

Peter Klein.

The following obituary of the late Peter Klein clipped from the Queen City Transcript of last week is a little late, but Uncle Peter was, one of our very best citizens, a good man in every sense, and deserves more than passing notice.

Peter Klein was born in Baden,

Germany, April 14, 1814, died at his home near Queen City, February 5, 1904 at the age of 89 years, 9 months and 21 days.

He came to this country when a young boy and settled in West Moreland county, Penn. In 1842 he came to Schuyler county, Mo. where he has ever since resided. In 1838 he was married to Miss Margret Piper. To this union were born eight children, four of whom are yet living, as follows:

Sam Klein, of The Dallas, Oregon; Catherine Andres, Downing, Mo; Mary Jacoby, Seattle, Wash; and Mrs. Susan Smith, Porthil, Idaho. His wife having died he again was married to Mrs. Eliza Combs. To this union were born four children, three of whom are yet living, as follows:

Frank Klein of Nashville, Kansas, Peter Klein and Mrs. Nellie Smith of near Queen City.

For the past ten years he has been a sufferer from rheumatism and in the early fall his fatal sickness had taken hold of him but during all of his suffering, night and day, found him praying for God to release him of his suffering and pain. And thus has passed away a highly respected citizen, full of honors and full of years.

We first knew him some 12 or 14 years ago and all the years that have intervened he was the same "Grand old Man." A man of strong convictions and unswerving integrity he neither palliated^{or} or condoned a wrong. We never knew him to come to town that as soon as he was seen by the people they would go across the street or wherever he might be, and shake his hand. This showed how universally he was respected. He was at different times, when in our office related many of his life experience, one of which was when in the civil war at the battle of Shiloh—we believe—when one of his regimental officers was severely wounded and fearing he might be left, Uncle Peter picked him up and carried him away and put him in an ambulance.

The officer was a heavy man and Uncle Peter being small he made a very heavy load for him and when he went to put the officer into the ambulance, having to raise him up over the top, uncle Peter sustained an injury in the way of a sprain which he never got over all the remainder of his life. We mention this one incident to show his unswerving fidelity and faithfulness to a friend. We could mention many more that illustrate the same characteristics, but space forbids.

In the three or four last years he seldom came to town, being too feeble. The last time the writer saw him he told us he was waiting to be taken and freed from his pains and suffering. Yet we never heard him utter a complaint.

His remains were laid to rest in the German cemetery. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community in this their bereavment of one who had for so long been a constant companion.
