

# LOOKING FOR HIS FATHER

A Young Lad Arrives in the City Claiming to be a Son of the Late William Webb.

THOUGHT HIS PARENT LIVING

He Visits the Home of the Deceased's Widow and Tells Her His Story.

HE WAS BORN ON WINTERSTEEN HILL

Twenty years ago William Webb was a full-blooded, healthy young man working in the Burlington shops at Plattsmouth. He was a good workman, made good wages and believed in enjoying life. While he was yet a young man he met a young woman who was congenial to him, and the two lived together as man and wife. In their own eyes they were man and wife, but before the law they were not, for no marriage ceremony had been performed. They lived in a little house on Wintersteen hill. Webb worked in the shops and supported the woman, and she kept house for him. And then a son was born.

But a time came, not long after, when William Webb wearied of sowing wild oats. He ceased to live with the woman. He tried to live down his past life. The woman drifted away into the world, and the boy went with her.

As William Webb grew older he met a woman who seemed his ideal of a wife. He married her and they lived happily until the sudden death of Mr. Webb by falling from the Burlington bridge here when it was being rebuilt two years ago. William Webb's wife never knew of the wild oats he had sown before he married her. She never knew of the skeleton in his closet. Yesterday she learned of it. The manner of it was this:

A boy, almost a young man, came in on a Missouri Pacific freight train from the west yesterday morning at about 10 o'clock. He inquired his way of those he met. He came to Manspeaker's barn and Mr. Manspeaker directed him to his wife, who is a sister of Mr. Webb's widow. The boy went there and she in turn directed him to the home of the widow of William Webb, now Mrs. Sigman.

Arriving there, the boy made his astonishing statement. "I am Charlie Webb," said he, "William Webb was my father!" Mrs. Sigman assured him that he must be mistaken. Others of his auditors spoke sternly to him and threatened punishment for such an apparent imposture. This was too much for the young man. He began to cry. It seemed hard to come back expecting to find a father and be disappointed, but harder still to be considered an impostor.

The lad relates the usual story of a walt cast upon a cold and careless world at an early age, without the care of parents and home. Of his earliest days no recollection remains except that he was in some large city and was not well treated by his mother. Wandering, wandering, from one side of the continent to the other, that is how he spent the years after he became big enough to travel. In a dozen cities he has wandered the streets homeless and hungry. Over thousands of miles of railroad he has ridden the precarious ride of the bum.

But the boy seems to have inherited some of the inherent good of his father, or, perhaps, of some half-forgotten ancestor, for as he arrived at the age of reason a longing filled him to know his parents. He had been in the far west for a long time. He knew that his birth place was Plattsmouth, because he had heard his mother say so, and besides, had been here with her when he was about seven years old. So he covered the many hundreds of weary miles. It took weeks, but yesterday he arrived. But he arrived only to learn that his father is no more.

The boy said he believed his mother to be still in Omaha. He hadn't seen her for years, and he feared that she, too, might be dead.

The lad was entirely without money. He was provided with dinner at the home of Mrs. Sigman. During the afternoon employment was offered him by a farmer near Mynard and he departed to earn money to help him prosecute the search for his mother.

## Cut the Grass.

The grass on the court house lawn begins to look horrible. It bears the appearance of a man with long hair who hadn't combed it for a year. Next Wednesday thousands of strangers will visit the city and the Journal suggests that the lawn be trimmed up before that time. We know why it has been left thus this season, but we believe it would be better for the appearance of the court house surroundings to have the lawn mowed before the Woodmen picnic next Wednesday. Everybody should put on their "best bib and tucker" that day.

## Coal Oil Exploded.

Mrs. Margaret Claus had a narrow escape from an awful death yesterday. Mrs. Claus is an aged lady who lives opposite the Catholic church. She was cleaning and filling the lamps. The can of coal oil had just come from the grocer's and was full to the brim. Mrs. Claus picked up the can and at the same instant there was a terrible explosion. The glass oil can was shattered and oil was scattered all over the kitchen. Fortunately there was no fire in the room, or there would have been a fearful catastrophe. Mrs. Claus' right hand was badly cut by the flying glass. The cause of the explosion remains a mystery.

## AN OLD DEBT IS LIQUIDATED

Chris Koehnke Gets His Pay for Services Performed Seven Years Ago Out West.

A check for \$220 received by Chris Koehnke a few days ago came with as great a welcome and unexpectedness as money found on the street. The check was in payment for services rendered over seven years ago.

At that time Frank Hebert was a poor carpenter in Plattsmouth. He got a few dollars together and went to the Black Hills in search of his fortune. The money did not last long and although prospects were good he had absolutely no means of developing his property. He wrote to his old friend in this extremity and the old friend proved a friend, indeed. Chris Koehnke packed his tools and went to the Black Hills. There he worked with Mr. Hebert for almost a year, constructing buildings and mining apparatus. Mr. Hebert was sure the yellow treasure lay there but it was far beneath the ground, and meanwhile money was scarce. At the end of a year Mr. Koehnke came back to Plattsmouth with still a considerable amount due him. He wouldn't take a note. He knew his partner would pay him if ever a time came when he could.

A few days ago when Mr. Koehnke came home his wife appeared before him holding something in her hand and asked him if she might have half of what she held. Mr. Koehnke replied that they had always shared everything half and half and would do so in this case. Mrs. Koehnke thereupon showed him the check.

Accompanying the check was a letter telling of the prosperous fortunes of Mr. Hebert. He has several mine properties, yielding gold and mica. Several months ago one of Mr. Hebert's daughters sent a small nugget of gold to Miss Koehnke. It was just a small "sample" but it was worth \$0.

The mines are located at a small place called Oreville. It is the first station this side of Lead and aside from its pecuniary attractions, possesses some fine scenery.

The many friends of Mr. Hebert and family will be glad to know of his success.

## AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Chartered 1820—The Largest Company in World Writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance—Paid Policy Holders Since Organization \$145,918,246.86—Why You Should Insure in the Aetna Life.

1. The company has a clean asset.
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5. It sells endowment policies at rates usually charged for ordinary life insurance policies.
6. It will lessen the number of payments usually required to make a policy paid-up.
7. It will mature and pay its endowment policies in less years than the number required by the policy.
8. It will pay a larger sum than the face of the policy if desired or as an annuity continuing through life.
9. It sells gold bonds, bearing five per cent interest, as safe as government bonds, and on easy payments.
10. Its policies and bonds are incontestable after one year.
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12. It grants extensions of insurance in case of failure to pay premium.
13. It allows a change of the beneficiary upon application to the company.
14. It pays good dividends upon its policies and bonds, making a good investment, as well as a protection.
15. It has the best plan for partnership insurance offered.
16. All its policies and plans are modern and up-to-date.
17. What it will do for you it will do for your friend. See that he has the chance.
18. If you desire to know all about these plans and policies, please consult J. E. Rorabeck, district manager, Plattsmouth, Neb.

## LOOKING BACKWARD SOME FORTY YEARS

An Interesting Incident That Transpired in the Early History of Plattsmouth.

The Journal reporter was recently permitted to take a look at a number of volumes of remarkable "scrap books." They do not contain statements and records of "scraps" in the ordinary sense of that word, but really a condensed history, gleaned from different periodicals, of important happenings in Nebraska for the last forty years. These scrap books are the property of Judge Basil S. Ramsey. In one we saw the correspondence between Doctor Robert R. Livingston and J. Sterling Morton, in which the former challenged the latter to mortal combat—in other words to fight a duel; the reply of Morton, the letter of Captain Stearns F. Cooper (Livingston's second) and Morton's reply to Cooper. This correspondence took place during the month of July, 1866, and in Morton's reply to Cooper under date of July 24, 1866, contains this reasonable and plausible excuse for refusing to accept the challenge: "His proposition to shoot lead bullets at me is not in accordance with law or my own ideas of social amenities and amusements. To kill or to be killed would be no particular felicity with me, especially in hot weather, when corpses spoil so rapidly."

And yet how strange! After the lapse of a number of years, Livingston became a democratic nominee for an important office and Morton his leading and strongest supporter. And when our court house was dedicated, and the beautiful oil painting of Lewis Cass was presented to Cass county by J. Sterling Morton, this gentleman, in the most beautiful and touching language paid a glowing, well merited tribute to the noble character of General Livingston.

Under date of October 2, 1882, in a letter to the State Democrat, we find the following: "On last Thursday night Fitzgerald Hall was crowded to overflowing to hear Governor J. Sterling Morton discuss the issues presented by the democratic platform."

Gen. Livingston presided and introduced Morton with one of his characteristic speeches. Morton's speech throughout was replete with wit, sarcasm and argument. The questions of free trade, prohibition and republicanism were handled in a masterly manner.

"Our silver-tongued Gen. George S. Smith was gently touched up, but for some reason, Smith seems to have been out of town that night, and did not turn up till the next morning after Morton had started for Arbor Lodge." Many republicans were present to hear Morton and not a few of them seemed actually delighted to hear Morton eulogize Smith and the Star route thieves."

Another item we found of historic interest, written by the judge, then correspondent of the Lincoln State Democrat: it is of date September 3, 1883:

"JOHN R. POLIN.

"The supreme court recently seems to have settled Polin's fate. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree, for killing F. J. Metteer and last November, Judge Pound sentenced him to death on the sixteenth of March last. The case was carried to the supreme court and the judgment of the lower court affirmed, and the 9th of next November fixed for the day of execution. Should he hang, this will be the first judicial murder committed in Cass county. So far, her records are clear of any such judicial hanging, although a number of homicides have been committed within our borders. We find no fault with either court, and fully believe that Polin had a fair and impartial trial before Judge Pound. If any leniency were shown at all, it was in favor of the accused. We have no apology for the commission of the crime; there could scarcely be any, even though the homicide was committed to avenge a fancied wrong. That the accused deserves punishment, no one denies, and that his punishment should be severe is likewise conceded. But the question which confronts us now is, will hanging atone for the crime? Will the expiring death gasps of Polin be an atonement for the blood of Metteer and deter others from committing a like crime? The whole history of capital punishment, shows, that, as a punishment, hanging is a failure and that, as a prevention of homicide, the history of more than six thousand years, shows it is equally a failure.

"We concede, that in the violation of these natural laws, society demands and requires protection; and the more surely to protect society, requires that violations be met with adequate punishment. But let that protection be such, and such only, as society is warranted in giving and the punishment for the violation of her laws be such only as a nation or state is authorized to inflict under the theory of Civil Government. Let us not take away from any human being that which nature alone can give and which no power in the state can return. Let the law of our state be changed that the punishment for homicide shall be civil death instead of physical death."

## Teachers of the County.

This is a complete list of all teachers employed in the districts of Cass county for the coming school year. The numbers omitted are those districts that have not notified Supt. Wortman of having contracted:

1. E. L. Rouse and city teachers.
2. W. T. Adams, Blanche Horning.
3. Helen Spriegel.
4. Rose O'Donnell.
5. Grace Porter.
6. Nessa Fontch.
7. Alice Oliver.
8. Selma Marquardt.
9. Mary Foster, Nettie Turner, Nina Lynde.
10. Clara Walker.
11. J. A. Dimmick, Clara Fate, Julia Nutzman.
12. Lena Burns.
13. Supt. W. T. Poucher, C. R. Ratcliffe, Miss Peter, Miss Jeffries, Bernice Goodale, Mildred Butler, Minnie Baier, Mildred Hart, Kate Russell.
14. Ethel Gordon.
15. Georgia Moon.
16. Ada Turner.
17. Louise Tritley.
18. Margaret Weber.
19. Maud Davis.
20. Ella Bryan.
21. N. W. Gaines, Mary McGrew, Merl Lee, Edith Johnson, Rhena Towle, Leda Ross, Mae Cameron.
22. Teresa Tighe.
23. Samuel White.
24. Evalyn Cone.
25. T. K. Cooper, Ethel Montgomery, Ina Kimberly, Mayne Hoham.
26. Geraldine Stockdale.
27. Sarah Coleman.
28. Leona Pollard, Ruth Murrlock, Edith Moon.
29. Frances de La Vega.
30. May Wortman.
31. Rilla Hollenbeck.
32. Frances Hiber.
33. Angie Jones.
34. Emily Livingstone.
35. Edna Reece.
36. Louise Mickle.
37. Blanche Sawyer.
38. Myrtle Pentimian.
39. Alma Anderson.
40. Edna Propst.
41. A. W. Earhardt, Carrie Allison.
42. Phoebe Davis.
43. Ethel Comer.
44. Anna Davis.
45. Barbara Niskey.
46. Minnie Sutherland.
47. Daisey Fowler.
48. Mabel Van Every.
49. Laura Domingo.
50. Pearl Johnson.
51. Grace Wilson.
52. Mina Swanback.
53. Carrie Aura.
54. Stella Opp.
55. Maude Rusterholtz.
56. Bell Dyer.
57. Blanch Bell.
58. Fern Ralston.
59. Minerva Tool, Olga Neitzel.
60. Alice Sherman.
61. Addie White.
62. Orpha Mullen.
63. Merial Fowler.
64. J. W. Gamble, Miss Hilton, Floy Canady, Laura V. Miller, Gertrude Sias, Mary Sias.
65. A. D. Sargent.
66. Josie Yeleneck.
67. Evalyn Golden.
68. Cora E. Smith, Sadie Rivett.
69. Nellie Haggerty.
70. Grace Horsb.

We are printing in this issue of our paper the names of all teachers having contracts to teach in Cass county, insofar as we have been able to get those names. The Journal maintains the utmost friendship for our schools and our teachers. As we stated last year, we still feel that they are not only better looking, but superior in every way to all other teachers. Hence we want their names to adorn our list. To all who care to subscribe for the Weekly Journal we shall offer the paper at one-half dollar. This is the biggest and best paper in the county. It prints all the news, and gives prominence to school matters. Fifty cents in gold, silver, currency or stamps.

## How the Grain Runs.

Billy Ash, with his threshing outfit struck a pretty fair week. He reports having threshed for the following named farmers:

- Isaac Wiles, 20 acres of wheat that went 40 bushels per acre; 30 acres that went 25 bushels per acre; and 40 acres that averaged 9 bushels, per acre; 30 acres of oats at 20 bushels, per acre.
- Tom Wiles, 12 acres of wheat averaging 30 bushels per acre; 40 acres of oats at 20 bushels, per acre.
- Mark Wiles, 8 acres of wheat averaged 30 bushels per acre.
- Harry Doty, 8 acres of wheat at 24 bushels per acre.
- Chas Chandler, the past few days has been southwest of town. He has found it too damp for steady work.
- At Melvin Kears he threshed 157 bushels of barley, 167 of speltz and 270 bushels of wheat which averaged 27 bushels per acre.
- Asa Johnson had 344 bushels of wheat part of which averaged 27 bushels per acre; 378 bushels of oats and 169 of barley.—Weeping-Water Herald.

Not a cent wanted unless you are cured. If you are sick and ailing, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. A great blessing to the human family. Makes you well—keeps you well. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Gering & Co.

## TRIBUTE TO A DEAD SISTER

Death of Sarah Ann Ramsey at the Old Homestead in Pennsylvania.

DIED.—On Tuesday, June 13, 1905, at 5 o'clock a. m., at the old Ramsey homestead, near Frankfort Springs, Beaver county, Pennsylvania, SARAH ANN RAMSEY, age 66 years, 2 months and 25 days.

Sallie, as she was familiarly called, was the daughter of William and Mary Ramsey, the father, born January 11, 1808; died October 22, 1870. The mother, whose maiden name was Swearingen, born October 13, 1813; died December 23, 1880.

Deceased was the third child of a family of eight children, as follows: Alletha Standish, mother of Miles Standish, residing at Murray, Cass county, Nebraska. She was born May 1, 1835; died February 13, 1886; John, one of the early settlers of Cass county, Nebraska, born March 4, 1837; died near Loveland, Larimer county, Colorado, May 5, 1903; William, born June 7, 1847; died May 9, 1858, and Sarah Ann, our subject. The surviving members of the family are Catharine, residing near Frankfort Springs, Beaver county, Pennsylvania; Basil S., residing at Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska; Bella R. Waterman, residing at Hay Springs, Sheridan county, Nebraska, and Rebecca, the baby of the family, residing on the old Ramsey homestead, where she was born and which she yet cares for and preserves with almost religious attachment and devotion.

Deceased had from childhood, and until within six months of her demise, enjoyed remarkably good health. But with advancing age the vital forces yielded to the ravages of time, and in the early dawn of a beautiful June morning, just as the early sunbeams were kissing dewdrops on the old oak trees that had shaded childhood's morning, the soul of a loved, noble, Christian woman passed into a new morning in the other, the unknown, unseen world. She had not quite reached the psalmist's allotted lifespan—"three score years and ten"—yet her life work was one most beautifully illustrative of love, patience and charity.

With her sister, Rebecca, she had most faithfully aided in taking care of childhood's home, where she first saw the light of day, and in which she had been reared to worthy, noble womanhood. Then, in the twilight of life, yet while the morning sunbeams were playing in gentle dalliance with leafy bowers around the old home, she calmly and peacefully laid down the burdens of life she had so religiously and faithfully borne, and her spirit took its flight to seek throughout all ages its home with its Father and its God.

Funeral services were held at the old home on Wednesday, June 14, 1905, where many attended to give expression of esteem and love for her who had been their neighbor and friend for so many years. Rev. Robert Findlay McCracken, pastor of the old King's Creek Presbyterian church, where deceased had so often worshipped, conducted the services, delivering a most able and impressive sermon, and, in beautifully chosen words, portrayed the spotless, christian, faithful and hopeful life of deceased.

Interment took place in the old King's creek cemetery, near Frankfort Springs, Beaver county, Pennsylvania, beside father, mother, brother, sister, and where so many of the Ramsey family, for the last 200 years, have been given a last resting place. On the father's side deceased was a descendant of the ancient Ramsay family of Scotland, and on the mother's side a descendant of the Van Swearingens, of Beemsterdam, Holland. These two families were among the first pioneer settlers of Beaver, Washington, Allegheny and Westmoreland counties, Pennsylvania; of Hancock, Brooke and Ohio counties, Virginia (now West Virginia), and of Columbiana and Jefferson counties, Ohio, and the original immigrants from their respective fatherlands, made their first settlements in early colonial days—long prior to the revolutionary war.

Deceased was a woman universally loved. Unassuming in demeanor, generous in disposition, with heart and hand ever ready to help the needy. She was a friend to all and everybody was her friend. With a love for and devotion to her childhood's home, truly noble and touching, nothing could sever or break this strong and beautiful attachment. And as in the morning of child-life she first saw the foliage, the leaves, vines and flowers around the home of childhood, and their oft repeated resurrection during a long life, so as they had again appeared—to her for the last time—in the morning of her last day of earth life, she gently went to sleep—calmly, peacefully breathed—into the morning of another existence. Brother.

**New Telephone Directory.**  
The Plattsmouth Telephone company is getting out a new directory. Persons who contemplate ordering a telephone for their residence, or place of business, will do well to order at once, so that their names may appear in the list. Business telephones, \$2 per month; residence, \$1, in advance.

## The Biennial Election Law.

The biennial election law is declared unconstitutional. This will necessitate the usual campaign in each county. The county superintendent should not be counted a political officer. The case should be exactly like that of a city superintendent. If a man is satisfactory he should be given a third or fourth or fifth term.—Nebraska Teacher.

This has been the Journal's argument all along. County Superintendent Wortman of Cass county should be re-elected from the simple fact that he has filled the office to the entire satisfaction of all who favor good schools. Prof. Wortman has proved an untiring worker, and the high grade of schools in the county today is prima facie evidence of the fact that he has performed his duties to the very letter and in such a manner as to have greatly advanced the school interests.

## MORE ABOUT "WEBB" BOY

The Boy Interviewed and Tells What He Knows About the Matter.

"I was born, as near as I can remember, at the foot of South Sixth street," said Charlie Webb to a Journal reporter last night. "When I was six years old my father and mother separated and my mother took me to Omaha."

The young man is staying at the home of Levi Patton. He was recognized by Mr. Patton's son yesterday, and invited to share the hospitality of his home.

"I couldn't swear that my name is really Webb," he said, "but I do know that I never knew any other name. I can't tell my exact age, but think I must be nearly twenty years old."

The boy stated that after staying in Omaha some time he was sent to the western part of the state on a farm. He didn't like his treatment there, so he "hit the grit." He wandered all through the west, working most of the time on farms. He claims to have had some fifteen letters of recommendation at one time, but all were stolen from him except one.

He says he has received news since arriving in Plattsmouth that would indicate that his mother might be in Minneapolis, a lady here having received a letter from her bearing that postmark about two years ago.

A gentleman who in the Journal office this morning who stated that he moved the goods from the house occupied by Webb and the woman he had been living with, when they separated, and that there was a little boy in the home who went away with the woman. This looks as though there was some truth in the boy's claims.

## Badly Mistaken.

A farmer living near this city went out to his barn early yesterday morning to look for a certain set of harness he had used for, and which he had not used for several weeks. They were not to be found. They were good harness, and the first thing that entered his mind was that they had been stolen. He came to town and reported to Sheriff McBride. He had suspected a certain fellow of the theft, and wanted Mac to go and search the man's premises. After parleying for some time he finally concluded to let his father go with the sheriff. The proper papers were secured from Judge Archer, and on the way out the old man told the officer that he believed he had loaned the harness to some one several weeks ago, but could not remember who it was. After arriving at the place where the harness were, and telling their errand, the mother of the young fellow whom they suspected of taking the harness, came to the door and remarked: "Are you crazy, or what's the matter with you? You loaned me these harness several weeks ago, in corn planting time." The old fellow hung his head and turned his horse's head toward town. Their suspicions were groundless, the old man and son acknowledged their mistake, and will now have to pay several dollars costs for their trouble, instead of getting some other fellow into trouble.

They are about the best friends we have. This is the



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**Slippers and Shoes**

to which we refer

Children Slippers, black, 2 to 5	50
Shoes	50
Slippers, tan	50
Patent Slippers	50
Red	50
Patent 4-strap, 5 to 8	55
Tan 4-strap	1.30
Patent Wire Top, 2 to 5	1.40
Advertising Brushes	10

We Dye Old Tans, Black.

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