

OBITUARY

Last week Monday Harold, or as he was more familiarly known "Budd" Wordworth, was taken sick with Scarlet Fever no alarming symptoms were apparent till Tuesday evening, when diphtheria set in and all that medical skill and care of devoted parents could do was done, but the dread disease could not be stayed and at four o'clock Thursday afternoon death relieved the little sufferer.

Budd was in his eleventh year, a member of the sixth grade at school, and one of the brightest in his class always a favorite with teacher because attentive studious and affectionate.

He was naturally of a most timid and sensitive disposition one of those dear home boys that we miss so badly. On account of the nature of the disease a private funeral was held on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock. Rev. Roush offered a short prayer and used the ritualistic service both at the house and at the cemetery.

Beautiful flowers were sent by his class mates, the Womans Christian Temperance Union and the Eastern Star ladies.

"We see not, know not; all our way
Is night—With Thee alone is day;
From out the torrents troubles drift.
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
They will be done."

A FRIEND.