

THE SCRIPTURES CONFIRMED

Dr. Talmage Preaches on His Sail Up the Nile.

He Sees Much Which Convinces Him of the Truth of the Scriptures—A Sermon Replete With Facts and Convincing Proofs.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 25.—The rendering of the first sonata in D minor, by Guilman, on the great organ of the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning by Professor Henry Eyre Browne, the organist, held the vast congregation spell-bound with profound emotion. Dr. Talmage preached on "Sailing Up the Nile," the second sermon of the series, entitled "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis, or What I Saw in Egypt and Greece, Confirmatory of the Scriptures." His text was Ezekiel 29:9: "The river is mine and I have made it."

Aha! This is the river Nile. A brown, or yellow, or silver cord on which are hung more jewels of thrilling interest than on any river that was ever twisted in the sunshine. It ripples through the Book of Ezekiel, and flashes in the Books of Deuteronomy, and Isaiah, and Zechariah, and Nahum, and on its banks stood the mighties of many ages. It was the crystal cradle of Moses, and on its banks Mary, the refugee, carried the infant Jesus. To find the birthplace of this river was the fascination and defeat of expeditions without number. Not many years ago Hayard Taylor, our great American traveler, wrote: "Since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador the earth has but one emotion of triumph left for her bestowal, and that she reserves for him who shall first drink from the fountains of the White Nile under the snow fields of Kilimanjaro." But the discovery of the sources of the Nile by most people was considered an impossibility. The malarial, the wild beasts, the savages, the unclimbed steep, the vast distances stopped all the expeditions for ages. An intelligent native said to Sir Samuel W. Baker and wife as they were on their way to accomplish that in which others had failed: "Give up the mad scheme of the Nile source. How would it be possible for a lady young and delicate to endure what would kill the strongest man? Give it up." But the work went on until Speke, and Grant, and Baker found the two lakes which are the source of what was called the White Nile, and baptised these two lakes with the names of Victoria and Albert. These two lakes, filled by great rainfalls and by accumulated snows from the mountains pour their waters, laden with agricultural wealth such as blesses no other river, on down over the cataracts, on between frowning mountains, on between cities living and cities dead, on for 4,000 miles and through a continent. But the White Nile would do little for Egypt if this were all. It would keep its banks and Egypt remain a desert. But from Abyssinia there comes what is called the Blue Nile, which, though dry or nearly dry half the year, under tremendous rains about the middle of June rises to great momentum, and this Blue Nile dashes with sudden influx into the White Nile, and their combined waters inundate Egypt with a rich soil which drops on all the fields and gardens as it is conducted by ditches, and sluices, and canals every where. The greatest damage that ever came to Egypt came by the drying up of the river Nile, and the greatest blessing by its healthful and abundant flow. The famine in Joseph's time came from the lack of sufficient inundation from the Nile. Not enough Nile is drouth, too much Nile is freshet and plague. The rivers of the earth are the mothers of its prosperity. If by some convulsion of nature the Mississippi should be taken from North America, or the Amazon from South America, or the Danube from Europe, or the Yenesei from Asia—what hemispheric calamity! Still there are other rivers that could fertilize and save these countries. Our own continent is gulched, is ribboned, is glorified by innumerable water-courses. But Egypt has only one great river, and that is harnessed to draw all the prosperities of reeds in acreage semi-indie. What happens to the Nile, happens to Egypt. The nilometer was so me very suggestive as we went up and down its damp stone steps and saw the pillar marked with notches telling just how high or low are the waters of the Nile. When the Nile is rising, four criers every morning run through the city announcing how many feet the river has risen—ten feet, fifteen feet, twenty feet, twenty-four feet—and when the right height of water is reached the gates of the canals are flung open and the liquid and refreshing benediction is pronounced on all the land.

As we start where the Nile empties into the Mediterranean sea we behold a wonderful fulfillment of the prophecy. The Nile in very ancient times used to have seven mouths. As the great river approached the sea it entered the sea at seven different places. Isaiah prophesied: "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea and shall smite it in the seven streams." The fact is they are all destroyed but two and Herodotus said these two remaining are artificial. Up the Nile we shall go; part of the way by Egyptian rail train and then by boat, and we shall understand why the Bible gives such prominence to this river which is the largest river of all the earth with one exception. But before we board the train we must take a look at Alexandria. It was founded by Alexander the Great and was once the New York, the Paris, the London of the world. Temples, palaces, fountains, gardens, pillars and efflorescent with all architectural and Edenic grandeur and sweetness. Apollon, the eloquent, whom in New Testament times some people tried to make a rival to Paul, lived here. Here Mark, the author of the second book of the New Testament, expired under Nero's anathema. From here the ship sailed that left Paul and

the crew struggling in the breakers of Melita. Pompey's Pillar is here, about 100 feet high, its base surrounded by so much filth and squalor I was glad to escape into an air that was breathable. This tower was built in honor of Diocletian for sparing the rebellious citizens. After having declared that he would make the blood run to his horse's knees, and his horse feed with him into the blood and his knees reddened, the tyrant took it for granted that was a sign he should stop the massacre and hence this commemorative pillar to his mercy. This is the city so which Omar came after building 1,400 mosques, and destroying 4,000 temples and 35,000 villages and castles, yet riding in on a camel with a sack of corn, a sack of figs and a wooden plate, all that he had kept for himself, and the diet to which he had limited himself for most of the time was bread and water. Was there ever in any man a commingling of elements so strange, so weird, so generous, so cruel, so mighty, so weak, so religious, so fanatical? In this city was the greatest female lecturer the world ever saw—Hypatia. But the lesson of virtue that she taught were obnoxious and so they dragged her through the streets and scraped her flesh from her bones with sharp oyster shells and then burned the fragment of the massacred body. And here dwelt Cleopatra, pronounced to be the beauty of all time—although if her pictures are correct I have seen a thousand women in Brooklyn more attractive—and she was as bad as she was said to be handsome. Queen, conqueror, and spoke seven languages, although it would have been better for the world if she had not been able to speak any. Julius Caesar conquered the world yet she conquered Julius (he is).

But Alexandria, fascinating for this or that thing, according to the taste of the visitor, was to me most entertaining because it had been the site of the greatest library the world ever saw, considering the fact that the art of printing had not been invented. Seven hundred thousand volumes and all the work of a slow pen. But down it all went under the torch of besiegers. Built again and destroyed again. Built again but the Arabs came along for its final demolition and the 4,000 baths of the city were heated with those volumes, the fuel lasting six months, and were ever fires kindled at such fearful cost? What do icons of the world's literature! What martyrdom of books!

But all aboard the Egyptian rail-train going up the banks of the Nile! Look out of the window and see those camels kneeling for the imposition of their load. And I think we might take from them a lesson, and instead of trying to stand upright in our own strength, become conscious of our weakness and need of divine help before we take upon us the heavy duties of the year or the week or the day, and so kneel for the burden. We meet processions of men and beasts on the way from their days work, but alas, for the homes to which the poor inhabitants are going. For the most part hovels of mud, but there is something in the scene that thoroughly enraptures us. It is the novelty of wretchedness, and a scene of picturesque rags. For thousands of years this land has been under a very damnation of taxes. Nothing but Christian civilization will roll back the influences which are "spoiling the Egyptians." There are gardens and palaces, but they belong to the rulers.

About here, under the valiant Murad Bey the Mamelukes, who are the finest horse-men in all the world, came like a hurricane upon Napoleon's army, but they were beaten back by the French in one of the fiercest battles of all time. Then the Mamelukes turned their horses' heads the other way, and in desperation backed them against the French troops, hoping the horses would kick the life out of the French regiments. The Mamelukes, falling again, plunged into this Nile and were drowned, the French for days fishing out the dead bodies of the Mamelukes to get the valuables upon their bodies. Napoleon, at the darning of these Mamelukes, exclaimed: "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry, I would have reckoned myself master of the world."

According to the lead pencil mark in my Bible it was Thanksgiving Day morning, November 28th, 1889, that with my family and friends we stepped aboard the steamer on the Nile. The Mohammedan call to prayers had been sounded by the priests of that religion, the Muezzins, from the 400 mosques of Cairo as the cry went, "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers. Come to salvation. God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep." The sky and city and palm groves and river shipping were bathed in the light. It was not much of a craft that we boarded. It would not be hailed on any of our rivers with any rapture of admiration. It fortunately had but little speed for twice we ran aground and the sailors jumped into the water and on their shoulders pushed her out. But what yacht of grayest sportsmen, what deck of swiftest ocean queen could give such thrill of rapture as a sail on the Nile? The Pyramids in sight, the remains of cities that are now only a name, the villages thronged with population. Both banks crowded with historical deeds of forty or sixty centuries. Oh, what a book the Bible is when read on the Nile!

As we slowly move up the majestic river I see on each bank the wheels, the pumps, the buckets for irrigation, and see a man with his foot on the treadle of a wheel that fetches up the water for a garden, and then for the first time I understand that passage in Deuteronomy which says of the Israelites after they had got back from Egypt: "The land whither thou goest in to possess it is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowest thy seed, and watered it with thy foot." Then I understood how the land could be watered with the foot.

While sailing on this river or stopping at one of the villages, we see people on the banks who verify the Bible description for they are now as they were in Bible times. Shoes are now taken off in reverence to sacred places. Children carried astride the mother's shoulder as in Hagar's time. Women with profusion of jewelry as when Rebecca was affianced. Lentils shelled into the pottage, as when Esau sold his birthright to get such a dish. The same habits of salutation as

when Joseph and his brethren fell on each other's necks. Courts of law held under big trees as in olden times. People making bricks without straw, compelled by circumstances to use stubble instead of straw. Flying over or standing on the banks as in scripture days are flamingoes, ospreys, eagles, pelicans, herons, cuckoos and bullfinches. On all sides of this river sepulchres. Villages of sepulchres. Cities of sepulchres. Nations of sepulchres. And one is tempted to call it an empire of tombs. I never saw such a place as Egypt is for graves. And now we understand the complaining sarcasm of the Israelites when they were on the way from Egypt to Canaan: "Because there are no graves in Egypt hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?" Down the river bank come the buffalo and the cattle or kine to drink. And it was the ancestors of these cattle that inspired Pharaoh's dream of the lean kine and the fat kine.

Here we disembark a little while for Memphis, off from the Nile to the right. Memphis founded by the first king of Egypt and for a long while the capital. A city of marble and gold. Home of the Pharaohs. City nineteen miles in circumference. Vast colonnades, through which imposing processions marched. Here stood the Temple of the Sun, itself in brilliancy a sun-shine on by another sun. Memphis in power over a thousand one hundred years, or nearly ten times as long as the United States have existed. Here is a recumbent statue seventy-five feet long. Bronzed gateways. A necropolis called "the haven of the blest." Here Joseph was prime minister. Here Pharaoh received Jacob. Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah and Isaiah speak of it as something wonderful. Never did I visit a city with such exalted anticipations, and never did my anticipations drop so flat. Not a pillar stands. Not a wall is unbroken. Not a fountain tosses in the sun. Even the ruins have been ruined, and all that remains are chips of marble, and small pieces of fractured sculpture and splintered human bones. Here and there a letter of some elaborate inscription, a toe or ear of a statue that once stood in niche of palace wall. Ezekiel prophesied its blotting out. "Ride on," I said to our party, "and don't wait for me." And as I stood there alone, the city of Memphis in the glory of past centuries turned. And I heard the rush of her chariots and the dash of her fountains and the convivality of her places and saw the drunken nobles roll on the floors of mosaic, while in startling contrast amid all the regalities of the place I saw Pharaoh look up into the face of aged rustic Jacob, the shepherd, saying: "How old art thou?"

But back to the Nile and on and up till you reach Thebes, in scripture called the City of No. Hundred-gated Thebes. A quadrangular city four miles from limit to limit. Four great temples, two of them Karnak and Luxor, once mountains of exquisite sculpture and gorgeous dreams solidified in stone, statue of Rameses II, eight hundred and eighty-seven tons in weight and seventy-five feet high, but now fallen and scattered. Walls abloom with the battlefields of centuries. The surrounding hills of rock hollowed into sepulchres on the wall of which are chiseled in picture and hieroglyphics the confirmation of Bible story in regard to the treatment of Israelites in Egypt so that, as explorations go on with the work, the walls of these sepulchres become commentaries of the Bible, the scriptures originally written upon parchment here cut into everlasting stone.

Two great nations, Egypt and Greece, diplomatized and almost came to battle for one book, a copy of Aeschylus. Ptolemy, the Egyptian king, discovered that in the great library at Alexandria there was no copy of Aeschylus. The Egyptian king sent up to Athens, Greece, to borrow the book and make a deposit of \$17,700 as security. The Egyptian king received the book, but refused to return that which he had borrowed and so forfeited the \$17,700. The two nations rose in contention concerning that one book. Beautiful and mighty book indeed! But it is a book of horrors, the dominant idea that we are the victims of hereditary influences from which there is no escape, and that fate rules the world, and although the author does tell of Prometheus who was crucified on the rocks for sympathy for mankind, a powerful suggestion of the sacrifice of Christ in later years, it is a very poor book compared with that book which we hug to our hearts because it contains our only guide in life, our only comfort in death, and our only hope for a blissful immortality. If two nations could afford to struggle for one copy of Aeschylus, how much more can all nations afford to struggle for the possession and triumph of the Holy Scriptures?

But the dead cities strung along the Nile not only demolish infidelity, but thunder down the absurdity of the modern doctrine of evolution which says the world started with nothing and then rose, and human nature began with nothing but evolved into splendid manhood and womanhood of itself. Nay: the sculpture of the world was more wonderful in the days of Memphis and Thebes and Carthage than in the days of Boston and New York. Those blocks of stone weighing 300 tons high up in the wall of Karnak imply machinery equal to, if not surpassing, the machinery of the nineteenth century. How was that statue of Rameses, weighing 887 tons transported from the quarries 300 miles away and how was it lifted? Tell us, modern machinist. How were those galleries of rock, still standing at Thebes, filled with paintings surpassed by no artist's pencil of the present day? Tell us, artists of the nineteenth century. The dead cities of Egypt so far as they have left enough pillars or statues or sepulchres or temple ruins to tell the story—Memphis, Migdol, Hierapolis, Zoan, Thebes, Goshen, Carthage—all of them developing downward instead of upward. They have evolved from magnificence into destruction. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the only elevator of individual and social national character. Let all the living cities know that pomp and opulence and temporal prosperity are no security. Those ancient cities lacked nothing but good morals. Dissipation and sin slew them, and unless dissipation and sin are salted, they will some day slay our modern cities, and leave our palaces of merchandise and our galleries of art

and our city halls as flat in the dust as we found Memphis on the afternoon of that Thanksgiving day. And if the cities go down the nation will go down.

I notice that the voice of those ancient cities is hoarse from the exposure of forty centuries, and they accentuate slowly with lips that were palsied for ages, but all together those cities along the Nile intone these words: "Hear us for we are very old, and it is hard for us to speak. We were wise long before Athens learned her first lesson. We sailed our ships while yet navigation was unborn. These obelisks, these pyramids, these fallen pillars, these wrecked temples, these colossal black granite, these wrecked sarcophagi under the brow of the hills, tell you of what I was in grandeur, and of what I am coming down to be. We sinned and we fell. Our learning could not save us: See those half-obliterated hieroglyphics on yonder wall. Our architecture could not save us: See the painted columns of Phila, and the shattered temple of Esneh. Our heroes could not save us: Witness Menes, Diodorus Rameses, and Ptolemy. Our gods Ammon and Osiris could not save us: See their fallen temples all along the four thousand miles of Nile. Oh, ye modern cities get some other God; a God who can help, a God who can pardon, a God who can save: Called up as we are for a little while to give testimony, again the sands of the deserts will bury us. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" And as these voices of porphyry and granite ceased, all the sarcophagi under the hills responded, "Ashes to ashes!" and the capital of a lofty column fell grinding itself to powder among the rocks, and responding, "Dust to dust!"

An Indian's Gratitude.

Col. Breeden, late Attorney-General of New Mexico, was once retained to defend a Mexican and a Navajo Indian charged with the murder of a soldier on a street in Santa Fe one night. Two Mexican women testified that they witnessed the murder and thought they could identify the prisoners as the persons who committed it. But other evidence favored the accused and the court and jury thought the women were mistaken. Some time after the acquittal the Navajo turned up, in the seventh heaven of intoxication, and sought out Breeden. In his expansive gratitude he told the attorney that, although moneyless, as usual, he wanted to perform some great service in part payment of the debt he owed him for securing his acquittal. "Come to my house," said the attorney, "and try your hand on my garden."

"But," said the Navajo, "give me something harder than that to do—some great thing for a brave. Don't you want somebody killed? If you do I'll serve him as we did the soldier!"

"Did you kill the soldier?"

"Of course we did. I thought you knew that."

Society in Cincinnati and St. Louis.

A good story, like a motion to adjourn, is always in order, so I pause just here to tell one. It introduces the chap from St. Louis. The other day, as half a dozen Americans were sitting in the smoking-room of a Swiss hotel, one of them remarked, "I saw in a recent number of the Paris 'New York Herald' a letter from a man who wrote to inquire if the United States celebrated Society of Cincinnati was still in existence. Do any of you gentlemen happen to know whether it's alive or not?" The chap from St. Louis puffed vigorously at his cigar for a few moments and then said: "Well, sir, I know Cincinnati pretty well, and while it contains a good many nice people (my wife has a cousin living there), it ain't got no society to speak of. No, sir, if you want to see real tip-top society in the West, you've got to come to St. Louis. I've had a mind to write to the 'Herald' and tell 'em that while Cincinnati may have something which she flatters herself is society, a firemen's picnic, or an afternoon tea, the real genuine article, what you might call the Four Hundred, is run out West by St. Louis."—New York Tribune.

Little Curious Things.

The manufacture of false teeth for horses is a new industry just opened in Paris with a capital of 2,000,000 francs.

A Liverpool, England, man was recently sentenced to five years' penal servitude for obtaining a sailing under the pretext that it was to be used for a charitable purpose.

There is a mountain of coal in Wild Horse Valley, Wyo., which has been burning for more than thirty years. It sends up dense volumes of smoke, and at times the gas from it is almost suffocating, even at a distance of fifty to seventy-five miles from the burning coalbed.

Probably the most remarkable railroad in the world is that running from Giogintz to Louening, near Vienna. It is only twenty-five miles in length, but cost \$9,000,000. It begins at an elevation of 1,400 feet and has its terminus at 13,000 feet. It has fifteen double viaducts, seventeen tunnels, and crosses itself nine times.—St. Louis Republic.

Pins.

A curious fact in the early history of pins is that when they were first sold in "open shop" there was such a great demand for them that a code was passed permitting their sale only on two days in the year—the 1st and 2d of January.

Mr. Romanes, of London, has an ape that he has taught to count—not very far up, indeed, but as far as five. He knows the numbers and the words that indicate them. His method is to take straws one by one into his mouth until one less than the required number have been collected; then, taking up an additional straw, he hands it over, together with those in his mouth.

In eastern New Mexico nearly 600,000 acres of fruit and farm lands have been reclaimed by the construction of storage reservoirs and irrigating canals during the last two years.

MISSING LINKS.

A Wichita (Kan.) woman straps her baby on her back when she goes on her bicycle.

A New York man has attended a swimming bath regularly every day for twenty-eight years.

Third-class passengers are increasing in England at the expense of the first and second class.

They are beginning to talk about permitting English clergymen to go about in ordinary citizens' dress.

John Penn, who has just been elected to the British Parliament, is a descendant of the great William Penn.

It has been estimated recently by a shoe man that the people of the United States spend \$450,000,000 annually for shoes.

A Georgia melon grower, after paying freight and other charges on three carloads of melons, had just 11 cents for himself.

Edison has a notion that the average dwelling of the future will be lighted and heated at a cost of less than a dollar a year.

Julius Verne has a son, Michel, who is developing a talent for writing stories very much in his father's highly imaginative style.

The New Jersey man who secured a patent on his idea of placing rubber on the tips of pencils is said to have realized \$200,000 from it.

A new invention for carrying the baby, in the form of a net suspended from the neck, is the latest novelty at the fashionable resorts.

The chair of oratory in the University of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, has been offered to Miss Norma C. Crawford, of Minersville, Penn.

Annio Besant makes her name rhyme with "pessant." But Walter Besant pronounces his name, according to late information, as Bessant.

The census men found in the United States 14,056,750 horses, 2,295,532 mules, 16,019,591 cows, 36,875,648 oxen and cattle, 43,431,136 sheep, 50,625,106 swine.

Itinerant musicians are not allowed to sojourn in St. Petersburg, and those who are of foreign nationality are not permitted to pass the frontier of the empire.

The old Duke of Nassau, who, at seventy-five, is hale and active, has a fortune of \$25,000,000, and is consequently set down as the richest Prince in Europe.

A German has invented an incandescent lamp with two filaments, an automatic switch bringing the second filament into action on the failure of the first.

Instantaneous photography has been used to record the movements of the lips in speaking, and by putting the photographs in a zoetrope a deaf mute can easily read the words.

Nellie Arthur, daughter of the ex-President, has a well-rounded figure, sparkling brown eyes, dark, sleek hair rolled back from a low brow, a sweet smile and a pretty girlish manner.

Vermont is boasting about her moral status. Since 1880 the population of the State has decreased 2 per cent, but membership in the churches has in the meantime increased nearly 5 per cent.

Regarding female models for artists the critics say that the French are underdressed and have bad shoulders; the Germans have not classic faces and too broad hips; the Italians are not well rounded; the English are too tall; and the Spaniards are anatomically deficient.

Two remarkable old ladies are Mrs. Hannah Eustis and Miss Sarah Barr, of Wakefield, Mass. They are two sisters, born in 1800, and are still bright and in active health. So great is their resemblance in figure, voice and manner, that one is frequently mistaken for the other.

Health

It is that state when all the organs of the body perform their functions in regular and efficient manner; and to remove any obstruction to such action is the proper duty of medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Gives health by purifying the blood, toning the stomach and bowels, and invigorating the kidneys and liver. Therefore, if you are in poor health take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS—Best liver invigorator and cathartic. Reliable, effective, and gentle. Price 25c.

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Is not half as absurd as a Farmer with no Scale. Run your farm on business principles—buy and sell by weight, and when you buy a Scale buy the best, which is always the cheapest.

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Common Soap

Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.

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DOES NOT.

It is an old-fashion notion that medicine has to taste bad to do any good.

Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil with its fish-fat taste lost—nothing is lost but the taste.

This is more than a matter of comfort. Agreeable taste is always a help to digestion. A sickening taste is always a hindrance. There is only harm in taking cod-liver oil unless you digest it. Avoid the taste.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 120 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—ask for it every where. \$1.

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD! TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS have all the virtues of the larger ones, equally effective; purely vegetable. Each size shown in this border.



DR. C. GEE WO, The Great Chinese Panaceaist.

who has performed so many wonderful cures in and around Omaha for the past three years, and has relieved the sick and afflicted from the jaws of death and restored to health and happiness hundreds of others left to die by other physicians. Has concluded to extend his practice to the great northwest, and for that purpose he has established a system of treating patients at a distance by mail and curing them without obliging them to leave their homes and come long distances to consult him at his office. He offers a rare opportunity for the relief of their troubles and desires to say that no one requiring his treatment or remedies can correspond with him at his office in Omaha with the greatest confidence and satisfaction.

It is a well-known fact that China has about half the population of the globe. They have had recourse to health and happiness hundreds of years practicing and perfecting medicine over 4000 years. Chung Nux (see Ency. Brit.) discovered seventy-two poisons and their antidotes 2483 years before Christ, and Marco Polo, who brought the compass.

Camphir, one of the first Europeans who entered the interior of China, says that he has a thorough knowledge of the nature of herbs and an admirable skill in diagnosing by the pulse." (See Willard's Middle Empire.)

But it was to medicine the Chinese gave their attention, and when the emperor Chin Wong-erent all the books to be burned he excepted the medical books, and it was only by the intercession of the Chinese Doctor, who came from an almost unknown country, containing nearly half of the people of the world, where all the medicines are said to be found, that the Chinese Doctor's Remedies, 4,000 in number and absolutely unknown outside of China, that he was permitted to bring over all other physicians. A new medicine has never before entered your blood and acted on it as it has, curing the disease and rendering the complexion clear as a child.

Among the thousands of testimonials on file in his office the following, which are true copies, will serve to show that his efforts are attended with success and that a cure follows his treatment in all cases.

Michael Cane who has worked for the United Pacific Railroad for over twenty-five years, says: "I had an immense growth on my chest, which had been developing for thirty years, and finally confined me to my bed. The doctors, after examining me, pronounced it dropsy and heart disease. People kept telling me to try the Chinese doctor, and I was carried up to his office. In three days time the swelling was gone, and I was able to get up. I found out the particulars of my case, call and see me at any time."

MICHAEL CANE, 1465 Chicago Street, Omaha.

I was troubled with Heart Disease and Consumption; was told nothing more could be done for me. Finally last spring was laid in bed. My heart jumped, and I was sitting up, and myself that I must die; told my mother so. All my family had congregated around my bed, and my mother said, "Brother, I was sitting up, and a person had been cured of Consumption by the Chinese physician after the doctors had given him up. My wife went after medicine and I was cured. I was told to write if you ever wish to find out the particulars of my case, call and see me at any time."

MICHAEL CANE, 1465 Chicago Street, Omaha.

I was troubled with Heart Disease and Female Weakness. Could get no relief here. Owned valuable property near postoffice. Sold and went to Europe. Returned with Consumption added to the list of troubles. Called on one of the best doctors in the city. Rapidly sinking. Had not slept without the aid of opiates for two months. Had not spoken or turned in bed months for a year. The Doctor was always on hand to consult. He sent for my brother. He called in most prominent doctors in town, who called me a hopeless case. My brother-in-law, Dr. C. Gee Wo, sent for Dr. C. Gee Wo, who, after examining, said: "I will have her on her feet in a week," and he kept his promise nobly. I have gained 25 lbs. and am entirely cured. Call on Dr. C. Gee Wo, 718 N. 15th St. Yours Truly, Mrs. Nicholson.

In order to convince the public that Dr. C. Gee Wo is not an impostor, he makes the following offer: A guarantee to refund the money, if after a fair trial the patient is in any way dissatisfied with treatment. The Doctor has always on hand the following remedies which are his own preparation and which are the result of years of study and scientific research, and which he warrants to cure: Female Weakness, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Female Weakness, Lost Manhood, Sick Headache, Catarrh and Kidney and Liver Maladies, and Female Weakness. Call for question blanks, and further particulars.

N. B. Dr. C. Gee Wo has no agents or representatives, and no correspondents, but sends direct to his office, 718 N. 15th Street, Omaha, Neb., as he is the only legally graduated Chinese physician in the west.