

News of the Week.

Tal Lincoln—the favorite son of the lamented Martyr-President, died Sunday evening, in Chicago, of dropsy of the heart.

Mrs. Lincoln is prostrated at the death of her son, and fears are entertained that she will eventually succumb or lose her reason.

The first breeze from Mexico since the election result was announced came laden with premonitions of an early resumption of the political strife that have made Mexico a bilingua and a by-word among the nations.

A Mrs. Murdoch, of Eldorado, Kansas, was rendered so nervous by some anonymous letters sent to her husband, editor of an Eldorado paper, one of which contained a picture of a man with a rope around his neck, that when one day last week she saw Hon. Sidney Clark and two other gentlemen come into town in a wagon, in which she imagined she saw a rope, she seized one of her children and nearly severed its head from its body with a razor, and then cut her own throat, narrowly escaping death.

Some of those famous old mines of Mexico are yielding up their treasures after the manner recorded in the ancient archives of the Spanish rulers.

A Chihuahua (Ché-wa-wa) mine gives out pure chunks of multiplied cast, in almost virgin silver.

Dr. Bullis, Republican candidate for Lieut. Governor of Iowa, is gradually recovering from his recent carriage-smash accident.

Chamberd's supporters are falling away from him like leaves from a decayed trunk. And they are now reported to be all "Joining the Republicans."

Now that Minister Senekck is fairly settled at his new post, the negotiations between this country and England for the reduction of ocean postage will be resumed.

France has remunerated the Swiss Government for the expense of feeding and sheltering the soldiers of Bonaparte's army who were sent across the border, when that General got into his last ditch.

The health of Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania Central Railway, is, it is said, very much broken down by his excessive labors.

Physicians have sent him abroad to recuperate. Vice President Calfax and Senator J. A. Logan came very near dying from the same cause, and it is well known that over work killed Secretary Stanton. When will Americans know that excessive labor is unprofitable?

There is much rejoicing and fringing of guns in New York State, in honor of Governor Hoffman, for his revocation of Keles's order; but along with it comes a very disagreeable rumor that the worthy Governor was consulted about the order previous to its publication. Candidates for the Presidency are apt to change their minds when they find the people so universally indignant.

Mrs. Lydia Sherman, the Connecticut poisoner, is finally committed to await the action of a Grand Jury. Toxicology and examining of bodies still go on, and with the pleasant prospect of finding arsenic in everybody that ever came within ten feet of this most remarkable woman.

The great work of turning the waters of the lake into the Illinois and Mississippi rivers through the Chicago river and Illinois and Michigan Canal, which was completed on Monday last by the removal of the dam from Summit Row is believed to prove a perfect success, and one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill in the world.

The blue waters of the lake have already replaced the inky and odious contents of the Chicago river, from which no stench arises, and the people rejoice exceedingly.

It is reported that a man went in swimming Monday morning at the Clark street bridge, a feat which, if performed Sunday, would have resulted in instant death.

Gen. Duttler has expressed a willingness to accept the nomination of Governor of Massachusetts. The people have not yet expressed their willingness.

Gen. Parker, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has resigned his office, which resignation has been accepted by the President.

The July reports of the statistical divisions of the Department of Agriculture show a marked increase in the acreage of corn, amounting to fully 3,000,000, of which 2,000,000 are due to the determination of the Cotton States to supply themselves. It is assumed that the area of corn is equal to 42,000,000 of acres, more than half the total acreage of filled crops. The only States filling in the increase acreage in corn are New York, the New England and Pacific States.

The condition of winter wheat on the 1st of July was somewhat above the average. The spring variety presented a worse appearance than has been reported for several years; and at the same time the ripening of winter wheat has been fully a week earlier than usual, and a larger proportion has been cut, and at the date of the returns never was there better promises. The hay crop will be a comparative small one. Potatoes promise an average yield, if they escape the drought and rot in the future.

ADAMS AND THE PRESIDENT.

The Democracy are in a dilemma. They are eager to regain possession of the reins of governmental power, and are now in search of their most available man, and it is a well known fact that a portion of the party has settled down in the conviction that one John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, is the best timber with which they are provided. It is not probable, however, that this gentleman can, under the circumstances, receive the united support of the party at the South, but, as he is at present securing a large share of public attention we propose to say a few words about him.

In the first place, John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, is the son of Charles Francis Adams, grandson of John Quincy Adams—the sixth President of the United States—great-grandson of John Adams of revolutionary fame. Despite his parentage and education John Quincy Adams has become one of the modern lights of the white-washed and would-be regenerated Democracy.

He is not to be compared with the distinguished statesmen of his race. He is not to be compared with the distinguished statesmen of his race. He is not to be compared with the distinguished statesmen of his race.

He is not to be compared with the distinguished statesmen of his race. He is not to be compared with the distinguished statesmen of his race.

In a letter to a Southern gentleman, Mr. Adams writes:

"The North can never be carried for a new revolution. We must go forward, and not back. We must demand self-government for all, and guarantee equal rights to every man. Democrats must be Democrats to succeed."

"Self-government for all." That is really fine. It sounds well. It looks well. It reads well. It is well, or would it be if it were not applicable to a party that has not the germ of good in its whole composition.

Mr. Adams does not make a distinction on account of color. He does not proscribely any man, or drive any class of men from the ballot box because of their race. Mr. Adams speaks as if he were indeed a son of that noble house, a real son of that glorious John Adams of 1776, but not the least like a modern follower of Democracy.

He is chock-full of the Declaration of Independence and the spirit of the Fourth of July, but the essence of Democracy as snatched forth by the press of the North, South, East and West is non-existent.

"We must guarantee equal rights to every man." How will the Southern fire-eaters relish this? What will the Garrett Davises and the other leaders and lesser orators treat such a sentiment? This thunder from Massachusetts will not thunder worth a cent for the Southern States. Why does not Mr. Adams talk about "the poor, down-trodden, tax-ridden people of the reconstructed States?"

Why not his denunciations, hot, heavy and loud upon the "carpet-bag" element and the dirty "scalawags" that cure God's chosen country? Why does he forget to rail about "negro suffrage" the "black barbarians," the "ignorant niggers," who have usurped dominion in those States lately in insurrection? And not a word as to the Amendments either, which were "never fairly adopted" according to Democratic shibboleth, and no mention of "contaminated" no course upon the Republican Congress and Executive. He does not even hurl at the devoted head of Grant the demolishing word "dictator."

Surely this man cannot be a democratic orator or writer. There is some very egregious mistake somewhere in the matter.

Where in the matter? "Democrats must be Democrats to succeed." To bring back to the country the good old days, to fill the offices with the good old forces of ancient times, to be once more enabled to make the colored man know his place and keep it, we must be Democrats, forsooth, and favor "equal rights to every man." And here is the style in which the fossils of the almost defunct Democracy will receive such a doctrine. They will say it is a "trick." It's a new-fangled scheme to lead us into a pit-fall and make Republicans of us. We'll have none of it. If we must come to such a condition we might just as well walk boldly forward and announce ourselves as Republicans with as good a grace as possible." And they would be nearer right than they have been within the past ten years.

This candidate will never suit the Southern Democracy unless he changes his opinions wonderfully before he steps upon the platform.

Seymour, when addressing the rioters in 1863, called them "My Friends." Hoffman didn't do so. He addressed the rioters in 1871. Seymour received the nomination for the Presidency from the mobocrats in 1868. Hoffman was left receiving the same honor in 1872. Seymour went on the principle that "the good will of a dog is better than his ill will." Hoffman didn't court the good will of the New York dogs, and he is now the subject of their ill-will. His chances of the Democratic nomination in 1872, are very cold. The Democratic Communist element is "for him," and he can now retire singing "Put me in my little bed."

Dr. Page has taken his carpet-bag to Falls City.

Hardware at the Big Store.

THE NEW YORK RIOT.

New York has again been disgraced by a riot, instigated and carried on as was that of '63, under the auspices of Tammany and its Sachems. The Orangemen have been in the habit, for many years, of celebrating the "Battle of the Boys" on every 12th of July, as have the Romanists of celebrating St. Patrick's Day on every 17th of March.

But this year the Romanists of Gotham determined to prevent Orange display on the 12, and in public meetings and on the highways threatened to make the streets of the city flow with blood should the usual procession of the day be indulged in. Tammany held a meeting to consider the situation, and the result was the Democratic Chief of Police, Kelso, issued an order prohibiting the Orangemen from parading the streets on that day.

Governor Hoffman, however, threw himself into the breach, and in an order, vindicated the right of procession and threatened that if such right were interfered with the whole police and military force of the city should and would be brought into requisition to protect the Orangemen. All honor to Governor Hoffman for thus doing his duty in the premises in the teeth of Tammany, and the precedent set by his illustrious Democratic predecessor, Seymour, in 1863.

But the subjects of religious and political prejudices declined according to the Orangemen the same rights they arrogated to themselves. It was but a few weeks before that they celebrated, with display and banners, the longevity of the Pope, and neither Orangemen nor any other Protestant organization threatened or menaced them. A few weeks since the Germans of all the leading cities in the Union celebrated, by procession and banners the victory of Germany over France, and in no case did the anti-German element attempt to terrify them.

Nor is Tammany alone responsible for the late riot. Nearly every Democratic paper in the land espouses the course of Kelso. They will know that to the lip of the country they are dependent for political success.

As a sample brick we present the following from the Omaha Herald of the 14th inst. Speaking of the riot, that paper says the responsibility rests "with the miserable Orangemen, who insisted on flaunting their historical badges of religious sectarianism, covered all over with the milieu of dead centuries, into the faces of their more patriotic countrymen. The only regret we have concerning them is that they could not have been forced to the front to do their share of the fighting."

The only regret the Herald has is that the Orangemen, instead of the Romanists, were not killed. And this for the reason that the Orangemen are not voters, while the Romanists are Democrats and ballot-box stuffers. "Milieu of dead centuries." Wonder if "historical badges" of St. Patrick's day are not slightly covered with the "milieu of dead centuries." Then, on the same principle, Englishmen should not be allowed to celebrate St. George's day, the Scotch St. Andrew's, the Mexicans St. John's, &c., they being "covered all over with the milieu of dead centuries. Out upon such subterfuges. This is Free America, and the citizens thereof have the right to celebrate any day or event they choose, Romanist, Protestant, or what not, and none but religious or political intolerant will dispute the doctrine.

The editor of the Democrat, in his last issue, says that in defending C. C. Bowen, we advocate Free Love, &c. We would like to know where the "free love" comes in. With the court and jury convicting Bowen, we argued that technically, not morally, Bowen was guilty—that there was lacking the intention to commit crime. Would the Democrat consider a man—other than a Republican M. C.—to be on a purely technical ground?

The Democrat man is a refreshing study this hot weather. Representing but the fragment of a party he delights himself in throwing ink indistinctly, assured that none of it would bespatter his friends. His inspiring motto appears to be, "When you see a head, hit it." He imagines himself like the ancient fisherman,

"Whose pole was of the giant oak,  
His line a cable that never broke,  
Who baited his hook with fowls' tails,  
As he sat on the rock and bobbed for whales."

But his efforts are so perfunctory as to remind one of that other fisherman,

"Whose pole was of the peasant's feather,  
His line made of the finest tetter,  
Who baited his hook with a mite of cheese,  
As he sat on his bed and bobbed for fleas."

We submit to the readers of the Advertiser and Democrat of last week the task of determining which was the advocate of free love, the former in endorsing what Bowen's judge and jury were prompted by the facts and their sense of duty to do, and the President in answering their prayer before the people as an object worthy of emulation, one who, without the aid of law or clergy, stepped into the popular recognition and endorsement of such broad conviction.

The Grand Jury of Washington have found bills of indictment against the New York Tribune correspondents, for refusing to answer the Senate as to where they obtained address copies of the High John Treaty. Inasmuch as said correspondents swore that they could not make honor and preserve their lives and reputations and plighted faith it would seem as though the U. S. Senate who are prosecuting them have no sense of honor.

Jeff Davis, late President of the "Lost Cause," was last week hustled out of a sleeping-car-berth in which he had clandestinely crept. A lady friend of Jeff's, not his wife, was in the berth. One would suppose that Jeff was getting too old to be "naughty" in that direction.

Hardware at the Big Store.

McCLELLAN TO THE RESCUE.

The honest student of American politics cannot but smile as he notes the antics of prominent and leading Democrats, as they, in the language of John Quincy Adams, "Approach with sneaking and halting step the inevitable." A number of them appear to have settled down in the craft launched by Vallandigham, as an orator, with face and eyes turned in one direction while going the opposite. Others, despite their anti-, anti-negro suffrage, anti-Amendment, and anti-political policy which has been adopted during the past ten years, now take the political bull by the horns, impale themselves on public opinion, and exhibit haste and impatience in proclaiming their "departure" from the dogmas heretofore held as scripture by them, and in embracing what they heretofore characterized as "Abolition heresies" as the true gospel.

Even McClellan has left the baggage wagons and sulter's tents, and on the Fourth of July appeared at the head of the column in Tammany Hall. In 1864 he set down in Chicago and cried "the war is a failure." In war, according to Geo. Wilkes and history, he multiplied the enemy's forces by two, and divided his own by four. In politics he reversed the calculation, and met defeat in either case. In war he expected and accepted defeat. In politics he anticipated victory and won defeat. Experience appears to have taught him nothing, and to-day we find him kneeling at the feet of the party which destroyed him.

With McClellan stand thousands who prior to the war egged and tarred and feathered anti-slavery speakers, and during the war denounced Union soldiers and defenders, as "Lincoln hirelings," as also those who fired into McClellan's ranks, and shot down thousands of his "boys in blue." On his present staff are men who at Libby, Andersonville and kindred places, amused themselves by starving those of the army of the Potomac who fell into their hands; and those whose thirst for loyal blood was glutted only when the assassin struck down Lincoln, the mortal Savior of the country. As his camp followers are the men who kicked one-legged soldiers. Among his endorsees are many who fought against the Union while he pretended to be fighting for it.

We wish the Democratic joy in and with their "Little Corporal."

But there is a large portion of the grand army of the Democracy which will neither "depart" nor "accept," but like unto the Kentucky candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor on the Democratic ticket denounce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution as fraudulent, and regard with undisguised scorn any "new departure" which in the least recognizes their validity; look upon the Resolutions of '55 as embodying a still living principle, and advocate the doctrines of State rights and nullification with an early disciple of Galtoun; opposes taxation for general education, as calculated inevitably to bring about the social equality of the white and black races; think the re-election of Grant will inaugurate the death-knell of free government, and inaugurate a military despotism; and entertain various other antiquated opinions peculiar to the Democrat of the genus Bourbon.

History of the War in Europe.

The National Publishing Co. of St. Louis, Mo., has just issued a very valuable history of the late War between Germany and France, from the pen of one of our most popular writers, Mr. JAMES D. McCANN, Jr.

In a large volume of 800 octavo pages, the author tells a wonderful story—all the stranger because of its truth. He tells of battles which have shaken Europe to its centre, and the consequences of which, even we of the Western World must feel; of patriotism, heroism, military skill and statesmanship, never surpassed in history. The author writes with the weight and force of truth, and the grandeur of his book are its reliability and strict impartiality.

The book is complete in every particular. It describes the causes of the war, and the events which preceded it; the capture of Sedan, the capture of the Emperor Napoleon, and an entire army; the Revolution in Paris; the rise and formation of the Republic; the flight of the Emperor to London; the siege and surrender of Strasbourg and the frontier fortresses of France; the triumphant advance of the German armies to Paris; the efforts of the French to repulse the invaders, and the final surrender of the city; the detailed history of this great siege; the details of battles, successes and failures; the capture of Metz, the beleaguered city, given in the form of a full diary of the events of the siege; the campaigns on the Loire; the peace negotiations, the surrender of Paris, and the treaty; the naval history of the war; the diplomatic history of the war; the capture of Metz; the history of the formation of the great German Empire; the proclamation of King William Emperor, and the realization of German unity; the events of the civil war and siege of Paris; its terrible scenes of bloodshed and vandalism, with a minutest, graphic and brilliant, which leaves nothing to be desired. No intelligent person can afford to be uninformed as to these events, which have left so deep an impression on the world's history, and few fail to read it with interest, and, having read it, to endorse it as the Standard American History of the War.

In this age of sensational literature, we cannot too highly commend the brilliant and thoughtful narrative to our readers. The book is handsomely bound, and illustrated with 150 wood engravings, battle scenes, and maps, and is a valuable addition to the shelves of every citizen, and a step towards its low price brings it within the reach of all. It is published in both English and German, and is sold by subscription only, and the publishers wait agents in every country.

Very Respectfully Yours,  
ONE WHO HEARD HIM.

Hardware at the Big Store.

DR. PAGE VENTILATED.

A MEAN LIE SQUELCHED—THE FALSEST IMPEACHMENT.

Pawnee City, Neb., July 17. EDITOR ADVERTISER—Dear Sir:—Last evening I was handed an Omaha Herald, of a recent date, containing an account of an idiotic imagination concerning the Fourth of July celebration at this place. The whole is an infamous lie, calculated to do the citizens of this place an injury, as well as Prof. McKenzie and other speakers of the day. I ask your forbearance for a short time, and I shall endeavor to explain this matter.

A committee was appointed by the citizens of this place to procure an orator for the Fourth. A citizen of your place, who had spoken here before, was written to and invited to address our people on that day. He replied that he could not possibly do so, but would see if he could not procure some one in his stead. Shortly after came a letter, saying Dr. Page, of Brownville, had offered his services, and if accepted by the committee would be pleased to be with us. He was highly recommended by the writer, and the acquaintance of our committee with the writer led to the securing of Dr. Page.

The Doctor put in an appearance the day before the Fourth, "fishing" around for something to do in the way of practice—getting hand-bills struck and announcing that he would remain several days after the Fourth and soliciting a call from the afflicted. (We naturally supposed his practice in Brownville was limited, and from his appearance judged it to be here, which proved to be a fact.)

The morning of the Fourth the orator took the stand to deliver the oration. At the very start it was seen a great mistake had been made. After boring our people for half an hour or more by the way of introduction he sallied forth in a political speech, heaping vile epithets upon the North for what they had done during the war, and dwelling at considerable length upon that senseless term, "carpet-bagger." Our people were insulted, and treated with the utmost insolence. This Dr. Page, after heaping abuse upon abuse, and showering it upon the heads of our peaceable citizens, who bore it with patience, launched forth in flowery adjectives endeavoring to show that the South was right in the late war, and made every effort to vindicate that lawless and murderous band known as Ku-Klux-Klan. At this juncture our citizens began to murmur, for we are loyal here, and the Ku-Klux-Klan, the bigoted Dr. took his hat and retired, while a host of hisses and shouts of "rebel" followed his career.

I was surprised, almost stunned, in reading in the Herald that his speech was cheered, and congratulations extended him upon his success. Never was a baser lie written. Even Democrats in our county pronounce him an open Rebel—a hostile enemy to the Government. We have associated with a large part of the people of this county since the Fourth, and not one word of commendation have we heard in favor of his speech, but universal contempt is heaped upon his cowardly head.

During our nation's late struggle, men would have been hung for using such language as the utterance upon the Fourth at Pawnee City. He said that the South, the Ku-Klux-Klan and the rebel army were so oppressed and deprived of their rights by the carpet-baggers of the North that they were compelled to resort to means in their own power to defend themselves from oppression." Such language Jefferson Davis would blush to utter.

On the afternoon of the Fourth Mr. McKenzie, State Superintendent, arrived in town, and was waited upon by a committee of citizens and requested to deliver an oration, as they had been so terribly disappointed during the forenoon. He did so, in a very appropriate manner—in a well-voiced and patriotic speech—and never once alluded to Dr. Page's harangue, except when he said he "thanked God for carpet-baggers." Mr. McKenzie was loudly cheered, and the disappointed assembly of the forenoon now presented an enthusiastic appearance. Toasts, addresses, &c., were made, and the insult of Dr. Page was forgotten. All passed off harmoniously, and every one was delighted with the afternoon's entertainment. Dr. Page took his bed immediately after dinner, and was not seen till Thursday morning following, when he was observed holding a conversation with our committee, and demanding for his language the outrageous sum of forty dollars! Our citizens had subscribed upwards of sixty dollars to pay an orator, but after hearing the rebel speech of the Doctor they felt too patriotic to aid a rebel-sympathizer, and would give nothing toward raising his fee. Forty dollars, however, was raised and paid him, which he acknowledges in a letter to a gentleman in this place, although he left town leaving several "little bills" unsettled, which he contracted while here.

Dr. Page was never ordered to leave town, or hinted at that he stood a chance of being tarred and feathered, else you would have seen a "huskily" taking to his heels, and quitting Pawnee in less time than could be measured.

All in all, his speech was a cowardly thrust at the banner county of the State. It was mean-spirited, groveling, and dishonorable in the extreme, and no man with common sense would stoop to such pollution as did Dr. Page, in Pawnee City, on the Fourth of July.

The morning he left he expressed himself as hurt at the coolness of his treatment by our citizens, and threatened to advertise Pawnee City far and wide—simply because his rebel sympathies were not accepted as the Fourth of July oration. He overstepped all bounds of decency, and took advantage of the occasion to use his position for political purposes—exposing the cause of Rebellion for his main argument.

Very Respectfully Yours,  
ONE WHO HEARD HIM.

Hardware at the Big Store.

DR. PAGE VENTILATED.

A MEAN LIE SQUELCHED—THE FALSEST IMPEACHMENT.

Pawnee City, Neb., July 17. EDITOR ADVERTISER—Dear Sir:—Last evening I was handed an Omaha Herald, of a recent date, containing an account of an idiotic imagination concerning the Fourth of July celebration at this place. The whole is an infamous lie, calculated to do the citizens of this place an injury, as well as Prof. McKenzie and other speakers of the day. I ask your forbearance for a short time, and I shall endeavor to explain this matter.

A committee was appointed by the citizens of this place to procure an orator for the Fourth. A citizen of your place, who had spoken here before, was written to and invited to address our people on that day. He replied that he could not possibly do so, but would see if he could not procure some one in his stead. Shortly after came a letter, saying Dr. Page, of Brownville, had offered his services, and if accepted by the committee would be pleased to be with us. He was highly recommended by the writer, and the acquaintance of our committee with the writer led to the securing of Dr. Page.

The Doctor put in an appearance the day before the Fourth, "fishing" around for something to do in the way of practice—getting hand-bills struck and announcing that he would remain several days after the Fourth and soliciting a call from the afflicted. (We naturally supposed his practice in Brownville was limited, and from his appearance judged it to be here, which proved to be a fact.)

The morning of the Fourth the orator took the stand to deliver the oration. At the very start it was seen a great mistake had been made. After boring our people for half an hour or more by the way of introduction he sallied forth in a political speech, heaping vile epithets upon the North for what they had done during the war, and dwelling at considerable length upon that senseless term, "carpet-bagger." Our people were insulted, and treated with the utmost insolence. This Dr. Page, after heaping abuse upon abuse, and showering it upon the heads of our peaceable citizens, who bore it with patience, launched forth in flowery adjectives endeavoring to show that the South was right in the late war, and made every effort to vindicate that lawless and murderous band known as Ku-Klux-Klan. At this juncture our citizens began to murmur, for we are loyal here, and the Ku-Klux-Klan, the bigoted Dr. took his hat and retired, while a host of hisses and shouts of "rebel" followed his career.

I was surprised, almost stunned, in reading in the Herald that his speech was cheered, and congratulations extended him upon his success. Never was a baser lie written. Even Democrats in our county pronounce him an open Rebel—a hostile enemy to the Government. We have associated with a large part of the people of this county since the Fourth, and not one word of commendation have we heard in favor of his speech, but universal contempt is heaped upon his cowardly head.

During our nation's late struggle, men would have been hung for using such language as the utterance upon the Fourth at Pawnee City. He said that the South, the Ku-Klux-Klan and the rebel army were so oppressed and deprived of their rights by the carpet-baggers of the North that they were compelled to resort to means in their own power to defend themselves from oppression." Such language Jefferson Davis would blush to utter.

On the afternoon of the Fourth Mr. McKenzie, State Superintendent, arrived in town, and was waited upon by a committee of citizens and requested to deliver an oration, as they had been so terribly disappointed during the forenoon. He did so, in a very appropriate manner—in a well-voiced and patriotic speech—and never once alluded to Dr. Page's harangue, except when he said he "thanked God for carpet-baggers." Mr. McKenzie was loudly cheered, and the disappointed assembly of the forenoon now presented an enthusiastic appearance. Toasts, addresses, &c., were made, and the insult of Dr. Page was forgotten. All passed off harmoniously, and every one was delighted with the afternoon's entertainment. Dr. Page took his bed immediately after dinner, and was not seen till Thursday morning following, when he was observed holding a conversation with our committee, and demanding for his language the outrageous sum of forty dollars! Our citizens had subscribed upwards of sixty dollars to pay an orator, but after hearing the rebel speech of the Doctor they felt too patriotic to aid a rebel-sympathizer, and would give nothing toward raising his fee. Forty dollars, however, was raised and paid him, which he acknowledges in a letter to a gentleman in this place, although he left town leaving several "little bills" unsettled, which he contracted while here.

Dr. Page was never ordered to leave town, or hinted at that he stood a chance of being tarred and feathered, else you would have seen a "huskily" taking to his heels, and quitting Pawnee in less time than could be measured.

All in all, his speech was a cowardly thrust at the banner county of the State. It was mean-spirited, groveling, and dishonorable in the extreme, and no man with common sense would stoop to such pollution as did Dr. Page, in Pawnee City, on the Fourth of July.

The morning he left he expressed himself as hurt at the coolness of his treatment by our citizens, and threatened to advertise Pawnee City far and wide—simply because his rebel sympathies were not accepted as the Fourth of July oration. He overstepped all bounds of decency, and took advantage of the occasion to use his position for political purposes—exposing the cause of Rebellion for his main argument.

Very Respectfully Yours,  
ONE WHO HEARD HIM.

Hardware at the Big Store.

A DAY AT THE GRAND PRAIRIE SCHOOL HOUSE.

Mr. Editor:—As the Advertiser is a firm and tried friend of Education, I thought perhaps a few words of school import would be read with some interest by your many readers.

Accepting a polite and urgent invitation to visit the Grand Prairie school, and witness its closing exercises, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Savell, I started on Friday morning. We had a pleasant ride over the green prairies, commenting on the effects of "the storm" had a chat by the way with Julius Gilbert, County Surveyor. A little further on in our journey, we fell in with Dr. McCrewe and brother. Neither of them could visit the school that day, which we regretted. We passed through famous Sheridan city; the three principal buildings are not celebrated for architectural beauty, and as "the three" comprise the city, I will forbear further description until further progress.

About 9 o'clock, we arrived at the neat white school house on Grand Prairie. It is pleasantly situated, and in view of the delightful residence of Mr. Ord. The interior of the school house was the perfection of order and neatness. Two very important things to be considered in education. We were cordially and courteously received by the pretty, amiable teacher, Miss Mattie Savell. She was tastefully dressed in pink and white muslin; herself and scholars, and all the surroundings made one harmonious whole, and a pretty picture to look upon. The scholars were all neatly dressed, and taking them together, brighter eyes and more intelligent faces I never saw in a school.

They passed a very good examination in all their classes. Of course, not perfect in any. Their exercises at the black-board, would have done credit to other heads. The drill in Geography was very interesting, and the expression of thought which would pass over their faces when a question was asked, showed they had not merely learned their lessons by heart, but comprehended the fact.

Miss Savell is one of the teachers from the State Normal School at Peru, and is bending all her energies to teaching, and making every effort in her power to qualify herself as teacher. Such effort ought and will succeed. I have been told by the County Superintendent and others, that she gives general satisfaction, governs her school well, and children learn under instruction. The friends of education should encourage and sustain all such as are striving to qualify themselves for good teachers.

We complied with the courteous invitation of Mr. Ord and lady to go over to their home, where we partook of an excellent dinner, and spent a very pleasant hour in conversation with them. Mr. and Mrs. Ord, by the way are old acquaintances from Berea, Ohio, and old acquaintances from Berea, Ohio, and old acquaintances from Berea, Ohio, and old acquaintances from Berea, Ohio.

Miss Savell is one of the teachers from the State Normal School at Peru, and is bending all her energies to teaching, and making every effort in her power to qualify herself as teacher. Such effort ought and will succeed. I have been told by the County Superintendent and others, that she gives general satisfaction, governs her school well, and children learn under instruction. The friends of education should encourage and sustain all such as are striving to qualify themselves for good teachers.

JENNETTE HARDING.

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT CHRISTIE'S GROVE. ON THE LINE BETWEEN RICHMOND AND DENVER COUNTIES.

EDITOR ADVERTISER:—On the morning of the National birth day according to previous arrangements, a goodly number of patriotic friends, including the flourishing Sabbath Schools of the neighborhood, assembled at Christie's Grove. The rather stately trees clustered with abundant and luxuriant foliage, with inviting shade spread over nature's fresh green carpet, made the chosen spot selected for the celebration truly inviting. High among the branches, waving proudly in the breeze, hung the grand old American flag, whose ample folds swelled and heaving and gracefully swaying to the breath of heaven, seemed its emblem of our past career. Beneath the flag traced on canvas, was a motto the sentiment of which, "Love of country, of man and of God," seemed but a reflex of the burden of every heart. Appropriate vocal music, reading the scriptures and prayer, and the exercises opened. Then the reading of the Declaration, that grand old document cherished by every liberty loving heart; then suitable speeches, addresses, &c.—some extemporaneous, such as the good feeling of the moment seemed to inspire, others more carefully and elaborately prepared, and worthy careful study. We may mention those of Mr. Thomas, of Salem; Mr. Shockey, of Nemaha and Mr. James, of Salem. An interesting part was performed by the young folks of the Sabbath School, consisting of suitable declamations, recitations, and solos, all with scarcely an exception, well selected and well performed. Throughout, the exercises of the day was heartily interspersed an abundant supply of excellent music. These exercises, which occupied some hours, being over, came dinner and its hearty good cheer. Candies, cakes, and all the nice delicacies, which the fair know so well how to serve up, and so well how with cheerful converse to make double relished, were everywhere abundant. The conversational pleasures were in exact harmony with all that had proceeded. All seemed free and at ease and even earnestly jovial, yet all was propriety.

Finally, taken together, the earnest good feeling, and I think it hardly too much to say, earnest religious feeling that seemed to pervade the whole exercises—the genial sentiment of brotherhood—honored to the patriotic founders and supporters of our country—that earnest thankfulness to Him through whose providence we are permitted to enjoy these blessings, all these combined to make this every way one of the most suitable celebrations of Freedom's day, that it was ever our happiness to witness.

Salem, Neb., July 26th.

Thermometer on last Sabbath was 102° in the shade.

Hardware at the Big Store.

JEFF DAVIS.

The Chief of the "Lost Cause" in the "Winged Heron." [From the Louisville Courier-Journal, July 15.]

On Tuesday evening Jeff Davis left the Penobdy Hotel, Memphis, Tenn., in company with the wife of another man, who had been boarding at the Orleans House, and took the 6:30 train for the Memphis & Charleston Railroad for Huntsville, Ala. Representing to the conductor that the lady was under his protection, he took a berth in the sleeping car, he taking the upper berth and the lower. They retired early, and after traveling a short distance the ex-President descending to the lower berth, which fact was noticed by the porter,