

weakness. These, however, were all being successfully treated, and on the evening preceding the fatal day he was in the best condition of any time during his illness. But on Tuesday, the 12th day of February, the death angel came, and the struggle was over. At ten o'clock on that day hemorrhage of the bowels set in and finished its terrible work at about five o'clock in the afternoon. What a day it was! Like a rushing torrent came such a period of breathless anxiety, such a multitude of fears and doubts, such sorrow and sadness as cannot easily be described. Loved ones and friends were quickly summoned, and the way to the house seemed so long. Physicians were speedily called to the bedside, and all was done that loving hands could do, but the life-blood was fast ebbing away. As soon as the hemorrhage was discovered, the foot of the bed was raised in order to preserve life as long as possible. In this trying position the patient sufferer remained till he ceased to live. As the pulse grew weaker and weaker, and when hope had almost vanished, the attending physicians, as a last resort, tried the transfusion of blood—a tedious and delicate operation, and all to no avail. The blood coagulated and would not run—a quantity of milk was then introduced into the veins but without effect. As soon as the surgeon's task was performed, death was noticeably at hand, and in a few short minutes the spirit of the loved one departed. The separation was so calm and quiet that it was difficult to determine just when breathing ceased. But death with all its terrible stillness had come—the light of the home had gone out. The wide-spread sorrow awakened by the early demise of so prominent, youthful, and active a career can be readily understood by all who knew the departed. Expressions of sympathy were heard on every hand, and scores of letters and telegrams of condolence were received. The life of our brother was so promising, and his illness so brief, that the news of his death was a great shock to most people—why such a life should be so suddenly cut short was hidden in deep mystery. From the store, the office, the factory, and the farm came the sad exclamation, "What a loss!" A loss to the country, to the city, to business circles, and to society. Strong-hearted business men and sturdy workmen wept because "Charley" was gone. A sorrow so deep and so general is not frequent. The vacancy in the business where our friend had so long been the head can readily be appreciated. What will be the result? was the question that would