November 4, 1909

DAVID HARRIS, SR.

Without a moment's warning, and with no opportunity to say farewell to family and friends, David Harris answered the final summons at midday on Sunday last. In his usual health he had gone out to look after a bit of pasture fence which needed repair. Not returning as soon as expected, search was made, and his dead body was discovered lying prone upon the ground.

The family lives on what is known as the Ed Moore farm southwest of Groton, where the youngest son, Frank, was in charge.

Funeral services were conducted on Tuesday afternoon from the home, Rev. J. S. Butt officiating, and burial occurred in Union Cemetery.

David Harris was born in Kanowle, Perthshire, Scotland, April 8th, 1835. He was from his eighteenth year a member of the Free Church of Scotland. He was married to Mary Chalmers when he was twenty-five years old. He came with his family to Trempeleau County, Wis., in 1872, reaching his destination on New Year's Day, 1873. His wife was taken sick on board ship, crossing the Atlantic, and has never fully recovered. His kind care of her will ever live in the memory.

Moved to Brown county near Groton in 1886, and had since resided in this vicinity.

There were fourteen children and a like number of grand-children. Seven children and the widow survive him.

The close bond of sweet sympathy between David Harris and his family has been broken by death, but the memory of his loving, kindly heart will ever be cherished by those who have known and understood him so well.

Mr. Harris was a familiar figure in and about Groton for many years, having managed the large Adams farm a number of years before advancing age lessened his physical powers. His was ever a genial disposition, and it was a source of satisfaction that he had made it the rule of his life to see the bright side of things, however gloomy might be the outlook to others. In a new country, such men are worth a regiment of those who weaken at the first approach of hardship; and his children have learned well the cheerful lessons of his life. Full of years, we doubt not that his going was in the manner he would have selected, could he have chosen.