

### OBITUARY

Mary L. Banfill was born at Capac, Michigan, December 20, 1847, and departed this life June 6, 1913, aged 65 years, 5 months and 14 days.

December 24, 1863, she was united in marriage to Liberty Rowley, with whom she lived until his death about seven years ago. To this union there was born five children, three having preceded her to the spirit world.

Very early in life she was converted to the religion of Christ, and united with the Protestant Methodist church. She remained a member of that church for a number of years. Upon a change of residence about twenty-five years ago, she united with the Methodist Episcopal church and continued a member of that church until the day she united with the church triumphant.

Mrs. Rowley was an active member of the W. C. T. U. for the past thirty years, being honored by that organization as an officer in the local unions the greater part of the time, and was at one time state organizer for the state of Michigan.

For a number of months before her death she was a teacher of the ladies' adult Bible class of the M. E. church of this city; and during her last illness she often referred to her work with this class and left messages of love to its members.

She was a good woman, living her religion every day, and was always faithful in her work for Christ and His cause. It could be truly said of her as of one of old "She hath done what she could."

OBITUARY

Columbia Falls, June 7, 1913.

Thomas H. Cheney, born in Massachusetts, August 12, 1830, died May 27, 1913, in Flathead county, Montana, nearing the age of 83. Mr. Cheney came to Wisconsin at an early age, where he spent many years, afterward coming to the Flathead, seventeen years ago last April and purchased the J. W. Hooper ranch on the east side, where he resided ever since. He is survived by a wife, three daughters, one son and one step-son. His daughters are Mrs. Emily Gay, Poplar Bluffs, Mo.; Mrs. Sarah Simms, Picketts, Wisconsin, and Mrs. Cyrilla Stiles, of Escondido, Cal.; his son, Harvey Cheney, living in Oshkosh, Wis., his step-son, Walter, being at home.

The deceased has long been a sufferer with heart trouble and dropsy, from which he finally died.

The funeral was held from the Methodist church in Kalispell, Rev. F. A. Armstrong officiating, taking his text from Job 5:26, after which the remains were tenderly laid to rest in Conrad Memorial cemetery.

Weary wanderer, gathered home,  
For e'er the shining fields to roam;  
Rest from all life's toils and care,  
Across the river, over there.

MRS. O. M. COVERT

(Contributed.)

Elda A. Milby was born in Kansas, May 19, 1851. Her home in Kalispell, Montana, was 24, 1913, at the age of 62 months and 8 days. She was the second daughter of H. R. Milby of this city. She married April 1, 1898 to Orland Covert of Stark, Kans. To this union born one child, Olive Beryl Covert is almost four years old and we know the blessing of a mother's love. In April 1910 she moved her husband and baby to Kalispell, she united with the U. M. Church, Kimball, Kansas. She was a wife, an obedient daughter, affectionate mother. She mourns her loss a heartbroken one child, father and mother and sisters, all of whom reside in Kalispell, except one sister, Mrs. Elmer Walt of Chanute, Kansas. She leaves a host of friends to mourn her loss. She was taken in the prime of life and it did seem as if we could give her up. All that kind loving hearts and medical aid was done, but of no avail. For long hours she patiently suffered told misery and then the

ing. O how we shall miss  
smile and cheery greetings.

**TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY  
OF JOSEPH A. EDGE**

A community is judged by the character of its citizenship; and when a good man dies the loss falls, not only upon the bereaved and grief-stricken family, but upon the community in which he lived, as well. And so, when on last Wednesday evening Joseph A. Edge answered the call, Flathead county lost a useful and respected citizen.

I have known him well for twenty-seven years; I knew him as a friend and a neighbor. We were boys together, and as we grew into manhood the companionship of our youth ripened into friendship. By reason of our long and intimate acquaintanceship, I feel I have a right to express in a public way the high esteem in which I held him, and to speak a good word in his memory.

Joe Edge, as he was familiarly called, was a high-minded, conscientious and a just man. He entertained broad views and liberal ideas. There was nothing low or mean in his make up. He found infinite pleasure in helping his neighbors and doing good to his fellow men, and shrank from doing those things which would inconvenience or hurt the feeling of those with whom he came in contact. The ruling attribute of his nature was kindness, and this was manifested not only in his home life (which was beautiful) but also in his business and social life. While serving with him as a member of the board of county commissioners, I had a splendid opportunity to observe his character; and as a public official I always found him progressive, public-spirited and conscientious. Whatever he did, he did because he believed it to be right and for the best interests of the public. He believed in good roads, good schools and civic righteousness. In all movements which had for their object the upbuilding of the community and betterment of society, he was always prominent, and freely lent of his energy and enthusiasm.

In common with all men who, by industry and efforts well directed, have become well-to-do and prominent in their community, and especially who, like him, have been entrusted with public duties of great responsibility, he had his share of criticism and censure. If Joe Edge made mistakes, they were of the head and not of the heart; the controlling purpose of his life was to deal justly and kindly with all men, and from this lofty purpose he never, to my knowledge deviated.

Mr. Edge was a pioneer in this valley and did much both in a private and official way to develop the resources and to lay a safe and sure foundation for the future greatness of Flathead county. Those of us who are to carry on the work in which he was engaged, owe much to him for the fine example he set us. The memory of his splendid manhood will ever be an inspiration and a source of courage and strength. A good, useful man has gone from our midst, and I think all will agree that the world is better because he lived in it.

#### OBITUARY

John Ward Hooper, born in Tennessee, March 29, 1835, died in Flathead valley, Montana at the home of his youngest daughter, Mrs. Nanie Huggins, May 19, 1913, aged 78 years, 1 month, 21 days. Served three years in the civil war, Company K, 13th Regiment, Kansas Volunteer Infantry. He leaves two daughters, Mrs. Nanie Huggins of the east side, and Mrs. James I. Smith of Corning, California, and five sons, Robert and John of Atchison, Kansas, James, in Nebraska; Abner, in Hillyard, Washington, and Charles, of Denver, Colorado, besides a multitude of friends who mourn his death.

Mr. Hooper came to the Flathead in the spring of 1887 with the J. I. Cheney family, and homesteaded what is now known as the Thos. Cheney ranch, in the Bad Rock canyon, where he spent his time until he retired from ranching. Since then he has spent some time in California. The remainder of the time living in the Flathead, spending the last winter in the Montana soldiers' home.

He was a man of very kindly disposition, who made friends wherever he went. His remains were tenderly laid to rest in Fairview cemetery last Wednesday.

Farewell, pilgrim gone before,  
Wafted to the other shore;  
Gone to the regions of the blest,  
And your everlasting rest.

AN OLD FRIEND.

# DAVID HOOVER DIES AT GATEWAY

SUCCUMBS AFTER AN ILLNESS  
OF ONLY FEW HOURS—KAL-  
ISPELL FRIENDS MOURN.

The residents of this city were shocked on Tuesday evening when the sad intelligence of the death of David Hoover reached here. The message was sent by Mr. Brooks of Gateway to S. M. Logan that Mr. Hoover had died suddenly at about 5:30 p. m., and requested that he come to Gateway. Mr. Hoover had just returned from Seattle, and upon reaching Gateway, complained to Mr. Brooks of feeling ill, having severe pains in his stomach. He said he had eaten sausages on the dining car, and had felt ill all day. Shortly after reaching Gateway he went to his home and his friends noticing smoke coming from the chimney, that Mr. Hoover was better. It was shortly after this that Mr. Brooks went to see how Mr. Hoover was and discovered him lying on the floor dead. The nearest physician was at Eureka, and altho he was sent for, he was too late and said the immediate cause of death was heart failure.

David Hoover was born about 54 years ago in a small town, Hooversville, near Toronto, Canada. It was 30 years ago that he came to the United States and settled in Dakota territory near Devil's Lake. He was sheriff of Bottineau county, N. D., and here he also engaged in furnishing beef to the construction department of the Great Northern. He kept to the front of the construction work in North Dakota and Montana, and came to Kallispell in 1891, and during the first year of his residence here he conducted a meat market on Second avenue east, opposite the Nash residence. Under Mayor Whipps he was appointed town marshal one year after Kallispell had been incorporated and served in this capacity until 1896 when he was appointed under sheriff when Mr. Hubbard was sheriff. After two years in this position, he was appointed by President McKinley as mounted inspector of customs with headquarters at Jennings, serving under David G. Browne of the port of Great Falls. Subsequently he was transferred to Gateway, the town on the Canadian border, where he steadily advanced in the service and confidence of the revenue department, until, at the time of his death, he was regarded as one of the best revenue officers in the United States service on the Canadian border. At the time of his demise, he had given a quarter of a century, of the best part

(Continued on Page Eight.)

(Continued from Page One.)

of his life, to the service of the public. It is doubtful if any man who ever lived in Kallispell had more staunch friends than Dave Hoover. His quiet, droll humor, his friendly smile, his willing hands and heart, made for him scores of friends, who are sorrow stricken because of his untimely death. Whenever he would come to Kallispell to call upon his friends for a day or two, he was accosted and greeted by everyone along the streets, and each one received a hearty hand-shake from him. At Gateway, the depot platform is divided by a line, on one side being the Canadian customs office and on the other side, that of the United States. While his body was at the station, in being brot to Kallispell yesterday by Mr. Logan, both the British and the United States flags were hung at half mast. He was just as popular with the men across the border as he was with those on the American side, and as a tribute to his memory, his many friends from the Royal hotel have sent a beautiful floral design.

Mr. Hoover never married. He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Eva Swanson of Grand Harbor, N. D., and another sister living at Hood River, Oregon. Wm. L. Hoover, a brother, lives near Seattle. Some difficulty has been experienced in reaching his relatives on the coast, and because of this, definite arrangements for the funeral have not been made. The Elks will have charge of the funeral, and it is expected that the final details will have been arranged by tonight. Mr. Hoover's last visit to this city, was the first Sunday in December, when he came from Gateway to attend the Elks' Memorial services.

**MRS. I. P. KELLY.**

Susie Johnson, the eldest daughter of John P. and Anna Johnson, was born in the state of Iowa, Nov. 28th, 1863. In March, 1889, she was married to Rev. I. P. Kelly at Brokenbow, Nebraska. Of this union was born one child, Ruth. Mrs. Kelly died at the family home near Bigarm, Montana, February 24, 1913. Beside the husband and daughter, two brothers and two sisters are left to mourn her death. The deceased had been in poor health for the past few years. She bore her suffering with the patience of true Christian spirit, seldom complaining and going about her duties almost to the last. For twenty-one years Mrs. Kelly was the helpmate of an itinerant Methodist minister, constantly sharing his trials and hardships and doing so much toward the success of his missions. By such as her, surely the heavenly reward is merited.

#### FUNERAL OF MRS. ROOSE

The funeral of Mrs. Hanna Paulin Roose, who died at Rigby, Idaho, was held from the residence of her son, Harry Roose, yesterday at 2 o'clock, Rev. T. A. Stancliff of the Presbyterian church officiating.

Mrs. Roose was born in Columbia county, Ohio, June 22, 1832, and was, therefore in her eighty-second year. In his remarks Mr. Stancliff spoke of the panorama of historic events which she had witnessed. When a girl, he said, Andrew Jackson was president of the United States, Black Hawk, the Indian chief was making raids in Illinois, and the first railroad train had yet to be run, yet all the vicissitudes of a long and extremely busy life amid the hardships of the early days had only served to develop her character, which he designated as one of the most beautiful.

Since her residence in this city, Mrs. Roose has acquired a large circle of friends, who admire her sterling qualities and by whom she will be greatly missed.

She is survived by four children, one son, Preston S. Roose and a daughter, Mrs. J. E. Roberts of Rigby, Idaho, with whom she was staying when the end came, William H. Roose of Eureka, and Harry Roose of this city, with whom she made her home.

Death was due to heart failure, which was brought on by her extreme age. Burial was made in Conrad cemetery.



**TRIBUTE TO MISS SHAFFER**

A grand requiem can be sung  
 in the last resting place of the  
 one who can the benediction "Well  
 done" None who knew Miss Shaf-  
 fer have any doubt that she has won  
 the highest mark of divine favor;  
 we will doubt that angel hands sup-  
 port her along the shadowy places.  
 The news of her passing away was  
 not shock to her many, many  
 friends here. True, they knew of her  
 illness and that she suffered much,  
 but they had once she has gone down

**MISS SHAFFER.**

Longfellow in one of his beautiful poems, declares "There is no death, what seems so is transition," yet our human associations are so dear that the passing of one of our number fills us with deep regret.

Sarah Elizabeth Shaffer began life in Jeffersonville, Illinois, and passed on in Lebanon, Oregon, March 21, 1913.

At the early age of 17 years she began teaching near her home, and the year following entered the normal college in Cedar Falls, Iowa, from which institution she graduated four years later. She specialized in primary work, which she followed throughout her teaching career, and was recognized as a woman of more than ordinary ability. Following her graduation she taught in Hampton, Iowa, and later was elected to a position in Cedar Falls, Iowa, the home of her alma mater, which position she held for seven years.

She had heard the call of the west, and when she was tendered a position in the public schools of Kalispell, Montana, she gladly accepted, and in her eight years' residence there saw it grow from a town to a city. The atmosphere of this western city appealed to her and she greatly enjoyed her work. But her devotion to her work and her interest in social life overtaxed her strength and her health failed. She was granted a leave of absence and came to the home of her brother, E. T. Shaffer, in the spring of '08, returning to her post of duty the following September. But she had overestimated her strength and was forced to resign at mid year and came again to the home of her brother, E. T. Shaffer, and her sister, Miss Ethel Shaffer.

In August, 1911, the family came to Lebanon, buying acreage in Mountain View addition, and establishing a home which has attracted many friends, who have watched with sadness Miss Shaffer's brave battle to recover her health.

recover her health.

She delighted in travel and spent her vacation while teaching in visiting new scenes. She attended nearly all of the world's expositions, was familiar with California, had spent a summer in Alaska, and had promised herself a trip abroad. She was a woman of indomitable courage and marked executive ability, and wherever she lived won friends who will deeply regret her passing.

Within the last year she became interested in Christian Science and became a convert to its teachings and had she lived would no doubt have been an efficient member of the organization.

Recently a room on Sherman street has been fitted up for a meeting place for those who believe in Christian Science, altho as yet they have no church in Lebanon. In this room a brief funeral service was held Easter morning, which consisted of readings from the Scriptures and a statement from "Science and Health," written by Mary Baker Eddy. Miss Tartar, Miss Mccredy, Mr. McClain and Mr. Kiddy, with Miss Wilde at the organ, sang with much feeling the beautiful hymns selected for the occasion and Miss Mccredy read John G. Whittier's well-known poem, "The Eternal Goodness." At the close of the service the remains were escorted to the depot, where they were placed aboard the 11 o'clock train, and accompanied by Mr. E. T. Shaffer began the long journey to her childhood home in Jeffersonville, Illinois, where they will be placed in the family lot beside her parents.

After life's fitful fever  
 She sleeps well."  
 —Lebanon Express.

into the shadows, but every time has called with hopes restored.

The sterling attributes which make mortals admirable distinguished her. In her life the graces of true womanhood were manifested. In her character steadfast sincerity was a crowning excellence.

Her work here in the public schools will be a monument to her memory. No one can ever accomplish quite as much as she did here along educational lines. She was foremost in the institute work and until her health failed was one of the most successful of teachers in the primary departments.

She made friends and held them. The note of joy was always in her voice. Her pupils will remember her best and most tenderly for this insistent quality of happiness and her friends will remember how the sweet sincerity of her optimism clung to her during her illness. She had no standard for the estimate of others but the simple and gracious attributes of her own gently nurtured heart and she lived up to these naturally, and yet with a fidelity which is essential to natures such as hers. She was endowed with an impressively cheerful disposition which could always smile.

The sentiment of sorrow that comes with the tidings of her death is in the utmost degree sincere.