

OBITUARY.

Bessie Faull, beloved wife of James Fine was born in England Oct. 18th 1861, and died in her home in Lower Flathead, Montana July 4th 1896. In early life she became a christian and joined the Methodist New Connection Church in her native place. She preserved to her death, those evidences of her faithfulness, her class tickets, and always greatly prized them. On May 11th 1893 she was married to Mr. James Fine in the Parish church of Crowan, Cornwall, and came with him at once to the Flathead country to begin life amid

new scenes. Two children were born to them, little ones that she will look for in the great day of reunion. Her married life was a happy one, her heart and energies being wrapped up in her family; she toiled hard for her dear ones but sickness suddenly struck her down, and in a short week the beloved wife was compelled to give up husband, home and little ones. Blessed truth: She was ready, as death drew near, and earth's darkness gathered she exclaimed "The light has come; the light has come." While her dear ones surrounded her bed, her husband prayed with her, joy and assurance of heaven given her, taking their hands, bidding husband a loving good bye, she said, "Heaven's gates are opened, I am trusting in thee." These verses she left written with her own hands.

Weep, not, the land to which I go is beautiful and bright;
There, shall no tears of sorrow flow, and there shall be no night.
Rejoice, we yet shall meet again, where none shall say farewell,
And in our home of deathless love, together we shall dwell.

Thus this christian mother and wife passed from us. Sorrowing friends from all the surrounding country attended her burial, and loving hands tenderly laid away her mortal remains in the little church cemetery at Brocken: there to await the resurrection of the just, the services being conducted by the Revs. P. R. Keplinger and O. W. Mintzer of the Methodist Episcopal church.

In Memory of Edna Mabel Jones.

Spokane Chronicle.

Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky comes the sad intelligence of the death of Edna Jones, only child of Warren A. Jones, which occurred at their home in Arlington Heights, Spokane, Wash., Friday, Nov. 6, 1896. Edna Jones was born in Emporium, Pa., in 1880. She and her father came here several years ago, and in 1893 she moved with her uncle, M. P. Jones, and family to Kalispell, Mont., where she was beloved by all who knew her for her sweet, childish ways and her bright and affectionate disposition. After a residence in Kalispell of three years, the family returned to Spokane last spring. Warren A. Jones, Edna, and M. P. Jones' family are well known in Spokane and Kalispell, also at Priest River, Ida., where their summer holidays were usually spent.

Part of Edna's life was spent in her uncle's home, where no one would ever imagine that she was not an own daughter, and although her aunt was in very poor health, she nursed the child faithfully day and night from the first illness till the last sad moment came. Her hands held the glass to the parched lip. It was her hand that cooled the fevered brow and with loving words and tender caresses she dispelled the fancies from the fever-racked brain. No mother could have done more for her own child than she did for Edna.

Warren A. Jones is a well known and respected engineer on the road and he has the sympathy of a host of friends in this dark hour of his life. Time may fill great drifts between her and us, but it can never hide from our sight the glory of her pure unselfish life; the long row of carriages which followed her casket down the quiet street to the cemetery seemed to tell us that this time one of earth's best beloved was taken from us.

Her classmates attended the funeral in a body, all occupying the same carriage and her desk at school is decorated every morning with fresh flowers; mute emblem of their tender esteem.

Her final resting place is in a lovely spot of beautiful Greenwood cemetery, where they laid her away on Sunday afternoon and as if God saw and felt our sorrow He gave the world a pleasant look, the bright sun shining down on her open grave, which kind hearts had robbed of half its terror by robbing it in spotless white and trimming with evergreen. The mound of fresh earth concealed by the same and none was thrown on Edna's casket to grate so harshly upon our ears.

As we leave her with the silent dead, the majestic pines and the rapid river to watch over her in her last peaceful sleep, and knowing that all which could be done by kind and sympathetic friends had been done, we slowly wended our way homeward, fully realizing that a vacancy which never can be filled has been left in that saddened home.

"There is no death, the stars go down
"To rise upon some better shore
"And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
"They shine forever more."

A warm and respectful