THE YELLOW DRAWING ROOM.

Mona Caird in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

I approach this episode in my life which presents itself to my memory thus entitled with dislike mingled with fascination. I hate the whole subject, but I can't leave it alone. Those accursed three weeks spent under the same roof with Vanora Hayden seem to have deprived me of myself, unhinged me, destroyed the balance of my character. I feel as if I might perhaps throw off this absurd spell by calmly smoothing out the ruffled memories and studying them scientifically.

Vanora's aunt, Miss Clementina Thorne, was a nice, appreciative old maiden lady, who thought me the most estimable and charming of men. I had long regarded her with warm affection tempered only with a mild resentment of her perpetual attempts to get me married. In her pressing invitation to come once more to Fairfield, where the fresh air would be so good for me after my dusty and dingy office, I read at sight that another matrimonial scheme was fermenting in that most hymeneal brain. I know that this time she had destined me for one of her own nieces, as she mentioned that they had no visitors at present, and that Vanora would be at home. Though I had hovered about Clara with vague admiration for over a year, her aunt mentioned in her much underlined epistle that her brother-in-law, since his dear wife's death, had let the girls have too much of their own way, and that Vanora (who had received permission to decorate and furnish the drawing room at Fairfield exactly as she pleased) had unworthily employed her liberty by producing a room of brilliant yellow.

I had a prejudice against Vanora, and this last freak made me think none the better of her. Evidently she was rather a headstrong and probably affected young person. Every one said that she liked to make herself conspicuous and that you never knew what she was going to do next. I hate that sort of a girl. The true woman is retiring, unobtrusive, indistinguishable even until you come to know her well, and then she is very much like what every other true woman would be under the same conditions. I had pronounced views in these matters.

As for a yellow drawing-room! I felt a sort of scornful amusement in that drawing-room!

I was anxious to see just how far Vanora's mania to be out of the common had carried her in this instance.

Arrived at Fairfield I was at once shown into the notorious drawing-room. It was yellow. The color had been washed out of the very daffodils, which looked green with jealousy; the sunshine was confronted in a spirit of respectful independence, brotherhood being acknowledged, but the principle of equality uncompromisingly asserted.

Miss Thorne sadly shook her head.

"We want my brother-in-law to have the room done over again, Mr. St. Vincent, but he wont hear of it. We did all we could with Vanora—we told her that nobody used such a brilliant color, but she only said that she found nobody, when you come to talk to him seriously, was a person quite open to a reason. Dear Vanora is so quaint."

"Her taste seems to be rather quaint," I said.

Several visitors were passionately admiring the prospect, the pictures, the chairs and tables, anything to protect themselves against a threatening summons to say something about the general coloring. Miss Thorne seems to be piteously endeavoring, by her manners, her attire, her sentiments to atone for that unpardonable drawing room. The sisters also, Mary and Clara, were doing their best in the same direction. But hopeless was their protest. The room was in a glow of golden light; no lady-like antidote, however strong, could lead one to ignore it. It was radiant, bold, unapologetic, unabashed. It was not the room that any ideal woman would have created. My ideal woman would unfailingly choose a nice tone of gray-blue for her drawing-room. My suspicions that Clara Haydon was my ideal woman grew stronger as I watched her quiet English face bent over the tea-tray. I liked the straightforward look of the girl, her blue eyes and fair complexion. If I was to give up my liberty the reins should be handed over to a kind, sensible young woman like Clara, who would hate to make herself remarkable. I think the hot afternoon sun and the unceasing sound of Aunt Clementina's voice must have made me drowsy, for I was thinking mistily what a wonderfully and conspicuously clean girl Clara Haydon was, when the door opened and I found myself floundering (I cannot do more than describe these dreamy impressions) in an ocean of laughter.

I my efforts to keep my head above water, I discovered rather sharply that I had upset my tea, which Clara's exceedingly clean fingers had just poured out for me. This brought me to my senses.

"I appear to be graduating for an idiot asylum," I exclaimed, furious at my clumsiness and stupidity. Vanora laughed in a friendly manner. "We have all been yearning to get rid of this cup," she said, "and we really feel grateful to you for your opportunity."

In the few bewildering moments of apology and assurance, I found myself presented emphatically to Venora, and lightly by indication to a dark and lank young man who followed her into the room. Vanora herself was simply radiant. She had a mass of glistening, golden hair, a color full, varying, emotional, eyes like the sea (I lose my temper when people ask me to describe their color). In figure she was robust, erect, pliant, firmly knit. Though her movements were so swift, there was nothing restless about her. A ground tone of repose sounded up through the surface scintillations. She was vital, not galvanic. That was the revealing word—vital.

In the human color-spectrum she took the place of the yellow ray. This was all out of keeping. According to my doctrines it was even impossible. Women ought to take the place of the blue or violet rays. In my scheme of the universe they always did so, except in the case of distinctly unwomanly women. But this—in spite of offending against every canon I had ever set up—Vanora certainly was not. She supremely, overpoweringly womanly.

The womanhood of her sisters paled before the exuberant feminine quality which I could not but acknowledge in Vanora. Everything was wrong and contradictory. I seemed to be taking part in some comedy of errors, wherein Vanora played a sort of fantastic Columbine, and I—the part of fool, I began grimly to suspect. For already (I shrugged my shoulders at myself in contemptuous despair) I found that I hated the lank young man who had been introduced as Mr. George Inglis, simply and solely because I saw that he was head over ears in love with Vanora, and that she treated him with a sort of indescribable good fellowship, mingled with a peculiar tenderness. (I never saw anything to equal Vanora's tenderness when she was moved that way.)

"I hear, Miss Vanora," I said, "that the credit of this room is entirel yours."

The lank admirer looked round. Vanora glanced at me alertly.

"You have every reason to be proud," I continued, determined not to spare her; "you must have surprised more people than you could easily count, though I have no wish to impugn arithmetic. They will all be grateful to you for a new sensation."

"Forgive me for disagreeing with you," she said. "It is so easy to surprise people; they are all amiable; they keep themselves always prepared for astonishment; they are like a sensitized plate which is ready at a moment's notice to be surprised in a photograph. You come with your dogma or your self-evident fact, or simply with your pot of yellow paint, and, behold, forth spring the various amazements. Oh, no! (thanking you all the same,) I am not proud of having startled a few people whose mission in life is to be startled."

"I raised my eyebrows witheringly. My ideal woman would consider it almost indelicate to play with words in this fantastic fashion. I glanced at my gray-blue goddess. How comfortably certain one felt with her of enjoying conversational repose! Dear Clara! how admirably she carried out one's cherished ideas; she fitted them like a glove. I completely, ardently approved of Clara. To her I rather ostentatiously devoted myself for the rest of the afternoon, but I was furtively watched by her sister

And now I come to the disagreeable and inexplicable part of my broken and absurd episode. I know not to this day why or wherefore, but Verona began to exercise over me the most extraordinary fascination. If there were any other word I would use it, but I cannot find one. I fell into the strangest state of mind. Verona's personality seemed to enwrap me as a garment; she was like some great radiating center of light and warmth; I was penetrated with the glowing atmosphere. I never approved of the girl. I don't believe that I then liked her. I knew that I often hated her, and yet I felt miserable out of her presence. She became a necessity to me.

A feeling of misery which I cannot describe assailed me in her absence; a sick feeling of senseless despair. I used to pace the terrace among the peacocks (the boys impertinently insisted that they were unable on such occasions to distinguish me from the conceited birds); and as I thus worked off some of my restlessness, I used to try and understand what had happened to me.

One morning before breakfast, Vanora came out on to the terrace. Seeing me, she walked straight up to me and said, "Good morning, I think you want to talk to me, don't you?"

I looked at her in despair. If she lived and improved for a thousand years she would never be an ideal woman.

"You disapprove of me," Verona continued calmly. "I wish you would tell me why."

"You really wish me to be frank," I said, stopping and facing her.

"I really do," she replied, offering crumbs of bread to a haughty peacock, who eyed them superciliously.

"Well, then, Miss Hayden, your blood be upon your own head (beautiful was that golden head in the morning light). You seem to have so many qualities and ideas that are not suited to you sex. No doubt I am old-fashioned about those things, but I confess tt at I cannot rejoice when I see our beautiful ideal of womanhood set scornfully at naught."

"No?" said Vanora. "Do go on."

"I scarcely know how to approach a subject of which you do not seem to understand the rudiments," I said severely.

"This interests me," cried Vanora. "I particularly desire to be awakened on this drowsy side of me. I can't bear to be blind and stupid. I want very much to be shown at least the gates of realms that are forbidden to me."

"The sacred realms where woman is queen will soon be forbidden to you if you persistently continue to think and act in disharmony with the feminine nature and genius."

"Do you mean that I shall not marry?" she asked.

"No, I mean that if you do marry you will fail to fulfill your true mission as a wife. You may have a brilliant and remarkable career, but the more brilliant the more complete will be your failure, the more I shall mourn the loss of a real woman from the spheres where she was intended to create and to maintain those sacred ties and sentiments, without which this world would be a howling wildernesss."

Vanora tossed another crumb to the supercilious peacock.

"Do go on," she repeated.

"If women only realized where their true power lay, and how mighty was that power, they would never seek to snatch it in directions where they are inevitably weak, and—if I must say it—inevitably ridiculous."

"All these true feminine proclivities seem to have slept in me," said Vanora. "I was born to be ridiculous. My father never sought to arrange a 'sphere' for me, and in my case instinct seems at fault. At one time I used to make any amount of antimaccassars and sofa cushions, and to this day my sisters do all that can possibly be required of a family as to being lady-like and having nice quiet tastes, and so on, and what is especially satisfactory, they think a baby far more interesting than a grown-up creature with a soul, or even than a child who can think and feel. They are keeping up the feminine traditions admirably. Don't you think it would be a little monotonous if I were to go over exactly the same ground? It seems to me that that ground is getting rather trodden in."

"I am sorry to hear you sneer at our good and charming sisters, and at the true instincts of the sex."

Vanora burst out laughing. "Oh! Mr. St. Vincent, you really are a little stupid sometimes," she said

She turned, and I saw a change come into her face as George Inglis appeared from the wood at the far end of the terrace and walk towards us. That filled me with unaccountable fury. My critical mood which I had maintained with no little difficulty fell off me, and I was swaying as a wind-tossed reed with strange, uncontrollable emotion.

"You don't know what it has cost me to speak to you thus," I said, catching her hand. "You interest me, you—yes, I must say it—you fascinate me, and it distresses me, maddens me to feel myself led away by qualities which ought to repel me—the attraction is morbid and unwholesome. I am angry with myself for even feeling it. Vanora, you must release me."

"Release you," she repeated, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," I replied crazily, "that you must learn to love me and to be a woman in the old sweet sense, for my sake."

"You are very naif," she said, smiling; "you seem just now to me like a nice, egotistical child."

I turned abruptly away. I knew that George Inglis joined her, and that they walked down the terrace together. I suppose I must have been in love with her, yet all the time I seemed to hate her. I longed to make her yield to me, to love me with an up-looking love. I had a burning desire to subdue her. She seemed to evade me and my theories as if she were a creature from another sphere. I cannot describe the irritation of mind which all this caused me. I set about my wooing as if I had been going to fight a duel. To my intense disgust I found that George Inglis had discovered my accursed secret. I chanced to overhear him saying to Miss Thorne, "The contest is a typical one; if one could imagine the eighteenth century as a lover wooing the nineteenth century, that this is the sort of an angular labyrinth in courtship we should have!" I wondered what the chattering fool meant by it!

"She shall love me, and she shall learn, through love, the sweet lesson of womanly submission," I said to myself all the dominating instincts of my manhood roused into activity by this strange and hateful experience. I felt that she was utterly wrong, that she had mistaken her own powers and her own noblest impulses. It was for me, through the might of an overwhelming affection, to set alight the true womanly flame within her heart. I would make her proud of her subordination; I would turn the splendid stream of her powers of affection into the true channel.

After a day or two of love-like devotion, I began to slacken in my pursuit and to transfer my attentions to Clara. Clara became a new creature. Her expression softened, her eyes brightened, but I was too absorbed in my own little drama to consider what part Clara might be likely to play in it. I watched Vanora secretly. She seemed depressed and restless; a woman after the old eternal pattern!—therefore to be won! Dear, erratic, foolish, brilliant Vanora, you shall be brought back safe and sound to your true destiny!

I followed her to the garden, whither I knew she had gone to gather flowers. Very lovely she looked in her white dress, with a bunck of daffodils in her belt.

I plunged headlong. "Vanora, I love you; I want to know my fate."

"Me," she said, with a gasp of astonishment, "I thought it was Clara!"

I clasped her hands, I protested, I told her how my love for her had overwhelmed and shattered me.

"And Clara?" she repeated in dismay.

Did she not understand. It was out of pique to make her jealous—

"When I become jealous of my sisters," said Vanora, "you can come and preach me your doctrines. I shall understand them then."

"Vanora!"

"At present they seem to me like soapbubbles; full of emptiness."

"But you don't understand—"

"True," she returned, "they have never before assailed me in this stiff-backed fashion. I offended against them unconsciously. My father never constrained me in any particular direction because of my sex. He has perhaps spoiled me. I have hitherto had only a joyous sense of drawing in what was outside, and radiating what was within me. When you describe your ideas I seem to see the doors of a dark prison opening out of the sunshine, and strange to say, I feel no divine, unerring instinct prompting me to walk in.

"I offer you onprison but a home," I cried excitedly.

"You would turn all homes into prisons," she returned.

"Prisons whose bars are golden bars of love and duty."

"Yes, you take a woman's love and duty and fashion out of them her prison bars. It is most ingenious. But I don't like even golden bars, Mr. St. Vincent."

"You have evidently not a spark of love for me," I cried passionately.

Her face suddenly changed. "Ah, that's the horrible absurdity of it!" she exclaimed, coloring painfully. "You enthrail one part of me and leave the other scornful and indifferent. We have not one thought in common, but I am miserable when you are absent—stop, don't misunderstand me. Your gods and godessses are to me creatures of no moment; your world of belief seems to me like a realm fashioned out of tissue paper. To live with you would be like living in a tomb; I lack the sense of fresh air. And there is no sunshine within miles of you. Yet when I am not with you there is a sort of ache; your personalty seems to fascinate me—I wish to heaven you had never come here. You have disturbed my happiness, destroyed my delight in life, left me miserably dependent on you; yet to the end of time I should continue to shock and distress and irritate you, and you would stifle, depress and perhaps utterly unhinge me. I wish you would go—to-day, now."

She looked white and distraught. I pleaded like a lunatic, argued, urged; for one supreme moment my arms were round her, and I thought that she would yield. But whether or not she would have yielded I shall never know, for suddenly we both started with dismay. Before us, pausing abruptly as she came round the band of the laurel shrubberies, stood Clara. I shall never forget the look on her face at that moment. It was like that of some gentle animal mortally and wantonly wounded. Without a word Clara turned away, and Vanora and I stood in dismayed and miserable silence.

At last, slowly moving away, Vanora spoke. "I can forgive you the injury you have done to me, but I can never forgive what you have done to Clara."

She passed out of sight.

I left Fairfield immediately, and I heard that Vanora and her sister had gone abroad. I could not find out where they were, nor had I the temerity to think of following them. I knew that Fate had no reprieve for me.

The episode remains in my mind as a haunting, incomprehensible dream. Ponder as I may, I cannot understand what impulses of our nature Vanora and I had power mutually to set at variance; what irresistible attraction we had for one another, combined with what inevitable antipathy. We could never have lived together; I see that now. Yet I think sometimes, when the memory of those ten days returns to torment me, that neither can we live apart. I have never been the same man since I met Vanora. I am neither my former self, complete and comfortable, nor am I thoroughly a new being. I am a sort of abortive creature, striding between two centuries. The spirit of a coming age has brushed me with its wing, but I resent and resist the spirit, and I pluck off the tiny feather which he dropped from those great plowing pinions of his that shadow the firmament of the future.

ROMANCE OF A SAILOR.

Chicago Times: Whetoer afloat or ashore, drunk or sober, the sailor man can always be depended on to distinguish himself in a matter which, for pure and unadulterated idiocy or wildly hilarious deviltry, can not be equaled outside the violent ward of a detention hospital. This is hard on the mariner, in whose life joy and sorrow have much the same effect. It matters not if he had the making of an angel in him beere taking to the sea, or whether he follows sailing one year or thirty, some mysterious and demoralizing influence gets in its work, and the above characteristic at all times nolos good.

It is with a cuaious commingling of pleasure and pain that I recall an incident in the career of my boyhood chum and shipmate, Bob Shivers. We were boys in the same town—Monmouth, Ill.—where we early acquired a reputation which would have landed us in the penitentiary had not we not left town when we did. Bob was one of the roughest and toughest, but at the same time best-hearted fellows that ever trod the deck of a man-of-war till the one great sorrow of his life forged across his bow and hove him to.

We lived in the same block, tortured the same school-marm, hunted, fished and fought together, stole chickens and fruit from the same farmers, attended the same Sunday-school, harrassed the same cats and dogs, read the same books, and when the proper time came we set out together to circumnavigate the globe in quest of pirates without the knowledge or consent of our parents or guardians. We didn't get any pirates worth mentioning, but we got lots of other things equrlly useful.

Among my private collection of curios ie one from which no earthly inducement could tempt me to part, and which I will hold and cherish while life lasts. It is a beautiful, hand-painted India-ink portrait of a light-red ballet girl, with navy-blue legs, standing on one foot while engaged in a prolonged endeavor to kick a hole in etheral space with the other. This picture was committed on my person by a man whom I hired for that purpose, and was the cause of some premeditated agony and bloodshed on my part, followed by robust installments of intermittent remorse. But this feeling faded away in time, and my reward came when I returned and mingled again with my former associates, who followed me arouud town and got off the sidewalk to let me pass.

When we went to sea Bob left a sweetheart behind—Lulu Idell McHaste—a tiny, delicate little maid, with a great wealth of wavy brown hair, large, moist eyes, and a plaintive, piping little voice, which, when it said, "Oh, Bob, now please don't," metaphorically laid that exceedingly tough and tormenting individual prostrate at her feet. Lulu loved Bob, doubtless, for the undeveloped good that was in him, but he wouldn't admit it. He said girls were no good, anyhow, and the night we made our exodus he sneaked away without bidding her good-by; for Bob was a long-headed youth and feared, so he said, that Lulu's confidence would be disastrous to our plans. But we got away all right, to our subsequent sorrow and in strict accordance with the rules laid down for our guidance in the last book we read, a handsomely bound and illustrated work entitled "The Mariner." And in due time we became a couple of handsomely bound and illustrated mariners ourselves—bound by the oath of allegiance for three years on board a United States fight-ship and illustrated with India ink pictures of mermaids, anchors and other works of the same school which captivate the artistic eye of the sailor.

At the beginning of the cruise we occasionally heard from home, but after a while our ship was ordered to the far-off South Pacific, where for eighteen months we cruised among the islands, entirely cut off from all communications with the rest of the world. For at that time there was several bad washouts in the regular mail routes to and from that region. Bob and I were in the same watch, and often when standing on our lonely trick deck, with the ship sailing along under easy canvas in the effulgent love-inspiring rays of a tropical moon, Bob would slop over and tell me how much he loved Lulu idell, and that when his cruise was ended he intended to settle down and marry her. He meant it, too. When we finally struck the coast of South America, at Callao, Peru, the mail bag was sent aboard, and in it was a letter for Bob, which nearly broke his heart. I have forgotten the exact words of the letter, but its substance is still fresh in memory.

It appeared that over a year previous to the date of he letter Lulu's father, who was a widower, had eloped with the wife of our resident horse doctor. The poor woman, it seems, had been driven to desperation; for, in addition to having enjoyed very poor health for some time back, her husband, who was on the road to wealth, insisted on treating her himself. By his philanthropic act the great hearted Mr. McHaste left his daughter Lulu, his only child, without home or protection, and though numerous kind friends and neighbors offered her a home she gently refused all assistance, and, like the high spirited girl she was, determined to shift for herself. She went away to a large city, and after many trials and tribulations obtained a position as cashier in a meat shop. But one day, and before she had drawn her first week's pay, the butcher got into a dispute with an ice man who was full of words. The debate grew somewhat heated and was running along with no apparent advantage gained on either side when the butcher sought to lend emphasis to his remarks by enlisting the services of a large 15 cent soup bone, with an osseous lung on the end of it. The butcher's delivery was powerful but faulty, and the unhappy result of it was that Lulu Idell caught the cold and clammy butt end of the argument on her neck. Her deam of life was o'er.

Poor Lulu Idell McHaste. She had gone out into the wide, wide world in all the glad, winsome beauty of her young womanhood to make or lose a reputation for herself; but alas! Cruel fate and the uncertainties of metropolitan life had decreed otherwise, and she returned to the scenes of her childhood as perishable goods on the front platform of a baggage car. The letter closed with the somewhat disheartening statement that Lulu's remains were lying in a lonely, unmarked grave in an obscure corner of the village burial plot, forgotten alike by friend and foe, and that the butcher was still at large.

The receipt of this doleful epistle dated a remarkable change in Bob's usual happy-go-lucky disposition. He allowed his oath vocabulary to fall into a state of innocuous desuetude—a sure indication that the sailor is affected inwardly somewhere; swore off on poker, paid some of his debts, held himself aloof from our little social gatherings in the forecastle, and lost his appetite, which, when staked against government food, was an unconsidered trifle. He was frequently seen in tears, or, as a grizzled old maintopman feelingly expressed it, "he turned to on his for'ard pumps an' flooded his figger head."

But we respected his grief. When he went ashore, instead of carousing with the boys as had been his wont, he haunted grave-yards wherever he could find one and studied the designs on tombstones. In time, however, he recovered his spirits in a measure, and, though he made a confident of no one, the light of a noble resolve shining in his eyes was apparent to all. For several hours a day for a week or two Bob was closeted in the hold with a sailor who was an adept with India ink and needles. But whatever was being done was kept to themselves.

Well, the three years' cruise came to an end at last. We were paid off, and turning our prows homeward we set sail for Monmouth. On the way Bob was fidgety and absent-minded by turns; evidently had something on his mind which I thought he was several times on the point of unloading, but he held in and reached home with his secret intact. During the ovation which was tendered us by the boys Bob brightened up wonderfully and was apparently his old self again; but one morning he was missing, and my mind was filled with strange forebodings of something, I knew not what.

Along in the afternoon I noticed a steady stream of people straggling off in the direction of the grave-yard, and as they seemed in no hurry to come back I took a trip out that way myself. As I suspected, Bob Shivers was the attraction, and there he was, the center of an amused but orderly crowd, standing placidly drunk at the head of Lulu's grave, wearing on his face a pathetically blended expression, in which love, devotion, determination and defiance struggle for first place, but the contest ended in a draw. He was stripped to the waist, exposing a monument of the broken-shaft style of architecture tatooed on his breast and stomach, and extending from the gunwale of his trousers to his chin.

The monument bore this pathetic inscription in large red and blue letters:

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2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF	500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF	300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000
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100 Prizes of	$500 are	$50,000
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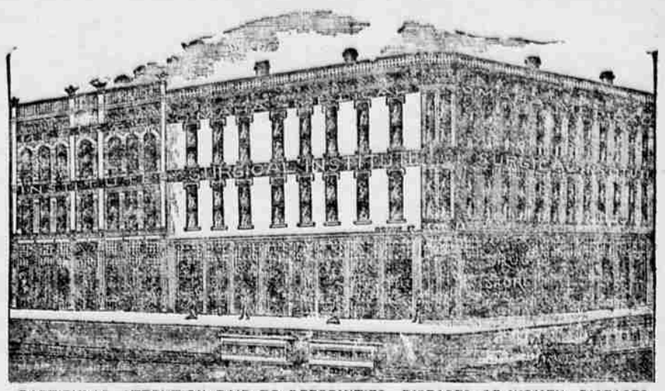
Medical and Surgical Institute,

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.

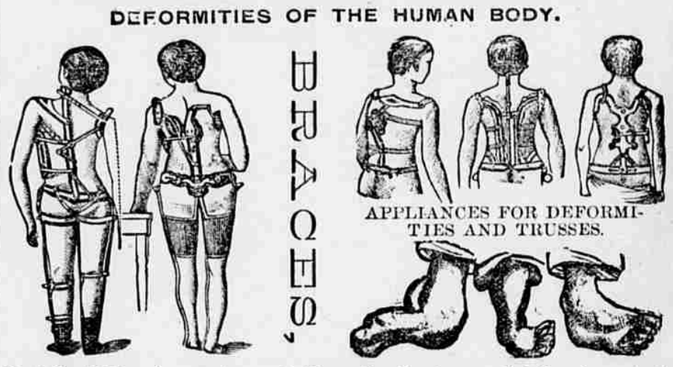
This establishment is a permanent medical institution, conducted by thoroughly educated physicians and surgeons of acknowledged skill and experience. The Institute buidings, situated on the northwest corner of Thirteenth and Dodge streets, is composed of two large three-story brick buidings of over ninety 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.



APPLIANCES FOR DEFORMITIES AND TRUSSES.

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 Feet, 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 3c stamp for a social 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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13th and Dodge Streets, Omaha, Neb