

Georgia Whitfield

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DEATH OF MRS. BOLLING WHITFIELD

Another home has been saddened by the loss of its choicest jewel; for when the wife and mother is taken how utterly desolate is that home! Such an one to-day is that of our townsman, Bolling Whitfield. But last week that home was happy and joyous with loving wife and prattling children. To-day the wife is cold in death, the children look longingly for mother, and the poor, heartbroken husband and father mourns as one who sees no ray of hope.

Mrs. Whitfield came among us but a year or two ago, and enjoyed the confidence of all who knew her, but she has been taken, and that suddenly, for she was only sick a few days, and an aching void has been left in the hearts of those who knew her best. To say that we sympathize is but idle talk, for where is there a heart that does not bleed when afflictions, such as this, overtakes those with whom we associate from day to day.

Owing to the conditions of the earth from the great rainfall, burial was impracticable. So the remains were kept a few days until a suitable brick receptacle could be made.