

THE DEATH of Alice Martha, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Brown, on King-st., last Wednesday, brought to its close a life that was at once beautiful and pathetic: pathetic from the fact that owing to some derangement of the spine she has been an invalid for a long time, the past eight years having been confined to the house; beautiful, from the fact that the weariness of confinement and increasing infirmity was borne with patience, almost gaiety of spirit, that was an ever increasing source of surprise to her friends. Quick, bright, responsive, sympathetic toward others, she was a giver of light in the family circle that went out all too soon. The end came last week simply as a result of ever increasing bodily weakness which the brave spirit could no longer sustain. Only a half-hour before her death she spoke gaily to one of the family in a voice that will ever echo in the hearts of those who held her dear, then passed quietly away into the soft sleeping that knows no mortal waking.

The funeral on Friday last was private; the services were conducted by Rev. A. C. Fulton, who after the prayer read Tennyson's "Crossing the bar." The floral tributes from neighbors and friends were beautiful and the last look at little Alice as she lay in her gray casket, surrounded with sweet peas, will never be forgotten. The burial in Westlawn was in a new family lot, recently selected. The two pall-bearers were her brother, E. L. Brown, and brother-in-law, C. I. Wheeler, who reverently laid her in her flower-lined bed for the last long sleep.