

5-17-1904 G.H

—Adam Woomer died at his home, 1019 West St., at 4:20 o'clock on Saturday morning, at the age of 86 years. He was born in Mifflin county, Penn., in 1818, removed to Poweshiek county, Ia., in 1854, and to the city of Grinnell in 1884. He had a wide circle of friends. The funeral took place at 2 p. m. yesterday, conducted by Rev. E. M. Vittum, and the body was laid to rest in Hazelwood cemetery. The singers at the funeral services were A. C. Harriman, J. C. Walker, Miss Kate Hibbard, and Mrs. A. B. Mack. The pall bearers were Samuel Nelson, L. G. C. Peirce, J. N. Knight, H. C. Spencer, J. S. Miller, and D. W. Brainard.

5-20-1904 ADAM WOOMER 6-H

Mr. Adam Woomer was born in Mifflin county, Pa., in 1818 and there lived until he had attained to the age of thirteen when he moved to Huntington county in the same state. There grew up to manhood, attended school and there learned the trade of forgerman which he followed during the remainder of his residence in the east.

In 1854 he came to Iowa and settled in Scott county where he purchased a farm on which he lived until 1867. He then disposed of his farm and engaged in the mercantile business in Davenport.

Mr. Woomer moved to Grinnell township in 1869 and purchased a farm which he improved and farmed until he moved to Grinnell in 1884. Since that time he has been a familiar figure on our streets until about three weeks ago when he was taken with his last illness and passed away on the morning of the 14th inst. He had been a very active man but when sickness came bore it with patience and passed peacefully from earth to the Golden City, leaving a wife, a son and a daughter to mourn their loss.

He had been a good husband, father, neighbor, citizen. The companion of his life was Julia A. Carter whom he married when twenty-five years of age in Pennsylvania. To them were born three children, Wesley H. Davis H. and Margaret I. one of whom preceded him to the better land. To the daughter who has watched faithfully and lovingly at his bed side during his illness is the loss of an indulgent father hard to bear. What friends and relatives lose, heaven gains. \*