

THE HERALD.

TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1874.
4. MACMURPHY, Editor.

Court proceedings in full next week.

The Nebraska City Chronicle is going into the tax question in that court and we expect to be obliged to you soon.

Our West Point friends and others of the "big winding" who are coming up Frank Welch for Governor propose to throw their congressmen, Hon. L. Crouse overboard altogether; or do they expect us to give up a Congressman and Governor South of the Platte?

The Chicagoans are just now indignant at their Chief of the Fire Department, and charge incompetency & it was placed there, it is said, solely because he could carry the German and without any regard to his qualifications for that office. When our people learn that gas and propane never reform anything.

GRAND JURY PROCEEDINGS.
Burham, the man arrested for murder, was acquitted, there not being sufficient evidence before the Grand Jury to warrant an indictment against Thos. Keeler for stealing the Juries found a true bill. They also found four other indictments minor offenses and adjourned Wednesday forenoon.

MEETING OF THE REPUBLICAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE.
The Republican Central Committee met at Omaha, in the office of Mr. Bristol, on Tuesday, July 28th in at 4 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of calling a State Republican Convention, and apportioning members of.

F. M. JOHNSON, Chairman.
ROSEWATER, Secretary.

OBITUARY.

At Cheyenne, on Monday, the 29th, in the early morning, died John G. Hays, a prominent member of the Hays family.

His remains were brought to a family burying ground at this place, interred on Tuesday evening.

John Newton Hays was born in Springfield, Ohio, October, 1841. He came to Nebraska in 1857, a mere lad, having already learned the printers trade. Printing offices were not numerous in Nebraska at that early day, so young Hays returned to Ohio.

On the breaking out of the Civil War, he joined the 81st Ohio infantry and was shortly promoted to a Lieutenant and as quartermaster of the regiment followed Sherman to the Sea. In '65 he returned to this state and became foreman of the print office, then under the management of H. D. Hathaway, where he remained for three years, largely aided by his thorough knowledge of printing and his pleasant ways, in getting up this paper to the proportions of first class weekly county papers. In '68 Mr. Hays went to Fremont, and he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Plattsmouth to Fremont, a long tiresome journey.

On arriving opposite that town were obliged to leave their team crossing the river in a skiff, partly riding, they walked to town some miles from the landing. Chapman went to bed; Hays ever gritty, and full of work commenced business at once and before nightfall had inspired the people of Fremont with his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

ON TUESDAY EVENING
personal friends collected at the hotel on the arrival of the late train from Omaha with sorrow and pain. The solemn cortège followed the remains of J. Newton Hays to the cemetery. Rev. Mr. Bartle in a few simple and effective words and prayer signed his body to its long home, and with heavy hearts we turned away, left him there alone.

A friend, our neighbor, and our editor is gone. The busy brain is still forever. Those countless tomes and plans of life are checked off, and to-morrow as we take up pen again, we shall realize to what heart's core how short is life, how sudden may be our last, last effort. May that last proof need but corrections above.

MORE RUSH-ANS--GREAT CROWD--THE MEN ON NIGHTS ARE HERE--SEVEN CAR LOADS OF THEM--ALL PLATTS MOUTH RUSH-AS-ONE--MAN TO SEE 'EM!!

The vast and quiet City of Plattsmouth was thrown into inextricable confusion and alarm, yesterday morning, by the report that over three thousand Russians were rushing down upon us, half starved, and wholly unprepared for a future world. All the town rushed down to intercept them, and prevail upon them to go on to Lincoln, or some other one-horse town, where they could stand the press of so much Russian all at once.

THE FACTS.

On arriving at the scene of action, our editor found the R. R. men, from Jimmy Dawkins to Boss Holdrege, calmly surveying the Russian scene, without the least symptoms of alarm, and on careful inquiry, we learned that 3200 Russians were aboard the seven cars "forwards" us, and that they were bound for Lincoln, where accommodations have been prepared for them a few weeks, while their head men look up final destinations for the whole Colony, 125 children, and 255 adults; think of 125 children in seven small cars.

We went through the cars and Moses!! we never were so glad that we happened to be born in America and havn't got to emigrate here. "Little Mac" Fred Kroehler, Ben Hemple, Little Nathan and a host of other Dutchmen were jabbering Rush-in (?) to the browned up men and Gipsy looking lassies on the cars and it is said several of them found relatives there. Frank Stadler was talking three kinds of languages out of each corner of his mouth at once, and one old lady claimed Frank for a grand son instance, because his hair was most white, just like his grand fathers, "dear old soul."

Just as the train was leaving "Stinch" was seen Rush-in up to catch on behind, some one having told him that a Rush-in uncle was aboard and had \$10,000 Rubbles for him. "Stinch" was after that uncle, you bet. Look out for the most barbarous letter in the Republic in a few days. Time's up--off goes the train and in goes this scratch to our printers.

P. S.--This is the same crowd that arrived at Omaha yesterday (*by the Bee*) and at Sioux City a week ago, and over on the U. P. to-morrow and so on. They're here now but will be some where else another day. You know they're Rushins, that accounts for it.

BOLETTICS.
From our Exchanges.

Senator Tipton is rusticating at his home in Nemaha county.

The "Independent party" meet at Lincoln on the 28th to make arrangements for a State Convention.

On the breaking out of the Civil War, he joined the 81st Ohio infantry and was shortly promoted to a Lieutenant and as quartermaster of the regiment followed Sherman to the Sea. In '65 he returned to this state and became foreman of the print office, then under the management of H. D. Hathaway, where he remained for three years, largely aided by his thorough knowledge of printing and his pleasant ways, in getting up this paper to the proportions of first class weekly county papers. In '68 Mr. Hays went to Fremont, and he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Plattsmouth to Fremont, a long tiresome journey.

On arriving opposite that town were obliged to leave their team crossing the river in a skiff, partly riding, they walked to town some miles from the landing. Chapman went to bed; Hays ever gritty, and full of work commenced business at once and before nightfall had inspired the people of Fremont with his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont. Early in '74 removed his family to Plattsmouth and began life for Colorado to seek health. His friends and relations in Plattsmouth never saw him again. Just after he got the Tribune in good footing, Mr. Hays married the daughter of Capt. Marshall, our postmaster, and his death at this time particularly sad, as he leaves a little after only about ten days old, and his widow had not the mournful pleasure of seeing his face once more. He was buried, or even of following his remains to their last resting place.

With his own pluck and enthusiasm that the Fremont Tribune that noon became a fact. A few weeks later, he and Sam Chapman, his inseparable friend, drove from Fremont to the same Tribune one of the best and most reliable of competitors. His reputation as an editor extended the State over and no man in our midst stood higher than Hays. But the hand of fate was upon him, already that cruel boor of American homes, consumption, had marked him for a victim. A cold brought on by falling through the ice at Plattsmouth, he gave out that way and his untiring devotion to his business, for he was a persistent worker, aided the disease so rapidly that in '73 he severed his connection with the Tribune and went to Colorado for his health, entering into business temporarily at Cheyenne. His health improved so much that he thought he would live in Nebraska once more, and returned to Fremont.