

OBITUARY.

The infant baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lyons died last Friday afternoon from cholera infantum. The funeral ceremony took place in the Congregational church, Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m., Rev. R. Searles officiating. The remains were laid to rest in the Cooperstown cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Lyons have met with a severe loss and have the sympathy of their friends.

The messenger of death descended into another happy family, Saturday night. This time taking Nellie Edna, the sixteen months old girl of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Warner. The little child had been suffering for about two weeks with cholera infantum, which finally resulted in its death, and the soul of this lovely little bud of promise has winged its way into the bosom of him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Little Nellie was a beautiful and lovely little babe, just commencing to walk around and notice things, and was the light of its parents hearts. The stricken mother and father, and the little brother and sister, have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community. The funeral took place at Mr. Warner's residence on Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock, Rev. Geo. R. Searles officiating, assisted by Rev. G. C. McClure. The remains were interred in the cemetery.

A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is stilled;
A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.

God in his wisdom has recalled,
The boon his love had given;
And though the body moulders here,
The soul is safe in Heaven.

Died—on Sunday afternoon, October 2nd, 1892, of bronchitis, Cora A., only daughter of Rev. O. D. and Mrs. Purinton, aged 16 years, 7 months and 3 days.

We doubt if any of the many assembled at O. D. Purinton's last Tuesday, will forget for many a day the last sad but tender words said by Rev. G. C. McClure over the mortal remains of their daughter Cora, who passed to a better land Sunday afternoon after a ten days illness, cutting short, almost in the beginning, a life full of promise and one overflowing with happiness, leaving hearts full of sorrow and sadness. Cora was a christian, and bore her cross bravely. "If she survives the day, there is hope," is all that may be known by the anxious inquirer. All things in nature seem hushed and waiting in breathless silence the solemn decree; and the mellow haze of the quiet mid-autumn Sabbath portends both the mercy and uncertainty thereof. Alas, a thrill of sorrow sets every heart quiver as the sad words, "Cora is gone" pass from lip to lip. "I'm not afraid to die, papa, but no young person likes to die." These words, uttered 'neath the shadow of death, portray to the living one of the purest of human instincts, coupled with nobleness of character and sublimity of soul, beyond the power of pen to picture. A mere child in years, in soul and intellect she seemed a flower hurried of God for use in higher spheres. No one, except those in immediate attendance, can realize the efforts she made to stay with those whose love would have kept her back from the dark valley. Her last days were full of suffering, yet no words of complaint fell from her lips—she was always thoughtful of the comfort of others. She was the light of a happy and christian home, and leaves a father, mother, brother and grandmother to mourn her loss,—a loss that seems almost impossible to overcome, yet we can only recommend them to our Savior who said: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." The deceased was one of God's choicest flowers, she was lovable, kind and pleasant, and all who knew her loved her. In the schoolroom, where she had passed many happy hours, she was regarded as an advanced pupil, striving always to help others as well as herself, and always looked on the bright side of life. Her old schoolmates sadly miss her sunny presence in the old schoolroom. The funeral services were held at the home of the deceased Tuesday afternoon, Rev. G. C. McClure preaching the sermon from Isaiah 64-6—"We all do fade as a leaf." He contended that there was no death, that when the christian had passed from this world, they took up higher duties in the service of the Lord, a doctrine the deceased heartily believed in. Her remains were laid to rest in the Cooperstown cemetery and were followed to their last resting place by the largest funeral cortege ever seen in Griggs county, testifying to the popularity of the deceased.

No one can forget the anguish painted on the faces of her young schoolmates and companions, as, at the close of the last sad rite, they cast with trem-

ling hands, and quivering hearts, beautiful flowers—the last fond tokens of love—into her silent tomb. As the sad faces of the multitude turned from the scene, torrents of silent grief and sympathy poured from every heart for those who were to return to that home, the darkness of which, no human tongue can speak. No words of ours can allay the sorrow that has fallen upon this bereaved family and they have the sympathy, not only of the community, but of the county.

"Father! the pearly gates unfold,
The sapphire walls, the streets of gold,
Are bursting on my sight;
The angel bands come singing down,
And one has got my starry crown,
And one my robe of white.

"Thou would'st not hold me longer here,
Though well I know that many a tear
For my dear sake will flow,
The morning dawns upon my sight,
How long, how dark has been the night!
Father! I go, I go."

Something New.

The new time card, which is now in effect, via the "Wisconsin Central Lines" in connection with the Northern Pacific R. R., affords the traveling public the best facilities from all points west to Chicago and points east and south.

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F. B. King is keeping books for Maynard Crane.

Shock threshing is about over for this season. Stack threshing will commence next week.

Stenographer E. S. Rose, of Jamestown, was in town Tuesday, visiting among the boys.

Rev. Wm. H. Gimblett, of Carrington, will preach on Sunday evening in the Congregational church.

Mrs. J. Barteau returned to Zumbrota Monday, after a seven week's visit with her daughter, Mrs. W. S. Vandebogart.

Maynard Crane has been in town this week, looking after his Griggs county interests. Maynard is still of the opinion that North Dakota is all right, a sentiment we heartily endorse.

The messenger of death has been a frequent caller in the homes of our people the past few days, and several happy homes have been made desolate by the hand of the grim destroyer.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Warner desire to extend their heartfelt thanks to all those kind friends who came forward and rendered assistance during the sickness and burial of their little baby girl.

Attorney Bartlett presented us with fine pictures of the next president and vice-president of the United States, Wednesday—Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, and Whitelaw Reid, of New York. They will occupy a conspicuous position in our home.

Hon. John Miller, of Fargo, closed a week's campaigning in Griggs county at Hannaford Monday night. Mr. Miller is well pleased with his success and thinks that the farmers will soon wake up to the "eternal fitness of things," and vote the republican ticket.

John Monroe was a good healthy, plain looking drunk that was brought into Judge Warner's court Tuesday morning for imbibing too freely of the "cup." He was given five days in the county jail on bread and water, which will give him ample time to reflect about "touching the wine when it is red." Justice Warner is a terror to "drunks" and proposes to put a stop to it, which is the correct thing to do.

John Orr was arrested by Marshall Hegge, Friday afternoon on a charge lodged by Colson & Hazard for petit larceny. He went into their store and while he thought no one was looking he lifted a pair of pants and hid them. The gentleman was being watched, however, all through the transaction, and was promptly arrested. He was brought before Justice Warner Saturday morning to answer to the charge, and on being found guilty the judge thought about fifteen days in the county jail would be about the proper punishment and it was so decreed.