

OBITUARY.

The death of Mrs. Michael McCabe, which occurred at Arvella last week was one of the saddest events that has taken place this fall. Before Mrs. McCabe was taken down, she had nursed her family of nine children for weeks while they were down with the fever. By her careful and constant attention to her afflicted family, all were saved from the dread disease. After twenty weeks of watching, and just when the bright sun of hope was rising, the mother was taken down. About the same time Mr. McCabe was also laid low with the dread disease. Mrs. McCabe grew worse and worse until the grim messenger called her to rest. The news of her death is hurriedly carried from place to place, and expressions of sorrow are heard on every hand. Nine children gather at the bedside and mourn deeply because of the sad loss of earth's best friend. Mrs. McCabe was beloved in the community for her sterling qualities. She was ever ready to lend a helping hand to sickness, and her whole life was made up of good deeds. A large and lively family, four girls, and with a loving and intelligent wife and mother, and the community to whom she was esteemed neighbor. Much sorrow and weeping has come to a nice happy home, but no one can understand the true depths of grief, but those who are here. The only ray of hope to brighten the dark hours, is the thought of a reunion after the narrow veil has been crossed.