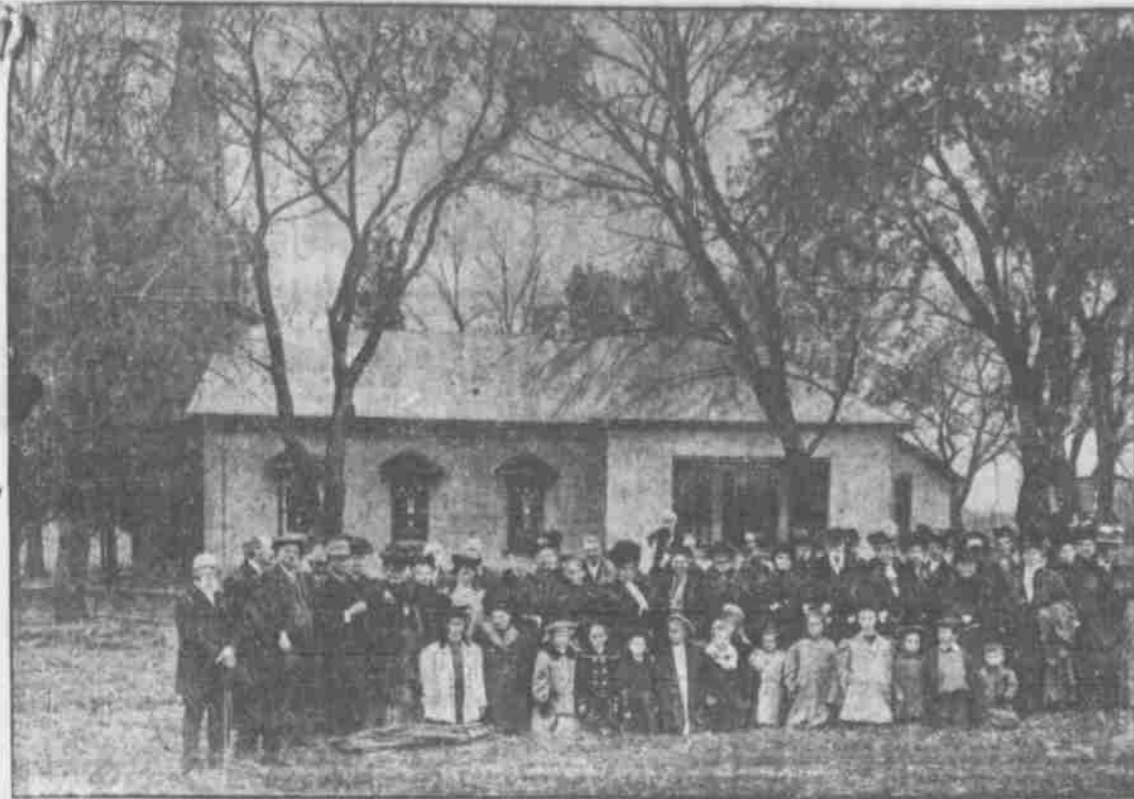


Historic Bellevue and Its Surroundings Revisited by the Pioneers



VISITORS AFTER SERVICE AT OLD CHURCH.



Mrs. Grace Allan Bradley, Mrs. James Allan, Mrs. Bruno Taschuck. THREE OF THE PIONEER WOMEN.



From Left to Right—Dr. W. H. Betz, Mrs. W. H. Betz, J. Q. A. Goss, H. T. Clarke, Sr., Mrs. Highten, E. F. Burch, Mrs. William Leach, Mr. Chaffee, Mrs. J. T. Allan, Judge Peter Gow, Mrs. Grace Allan Bradley. PIONEERS AT THE OLD CHURCH.

No jollier party ever left Omaha for an afternoon outing than the sixty or more Bellevue pioneers and their descendants who boarded a special car of the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street railway Saturday afternoon November 3, for Bellevue, as special guests of the street car company, to signify the formal opening of that new interurban line from Omaha to the oldest white settlement in Nebraska, Bonnie Bellevue. How well General Manager Smith's kindness was appreciated was attested in the presentation of a handsome bouquet to him by the old ladies just prior to the street car leaving from Fifteenth and Park streets. The car started at 1:30 and having the right-of-way made the run in just forty minutes.

The adults composing the party and the dates of their settling at Bellevue were: H. T. Clarke, 1853; Judge Goss, 1863; Mrs. J. T. Allen, 1853; Mrs. George Wilcox, 1874; Mrs. William Leach, 1857; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McLean, 1867; Mrs. Arthur, 1854; D. D. Hall, 1867; Mrs. Silas A. Strickland and Mrs. Kate Strickland Haynes; Al. Butterfield, 1839; Mrs. Angie Harris, 1831; Mrs. Lucia Swain Campbell, 1869; Mrs. Julia Oliver Eads, 1858; Mrs. Margaret Olive Hellam, 1872; Augustus Clark, 1894; Paul Gatzmann, 1855; Mrs. Thomas Hendricks, 1881; Emma B. Myers, 1872; Mrs. William Leach, 1857; Ralph H. Hall, 1857; Mrs. Idalyn Gwyer Yates, 1837; John Drexel, 1854; Mrs. Susie Childs and Mrs. Nellie Peckham Womersley, 1864; Mrs. Bayley, 1856; Mrs. Calla Lane, 1871, and Mrs. Sheehan, 1856.

To Mrs. Grace Allan Bradley is entitled the credit for organizing this visit of Omaha residents of old Bellevue to their old home, and on the way down Mrs. Bradley was complimented, her cheery, good nature reflecting itself throughout the entire party.

Delightful Ride to Bellevue.
As the car sped on its way it was greeted with cheers and greetings of good will from Omaha through to Albright, where the Bellevue line turns off to the southeast, passing over gentle grades and through great-woods in the hills, by the old farm homesteads of the pioneers, through beautiful cornfields, past the South Omaha Country club. From nearly every farm house along the line handkerchiefs were waved in welcome to the excursionists. "There is the old home in which I was born," was the occasional expression of several of the party, "and I think we should live to see the day when electric cars should run over the paths where we used to drive the cows." Some gray-haired old pioneer would catch a glimpse of a familiar spot and observe: "I killed a deer right at that cove of trees over there fifty years ago and we used to hunt wild turkeys right down that ravine and got lots of them, too." Suddenly the car gave a quick swerve through a deep cut, and a moment later the broad Missouri valley came in view, with the big muddy flowing as placidly as it did fifty-two years ago. "I've stood on the crest of that hill many a weary hour watching for a steamboat coming up from



PIONEERS AT BELLEVUE COLLEGE.

down the river," said one, "forty-five or more years ago, and then would signal down to the mission down these among the trees that the boat was coming. It was great times with us when the boats came up in those years; it was like a holiday." Onward sped the car again through a heavy cut and out into the open, seventy-five feet above the Missouri, skirting the hill under the shadow of Bellevue college, there burst onto the view of the excursionists the glorious Pappo valley, and down there among the trees lay, quiet, beautiful old Bellevue. The car stopped here and a committee of old Bellevue citizens was in waiting to welcome their old friends, headed by Rev. Stephen Phelps, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, with Chairman Harry Peters of the town board, representing the commonwealth of Bellevue, and a delegation from Bellevue college. The visitors disembarked from the car at this point and, after having a group picture of the party taken by The Bee artist, most of them ascended the hill to visit Bellevue college under the guidance of President Wadsworth.

Visiting Historic Spots.
Others strolled down into the quiet old town to get a glimpse of its historic spots. A number of these were pointed out by H. T. Clarke, Sr., who was one of the first settlers, who came in 1853, and who still has large realty holdings in and about the town. Passing down Main street are several buildings, gray with age, built in the early days, among them an old log cabin, built before 1853, down nearer the river, but was torn down and rebuilt at its present location, only a little further down. In the old store building, built of cottonwood boards saved nearly fifty years ago

at the Bellevue sawmill, in which Mr. Clarke first engaged in merchandising. Mr. Clarke kept store on the first floor and lived over the store. The building still stands, grained with mold and age, within a short distance back of it is the later built store room, which is now falling into ruin. Across the street from the old store, one of the first general stores in the state outside of the Indian trading posts, is situated the old Clarke homestead, a modest cottage, but in excellent repair. Along the streets are many handsome maple and honey locust trees planted by Mr. Clarke over fifty years ago.

Father on down toward the river is the old Hamilton house, that is built on the site of the old Mission building. Here, years before the first migration of white settlers, was established the Presbyterian mission under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Along about 1855 the Mission Presbyterian church was built. It is a substantial structure of stone, obtained in the vicinity, and the structure stands today as the oldest Presbyterian church in Nebraska. There has been a considerable addition made to the church on the west, but the old structure still remains as it was built over half a century ago, and is still used for church services.

When Peter A. Sargy Reigned.
At the southern extremity of the town,

A Bunch of Short Stories

Bible Reading in Missouri.
COLONEL JOHN COSGROVE, attorney-at-law, was especially distinguished as an advocate before a jury. Defending a client accused of some crime, Colonel Cosgrove in an eloquent climax shouted:

"What does the state's attorney expect? Does he expect my client, like Daniel, to command the sun to stand still, and have it obey?"

Judge James W. Draffen, lawyer for the opposition, interrupted.

"May I please your honor," he said, addressing Judge James E. Hazell, who was on the bench. "I object to Colonel Cosgrove's misquoting scripture."

"I beg pardon," blantly replied Colonel Cosgrove. "I forgot for the moment that it was not Daniel, but Solomon, who commanded the sun to stand still!"

And that statement went unchallenged.—Kansas City Star.

No Model for Him.
Dr. Stephen H. Roblin, pastor of the Columbus Avenue Universalist church, Boston, was dining on an old woman, one of his parishioners, before going away on his summer vacation, when his church is always closed. The old woman evidently does not believe in ministerial vacations, for she said:

"Doctor, remember sabbath never takes a vacation."
"My dear madam," answered the doctor, "I never did believe in insisting sabbath."—Boston Herald.

Foot Ball Enthusiasm.
W. J. Clothier, the tennis champion of America, said at a dinner in Philadelphia: "Tennis is all very well in its way, but what is the excitement, what is the enthusiasm of tennis compared to that of foot ball?"

"Perhaps you have heard of that Pennsylvania guard who, coming to at the end of a foot ball game, whispered to the physician bending over him:

"Did we win, doctor?"
"Yes, hands down," the physician answered.
"The guard flushed with joy."
"Never mind that fractured thigh, broken do," he said. "Just take three broken teeth out of my mouth so's I can bolter."

The Captain Excited.
Passing the pantry of his boat one day, Captain Birch of Gloucester overheard one of the cabin boys indulging in animadversions on the officers and crew. He turned a

on a slight eminence, stood the old Omaha Indian agency and trading post. This post was established by the American Fur Trading company in 1809 or earlier, and at the time of the settlement of Bellevue in 1855 the trading post was under charge of "Peter A. Sargy, Sr.," as the old veteran insisted on being called, with the emphasis on the "Sr." At this time, in 1855, about 1,000 Indians had their village located a short distance south of the trading post, along Pappo creek, with Logan Fontanelle as their chief. The old settlers lived on terms of perfect friendship with the Indians and traded with them for game.

The great events of the days were, however, steamboat days. There was no regular schedule of arrival days, the boats coming to some of the less fortunate ones the current and pulsation of the old Missouri was agreeable. It frequently happened that the settlers were reduced to the direst necessity because of the delay in the arrival of the boats. Food became extremely scarce and it looked like starvation to some of the less fortunate ones. It was not an unusual sight to see three and four steamboats at the landing at one time. And then again, it might be weeks or months before another boat would be seen, this being especially true during the winter seasons.

With all the privations at intervals, the settlement prospered. A ferry was established with the Iowa side of the river and Bellevue was the great trading point for miles and miles up and down the river, both in Iowa and Nebraska.

Early Settlers at Bellevue.
Quiet, old Bellevue is fruitful of many romantic incidents that have entered into the make-up of Nebraska's earliest history. It was here that J. Sterling Morton first became a Nebraskan. Here, too, was the home of Chief Justice Ferguson and a host of other pioneers of the old days whose names later became national. Here, too, was one of the main crossings of the Missouri for the argonauts of Oregon and California several years before the first white settlement was established. As may well be said, "Bellevue is in reality the invocation of Nebraska."

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Training of a Politician.
When I was a very little boy, writes Sir William Gregory in his autobiography, my grandfather, who was then under secretary for Ireland, took me to the chief secretary's room in Dublin castle, and formally introduced me to Lord Melbourne.

After I had been with him for some little time, he said: "Now, my boy, is there anything here you would like to see?" "Yes," I answered, pointing to a very large sick of sealing wax.

"That's right," said Lord Melbourne, pressing on me a bundle of pens; "begin to get out the public as much as you can."—Pearson's Weekly.

EXCURSIONISTS AND THEIR CAR.

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Quarter of a Century in Railway Service

LUCIAN W. WAKELLEY, general passenger agent of the Burlington lines west of the Missouri river, is today celebrating the anniversary of his twenty-five years of service with the Burlington railroad. One of the oldest native sons of the state, Mr. Wakelley has worked in most of the other large cities along the Burlington and now, at the culmination of twenty-five years of active service for the road, he is back in the city where his parents reside.

Mr. Wakelley is the son of Judge and Mrs. E. Wakelley of Omaha and was born in this state at the early settlement of DeSoto, twenty miles north of Omaha, in 1831; he is 48 years of age, and has already given more than half of his life in the service of the Burlington road. He was educated in the grade and high schools of Omaha and at the Military academy at West Point, to which he won an appointment by competitive examination held at the university in Lincoln in 1857. In 1881 he entered the freight service of the Burlington in Chicago. Promotions followed consistently, and his successive positions in the Burlington service are as follows:

In 1886, local freight agent at Chicago; in 1887, assistant to the general manager, the late Henry B. Stone; in 1888, assistant general passenger agent of lines east; in 1889, general passenger agent of Missouri lines at St. Louis; in 1894, general passenger agent of lines west, Omaha, in immediate charge of the Burlington passenger business between the Missouri river and the Pacific coast.

Mr. Wakelley was married in 1887 to Helen Louise Weeks of Wisconsin, and their family now consists of three sons. One must search diligently around Nebraska to find an older native son of this state.

As general passenger agent of the Burlington one of the chief works of Mr. Wakelley has been in upbuilding the west and putting settlers on the broad prairies of Nebraska.

A native of this city, Mr. Wakelley is always alert to promote the interests of Omaha and never overlooks an opportunity to so arrange the trains of the state that they will benefit Omaha. The latest time card of the Burlington bears witness to this.



LUCIAN W. WAKELLEY.

Nebraska's Oldest Veteran

EIGHTY-SEVEN years old and past, and still as erect as when he cast his first vote for William Henry Harrison sixty-six years ago, Ferguson Potter McMillan of Sutton, Neb., seems to have drunk from the Fountain of Youth for fair. This old

man is a member of G. G. Mendel post No. 19, Grand Army of the Republic, and is one of the sturdy supporters of the organization. He was born in Pennsylvania on July 4, 1819, and when he got his military growth, stood six feet four inches in height. Many stories are told of his physical prowess, one of them being that once in Ohio he cradled two acres of heavy wheat in one day, from sunup to sundown. This doesn't sound big in the days of self-dependence, but the older boys on the farm, whose memory goes back to the cradle days, can tell you it was a feat that few men can boast of having achieved. In 1852 Mr. McMillan enlisted in the Thirty-fifth Iowa and did his share towards putting down the rebellion. He came to Nebraska many years ago and has been a member of the Grand Army for a long time. At Sutton he is a familiar figure, and is very popular.

Pointed Paragraphs

A minute today is worth an hour tomorrow.
"Lafayette is about the only thing sailors have to bank on."
Women who kiss each other are often guilty of counterfeiting.
He is a wise man who either speaks the truth or says nothing.
Every man has an excuse for drinking—and each is worse than the other.
If a woman laughs at a man's jokes it's because he isn't her husband.
Revenge as contemplated may be sweet, but it is always more or less bitter when realized.
Almost any one can be a power for evil—but it takes a man among men to be a power for good.
Only few men are able to appreciate the humor in a practical joke that comes at them point first.
When a man attempts to interfere with the affairs of a woman the best he can get is the whip of the law.
Ignorance of the law excuses no man, but it sometimes accounts for the failure of a lawyer to make good.
It sometimes happens that the minister who follows his calling too strenuously is called down by his congregation.—Chicago

FERGUSON POTTER McMILLAN OF SUTTON, NEB.