

In Memoriam.

"I thought that it was fancy, and I listened
on my bed.

And then did some one speak to me—

I know not what was said;

For great delight and shuddering took hold
of all my mind.

And up the valley came again the music on
the wind.

On Tuesday of this week, great gloom was cast over the entire town as the news spread that Mrs. H. M. Stroud had passed away. She had been ill for some time with typhoid fever, and was thought to be improving, the fever having broken on Thursday before but on Sunday a change for the worse was noticed. Everything that willing hands and loving hearts and best medical skill could do was of no avail. She gradually sank lower and lower until at 1 o'clock on Monday the summons came for her "to join the innumerable caravan that moves to the pale realms of shade, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death."

Mrs. Stroud, (nee Angie Renner) was born Aug. 10, 1873, at La Cross, Wis. Later, with her parents she moved to Preston, Minn., where she spent her girlhood days and grew into a noble woman. On Oct. 19, 1898 she was united in marriage to her now sorrowing husband at her father's home in Preston, Minn., in which town they lived until coming to Wimbledon in the spring of 1903, since their happy union no cloud has cast its shadow upon their path until this present cloud, which, although dark and heavy, has yet its silver lining.

Early in life the deceased acknowledged the claims of God upon her, and united with the Presbyterian church, of which church she has been a devoted member ever since. On coming to Wimbledon, there being no Presbyterian church, she cast her lot with the Methodist, of whose Ladies Aid she was president at the time of her death. She will be greatly missed in all church work especially in the Sunday school where she taught a class of little girls whose lives, we hope, have caught an inspiration from her strong, noble Christian character and life.

The high esteem in which the deceased was held was manifested by the large concourse of friends who gathered at the home early Wednesday morning, where Rev. Hewson offered a brief prayer before the remains were placed on the train to be taken back to Preston to be laid away to rest amid the scenes of her childhood.

She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband and one little girl five years old, a loving mother, who was present and cared for her during her illness, and father, two sisters and one brother and a host of friends.

"There is no death! The stars
go down,

To rise again upon some fairer
shore.

And bright in heaven's jeweled
crown

They shine forever more."