THE CITY OF THE HOLY FAITH

Legends and Sights of Santa Fe, the Ancient.

THE CUSTODIAN OF THE PALACE.

A Quaint Old Yankee Among Spanish Documents of Centuries Past -Romantic History and Curious Tradition.

Scenes in Santa Fe. SANTA FE, N. M., June 12.-[Special to THE BEE. |- Santa Fe, city of the Holy Faith, oldest town in the president's domain and quaintest of them all, what a storehouse of antiquities for a sightseer. In the winter the tide of California travel naturally seeks the southern channel in its ebb and flow between the snow bound east and the sun kissed slope. This city of the Spaniard and the Pueblo and the American is a little aside from the through route, and many pass it by. Others stop in their flight from pneumonia long enough to say they "have seen Santa Fe," but they flit hither and hence again, and it is doubtful if many of them get half what the place offers them for their money. Its history is romance, but the traveling American has little time or place for that sort of thing, except it be set down in the guide book, that blessed fount and inspiration for letter and tale. The city of the Holy Faith is full of

THE STRANGE AND THE ANTIQUE, THE STRANGE AND THE ANTIQUE, and the traveler whose sojourn there is yet a dream awaiting fulfillment, as well as many who have "seen" it, will be interested in a brief account of some of its sights and legends. One of the quaintest things in the old odd town is the custodian of the palace, that pile of mud which has been the central figure in three centuries of history. Although it can hardly be said of him that he has grown up with the town, he is of a vergrown up with the town, he is of a verity one of the "oldest inhabitants" among the Americans, having been a resident for thirty or forty years. Shaggy of head, ragged of beard and carcless of attire, he is a relic among the relics, a fit custodian of his kind. He has charge of such archives as come down from the Spanish conquerors, Mexican generals and American governors who have ruled the city in centuries now dead, and with true Yankee inqusitiveness, he spent years in learning Spanish and poring over the ancient documents. The old man is a mine of curious lore, and he has that easy loquacity which is so delightful in a man with a loquacity which is so de-lightful in a man with a hobby—if the listener happens to be interested in that particular hobby. Show an interest in the palace, its his-Show an interest in the palace, its history or its contents, display a becoming deference to the old man's wisdom and importance, and the floodgates of his knowledge are open to you. He will talk familiarly of forgotten Spaniards with unpronouncable names, of wars of rebellion and wars of subjugation, of rebellion and wars of subjugation, of muchles and done and playes and in his pueblos and dons and plazas, and in his narration some of these obscure events acquire an importance second only to the discovery of America. Probably the only reason they are second is becould not have had existence. In his enthusiasm he may take the appreciative visitor into one of the

"LEGISLATIVE HALLS." It is a stuffy little room in dust-covered confusion, and might be mistaken for a descrited country school house. A dozen or two of cheap desks and chairs eattered helter skelter. The desk of the presiding genius stands awry on its dais. The intruders leave footprints as sharp as though treading in snow. The room is bare and ugly and uninviting, but there are stacks of documents piled haphazing of footprints are started. zard on floor or furniture, and in them are bundles of human interest. Years ago an ignorant vandal, an American governor be it confessed in shame, undertook to rid the palace of its precious stores by selling some for paper rags and making a bonfire of others, but enough remain to satisfy the average tourist's appetite for documentary antiquities.

Give the old custodian a bit of encouragement and he will launch forth in a dissertation upon the curious papers scattered about. It is enough to glance inquiringly at one of

THE OLD PARCHMENTS.

If your curiosity prompt you to dig down through the dust of a dish-like spot that stands out in relief you will unearth, literally, a big wax seal that will set your guide's garrulous tongue wagging with the deeds of some old don or fighter, forgotten by all the world but this doting biblomaniac, and from different documents he may have gathered enough about the ancient buccaneer to make a fascinating history.

The old man can tell an interesting

story on the subject of rubricas alone. A rubrica is a distinguishing mark that the Spanish official attached to his signature—a trade mark, as it were— to prove its genuiness. The custodian will pick up a document with a signature having beneath it a flourish like ag elongated figure 8. Another ends ay elongated figure 8. Another ends with a spiral flourish, and a third has curly-cues on top, and here the guide will explain a rule or law of the olden will explain a rule or law of the olden times among the Spaniards of America. An official document, to be genuine and of force, had to be signed with the rubrica of the person promulgating the paper. While an official order signed with a name only was a doubtful authority, a document bearing only the rubrica of the official was just as binding as though it had both name and rubrica. If the visitor want a flavor of If the visitor want a flavor of Spain and of Mexico he should not fail to invoke the willing guidance of the yankee custodian, if, happily, he be yet in charge of the palace.

The principal points of interest in Santa Fe are so closely linked with the history of the place that its story is worth telling. It need not be a regulation history—a tedious unremember-able list of dates and rulers, of wars and reprisals, of politics and statistics—but just a touch and go sketch of those lead-ing facts which throw a flood of interest

HISTORIC PLACES IN THE CITY. Among the latter are the palace, San Miguel church, the cathedral, the plaza and the pueblo, never excepting, of course, the strange people, their abodes and their customs.

It is an odd coincidence that St. Augustine and Santa Fe, so widely different and so far apart, should have been settled by Spaniards about the some time; but the patriotic resident of the western town not only claims the oldest city in the United States, but the oldest house and the oldest church. He insists that that part of the old In-dian Pueblo which still remains is at least 350 years old, and that San Miguel, though several times partially de-stroyed, also dates back nearly three and a half conturies. But this is antici-

when Cortez and his maurauders conquered Mexico, they found many trinkets of gold and silver among the

natives, who said they came from the north, and told dazzling stories of the richness of the mines of that region. Those old Spanish invaders were not Those old Spanish invaders were not fighting for glory. Nor did they come to America for their health. They were after gold, always gold, and they didn't seem to mind a thousand mile walk to seek it. First among the European explorers of the north was Nunez. He was followed by Espejo ("Looking Glass," a family name), Coronado ("The Crowned"), Cabeza de Vaca ("Cow's Head"), and others.

AN INDIAN LEGEND. Judge Savage, of Omaha, has related in a paper before the Nebraska State Historical society one of the traditions of that time. According to that legend an Indian came to Coronado with a tale of a country far to the northward ruled by a mighty monarch named Tartarax, who lived in marvelous splendor. The Indian said that gold was so common as to be used for cooking utensils, and the warriors of the northern king wore hel-mets and bore shields made of the precious metal. Fired by the tale of golden splendor. Coronado collected a band of 300 men and marched across the sandy plains of New Mexico and the prairies of Kansas in search of the king-dom of gold. Of course he failed to find Tartarax, but the judge has it that he planted a cross somewhere on the banks of the Platte in Nebraska and took posof the Platte in Nebraska and took pos-session of the country in the name of Spain. Other traditions lay Coronado's course farther to the west, and it is likely he went as far north as Colorado Springs. Scattered through New Mexico he found Indians or Aztecs or Tilters or Pueblos, living in houses (ad-o-bes) clustered in villages (Pu-eb-los). At the point new known as Santa (ad-o-bes) clustered in villages (Pu-eblos). At the point new known as Santa
Fe he found a big pueblo built on both
banks of a considerable stream for that
country. They were a peaceful people
and engaged in farming of a rude sort.
The date of this event is placed at 1540,
nearly seventy-five years before the
first English settlement at Jamestown.
Coronado found little or no gold, but
on his return to Mexico his story of
populous towns fired the zeal of the
catholic friars, those heralds of civiliza-

catholic friars, those heralds of civilization in Spanish America, and they made their way northward to convert the heathen to the true faith. Here begins a

TALE OF ATROCITY common to all Spanish conquests in America. The priests were followed by an army of free booters, with a cross in one hand and a sword in the other. The

natives were generously
ALLOWED TO TAKE THEIR CHOICE. After capturing the pueblo within the limits of what is now known as Santa Fe, the invaders reduced the Indians of the surrounding country to abject slavery and turned their souls over to the care of the friars. The natives were driven before the lash to till the fields, work the mines and carry water. Tradition tells of atrocities cruel as those of ancient Egypt and barbarous Assynia. But the red peons were not submissive, and their masters had to fight frequently to maintain their supremacy. There were many rebellions, but none had more than a transcient suc-cess until 1680. The Spaniards were driven from Santa Fe and kept out

twelve years.

Then followed one of the pathetic and remarkable incidents of American history. Grievous wrongs and bitter hatred led to the expulsion of the cruel invaders, but the natives resorted to a simple, though extreme measure, in the hope of diverting the cupidity of the Spaniards. The Indians filled up the mines, carefully covered up all traces of them and threatened death to any of their number who should reveal their locations to the white man.

THE PATHOS OF THIS HATE and desperation is worthy passing con-templation. Thus ended Spanish min-ing in New Mexico. Not only did the drift and accumulations of twelve years effectually hide many traces, but there seems to have been some sort of agreement on the return of the Spaniards to power that they should not reopen the mines. Of late years the enterprising American has been searching for the last diggings with some success.

From 1693 up to the American occu-pation in 1846, a long line of Spanish and Mexican governors, each supported by a little band of fellow countrymen, lorded it over the land of the Pueblos. It was a rebellious people, however, who frequently kicked against the pricks of the oppressor, and even as late as 1837 the Indians KICKED SPANISH HEADS ABOUT THE

STREETS of Santa Fe like footballs. The first yankee to visit the city of the Holy Faith was a fur trader, who struggled in about 1800. Five or six year's later Lieutenant Pike, he of Pike's Peak renown, startled the hidalgos by an unexpected visit at the head of sempents. pected visit at the head of a company of Americans. But Pike was exploring, and not on hostility bent. Santa Fe in 1846, at the outbreak of the war with Mexico, when General Kearney marched overland with 1,600 men and took posession of the old town. So much for history.

The Wave of Death. Grace S. Burgess, in Chicago Times. Down in a moment's breath, Down with its terrible death, Came the wave, Powerfully sweeping,

Mercilessly reaping, For the grave. Down, and the land lay swept;
Silent of horror crept
All the way
'Till pain sent her crying
From the anguished, dying
With the day.

Down, and thousands, thousands gone,
Flower of life and aged one,
Gray and gold,
Shepherd still, lamb unguarded,
Friend and foe together warded,
On it relied.

Poor, dear faces all upturned, Bruised and swollen and burned, Mute and chill; There is no dreaming, No love-light beaming, Joy nor ill.

Quiet, quiet in rost As if coffin-dressed, Dead to fear. Oh, souls in your flitting, In that sudden quitting Bondage here. Did the light voices call

Low and soft, one and all Without flight! Is it glad eternity Or a sad eternity! Day or night?

The Fastest Trains in the Worls. "The fastest regular express trains in the United States," said an eminent railroad may to a Philadelphia Press reporter, "are now in transit daily be-tween Philadelphia and Washington. They run of an average speed of nearly forty-five miles an hour covering the en-tire run. Of course a part of the dis-tance is made at a much higher rate of speed-not less than sixty-five miles an

"Are there any regular express trains in the world that make faster time?"
"Yes, on two of the English roads this record is equated and surpassed over long distances."

"Will American locomotives ever at-tain a speed of 100 miles an hour?" "Not until the locomotives, cars, and tracks are built differently. There is no comfort, not to speak of safety, in traveling faster than sixty miles an hour."

IRVING'S TRIPE AND ONIONS.

A Bit of Realism Not Seen on the Stage.

DR. TALMAGE AND HIS BANJO.

How the Great Preacher Entertained a Reporter Who Called on Him-Greeley and the Farmer-Coolness in Danger.

Current Anecdotes.

Congressman Houk, of Tennessee, is wearing a new suit of clothes, says a Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. The mere statement of this fact will not, probably, strike the people who have not the pleasure of Judge Houk's acquaintance as one of much importance or significance. But Hook's everyday friends know better, and unless they have seen him lately they will hardly credit the news. The truth is that he is a man so careless in his attire and so indifferent to his personal appearance that a single new outward garment is an event in Houk's life; the donning of an entire new suit at once marks an epoch. It came about in this wise: The judge was walking in Pennsylvania avenue recently with a couple of western friends, when he was accosted by a tramp whose raiment might have been fashionable and new on the day of Jackson's first inaugura-

"Scuse me, may I interrupt you for a moment? Will you give me the price of

Houk promptly replied: "I am sorry, boss, but I can't help you. I've just been trying to get the price of a meal from these gentlemen. I haven' had a mouthful of victuals to-day."

"Well, I say, pard, you look it," re sponded the tramp, as he sidled up to the congressman and looked him over. "Here's a quarter; you are worse off than I am."

Judge Houk declined the proffered charity, but he suddenly decided that if his appearance was such as to excite the commiseration and benevolence of a Washington tramp it was time for him to visit a tailor, and he lost no time in doing so. I don't vouch for this story, but "they say" that Houk tells it on himself, and if so it's true, for the sturdy East Tennesseean is as truthful as he is both wise and witty.

An old duchess on one occasion re-quested Dr. Abernethy to pay a profes-sional visit to her house. The doctor went as requested and was introduced into the drawing-room, where the duchess, with tears in her eyes, showed him an ugly little monkey, apparently in great agony, lying on elegant cushions and almost buried in lovely laces. The doctor felt thoroughly disgusted at being called upon to act as a monkey' doctor. He felt the monkey's pulse in silence, examined it with attention and soon recognized the nature of its illness; then, perceiving the lady's grand-son in a corner of the drawing-room rolling abouton the carpet, he advanced toward the child, examined him also, felt his pulse, and, returning to the duchess, said to her in a grave manner: "Madam, your two sons are suffering from indigestion. By drunking tea and living on a plain diet they will soon recover." And, bowing profoundly to the stupetled duchess, the doctor retired, avenged.

A descendant of General Artemas Ward of revolutionary fame says: "Many people thought the genial humorist, Artemus Ward, was a member of our family. He was not. As the assumption of the name of the old general annoyed us we spoke to the humorist about it and he said: 'When I took the name I did not know the general,' and then, when told that he was one of the revolutionary generals, he said: 'Well, that's the first I knew of it; youthful education sadly neglected; but see here, I'll do the best thing I can for the old hero. I can't very well change my name now, but I'll put in a u in the name Artemas and drop the a.' "

On the birthday of Napoleon Charles. son of Louis Napoleon and Charles, and a child whom the-Emperor Napoleon meant to make his heir, he and his mother were seated at a window in the palace which opened upon the grand avenue. A heavy shower had fallen, and the avenue was full of pools of water. A group of barefooted children were out there in the water and playing with little chip boats. The young prince, richly dressed, in a splendid hall, and surrounded by his elegant and costly birthday presents, turned carelessly away from his toys and watched the children with eager interest. "So then, my son," said his mother.

"you are not grateful for your presents." "Oh, yes," replied the young prince,

"but I am so used to toys. Look at those little boys, mamma." "Do you wish for money to give them?"

"Papa gave me enough this morning," Well, what ails you, my child? What

do you want?"
"Oh," said the young prince, hesitatingly; "I know you won't let me, but if I could go out and play in those beautiful puddles, it would amuse me a hundred times more than all my elegant toys. Oh, please let me go."

So the real enjoyments are not always the most costly, and poor children en-joy liberties unknown to some rich

A desire to see more closely the man who has given us such pleasure in natural and excusable. So much may be urged in excuse for the numbers that often besiege the stage door of the Lyceum. says W. P. Frith in his autobiography, their object being a nearer sight and peahaps a word with the hero or neroine of the evening.

"Oh, Miss Terry, it is so kind of you to speak to us! We do admire you so! We have been waiting so long! When do you think Mr. Irving is likely to leave the theater?"

"That is more than 1 can say. I don't think he has begun his supper yet." "Oh, do tell us what he has for supper," said a shrill voice.
"Well," said the naughty Miss Terry.

gravely, "let me see. To-night-well to-night, I think it is tripe and onions."
Tripe and onions! Charles I, after
his pathetic parting with his children—
when the tears chased each other down his face-eating tripe and onions!

Apropros of Horace Greeley's influence in the west a correspondent of the Tribune tells this story: In Aberdeen I ran across an old mar

who glories in an experience with Mr. Greeley, to the story of which every one who meets him is expected to listen. He was an Iowa pioneer. He had lived in New England, and once he heard Mr. Greeley lecture on the west. That settled him. He took a homestead in Iowa, near a little town which he in Iowa, near a little town which he soon came to look upon as the best and grandest spot on the footstool. While visiting New York afterwards he thought he would call on Mr. Greeley

and tell thim about "Kolly Pint." "So I went to the Tribune buildin'," he says, "an' wen it come my turn I went inter the mem where Mr. Greeley was. I guess the man that was in the room before me flust have riled him some, for he looked mad, an' jest give me a nod as much as ter say, 'speak quick!' So I sailed in. I tole him he was the means o' my goin' west, and I'd settled at 'Kolly P'unt, an' it was the finest place in the country, an' he orter put a piece in the paper sayin' so.

"'Les' see, 'sez'e, 'aint that the town where ning then was kilt by a desperado a little while ergo?'

"Well they had been a little kinder squabble there on account of a cowpuncher ridin' aroun' town shootin' people, an' I s'pose they was somebody get hurt. So I sez: 'Yes, that's the town,' and he gave a grunt. I see then thet I had ter 'polergize for the cowpuncher, so I sez, sez I: 'Kolly P'int iz a splendid place, Mr. Greeley. It has the finest soil, the finest air, you ever see. It don't need nothin' in the worl' 'ceppen' a little good serciety an' a little rain.'

'ceppen' a little good serciety an' a lit-"'Hump!' sez'e, 'that's all hell

Horace Vernet, the artist, was going from Versailles to Paris by railway. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him minute ly and commented freely on his martial bearing, his hale old age, the style of his dress, etc. They continued their annoyance until finally the painter de-termined to put on end to the persecution. As the train passed through the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed

by a man in the dark.

Presently they arrived in Paris, and
Vernet on leaving them said: "Ladies,
I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, which of these two ladies was it
that kissed me?"

When Charles Dudley Warner, says the March Book Buyer, was the editor of the Hartford (Conn.) Press, back in the "sixties," arousing the patriotism of the state with his vigorous appeals. one of the type-setters came in from the composing-room and, planting him-self before the editor, said: "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility, Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad

replied encouragingly that he was glad to see the man felt the call of duty.

"Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor; "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your blanked copy." Thus we see not only that men had different motives for going to the war, but also that one's unconscious influence is sentimes. unconscious influence is sometimes stronger than his formal effort. We also get an idea of Mr. Warner's handwriting rather different from that suggested by his autograph. The fact is that he is such a quick and nervous writer that it is not possible for his pen to take a lagible course and keep up with the flow of his ideas, and so long as there is no war for the compositors to flee to, the world is enabled eventually to read what he has written.

The late centenarian, M. Chevreul, although one of the patrons of photography, refused during the greater part of his longlife to have his picture taken. Not until 1883, when in his ninetyseventh year, did he overcome this antipathy. It happened, as he wrote a friend, in the following manner: "I entered the carriage to go to the institute, when a gentleman in the politest manner possible addressed me: 'Monsieur Chevreul, you can do me the greatest service.' I replied that I was in a great hurry, but he persisted and begged permission to accompany me in my carriage. I acceded to his request. He had scarcely taken his place at my side, however, when he said: 'Monsieur Chevreul, you can be my fortune or my ruin. I am a photographer.' I trem-bled, but he added: 'The emperor of Brazil (you know Dom Pedro, who is a true savant and who decorated me with the Order of the Rose), wishes to have your photograph, and if I succed in obtaining your permission my future is assured.' I could not resist him, and in the name of Dom Pedro accompanied the photographer to his studio.

Lord William Lennox in his "Recollections" tells a story of the coolness of the duke of Wellington. The French, with a fresh force double that of the duke, were closing in upon his jaded troops one stormy night in Spain.
Wellington completed his preparations, and then turning to a scout asked: "How long will it be before they can reach us?"

"Half an hour," was the reply. "Then I can go to sleep," he said, and wrapping his cloak about him he dropped where he stood in the muddy trench and in an instant was asleep. He woke when the bugles of the enemy sounded in his ears.

Napoleon, his soldiers were accustomed to declare, not only slept soundly when under fire, but even when riding on horseback. General Grant also had the same

faculty of falling instantly asleep even in the face of danger. This singular physical trait is not more a proof of courage than a cause for it. The brain in these brief moments of sleep finds new vitality and wakens ready for the conflict again.

A story is told of a famous English admiral, Sir Sydney Smith, whose ship, the Antelope, in a terrible storm in the North sea was driven among the rocks. Sir Sydney summoned his offi-

cers to the cabin. "Gentlemen, you know our condition. We are driving on to the breakers. I acknowledge that I can do nothing more. If any of you can make a suggestion now is the time.

There was unbroken silence.
"Then there is nothing to be done but to await our fate." He touched the bell. 'Pierre, bring up the coffee."
A story came from Switzerland a year ago of a mountain guide, whose name was not preserved. He, with two others, was leading a party over one of the most precipitous passes of the higher Alps. The men, as is usual, were tied to each other by a long rope.

As they scaled the wall of ice they slipped on the edge of a frightful chasm.

This man was lat the end of the rope. Without his weight there was a chance for the others to regain their footing; with it there was none.

He cast a glance down at the dark abyss, filled with fathomless snows, then drew his knife from his belt, saying "Tell mother how it was, Jose."

He cut the rope and fell, never to be seen of mortal man again.

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They Drugged Each Other. A prominent citizen of Parsons, Kas., determined to sup with a party of friends against the will of his wife. He was resolved that he would, and she that he should not go. His friends missed him and just for fun invaded his

residence, where they found him and bis wife sitting in their chairs fast asleep. He had given her an opiate that he might slip away, and she had given him one that he might not.

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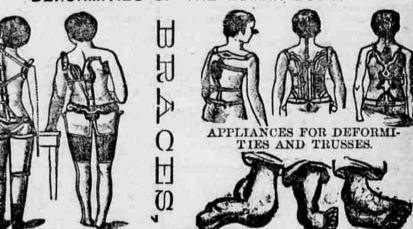
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We make this explanation for the benefit of persons who may feel inclined to go further east for medical or surgical treatment and do not appreciate the fact that Omaha possesses the largest and most complete Medical and Surgical Institute west of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

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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. 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 diseas

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 8,000 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 facili-ties 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 them

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 indoesed 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).

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DISEASES OF WOMEN A SPECIALTY. WE HAVE LATELY FOR WOMEN DURING CONFINEMENT. (Strictly Private).

Only Reliable Medical Institute Making a Specialty of PRIVATE DISEASES.

All Blood Diseases successfully treated. Syphillide Poison removed from the system without moreury. New Restorative Treatment for Loss of Vital Power. Patients unable to visit us may be treated at home by correspondence. All communications confidential. Reddines or insignments sent by mail or express securely packed, no marks to indicate contents on sender. One general interview preferred. Call and consult us or send history of your case, and we will send in plain wrapper, our BOOK TO MEN, FIREE: Upon Private. Special or Nervous Diseases, Impotency, Syphilis, Gioct and Varioccele, with question list. Address. OMAHA MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.