

DEC. 24, LITTLETON. 1904.

DEATHS.—One of the sad cases, having a recent hold in the minds of townspeople, is the sudden sickness and death of Walter Keirstead, who lived at the home of his parents. On Friday last he attended school, and in the evening was playful and merry as usual with his brothers and sisters. Saturday morning, although not feeling quite well, he started to help his father about the stable, but was unable to and went home, when his mother gave him the usual remedies for childish pains. Towards evening Dr. Godfrey was called and decided that the trouble was appendicitis, and that an operation was the last and only resort. The services of two nurses were secured, and as Dr. Warren could not assist, Dr. Conant, who was absent at the time in Pawtucket, was summoned. On his arrival on the Sunday evening train the operation was at once performed. The appendix was found to be badly broken and a concreted substance, the size and form of a kidney bean was there, proving that the trouble has been of slow growth. Every attention that love and skill could suggest was given him, but the poison had entered his system and the consuming fever never abated.

His suffering on Monday was such that even those who loved him most were grateful when relief came. From the very first, both doctors considered the case an unusually serious one. Death came, not as the result of the operation, but the final development was so sudden the whole system, particularly the heart, was unnerved.

Young Keirstead was a boy of quiet, industrious habits, and it is very pleasant at this time to hear of many little instances of respectful attention to elderly people, or any stranger who came in his way. The funeral was at the home of his father, L. S. Keirstead, on Thursday. Walter's age was 12 yrs. 1 mon. 20 days. A further account of the funeral is next week's issue.