

## Fatal Accident.

This whole community was shocked last Saturday afternoon by the announcement that Victor Melgard had been accidentally shot in the head and that there was no hope for his recovery.

The accident happened, as near as we have learned the facts, as follows: Victor, Oliver Larson and Johnny Syverson drove out into the country to shoot gophers. When they were about half a mile east of the house on the Glass farm east of town they had been out to shoot at gophers and had gotten into the rig to drive on. They had been cautioned to not take the guns into the buggy when they were loaded and had meant to unload before getting in, but in some way Johnny Syverson must have forgotten to unload his gun and as they were driving along his gun, apparently, was discharged, the bullet striking Victor in the head back and above the ear.

The other boys were filled with terror, but immediately abandoned the guns and drove up to the Glass farm house, occupied by the Theils, and the doctor was 'phoned for and he and others went out immediately. However, nothing could be done to save him and he died in about an hour. While the boys were waiting for aid to come they did everything possible to keep life in their dying companion, their actions indicating a keen presence of mind even under these trying conditions. The three boys were the best of friends, having been chums all their lives, and it is hard for anyone to realize the bitterness that fills their minds at the outcome of their afternoon's outing.

Victor was the third son of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Melgard, and was a bright, clever boy whose friends were limited only by the limit of his acquaintances. He was about fourteen years old. His tragic death has cast a gloom over the whole community and plunged his family and his two companions into deepest affliction. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon from the Lutheran church, the Rev. E. T. Silness preaching the sermon, and was attended by nearly everyone in this vicinity, the church, which was fittingly decorated with flowers, being crowded to its limit and many were obliged to remain on the outside. The public schools and all business places in town were closed during the funeral hours, and the teachers and pupils attended in a body, Prof. Loreaux reading an eloquent eulogy on the deceased at the end of the sermon. Among the floral offerings were magnificent collections of different flowers and wreaths from the schools and the L. T. L.

The following verses were selected by friends who requested that they be printed herewith:

### ONE WHO IS MISSED.

Three beautiful children kneel at night

By the mother's side to pray;

But ever she misses, with aching heart,

The one who has gone away.

And if you ask her which of these

Is the darling, she cannot say;

But of all her children the dearest one

Is the one who went away.

Gay ringing voices fill the house,

And thrill her with love and pride;

But none of them all has tones so sweet

As the little one who died.

And which are the loveliest, who can tell?

These eyes, brown, blue, and gray;

But none have the look of the violet eyes

Of the one who went away.

These rest at night in the mother's care

Close-sheltered from harm and cold;

But the safest of all is the little one

In the Savior's guarded fold.