

H. J. BOND SUMMONED BY DEATH

**Was Beloved Citizen of Nashua for
More Than Fifty Years and a
Veteran of the Civil War.**

It was with deepest sorrow that our citizens heard last Wednesday evening, June 21st, of the passing of our beloved townsman, Henry J. Bond, although he had been ill for several weeks and it was known that the end was near.

Mr. Bond was for more than fifty years a resident of this community and his upright life, kindly ways and stand always for the right had endeared him to a wide circle of friends and his death is sincerely mourned by many outside the circle of relatives. A man active in the affairs of the community, exceedingly fair-minded in all things his influence will be felt in the future of many lives who came in contact with him.

Henry Jerome Bond was born at Madison Village, New York State on July 23, 1845. Later he moved with his parents to Delphi, New York.

On September 2, 1864 he enlisted in Company G, 2nd Regiment New York State Cavalry and served until June 5, 1865, when he was discharged at Alexandria, Virginia. He was wounded at the Battle of Cedar Creek.

On October 23, 1866, he was united in marriage to Charlotte Nott, at Woodstock, New York. With his wife he came to this community in March 1868, and with the exception of one year spent in Ida county, Iowa, this place had been his home ever since. Three children came to bless the home, Fred Jerome, who died at the age of four years, Eugene Robert of Nashua, and Fanny Gertrude, now Mrs. Otis Sprague, of Clear Lake, Iowa. He is also survived by his wife and six grandchildren.

He was an honored member of Geo. W. S. Dodge Post, G. A. R., and for eight years was Post Commander, taking an active interest in the affairs of the Post, even after he was confined to his bed during his last illness.

Funeral services were held at the family home at 2 p. m. Saturday, June 24, Rev Edward Lee officiating and interment was at Oak Hill cemetery, his comrades of the Grand Army having charge of the service at the grave.

**Tribute by Comrade Oscar F. Smith
at the Grave.**

Fifty-eight years ago Comrade Bond, when in the full flush of glorious young manhood, when life was so full of beauty and promise to him, he heard the bugle call. Grandly, nobly he stepped to the front, willing, if needs be, to sacrifice his life that his government might live. So all along life's pathway we see you, Comrade Bond, standing four square to the world, face to the front: A devoted husband, a loving father, a loyal citizen, a manly man. And as we bow in grief over your bier today hope whispers we shall meet again. We cherish with great confidence the hope that this change that has come to you, and must come to all, is but the dawning of a brighter, a happier day.

Friend, Comrade, Commander, farewell.