

Marion Meredith.

The death of Marion Meredith, as he was always called, ends at a prime age the life of one of Wabaunsee county's oldest pioneers and a distinguished citizen.

Francis Marion Meredith died at his home in Eskridge early Friday morning, March 3rd of, as the family physician states, an embolus in the pulmonary artery, which produces asphyxia and immediate paralysis of the respiratory centers, thus devitalizing the power of all organs of the body, instantly producing destruction of the function of the circulatory center.

He had been in poor health for several months, suffering from heart trouble of a serious nature. It was believed, however, that he was gaining strength, and as late as Thursday afternoon he showed improvement and was down town chatting in his usual good humor with friends and telling them how well he felt. His good-humor and cheerfulness remained to the last. His sudden death was a shock to the community and his many friends.

He had been out in the yard walking around and when breakfast was ready went into the house and drank, as was his custom, a glass of warm water, remarking that when he had drunk it he would be ready for breakfast. When he had drunk the water he said, "Oh, how dark it is" and fell. His son, Blanch, being near essayed to catch him, but he was too heavy and they both fell to the floor together, still Blanch had broken the fall. The family all being present soon placed him on a bed, but he had uttered no word, there was but a gurgling sound and the end came. His physician was summoned by phone but before his arrival death had claimed him for his own.

He was born January 10, 1847 in Cole county, Missouri, and at the age of two years moved with his parents to Indiana and lived there until the fall of 1869 when he came to Kansas and settled in Wabaunsee county and continued to live here until his death.

Mr. Meredith was proprietor of the Hotel Meredith and engaged in the hotel business up to about two years ago when he retired.

In 1864, at the age of 17, he enlisted in the 134th Indiana Volunteers and at the conclusion of the war was honorably discharged. He was mayor of Eskridge a few years ago and as such proved himself a faithful and efficient official. He believed that the strict enforcement of municipal regulations meant much, not merely for physical safety and comfort, but also for the moral health of the community. He al-

ways defended the right openly and fearlessly. He filled many other positions of trust and honor. He took an interest in everything that pertained to the betterment of our city, and as a member of the G. A. R. was always an attentive member. He had held several offices in the Post including that of commander, and in every position acquitted himself with credit and honor. He discharged every duty imposed upon him honorably and faithfully. He commanded the confidence of those who were with him and the respect of those who opposed him. He was self-respecting and he was inflexible in the right as he saw the right. As a man, a citizen, a soldier, he was a veritable Chevalier Bayard, "without fear and without reproach."

There are few examples of a sturdier spirit, of endeavor more patriotic, of determination more inflexible, and one that has better represented the eager, ardent and daring spirit that has become known in the world as "American," and personally he was a splendid American type.

We loved him partly "for the enemies he had made" but more for his unswerving loyalty, his integrity, his geniality, kindness of heart, his wit, his noble patriotism and his fidelity to friends.

One of the remarkable characteristics of his life was the simplicity of the methods he adopted to better the conditions of himself and those around him. It was impossible, with his broad, kindly nature, to wear a cloak of hypocrisy and take an undue advantage of a neighbor or friend, and he never held himself above his neighbors. He was kindly, honest, clear in thought, clean in heart and devoted to purity in private life.

To those of us who knew and loved him and appreciated his many sterling qualities that won the confidence and affection of all who came in contact with him, "how lame and impotent" the recital reads. His word was his bond and no further assurance than that was necessary, and he was faithful, not only in the few but in the many things. As a citizen he gave himself unspairingly in all good enterprises and as a generous and unfailing friend.

The brightness and serenity of his life and mind rendered him a comfort and aid to those with and for whom he worked. They could and did rely on him, for they knew that he was builded of that which is the foundation of all that is most desirable in life—a sterling, upright character.

On April 14, 1870, he married Miss Susannah D. Carter at Harveyville, Kansas, who, with three sons, Frank, Elmer and Blanch survives him. To the wife of his youth he remained a hero

and a lover. We voice our sympathy with his bereaved family and the community that mourns his loss.

The funeral services took place at the house at 9 a. m. Sunday, March 5. They were conducted by the Rev. C. G. Bear of the M. E. Church. After the services the remains were taken to the Harveyville cemetery escorted by W. H. Earl Post No. 75 G. A. R., of which he was Quartermaster, and there buried with solemn ceremony of the Post. A large concourse of people attended the funeral.

Rufus P. Miller, of Mission Creek, Shoots Himself Through the Heart.

Dover, Kans., March 6.—Rufus P. Miller, aged 60 years, a prosperous and wealthy farmer living four miles west of here, today at noon, while his family was at dinner, got up out of a sick bed, secured a shotgun and committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart. Death followed immediately. He had been sick for several months and was despondent. His wife, a daughter and two sons survive him.

Miller secured the shotgun and went outside and sat on the doorstep. With an iron poker he pushed the trigger and the heavy charge tore through his breast rending his heart into shreds.—Topeka State Journal.

C. B. Henderson, president of the Wabaunsee County Telephone Co., came over from Alma on telephone business, Wednesday.

Mrs. M. Worley, who lives near the 44 school house has been quite dangerously ill this week, but is reported better as we go to press.

Mrs. C. M. Tomlinson, of Wakarusa, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. J. Lockhart, returned home Wednesday evening.

The Howard Thompson residence north of Dr. Knapp's is undergoing extended improvements. Carpenter Frank Richmond is doing the work.

It is with pleasure that we record the fact that Grandma Skeen has so far recovered from her recent illness that hopes are entertained of her final recovery.

You must paint your gasoline cans red now or buy no gasoline. It is the law. If you can't paint them yourself Wes Robertson will do it for you with a smile all over his face.

Pleasant and Harmless.

Don't drug the stomach to cure a cough. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the mucus, draws the inflammation out of the throat, lungs and bronchial tubes, heals, soothes and cures. A quick cure for Croup and Whooping Cough. Sold by E. R. Brown.