

Richard Haverhill

Richard Haverhill is dead. The world has ever our love as on the wings of the wind. Wherever it wanders it will sorrow and sympathy

of sympathy for the bereaved who have parted from the best.

Richard had been sick only a few days with brain fever and pneumonia and everything that human medicine could do was tried but he passed away Monday last.

His death came as a first surprise to friends and to his relatives who loved him dearly.

Richard is a hard worker. He would cheerfully do our errands and work, but he cannot even get ready to go to work as a rule in our town.

Richard was a perfect gentleman. Just as he would with much care having taken from our house.

Love and willing service brought Richard to this grave we hope. Till the setting sun is low.

Nothing of our hopes have perished. With his tower we cherished so. The spell hangs, but not forever.

There will be a perfect dawn. The world will be yet so true. In the everlasting dawn.

Richard was one of the sons born to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Haverhill, and in the time of his death was one year, eight months and three days.

The bereaved family have the sympathy of the whole community in their sorrow.