

OXYGEN The Potent Elixir of Life.

The Element That Thrills Through All the Universe of Animated Existence and Fills the World With Health, Joy and Happiness.

OXYGEN, applied by means of the "PERFECTED OXYGENOR KING," will banish every ill to which flesh is heir. OXYGEN is the most abundant of all the Elementary Substances; yet man has been slow to utilize this most valuable property—this health giving force that fills the air. Scientific research has unlocked the mysters which enshrouded it. The wonderful discovery whereby all disease may be conquered by flooding the patient's system with copious streams of this rich life giving element in free atmospheric form. The Oxygenor is an instrument sold for self use, and by correct application makes its possessor master of disease. Its timely application will cause you to get well as easy as you got sick. Its field of usefulness covers every known complaint in the category of disease. It cures without medicine or electricity, with the Oxygen of the air, and oftimes intangibly. It enables mankind to utilize a benign law of nature. The Oxygenor causes the body to rapidly absorb the Oxygen of the air through the skin and membranes, which creates the most heroic functioning of every organ of the body, which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and destroys Bacteria, Bacilli and all disease germs.

Testimonials from Everywhere Some from Near Home

Given up by the Doctors.—Cured by the Oxygenor in 3 Weeks.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, July 20, 1899.

NEBRASKA OXYGENOR CO., Omaha, Neb.

Gentlemen—I am very grateful for the opportunity of being able to publicly express my heartfelt appreciation of the benefits derived from your wonderful instrument, "The Oxygenor."

I suffered for several months with inflammatory rheumatism, and was given up by the doctors as incurable. My lower limbs were swollen and for ten weeks I was unable to use or move them.

I was prevailed upon to try the Oxygenor, and in ten days I was able to walk about, and in three weeks I was entirely well. Since being cured by the Oxygenor, I have felt better and enjoyed life more than I ever have before. I cannot commend too highly the "Perfecting Oxygenor King" and its merits to suffering humanity. I would not be without it under any consideration.

Very Sincerely Yours,

MRS. J. B. MILLER, 1013 South Main St.

Powerful Endorsement by Judge Bradley of Omaha.

Omaha, Neb., May 9, 1899.

TO THE NEBRASKA OXYGENOR CO., Omaha, Neb.

My attention was called to your new method of treating diseases and at once interested me, as it seemed to me that you had arrived at the surest and most rational means of curing disease that I have ever heard of, and I made up my mind that if anyone of my family should have need of medicine I should try this Oxygenor remedy. About the last day of April my wife was attacked with severe pains in the right arm, which from her prior experience she called rheumatism, and it grew so severe that her arm became powerless, and she was in constant pain with it, so much so that she could neither rest nor sleep. I at once procured one of your Oxygenors and applied it and the pain ceased. She slept well and on the morning following the pain had left the arm and she experienced only a slight trace of it during the next day.

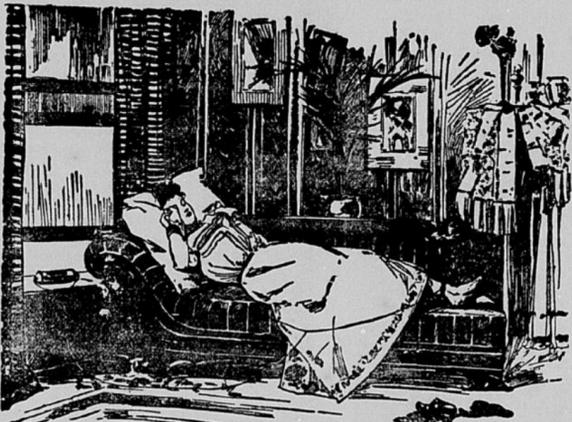
She has used the Oxygenor not one week and she has not only been freed from pain, but says she feels better than she has for a year past. No medicine was taken during this time, and nothing done but to use the Oxygenor. It is entitled to the full credit for having cured her.

If the people of Omaha who today are afflicted with rheumatism alone knew how simple and effective cure can be made of this torturing disease by using one of your Oxygenors, you could not begin to supply them as fast as you would want them.

Yours respectfully,

L. H. BRADLEY, 518 and 519 Paxton Block.

The chief essential of success for a young man is what the vast majority of young men think about the least—that is good health and a sound constitution. That is the first thing; nothing precedes it. In the battle for success, that should be a young man's first thought; not his ability, nor his work, but his health. That is the basis; the cornerstone of all. Abilities cannot bring health, but health may, and generally does, develop ability.



It Cures While You Sleep.

The Oxygenor works upon a scientific principle, and can't possibly do any harm. It is the surest and safest way out of disease. Take no chances with drugs and medication. The Oxygenor lasts a lifetime, and will serve a whole family, if not all sick at once. When once paid for you have the best "doctor" ever ready to protect the health of the family. Its mode of operation is simple, pleasant and effective.

All who wish to place themselves and their families in possession of these valuable life and money-saving instruments, whose application never fail to alleviate suffering humanity—no matter what the disease, should call on us or write for literature.

Iowa Oxygenor Co.,

FRANK PFARR, Local Agent,

With Pfarr, Gebert & Weiland
Call at the Store for Particulars

Denison, Iowa.

Constipation—Rheumatic Iritis.

Omaha, Neb., August 29, 1899.

MR. E. MOSES, MGR., Nebraska Oxygenor Co., Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sir—For the past year I have been laid up with rheumatism, which affected my whole body and caused partial blindness from rheumatism iritis. I spent not less than \$125 for doctor and drug bills, with no benefit except momentary relief.

During the past year I have not been able to work more than 2 weeks. I was persuaded by friends to try your Perfecting Oxygenor King, which I did, with the result that after four weeks' use of it I was able to go to work and am better in health after six weeks, than I have been for over a year. It has cured me entirely of constipation, and I believe the Oxygenor will effect a cure of rheumatism in a few months more use.

Yours truly,

J. P. HANNAHER, 1107 S. 15th St.

Almost Miraculous.

Omaha Daily News, Oct. 27, 1899.

A splendid example of the marvelous efficacy of the Oxygenor King has been furnished by Mrs. Chas. E. Speece, of Harlan, Iowa, whose story of the miraculous cure accomplished in the case of her invalid mother is remarkable. She said her attention was first called to the contrivance during a visit to Omaha when she spent a day at the exposition grounds.

Having learned of the Oxygenor King concession in the Liberal Arts Building of the wonderful cure it effected, she tried, on her return home, to persuade her mother, Mrs. Geo. E. Taylor, to send for one.

Mrs. Taylor had been an invalid for four years. During the last three months of this period she was unable to leave her bed, excepting when lifted to a chair by some of the attendants. Her condition was caused by rheumatism and general debility, which was aggravated by a fall from a platform a few years ago. Physicians were unable to cure her or even relieve her, and she became gradually worse, until they acknowledged they could do nothing more for her excepting to try to relieve the conditional pain by hyperdermic injections.

Mrs. Taylor was unwilling to try the "Oxygenor King," believing that if the doctors failed to help her, nothing else could avail. When asked whether it would be wise to try the "Oxygenor King" the physicians stated, a trial could do no good and might be harmful. For that reason they discouraged the idea.

As Mrs. Taylor became worse under medical treatment and it seemed there was no help for her, as the doctors said she could only live a few days longer, her daughter resolved to buy one of the "Oxygenor Kings" and for this purpose she came to the city a week after her first visit. On her return home Mrs. Speece says, "mother was suffering terribly. I applied the "Oxygenor King" according to directions. Mother slept without awakening that night for the first time in seven years, as she had always been subject to insomnia. It was 9 o'clock next morning when she awoke. The pain was all gone and she felt stronger than she had for many years. The pains did not return until afternoon, and then I made the second application. Since that time there have been no symptoms of the former ailments. She has grown strong steadily."

THE TROUBLE ON BOARD THE ATHOL.

By MORGAN ROBERTSON.

[Copyright, 1899, by Morgan Robertson.]

Squat, swarthy and malignant, he paced the quarter deck in the middle watch, his one eye shooting fiery glances at the opaque blackness to windward at the tangle of straining cordage and bulging canvas aloft, at the group of sailors forward, huddled under the sheltering weather rail, and at the helmsman, braced against the wheel and immovable. He paused in his walk.

"Ease her when she pitches," he belated. And the helmsman answered and assumed life.

He resumed his walk and commencing, his mind going back to the fight in the slaver's hold ten years ago. Again he fought that terrible duel with sheath knives. He thrust, parried, dodged, advanced and retreated, watching the steely blue of his enemy's eye, feeling again the exhilaration of boiling blood, the initial tingling of the hair roots, heard again the shouts, oaths and encouragements of his lawless shipmates and once more buried his knife in Billings' shoulder and received the cut on his cheek in return. Again he succeeded, and the knife was transferred from the wounded right hand to the left. He had him now. He rushed, and Billings slipped in his own blood. On to the prostrate form he pounced; one stroke would finish him. Billings had dropped his knife, and he raised his own, but it came down slanting. The stroke was futile. The wounded arm had encircled his neck. His cheek was pressing the warm blood on his enemy's shirt, and he felt it now—the insertion of the thumb, the smarting pain and blinding, burning sheet of fire that marked the going out of his left eye forever. And the strange weakness which overcame him and enabled Billings to throw him to his feet and follow and plant that pile driving fist blow that sent him so near to eternity. And all over a sick blackbird, too, that Billings wanted to nurse. Billings might have killed him. It was his right. Yet—but he had gouged, and no man who is a man will do that. He had said he would even up, and he would. This ship in which he was chief mate would finish the voyage one man short.

It was in the zenith period of American shipping, in the days of short mizenmasts, single topsails and square sterns and squarer stern windows, when the American sailor was America born, his proudest title able seaman, yet, feeling within him the potentiality of quarter deck duty, quick to resent ill treatment, to conspire and even mutiny. Officers carried arms in those days, crews were trained to the use of cut-throats, pirates watched for and slave trading considered as a slight lapse from the conventional—a little out of date and style.

Of such description was the Athol

and her crew, outward bound from New York on a summer voyage to Liverpool, with Captain Smith commanding. George Earp, chief mate and one John Billings in her forecabin.

The captain appeared and joined the brooding first officer.

"Well, Mr. Earp, what do you think of the crew?" he asked. "Strikes me they're a pretty good lot. Don't you think so?"

"No, captain, I can't see it. They're the worst gang of soldiers, farmers and beach combers I ever saw together. I'm going to work them up. They need it."

The captain laughed. "There's one man who don't," he said. "Billings, the big redheaded fellow in your watch. I heard of him ashore; came home mate with old Johnson in the Trade Wind. Been mate in that employ five years now. Would have gone out in command this time, only he had a bad row with old Johnnie, who got the owners down on him. My brother used to sail with him in the slave trade. Billings has an ungovernable temper. You'll have to look out for that. How the slave trade counts against a man nowadays! Call me if it freshens."

The mate was alone again. His accidental and unnecessary proposition to work up the men, coupled with the mention of Billings' hasty temper, gave form to his speculations. Billings knew his place and work too well to ever put himself in the way of punishment, but worked up with the rest, he would probably join them in rebellion. Then, as one of a mutinous crew, he could be disposed of. He would make sure of that.

Next day the working up began. All hands were kept on deck in the afternoon. Unnecessary repetition of orders, oaths, epithets and insults followed the crew as they hurried around the deck or worked in the rigging. Man after man was sent from the wheel until Billings took the helm, when even the critical mind of the mate could find no fault with the steering. No matter how suddenly he appeared at the binnacle, he only found the ship on her course exactly. And Billings, though always respectful, did not hesitate to occasionally fix the calm, open blue eye on the scowling visage of the mate in an expressionless stare, not too prolonged, yet enough to crowd the evil heart into the throat and stifle the words of abuse he longed to utter. There had been no further recognition between the two.

At the end of a week the exasperated men were ripe for mutiny and murder, which Billings' influence alone prevented. One night as they hauled and painted like overlaid horses on the fore brace, and the mate stood amidships, pouring forth volleys of invective and malediction, a marlin spike whizzed past his ear from the darkness near the fore rigging and buried itself an inch deep in the woodwork of the cabin. He fired his pistol forward, but struck no one. It was not Billings who had thrown it, as he had hoped on the mo-

ment. Billings was perched on the rail looking forward. But Billings was the one man there who had seen the missile thrown, and in the forecabin discussion which followed took a position against such methods, losing thereby his ascendancy over his mates and only retaining it by knocking down the marlin spike thrower and two other opponents.

"If the time comes," he said, "when we will be justified in the courts, you'll find me ready to put the after guard in irons and take the ship home. Meanwhile I've no desire to hang or go to prison."

But Billings himself was not infallible. Under the outward semblance of calm was the hot resentment of a self respecting man at the insults, often now, leveled at him directly. As the captain had testified, his failures in life had all been due to hasty action, and for the sake of the little wife and babies at home he had begun again at the bottom, resolved to suffer and submit until he could rise above the need of it. The mate's persistent persecution slowly undermined this resolution, and one night he gave way.

Sitting astride the extreme end of the main topsail yard, passing and leaving out the weather reef earing while his fellows on the footropes lifted the sail out to him, he listened with bursting heart to the copious flow of impersonal abuse which the strident voice of the mate carried up to them. And when his name was called, coupled with a foul epithet, the darkness of the night turned red. All details of spar, rigging and deck and the forms of his shipmates were swallowed in the crimson background. He saw nothing but the form and uplifted face of the mate nearly beneath him.

The heaver in his hand swung above his head and, whirling downward, struck the deck at the mate's feet and bounded high in air over the lee rail. Then the vicious bark of a pistol was heard, and a dim gray cloud of smoke followed the heaver to leeward.

Shot from a yardarm! How many times has this happened in the early days of the century!

Billings rolled backward and with limbs extended straight and stiff turned slowly over as he fell and disappeared in the water feet first close to the side of the ship—close enough to be saved by a rope had he appeared and one been thrown.

Putting his smoking pistol in his pocket, Mr. Earp cut short the chuckle in his throat to roar out, "Reef that sail; finish that job, you lubbers." As they were anything but lubbers, they finished it. Of what need to describe the mutiny which followed. A captain, two mates and a steward, armed with shotguns and helped by a carpenter with a formidable broadax, can, as a rule, quell any mutinous uprising of unarmed sailors that may occur. This is what happened, and with three wounded men in the forecabin discipline was restored. But a stormy discussion took place in the cabin between

Captain Smith and the first officer, fragments of which reached the ears of the man at the wheel, and the working up ceased.

About 10 o'clock on a calm, sultry evening about a week after the first officer and the steward descended with a lantern to discover the whereabouts of certain cabin stores which the former had stowed in port.

"I put them here," said the mate; "close up to the cabin trunk. You must have broken them out."

"No. You know I've given you pilot bread so far at the table, and it's only today that the captain asked for soda biscuits. I haven't seen them, though I know we had them."

"Let's look along the wing forward."

The mate went ahead with the lantern. At the extreme forward corner of the half deck his under jaw dropped, his hair stiffened and the lantern fell from his nerveless fingers and went out. For, as the circle of light illumined the bulkhead, a tall gray figure had arisen to full height, the pale face surmounted by a shaggy crop of red hair, the forehead crossed by a long, red mark—the figure and face of the murdered Billings.

With a squawk of terror the steward fled, and the mate followed. Up the ladder they bounded, the steward turning aft, the mate forward. The latter looked back. The pale, scarred face was just appearing above the hatch. Possessed by blind, unreasoning fear, he bounded down to the main deck and looked again. The tall figure was coming, giantlike in the darkness, noiseless and gray. With a gasping gurgle that



The terrorized first officer, with a last agonized shriek, sprang overboard.

only by effort he raised to a scream, he ran on. The crew saw and scattered to the other side of the deck. Forward around the fore hatch went the mate and the silent gray pursuer. Aft on the other side, dispersing the crew again; up the steps to the poop, around the rail, the mate uttering hoarse, jerky screams and the terrible thing keeping up the steady, noiseless pursuit just a fathom behind. The captain, aroused by the steward, appeared, only to shrink back out of the way as the pair passed the cabin door. Forward they went again. The mate, evidently growing weaker, stumbled, fell, arose and went on, the figure pausing, only to resume the pursuit.

Forward, aft, forward again, the mate falling at intervals, the gray Nemesis always waiting, always maintaining an even six feet behind, the frightful race went on until the terrorized first officer mounted the forecabin deck and with a last agonizing shriek sprang overboard, the shriek ringing in the ears of the others until the water cut it short. The gray apparition followed. Neither was seen again.

There was a dearth of soda biscuits on the cabin table until the ship was docked at Liverpool. Not a man aboard would enter the half deck, night or day.

As Captain Smith came down the edge of the quay late one night he saw one of the Athol's stern windows open. This was strange. It should be shut. A white face appeared in it, then a gray form which slowly and with great effort climbed down the rudder pendants, hooked up to the transom and slipped into the water.

"That's our ghost," muttered the captain, "but ghosts don't need to climb or swim. It's Billings." He ran closer. The ghost was in trouble.

"That you, Billings? Come in. I'll help you out."

"Help! I'm drowning," gurgled the swimmer. Captain Smith hurriedly removed the gangway ladder and, dropping it over, assisted the exhausted man to safety. It was Billings in gray underclothes and stockings.

"Now, Billings," said he to the prostrate man, "by all reason and logic you should be half way to the bottom, a thousand miles out, with a bullet through your head. How is it that you are climbing out of my stern windows tonight?"

"Because I went in them, captain. The mate's bullet glanced, but it knocked me off the yard, and I went under the bottom. When I came up, I was under the quarter and hung on to the rudder. Then I climbed the rudder pendants, found a window loose enough to open and got in. I was stronger then. Biscuits and tank water weaken a man. I've been in the half deck since."

"Except when you played ghost. So that's where our biscuits went."

"I didn't mean to drown the mate, captain. I thought the jig was up when he found me, and I wanted one good knock down before I went in irons; then I saw how scared he was and kept

it up, but I never saw him after he struck the water or I would have helped him. I knew he couldn't swim; we've been shipmates before. Then I caught the rudder again and climbed in."

"Billings, my brother is in port, and I've just left him. He told me about the trouble you had with Earp some time ago. Come aboard and get something to eat."

John Billings went home chief mate of the Athol.

Economy.

"Please, papa, give me a quarter to see the big snake in the menagerie."

"Morris, my dear, here's the nagging phlegm. Go look at an angle-worm!" Elizabeth's Mother.

Every Month

there are thousands of women who nearly suffer death from irregular menses. Sometimes the "period" comes too often—sometimes not often enough—sometimes the flow is too scant, and again it is too profuse. Each symptom shows that Nature needs help, and that there is trouble in the organs concerned. Be careful when in any of the above conditions. Don't take any and every nostrum advertised to cure female troubles.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

is the one safe and sure medicine for irregular or painful menstruation. It cures all the ailments that are caused by irregularity, such as leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness; pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides, hips and limbs. By regulating the menses so that they occur every twenty-eighth day, all those aches disappear together. Just before your time comes, get a bottle and see how much good it will do you. Druggists sell it at \$1.

Send for our free book, "Perfect Health for Women." THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

LEADING BARBER SHOP H. D. Lorentzen, Prop.

Under First National Bank. Four salons. All work first-class.