

The Klamath Mouth Journal.

Every Democrat in Cass county should read the Journal. The only advocate of Democracy in the county.

The Journal will ever be found laboring for the best interests of Platts-mouth and Cass county in general.

R. A. BATES, PUBLISHER.

"DEMOCRATIC AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES."

OFFICE—No. 112, SOUTH SIXTH STREET

Volume XXIV

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1904.

Number 12.

TART CURB-STONE JOSHINGS

And Other Items of Interest Prepared Especially for the Journal Readers.

"Catch them early. Keep them late. We are the girls. That's my motto. Blind 'em, fool 'em. Hope 'em in before Leap Year comes again."

City election Tuesday, April 5. Mr. Groundhog has "made good" and and then some.

Taking babies to places of amusement is a "crying" shame. All babies look alike—when they belong to other people.

Wheat, like the farmer that raises it, is having its ups and downs.

Melchior Soennichsen will be re-elected city clerk with hands down.

A woman's tongue three inches long, when handled to advantage, can kill a man six feet tall.

An old bachelor of Platts-mouth says "marriage is a raffle; one man gets a prize and others the shake."

A woman must learn that it is easier to patch a boys' pants than it is to patch a reputation so it won't show.

You can't always guess a man correctly by his name. One of the smartest men in Kansas is named Leatherhead.

If some women's dress comes up to her expectations, all we can say in her defense is, her expectations are pretty low down.

If your enemies would stand still and not kick so much while you roast, them it wouldn't be such hard work shoveling in the coal.

The question now is, "How long will Old Winter linger in the lap of Miss Spring?" Not very long if she's one of those grouchy old maids.

After making a study of the weather for many years, we confess we never feel that there is much to hope for in March, except St. Patrick's day.

If weak babies had been put to death at the time Chancellor Andrews was born, no one can say who would now be the head of our great state university?

It is announced that gold is to be extensively used in spring millinery. But it really won't make any difference in the price whether gold or geesebacks is used.

A man never fully realizes just how much the movements of the world depend on him until he drops out entirely and then measures the size of the hole he left.

A young lady of this city has grown to maturity and has never seen her name in the papers. If she will send us her photo we will print it in our Monthly Magazine.

There is plenty of good material for mayor, and gentlemen who would do their duty regardless of consequences. A man of this character is what the people will demand.

Farmers say the snow last Sunday morning has done more good in the way of moisture than a good rain would have done, because the snow soaked the ground more thoroughly.

Col. John Tanner of South Omaha truthfully says: "Show me the man who has never lied to his wife and I will show you a sucker who has been married only about five minutes."

It is claimed that holding office is like kissing a pretty girl—a fellow never gets enough. We are not capable of passing judgment, but perhaps there are some hereabouts who could tell you all about it.

Robins, blue birds, red and jay birds, those lovely harbingers of the "good old summer-time" we have been whistling and singing for the past five months, have arrived, and we extend them a hearty welcome.

Some people who attend the theater feel their importance so much that they are continually flitting from one part of the house to another, to "show off," we presume. This is annoying to those who go to see the play.

Some papers say that kissing is out of date. Perhaps it is with some people, but we are willing to wager that there are still a few young men and pretty girls in Platts-mouth who are willing to be a little out of date, if to kiss is out of style.

President Smith of the Mormon church must be a happy father. He doesn't know exactly how many children his wives have. That's nothing. We have heard of men whose hardest work in life was to keep their wives from knowing how many children they are the father of.

The voters of Platts-mouth are too wise to elect a mayor who has a thousand and one irons in the fire, and who will demand too many privileges from the city council. We want a mayor who is free to act as his conscience dictates, and will not use his position in the interest of any clique or clan.

The other day a woman walked up to Judge Travis and asked: "Are you the judge of probate?" "I am the judge of probate," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," said the woman. "You see my husband died destitute and left several little infants, and I want to be appointed their executor."

From a Former Citizen.

In making a remittance for the Journal Mr. Aaron Patterson, a former citizen of Cass county writes: "I herewith remit the amount due, and one dollar more, as I am very well pleased with your paper. I lived down in that county for fourteen years, and I like to hear from my old home. I have been in this county for the last four years. This is a fair country for farming and stockraising. I am located three miles west of Tilden, in Antelope county. Tilden is half in Antelope county, and half in Madison county. Wishing you may do well with your paper, I close," etc.

A MOST DEPLORABLE DEATH.

A Fifteen-Year-Old Youth Almost Instantly Killed by the Fall of a Piano.

Clarence Jones, aged about fifteen years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Riley Jones, of this city, was almost instantly killed on Saturday afternoon about 4:30 by being crushed under a piano. The unfortunate boy never regained consciousness and the body was horribly disfigured. The particulars of the sad accident are about as follows:

Messrs. Sattler & Fassbender, the furniture dealers, were engaged to furnish one of their pianos for the performance of "The Crisis" at the Parmelee theatre the same night. It seems that young Jones, Pat Kelley and a boy named Graves were on the wagon balancing instrument, which was being removed from their store to the theatre. While passing through the alley in the rear of the Hotel Riley, one of the wheels struck some obstruction in the alley-way, which jostled the instrument somewhat, and in attempting to hold it to its place it fell from the wagon, with young Jones underneath its heavy weight. The limp and apparently lifeless form of the unfortunate boy was carried into the hotel and physicians summoned. Upon examination, it was soon discovered that he was beyond medical aid, and died a few moments later.

Soon after the accident Coroner Boeck empaneled a jury, consisting of Oliver Dovey, Jno. Hatt, John Cory, H. S. Barthold, Wm. Kroeber and Wm. McCauley. The inquest was held Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The evidence showed that young Jones came to his death in accordance with the facts stated above. And the testimony also showed that he was neither employed by Sattler & Fassbender or the proprietors of the Parmelee theatre to assist in removing the piano, but had gone with his own free will and accord, which releases the responsibility of any one for his death.

No one regrets the sad affair more than Mr. John Fassbender, who was driving the team, and no one could possibly have taken the sad affair to heart, even had the unfortunate young man been a near and dear friend, than Mr. Fassbender. The piano, which weighed in the neighborhood of one thousand pounds, was badly damaged by the accident and was returned to the store.

At the time of the accident the mother of the unfortunate young man was visiting with a daughter near Osceola, Iowa, and as soon as the sad news reached her, started for home, arriving Sunday morning. Mr. George Alrup and wife (the latter a sister of the deceased) also arrived Sunday morning from Falls City to attend the funeral.

The funeral services were held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, from the family residence, Rev. H. B. Burgess conducting the ceremonies. After which interment was made in Oak Hill cemetery.

Tragedy Averted.

"Just in the nick of time our little boy was saved" writes Mrs. W. Watkins, of Pleasant City, Ohio. "Pneumonia had played sad havoc with him and a terrible cough set in besides. Doctors treated him, but he grew worse every day. At length we tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and our darling was saved. He's now sound, and well." Every body ought to know, its the only cure for Coughs, Colds, and all Lung diseases. Guaranteed by F. G. Fricke & Co., druggist.

Asthma

"One of my daughters had a terrible case of asthma. We tried almost everything, but without relief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and three and one-half bottles cured her."—Emma Jane Entsminger, Langsville, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures many cases of asthma.

And it cures bronchitis, hoarseness, weak lungs, whooping-cough, croup, winter coughs, night coughs, and hard colds.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do so. If he says not to take it, then don't. There's no harm in it. It's known to cure all kinds of coughs, colds, and croup. It's the only one that does. It's the only one that's safe. It's the only one that's sure. It's the only one that's cheap. It's the only one that's good. It's the only one that's right. It's the only one that's true. It's the only one that's honest. It's the only one that's fair. It's the only one that's kind. It's the only one that's merciful. It's the only one that's loving. It's the only one that's gentle. It's the only one that's sweet. It's the only one that's pure. It's the only one that's clean. It's the only one that's fresh. It's the only one that's bright. It's the only one that's clear. It's the only one that's pure. It's the only one that's clean. It's the only one that's fresh. It's the only one that's bright. It's the only one that's clear.

A LETTER FROM OREGON.

What C. W. Sherman, Sr., Former Editor of the Journal, Writes of the Country.

We are permitted by the Journal's old friend, Conrad Schlater, to print the following letter, feeling that it will prove of considerable interest to those who desire to become more familiar with the country, climate, etc. The letter is dated "O. A. Stearns' Spring Ranch, near Klamath Falls, Oregon, March 7, 1904:

MR. CONRAD SCHLATER, PLATTSMOUTH, NEB.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: You are wondering at my delay in writing to you in response to your very kind and complimentary letter of Dec. 29 last, but I trust that my explanation will be satisfactory. I came to Oregon from the Black Hills country the last days of February, 1903, and before writing you I desired to experience the kind of weather this country affords the whole year through, so that I could state, advisedly, what sort of a climate this is, winter and summer.

On February 28, last year, the day I left Portland for southern Oregon, the weather was May-like, and in the Willamette valley the vegetation was as far advanced as it ordinarily is in Nebraska in the middle of May. People were working in their fields and gardens, flowers were blooming and the meadows were green with grass. Further south in the Rogue River valley, where the altitude is greater, things were not quite so far advanced, and early in March, when I crossed the Cascade range by wagon, my nephew and I endured the discomfort of traveling in a cold rain, alternating with snow, for the four days of our trip and in the high places the winter's snow was still two to three feet in depth. Nobody has crossed the mountains lately, that I have heard of, because of the depth of snow, the stages having been taken off that route by reason of the completion of a railroad from the south into the Klamath Valley region. But on the east side of the Cascades the snow has not been excessive, and the weather has been regular and mild—the mercury never having reached the zero mark at the door of my quarters—the nearest approach being 4 degrees above. From April to November there was very little rain-fall and very few cloudy days; but from November 15, on for nearly a month it rained, and for nearly a month a snow storm and cold snap. Three weeks of December was nice and sunny; then came fogs for ten days, followed by snow, and during the past two months there has been much good sleighing weather—nothing in the way of rain and snow, alternating for some weeks. March came in with a drizzling rain, all day and night. So you have an epitome of the weather conditions for the year.

The summer days were never excessively warm, and the winter days were always cool enough for comfort. You desire to know what sort of a country this is, and what the outlook is for the future, and in my limping way I will try to describe it. Klamath lake and Klamath valley in Oregon, from the eastern base of the Cascade range, the lake is some thirty miles in length by fifteen in width, and at its southern extremity it breaks through a spur of the Cascades which extends many miles eastward and connects with the Sierra Nevada. Within a few miles of the lake, there are two miles Klamath river debouches into a basin or valley some fifteen miles in length and an equal width, varied here and there by butte-like upheavals of volcanic origin, some of which rise 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the plain. This valley or plain is terminated at the southwest by another range of mountains which to the south and east are known as the lava beds, made famous by Captain Jack and his Modoc Indians in their uprising against the whites some thirty years ago. Looking south some thirty miles—beyond Little Klamath lake—these lava beds can be seen from this ranch quite plainly on any clear day. The river, forming a gorge, passes through this range of mountains, and is a mile wide, and with a fall of 100 feet to the mile, the roar of the waters, as they foam and tumble over the rocks, can be heard for many miles. The valley land in general is covered with natural grasses, while the hills and slopes abound with sage brush and a stunted growth of junipers and sometimes of pine.

The altitude of this valley is about 4,000 feet above sea level. The uplands are only valuable for what timber they afford and for grazing purposes, for the double reason that there are too many rocks and stones scattered over the surface, and the summer seasons are too dry. Bounding the lower level of the valley are large areas of undulating lands which are rich in soil and are irrigable, and when irrigated are very valuable. One irrigating ditch, on the east side of the river covering some 4,000 acres, has been in operation for several years, with great success. The head of the ditch is in Klamath lake, two miles above the town of Klamath Falls, and incidentally it furnishes water for the town. It is a place of nearly 1,000 people. Another ditch, on a higher land, is now under contract. It will cover some 75,000 acres.

Two or three miles east of Klamath Falls the Lost River breaks through a gap in the mountain range and runs along the eastern border of Klamath valley, loses itself thirty miles south in Tule lake. Above the gap, along one tributary in Lost River are two valleys, Alkali valley and Langlet valley, each having large areas of valley land, but all of which need irrigating systems to bring the land to its best estate, and plans for irrigating all of these valleys are in process of development.

The northern part of this country still comprises the Klamath Indian reservation—the lands being in course of allotment to these dusky first settlers. Of course they will take the best of the lands; but there are many thousands of acres of splendid valley land left for white settlers when they get all that is coming to them. All the members of this tribe that are under 40 years of age have been educated by Uncle Sam, and all now live in severity, upon farms in various portions of the reservation. They are not originally inclined, but it is evident, to me at least, that they are

lacking in the ambition necessary to make successful agriculturists. They love to hunt and fish and ride and drive horses more than anything else; and have no knack of making things work at their places. Although the birth rate is apparently high enough to indicate an increase in members among them, the death rate is greater, and points to the early extinction of the race or tribe. Nature seems to have intended them for civilization. A very few of the Klamaths acquire wealth. Most of them, by far, are consuming their inheritance.

If one delights to revel in nature's beauty, his heart's desires would be amply satisfied by many of the sights presented to view in this region. Here one can see wonders of nature on every hand. Broad and expansive plains spread out at one's feet, bounded on every hand by lofty and picturesque mountains, some of them darkened by forests of pine, fir, cedar and juniper; other rocks-ribbed and barren but majestic in their grandeur. Looking off to the south, above the outline of the nearby mountains sixty miles away, the towering form of Old Mount Shasta looms up against the sky, with its covering of eternal snow—forming one of the most sublime spectacles on the continent. It is 14,444 feet in height above the sea—higher than Pike's Peak of the Rockies. Forty miles northwestward the cone-like peak of Mt. Pitt can be seen—10,000 feet high.

Numerous lakes abound in this region also. From the top of a neighboring butte one can catch glimpses of the two Klamath lakes, big and little, in opposite directions also White Lake and Long Lake—all at one sweep of the eye around the horizon.

Some miles north of Klamath lake is the site of Crater Lake, long since abandoned as a military post. But it is situated in one of the most beautiful valleys I ever saw—the valley of Wood River, Anne creek and other trout-abounding streams. Some twenty-five miles northwest of the old fort, on the crest of the Cascades, is the site of Crater Lake, one of the wonders of the world. Here, walled in by acclivitous rocks, 800 to 2,000 feet beneath the rim lies the most beautiful sheet of water in the whole world. My eldest brother and I paid a visit to this wonderful place last July. Standing on its western rim and reaching far down the cliffs which there overhang its shore, I was entranced at the picture. Not a breath of air rippled the glassy surface of the lake, while the sun shone in all his glory. Mirroring the blue sky above, the water seemed to take on a deeper shade of blue than I ever saw elsewhere. On every side the pinnacled cliffs were perfectly mirrored in the water, so that one could scarcely tell where the water ended and the cliff began. The opposite shore seemed to be a mile or two away, while in fact the lake is eight miles long and five miles in width. Out in the lake some miles away, rises a cone-shaped mound 1,000 feet in height, which also has a crater on its top, pine-covered, and its shape reproduced in the water, adds much to the wonder and beauty of the scene. At its deepest the lake measures 2,000 feet in depth. It makes one dizzy to think what awful eruptions of nature it was when the volcano which stood above this lake and the rim which surrounds it, was blown into the air and its debris was scattered over thirty miles of the surrounding country. The sight of this wonderful body of water and its surroundings will ever be a pleasant memory to me.

Political Bay is the name of a summer resort on the west side of Klamath lake, near the foot of Huckleberry Mountain. There are big springs with the clearest, coldest water running from them, and trout fishing in abundance. A sixteen pound trout, caught by a young woman visitor, was the biggest fish of last summer's catch there.

But trout fishing is so common in all the streams of this region that this catch is not a wonder. Williamson's Lake, near the foot of Klamath lake, is reputed to be the finest trout fishing stream in all the world, and is annually visited by famous trout fishermen from all parts of America and Europe. I fished in its waters but failed to catch a single one. However, you ask, what do people do here and what do farmers raise?

Thus far in its history Klamath county is what is known as a "cow country"; that is, it is almost entirely devoted to stock raising—cattle, horses and sheep. Stock has been raised on the hills and mountains during the summers, and generally are fat when rounded up in the fall. Most of the valley land is put in grass, and hay is a standard article here. Many ranches are put in alfalfa, and the soil is peculiarly adapted to raising the best of all grasses for cattle. Mr. Stearns, with whom I am living, has some fifty acres in alfalfa, and last year harvested nearly 200 tons of the finest hay I ever saw. It comes out of the soil as green and tender as if freshly cut by the mower. No wonder the cattle bawled for it. The range of crops grown on the farms is wheat, rye, oats, barley and potatoes, with beets and other vegetables thrown in. This altitude is too great, and frosts come too late and early for corn as a field crop; but the quality of the other cereals is excellent, generally. As high as fifty bushels to the acre of wheat has been grown on this and other ranches in this valley. Rye is frequently cut when in the "straw" and used as hay.

The ranchers in this region have given much attention to fruit raising, but those who have planted orchards have met with good success. Mr. Stearns has an orchard of about 100 trees and is planting more. For years he has grown more than he needs for his family's use, of many of the leading varieties of apples, such as the fall pippin winesap, Jonathan, Smith's older, pearmain, Ben Davis, and several other varieties, and has had no wormy apples. They were grown with but two small rain showers after planting, and still I think they averaged in size larger than any I ever saw grown in Iowa or Nebraska. With a railway for shipping them the Klamath county potato would be a great crop and sure to become famous throughout the coast states.



We Aim To Please.

MORGAN

The Leading Clothier

Platts-mouth, Neb.

A VERY PRETTY WEDDING.

Marriage of Miss Nellie Allison, of Cass County, and Mr. John H. G. Hasenager, of Tecumseh, Neb.

We saw two clouds in the morn. Tinged with the rising sun, And in the dawn they floated on. And mingled into one.

At the home of the bride's parents, three miles southeast of Murray, on Tuesday evening, March 15, 1904, occurred the very pretty wedding of Miss Nellie Allison and Mr. John H. G. Hasenager, of Tecumseh, Neb. It was indeed a most beautiful wedding, the ring ceremony being used.

The home was elaborately decorated with all the ornaments customary on such occasions, and the large residence of Mr. and Mrs. Allison was filled with friends and well-wishers of the bride and the family. The bride—a lady of natural beauty and exquisite tastes—when clad in her wedding gown, as she stood by the man she had selected for a husband, was perfectly lovely. Miss Allison counted her friends by the score, and was a young lady of worth and spotless character, and happy must be the lot of him who now calls her wife.

The groom wore the conventional black. He is not much known in the community, being a resident of Tecumseh, Neb., but it is not too much to say that he has the appearance of a true and noble manhood, worthy of the prize he secured.

The happy couple were literally loaded down with presents, in endless profusion, but we have not secured a list of them, which, if we had, would fill nearly a column of the Journal.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison departed on the late train on the M. P. the same night for Tecumseh, near which they will begin housekeeping on a farm.

While Mr. and Mrs. James Allison regret the departure from the scenes of her childhood, of their loving, handsome and accomplished daughter, the sincere wishes of the entire community in which she was reared attend her and husband for their future prosperity and happiness. And the Journal joins the hosts of friends in so doing.

Careless Driving. Last Saturday as an old lady was crossing the street from the Riley Hotel to the Coats corner, she just barely escaped being run over by a delivery team. This was a piece of carelessness on the part of the driver, and if he had run over her she would probably have been killed or crippled for life. There is no sense in driving at such a helterskelter speed through the principle streets, especially when crowded like they were Saturday afternoon. Pedestrians have some rights which these reckless drivers are bound to respect, and the sooner they find this out the better it will be for all concerned. If there is no ordinance prohibiting such reckless and careless driving it would be in order to pass one. And if there is one it should be rigidly enforced.

Hay For Sale. I have about 1,200 bales of good Timothy and clover hay for sale; price \$8.00 per ton at the barn, or \$10 delivered in Platts-mouth. Leave orders with John Hall, farmer in Platts-mouth; or call at grocer in ten miles due south of Platts-mouth.

Pleasing to Fruit Growers. E. F. Stephens, the well known orchardist of Crete, says: "In central and western Nebraska, careful examination shows fruit buds of 25 leading varieties of peaches to be in perfect condition. From Kanesaw, 165 miles west of Omaha, to Julesburg, Colo., 210 miles further west, we find peach buds perfectly sound and promising a full crop."

More Riots. Disturbances of strikers are not nearly as grave as an individual disorder of the system. Overwork, loss of sleep, nervous tension will be followed by utter collapse, unless a reliable remedy is immediately employed. There's nothing so efficient to cure disorders of the Liver or Kidneys as Electric Bitters. It's a wonderful tonic, and effective nerve and the greatest all around medicine for run-down systems. It dispels Nervousness, Rheumatism and Neuralgia and expels Malaria germs. Only 50c, and satisfaction guaranteed by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Colds Cause Pneumonia. One of the most remarkable cases of a cold, deep-seated on the lungs, causing pneumonia, is that of Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion, Ind., who was entirely cured by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. She says: "The coughing and straining so weakened me that I ran down in weight from 145 to 120 pounds. I tried a number of remedies to no avail until I used One Minute Cough Cure. Four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me entirely of the cough, strengthened my lungs and restored me to my normal weight, health and strength. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co."

Right You Are, Brother.

Cass county has as good a class of newspapers as will be found in the state, not a bad one in the whole bunch, yet the boys are troubled with what medical science would term softness of the brain. Cass county is one of the richest counties in the state and is able and willing to pay the newspapers for the legal printing it has to do, but in their goodness of heart—or lack of good, business judgment—the newspaper publishers annually fall over each other in their mad rush to put in a bid to do the printing at starvation prices. What brainy men, and yet what d-m fools.—Louisville Courier.

No Entertainments in Churches. According to the holding of the state board of equalization, and the attorney general, there can be no more entertainments held in the churches when an admission fee is charged without the property is taxed, for the law says that all church property from which there is a revenue derived shall be taxed. This will cause the holding of church socials and entertainments in places other than the church.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Todd Entertain. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Todd entertained a number of friends at cards at their home on north Fifth street, on Friday evening. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rulz, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Dovey, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Helms, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Guild, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Clark, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Eads, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Gilman, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. E. D. Cummins, and Miss Addie Seal. The King prizes were awarded to Byron Clark and Mrs. Gilman, while Mrs. H. N. Dovey and C. D. Eads were awarded the consolation prize. After partaking of a most elegant lunch, served by the hostess, assisted by Miss Searle, the guests departed, bearing with them the memory of spending a most delightful evening.

The Fate of Great Men. Pope, the poet, who beside himself with sleeplessness said he would prefer death to such misery. Lord Byron suffered horribly with it, and was in actual despair. Boerhaave, the physician, after one of his studies, did not close his eyes for six weeks. The nerves were tired out, and with them, the whole body—in the first place the stomach. As soon as the stomach refuses to work, there is no new blood made, and the whole body collapses. Triner's American Elixir of Bitter Wine will give to the stomach the necessary strength to accept and digest all food, because it regulates the flow of the gastric juice. Fortify your stomach and purify and enrich your blood with this great natural remedy. This season call for it. At drug stores. Joseph Triner, 799 South Ashland Ave., Chicago Ill. Pilsen Station.

Death of a Pioneer. W. R. Ellington died at his home, in Murray, on Monday, March 14, 1904. Next October Mr. Ellington would have been 81 years of age, and bore the distinction of being the first sheriff of Cass county. With the exception of about one year he has been a resident of this county since 1858, and is considered one of its very earliest settlers. The funeral occurred yesterday, the services being conducted by Rev. Baird of this city.

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