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UNION CITIZEN SUDDENLY DECAMPS

No Cause Whatever for Flight of Edward Stanton

Union can be depended upon in dull times to supply news for the country as that enterprising little city always has a fresh sensation on tap. This time it is Ed. Stanton, the restaurant man, who is the chief actor in the day's news. Stanton and his wife were the proprietors of a restaurant on the north side of Main street in the first block east of the depot. Last night they kept the restaurant open as usual until eleven o'clock when Mrs. Stanton retired. She expected Edward to follow soon but the hours wore on and no Edward came to share the couch. As the hours wore on Mrs. Stanton became worried, and finally dressed and went down to the restaurant where she found the lights burning but the doors locked. Fearing that that the worst had come, she hurriedly aroused a male relative and the door was broken in, resulting in finding the store vacant but a letter awaiting the lady from her husband. He told her briefly but to the point that he was going hence without delay and she need not look for him to return.

In addition to this curt notice of his departure Ed. ventured no further reason for his conduct. He also left his wife a check for a small amount of money and had made out

bills against all his customers which he also left her. There were a number of citizens present when the big uncovering took place and considerable excitement was aroused as to why he adopted such tactics. So far as known there was nothing which should have caused Edward to act thusly and his wife insists that there were no jars in the household which should have caused his unseemly departure. It is generally supposed that Edward was seized with the wanderlust and hid him away to green fields and pastures new as the poet has well phrased it. Anyway Edward is gone where the woodbine twineth and the place that knew him yesterday knows him no more.

Mrs. Stanton will continue to run the restaurant business and things will move on the same as if Edward existed not. This is the second time the gentleman has developed erratic tendencies, a former wife having been left to mourn his disappearance as witnesses from Union say. He seems to have a mania for changing his habit without notice to his family and apparently tries of the monotony of life very easily. He is thought to have flown further south and it is barely possible that the weather is responsible for his sudden departure.

Granite Shower.

Last Saturday evening a granite shower was given Frank Steppat by a number of his friends. They gathered at his home by pre-arrangement and surprised him in royal style. Although taken quite unawares he managed to see that his many guests were made comfortable and that the evening was most pleasantly spent. Dancing was the principal entertainment and the evening was one thoroughly enjoyed by all attending. At midnight a splendid luncheon was placed upon the table and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it. As is always the case at the Steppat home, the eatables were the finest to be had and were such that a stone man would have been compelled to eat them. The guests brought with them a magnificent number of granite articles as presents and Mr. Steppat was quite overwhelmed with their kindness.

Those present were:

Lena Hirz, Ida Egenberger, Bertha Nolting, Eleanor Todd, Katie Kaffenberger, Anna Steppat, Maggie Kaffenberger, Mary Kaffenberger, Louise Kehne, Sophronia Pelton, Isabelle Todd, Ethel Bentley, Tillie Ploeger, Alice Trillity, Helen Trillity, Marie Novotny, Anna Deutsch, Grace Nolting, Ella Nolting, Mildred Stohr, Will Meisinger, Ed. Meisinger, Leonard Meisinger, Emil Meisinger, George Kaffenberger, Charles Miller, John Holmes, George Holmes, Henry Nolting, August Kehne, Willie Kehne, Willie Propst, Willie Nolting, Nick Baumgart, August Bach, Tom Mack, Albert Timmis, Frank Lorenz, Frank Petriek, Fritz Siemonist, Eddie Steppat, Fredolph Nord, Chester Todd, Lester Gansmer, Frank Steppat, Messrs and Mesdames Philip Meisinger, Henry Hirz, Jr., John Herman Gansmer, Adam Stohr, Russ Todd, Fred Nolting, A. L. Todd, and Mrs. E. R. Todd. They departed at a late hour and all reported a glorious time.

Come Again, Gentlemen.

The Journal was favored this afternoon with a call from a number of citizens from the vicinity of Murray and Union and they were quite welcome. The party included Dr. George H. Gilmore, the prominent physician, Lullie Crawford, the well known and popular young man from that section, George Saxton, one of the best citizens of Cass County and James Niday, than whom no better man exists. The Journal only regrets that these gentlemen cannot call oftener. The latch string is always on the outside for any or all of them.

Shorthorns for Sale.

Three good registered Shorthorn yearling bulls for sale. Also good fresh milk cows. Mark White.

Relics of the Long Ago.

While workmen were tearing down the old Gold Dust saloon this week they found some very peculiar things hid away in the walls. The first find was a receipt to make two gallons of whiskey out of one, and if we are to judge from the amount of "squirrel" whiskey that has been sold at different times at this old saloon, the receipt was probably used to a good advantage. The next day a red ribbon pledge was found and signed by Anna Sayles in 1878. Anna lived in the building when it was used as a residence.

The most important find, however, was a counterfeiter's outfit which was tucked away between the walls. This consisted of two moulds, of five and twenty-five cent denominations. They also found one nickel and one quarter that were made in the moulds. This was probably the property of Frank Greek, who lived in Louisville about thirty years ago, and since has served a long sentence in the Little Rock, Arkansas, penitentiary for stealing several thousand dollars worth of cotton.

Many things transpired in the old building in days gone by that would not look nice in print. Many heart-aches and sorrows have been occasioned because this hellhole existed within our city limits, but now it is gone and gone forever.—Louisville Courier.

Admits Will to Probate.

County Judge Beeson today overruled the objections to the will of the late Dabner Thacker and admitted the will to probate. The will has been under fire for several days, a vast array of witnesses being heard who testified both for and against the will. Weighing the evidence Judge Beeson concluded that he would admit the will to probate as he did not consider the contestants had made a sufficiently strong case. There was a mass of testimony to the effect that the late Mr. Thacker was of unsound mind at the time of the execution of the will and was not capable of knowing what he did say and how he disposed of his property. On the other hand there were a large number of witnesses who testified that he was of sound and disposing memory and capable of knowing what he was willing away. After considering the testimony and hearing the argument of counsel Judge Beeson decided to sustain the will and he so ordered this morning. Doubtless, the case will go to a higher court and possibly may go to the supreme court. It is a very interesting matter.

Three Separate Fires.

There were three separate and distinct fires this afternoon at the Burlington station and vicinity. The damage was not great and full particulars will be printed tomorrow.

In a Critical Condition.

From Monday's Daily.
Former Chief of Police Jos. Fitzgerald came in last evening from Omaha. Mr. Fitzgerald is in a very critical condition and his family are quite worried over the probable outcome of his complaint. He is a sufferer from tuberculosis and does not seem to make headway against the disease. Last Monday he took a violent hemorrhage and was so low that he was hurried to Omaha where the physicians treating him entertained small hopes of his recovery. His family were summoned at once and hurried to his bedside. Last night he had so far recovered that he was able to come to this city and he was brought down on No. 14. His many friends trust that his rally will be permanent and that he is now on the way toward recovery.

ENTERTAINS THE P. E. O.

Travis Home Scene of Delightful Time of the Sisterhood and Friends

During the twenty years that have elapsed since the formation of chapter F. of P. E. O. in the city, many and varied have been the social affairs in which the P. E. O.'s and their friends have participated, none however, more thoroughly enjoyable than a gathering of the clan, last Friday evening.

For three consecutive years chapter F. has been reading Shakespeare, under the supervision and leadership of Mrs. H. D. Travis, and when invitations were issued by that estimable lady for Friday evening, April 30th, to celebrate the birth of the Bard of Avon at her home, each member being requested to come accompanied by husband or escort, it was generally understood that a time was before us.

In order that the gentlemen guests of the evening might feel perfectly at home, it was decided to initiate them that evening into the mysteries of M. M. hood, and before the ceremonies were complete each married martyr and maiden martyr fully realized the import of the sidesteps which they had taken and the onlookers had enjoyed a bushel of fun at their expense. Mrs. Travis as presiding officer of the initiatory staff, was most successful in exhorting oaths and promises from the candidates, the fulfillment of which will go far toward making wholly perfect creatures of them, even though they are accorded the privilege of smoking—smoking here—rather than hereafter by the indulgent sisterhood.

Delightful refreshments were served during the evening. Mrs. Travis being assisted in the dining room by the young—oh, pardon—by the unmarried ladies (all are young.)

The presence of Mrs. Geo. Gilman, formerly a member of chapter F. now of Auburn, Neb., and her daughter, Miss Gwendolyn, guests in the Travis home, added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

Prominent among the guests of the evening were: J. M. Roberts, J. H. Salsbury, H. H. Herold, W. G. Brooks, Will Ramsey, Jno. Crabbill, E. H. Wescott, H. D. Travis, W. J. Straight, Glenn Rawls, Earl Travis, Ralph White and Dr. E. W. Cook. Should suggestions of a halo be observed about the heads of aforesaid men, know ye that it is the direct result of Friday evening's "at home" with Mrs. Travis.

Journalist Chapter F. P. E. O.

The Soulless Man.

The following beautiful sentiment is from the pen of that gifted editor and present United States senator, Bob Taylor: "I would rather fill my purse with money and keep its gates ajar to my happy girls while yet they linger under my roof than to clutch it with a miser's hand until all the harpstrings of youth are broken and all its music forever fled. I would rather spend my last nickel for a bag of striped marbles to gladden the hearts of my bare-footed boys than to deny them their childish pleasures, and leave them a bag of gold to quarrel over when I am dead. I abhor the pitiless hawk that circles in the air only to swoop down and strangle its talons in the heart of a dove. I dispise the soulless man whose greed for gold impels him to strangle the laughter and song of his family."

C. S. Wortman of South Bend is spending the day in the city, having come in this morning on the Schuyler to look after business matters.

PLEASING ADDRESS

Sermon of Rev. A. A. Randall at the Methodist Church.

The Journal is pleased to submit to its readers a brief resume of the sermon delivered last evening at the Methodist church by Rev. Randall. This is the first of four sermons that will be delivered. The young people are especially invited to attend and hear these. A number of special musical numbers are being arranged for also in connection with these meetings. The sermon of last night was a powerful and moving one, full of fine sentiments. In part Rev. Randall said: "The Psalmist seems to be speaking disparagingly of men. He has been viewing the works of God and comparing men with these he says: 'When consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?' Then compared to the angels he says: 'Thou has made him a little lower than the angels.'"

"But the New Testament teaching gives us a better estimate of man. In that Paul says: 'We are the children of God, and if children then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.' Heirship comes to those who are akin, and we being joint heirs with Christ makes us akin to him; it stands us side by side with Jesus Christ.

"So what a man is depends on what we compare him to. I don't know but that might be said of everything. It is great or small according to the standard with which we measure it. Take a man, measure him with the kitten and he is a giant, measure him with the universe and he is insignificant. What is the matter? You are measuring man by the physical. That is his smallest possibility. It has been permissible of very few men in the world to say of them individually 'He is a Giant.' And even then with his physical force of a giant he is insignificant as compared with the ox or the horse or the elephant.

"Take a man and stand him out here on the earth. The space he occupies on that earth is only about a foot square. Pretty small as compared with this house, pretty small compared with a state or a nation; pretty small when compared with the world on which he stands. Now leave your man standing here and climb to the sun, where the old earth has lost its form, where mountains and continents and seas have disappeared, where there is nothing of the earth left but an outline. Now tell me where in that outline is that insignificant creature we left standing here called a man? The greatest telescope ever made, if it were a million times greater than it is, couldn't find him. There isn't a mote in all the air small enough to compare him to. That lord of creation is lost to view—swallowed up in the jumble of things. Compared to the physical and man is an insignificant creature. But measured by the intellect and the soul, the immortal breath of God that is in him, he is greater than kingdoms or empires or angels.

"Then what a man is depends not alone on what you compare him to but on how you view him. If you look at him out of a heart of love and sympathy or as a friend or loved one then he is the greatest of all creatures of God. But if you look at him from the standpoint of infidelity and shut out the Bible and heaven and salvation and redemption and eternal life, see him without any future, any destiny, see him as Voltaire saw him, then he is a mere brute that lives and breathes and dies. Do you not know that it is the truths of the Bible and the things of Christianity and the church that makes a man? Where did you men come from who have touched the heart of the world and lifted men into moral heights and up to God? Not from India or China or Africa but from the land of Bibles and churches and Christian influence."

Mrs. Frank Sheeley and daughter came in this morning from their home at Omaha for a visit with her parents, Wm. Weber and wife. Mr. and Mrs. Sheeley were robbed last night by burglars, they securing small booty however, owing to most of the valuables being in the room where the couple slept and which was not invaded by the robbers. Mrs. Sheeley will likely visit in the city several days with her parents.

HENRY LEHNHOFF PASSES AWAY

Old Resident of County Dies at Home in Lincoln

From Tuesday's Daily.

Word was received in this city this morning of the death at Lincoln of Henry Lehnhoff, an old time resident of this county and mention of whose critical illness was made in the Journal several days since. Mr. Lehnhoff had been ill for some time past and quite a while ago hope of his life was abandoned. He suffered from a tumor which had affected his spine and from which death was inevitable. His good friend Conrad Schlater had received word several days since that his condition was very serious and he was not surprised when the sad intelligence reached him this morning. Mr. Schlater and wife and son County Treasurer Frank Schlater will attend the funeral at Louisville on Thursday.

Mr. Lehnhoff was a Nebraska pioneer and practically all his life was spent in this fine prairie state he had reached the age of seventy-five years when death took him away. Born in Germany, he came to America in an early day in company with his brother Fred.

He immigrated to Nebraska from Wisconsin in the year 1859. But Nebraska did not suit his roving and ambitious spirit. He was seized with a desire to visit Pike's Peak and explore the rich gold mines of that region. With his brother he took an ox-team and together they started across the arid and trackless waste for the Eldorado of the west. Driving across the land they were caught at Elm Creek by the great stampede which took place in this country at that time and turned back.

Plattsmouth was their objective point and here they located. They fell in love with Nebraska and its green prairies and Mr. Lehnhoff filed on a quarter section of land south of the present town of Louisville, at the Nebraska City land office and he immediately commenced to break it up and plant it. As was the case will all the early settlers he planted sod corn so as to have food for his animals and he found the virgin soil well suited for its cultivation. From this the family made their living during the year. A frame

house was erected on the farm and a start made toward prosperity which was to come to him later in life. Henry Lehnhoff was married, his wife living in Wisconsin. She came to Nebraska in the next year, arriving in the spring. Then commenced farming in real earnest and for twenty-five years they toiled and saved and every year saw a little stock of world's goods accumulate.

At the end of this time they concluded that there was no longer use in making the fight for wealth as they were well fixed and they moved to the city of Lincoln. In that city they purchased a home which is the most beautiful in that city of handsome homes. Their residence was on E street and it was there that the Angel of Death came upon him and closed his eyelids.

His disease approached insidiously and before he knew what was coming he was stricken and the end came. A further sketch of the life of this estimable citizen will appear in the Journal in the future.

His funeral will take place on Thursday morning at the German Lutheran church three and a half miles southwest of Louisville, Rev. F. Hartman delivering the sermon which will be in German. Interment will be in that quiet little cemetery by the church which he so well loved. Services in English will be held also in Lincoln on Wednesday and the body will be brought to Louisville on the Schuyler train Thursday morning. A great number of old friends will be present to pay a last token of respect to a fine man.

There are no better men than the late Henry Lehnhoff. He was a man in every way in which he could be taken. A genial, lovable, thoroughly upright and a man of the strictest integrity, he stood among the people of Cass County as a mighty oak, towering erect in the full grandeur of sturdy manhood, and his passing is that of one of nature's noblemen. There is little more to be said of this splendid citizen. He was all a true man should be and one can be no more.

THACKER WILL CASE

Heirs Attempt to Break Will and Secure Division of Estate

From Tuesday's Daily.

The hearing in the Thacker will contest yesterday was very long drawn out today as the same matter is before the court. Judge Beeson kept the attorneys in the case busy last night, an evening session being held, and they being kept before him until eleven o'clock. There is a great mass of conflicting evidence before the court and the contest is a warm one. The attempt of the contestants to prove that Mr. Thacker was of unsound mind has resulted in many interesting pieces of testimony and the whole personal history of the deceased has been gone into quite extensively. The Journal in its last evening's issue, was in error in regard to the distribution of the estate. It was stated that the bulk of the estate went to his son Walter. This is not exactly correct as he receives but one-fifth the residue of the estate after certain bequests are paid. The will makes provision for all the heirs.

It provides first, that the debts of the deceased are to be paid and that the deceased shall be laid to rest beside his wife in Cass County. It further provides for the appointment of his son, Walter as executor of the will. To George Thacker is left the sum of \$100 in full of his share. The same amount is left to the late John P. Thacker and the daughter Millie Midkiff. To another daughter Rachel Morgan is left the sum of \$250. A number of grandchildren are left the sum of \$25 each. The remainder of the estate is divided into five equal parts which go to his son Walter, daughter Myrtle Preston, son Dabner T. Thacker, son Eldrege Thacker, and daughter

Aloy Hammon. The will further provides that Walter's share shall be credited upon a note from him to his father, and that no legacies be paid until this note is cancelled.

The will was drawn by Judge Jesse L. Root who signed the same at the request of Mr. Thacker. There is a great deal of interest taken in are case and considerable curiosity manifested as to the probable outcome.

The Tribute of a Friend.

It is with sorrow and regret I and my family heard of the death of our friend and neighbor Mr. Henry Lehnhoff. Little did we think when we were with him some time ago in Lincoln and bid him farewell that it was to be our last farewell in this vale of tears. Standing near his grave, surrounded by his family and his many friends and neighbors, my parting salute was: "Dear friend, rest in peace. My wish and prayer is to be soon with you again and together with our other departed neighbors we will sing a loud Te Deum. In the blessed land where sorrow and tears are unknown and where we part no more." To the bereaved wife and children I express my heartfelt sympathy, for he was a good husband and father and to me and others a faithful friend.

Conrad Schlater.

Injured in Runaway.

Ben Hoffman was quite badly injured in a runaway the latter part of the week. He was just leaving town and was passing the lumber yard when his horses became frightened and ran at a rapid rate on past the depot and up the south hill, at the summit of which and near the Elmwood dairy. Mr. Hoffman was thrown out, alighting on one shoulder. Although considerable pain was experienced, he did not consult a physician for a day or two. He is now doing nicely. The team escaped serious injury.—Elmwood Leader Echo.