

Seldom have our people had a more striking illustration of the above than in the case of Martin Markuson who, with but little warning, was called to meet his creator last Friday afternoon. His health has not been good for a year or two, yet those who saw him Friday morning, bright eyed and alert, could scarcely realize that before night, without a word of farewell he had joined the silent majority. Death was caused by the bursting of a blood vessel, was without warning and painless. Funeral services were held at the house of his brother, Nels Markuson at 5 o'clock Saturday morning, then the remains were taken by his brothers to their old home in Minnesota, for interment. "We know not the day nor yet the hour."