

They had been only in Cheyenne for two weeks. He had left for work early in the morning, telling his little wife goodbye, not intending to return until five o'clock in the evening. The news his wife received was from his aunt and sister that he was dead.

God in Heaven needed this man or He would not have taken him, and he was certainly ready to go or the thought of him going would have been unbearable to the loved ones he left behind. The following clipping was found in his pocket after his death which expresses his own sentiments:

“It is my joy in life to find  
At every turning of the road.  
The strong arms of a brother kind  
To help me onward with my load;  
And since I have no gold to give,  
And love alone can make amends,  
My only prayer that while I live,  
“God, make me worthy of my  
Friends.”