THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,

Publishers and Proprietors.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

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THE ADVERTISER

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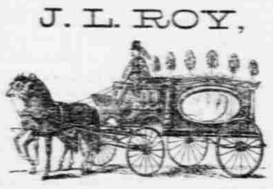

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Catarrh of the Nasal Cavities, Acute, Chronic, and Ulcerative, Hay Fever, or Rose Catarrh, Catarrh of the Eye and Ear, and Catarrh of the Throat,

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH

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JUST PUBLISHED.

A carefully revised Treatise on Catarrh, with an accurate description of symptoms and sympathetic diseases, together with minute directions for effecting with SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE a speedy and permanent cure. Also observations on diet and the general health, of vast importance to all afflicted with catarrh. It is wrapped about each bottle of the RADICAL CURE, or will be mailed free on receipt of stamp.

Each package of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, with full directions for use in all cases. Price, $1. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists throughout the United States and Canadas. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

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It cures Kidney Complaint.
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It is Safe, Reliable, and Economical
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Be careful to obtain COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER, a combination of Electric or Voltaic Plates with a highly Medicated Plaster, as seen in the above cut. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canadas, and by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

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For TEN YEARS TUTT'S PILLS have been the recognized standard Family Medicine in all the Atlantic States—From Maine to Mexico, scarcely a family can be found that does not use them. It is now proposed to make their virtues known in the WEST, with the certainty that as soon as tested they will become as popular there as they are at the North and South.

TUTT'S PILLS!!

DO THEY CURE EVERYTHING?

NO.—They are intended for diseases that result from malarial Poison and a Deranged Liver.

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Dull Pain in the Side and Shoulder, loss of Appetite; Coated Tongue; Costive Bowels; Sick-headache; Drowsiness; Weight in the Stomach after eating, with Acidity and Belching up of Wind; Low Spirits; Loss of Energy; Unsociability; and forebodings of Evil.

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HEED THE WARNING!

TAKE

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The first dose produces an effect which often astonishes the sufferer, giving a cheerfulness of mind and bouyancy of body, to which he was before a stranger. They create an Appetite, Good Digestion, and

SOLID FLESH AND HARD MUSCLE.

A LOUISANA PLANTER SAYS:

"My plantation is in a malarial district. For several years I could not make half a crop on account of sickness. I employ one hundred and fifty hands, often half of them were sick. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of TUTT'S PILLS. I need them as a precaution as well as a cure. The result was marvellous; my laborers became hearty, robust, and happy, and I have had no further trouble. With these Pills I would not fear to live in the Okofonokee swamp."

E. RIVAL, Bayou Sara, La.

"BEST PILL IN EXISTENCE."

"I have used your Pills for Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach and Nervousness, and can say I never had any thing to do me so much good in the way of medicine. They are as good as you represent them. I recommend them as the Best Pill in existence, and do all I can to acquaint others with their good merits."

J. W. TIBBETTS, Dacota, Minn.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 25 CENTS.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

Book-keepers, Reporters, Operators, School Teachers,

Penmen

At Great Mercantile College, Keokuk, Iowa.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit thoroughly and speedily cured. Painless; no publicity. Send stamp for particulars. Dr. Gaines, 167 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

The Bad Man of Bodie.

Washoe Pete was generally considered a 'bluffer' by the critics of Bodie, and his wild exaggerations were the subject of merriment only in that 'high old town.' He was allowed to swagger and boast to his heart's content; and even when he drew his 'nobby whistler' and shot the lights out of all the lamps in Ryan's saloon, the action only evoked a grin and a doubtful compliment that it was 'purty fair shootin', and nigh as stiddy narve as Irish Tom showed when he popped away at that 'bad man' from Deadwood.'

One day last summer Pete walked into Stribridge's saloon with the remark that he had 'heerd the Last Chance was goin' to be sold, and they've sent up an expert to look into it.'

The expert, a pale, small man, dressed in dusty gray, was standing at the bar, and looked around as the tall, would-be ruffian uttered these words:

'Thet's so Pete,' said one of the men present, 'and thet's the expert,' pointing to the small man.

'You are an expert, eh!' shouted Pete, eyeing the man menacingly. 'You're one of them fellers?' Then after a pause, during which he surveyed the stranger from head to foot. 'Wall, you are the wust I ever saw. Experts is bad enough, but you're the slinkiest, meanest, wust coot to set yourself up to report on a mine I ever laid eyes on.'

'I don't want to quarrel with you, sir,' answered the expert.

'Ye'd better not, young feller; ye'd better not. I'm a whirlwind of despert in a fight, and don't you forget it.'

'I'm a man of peace; I carry no weapons, and, of course, I could not hoped to stand before even a zephyr of the desert, let alone a wild untamed whirlwind.'

These deprecatory words only incensed the 'bad man' still more, and, feeling that he had a 'soft thing,' proposed in his own mind to 'play it for all it was worth,' and gain a 'record' by whipping his man.

'Look a heyer, stranger, I don't want no insinuations. Do I look like a zephyr? Say! Here Washoe Pete, shows his fist in the expert's face. 'What d'ye mean by talking about zephyrs? I'm a tornado. I 'tear' when I turn loose. Zephyr [sneezing.] Why, I've a good mind to——'

'Please, mighty whirlwind, resistless tornado, don't hit me. You wouldn't strike a consumptive man, would you?'

'Wouldn't I?' yelled the 'fighter' in a terrible voice; 'wouldn't I? I'd strike the side of a mountain!'

'Well, I'll tell you who I am;' and the tall man stood over the shrinking stranger as if about to topple on him and annihilate him. 'I'm bad. I'm chief of this yer camp, and ken lick the man thet sez I aint. I'm a raging lion of the plains, and every time I hit I kill. I've got arms like a quarz stamp, and crush when I go for a man. I weigh a ton, and earthquakes ain't nowhere when I drop.'

'But I've only just been discharged from a hospital,' replied the expert.

'I'll send you back agin!' and the stalwart 'bluffer' caught the little man by the collar and hurled him upon the floor.

'It's unkind to use a poor, weak, suffering invalid that way,' expostulated the expert as he slowly rose from the floor. 'Please don't joke so roughly. Let's take a drink and call it square. I'm sorry that I have offended you.'

'Ye think I'm joking, do ye—ye take me fur a josh, eh?' I'll show ye what I am afore I get through with ye. Ye don't play me fur no tenderfoot. I'm a native, I am, an' I've stood this yer fooling long enough.' Saying which he dashed the stranger against the table and drew a long knife.

As soon as the expert saw this he screwed his face into the most piteous shape, and throwing his hands up, cried: 'I'm unarmed; I haven't got as much as a pen-knife on me. Please don't carve me. Kick me to death, if you must have my life, but for heaven's sake don't stick that terrible thing into me.'

Now as Washoe Pete had no intention of using the knife—and thereby risking his neck—he was well pleased with the opportunity thus afforded him of displaying the deadly weapon, and, after asserting his bloody intention returned it to its sheath. He flourished the knife three or four times over the cringing expert, and then lowered it, with the remark: 'Why durn your cowardly soul, I wouldn't disgrace the weepin' by shovin it into ye. No, sir; but I'll plug ye,' and he drew a revolver.

'I'm unarmed—I'm unarmed—don't ye hear me?' whined the expert.

'Go an' heel yourself, then,' retorted the bad man.

'I don't want to fight.'

'I'll make ye fight. I'll take ye at yer word, and kick ye to death.'

'Please don't.'

Washoe Pete laid his knife and pistol on the counter, and then strode rapidly to the spot where the expert was half crouching, half-standing. By this time the saloon was full of men, all of them smiling at the picture before them, regarding it as the height of enjoyment—this lively encounter between the greatest braggadocio in the Sierra, and a small, pale, mining expert, new to the section, and a stranger to the wild ways of the border ruffians.

'This thing has gone on 'bout long nough,' yelled 'bad man,' stopping before the expert. 'Ye've been chinnin' me till I'm riled. Squar yourself—I'm goin' to kick, and a Comstock mule ain't a patchin' as a kicker to Washoe Pete—d'ye hear me?'

'One instant, please, Pete. (I don't know your other name.) You are sure you've got no other weapons about you? They might go off accidentally and injure some innocent party.'

'That's all the weepins I've got, ef the information'll ease yer sneakin' mind; and now I'm goin' to begin kickin'. Clear the track. The woolly hoss has broken out o' the kerrell, and there'll be a corroner's inquest in jest about seven minutes.'

He raised his ponderous boot, but it did not swing.

The little man straightened up like an unbent bow, and his left hand shot direct from his shoulder like the piston of a locomotive, striking Washoe Pete between the eyes and sending that worthy sprawling on the sawdust that covered the floor.

'I'm the cyclone of the West,' he shouted, as he bounded to the prostrate form of the 'wooly hoss' and raised the braggart into a sitting posture. The latter was dazed by the terrible blow he had received, and did not even throw up his guard when the expert drew back to strike again. Then the blows fell like thunderbolts upon the head and face of the 'Whirlwind,' inducing that individual to raise once more and attempt a defence. He made an effort to reach his weapons, but the active expert flanked him and planted two terrible blows on his ears and neck. Then the 'bad man' howled.

'Let me up! I was only foolin'—can't ye take a joke, durn ye?'

'Ye think I'm jokin,' do ye? Ye take me for a josh, eh? I'll show you what I am before I get through with ye. Ye don't play me for no tenderfoot. I'm a native, I am; an' I've stood this yer foolin' long enough.'

This apt reproduction of the native's speech a few moments previous, and its almost perfect similitude as regards tone, was two much for the good-natured crowd, and a roar of laughter greeted it that might have been heard beyond Bodie's bluff.

'I give in, durn ye, I give in! Can't ye take a man's word when he squeals?' shouted the 'tornado,' swinging his arms wildly, and staggering against the bar in his efforts to dodge the lightning stroke of the athletic expert.

'I'm a howling hurricane of wrath,' shouted the expert, sending forth both fists with a terrific effect.'

'Let up, won't you? I ain't a sandbag.'

'Not much; you're only a 'ragin' lion o' the plains,'' and a swift left-hander lit upon the bully's nose.

'I give in,' hoarsely ejaculated the expert's victim.

'Come on with your quartz stamps, old 'wolly hoss.' When you hit you kill, and you weigh a ton. Fetch in a couple of your earthquakes. Why dont you chew my mane? You're a chief, are you? All right, chief, there's a neat one for you, and there's a couple more.'

With these words the expert 'countered on the bad man's' cheek, and then stretched him panting on the floor with a 'stinger' straight from the shoulder, inflicted upon the lower portion of the chest. The expert cooly called all hands to the bar to drink, and as the 'bad man of Bodie' crawled away he was heard to mutter that he 'didn't lay out to fall up against batterin' rams, no more'n he 'lowed he was game in front of a bull gymnasium.'

Patent Flour.

Almost everybody knows of the flour, says an exchange, but not every one understands what it is. Stripped of technicalities, this is perhaps about the story of its manufacture. The best flour used to be made of winter wheat. Spring wheat yielded either much less in quantity, or else so much of the bran got into the flour in its manufacture that its color was intolerably dark. The wheat would be ground and then bolted. In the refuse—the bran and middlings—would be included a large proportion of the weight of the spring wheat, and this would sell more particularly for feed for horses. Now the best flour, and the most expensive, is made of this very refuse of the old-fashioned process. It all came out of the discovery of a way to draw out the bran. Under the new process the wheat is ground about as before. The first result is an ordinary flour sold for exportation. Then the remainder is taken and put upon great horizontal sieves, and while agitation is going on there, an ingenious system of draft is rushing up through, carries off the bran. What is left is the glutinous portion of the wheat, the most nutrition and most productive, and out of this, purified now by the drawing off of the bran, we get our new-proces flour. The result of the discovery of the process has been to make the poor Spring wheat of Minnesota and upper Wisconsin the most valuable kind of grain, and to make the fortunes of the inventors of the method.

The fossil floras of France, England, Germany, and Scandinavia exhibit ferns nearly fifty feet high, and with branches three feet in diameter, or nine feet in circumference.

Bunyan's Grave.

In the heart of London, on that great thoroughfare "City Road," and just across the way from Wesley's first chapel, there is a burying ground of the old English non-conformists which bears the name of Bunhill Fields cemetery. A quiet stroll among its tombs revealed to us some of the most sacred associations, and we did not wonder that Southey calls it the "Campo Santo of the Dissenters." The singular name which the old cemetery has borne for 300 years had its origin as follows:

In 1549 "more than one thousand dray loads" of human bones were removed from St. Paul's church yard to what was then a wild waste field in the suburbs of London. These human remains formed a large mound or hill in the midst of the field, hence the name "Bonehill Field," the name still given to the cemetery. The English Dissenters, excluded from the graveyards of the "Church of England," adopted Bunhill Fields as their burial place. For near three hundred years it was used as a cemetery, and now 124,000 sleep in that sacred soil awaiting the trump of the resurrection. It has not been used as a place of sepulture since 1832, but in 1869 it was opened with appropriate ceremonies as a public walk.

Among the many tombs containing precious dust, that of John Bunyan is doubtless the most noted. There is no path so well trodden as the one that leads to his grave. It is with no ordinary interest that one stands by the last resting place of this "Prince of Dreamers," and reads the simple inscription:—

JOHN BUNYAN,
Author of
"The Pilgrim's Progress,"
Ob. August 31, 1688, Æ. 60.

A new monument was erected by public subscription under the direction of the Earl of Shaftsbury in 1862. This monument is in the form of a large sarcophagus, being nine feet long and six feet high. On the top is a full length recumbent marble statue of Bunyan, wrapped in a cloak, with his head on a pillow and a book in his hand as if he is dreaming out his "Pilgrim's Progress."

On one side of the monument Christian is represented as starting on his journey. He is bent down beneath the heavy burden and looks very sad. On the opposite side the Pilgrim has reached the cross, his burden has fallen from his shoulders and his countenance is beaming with joy. But John Bunyan needs no better monument than his own "Pilgrim's Progress," a book that will lie next the Bible on the good man's table while the world endures. No uninspired book has been translated into so many languages. And a grand old hero was the dreamer of Bedford Jail. Imprisoned for no other offence than the preaching of the gospel he was offered his liberty if he would not enter the pulpit again, but his noble soul spurned the offer, and he replied:—"Let me out of jail to-day and I'll preach again to-morrow." As we gazed on the calm face of the dreamer carved in marble, how his own words thrilled our hearts:—"As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where there was a den, and laid in that place to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a dream." Blessed dream! Little did Bunyan know how many millions it would cheer on the way to the "Celestial City."—*Troy Times.*

A Warning to Husbands.

Husbands will do well to take warning hereafter, and not be so fast in borrowing money of their wives. Yesterday, in the County Court, a jury returned a verdict for Mrs. Maria Knyper against her lawful husband, Cornelius Knyper, for $885.91 which money, Cornelius alleges, was to have gone into the general family pool to pay grocery bills and butchers' accounts, but which Maria claims was 'merely loaned' the old gentle man, and was to be promptly repaid. The facts in this case seem to be, in brief, that both Cornelius and Maria had been married before contracting their present relations, one being a lone, lorn widow, and the other a sorrowing widower. To avoid any monetary difficulties, the two agreed that their respective property should remain intact, each enjoying the benefits of his and her estate. But no sooner were they married, and the interest began to roll in, than Cornelius little by little, succeeded in obtaining nearly $900 from Maria. He never for a moment supposed that he was anything but an angel in the old lady's eyes until he was awakened from his dream by an attorney's letter notifying him of the fact that he was indebted to Mrs. Maria Knyper to the extent of $885.91. "Impossible!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "it cannot be!" and then he rushed up stairs to the apartment of his beloved Maria. "What does this mean," he shouted, handing her the lawyer's letter. The old lady put on her spectacles, read the letter, put the spectacles in the case again, handed the letter back, and remarked, "Oh, that is from my attorney about the little account you owe me," and resumed dusting the bed-room.

Cornelius tore around a little said it was "a put up job," and finally hired a lawyer. He set up the defense that the money was a gift. But after a long and impartial trial Judge Loomis instructed the jury, in effect, that if they believed the plaintiff furnished money to the defendant out of her own estate, on condition that it should be repaid at some future time, and that no part of the same had been repaid; or, if the jury believed the plaintiff delivered the money in dispute to the defendant without any express agreement, and under such circumstances that the same ought to be returned; or, if they believed plaintiff cohabited with defendant as his wife, and further found that during such cohabitation the plaintiff furnished from her separate estate money to the defendant upon his request and that such money has not been repaid by defendant to the plaintiff, then they should find for the plaintiff, unless they also found that the money was delivered to the defendant as a voluntary gift. But even here the court held that the burden of the proof was on the defendant to show that such money was plainly intended as a gift by the plaintiff to the defendant. The facts and the law being all against Cornelius there is nothing left for him but to pay it back again, and for other husbands to take warning lest a little bill be presented them when they hardly expect it. The success of the courageous Mrs. Knyper under the new State law will encourage other wives, and before long the docket of the county court will probably be dotted with cases with a wife on one side and a husband on the other, fighting like grim death for victory. The law which favors such proceedings may be very equitable, but deals a terrible blow at the "one-flesh" notion that has so long prevailed.—*Inter Ocean.*

Republican "Class" Legislation.

Enemies of the Republican party charge it with having devoted itself mainly "to the improvement of classes." This is partially true. Its first work was to put on their feet, and give homesteads and a fair chance in the world to the men whom southern arrogance derided as "the mud-sills of society." The aforesaid "mud-sills," reciprocated the kindness in due time, by making the armies of the Union miracles of daring and endurance.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mrs. Clara P. Boss delivered a lecture on 'Woman's Kingdom' in Boston on Tuesday, in which she took ground against woman suffrage. In closing she said: "No woman's life is complete without husband and children. Never was monarchy so absolute, never a kingdom so loyal as the flock of little ones over whom a mother reigns." To those women who, blessed by love, consecrated by wifehood, refuse the crowning glory of their life, the majesty of motherhood. She said, "there is no sunshine like a baby's face, no music like the patter of its little feet; its prattle sweetens every cup of disappointment and blunts the edge of care. The time will come when the hair on your temples is gray; that the heart beneath which no child has lain will ache for the sacred burden; when the clasp of little fingers will be passionately longed for; when to be called by the dear name of mother would make you a radiant queen."

In the Japanese hell, the wicked 'fall into nests of burning scorpions, where they are tantalized by glimpses of their friends enjoying themselves in a lake of cool water. They are tied to rocks, and red-hot lead poured down their throats; are chased by hyenas through a field of open knives and other sharp instruments; are tortured by having their limbs sawn off and by being thrown into a revolving wheel of fire. Some are made to hug redhot stove-pipes, while Satan himself, with a smile, is fanning them. Others swim in seas of blood surrounded by laughing demons. Others still are seated in a caldron of redhot sulphur, having their tongues pulled out. Some carry heavy burdens of coal and throw it into the fire to burn new victims.'

Omaha *Commercial Exchange*: The late J. W. Iliff, of Denver, had the largest cattle range on the plains and his herds were numbered by the ten thousand. Mr. H. C. Russey, who was in the Union stock yards last week with the sixth shipment from this herd, states that 7,000 head of beef cattle have been shipped from the range, and that the entire shipments will reach 14,000 this season, requiring 700 cars to transport them to market. This shows to what extent the cattle trade of the west is growing, and gives some idea of western enterprise and success.

To newspaper men it will be rather mournful news, when they learn that the great and only Glover is in danger of being invited to remain at home. Glover was the unanimous Congressional fisherman who was always getting his grab-hooks fastened in some Democrat's trousers, to the terror of the party and the amusement of Republicans. We should be sorry to part with Glover; when there was a dearth of news he was handy.—*Inter Ocean.*

A Dutchman was seated in a shoe store trying his best to get his unfairy like feet into a number nine slipper. Said he to the clerk: "Say, Mr. Clerk, dis varde vedder is shrinking up der slippers like der tuyfel. Dond it?"—*Elmira Gazette.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Chrysanthemums and straw hats should now be taken in.

Practical cookery is taught in the London Public Schools.

Our commerce with France is now worth $100,000,000 annually.

Thirteen thousand head of cattle are concentrated at Dodge City, Kansas.

The English estimate that the cost of killing each Kaffir in the late war was $625.

The Duchess of Edinburg's girl baby is Queen Victoria's twenty-sixth grandchild.

A Chinese hop-grower shipped thirty-nine bales of hops, from Stockton, Cal., recently.

Colorado has fattened five hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle for the East this season.

A Saratoga savings bank shut up last Monday with $153,000 liabilities and $3,400 cash on hand.

Mrs. Van Cott was converted on a Fulton ferry boat and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

Mrs. Millard Fillmore heads the Buffalo list of subscribers to the yellow fever fund with a gift of $100.

Mobocrats yesterday. Republicans to-day. Democrats next week—is the way the Boston *Post* put it the day after the Butler Convention.

No less than 2,589,924,829 grains of opium are brought into this country annually. There are supposed to be over 200,000 opium eaters in the United States.

The Protectionists in the dominion parliament have a majority of over seventy. Does this mean that Canada has tried free trade and is heartily sick of it?

Since the beginning of the yellow fever epidemic in Memphis, sixteen of the physicians employed by the Howard association there have died of the disease.

Already England's hand is on Cypress, and at its old business of breaking chains. The government has ordered the emancipation of all slaves on the island.

It looks as though Ben. Butler will be left blooming alone on his ticket in Massachusetts. The lieutenant-governor and several other nominees have withdrawn.

The new law of compulsory education in Italy is working well, it is said. The passage of the law involved the building of 2,000 new school houses, and the improvement of 20,000 old ones.

The San Francisco mint is the most productive institution of the kind in the world. Its coinage amounted last year to $42,704,500 more than the aggregate production of the three largest mints in Great Britain.

Mme. Rinehart, a lion tamer came near being killed while she was performing in a cage of wild animals at Malboro, Mass., an infuriated panther biting her on the arm and hip. Her coolness saved her, and she cowed the beast with a whip.

Dispatches from army officials state that the outbreak of the Cheyenne Indians is owing to bad management of the Indian service, and that they would have remained on their reservation had their rations been supplied but they were compelled to resort to raiding to gain subsistence.

Nashville *Banner* (Dem.): Secretary Sherman is on the fence at last. He is not now so much of a hard money resumptionist as he was. While Wall street is hanging to his coat tail to keep him on their side, he seems to be starving to get over into the lot with the Greenback bull.

If the Canadians can not succeed in annexation to this country, they seem determined to unite their lot with ours by emigrating. Over thirty thousand of her citizens sought the United States last year by way of the port of Sarnia alone, and it is thought the emigration this year will be greatly increased.

Professor White, of Cornell University, just returned from Europe, says America must look to her laurels in regard to the common school system, as in England, France, and Italy systems of primary and common school education are being developed rapidly and with great care. Europe, he thinks, has made great progress within the last few years toward better systems of education.

Some time since it was published that an ex-Major General in the Confederate service had enlisted as a private soldier in the regular army.—There has been a great deal of curiosity exhibited as to who the reduced General might be. It transpires that the man is Major General Stockton, who is a graduate of West Point Military Academy, and went into the rebellion, reaching the rank named. Upon his recent enlistment he was not sent to the frontier with the ordinary recruits, but was detailed for clerical duty at the War Department.

The Democratic party of Nebraska handed in its checks yesterday, surrendered its organization to the Greenbackers, and has passed into history. We have, perhaps, not spoken as respectfully of the deceased in the hurry of political controversy as we might, but in the presence of the corpse, we can conscientiously bear testimony that it was superior to its successor and heir.—*State Journal.*