YOU STAMMER? Write about yourself. I am a stammerer from childhood and was perfectly cured 12 years ago. Only the afflicted can appreciate the intense desire one has to be cured. If you are afflicted, or have children who are afflicted, write to me for terms, literature, etc. Address **JULIA E. VAUGHN, PRIN.,** OMAHA STAMMERS' INSTITUTE, RAMGE BLDG., OMAHA, NEB.

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KIMBALL BROS., MFGS. 1051 9th St. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA. **Dr. Kay's Kidneycure.** CURES all Kidney Diseases, Backache, etc. At Druggists, or by mail. Free book, advice, etc. of Dr. B. J. Kay, Saratoga, N. Y. What a noiseless world this would be if women were as quiet all the time as they are when it comes to telling their age.

Why not doctor yourself? "Gonova" Tablets are guaranteed by Kidd Drug Co. to cure all diseases of the urinary system, urethritis, urethritis, etc., or send free medicine until cured if guaranteed not to fall. An internal remedy with injection combined; the only one in America. Price, \$3 or 2 for \$5, sent per mail. Retail and Wholesale of Myer's & 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.

SOUTH OMAHA MARKET REPORT.

South Omaha, Neb., Oct. 17. Live Stock Report furnished by the Flato Commission company of South Omaha, Neb.: Receipts of cattle show a large decrease from last week, but this has had no beneficial effect on the market on the contrary prices have been very weak and a little extra crowding at this time would certainly not be of any benefit to shippers.

Beef steers are still being marketed in limited numbers and while prices have been just about steady on the choice grades, common and coarse grades, common weak and coarse steers have suffered a decline of 10 to 15 cents during the week and the prospects are not favorable for any reaction in the near future. Offerings of cows and heifers have been fairly liberal and the demand for choice stuff has been strong principally because there has been a scarcity of that class of cattle, and dealers have been able to hold prices pretty steady. On the common and medium grades the feeling has been rather weak and market slow. There is a good inquiry for milkers and springers, but the number coming is very small.

Receipts of stockers and feeders have not been as heavy this week as expected, and prices have recovered some of the loss of the past week. Trading was very good last week, as prices were getting to be attractive to a good many feeders who were a little timid about taking on anything just at present. The yards were well cleaned up on last Saturday and with only a small supply on hand Monday dealers were able to get good strong prices, and today the market closes with prices 15 to 25 cent higher than last Wednesday. This advance would apply more generally to the good heavy steers and choice yearlings, the common medium cattle will still show a tendency to weakness and market for them has not had the snaj noticeable in good yearlings and choice heavy cattle. Buyers from Nebraska are taking cattle more freely than at any time this season and demand from this state should be good from now on. The hog market this week has duplicated its performance of last week and prices have gone rapidly downward—1 to 10 cents lower being the usual daily reports from that quarter. The high part of the month was on October 4 when the average cost was \$5.19, today the average cost was \$4.64 1/2, a loss of 55 3/8 cents in the last fifteen days. This difference which has existed between heavy and light hogs of good quality was wiped out today and the top price was paid for a prime load of heavy hogs. There is nothing in sight a present indicating a reaction toward better prices.

Inginal Hernia, (I think this is the name you gave it) filling the serotum. I am glad to say that I never had any trouble remaining it after the first operation, and that I am now a well man. Thanks to God and yourself. Your treatment was painless, and did not stop me from my work. A cure was made in less than a month. I certainly will do what I can for you and my suffering fellows, and most heartily recommend your treatment to take your treatment. You may use this letter if you desire. I beg to remain your friend. C. Stock Yards or 410 Landis Court.

CONSULTATION BY MAIL OR IN PERSON FREE. WRITE TO ME ABOUT YOUR CASE. Suffered With Bad Case for Over Five Years—Could Not Stand It Any Longer—After Leading Advertisement Concluded to Take Treatment—Paid for With Pleasure—Will Gladly Write Anyone About Case. Kansas City, Mo., June 3, 1900. My Dear Doctor:—It is with pleasure I inform you that an entirely cured of my case of rupture, for which you treated me first about two years ago I suffered with a very bad rupture for over five years. I had been advised by a doctor to have it operated, but I could scarcely retain it with the aid of a truss. As the rupture was constantly getting worse, and the pain so great, I could not stand it any longer. I was much discouraged. After reading your advertisement over a few weeks, I concluded to try your treatment, and to my surprise you cured me in less than four weeks. I am glad to say, after such a long time of suffering, I am absolutely sound and well. I paid you for my treatment, and still feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude which I hope to pay by inducing other sufferers to go to you for treatment, thereby doing a kindness to them and to you. I will gladly write to anyone about my case. I almost forgot to say that I considered your offer of "receiving no pay until a cure was effected" as the best guarantee you could give and that is what first gave me confidence in your treatment. As soon as I talked to you. Respectfully yours, J. S. HAMMICK, 19 East Sixth Street.

THE FOLLOWING HAVE BEEN CURED OF HERNIA, AND ARE SELECTED AT RANDOM FROM MANY I HAVE CURED. IN WRITING THEM PLEASE ENCLOSE A STAMP FOR ANSWER. Mike Gaylor, 27 Ewing St., Kansas City, Kas. A. R. Olson, McPherson, Kas. Robert J. Brock, county attorney, Manhattan, Kas. W. M. Kent, 401 Orchard St., Chicago, Ill. Oscar Dillon, 901 Campbell St., Kansas City, Mo. H. M. McDonald, Denison, Kas. B. F. Jobbs, 1921 N. 15th St., Kansas City, Kas. A. Young, 3418 Windsor Ave., Kansas City, Mo. J. S. Hammick, plumbing, 19 E. 6th St., Kansas City, Mo. Thos. Baffo, Kansas City, Mo. W. C. Keck, grocer, 21 Central Ave., Kansas City, Kas. N. S. Welch, care Goodlander Milling Co., Ft. Scott, Kas. Dr. T. F. Parker, 1517 Brooklyn Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Herman Bagull, Kansas City, Mo. Wm. L. Lynd, Kansas City, Mo. M. G. Hartzell, 719 Felix St., St. Joe, Mo. Fred Harper, 201 Indiana Ave., Kansas City, Mo. William Weltman, 410 Landis Court, Kansas City, Mo. Rev. F. Pfeiffer, Sedalia, Mo. Dr. C. Champion, Armour Station, Kansas City, Kas. J. T. Wood, merchant, Greenwood, Jackson county, Mo. Chas. T. Hummer, 424 Edmond St., St. Joe, Mo. Wm. B. Castor, 11 N. Spring Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Fred Phares, 617 Cherry St., Kansas City, Mo. E. R. Demorest, Kansas City, Mo. E. R. Demorest, 227 Lyceum Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Thos. McMahon, 704 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo. E. W. Demare, restaurant keeper, 109 E. 13th St., residence 1012 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo. Child 13 months old. G. F. Shaw, assistant county surveyor, Independence, Mo. Washington Baker, Hall's Summit, Kas. William Higgins, 117 Car Ave., Armourdale, Kas. W. L. Gray, Stanberry, Mo. W. T. Wingate, Valley Falls, Kas. Eric Maxwell, Valley Falls, Kas. Sandy, 726 Kansas Ave., Kansas City, Kas. James McMockin, 132 Tullis Court, Kansas City, Mo. Edna Craig, 15th and Topping Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

CONSULTATION BY MAIL OR IN PERSON FREE. WRITE TO ME ABOUT YOUR CASE. Suffered for Years—Pronounced Incurable by Doctors—Glad He Took Treatment After Three Weeks was Sound and Well—Treatment is All That is Claimed for It—Hopes Letter Will be Means of Inducing Others to Take Treatment. Dr. Ernest Henderson, Kansas City, Mo. Dear Doctor:—I wish to state that I can most heartily recommend your rupture treatment. Since early youth I had been seriously troubled with a right serotum rupture that was pronounced by doctors to be incurable except, possibly, by a dangerous surgical operation. Hearing of your treatment I determined to try the same and am glad I did so, for, after taking your treatment but three weeks I am now sound and well. Your treatment is all that you claim for it. If this letter will do you any good I would be glad to have you publish the same, and I hope it may be the means of inducing others to take your treatment and be cured. Yours respectfully, Wm. L. Lynd, Ransom, Kas.

SEND FOR MY TREATISE ON THE CURE OF RUPTURE. SENT TO YOU FREE. Lutheran Minister Cured After Suffering Six Years—Tried Many Treatments but They All Failed—Upon Advice of Rev. F. Pfeiffer of Sedalia, Mo., Tried Dr. Henderson, the Rupture Specialist of Kansas City. The Cure was Complete—Has Dispensed with Trusses—Will Answer Letters From Those Afflicted Who Wish Further Particulars. To whom it may concern: This will certify that I have taken Dr. Ernest Henderson's treatment for rupture and it has cured me entirely. I have examined a number of patients that he has treated and I find that a permanent cure has been made in every case examined. I have watched this treatment for some time, as I have been in this line of business myself, having been an expert truss fitter for a number of years. I believe it is the most rational treatment of the day and that it will be successful in every case. I would most heartily recommend anyone with a rupture to consult Dr. Henderson. Very respectfully yours, JACOB WEITZEL, Independence, Mo.

SEND FOR MY TREATISE ON THE CURE OF RUPTURE. SENT TO YOU FREE. Wants to Add Letter to List, Hoping to Induce Other Sufferers. Bad Case of Rupture and Other Troubles for Years—Cured in Three Weeks—Did Not Take One Cent of Pay Until Cured. McPherson, Kans., June 8, 1899. Dr. Ernest Henderson, Kansas City, Mo. Dear Doctor:—I want to add my testimonial letter to your already large list, hoping to influence some suffering to go to you. I had a bad case of rupture for years, and suffered great agony. I will ask you to cure me. The doctor does not ask one cent of pay until the patient is well. This is the best guarantee he can possibly give to any person afflicted as I was. I cannot say too much for your cure, and would not be back in the condition I was for a thousand dollars. I thank you and would recommend your Rupture cure to anyone. Use this if you wish. I am, truly, thankfully yours, A. R. OLSON.

DR. ERNEST HENDERSON, 103 West Ninth Street, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

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 act. 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 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 confessed 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 bade good-bye to his sweet heart, Greeba, and started on his journey. Meantime Jason had started on his quest 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. But hardly had the words been spoken when he threw back his head and asked in a firm voice how far it was to Port Erin.

"About thirty miles," said Greeba, looking up at the sudden question. "Not more?" asked Jason. "No. He has lived there," she answered, with a motion of her head towards the bed.

"Yes, ever since his wife died. Before that they lived in this place with Michael Sunlocks. His wife met with a terrible death."

"How?" "She was murdered by some enemy of her husband. The man escaped, but left his name behind him. It was Patrickken."

"Patrickken?" "Yes. That must be fourteen years ago, and since then he has lived alone at Port Erin. Do you wish to go there?"

"Ay—that is, so I intended." "Why?" "To look for someone."

"Who is it?" "My father."

"For a moment Greeba was silent, and then she said with her eyes down: "Why look for him if he wronged your mother?"

"That's why I meant to do so." She looked into his face and stammered, "But why?"

He did not appear to hear her; his eyes were fixed on the man on the bed; and hardly had she asked the question before she covered her ears with her hands as though to shut out his answer.

"Was that why you came?" she asked. "Yes," he answered. "If we had not been wrecked tonight I should have dropped overboard and deserted."

"Strange," she said, "it was just what he did, when he came to the island nineteen years ago." "Yes, nineteen years ago," Jason repeated.

He spoke like a man in a sleep, and she began to tremble. "What is the matter?" she said. "Within a few minutes his face had suddenly changed, and it was now awful to look upon. Not for an instant did he turn his eyes from the bed.

The delirium of the sick man had deepened by this time; the little, foolish, baby play-words in the poor broken English came from him no more, but he seemed to ask eager questions, in a tongue that Greeba did not understand.

"This man is an Icelander," said Jason. "Didn't you know that before?" said Greeba. "What is his name?" said Jason. "Haven't you heard it yet?" "What is his name?"

Then for one quick instant he turned his face towards her face, and she seemed to read his thought. "Oh God!" she cried, and she staggered back.

Just then there was a sound of footsteps on the shingle outside, and at the next moment Stan and Thurstan Fairbrother and old Davy Korrush pushed open the door. They had come to fetch Greeba.

"The Methodee man told us," said Davy, standing by Jason's side, "and my gough, but it's mortal curious. What's it saying, 'Talk of the devil,' and sure enough it was of the big widda man hisself we were talking of, less nor half a hour afore we struck."

"Come, my lass," said Thurstan. "No, no, I'll stay here," said Greeba. "But your mother is fidgeting, and this is no place for a slip of a girl—come!"

"I'll stay with him alone," said Jason. "No, no," cried Greeba. "It's the lad's right, for all," said old Davy. "He fetched the poor chap out of the water. Come, let's take the road for it."

"Will no one stay instead of me?" said Greeba. "Where's the use?" said Davy. "He's raelly past help. He's outward bound, poor chap. Poor Orry! Poor old Stephen! Then they drew Greeba away, and

Then Jason could bear up no longer. He flung himself down on his knees by the bedside, and buried his face in the dying man's breast.

"Father," he sobbed, "I am your son." But Stephen Orry only smiled, and answered very quietly, "Ah, yes, I remember—that was part of our bargain, my good lad. Well, God bless you, my son. God bless and speed you." And that was the end of Orry. (To be continued.)

PRAYER IN A PRINT SHOP.

It was 4 o'clock in the morning of the foreman's last night. The lights in the news composing room of the Journal office burned dim, the last form had rumbled to the elevator, the clanking, singing linotypes were still. The foreman was leaving after eight years of work in the office to enter the Methodist ministry. The night chapel had prepared days before for this parting. A handsomely bound copy of "New's Topical Bible, a Digest of the Holy Scriptures," lay hidden all night under the coat of Scougal, the president of the Sioux City Typographical union, No. 180, who was to be spokesman. On its front, Russia leather cover, were these words:

JOURNAL NIGHT CHAPEL
TO
CHARLES E. CARROLL

Days have changed in all print shops. Printers are not the roistering lot that they were ten years ago. But in all the years of which the dingy composing room might tell many tales there never was scene so strange as when the chapel meeting was called to order by Worst, slug No. 4, chairman of the chapel, who admonished Carroll that this chapel meeting had been called "on him." There had been other chapel meetings "on" Carroll, at times when the night chapel did not feel quite so kindly toward him. On those nights he had found a seat on the stone, facing the circle of men as he did now. The chapel meeting was a surprise to him, and he was not sure of its import. He was not reassured by Billy Worst's words when he called the meeting to order. There was a shade of trouble in his face when Scougal was introduced to "prefer a complaint against him."

"Mr. Carroll, friend and co-worker," the man with a grievance began, and at the kindly tone and the word friend, Carroll's face flushed and there was a tightening and quivering of his lips. Carroll is only 22; deep loyalty to his employers and unfailing ambition to become, some day, a minister of the gospel, had sprung from a nature emotional and sympathetic. As the words of the speaker went on, telling of sincere interest in his future and admiration of his exemplary past, what wonder in the silence of the room, the strange and yet familiar surroundings all reminding him of his nightly anxiety to do his work well during the many years he had been there, that Carroll's eyes soon filled with scintillating tears, that he was glad that the lights went out entirely for a moment, leaving them all in darkness and silence save for the occasional scamper of a mouse and for the growl of the press down below. Then the lights flashed out again, the speaker finished the lines he was repeating and ended, and Carroll found himself on his feet, numb with the soba he had suppressed. The kindness of the men and the fact of his going and of the nearness of the realization of the dreamed ambition of his young manhood, the going away to study for the ministry, that this was a farewell—all these bore heavily on his self-control, and he will not forget that moment to the day of his death. He spoke truly when he said, humbly, that kindness was often hardest to bear; that he felt that there never had been a young man so weighted with obligations to friends as he. As he went on his voice choked more and more, and the men sat with beads bowed, his voice telling them that they were in the presence of something sacred. They sat on the tables, the foreman's desk and in the windows. Carroll stopped a moment and then he asked them to let his pray. All arose reverentially and the voice of the foreman, who was foreman no longer, grew stronger in earnest praying. Already he was in his new calling. Two weeks ago he was given the permission to exhort by the full vote of the leaders and stewards of the Whitfield M. E. church, and it was surely appropriate that he should first lead in worship among men with whom he had worked nightly as a printer. He will enter Northwestern university Tuesday, leaving Sioux City Monday evening at 5:30 over the Northwestern, and nothing he will take to his student life will be so treasured as will the bible from the night chapel and the memory of its giving.

A DELICATE DESSERT.

Beat the yolks of two eggs until light, add a pinch of salt and two tablespoons of sugar, and when well mixed add one pint of new milk. Set the bowl over hot water and stir the custard until it is as hot as can be tasted. Flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla and turn it into a dish suitable for the table. When it becomes firm place it in the ice chest. Meanwhile beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and dry; add two tablespoons of powdered sugar and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Beat until stiff. Pile it lightly on the surface of the custard and garnish with candied cherries. Serve with cream if desired, but it is very good without it.

"I thought I had found her," he said, very simply, "my poor young wife that once was; it was she that I lost so long ago, and did such wrong by." Jason's throat was choking him, but he stammered out, "Lie still, sir, lie still and rest." "But Stephen Orry talked on in the same simple way: 'Ah, how silly I am! I forgot you didn't know.' 'Lie still and rest,' said Jason again. 'There was someone with her, too. I thought I was her son—her child and mine, that was to come when I left her. And, only think, I looked again, and it seemed to be you. Yes, you—for it was the face of him that fetched me out of the sea. I thought you were my son indeed.'

When a man casts his bread upon the waters he finds that everybody in the swim is out for the dough.