

TORVAL FOSHOLDT DEAD.

A Prominent Young Farmer Succumbs to the Grim Reaper.

Torval Fosholdt died at his home in Tyrol township last Thursday afternoon, the cause of his death being a stomach complaint. About three years ago he was suffering from tuberculosis and was so low at times that death seemed inevitable then, but after having been operated on by the doctors at Rochester, Minn., he seemed to be gaining in strength and health all the time. A short time ago he attended a ladies' auction sale of the Ottawa Lutheran church and there he said he had never felt better or stronger. Last Monday he was about his duties, complaining however of not feeling very well. The sickness gained on him quickly and Dr. Brimi was summoned. He was beyond help and died on Thursday afternoon. His demise was sudden and not at all expected at this time, but this is only a reminder of the uncertainties of our earthly sojourn. Torval Fosholdt was born November 13, 1874, in Hedalen, Valdris, Norway. He immigrated to this country with his parents in 1881, and settled in Mitchell county, Iowa. The next year he moved with his parents to North Dakota where he resided until he died. Three years ago July 7 he was united in marriage to Sophia Gunderson, by Rev. J. M. Jenson, the pastor of the church of which he and his wife were members. Touching the life and character of this man it can be said he was a good man, sober and industrious and thrifty. His home and family life was congenial and happy, in fact it was one that could be copied and imitated by others. His relations to his fellow neighbors was the very best. He had many friends, few, if any, enemies at all. His every day walk was quiet and unassuming. He was a faithful churchman, interested in the welfare of the church to which he belonged. From the suffering and trials he had endured he had learned the lesson of patience and endurance. Though not a loud talker in spiritual matters, Torval was a man who quietly sought his Lord, and it is the consolation of the beloved widow that he has received the reward of the faithful who die in the Lord. A large concourse of friends from far and near met on the day of the funeral to pay their last tribute to a departed friend, neighbor and christian. Rev. J. M. Jenson, the pastor of the church at Ottawa, preached the sermon to the large audience that filled the church to its utmost capacity. The remains were laid to rest in the Ottawa Lutheran church cemetery. Mrs. Fosholdt is left alone but if the sympathy of friends has any power for consolation in her behalf, it is safe to say that sympathy for her runs deep in every heart who met at the funeral of her faithful husband. All that remains to be said can be briefly summed up thus: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor my ways your ways."