

HOFFMAN, DANIEL RAY  
March 6, 1891-November 22, 1905

The remains of Daniel Ray Hoffman, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A.L. Hoffman, of the North Laramie, were laid to rest in the Wheatland cemetery, Sunday afternoon, November 26<sup>th</sup>.

The funeral services were held in the First Methodist Episcopal church at 2:00 p.m. Rev. Chas. L. DeLaBarre, pastor of the church, was in charge of the funeral. Rev. J.W. Moore, pastor of the Congregational church, led in prayer. The choir rendered appropriate music in an impressive and beautiful manner. The pastor took for his text "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God" Rom. 8:28.

It was all very sudden and very sad. Daniel left home the morning of the 22<sup>nd</sup> for a neighboring ranch, on Fish creek. He waved his hand in loving farewell to his mother and three younger sisters, and said "I will be home in the morning".

In the afternoon of the same day, he was accidentally shot and killed by a companion, while hunting rabbits with him. He never regained consciousness and was dead before any of his folks reached him. He went home before morning---Home to God.

Daniel, "Don", as he was called by his friends, was fourteen years of age, yet he was far ahead of his years. Many young men are younger at 21 than he was at the time of his death. While he loved to hunt and play as boys do, he was a great hand for duty. His father could leave him for months at a time to run the ranch, knowing that all would be well. He was of pious and affectionate nature. He early gave his heart to the Master, and in striving to become a follower of His, became much like Him. "Different from other boys, much like Christ".

His other brothers, Homer, Allie and Earle, who were older than he, were much away from home, so Daniel's duty was at home, looking after the ranch and caring for his mother and three sisters, when his father was away. This makes him more missed than ever by the family. There are places on the old ranch on the North Laramie and in the hearts of his loved ones that can never again be filled. When we visit again up there, we will all miss Don. The family has the sympathy and prayers of a great multitude of friends.