ON FIFTY CENTS PER WEEK.

Men and Women Marry and Raise Families in India.

AMID MUD HUTS AND SQUALOR.

How the Masses Live and Work in the Land of the Hindoos—The Most Beautiful Tomb in the World.

Poverty in India.

[Copyrighted 1889 by Frank G. Carpenter.

AGRA, March 29.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—Povery! poverty! poverty! I find written all over India. Its characters shine out in the shrunken legs and flat stomach of the people. The blazing sun paints the word on the huts of every village and the squalid want, which fills every part of the cities I have seen, is so plain that he who runs may read. The condition of the East Indian people is far worse than that of the Chinese. The Koreans are fat and the Japanese are wealthy in comparison with the people around me. The Malays, the Siamese and the Burmese have plenty to eat and leisurb for loafing. These people work from morn until night and go to bed hungry. They are not more than half clothed. The masses wear two strips of thin cotton cloth, and of the 250,000,000 of people in India, four out of five go bare-footed. Just below here about the city of Patna is the great opium producing district of India, and I am told by one of the leading opium officers of the government that the people of this region invariably feed their children small quantites of opium daily, in order that they may by this means ward off the cold and reduce their appetites. There are in the province of Bengal alone more people than in the whole United States. The majority of these are farmers and their holdings are one-half acre to the person. The most densely populated of our United States are Rhode Island and Massachusetts, whose small territories and large cities give them respectively 254 and 221 people per square mile. A square mile is equal to four farms of 160 acres each, and the average of the wifole United States is

SIX PEOPLE TO EACH SUCH FARM.

There are in Bengall 320 people to each cultivated 160 acres, or two people per acre. Our states have largely a city population, and wherever we have a large average per square mile a great part of the population lives in cities and make their living off of manufacturing and trade. Here the people live almost altogether by farming, and if you will put 320 people on the richest quarter section you can find in America and expect them to make their living by raising ordinary crops you get the condition of this part of India. Even with our cities Ohio has only twenty people to the quarter section. Oregon has a little over two, Nebraska two, Kentucky ten, Kansas three, and Pennsylvania, teeming with mines and manufacturers, has not quite twenty-five.

Speaking of the town population of India only one man in twenty lives in a town of over twenty thousand inhabitants. The other nineteen persons live in villages and these little collections of mud huts are scattered all over the country. No one lives on the land he cultivates, and the farms are without fences and are in large tracts divided up into little fields, the extent of which can be seen by the low irrigating walls and by the difference in the colors of the crops. These villages are built entirely of mud. The huts are from six to fifteen feet square. Their roofs are thatched with straw or with thin brick tiles and there are no chimneys. Sometimes there is a mud wall around the hut and this wall and the sides of the hut are now covered with round cakes of cow manure, each the size of a buckwheat cake and each bearing the imprint of a woman's hand. You see these cakes by the thousand in the cities and villages all over India and they form the fuel by which the rice is cooked and the people are warmed. It is the duty of the women and girls to gather this manure. They pick it up with their hands and in front or behind their huts mix it with straw and mud and then, moulding the filthy mass between their palms to the thickness of an inch, they take it and plaster it on the sides of the hut to dry. Wood is too dear for them, and by such fuel through the raw, wintry mornings the family huddles over the little cooking fire and attempts to keep warm. The babies in many cases wear no clothing, and the dress of the remainder of the family of five could be made out of three ordinary sheets. The smoke gets out of the hut as best it can, and there is absolutely nothing cheering about the house. The floor is of mud and the walls are unplastered. The family have no chairs and they squat on the ground at their meals. The bed is either the floor or a net-work of ropes stretched on a frame of wood with legs which raise it two feet from the floor. It is usually about four feet long and three feet wide, and the man who sleeps upon it must either hang his legs over the end or lie doubled up. During the daytime the beds are stood out of doors, because there is no room for them in the hut, and some of the family usually sleep under the overhanging roof in front of the door. Going through Benares in the early morning I saw perhaps five hundred people thus sleeping in front of as many huts. They had no bed clothes under them and none over them. Women and men were lying with their knees up to their chins wrapped in the same cotton garments they had worn during the day time. Others were crawling from their beds and stooping over the smouldering coals which their wives had just lighted. Squalor was everywhere and

DIRT WAS KING.

Wages are terrioly low and millions of men in India live, marry and raise children on an income of fifty cents a week. This is a good income for a family and women work in the fields for three cents a day, and many servants get little more than a dollar a month. The embroidery of India is noted the world over and there is as much skill in the making of patterns and doing this work on cloth with gold and silver thread as there is in the art work of the western world. A good embroiderer gets from two to three dollars a month, and men working on the railroads in minor positions get about the same. An American or a German would starve on such an allowance but the Indians who get this much grow fat. Among the workingmen of the world they have reduced themselves to the least number of wants. They pay no millinery bills and they never have a tailor. They need neither needles or thread and it is against their religion to drink. The Hindoo eats no meat nor any animal fat and he lives on the cheapest of rice and millet. These with vegetables and milk make up his diet, and as a rule he has not enough to fill his stomach. Whenever the crops fail there is a famine for he has not enough income to enable him to save, and about ten years ago the English government spent $55,000,000 in relieving the wants of the people. In some parts of India, such as Allahabad, which I visited last week, the population is so dense that it does not increase from year to year. In twenty years in this district there was only an annual increase of six persons in every 10,000, and at the present time the increase is not much greater. The people are so underfed that disease and death keeps down the natural increase which goes over the rest of the world, and you see them apparently starving before your eyes.

This condition of India has been the same for ages. The people seem to have always been poor and the

FABULOUS WEALTH OF INDIA

has alwas been in the hands of the few. The English have their powerful grip on it now, and their palaces and luxurious residences dot the face of the country. They squeeze out of the land just about the same amounts that the mogul kings did in times gone by, and here at Agra are the ruins which show how India was ground down in the past. Here is the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful and the purest piece of architecture ever designed or built by man, which was erected in the seventeenth century by one of the mogul kings as a tomb for his wife. It lies on the banks of the great Jumna river. Built upon a mosaic platform of stars of black and white marble, covering fully two acres, it rises a beautiful tower upwards for 114 feet. Here it ends in turrets, and from its center springs a great bubble-like dome of white marble, inside of which a four-story house of fifty feet front could be lost, but which is so regularly cut that it might have been the work of a Grecian sculptor, and the proportions of which are such that it seems in perfect harmony with the great octagonal tower below. The whole is a mass of fine stones and white marble so inlaid and carved that it is more like a jewel of mosaic than an architectural structure. Its doors are lace work of the purest white marble. In its interior there is enough of this marble lace to fence in a city block. The whole structure is a marvel of workmanship, and Bishop Heber has well described it in saying that its artists "designed like Titans and finished like jewelers. It would be as easy to tell how the birds sing and the lilacs smell as to describe the Taj."

I have visited it again and again and I feel with the Russian artist who said, "the Taj is like a lovely woman. Abuse her as much as you please, but the moment you come into her presence you submit to her fascination." This tomb is almost as perfect to-day as it was when it was built. It took 20,000 men seventeen years to build it. The average life of man in India is a fraction over thirty years. Estimating this life at thirty-four years instead of thirty the work upon the Taj embraces just 10,000 lives. These 20,000 workmen got only

THEIR FOOD FOR THEIR LABORS.

An allowance of corn was given to them and their overseers cheated them in the delivery of it. It was the same with the other grand structures of the time. Within a mile of the Taj, in very good preservation, there now stands an immense fort, the walls of which are seventy feet high and of red sand stone carved so beautifully that they would honor any Fifth avenue residence, enclosed in a square equal to four farms of 640 acres each. This fort was built by the Emperor Akbar and its interior is filled with grand palaces in which the ladies of his harem revelled in cloth of gold and shone in priceless diamonds. The Taj cost about $15,000,000, which in the purchasing power of the time of Queen Elizabeth in India must have been worth ten times as much as it is to-day. This fort cost countless millions more. Its palaces had interiors walled with diamonds and emeralds, and the king who built the Taj had a peacock throne which blazed with rubies, sapphires and emeralds at the back in the form of a peacock's tail, and with stones so set that they resembled the natural colors of the bird's feathers. This throne alone represented a value of over thirty-two millions of dollars and his land revenues amounted to $100,000,000 a year. The kings of his time took one-third of the produce of the land and the total revenue of the father of this man were $250,000,000 per annum. The extravagancies of these times are unrivalled in history, but it was only the kings who were rich. The people were as poor then as they are to-day and the curse of poverty seems to have ever hung over the Indian peasant.

This condition of affairs exists in southern as well as in northern India, and I found at Singapore and in Burmah emigrants from Madras who looked quite as thin and who had come there to better their wages. Many of these were Klings. Lean, black men, half naked, with long hair hanging down upon their shoulders—they do the work of Ceylon and of many of the islands of the Indian ocean. They are bright and hardy, and are among the most picturesque people of India. The most of them act as coolies, but there is one caste which devotes itself entirely to the lending of money, and this caste, by banking, has grown rich. Its members are known as chitties, and they have their money-lending establishments in every town of southern India. They control the capital of Burmah, and one street of Rangoon is lined with their banks. An Indian bank is far different from the money-lending establishment in the United States. Take a low, narrow, cell-like room six feet high and about one hundred feet long and put in the center of this twenty-five young men as black as the ace of spades. Let each have his head shaved. Let none of them wear more than a white cotton cloth about the loins. Make them squat upon the dirt floor and in front of each put a flat table a foot and a half high, upon which lies a ledger, the pages of which are filled with Indian characters. Behind each of these naked figures put a chest about the size of the average trunk, with a heavy lock upon it, and let all be working away as though their lives depended upon their calculations. On the outside of the door, under a sort of portico, the chief of the bank sits counting out silver coins to a farmer who has come to borrow. He counts very rapidly, and lets each coin strike another as it falls into his hand. By the sound he tells whether they are good or not. He exacts big rates of interest, and 5 per cent a month is nothing to him, if he can get it. The whole rice crop of Burmah is

OWNED BY THESE CHITTIES

before it is harvested, and they own millions of valuable property in the east. They live most abstemiously, and it is their business to accumulate money. They bring up their sons to follow their business, and they are a caste of money lenders. The wives of these chitties are gorgeous in jewelry, and though they wear no clothing except the two strips of cotton, some of their ear-rings are so heavy that they pull down the ears, and not a few wear nose-rings four inches in diameter.

As I came out of the Taj Mahal to-day I took a ride on an Indian cab. It was drawn by two great white bullocks with humps over their shoulders, each of which was six inches high. The driver sat in front, his legs resting upon the tongue of the cart, and behind him, in a sulky-like affair made of bamboo and covered with red cloth, I took my seat cross-legged. These carts are used throughout India and they are single and double. They are rudely put together with ropes, and when completed they consist of a structure made of fishing rods and clothes-lines swung upon wheels with a seat resting high above them and so made that they are as easy as any spring vehicle you will find in America. My driver wore nothing but a waist cloth and turban, and he took me a mile for 2 cents. He twisted the tails of the bullocks to make them go, and I noted that the horns of his bulls were covered with gold paper. These bullocks are the sacred beasts of India, and they form in connection with the water buffalo, the beasts of burden of the country. They plough the land and haul the carts, and at Benares I visited a temple where there were at least a hundred of them in stalls around a court yard, and men and women were feeding them with flowers and praying before them as they did so. They are the most beautiful I have yet seen in cattle. With smoth, dove-colored skins they have all the delicate outlines of the Jersey cow added to a majesty of action and a grandeur of size, which makes them nobly beautiful. They have ears twice as large as our cows, and they walk as though they contained, as the Indian doubtless suppose, some of the noblest human spirits of the past. In contrast with them the water buffalo becomes uglier than ever. It is uglier than the hippopotamus, and is a cow with wide, flat, curving horns, a neck which comes straight out from the shoulders, a belly which is bloated and ill-shapen, and a thin, straggling, black hair, which looks more like the bristles of a hog than the hair of a cow. They delight in wallowing in the dirt, and they seem to have more of the pig nature than the cow nature. Like the sacred cows they are milked and worked, and the butter of both is a white, cheesey-like mixture, which has none of the flavor of the Jersey cream article.

The tea merchants of India are becoming alive to the possibilities of an American trade, and I see that the planters in Ceylon are concocting a scheme by which they hope for a gratuitous

ADVERTISEMENT IN THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

This scheme is proposed by the Planters' association of Ceylon, and is fully discussed in the Indian Planters' Gazette of this week. I take pleasure in giving it circulation. The scheme is that boxes of Ceylon tea of five pounds each be sent to the editors of the influential newspapers of America, for which they are supposed to puff the article to the extent of a column or so from time to time, and the advisability of this move and the way in which it shall be made, form the subject of the discussion. One leading man says a descriptive pamphlet should be sent along with the tea, and that this must, by all means, be illustrated. "The American," says he, "are out poor readers beyond the daily newspapers. They are altogether too lazy to wade through a long treatise on any subject, however interesting, and only pictures of the methods of making tea and perhaps a page of the bright lights among the tea planters will suffice to catch their eyes. To stir up New York and Philadelphia it will take from ten to fifteen thousand such pamphlets, and they should be distributed among the best families, and we must also send along a man to interview the people after we have made these presents to the editors.

This is refreshing, and even more so is a paragraph further on which states that "it is not always the editors who command the news columns, and that a luncheon given to the reporters in the various leading cities might be productive of good." The idea is that there are in the United States 1,200 editors who ought to have caddies of tea, and that as usual the givers will receive ten dollars worth of advertising for ten cents worth of presents.

In the meantime America leaves a great deal of money in India every year. I have met a number of American travelers, and there are a half-dozen Americans at present here in Agra. One of these is Mr. L. C. Ellsworth, of the Rio Grande railroad, whose home is at Denver, and who is now traveling for his health. Another is a doctor from New Hampshire, and a third party is a Mr. Cox and wife, of Boston.

Mr. Flint, Asiatic manager of the Waterbury Watch company, is here with his wife, who is a Washington lady, and I met at Calcutta a number of Americans. Our consul general, Mr. Charles F. Bonman, is an Oregon man, and he has his family, consisting of a bright wife, a young lady daughter, and one of the liveliest boys of ten in India, with him. Mr. Bonham has just taken a short trip to South India, and he proposes to visit Burmah before his return to Calcutta.

Mr. William J. Nead, a railroad contractor of Philadelphia, who has spent several years in travel and who is, as he says, going around the world like a watch spring, is in India. He has been around the world once and is going around again, narrowing his circle. He will spend the winter in India and will go to Peking as soon as the weather permits in the spring. Leaving there he will pay his third visit to Japan, and thence coming to Australia, will sail for South America, go down one coast and up the other, and reach home in about two years from this date.

Mr. Woolworth, an Ohio man from Sandusky, I find on the hotel register here. He is going to Europe with his family to spend a year or so in the education of his daughter.

Mr. Aultman, the big dry goods merchant of New York, has just passed through India, and there are American travelers on every Indian railroad train. They buy costly goods of the natives and I find their orders among the highest of those on the books of the merchants who call upon me.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

STORY OF AN UNSOLD BONNET.

A Sample of What Happens Every Day in Old London.

Pall Mall Gazette: It was evening in Oxford street just before the hour of lamplighting. The daylight colors had faded and the twilight softness had not yet begun, so that the street picture was printed in unsoftened white and black. Gas was beginning to twinkle, however, in some of the shop windows, and up stairs in the millinery show room of Mr. X—— a boy had just come in with a taper and had left a brilliant illumination behind him. The light fell upon two figures—a customer, doubtful and dissatisfied, and a young woman in black who stood before her, displaying bonnet after bonnet.

"Yes," said the customer, hesitatingly.

"Would you not try this on, ma'am? I am sure it would suit you."

"I don't like a straw bonnet for the winter."

"We could make you one in velvet, ma'am."

"Velvet spoils so with the rain. Are you quite sure those are all the felts you have that you showed me?"

"All in brown, ma'am. We could get you one made any shade you like to order."

"Oh, no; I could not order one without seeing it," said the lady. Then she took up one which she had looked at already, poised and examined it, and finally tried it on, and decided for the second time that it would not do. "It really is extraordinary that you should not have one in brown," she said in a tone of annoyance. For a moment the girl did not answer; she had grown paler, and her eyebrows were drawn together with an expression of anxiety and apprehension. Mr. X——, walking up and down his range of show-rooms, had again come into sight, and had paused, looking in. "We'd get you one, ma'am, I'm sure, in two or three days," she repeated.

Now it was the customer who did not answer. She began turning over the pile of untrimmed bonnets, while her pale attendant hovered about her, throwing in propitiatory remarks. Mr. X—— stood and looked in from the wide doorway. She could see the scowl on his face. At last the customer, finally refusing to take any other in place of the bonnet which she really wanted, departed dissatisfied. The girl began tremblingly to put together the bonnets. Tears came to her eyes. She had tried her best to sell, and she dreaded the wrath of her master. He had been in a bad temper all day; why, O why, must this thing have happened just today. Mr. X—— moved away; she saw him go to the cashier's desk in the next room. He came back with a paper and a few shillings, which he threw down angrily before her.

"You'll just sign that, if you please, miss."

It was an account of the wages due her. She looked up at him in mute appeal; the angry and overbearing face was answer enough. She put her name to the paper, and a tear fell down upon it.

"Now you can just pack up your things and go this minute," said he, roughly. "I've no place for a young lady that can't sell a bonnet."

She gathered up the money and went meekly. She was a timid girl, with no gift either for complaints or excuses; and for girls of that kind the tyrants of this world have no mercy. She went up-stairs to the bedroom, which she shared with two others. It was bare, clean, depressing; about as homelike as a prison cell. She looked round it, half blinded by her tears, and wrung her hands, murmuring, "What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

The room was quite brightly lighted now by the glare of the many lamps in the street. She stood as for a minute, then wiped away her tears and began packing and arranging her few properties in her box. When this was done she must go forth in the evening and find herself a shelter for the night and for the morrow. To-morrow would begin again the familiar heart-breaking search for work, to continue, who could guess, for how long? And who could tell what character Mr. X—— would give of her? And she had thirty shillings with which to face the world. Her tears began to fall again as she locked her trunk and rose from her knees. She was glad to hide her face with her veil and to steal away secretly, fearing to meet any one, lest the farewell should break down her courage.

So she passed out into the evening and into Oxford street—the stony-hearted stepmother."

Mr. X—— meanwhile was going home, serene of conscience, to his wife and daughters at Brixton, giving no second thought to the incident of the afternoon.

It is a story that happens every day; and too often the stones of London, if they could speak, the pavements of Piccadilly, the balustrades of the bridges, could tell you how it ends.

Sick headache is the bane of many lives. This annoying complaint may be cured and prevented by the occasional use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pillets (little pills.)

HE PAID TO NAME THE BABY.

It Cost Receiver Admire $50 to Christen Oklahoma's First-Born.

ADVENT OF THE INFANT BOOMER.

He Arrived in a Wagon Box and the Twinkling Stars Were the First to Welcome Guthrie's Youngest Visitor.

An Ingenious Woman's Scheme.

A reporter for the Oklahoma Daily Capital, published at Guthrie, met Hon. J. V. Admire, receiver of the land office of the western district of Oklahoma at Kingfisher, and had the satisfaction of a few moment's conversation with him.

"By the way, how's the baby?" inquired the reporter.

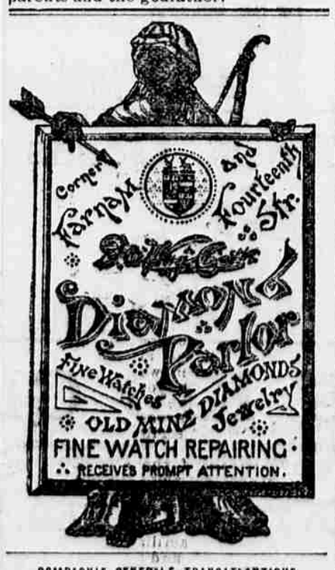
Now everybody knows who "the baby" is, for the news of the advent on Oklahom asoil and of the franchise for naming it, to Mr. Admire, has been telgraphed all over the United States, and of course there is some anxiety as to its health. Mr. Admire was able to give the latest news concerning Oklahoma's infant, and very ready to do so, for he looks upon it almost as if it were his own. He said there had been a good many erroneous statements in regard to the boy, which he would like to correct.

In the ffrst place the baby's mother is a Kansas girl. She was born in that state twenty years ago, and was raised at Fredonia, where she was married a year ago next June, her husband's name being Lewis. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were two of the 10,000 people attacked by the Oklahoma fever last week. They waited with the throng that gathered on the borders of the promised land and joined in the mad race across the country to Kingfisher, April 22. This was on Monday. They succeeded in getting a lot, which was about all they had until 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, when they found themselves in possession of a boy, the first child born in the newly opened territory. The event was looked upon as a very important one, and was forthwith wired to the world.

When Receiver Admire heard of it he lost no time in going to see the youthful home-seeker. He found the mother lying in a wagon bed, without cover or protection from the elements. That night he took his own tent and spread it right above the wagon bed, while he slept soundly with the stars for company. There was in the population of the town one day an old woman who was in some way connected with the G. A. R. and the facts coming to her ears, she at once started around to take up a collection for the benefit of the "child of the settlement." She succeeded in getting about $17, and this sum she took to Mr. Admire, desiring to put the funds in the care of the government's own representative. He offered to add $5 to the sum on condition that he be permitted to name the boy. This proved an inspiraction to the woman, and she promptly declined the offer, saying that she would auction off the privilege on Wednesday night.

The news was circulated throughout the camp next day and took precedence in point of interest above all else. When evening came a thousand men assembled to bid on the baby's name and there was for the time more excitement over the prospective contest than there was over corner lots in Kingfisher. There were some who had money to spare and the bidding was lively from the start. Mr. Admire sent two or three agents into the crowd to bid for him, knowing that if he bid himself they would run the price up on him to more than the profits of the office of receiver came to. After a spirited contest one of the agents had the satisfaction of securing the prize at a cost of $52, which was paid over for the boy's benefit.

The crowd insisted that Mr. Admire name the child on the spot, but he declined, promising, however, that it should have an "Admire-able" name. He postponed the christening until the mother should be well enough to take part in it, and it will probably come off in a few days. Meantime he went up home, and soon had Mrs. Admire as enthusiastic over his protege as himself, and he declares he would not take $500 for his interest. His wife gathered a large quantity of supplies, the nature of which parents can surmise without description, packed a valise full of soft flannels and other cunning goods, and Mr. Admire returned to Kingfisher loaded, not for bear, but for baby. Mrs. A's maiden name was Lewis, which by a coincidence is the baby's family name, though they are not related by ties of consanguinity. It is believed that the name of Oklahoma's first born will be "Admire Lewis," which would be a very happy compromise and would divide honors equally between the defacto parents and the godfather.



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OMAHA

Medical and Surgical Institute,

N. W. Cor. 13th and Dodge Sts., Omaha, Neb.

THE LARGEST MEDICAL INSTITUTE IN THE WEST

FOR THE TREATMENT OF ALL

Chronic and Surgical Diseases and Diseases of the Eye and Ear.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO DEFORMITIES, DISEASES OF WOMEN, DISEASES OF THE URINARY AND SEXUAL ORGANS, PRIVATE DISEASES, DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, LUNG AND THROAT DISEASES, SURGICAL OPERATIONS, EPILEPSY OR FITS, PILES, CANCERS, TUMORS, Etc.

J. W. McMENAMY, M. D., President,

And Consulting Physician and Surgeon.

Organized with a full staff of Skilled Physicians, Surgeons and Trained Nurses.

This establishment is a permanent medical institution, conducted by thoroughly educated physicians and surgeons of acknowledged skill and experience. The Institute buildings, situated on the northwest corner of Thirteenth and Dodge streets, is composed of two large three-story brick buidings of over ninety rooms, containing our Medical, Surgical and Consultation Rooms, Drug Store, Laboratory, Offices, Manufactory of Surgical Appliances and braces, and the Boarding Department for Patients, in charge of competent persons, constituting the largest and the most thoroughly equipped Medical and Surgical Establishment in the West, one of the three largest in the United States, and second to none.

We have superior advantages and facilities for treating diseases, performing surgical operations, boarding and nursing patients, which, combined with our acknowledged ability, experience, responsibility and reputation, should make the Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute the first choice.

You can come direct to the Institute, day or night, as we have hotel accommodations as good and as cheap as any in the city.

We make this explanation for the benefit of persons who may feel inclined to go further east for medical or surgical treatment and do not appreciate the fact that Omaha possesses the largest and most complete Medical and Surgical Institute west of New York, with a capital of over $100,000.

DEFORMITIES OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Best Facilities, Apparatus and Remedies for Successful Treatment of every form of Disease requiring MEDICAL or SURGICAL TREATMENT.

In this department we are especially successful. Our claims of superiority over all others are based upon the fact that this is the only medical establishment manufacturing surgical braces and appliances for each individual case. We have three skilled instrument makers in our employ, with improved machinery, and have all the latest inventions, as well as our own patents and improvements, the result of twenty years' experience.

ELECTRICAL TREATMENT.

The treatment of diseases by electricity has undergone great changes within the past few years, and electricity is now acknowledged by all schools of medicine as the great remedy in all chronic, special and nerve diseases, for nervous debility, paralysis, rheumatism, diseases of women, etc., and in many eye and ear diseases it is the most valuable of all remedies.

In order to obtain its full virtues, it is absolutely necessary to have the proper apparatus. We have lately purchased three of the largest and most complete batteries manufactured, so constructed as to give the most gentle as well as the most powerful current. Persons treated at this Institute by electricity recognize at once the difference between our expensive and complete electrical apparatus and the common, cheap batteries, in use by many physicians. Over 3,000 dollars invested in electrical apparatus.

PRIVATE, SPECIAL, NERVOUS AND BLOOD DISEASES.

We claim to be the only reliable, responsible establishment in the west making a specialty of this class of diseases. Dr. McMenamy was one of the first thoroughly educated physicians to make a special study of this class of diseases, and his methods and inventions have been adopted by specialists in Europe and America. He is the inventor of the Clamp Compress Suspensory, acknowledged the best in use. All others are copied after his invention. By means of a simple operation, painless and safe, recently brought into use, we cure many cases that have been given up as incurable by medical treatment. (*Read our book to men, sent free to any address.*)

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

We have had wonderful success in this department in the past year, and have made many improvements in our facilities for treatment, operations, artificial eyes, etc.

We have greatly improved our facilities and methods of treating cases by correspondence, and are having better success in this department than ever before.

We are fully up to the times in all the latest inventions in medical and surgical operations, appliances and instruments. Our institution is open for investigation to any persons, patients or physicians. We invite all to correspond with or visit us before taking treatment elsewhere, believing that a visit or consultation will convince any intelligent person that it is to their advantage to place themselves under our care.

Since this advertisement first appeared, many boasting pretenders and frauds have come and gone and many more will come and go, remembered only by their unfortunate and foolish victims.

"*A wise man investigates first and decides afterwards,*
A fool decides first, then investigates."

The Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute is indorsed by the people and the press. More capital invested, more skilled physicians employed, more modern appliances, instruments and apparatus in use, more cases treated and cured, more successful surgical operations performed, than in all other medical establishments in the West combined.

144 PAGE BOOK (Illustrated)

SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS (SEALED).

CONTENTS:

Part First—History, Success and Advantages of the Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute.
Part Second—CHRONIC DISEASES of the Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, Piles, Cancer, Catarrh, Epilepsy, Rheumatism, Inhalation, Tape Worm, Electricity, New Remedies, etc.
Part Third—DEFORMITIES, Curvature of the Spine, Club Foot, Hip Diseases, Paralysis, Wry Neck, Bow Legs, Hare Lip, Surgical Operations.
Part Fourth—DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR, Diseases of the Nerves, Cataract, Strabismus or Cross Eyes, Pterygium, Granulated Eye Lids, Inversion of the Lids, Artificial Eyes, etc.
Part Fifth—DISEASES OF WOMEN, Leucorrhœa, Ulceration, Displacements, Prolapsus, Flexions and Versions, Tumors, Lacerations and Cancer of the Womb.
Part Sixth—DISEASES OF MEN, Private, Special and Nervous Diseases, Spermatorrhœa (Seminal Weakness), Impotency, Varicocele, Stricture, Gleet, Syphilis, and all diseases of the Genito Urinary Organs.

DISEASES OF WOMEN A SPECIALTY. WE HAVE LATELY ADDED A LYING-IN DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN DURING CONFINEMENT. (Strictly Private).

Only Reliable Medical Institute Making a Specialty of PRIVATE DISEASES.

All Blood Diseases successfully treated. Syphilitic Poison removed from the system without mercury. New Restorative Treatment for Loss of Vital Power. Patients unable to visit us may be treated at home by correspondence. All communications confidential. Medicines or instruments sent by mail or express securely packed, no marks to indicate contents or sender. One Personal interview preferred. Call and consult us or send history of your case, and we will send in plain wrapper, our BOOK TO MEN, FREE: Upon Private, Special or Nervous Diseases, Impotency, Syphilis, Gleet and Varicocele, with question list. Address,

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