

## DEAD

(Contributed)

Saturday morning, Nov. 25th, at eight o'clock, Death knocked at the door of the Posey home and liberated the soul of Mrs. William Posey from its abode of suffering clay. He came quietly and the sleeper breathed slower and slower until the faint, vital spark we call "life" had fled. She had been ill for about ten weeks and Death's call came not as a surprise to those about her. Her daughter, Mrs. Mary Husher of McHenry, attended her thru the entire illness.

Mrs. Posey was born in Ireland in 1831, and was married to Andrew Crawford in 1847. Twelve children blessed this union, all of whom are living but two. In 1847 this young couple sailed from Ireland to Canada where they lived until 1883 when they moved to Crawford county, Wisconsin. Here they lived ten years, and in 1893 they moved to North Dakota where in 1900 Mr. Crawford died. About three years ago she was married to Wm. Posey, who, with her ten children, have now been called upon to surrender a wife, and the most precious gift a loving God can bestow upon His children—a mother.

The children who survive her are: Mrs. Margaret Franks, James Crawford, Mrs. James Smith, Mrs. Richard Armstrong, Thomas Crawford, Andrew Crawford, all of whom are in Canada; Mrs. Mary Husher, of McHenry, N. D.; John Crawford and Mrs. Ed. Posey, both of this city, and Mrs. James Sloan, of Kensal.

### "AND THOU ART DEAD"

(By Miss A. E. Arndt)

With toil worn fingers

Upon thy breast,

Mother o' mine,

Thou art laid to rest.

Away from the storms

And cares of life,

Where troubles seethe

And sins are rife.

Into the quiet harbor of Death

Thy soul has sped.

And as we weep o'er thy peaceful face,

We know thou art dead.

We have read Death's meaning,

In God's great book,

But past thy portal

We may not look.

So thy soul we commend

To the hands of God,

Thy clay to the arms

Of the cold, damp sod.