

Ward, David
Mustard Out Coptin Cources
June 2, 1904.

Another old soldier has answered long call and has gone to join ^{the} vast ~~thru~~ army of our defenders of the Union who have crossed the silent river. Comrad David Ward died about 2 P.M. Monday morning May 30th after a sickness of several weeks passing away quietly and peacefully. He was taken sick with a severe cold and attack of bronchitis the latter part of the winter but recovered and got out + went to work in the damp + cold. His constitution could not stand that kind of treatment and he was again taken sick + succumbed.

He had Bright's Disease followed by typhoid fever and in his enfeebled condition could not stand the ravages of the disease. The deceased was born in Guilford Co. N.C. in 1844 and was nearly 60 yrs old. He moved to Indiana with his parents in (1838)

many friends in extending sympathy to Mrs. Ward ~~family~~ in this hour of bereavement. The nation has not lost a great hero whose name has been blazoned from the house tops for fame achieved but it has lost a modest hero who gave his life to the nation, if need be, for the purpose of perpetuating our glorious union. Let us hope that he will meet with his reward in the ^{regions} of eternal glory.

The funeral took place at the Baptist church of which the deceased was a member at 2 P.M. Tues. Rev. J. S. DeLong pastor of the Methodist church preaching the sermon.

The members of the G. A. R. acted as pall bearers. The remains were interred in the cemetery.

and from there to Nebr. When the war broke out he hastened to enlist and joined Co A. 139th regiment Indiana volunteers at the age of 17, enlisting Apr 10, 1861 at Greenbors Ind. serving 3 years + 8 months, receiving an honorable discharge Sept 29, 1864 at Indianapolis Ind.

He was married in 1871 to Kate Beckler and as a result of that union several children were born + among them as follows: Mrs. George Adams, Mrs. Eliza Williams, Mrs. Rachel Stabraw and a son Henry.

David Ward + family moved to Gr. Co 6 yrs ago last fall. During his resid. here he had made many friends. He was one of those genial old soldiers who always looked on the bright side of life and was cheerful at all times. The Courier joins with