

A SAD DEATH

Mr. Lucius M. Sheldon, Jr., Dies Suddenly in Mexico.

Sunday night the many friends in this city of Lucius M. Sheldon Jr., were stunned that afternoon at Samalayuca, a station on the Mexican Central road, thirty miles from Juarez. Saturday afternoon Mr. Sheldon was on our streets full of life and hope. That afternoon, in company with E. L. Foucar, J. H. Brown and Jas. Eddleman, he went down to Samalayuca to spend the day with their friends, Jim Bell and Frank Ross. Sunday morning the party of young men started out on the prairie in couples, and Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Foucar were together. They were probably half a mile from the station when Mr. Sheldon suddenly stopped and raising his hand to his head said: "I feel very queer" and at the same time staggered forward as if about to fall. Mr. Foucar caught him. But the brave young heart, which was even then engaged in the unequal combat with death, was unwilling to exhibit anything like weakness and gently putting his friend's arms aside Mr. Sheldon smilingly remarked: "Oh I'll right. I think I'll take a smoke," and sitting down upon the side of a small embankment he lighted a cigarette. But after taking a few puffs he cast the cigarette aside and rising up said:

"Foucar, I feel curious. I believe I'm sick and you had better call the other boys."

The other friends were quickly summoned. A hand car was procured and upon it Mr. Sheldon was conveyed back to the station and put to bed. In reply to the inquiries of his friends he protested that he would be all right in a few minutes, but never spoke after he lay down, but would nod to his friends when they spoke to him. Not dreaming that there was anything serious Messrs. Bell, Foucar, Ross, Eddleman and Brown sat down and ate their dinner. After finishing their meal they became alarmed over the extreme passiveness of Mr. Sheldon and rubbed him good with whisky to start active circulation of the blood. At last it was discovered that his hands and feet were getting cold, so Mr. Foucar telegraphed Superintendent Comfort, of the Mexican Central, to send out a special and a physician. As quick as possible Mr. Comfort dispatched an engine and caboos with Dr. Samaniego on board, but when he reached the station the unequal combat against death had ended, and a bright and promising young life had gone out.

The remains were brought back to El Paso yesterday morning and were met at the depot by the Knight Templars, of which order the deceased was a worthy member. Brother Knights escorted the remains to Dolan's undertaking establishment to be embalmed. And today his friends can see the remains from 8 until noon at the undertaking establishment. This evening they will be sent to the home of the deceased, in Brooklyn, New York.

Mr. Sheldon was a son of the proprietor of the Sheldon block. He was agent at this place for the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company and had built up a splendid business here for his company. He was a young man of intelligence and culture, possessing all those captivating qualities of courtesy and geniality that make social favorites. He had hosts of warm personal friends in El Paso, with whom the TIMES joins in mourning his sad and untimely death.

Dr. Samaniego says that death was caused by heart disease, and is also of the opinion that some blood vessel was ruptured and an internal hemorrhage took place.

HIS COFFIN.

The casket which today holds all that is mortal of Lucius Sheldon, was purchased a few months ago to convey the remains of Mr. Sheldon's brother, who died in Mexico, to Brooklyn, but was not used because the remains were shipped via Laredo. This casket was placed by Mr. Foucar in the vacant store room in the southeast corner of the building; and only ten days ago the deceased tried to sell it, because, as he said, it was a piece of furniture he trusted he would not need for a few years at least. But, alas, the grim enemy of his bright hopes had already cast its shadow across his pathway. And his friends noted with the keen eye of love that the bright and sunny smile on his face frequently gave place to twitches of pain as the hand was raised to the breast and pressed over the heart.