

out into a back shed got under a table and drank some raw lye. From that time up to his death the little sufferer did not know what it was to have a sufficient supply of food. He has been treated by local doctors without any apparent good results. Some three weeks ago Mrs. Haskell took her little son to St. Anthony's Hospital, Minneapolis, to get surgical treatment. A week or ten days ago after he had been treated word was sent to the family that he was improving and great hopes for his recovery were entertained. But, alas! the bright ray of hope was as only a passing shadow, for in less than a week later, through injury to the lungs, while being treated, inflammation set in and little Charley's sufferings were ended and he had gone to join the happy throng beyond the river, and thus the bright ray of hope, was swept away and the dark cloud of sorrow was thrown over the family. The little fellow was the light and joy of his parent's hearts, the idol and playmate of his brother and sisters, and loved by every member and connection of the family. He was brave in his sufferings, submitting to his operations without a murmur. The family have the sympathy of a host of friends, and while it is hard to lose so lovely a bud of promise, it is better for his sake to be wearing a crown of gold than suffering on earth. The funeral took place in the M. E. church on Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, a comforting sermon being preached by Rev. C. W. Collinge. The remains were interred in the Cooperstown cemetery.

Put away the little dresses
That our darling used to wear;
He will need them on earth never,
He has climbed the golden stair.

He is happy with the angels
And we long for his sweet kiss;
Where his little feet are waiting
In the realms of perfect bliss.

Angels whisper that our darling
Is in the hands of love so fair;
That his little feet are waiting
Close beside the golden stair.

Put aside his little playthings
Wet with a mother's pearly tears
How we shall miss little Charlie
All the coming weary years.

Fold the cainty little dresses
Which he never more shall wear;
For his little feet are waiting
Close beside the golden stair.