

## Herman Dart

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### THE HOUSE OF MOURNING

Such indeed is the house of our townsman, Hon. J.E. Dart. Death has entered there and taken one of the brightest jewels, and so suddenly. Only last Thursday the subject of this article, Master Herman Dart, aged 18 years, wrote home from Kirkwood Institute, near Atlanta, where he was at school, a letter to his devoted mother. He was then well and hearty, full of life and buoyant of spirit, but before that letter was read, he was taken ill, and by Sunday grew worse, and at 9 o'clock that night was a corpse. Imagine the feelings of his parents on receiving three telegrams within two hours on Monday morning-first, announcing his illness; second, that he was worse, and third, that he was dead. The disease was diphtheria, and it did its work rapidly. The remains reached Brunswick Wednesday morning and was interred from the Episcopal church, of which he was a member. To hearts so utterly crushed as are these of this stricken household nothing from our pen could lessen the poignancy of their grief.- We can only bid them remember, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." Thither they must look for comfort in this their terrible bereavement. Speaking of the sad affair, the Constitution says:

"The death of young Mr. Dart has cast a shadow over the entire community in which he died. He was a bright boy and had many friends.

"The suddenness of his death and the terrible character of the disease which ended his life have created great alarm in the neighborhood of Kirkwood. It is feared that other cases will follow.

"To guard against any possibility of trouble, Prof. Neal has dismissed his school for the present, and the boys have gone to their homes.

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