

PART THE PLATTSMOUTH WEEKLY JOURNAL ONE.

(Published in two parts—Part One, Wednesday, and Part Two, Saturday.)

Vol. XVII. No. 58.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1898.

\$1.50 Per Year.

STORY OF A CRIME.

Joe Wolverton, Murderer, Is Captured at Mynard.

MAN IS WANTED AT OSCEOLA, IOWA.

Has Eluded the Officers for Two Years, But Landed in Prison By Sheriff Wheeler and Deputy McBride—Details of the Crime.

Sheriff Wm. D. Wheeler and Deputy John D. McBride captured last Sunday morning a murderer who for the last two years has eluded the vigilance of the law.

The man's name is Joe Wolverton, and he is wanted in Osceola, Iowa, for the murder on the Christmas evening of 1896 of Mrs. Mary Gillilan. The body of his victim was not found until the following evening, and in the meantime the assassin had disappeared. A reward of \$750 was offered by the state and county for his apprehension, and although the officers have been unremitting in their efforts to capture him, nothing but failure has until now been the result.

Since leaving Osceola, Wolverton has traveled all over the west. His mother, who is divorced from his father and married to another man, resides in Oregon, and thither the hunted man wandered. The officers were, of course, on the lookout for some such move as this, and he was not long in the coast state before they were on his trail. He was apprised of the matter, however, and eluded them, walking about 300 miles over the mountains in order to avoid them. His course has always that of a man who had nothing to fear—of one out of employment and seeking a position. When he came to a town, instead of skulking in the outskirts and seeking to avoid people, he would clean himself up and walk boldly through the business portion of the place. In this way he was enabled to disarm suspicion and to escape arrest for such a length of time. The fact that he has been here in Cass county, within a hundred miles of the scene of his crime for over a year, shows the nerve the man possesses. He also claims that he has been back to Osceola recently, disguised, and told Sheriff Lookenbill of Clark county, who came here to take him back, that he had attended the Omaha exposition in company with a lady, and had passed within a foot of the sheriff.

Wolverton has a brother in Cambridge, Ia., and it was through correspondence with him that his capture was brought about. The murderer is a very illiterate man, writing a miserable and easily recognized scrawl. The postmaster at Cambridge was instructed to watch the mail of the brother there, and to report to the sheriff of Clark county where he received letters from and to whom he wrote. Finally it was discovered that he was getting letters from Mynard, this county, and that he was writing to a John De Groat at that postoffice. One of the letters from De Groat was captured and an examination proved that it was from Joe Wolverton. Postmaster Swearingen of Mynard was at once notified to have the officers here arrest the fugitive, and they set about to locate him. The sheriff was well acquainted with De Groat, but it was necessary to use great caution in hunting him. He had worked for a half dozen or more different people since coming here, something over a year ago, and for the officer to go around inquiring for him would be to arouse his suspicion and probably cause him to leave before he could be taken. The sheriff learned late Saturday, however, that his man was shucking corn for Watson Long, about a mile and a half from Mynard, and knowing that he had a desperate character to deal with, he wired his deputy to come out the next morning with his buggy, and to bring his grip, in which were handcuffs.

At about eight o'clock on Sunday morning, therefore, the two officers made their appearance at the Long homestead, but learned that Wolverton had gone to Morgan's store at Mynard a short time before. Inquiry revealed the fact that he had left the revolver, which he generally carried, at the house. This was no indication that there could be no trouble, however, for the officers were after a power, and it was known that they would resist arrest if given an opportunity. The two officers, therefore, went behind Cook's store, and removed their hands from the door where Wolverton was sitting on a bench. He was sitting on a bench with several people who were in the store. The officers went up, one on each side of him, and grasping a wrist, thrust a revolver into the murderer's face with the other hand.

"John DeGroat, you're under arrest," said the sheriff to the surprised man. "What does this mean?" was his reply. "Never mind," said Wheeler, "you know what it means," and before the dumb-founded man could realize what was going on, he was handcuffed. "Well, I'm the man you're after," he said, "but I'm not guilty. I never killed that woman."

The sheriff made no reply to this, but at the request of the prisoner he unlocked the handcuffs to straighten them, as they were hurting the wearer. No sooner had this been done than Wolverton straightened out his arms and attempted to escape from the officers. A threat of death or great bodily injury from the sheriff soon brought him to his senses, and he permitted the "bracelets" to be replaced without further trouble. He was then brought to this city and placed in jail, and the Iowa authorities notified.

Sheriff C. D. Lukenbill arrived from Osceola Monday morning, while the county attorney attended to procuring the requisition papers. Wolverton never denied his identity, but has steadily maintained that he is innocent. He admits that he was with the murdered woman on the evening when she received the fatal wound, but says that he can prove that he did not have his revolver with him, and that she must have met someone else after he left her, and that this unknown person committed the terrible deed. The Iowa officers sought this idea, however, and say that they will have no trouble in convicting the prisoner. They say that the couple were seen walking along the track in the direction of the pump house, where her body was found, and that she was never seen alive after that.

Wolverton accounts for his sudden disappearance by saying that he was talked into "skipping out" by his friends. He claims that he was working out in the country after the body was discovered, and that they kept coming to him and telling him that it would not do to stay there, and that he was finally prevailed upon to leave. Sheriff Lukenbill is far from believing this story, and says there are few, if any, people in Clarke county who do not believe in Wolverton's guilt. He left yesterday afternoon at five o'clock with his prisoner, and will probably place him in jail in some other county, as he is very apprehensive of trouble from a mob in Osceola.

When company B was being formed here Wolverton, or DeGroat, as he called himself, enlisted, but failed to come up for the physical examination. He said that he intended leaving here soon, and was going back to Oregon. Sheriff Wheeler and Deputy McBride are being congratulated upon the capture of such an important criminal and one for whom such a large reward is offered. Following is the story of Wolverton's crime from THE JOURNAL correspondent in Osceola:

OSCEOLA, Ia., Nov. 13.—(Special to THE JOURNAL.)—On Sunday evening, December 26, 1896, about twenty minutes past 5, G. T. Smith, an employe of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, had occasion to go into the pump house near the former location of the depot in the west part of this city. He was shocked to see a dead woman lying on the floor, and immediately came up town, told his wife, and meeting County Attorney Hardinger and a few others, notified them and they went down.

The woman was found to be lying on a horse blanket that had been in the room for sometime and which was spread out on a grain car door. She lay on her left side, nearly on her back, with one arm somewhat under her, the right one across her breast, with hand clenched and covered with blood. Her face was bloody and dirty, but her clothing was neatly arranged, none of it bloody except a handkerchief that was thrust in the bosom of her dress. Her cloak was unfastened, her hat and muff lying on a shelf in the little room. A chair stood at her feet in which she had probably been sitting. She was Mrs. Mary Gillilan, a dining room girl at Howe's hotel, the leading hostelry of this city.

The men lifted her into an express wagon, still lying on the car door, and took the body to Bailey's undertaking rooms. It remained there untouched until the next morning, when Coroner Carver arrived from Murray to hold an inquest. It was held in the court room. The body was carried there by four men, a gruesome looking burden, under an oilcloth, with a pair of daintily-shod feet protruding, as the real sign of what lay beneath. The court room was cleared by order of the county attorney, of every one but the officials engaged in the inquest and the witnesses. The examination lasted all day and ended in a sealed verdict being rendered, which to this day has not been made public.

The testimony of most importance was given by Miss Josie Chamberlain, domestic of the Howe house. Mrs. Chamberlain, the murdered woman, she said, left the house after supper

rest," said the sheriff to the surprised man. "What does this mean?" was his reply. "Never mind," said Wheeler, "you know what it means," and before the dumb-founded man could realize what was going on, he was handcuffed. "Well, I'm the man you're after," he said, "but I'm not guilty. I never killed that woman."

The sheriff made no reply to this, but at the request of the prisoner he unlocked the handcuffs to straighten them, as they were hurting the wearer. No sooner had this been done than Wolverton straightened out his arms and attempted to escape from the officers. A threat of death or great bodily injury from the sheriff soon brought him to his senses, and he permitted the "bracelets" to be replaced without further trouble. He was then brought to this city and placed in jail, and the Iowa authorities notified.

Sheriff C. D. Lukenbill arrived from Osceola Monday morning, while the county attorney attended to procuring the requisition papers. Wolverton never denied his identity, but has steadily maintained that he is innocent. He admits that he was with the murdered woman on the evening when she received the fatal wound, but says that he can prove that he did not have his revolver with him, and that she must have met someone else after he left her, and that this unknown person committed the terrible deed. The Iowa officers sought this idea, however, and say that they will have no trouble in convicting the prisoner. They say that the couple were seen walking along the track in the direction of the pump house, where her body was found, and that she was never seen alive after that.

When company B was being formed here Wolverton, or DeGroat, as he called himself, enlisted, but failed to come up for the physical examination. He said that he intended leaving here soon, and was going back to Oregon. Sheriff Wheeler and Deputy McBride are being congratulated upon the capture of such an important criminal and one for whom such a large reward is offered. Following is the story of Wolverton's crime from THE JOURNAL correspondent in Osceola:

OSCEOLA, Ia., Nov. 13.—(Special to THE JOURNAL.)—On Sunday evening, December 26, 1896, about twenty minutes past 5, G. T. Smith, an employe of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, had occasion to go into the pump house near the former location of the depot in the west part of this city. He was shocked to see a dead woman lying on the floor, and immediately came up town, told his wife, and meeting County Attorney Hardinger and a few others, notified them and they went down.

The woman was found to be lying on a horse blanket that had been in the room for sometime and which was spread out on a grain car door. She lay on her left side, nearly on her back, with one arm somewhat under her, the right one across her breast, with hand clenched and covered with blood. Her face was bloody and dirty, but her clothing was neatly arranged, none of it bloody except a handkerchief that was thrust in the bosom of her dress. Her cloak was unfastened, her hat and muff lying on a shelf in the little room. A chair stood at her feet in which she had probably been sitting. She was Mrs. Mary Gillilan, a dining room girl at Howe's hotel, the leading hostelry of this city.

The men lifted her into an express wagon, still lying on the car door, and took the body to Bailey's undertaking rooms. It remained there untouched until the next morning, when Coroner Carver arrived from Murray to hold an inquest. It was held in the court room. The body was carried there by four men, a gruesome looking burden, under an oilcloth, with a pair of daintily-shod feet protruding, as the real sign of what lay beneath. The court room was cleared by order of the county attorney, of every one but the officials engaged in the inquest and the witnesses. The examination lasted all day and ended in a sealed verdict being rendered, which to this day has not been made public.

The testimony of most importance was given by Miss Josie Chamberlain, domestic of the Howe house. Mrs. Chamberlain, the murdered woman, she said, left the house after supper

rest," said the sheriff to the surprised man. "What does this mean?" was his reply. "Never mind," said Wheeler, "you know what it means," and before the dumb-founded man could realize what was going on, he was handcuffed. "Well, I'm the man you're after," he said, "but I'm not guilty. I never killed that woman."

How dark the night until your eyes unclose.—J. J. Bell in the Pall Mall Magazine.

COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN.

That most distinguished and philanthropic Danish lady, the Countess Adeline Schimmelmann, will arrive in Chicago during the week on her steam yacht, the Dove, a steadfast little vessel of thirty-five tons' burden. It is an aristocratic yacht, for the countess purchased it in 1895 from his royal highness, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and with sanctified zeal and the approval of all well wishers for the welfare of the toilers of the deep she has devoted it to the service of her work. The Countess Schimmelmann moves about from port to port interesting herself in carrying the gospel to the sailors of all nations and doing all that one woman can do to reclaim back into the path of virtue and rectitude many who for divers reasons have become backsliders. To achieve her purpose she has devoted her entire fortune and time to this meritorious work, and wherever she has gone she has been received with open arms.

Countess Schimmelmann's work is divided into four departments—viz., mission work with the yacht Duen, or Dove, the international sailors' mission, the fishermen of the Baltic sea and spreading the gospel by meetings.

YACHT A TRAINING SHIP.

As the countess moves from place to place she has made of her yacht a training ship for young sailors and boys, and with her limited accommodations is nevertheless able to give practical instruction to eighteen young sailors. She also holds mission meetings on board in English, Danish and German, and when in Denmark and Germany, in ports where she is accessible to women and children, she holds separate meetings for dockers, for women, for little girls and for boys.

Sometimes her yacht has been crowded with wrecks, but we were lucky, but only missed by a scratch. I am the captain. None of the boys ever run a boat before, but they did fine.

We came down to Five Fingers rapids and stopped to prospect,—found a desirable place and sank a hole. Had to burn down on account of frost; got colors, but could not get to bedrock on account of water; quit it and left for Indian river on June 27.

We had gone in company with some other boys, and part had come to Indian river and were prospecting, then I left the boat there and came to Dawson with some other boys. I then decided to go back after the boat, so I walked to Indian river over the worst country you ever saw.

The mosquitoes were very bad while we were traveling down, but they are very scarce in Dawson.

I happened on to a cousin of mine who has been in here for several years and has done well. We went in partnership and have opened up a butcher shop and bakery. We have an oven that we bake 100 loaves at a time in. We pay our baker \$15.00 a day. Sell our bread three loaves for \$1. Pies 75 cents each. Meat 75 cents to \$1.50 a pound—cut out everything to steak.

We also have storage room and get \$1 per hundred per month, and we are doing first rate.

It is hard to get hold of a claim now, but I expect to catch on this winter. One has to "get on the inside" to do anything. The fact is, this country is overdone and is not what people thought to find it. They got discouraged and sell their outfits and go home.

Boats are running up the river now and connect with other boats at White Horse, and passengers can then go to the head of Lake Bennett and walk over the summit. The trip is easy now if you are light. Going that way costs \$200 to Bennett and \$2 a meal. Things were awful high before the boats came. For instance, whiskey sold for \$100 a gallon, and it now sells for \$25, wholesale.

Give my regards to all the boys. MARK WHITE.

P.S.—I send this out by a friend. I have received but one letter since I left home. M. W.

Death of an Aged Lady.

Mrs. Rhoda Jane Davis died of paralysis last Friday afternoon at the home of her daughter, Mrs. S. Phebus, in South Park. Several years ago Mrs. Davis experienced a stroke of paralysis, since which time she never fully recovered, and her demise resulted from a second attack of the malady received a few days ago.

The deceased was a widow, was aged seventy-nine years, and leaves three children—Frank F. Davis and Mrs. Phebus of this city and another son, who resides in Los Angeles, Cal.

The funeral occurred Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock and the remains were interred in the Elkensbury cemetery, south of town.

Last week The Courier in stating that Mr. August Wendt was here from Belmont, took occasion to speak of the stock on his ranch, and gave the number of cattle at about 600. Instead he has 885 head and 441 head of horses. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Wendt and his sons have not been idle since they left this vicinity some years ago.—Louisville Courier.

Case County Corn.

Al. Loring is entitled to the gold medal for the biggest corn yet raised in Nebraska. He brought to town the other day three ears, one measuring 12 inches in length, another 13 and one 14 inches. One of the ears contained 1120 well developed kernels of corn. Al. had twenty ears of corn that yielded 1100 bushels.—Elmwood Week's Review.

W. B. ELSTER, Dentist, Waterman block, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Home at Rugen. It was four years since she had been among them, and during that time, to use her own words, "they had not been near a Christian meeting, their church being far away and their clergymen being spiritually dead."

The fishermen in the Baltic Sea, the countess says, are sadly in need of religious attention, which can be made effective by establishing mission halls in the villages, a kind of mission work almost unknown in Germany. The countess believes in a little cheer for the inner man, and during the first week when she reopened the Fishermen's Home, 2,000 mugs of coffee were served free.

MISSION HOMES COMING.

Thus far a good commencement has been made by sending from port to port the mission cutter "Taube," as just as soon as funds are provided mission halls and homes will be established.

The fourth department, the spreading of the gospel by meetings, is one which the countess takes much pride for through this means she reaches thousands of people. In 1895, in the course of fifteen months, she held public meetings, and in one fortnight alone addressed 15,000 people.

"I rejoice in these meetings," said the countess in a recent interview. "Weak in body, and often tired, I have many and many a time stood before throbbing crowds composed of all sorts of people. Audiences often contained all classes from the municipal authorities to archbishops, from ladies of title to convicts, from police to burglars."

At these meetings the largest hall had invariably to be hired, so great were the throngs. A socialistic newspaper at Aalborg said:

"Nobody and nothing in Denmark except our 1st of May meetings, are able to gather such crowds as the meetings of the countess."

Truman Hall, a well known resident of Louisville, died last week, after a lingering illness with Bright's disease.

T. C. McMaken and son Guy departed Monday for Alliance and Hill City, where they will visit relatives and do some hunting.

The Forrester's of Cass camp No. 332, M. W. A., will give a select dancing party Wednesday evening, November 23. All Woodmen are cordially invited.

Hugh Roberts, who is working with the B. & M. depot painting gang, came in from Akron, Colo., Sunday evening for a three days' visit with his family and friends.

Bert Hadley arrived home last Saturday from Santa Fe, N. M., where he has been working for the Rio Grande railroad. He expects to return there early next spring.

Frank Wheeler, who has been up in the northwestern part of the state for the past two months, shooting game for the markets, arrived home last Sunday for a visit with his family.

Harry Adair, one of the Plattsmouth boys who enlisted in Company B, Third Nebraska regiment, arrived yesterday from Savannah, Ga., having been granted a thirty days' sick furlough.

J. I. Unruh has made a large purchase of iron bedsteads, springs, mattresses and pillows, and is selling a complete outfit for \$1.98. This is the biggest bargain ever shown in Plattsmouth.

A white enameled iron bedstead with brass trimmings, a woven wire spring, cotton top mattress and pair of pillows, all for \$4.98 at J. I. Unruh's. Take advantage of this bargain.

If you want a pint, quart or gallon of strictly pure whisky, don't buy it of Kansas City fakirs, but go direct to Ed Donat of Plattsmouth and buy it of him. He gets his whisky direct from the U. S. bonded warehouse.

Clark Wilcox, one of the pioneer residents of this county, departed on Wednesday evening for Michigan, where he hopes his health will improve, and he thinks he will make that state his permanent home.—Union Ledger.

J. I. Unruh, Plattsmouth's enterprising furniture dealer, has just received a large invoice of Turkish couches, on which the will make special prices next week. See the stock and get prices. They will surprise you.

Last Saturday County Clerk Robertson, Conrad Schlater and A. B. Dickson of Elmwood made the official canvass of the votes cast in this county at Tuesday's election. A few unimportant changes were made, and the tabulated vote in this issue has been corrected and is now official.

Deputy State Treasurer Sam Patterson has removed his family and household goods from Lincoln to this city, where he will again make his home, coming down from the capital each Saturday evening. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Patterson in Plattsmouth will be glad to learn of this change.

Cass camp No. 332, M. W. A., held a special meeting at their hall Saturday evening, at which time some twenty-five new members were initiated. After the ceremonies had been concluded, the members were treated to a nice supper and cigars were passed around. Quite a number of Woodmen from Union, Cedar Creek and Murray were present.

Smoke the Best.

Wuri Bros famous "Gut Heil" is the best 5c cigar in the market.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

J. W. Edmunds of Murray was in the city Monday.

Mount Robb of Murray was in Plattsmouth Monday.

Dr. R. B. Wallace of Union was in town Saturday.

Dr. Hasemeier of Louisville was in the city Monday.

Dr. Butler of Weeping Water was in the city Monday.

Mrs. B. Spurlock of York visited in the city over Sunday.

Isaac Teegarden of Weeping Water was in the city Monday.

Will Mayall of Omaha was visiting friends in this city Sunday.

Edward P. Wiley of Liberty precinct was a Plattsmouth visitor Monday.

Miss Dora Swearingen of Omaha has been visiting in the city for a few days.

Lute Boedeker and John Ossenkop of Louisville are attending to business in this city.

Judge Newell went out to Maywood, Frontier county, Monday for a visit with his daughters.

BOARDERS WANTED—at the Burlington House. Best of accommodations, 306 South Third street.

Attorneys Wm. Delles Denier of Elmwood and Clarence E. Tefft of Avoca are attending district court.

Judge Crites of Chadron, Neb., visited Friday night with the family of Judge Ramsey, returning home Saturday.

Truman Hall, a well known resident of Louisville, died last week, after a lingering illness with Bright's disease.

T. C. McMaken and son Guy departed Monday for Alliance and Hill City, where they will visit relatives and do some hunting.

The Forrester's of Cass camp No. 332, M. W. A., will give a select dancing party Wednesday evening, November 23. All Woodmen are cordially invited.

Hugh Roberts, who is working with the B. & M. depot painting gang, came in from Akron, Colo., Sunday evening for a three days' visit with his family and friends.

Bert Hadley arrived home last Saturday from Santa Fe, N. M., where he has been working for the Rio Grande railroad. He expects to return there early next spring.

Frank Wheeler, who has been up in the northwestern part of the state for the past two months, shooting game for the markets, arrived home last Sunday for a visit with his family.

Harry Adair, one of the Plattsmouth boys who enlisted in Company B, Third Nebraska regiment, arrived yesterday from Savannah, Ga., having been granted a thirty days' sick furlough.

J. I. Unruh has made a large purchase of iron bedsteads, springs, mattresses and pillows, and is selling a complete outfit for \$1.98. This is the biggest bargain ever shown in Plattsmouth.

A white enameled iron bedstead with brass trimmings, a woven wire spring, cotton top mattress and pair of pillows, all for \$4.98 at J. I. Unruh's. Take advantage of this bargain.

If you want a pint, quart or gallon of strictly pure whisky, don't buy it of Kansas City fakirs, but go direct to Ed Donat of Plattsmouth and buy it of him. He gets his whisky direct from the U. S. bonded warehouse.

Clark Wilcox, one of the pioneer residents of this county, departed on Wednesday evening for Michigan, where he hopes his health will improve, and he thinks he will make that state his permanent home.—Union Ledger.

J. I. Unruh, Plattsmouth's enterprising furniture dealer, has just received a large invoice of Turkish couches, on which the will make special prices next week. See the stock and get prices. They will surprise you.

Last Saturday County Clerk Robertson, Conrad Schlater and A. B. Dickson of Elmwood made the official canvass of the votes cast in this county at Tuesday's election. A few unimportant changes were made, and the tabulated vote in this issue has been corrected and is now official.

Deputy State Treasurer Sam Patterson has removed his family and household goods from Lincoln to this city, where he will again make his home, coming down from the capital each Saturday evening. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Patterson in Plattsmouth will be glad to learn of this change.

Cass camp No. 332, M. W. A., held a special meeting at their hall Saturday evening, at which time some twenty-five new members were initiated. After the ceremonies had been concluded, the members were treated to a nice supper and cigars were passed around. Quite a number of Woodmen from Union, Cedar Creek and Murray were present.

Smoke the Best.

Wuri Bros famous "Gut Heil" is the best 5c cigar in the market.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

James Fine is Crushed Beneath Engine and Cars.

PIONEER RAILROAD MAN IS KILLED.

The Tragedy Takes Place in the B. & M. Yards in this City.—D. E. Babbington Also Departs this Life Monday Last.

One of the most shocking accidents that has occurred in Plattsmouth for years took place in the B. & M. shop yards at about 10:40 o'clock last Saturday morning, and resulted in the death of James Fine.

Mr. Fine was a switchman and was riding on the footboard of engine 338, which engine was attached to two cars. It is not known whether he slipped from the board or made an attempt to jump off, and tripped. No one saw him leave the engine, but an employe who saw him riding there turned away and looking back immediately saw the unfortunate man under one of the cars. The engine had already passed over him, and before it could be stopped the other car had also done so.

He must have been killed instantly, for he was terribly crushed and mangled, especially about the head and upper portion of the body, one arm having also been run over. The body was placed upon a stretcher at the side of the track and the coroner summoned. Upon his arrival it was removed to the morgue, where an inquest was held at 4 o'clock that afternoon. The jurors were Ed. Fitzgerald, O. M. Streight, Joe Klein, J. V. Egenberger, Alf White and John Denison, and their verdict declared death to be the result of an unavoidable accident, and exonerated the railroad company and its employes.

The funeral occurred Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Methodist church and was under the auspices of the A. O. U. W., of which deceased was a member, and in which order he carried \$2,000 life insurance. It was attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends, besides the members of the above-mentioned order, and was headed by the Bohemian band. Rev. Campbell preached the funeral sermon.

James Pine was born in New York City, fifty-one years ago, and leaving there, went to Wisconsin in 1858. He stayed in that state until 1871, when he came to Plattsmouth. He remained here for three years, when he went to Memphis, Tenn. In 1876 he was married in the last mentioned city to Miss Delia Gorman, and removed to Lincoln in 1878. In 1885 he came back to Plattsmouth, and has ever since resided here.

Jim Pine, as every one called him, had railroaded for twenty-seven years, and during that time had many narrow escapes from death. He was at one time yardmaster here, and at another conductor on the bridge run. For the last few years he has been switching.

He had been suffering acutely from neuralgia in the head the night before the accident occurred, and his wife had that morning begged him not to go to work.

Mr. Pinewas one of Plattsmouth's best known and most respected citizens. For a number of years past he had been a member of the Methodist church, and his daily life was all that could be expected of a consistent christian.

He leaves a family consisting of a wife and four children—two boys and two girls, one of each being grown. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the entire community in their affliction.

Death of an Old Citizen.

Heart failure, superinduced by pleurisy, from which he had been suffering since September 21st, caused the death of David E. Babbington Monday night, November 14th.

Mr. Babbington was born in Waymouth, N. J., November 1st, 1821, and had been a resident of Plattsmouth since 1870. He was highly respected by every one in the community, being a man of unimpeachable integrity and honor. He was a widower, his wife having died ten years ago. Mr. Babbington leaves three children—Mrs. Will White and Mr. D. G. Babbington of this city and Mrs. I. T. Cornell of Lennox, Ia.

Funeral services will be held at the Methodist church Thursday afternoon at two o'clock.

Notice to Taxpayers.

The county commissioners will be in session after this date until all delinquent taxes in this county will be disposed of. Every one who is back is requested to call at once and make arrangements for a settlement or else the same will be sold. By order of county commissioners.

Smoke the Best.

Wuri Bros famous "Gut Heil" is the best 5c cigar in the market.