

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1886. For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney disease. My appetite was very poor and the very small amount I did eat disagreed with me. I was annoyed very much from non-retention of urine. I tried many remedies with no success, until I used Brown's Iron Bitters. Since I used that my stomach does not bother me any. My appetite is simply immense. My kidney trouble is no more, and my general health is such that I feel like a new man. After the use of Brown's Iron Bitters for one month, I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. B. SARGENT.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

WANTED.

100,000 POUNDS OF RAGS & METAL. Highest Cash Price paid. Shipments from country will be paid for by return mail. E. MOTZ & CO., 15 1/2-16-17 1119 Douglas Street

FALTY & HOES, Western Agents, Lafayette, Indiana.

THE PATENT REVERSIBLE HEELS

Rubber Boots and Boots and Shoes OF ALL KINDS.

ADD 50 PER CT. To Their

The center pieces are interchangeable and reversible. It prevents the counter from running over, requiring no heel stiffeners. The Agency for these goods in this town has been lost. Others cannot procure them. Call and examine a full line of Leather and Canvas Rubber Boots and Shoes with the leather heels. MRS. M. FETTERSON, Louisville, Mo.

WESTER CORNICIE WORKS!

Iron and Slate Roofing, O. SPEIGHT, Proprietor, 1111 Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.

MANUFACTURER OF GALVANIZED IRON CORNICIES

DORMER WINDOWS, FINIALS, Tin, Iron and Slate Roofing, Speech's Patent Metallic Skylight Patent, Adjusted Raibet Bar and Bracket Shelving. I am the general agent for the above line of goods.

IRON FENICING, Creosoting, Balustrades, Verandas, Iron Bank Railings, Window Blinds, Cellar Guards, also GENERAL AGENT FOR PEARSON & HILL PATENT INSIDE BLIND

COX'S STOMACH BITTERS

CLARK'S BLOOD PURIFIER

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WIRE GREAT BITTERS AND BLOOD PURIFIER

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JEFF DAVIS. A Circumstantial Account of His Surprise and Capture.

Story of the Soldier Who First Laid Hands on Him.

Kaspar Knobel, the first man to lay hands on Jefferson Davis when the latter was a fugitive, after the downfall of the confederate government, now lives in Philadelphia. At the time of the capture Mr. Knobel was a private in the Fourth Michigan Cavalry. His narrative, contributed to The Philadelphia Weekly Times, is as follows:

On the evening of the 7th of May, 1875, the Fourth Michigan regiment, to which I belong, was ordered to start in media nocte, without knowing whether or why. We rode on the whole night, making a short pause to take a lunch. We did likewise the following day, but had in the evening to take refuge from a thunder storm in some woods, where we sought to shield ourselves in the best possible manner against the inclemency of the weather. The next morning, somewhere between 9 and 10 o'clock, we met a vehicle with only three wheels, driven by a colored man. Col. Pritchard bade him halt and answer our questions. He told us he had fallen in with a troop of 'Yankees'—it became evident he did not know the difference between Union and Confederate soldiers—who had taken a wheel from his wagon, probably to prevent him from revealing their flight too quickly, for, as he said, it was a sure thing that they were trying to escape. Such was the story of the negro, and now the reason for our being engaged in this exciting chase flashed in upon us—that we were hunting for no less noble a prey than the beaten leader of the confederacy, on whose head the government had set a large price. Our commander, as a matter of course, took notes of this statement and ascertained the exact place where the meeting had taken place. Then we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness. A harder work than we had yet done was impending. Those who had confidence in themselves and their horses for a further ride of forty or fifty miles were told to announce themselves. One hundred and twenty-eight men did so, among them, and we started. Twelve o'clock at night between the 9th and 10th of May, we arrived at Irwinville, Irwin county, Ga., where Davis, according to all probability, was to be found.

THE CAMP DISCOVERED. In whispered tones we were ordered to distribute ourselves in groups of thirteen in all directions, and be on the lookout for all suspicious persons in the place. The group to which I belonged, after having ridden on for nearly a mile, discovered a camp-fire in a southwestern direction, which was near extinction—a very suspicious circumstance—that made our hearts beat quicker with joyous anticipation. It being, however, very dark, we could do nothing but to wait for the dawn of day. The eastern sky had scarcely reddened before we advanced as noiselessly as possible, and almost stumbled over two tents, whose inmates evidently were yet slumbering, and who thus could be easily surprised. I was foremost in entering one of these tents, and sure enough, I found the fugitive and his family lying there in profound sleep.

Jefferson Davis rested in a gray costume on the left side of the tent. As soon as he was awake and had comprehended the situation he tried, evidently for the purpose of concealment, to cover himself with something, I can not at the time tell exactly what, but the resistance he offered none at all. I then hurried to the other tent, where I found a part of the staff of the Confederate leader. Here, also, perfect quietude reigned, easily explainable by the exertions and excitement incident to their flight. They were surprised to the extent that I tore away a saddle from under the head of one of the sleeping officers and they all surrendered unconditionally, without offering the least resistance.

FIRED UPON BY FRIENDS. Not until the capture of Davis and his associate had been thus accomplished was the signal shot that had been agreed upon the previous day fired, which soon brought Col. Pritchard and his companions to the scene, however, was, to great astonishment, at once responded to by a heavy fire from the neighboring woods, which fire we, of course, answered. By this skirmish we had one young man killed, his heart being pierced by a bullet, and one wounded. Our astonishment increased greatly when we took one of our assailants a prisoner and discovered that he belonged, like ourselves, to the Union army. They formed, in fact, a part of the First Wisconsin cavalry regiment, and had, like ourselves, arrived the evening before in the neighborhood of Irwinville without knowing or having the slightest idea of the presence of Davis, still less of our own. The victims of this fatal encounter were buried with military honors. We had a breakfast, to us, as a matter of course, a very joyous one, in which Jefferson Davis and our other prisoners participated, and then we rode back to headquarters.

THE COMMON STORY. Such is the true history of the capture of Jefferson Davis, and, as every one can see, it suffers materially from the commonly accepted story, not alone in respect to the feminine apparel and the boy's knife, but also in regard to the short encounter between Union soldiers, which furnished, so to speak, the last victims on the altar of the ambition of the Confederate leader. I have a very interesting relic of this affair in my possession. After having entered the tent of Davis and accomplished his capture, a traveling bag was found among what little baggage there was, containing a shirt and three collars, besides children's soiled linen. These naturally became interesting spoils for the soldiers, who distributed them among themselves. One of these collars is still in my possession. The collar which, for good and sufficient reasons, at this time has no very clean look, bears this inscription: "This collar was worn by Jefferson

DAVIS AT THE TIME HE WAS PRISONER OF WAR, MAY 10, 1865, AND WAS TAKEN FROM HIS FUGITIVE HOME BY KASPAR KNOBEL, PRIVATE OF COMPANY A, FOURTH REGIMENT, MICHIGAN CAVALRY, AT IRWINVILLE, IRWIN COUNTY, GA.

HIS LAST COURT.

A Story of the Sternest Judge that Arkansas Ever Had.

Arkansas Traveller. Old Judge Grepon, a justice of the peace, was never known to smile. He came to Arkansas years ago, before "carpet-baggers" began their reckless sway, and year after year, by the will of the voters, he held his place as magistrate. The lawyers who practiced in his court never engaged in levity. Every morning, no matter how the weather might be, the old man took his place behind the bar, which, with his own hands, he had made, and every evening, just at a certain time, he closed his books and went home. No one ever engaged him in private conversation, because he would talk to no one. No one ever went to his home, a little cottage among the trees in the city's outskirts, because he had never shown a disposition to make welcome the visits of those who lived near in the immediate vicinity. His this was not given him through the influence of "electioneering," because he never asked any man for his vote. He was first elected because, having been once summoned in a case of arbitration, he exhibited the executive side of such a legal mind that the people nominated and elected him. He soon gained the name of the "hard justice," and every lawyer in Arkansas referred to his decisions. His rulings were never reversed by the higher courts. He stood upon the platform of a law which he made a study, and no man disputed him.

Several days ago a woman charged with misdemeanor was arraigned before him. "The old man seems more than ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer as the magistrate took his seat. "I don't see how a man so old can stand the vexatious of a court much longer." "I am not well to-day," said the judge, turning to the lawyers, "and any cases that you may have you will please dispel them to the best, and, let me add, quickest of your ability." "Every one saw that the old man was unusually feeble, and no one thought of a scheme to prolong a discussion, for all the lawyers had learned to reverence him. "Who is this woman?" asked the judge. "Who is defending her?" "I have no one, your honor," the woman replied. "In fact, I do not think that I need any, for I am here to confess my guilt. No man can defend me," and she looked at the magistrate with a curious gaze. "I have been arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, and I am willing to submit my case. I am dying of consumption, judge, and I know that any ruling made by the law can have but little effect on me," and she coughed a hollow, hacking cough and drew around her an old black shawl that she wore. The expression on the face of the magistrate remained unchanged, but his eyelids dropped and he did not raise them when the woman continued: "As I say, no man can defend me. I am too near that awful approach, to pass which we know is everlasting death to soul and body. Years ago I was a child of brightest promise. I lived with my parents in Kentucky. Wayward and light-hearted, I was admired by all the gay society known in the neighborhood. A man came and professed his love for me. I do not say this to excite your sympathy, but I have many a time been drawn before courts, but I never before spoke of my past life.

She coughed again, and caught a flow of blood on her handkerchief which she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it now because I know that in the last court on earth before which I will be arraigned, I was fifteen years old when I fell in love with a man. My father said he was bad, but I loved him. He came again and again, and when my father said that he should come no more I ran away and married him. My father said I should come home again. I had always been his pride, and had loved him so dearly, but he said that I must never again come to his home—home, the home of my youth and happiness. How I longed to see him. How I yearned to put my head on his breast. My husband became addicted to drink. He abused me. I wrote to my father, asking him to let me come home, but the answer that came was, 'I do not know you.' My husband died—yes, cursed. I God, my dear! Homeless and wretched, and with my little boy, I went out into the world. My child died, and I bowed down and wept over a pauper's grave. I wrote to my father again, but he answered: 'I know not those who disobey my commands!' I turned away from that letter hardened. I was fifteen years old when I was married. Several lawyers rushed forward. A crimson tide flowed from her lips. They leaned her lifeless head back against the chair. The old magistrate had not raised his eyes. "Great God!" said a lawyer, "he is dead!" "The woman was his daughter.

Notice the Marriage Fund, Mutual Trust Association of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, highly spoken of in many of the leading papers of the state. "Money for the Unmarried," heads their advertisement in another column of this paper. R-Su

The Latest Wrinkle in Shoulders. New York Letter. The shoulders of our belles look as though lifted by a chronic ailment. I am trustworthy in regard to the fact that this effect is produced by padding, and that the artful creatures have simply changed their spots of fatality, in order to produce that lithe, lank length which fashion just now prescribes for their bodies. Certain corset devices, too, give an appearance of no corsets at all. The aim of all this is to make the young woman seem to be in a state of unaltered naturalness. Success is achieved about one time in a hundred. The use of what I believe is called the Newport scarf is more generally attended by satisfactory results. A heavy, soft fringed and broadened strip of stuff, three to five yards long, is wrapped around the figure in ways that are in the main picturesque. The hips may be wound with it or the shoulders

Red Cloud, Cowles, & Co.

Invitation, Neb., March 28.—The immigration, though not excessive, into and through southwestern Nebraska, is such as to make a return trip from that region eastward much more comfortable as to car room. A visit to several villages in Webster county is sufficient to convince one that the number of incomers is larger this spring than last.

There are also in this county unmistakable signs of a new lease of life and prosperity. Crops were better last year than the year before. There are some, however, who are not satisfied if \$10 land does not produce as much per acre as \$30 land. One man said to me in Red Cloud last week that he had lived near that town for twelve years, and that he had raised his good crops where he was, and said, "I have only fifty acres, and I keep five horses and have never bought one pound of pork nor one bushel of potatoes nor a bushel of corn since I came here, and I always have all these products to sell. The only need is," said he, "that farmers thoroughly tend their crops."

As a class, however, I believe the farmers of Webster county have a good and easy. They have come to stay, and seem determined on ultimate success. Red Cloud is improving at a healthful and hopeful pace. A \$9,000 school house has been built in the last year, and commands a beautiful site. It is of brick and of rather beautiful architecture, and was built cheap. One of the best being from the fact that a new mammoth building. A new brick store room for general merchandise, 100 feet in depth, is also in course of erection; also one or two smaller houses for similar purposes. Calling at Mr. Joe Warner's, four miles north of Red Cloud, I found him living "right at home." A neat, well-arranged frame residence, a large, painted barn and stable, with eight horses behind the barn in a yard containing forty two-year-old mules, and around the premises many other tokens of prosperity. One more season of even as good crops as last year will give this portion of the republican valley a new "boom."

Cowles is a station and village about ten miles north, and east of Red Cloud, into the region of which there have recently come several first class farmers and purchased lands and are opening farms. Many have learned the lesson of more thorough cultivation of a smaller area rather than a partial cultivation of great tracts. On the whole the outlook as to material prosperity through the 200 mile region south west of Omaha is hopeful. J. P. P.

Five Hours from London to Paris. New York Mail and Express. Eight years ago the French government granted the concessions requisite to the construction of the southern half of the channel tunnel, but the project still hangs upon the prejudice of the British people, and the cable report that the Cabinet is divided upon the question as to whether England and France shall be united by a railway beneath the English channel. Mr. Gladstone is both sagacious and brave, and it is not probable that when he thinks the right time has come he will cast his powerful influence in favor of the great scheme. The British mind works slowly, but it is gradually approaching the conclusion that it is absurd to oppose the gigantic enterprise. Nature seems to have especially provided for the work by depositing a bed of chalky clay, impervious to water, and not much harder than cheese, underneath the channel, and the tunnel can be completed within a few years if only John Bull will give his consent. The time between London and Paris will be but five or six hours when railway trains run under the English channel, and British prejudice will not be likely to delay the first trip in that time beyond the year 1900.

What It Did For an Old Lady. COSHOCTON STATION, N. Y., December 26, 1878. GENTS—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In one case, a lady over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the past ten years has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was helpless. Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail, I sent to Depot, forty-five miles away, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It improved her so she was able to dress herself, and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbor's, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY. Agent U. S. Ex. Co. DELRYAN, Wt. St. 24 1878. GENTS—I have not taken quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 78 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine. D. BOYCE.

Sunset O. x. HIS SUN IS JUST RISING. Washington Special. "You can say," said Sunset Cox, of New York, "that there are very active movements in connection with the speakership contest, and that I am a candidate for speaker and expect to start in with the united vote of the New York delegation. I have received letters from Massachusetts, New Jersey, Delaware, Illinois, Wisconsin, the Pacific coast, and from many portions of the south, indicating that I shall have strong support in all those sections. I am seriously in the field, and there is no joke about it."

REMOVAL. ALMA E. KEITH, Consulting and Civil Engineer AND SURVEYOR. Special attention to surveying, town divisions and lots. Furnishing Estimates of Excavation, Making Maps, Plans, &c. OFFICE OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK, OMAHA, NEB.

Are you quite certain that New York will be elected in your favor?

"I am not quite sure of Mr. Hewitt's vote, but he has told me that if he cannot support me he will give good reason for it, but I have reason to think that I will yet secure Mr. Hewitt's support." "And what of Waldo Hutchins?" "He is not a candidate, and never has been. An old Westchester friend of his told me just the other day that Hutchins would be certain to support me if I was in the field." "A gentleman by the name of Dorsheimer has also been spoken of?" "Yes, some of the rough newspaper men here last winter suggested Dorsheimer was a candidate, and that I was bringing him out, and that I gave a dinner for that purpose. The truth is that Dorsheimer is for me, and that he and Sleem now are working, endeavoring to secure the unity of the delegation."

REMEMBER THIS. If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails. If you are constive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters. If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, which will render a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters. If you are a frequenter or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters. If you have rough, pimply or scaly skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health and comfort. In short they cure all diseases of the stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease, \$5.00 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

A Noted Cherry Tree Horticulturist,Subscriber, the "Grand Duchesse de Gerolstein," is now, not many months after her marriage, seeking a divorce from the Comte de Bionne. Years ago, as Boulotte in Barbe-Bleu, she used to eat real cherries, even though they were out of season and had to be brought from afar at a great expense. Every evening she would take one of the cherry stones among the audience where it would be eagerly watched up by some admirer and preserved as a precious memento. One gentleman who was so lucky as to catch one of the stones, instead of mounting it as a ring, as was the fashion, planted it in his garden, and there grew from it a vigor tree, which in a few years began bearing choice fruit, a basket of which was thenceforth sent to the prima donna every year by her horticultural admirer. In time Boulotte became the Comtesse de Bionne, and mirabile dictu, the tree, which for some weeks had been languishing, died, and its last withered leaves dropped to the ground on the very day of her wedding.

Satisfactory Evidence. J. W. Gray, Wholesale Druggist, of Austin, Tex., writes: "I have been using Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs for the last year, and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds and even consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me one gross by Saturday's steamer."

ESTABLISHED 1858. SIDE SPRING ATTACHMENT—NOT PATENTED. A. J. SIMPSON, LEADING CARRIAGE FACTORY, 1409 and 1411 Dodge Street, ANG 7-m 6m OMAHA, NEB. Nebraska Loan & Trust Company, HASTINGS, NEB. Capital Stock, - - \$100,000. JAS. B. HEARTWELL, President, E. C. CLARKE, Vice-President, E. C. WEBSTER, Treasurer. DIRECTORS: Samuel Alexander, Oswald Oliver, A. L. Clarke, E. C. Webster, Geo. H. Pratt, D. M. McKel Hinnay.

First Mortgage Loans a Specialty. This Company furnishes a permanent, home institution where \$300,000 and other legal money is loaned on the most favorable terms. Loans made on improved farm in all well settled counties of the state through responsible local correspondents.

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STEELE, JOHNSON & CO., WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND JOBBERS IN Flour, Salt, Sugars, Canned Goods, and All Grocers' Supplies.

A Full Line of the Best Brands of CIGARS AND MANUFACTURED TOBACCO.

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Fire and Burglar Proof

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KEG & BOTTLED BEER. THIS EXCELLENT BEER SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.



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GEORGE HENNING, Sole Agent for Omaha and the West.

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Tin, Iron and Slate Roofers MANUFACTURERS OF Ornamental Galvanized Iron Cornices, Iron Sky Light, Etc. OMAHA, NEB. 310 South Twelfth Street, near 7-mon-wed fri-m-c.

PERFECTION HEATING AND BAKING is only attained by using CHARTER OAK Stoves and Ranges. WITH WIRE GAUZE OVER DOORS. For sale by MILTON ROGERS & SON'S OMAHA, NEB. (EST. 1858)



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HENRY LEHMANN, JOBBER OF WALL PAPER, AND WINDOW SHADES EASTERN PRICES DUPLICATED. 118 FAR N - - OMAHA LOUIS BRADFORD, DEALER IN LUMBER, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, Shingles, Lath, &c. LOW PRICES AND GOOD GRADES, Call and Get My Prices Before Buying Elsewhere. YARDS COR. NINTH AND DOUGLAS. ALSO 7TH AND DOUGLAS.

John G. Jacobs, Formerly Clark & Jacobs, UNDERTAKER.