

July 8, 1904

ARTHUR EISENHOO GONE

Arthur Eisenhood is dead!

These were the tragic words, spoken scarcely above a whisper, but bringing a throb of sorrow to the hearts of all who heard them while the celebration was at its height on Monday afternoon.

As the news passed along, how well all remembered the vigorous young athlete, whose promise of long life was far above the average. How quickly all recalled the genial personality, the favorite of the younger social circle—an unusual type of strong, vigorous young manhood. Even those who knew him but casually but who have numbered Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhood among their friends since pioneer days, experienced a pang of deep regret on receipt of the fateful news. Sorrow for the departed and sympathy for the parents, brought tears to many eyes.

As noted last week, Dr. McNutt had been called and diagnosed an acute attack of bowel trouble as appendicitis. Dr. Evans arrived on Friday evening from Flandreau, and was called in as the old physician of the family. He, with Dr. Renner, was unable to agree with Dr. McNutt in the diagnosis. The patient was already so low that his chance for recovery was pronounced extremely light in any event. He rallied a little under treatment, but the heart action was too weak to assure the physicians, and death finally came as a relief from his sufferings.

As the end drew near and Arthur realized that he could not recover, his entire thought seemed to center about the terrible blow which his death would be to his bereaved mother, and his native manliness made the fear of death a secondary matter; he longed for life for her sake.

Somehow, when the hand of death is laid upon one just at the threshold of manhood, it seems to make more poignant the grief attending the tragic mystery, and appeals more strongly to the universal sympathy. Especially is this true in the present instance, when the only child of an invalid father and a devoted mother is taken.

Arthur Eisenhood was born at Carson Center, Mich., and was 22 years of age. He was little more than one year old when his parents moved to Dakota.

Funeral services at the home were held at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, under auspices of the Odd Fellows.