

June 30, 1889

JACK EDDINS DROWNED.

The awful chill and gloom that has settled upon the Eddins home and spread to the outer limits of the community, bears down upon us heavily as we attempt to write of this great calamity.

On Tuesday last the Presbyterian Sunday School had a picnic out at Burton's grove on the river, south of the Milwaukee crossing. About five o'clock as Jack Eddins and a number of companions were in swimming, Jack waded into a deep hole near the shore. Wm. Steinhauer attempted to rescue him but failed. An alarm was given and several others hurried to the spot and tried to save him by diving, but the body had been submerged for nearly a quarter of an hour when it was finally raised by the use of a rake. Those who were there worked over the corpse for two hours, but produced no indication of returning life.

The river is so shallow that no one had a suspicion of danger—especially for the boys of his age who habitually bathe and swim in the water east of town.

Jack was a bright little fellow of about twelve years, full of boyish activity and life, and a great favorite with all of his companions.

When the news was brought to town and spread around, tears and blanched faces told of poignant sorrow for the untimely death, and intense sympathy for the stricken home.

Father Mensing came up from Webster this morning and administered the rites of the church and the remains will rest in Union Cemetery, after funeral services this afternoon at two o'clock from the home.