

A REMARKABLE ENTERPRISE

Is That of the British Doctors in the Sheldon Block, Corner 11th and N Streets.

These Eminent Gentlemen are Giving Their Services Free for Three Months to All Invalids Who Call Upon Them Before Nov. 5th.

A staff of eminent physicians and surgeons from the British Medical Institute, at the urgent solicitation of a large number of patients under their care in this country, have established a permanent branch of the Institute in this city, at the office, corner of Eleventh and N streets, in the Sheldon block.

These eminent gentlemen have decided to give their services entirely free for three months (medicines excepted) to all invalids who call upon them for treatment between now and Nov. 5th. These services will not only consist of consultation, examination and advice, but also of all minor surgical operations.

The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted, and under no condition will any charge whatever be made for any services rendered for three months to all who call before Nov. 5th.

The doctors treat all forms of disease and deformities, and guarantee a cure in every case they undertake. At the first interview a thorough examination is made; and, if incurable, you are frankly and kindly told so; also advised against spending your money for useless treatment.

Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture, goitre, cancer, all skin diseases and all diseases of the rectum are positively cured by their new treatment.

The chief associate surgeon of the Institute, assisted by one or more of his staff associates, is in personal charge.

Office hours from 9 a. m. till 8 p. m. No Sunday hours. Special Notice—If you cannot call send stamp for question blank for home treatment.

ONE OF THE NORTH MEN

KATHARINE MELICK.
(For The Courier.)

IX.

In the days when the Swedish chapels took the kingdom of Father Matthiason; when his oldest son doggedly worked his way through the examinations of a Canadian college in quiet defiance of paternal antagonism; when the next two sons sweated and swore at railroad ties, and even Eliza had it in her heart to let Edward go to a seminary,—in those days the prairie preacher ended his last "protracted meeting" by Salt Creek.

There had been "manifestations." One of the men in a "threshing crew" had been drawn into the machine, and while his brothers rode for a doctor, the old minister came. He heard the dying boy's one prayer,—*"Lord God, I've been a bad lot. Don't let me die. Boys, don't let me die! I can't die!"*

And then the old man, kneeling beside the cot, his white hat beside him, and the dusty-faced men closing in, prayed. While his voice steadied with that assurance of the Eternal presence which calms the torture of doubt, the eyes of the sufferer grew fixed. When he ended his petition to the Judge of all the Earth, the dust had settled down upon the red "thresher" outside, and its victim was still. One of the "gang" followed Father Matthiason a few steps.

"You done what we couldn't," he said with the gratitude that repays all things. And from that hour the old man felt his "burden for souls" more heavy.

In the cottonwood grove that Eliza Ann had planted he knelt on many a night to pray that the death of the wild young Lamont might bring his brothers to conviction. While he prayed Eliza, with trouble in her heart, looked at Edward, where he sat drawing the baby in its crib, thumb in mouth.

On the very night that two of the threshers' gang came to the "meeting" Edward went away. He left a line for his mother. "Before I come between you and father, I am going where I won't trouble anybody. Don't worry about me. I'll write when things come out right."

It was when Eliza read those lines in the slant, shaded hand her eyes knew so well, that her strong fingers first began to tremble, and she sat alone very often, with tears dropping on the yarn stockings she knitted for John, James and Charles. It would have been so much comfort to knit something for Edward.

Thirteen-year-old Dorcas, full of wrestlings and visions from the long nights of the "protracted meeting," dreamed often of the brother in some deep, unsearchable recess, calling and calling them to come to him. Then she heard great doors clank on eternal hinges, and the voice died away. Sometimes she saw Edward with a shadowy, vigorous figure that took him silently and swiftly away, and her brother was glad to go.

But there was no word from him nor from the two recreant lads who had never stood at their mother's door since the round-house and the "Last Chance" had taken them in. Once the old minister, after long prayers, visited the "Last Chance" when an engine whistle which he knew had brought his boys to their old haunt. Charles caught a glimpse of the white hat, but James walked in, alone, to the door, where his father, gray and old, stood up to confront him.

"Go back, my son," he said solemnly. "You will remember this day, when you stand to proclaim the gospel to sinners whose sins you know."

And the oath which James swallowed broke out, inside the car, where his brother's "What did the old gentleman give you?" was answered by a fraternal cuff which silenced conversation for thirty miles.

The only time that visitation was repeated was when the stranger's letter came from New Mexico, and James left his engine to set out on the long journey to the Albuquerque pest-house. While the young engineer looked through dusty windows at the wrinkling lines of his native prairie and saw it flatten again into strangely bare stretches of tufted sand, his mother, with fingers that always trembled now, drew out again and again, the letter.

Surely, the name was not uncommon. And then it was not certain that the name Edward Matthiason had belonged to the dead boy. Some friend of Edward's might have had that name—perhaps on a sketch—about him. The writer was not certain. The sick lad had been already delirious when he staggered into the pest-house. And there were so many plague-stricken ones. What care—what comfort—no—Edward could not have perished so. But that other poor lad—his friend, whose hard bed was made by strangers with "so many plague-victims."

Adah came for a brief Sunday. The toilers have not the luxury of mourning. She sat with the letter at Eliza's side, while her father, white with fasting and prayer, wrestled for assurance of Edward's salvation.

"He is sure Edward is dead," Eliza whispered. "But you don't think so, do you, Adah?"

"God help us, mother," said the little twin; "we shall wait for James."

On a white, frosty morning James walked to his father's door with the little valise that had been Edward's. Eliza had seen and sat with shaking fingers over her eyes. But Father Matthiason saw the look upon the face of the son who bore his name and lifted his eyes to heaven.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

For James, the prodigal, knelt beside his mother, with shaking sobs, and laid his face on her lap.

"Let me come back and be your boy, mother. I'll never go on the road again."

One of the pretty as well as instructive games played now-a-days in the public schools is for the teacher to represent herself as an inanimate object and from her description the children guess what she is. One morning not a great while ago a young teacher chose "coal" as her subject. "Now children," she said, when the hour for the game arrived, "I am something which we have never talked about before and I want you to listen carefully, think very hard and see who will guess correctly what I am. I am black as night. People burn me. Who ever comes near me gets warm. You will always find me underground." And thus on she went in her description for some minutes and then asked the question: "Now, who knows what I am?" Up went the hand of little Frankie. Now, "little Frankie" was one of those dreamy-eyed children who had always been delicate and timid. He so seldom volunteered information that the teacher determined at once to call upon him from the score or more of hands fluttering before her eyes. "Well, Frankie," she said, "you may tell what am I?" "The devil," he answered without hesitation.—Mail and Times.

Not in His Line.

Would-be Client—I want you to defend me.
Lawyer—Are you innocent or guilty?
Would-be Client—Innocent.
Lawyer—I can't do it; it would ruin my reputation.—Town Topics.

LITERARY NOTES.

Probably the last literary work done by President Roosevelt before the assassination of President McKinley raised him to the chief executive office of the United States, was the preparation of an article on William H. Taft, governor of the Philippines. This article was written in August, and appears in The Outlook of September 21. It is particularly noteworthy, not only as a cordial appreciation of Governor Taft's remarkable personal qualities, but as in a measure foreshadowing President Roosevelt's future policy with regard to the Philippines, and as giving strong expression to his personal views on the relation of the United States to their island possessions. (\$3 a year. The Outlook company, 287 Fourth avenue, N. Y.)

A Magazine for College Men.

The Business Side of a Great University, by President Harper of the University of Chicago, is the opening article in the College Man's Number (October 12) of The Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia.

Theodore Roosevelt, Harvard '80, is the title of an entertaining paper on the President's college life, by his friend, Gwen Wister. Other strong features of this number are short stories by Max Adler, Jesse Lynch Williams and Frank Norris, and a page of droll "Nature Studies" by Oliver Herford.

This number will be of unusual interest to all college men.

The November Century—in many respects an unusually striking number—will begin the magazine's thirty-second year, which is to be a Year of American Humor. A group of humorous stories, poems, etc., including "Two Little Tales" by Mark Twain, "More Animals" by Oliver Herford, and prose and verse by Carolyn Wells, Paul Dunbar and other well-known humorists, will be preceded by "A Retrospect of American Humor," by Professor W. P. Trent, with more than thirty portraits of famous humorists of the past and present, from Benjamin Franklin to "Mr. Dooley."

The Gift-Book of the Year.

"The Rubaiyat of Mirza-Mem'n."

This is an elegant production of verse in the Omar Khayyam form, now so popular, and the spirit of which the author has most happily caught, without being imitative. It contains 131 stanzas, some being paraphrased from the prose translations of Nicolas and McCarthy. The text is set in black, on a pale green tint block, with illuminated borders. There are twelve full page illustrations, beautifully executed, and the whole is daintily bound in white and purple vellum, with gold stamp and edges. The Chicago Chronicle says of it: "One is tempted to quote unreasonably from this beautiful volume, whose external form harmonizes well with the delicacy, the grace and sensuous charm of the verse." Henry Olendorf Shepard, publisher, Chicago. Price, \$1.50. All booksellers.

Peachton—So you are really going to marry her?

Bingster—Yes, sir I only wish my income was as large for her as my love for her is.

Peachton—Never mind, old man. It will be later.—Town Topics.

Crawford—What a wonderful change there is in street car traveling since the days of the old horse cars!

Crabshaw—Yes, indeed. It is now the motorman instead of the conductor, who does the knocking down.—Town Topics.

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