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Catarrh in its destructive force stands next to and undoubtedly leads on to consumption. It is therefore singular that those afflicted with this fearful disease should not make it the object of their lives to rid themselves of it. Deceptive remedies concocted by ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge have weakened the confidence of the great majority of sufferers in all advertised remedies. They become resigned to a life of misery rather than torture themselves with doubtful palliatives.

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SCROFULA

OF THE

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LITHONIA, Ga., August 11, 1887.

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I want the world to know of the almost miraculous cure effected on me by S. S. S., and I call upon those who wish to know the particulars directly from me to write, and I will consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to answer their letters. I refer to Dr. W. P. Bond, of Lithonia, as to the truth of my statement. Very gratefully yours,

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"MY FIRST CASE."

In the spring of 1859, soon after I was admitted to the bar—there being two lawyers to one client in my native town—I decided to "go west" and grow up with the mustangs, coyotes and other beasts, and build for my buoyant self more money and legal reputation than I was likely to accumulate on the old country.

Accordingly, early in June I packed my grip sack with what few duds I had, and my "law library"—consisting of a one-eared volume of Blackstone, a patent office report and a last year's almanac—and started for my new home, with a considerably bigger pile of bright anticipations than cash.

In due time I arrived in that, then comparatively new commonwealth (Texas), which I had been taught was several times bigger than "all outdoors" and which tradition said could boast of but one lonely star, but enough thieves and ticks to fertilize the balance of creation.

After looking around a bit for a location, I cast anchor and my old shoes in the little town of W——, the unpretentious county site of B—— county, where I soon secured boarding and a little 6x9 room for an office.

I was not long in discovering that the place was as unattractive as a turnip patch in December, with a population of, perhaps, a hundred souls, including the dogs and bar-rooms.

But to make amends for the uninviting surroundings, I soon learned that there was but one "legal limb" in the town, and he was an old spavined, bald-headed lout, who had retired from the profession and was living on the interest of the debts he had contracted in his wild hunt for a client in that region—had retired for the purpose of starving in a decent kind of way.

If I hadn't been a young man with a strong will, good health and one hundred and eighty pounds of flesh, bone and muscle, the gloomy prospect would perhaps have brought on a malignant case of chills and blues; but I determined to make the best of it, or as good as I could, and so I hung out my shingle and prepared for business with as much assurance and confidence as if I knew I would have to knock some fellow down before breakfast the next morning for having the presumption to offer me a ten thousand dollar fee to defend him against a prosecution for stealing a peck of potatoes.

But I was destined not soon to be indicted for an assault and battery case superinduced by such a contingency.

Several meals of passable beef and corn bread, buttermilk and collards had been snugly tucked away in the deep recesses of my anatomy where they would do the most good, and still no indications that anybody in that section had the slightest disposition to monkey with law in any shape whatever.

I was growing desperate so was my landlord.

But my board bill was growing faster than the whole business.

Weeks passed, then into months; summer came and went, and I began to think that frost would catch me in the woods with my pants unpatched before a client could be induced to come to the rescue. In this interesting dilemma I found myself one night early in September—just about as sky-colored an individual as there was in Texas.

I was sitting in my little cuddy of an office debating whether I should set the town on fire and prosecute somebody for the offense, or shove my unoffending Blackstone in the stove and then commit suicide by swallowing the inkstand, when the door was unceremoniously pushed open to admit a rough-looking six-feet-two specimen of Texas humanity who, without a word, deliberately planted himself on the only spare stool in the office as if he was the head of the family.

I felt somewhat relieved when I saw it wasn't the sheriff nor my washer-woman, but I was not favorably impressed with the looks of my visitor, for I imagined there was a bad case of assassination pictured in his countenance, and I know there were the handle-ends of two or three shooting arrangements plainly visible in as many pockets of his outer harness.

While I was looking at him and mentally calculating where he would hit me, he spit on the stove as a preface and commenced:

"What mout your name be, stranger?"

"Goggins, if you please," I answered, very politely.

"Edzactly," said he. "Brown, is my name. I've heerd or you down in our neck. Lawyer?"

"Some," I answered, proudly, beginging to see a fee in the dim distance, though, judging from appearances, I was not betting on a big one.

"Edzactly," he went on: that's what I tho't, Wall, I've got a little bizness fer ye."

"Precisely," said I. "Name it." And it began to occur to me that my visitor was quite a benevolent looking gentleman.

"You see, my son John's in a bad scrape, dinged of he ain't."

"How's that?"

"He's in jail here fer murder, that's how's that," he exclaimed.

"You don't mean it," I returned with feigned astonishment.

"Why don't I?"

"When and where was the crime committed?" I asked.

"Last February down in my settlement. But, 'squire, he's no more guilty of murder than my steer is."

"How do you know."

"Because he wasn't there when the feller was killed."

"Can you prove an alibi?" I asked.

"No, can't prove a lie by anybody, but I'm clean satisfied that somebody's lied to cl'ar theyselves."

"Who was the man killed?"

"A peddler named Reed, but what would John or anybody else want to murder the poor feller for? He wern't robbed."

"Who says your son killed him?"

"A feller named Smith sw'ars he saw him do the shootin'."

What's your defense?" I asked.

"Got none," he answered. "But I'll tell you what I'll do."

"Let's hear it."

Ef you'll git my boy out'n the scrape, I'll poke a thousand dollars in yer pocket quicker'n you could swaller a muskadine; and I'll deposit the cash with the county treasurer to-morrow."

"I'll do my best," I readily assented; and thus it was settled, and my visitor departed.

The next day, true to his word, my friend Brown returned and deposited the fee as promised, with a written agreement that if I succeeded the money was mine, otherwise, it wasn't.

But two weeks intervened before court intervened and it may be imagined that I went to work with a hungry will to get the matter in shape for trial.

I first visited the locality of the murder, where I learned that the peddler was found dead with a bullet hole through where he lived, near the residence of a man named Jones, on the 26th day of the preceeding February.

I next called on young Smith, the principal witness in the case, who informed me that he saw the defendant do the shooting, and had so testified at the commitment trial and would repeat the dose before the grand jury soon to investigate the matter.

I didn't like the looks of this fellow Smith, though I learned that he was a man of good character in the community. He seemed too eager to get the defendant out of the way, as though such a result would benefit him in some way.

This may have been imagination in me, but I learned on inquiry from other parties that the two young men, Smith and Brown, were both visiting Joges' daughter, which was something of a pointer, and gave me something to study about when I got back to my office.

I next visited the alleged murderer in jail, whom I found to be a young man with manly, open countenance, and was forced to the conclusion at once that he was an innocent man.

After conversing with him at some length in regard to the case—the details of which it is unnecessary to repeat here—I said to him as I took his hand in parting:

"Mr. Brown, did you kill that man?"

"God knows I did not!" he firmly but tearfully answered.

"I believe you," I answered him. "Be of good cheer.

I had done all I could in working up the case, but could arrive at no coclusion favorable to my client. All the information I could gain pointed to his guilt; still I was satisfied of his innocence.

What line of defense should I adopt? The only feasible idea that crept into my head was the impeachment of Smith. But how?

Rivals in courtship.

Was there anything in this circumstance worth working on? As I have before stated I didn't like Smith's looks at all, but who cared if I didn't. He must be impeached—that's all there was in that end of it.

A young man's life was at stake—probably a pair of them, for if I failed to secure that $1,000 I had about made up my mind that Texas soil would hide my carcass from view soon after the adjournment of court.

The day arrived for the trial. Court commenced, the case was brought before the grand jury and a true bill found against Brown, as everyone expected; and on the third day of the session the case was taken up in court, the house being crowded with anxious spectators.

The indictment recited that "on the night of the 29th of February the defendant, John Brown, did, by force and arms and with malice aforethought, shoot, kill, murder and assassinate one Reed, in the peace of God and the state," etc.

A jury was soon empaneled and the examination of witnesses commenced—all of which was unimportant circumstantial evidence, but all pointing to Brown's guilt. The state was relying principally upon Smith's testimony, and he was placed upon the stand.

He took his place with more aclarity, I thought, than was becoming under the circumstances, and I determined to jerk some of the conceit and self-importance out of him, at any rate, before I turned him loose.

After the usual preliminary questions, I abruptly asked:

"Now, sir, where were you on the night in question?"

Hesitating a moment, he answered: "At 'Squire Jones'."

"What were you doing there?" was my next query.

"Guess that's my business," he flippantly answered.

"Guess it's mine, too," I retorted. "What were you doing there?"

"I decline to answer!" he insolently returned.

I deliberately appealed to the bench. His honor, who had apparently gone to sleep—thinking, I suppose, that the case was too dead against my client to require any watchfulness on his part—opened the eye next to the witness and stormed out:

"Answer the question."

Thus unmistakably urged, Smith answered:

"I was paying a visit to the 'squire's daughter."

"Ah! you were, eh? Who else were there?"

"The family, of course."

"No doubt. Who else?"

"I will not answer," and the witness began to show signs of restlessness.

I arose to my feet. "If your honor please, if the defendant's life is to be trifled with in this manner, I shall make a motion to quash the indictment without further proceedings."

This impertinent little speech had the effect to open both eyes of the court and his mouth at the same time.

"If the witness hesitates to answer another question propounded by the counsel, I'll have him sent to jail so quick it will give him colic."

"Who else was there?" I again asked.

"John Brown!"

"The defendent here?"

"Certainly."

"Are you both addressing the young lady in question?"

"I suppose so."

"Are you on good terms with each other?"

"We are."

"Who left the house first?"

"He did."

"How long before you left?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"And you say you saw the defendant shoot the peddler?"

"I certainly did," very promptly and decidedly.

"What time was it?"

"About 10 o'clock."

"Are you owl-eyed that you can so plainly distinguish objects in the dark?"

"Oh, the moon was shining very bright," he triumphantly answered.

"Ah! that explains it," I said, taking an almanac from my pocket. A glance at the "moon's phases" for that month—which I had not taken the trouble to examine before, and which I did now because I didn't know what else to do—revealed to me the astounding fact that the moon changed on the 28th of that month, consequently couldn't shine on the 29th.

Turning to the witness I said: "I see here the moon changed on the 28th, and you must have been in another country to see it at 10 o'clock on the 28th."

Smith was as speechless as a cold potato; the judge grunted; the solicitor looked wild.

I didn't press the point. That was impeachment No. 1; but I had more for him.

"Now, sir, what year is this?"

"1859, of course," he answered.

"Is it leap year?"

"N—no, I believe not."

"Then February this year had but twenty-eight days, if I not mistaken. How is that?"

The witness looked like he was about to be scalped, and was utterly unable to speak. Lie No. 2. But I still had another shot.

"What are your initials, Mr. Smith?"

"W. C." he faltered.

"Is that your document???" I asked, producing a pistol which I had gotten possession of, and which had been found near the body of the murdured man.

"I guess not—I have no pistol," he stammered.

"No, but you did have. This one has the letters 'W. C. S.' plainly marked on it."

"Humph!" grunted his honor, while the witness evinced unmistakable symptoms of fainting.

This was the third evidence for impeachment, and I felt such commiseration for the fellow that I would not pursue him further.

"If your honor pleases, "I said, "you see the witness has systematically perjured himself from beginning to end, and I will rest my case here without argument."

"May it please your honor," blubbered the state's attorney, "there is a fatal error in the indictment, and—"

"Yes," howled the judge, "there appears to be fatality mixed with the whole business and we decline to hear from you, Mr. Solicitor. What says the jury without charge?"

"Not guilty," was the immediate and unanimous response.

"Case dismissed and prisoner discharged! Mr. Sheriff, arrest the witness!" ordered the court.

But "the witness," taking advantage of the excitement that followed, had mysteriously disappeared, and, although the officers of the court endeavored to apprehend him, he was never more seen in that latitude.

It was the unquestioned opinion of every one that Smith had deliberately concocted the whole scheme—had murdered the man himself or hired the deed committed and charged the crime as stated in order to get rid of his rival. And even the grand jury and officers of the law—so well satisfied were they of the guilt of the accused—had not troubled themselves to investigate the matter of dates.

Thus ended my first case at the bar, and I might add that the result was quite satisfactory to three parties at least—to myself for the reputation and $1,000 it gained me, to my landcord who had waited long and patiently for my board, and to Brown, who subsequently married the young lady.

Queer Fits and Starts.

The fits and starts—using these words in their literal meaning—of the nervous people often strike the beholder as ludicrous. The nerves of hearing of such unfortunates are painfully acute, and impinged by abrupt, unexpected noises, lead them sometimes to perform antics worthy of a jumping jack. At the root of nervousness, in most instances, is non-assimilation of the food, and consequently innutrition of the nerves as of the other tissues of the body. This prolonged, is, of cource, productive of serious nervous disease. The remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that invigorate the stomach and enable it to perform its functions properly. Soon after commencing a course of it, it will be found that the nerves grow more tranquil by day, nightly repose becomes less interrupted, and appetite more vigorous and satisfying. These are the initial indications, followed by the complete restoration of nervous vigor. The Bitters also cure fever and ague, liver complaint and constipation.

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Wholesale Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes
Agents for Boston Rubber Shoe Co. 1102, 1104 & 1106 Harney St., Omaha, Nebraska.

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Successors to A. T. Kenyon & Co., Wholesale & Retail
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Fine Wedding Stationery. Commercial Stationery. 1522 Douglas Street, Omaha, Neb.

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CLARKE COFFEE CO.,
Omaha Coffee and Spice Mills.
Teas, Coffees, Spices, Baking Powder,
Flavoring Extracts, Laundry Blue, Inks, Etc. 1414-1416 Harney Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

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W. L. WRIGHT,
Agent for the Manufacturers and Importers of
Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Chimneys,
Etc. Office, 317 S. 13th St., Omaha, Nebraska.

PERKINS, GATCH & LAUMAN,
Importers and Jobbers of
Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Silverware
Etc. 1514 Farnam St., New Paxton Building.

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GEO. SCHROEDER & CO.,
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FREDERICK J. FAIRBRASS,
Wholesale
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Merchants. Correspondence solicited. 1014 Nort 16th Street, Omaha, Neb.

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Specialties—Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, Game, Oysters, Etc., Etc. 112 South 14th Street.

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OMAHA COAL, COKE & LIME CO.,
Jobbers of Hard and Soft Coal.
209 South 13th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

J. J. JOHNSON & CO.,
Manufacturers of Illinois White Lime,
And shippers of Coal, Coke, Cement, Plaster, Lime, Drain Tile, and Sewer Pipe. Office, Paxton Hotel, Farnam St., Omaha, Neb. Telephone 811.

NEBRASKA FUEL CO.,
Shippers of Coal and Coke.
214 South 13th St., Omaha, Neb.

Dry Goods and Notions.

M. E SMITH & CO.,
Dry Goods, Furnishing Goods and Notions.
1102 and 1104 Douglas, Cor. 11th St., Omaha, Neb.

KILPATRICK-KOCH DRY GOODS Co
Importers and Jobbers in Dry Goods, Notions
Gents' Furnishing Goods. Corner 11th and Harney Sts., Omaha, Nebraska.

Furniture.

DEWEY & STONE,
Wholesale Dealers in Furniture.
Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

CHARLES SHIVERICK,
Furniture
Omaha, Nebraska.

Office Fixtures.

THE SIMMONDS MANUFACTURING CO.
Manufacturers of
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PAXTON, GALLAGHER & CO.,
Wholesale Groceries and Provisions.
705, 707, 709 and 711 S. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.

McCORD, BRADY & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
12th and Leavenworth Streets, Omaha, Nebraska.

Hardware.

LEE, FRIED & CO.,
Jobbers of Hardware and Nails,
Tinware, Sheet Iron, Etc. Agents for Howe Scales and Miami Powder Co., Omaha, Neb.

HIMEBAUGH & TAYLOR,
Builders' Hardware and Scale Repair Shop.
Mechanics' Tools and Buffalo Scales. 1405 Douglas Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

RECTOR, WILHELMY & CO.,
Wholesale Hardware,
10th and Harney Sts., Omaha, Neb. Western Agents for Austin Powder Co., Jefferson Steel Nails, Fairbanks Standard Scales.

MARKS BROS, SADDLERY CO.
Wholesale Manufacturers of
Saddlery & Jobbers of Saddlery Hardware
And Leather. 1403, 1405 and 1407 Harney St., Omaha, Nebraska.

Heavy Hardware.

W. J. BROATCH,
Heavy Hardware, Iron and Steel,
Springs, Wagon Stock, Hardware, Lumber, Etc. 1209 and 1211 Harney Street, Omaha.

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Wholesale Iron and Steel.
Wagon and Carriage Wood Stock, Heavy Hardware Etc. 1217 and 1219 Leavenworth St., Omaha, Neb.

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OMAHA LUMBER CO.,
All Kinds of Building Material at Wholesale
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LOUIS BRADFORD,
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Doors, Etc. Yards—Corner 7th and Douglas; Corner 8th and Douglas.

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W. L. PARROTTE & CO.,
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Lumber, Lime, Cement, Etc., Etc.
Corner 6th and Douglas Sts., Omaha.

T. W. HARVEY LUMBER CO.,
To Dealers Only.
Office, 1403 Farnam Street, Omaha.

JOHN A. WAKEFIELD,
Wholesale Lumber, Etc.
Imported and American Portland Cement. State Agent for Milwaukee Hydraulic Cement and Quincy White Lime.

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Dealer in Hardwood Lumber.
Wood Carpets and Parquet Flooring. 9th and Douglas

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Wrought and Cast Iron Building Work.
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Man'frs of Fire & Burglar Proof Safes
Vaults, Jail Work, Iron and Wire Fencing, Signs, Etc. G. Andreesen, Prop'r Cor. 11th and Jackson Sts.

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Iron and Wire Fences, Railings, Guards
and Screens, for banks, offices, stores, residences, etc Improved Awnings, Locksmith Machinery and Blacksmith Works. 403 South 14th St.

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Fire and Burglar Proof Safes, Time Locks.
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Wholesale Notions and Furnishing Goods
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Notions and Gent's Furnishing Goods.
1105 Harney Street, Omaha.

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CONSOLIDATED TANK LINE CO.,
Wholsale Refined and Lubricating Oils.
Axle Grease, Etc., Omaha. A. H. Bishop, Manager

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CUMMINGS & NEILSON,
Wholesale Dealers in
Paints, Oils, Window Glass, Etc.
1118 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

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CARPENTER PAPER CO.,
Wholesale Paper Dealers.
Carry a nice stock of Printing, Wrapping and Writing Paper. Special attention given to car load orders.

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Sheet Iron Work Steam Pumps, Saw Mills. 1213-1215 Leavenworth Street, Omaha.

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ARMSTRONG, PETTIS & CO.,
Storage, Forwarding and Commission,
Branch house of the Hanney Buggy Co. Buggies at wholesale and retail. 1308 1310 and 1312 Izard Street, Omaha. Telephone No. 750.

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Manufacture Galvanized Iron and Cornice.
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**Sash, Doors, Etc.