

FERGUSON, FRANK E.
OCTOBER 3, 1869–JANUARY 1, 1904

The Wheatland World
January 1, 1904

F.E. Ferguson Seriously Injured

A serious accident occurred Wednesday afternoon, near the ranch of Wm. Taylor at Grant.

F.E. Ferguson had driven to the Taylor ranch with a team and wagon, and was returning to his home a few miles away. He had driven but a short distance, when in going down a hill a clip on the neckyoke broke, permitting the tongue to drop to the ground. The team was a spirited one and at once started to run. Before Mr. Ferguson could jump from the wagon or do anything to master the situation, the end of the wagon tongue caught under a boulder, with the result that the wagon vaulted high in the air. Mr. Ferguson was thrown a considerable distance, striking violently upon the side of his face and shoulder and chest. Although rendered temporarily unconscious by the fall, he later managed to walk back to Mr. Taylor's ranch, and was at once conveyed to his home and a physician hastily summoned.

Dr. Croskery made the trip to the Ferguson ranch, reaching there about midnight. He found that Mr. Ferguson's injuries were of a very serious nature. His collar bone was broken, and his chest and shoulder frightfully bruised. The concussion of the fall also caused internal injuries, as there have been expectorations of blood at intervals since the accident.

Mr. Ferguson is reported as resting easier, and his friends hope that his injuries will prove such as to yield readily to treatment.

The Laramie County Times
January 7, 1904

Died, at the home of his parents twenty miles south of this city, on Friday evening January 1st, at 10 o'clock, Frank E. Ferguson, in his 34th year.

Frank Ferguson was born in Tonganokie, Kansas, on October 3rd, 1869; in 1876 at the age of seven, his parents emigrated to Wyoming, which has been the home of the deceased ever since. Several years ago he met with an injury to his spine that would have proved fatal to a man of less stamina. From the resident physicians receiving only temporary relief he was advised to go to some specialist for treatment, accordingly on the first of last April accompanied by his brother-in-law Dr. Adams he went to Chicago and spent three months in the hospital where he was greatly benefitted and encouraged that he would fully recover.

On February 21, the deceased was raised to the station of Master Mason, under the auspices of Wheatland Lodge No. 16, by which order he was buried. Frank Ferguson as a man was, what each worker of the craft should be – a better man for the taking of those vows and obligations.

Calm is thy last long sleep
And stilled for aye, thy breath
But brother, though we weep,
We Know there is no death.

Where, then, thy victory?
 'Tho' changed this form of clay,
He lives in our memory,
 Though his form is laid away.

So standing by thy bier
 Paying last rites to thee,
Brother, we drop a tear
 And quote: "So mote it be. "

And know that you will be
 Again prepared in thy heart,
For that higher masonry
 From which none e'er depart.

Frank's name synonymous with a kind and dutiful son, a true brother, a trustworthy friend – strong of heart, honest of purpose, cheerful, patient and suffering, ever self-forgetful when there was need of kindly service for another. Adown the lengthening years to those who were fortunate enough to have known him well, will come the sweet remembrance of these sterling qualities that will cause the sigh of regret and the quickly falling tears, that his life was all too short, forgetting in their sadness that life is not measured by days or years, but by the good we have accomplished and that

"To die is but to rise
 To fairer, brighter skies,
From which none ever come to weep;

To soar on wings of love,
 To brighter worlds above,
For so He giveth His beloved sleep. "

The Wheatland World **January 8, 1904**

Death of F.E. Ferguson

The community mourns the death of one of its brightest and best young men.

Frank E. Ferguson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A.L. Ferguson, passed from this world on Friday evening, January 1st, death coming quite suddenly and apparently without the least suffering.

In the accident which befell the deceased on Wednesday of last week, the details of which were given in our last issue, internal injuries were sustained which proved of fatal character, and although every effort that loving and grief-stricken friends could devise was made to stay the hand of the Grim Reaper, the inexorable decree had seemingly gone forth, and for some hours before final dissolution came the attending physician had almost no hope of his patient's recovery.

Frank E. Ferguson was born at Tanganoxie, Leavenworth county, Kansas, October 3rd, 1869 and was thirty-four years and four months old. The family moved from the Kansas home to

Laramie county in 1875, and here the deceased grew to manhood's estate. There was no section of the county with which he was not familiar and hardly a resident on the ranches of this section of the state with whom he was not acquainted, and who did not class him as a friend. Mr. Ferguson was ever upright in all the walks of life, and his congenial demeanor never faltered nor changed, and to know him was to value and admire his sterling young manhood and exemplary character. Few deaths could occur in the breadth of our acquaintance which could cast a greater gloom or which could be more sincerely mourned.

Funeral services were held at the Wheatland M.E. church Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and the edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity. As the remains were conveyed from the family home to the city they were taken to the Masonic hall, from which place they were borne to the church at the appointed hour, under escort of the Masons, members of this order, and those of the Woodmen of the World, of which the deceased was a member, attending in a body. The services at the church were deeply touching and impressive. Rev. DeLaBarre spoke feelingly from a hopeful view of death, dwelling at length on a promise of immortality and of the better life beyond. A special choir composed of Mrs. G.W. Watkins, Mrs. C.R. Trenholm, and Messrs. Caley and Grant rendered appropriate selections in a beautiful manner, with Miss Lambert as accompanist.

The pall bearers were F.N. Shiek, S.A. Moore, G.T. Goodrich, P.J. O'Conner, H.E. Tisch and F.L. Potter.

The funeral cortege which accompanied the remains to the Wheatland cemetery was one of the largest in the history of the city, nearly fifty carriages being in the procession. At the grave the impressive burial rites of the Masonic order were rendered. Past Master O.E. Tisch being in charge, and all that was mortal of the late brother and friend were consigned to the tomb.

The utmost sympathy of the community goes out to the bereaved parents and relatives in their deep hour of irreparable sorrow.