

DEC. 15, 1915.

## OBITUARY.

MRS. BARNA KELLY

After a serious illness of less than one week, Mrs. Barna Kelly died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. E. Park, December 8th. Funeral services were held at the home of C. E. Park, at 12:30 p. m., December 12, 1915. The services were conducted by Revs. Daltzell and Nease.

Bertha S. Herrick was born in the township of Carmel, March 29, 1841. On April 11, 1864, she was united in marriage to Barna Kelly. To this union were born two children, Harley J. of Marion, Wisconsin, and Mrs. C. E. Park of this village. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly began their married life on a farm northeast of the village, where they resided until March 29, 1875, when they moved to the village where Mr. Kelly took up the work of drayman and later that of mail carrier. Two years ago last fall they lost their home by fire and the following spring they bought the home on East 2nd street where they resided until nearly a year ago when they were taken to the home of their daughter that Mrs. Kelly might be cared for in her failing health. In her early life she united with the Congregational church where she faithfully attended all services so long as she was able. Because of her own and Mr. Kelly's failing health she has been unable to attend regularly but always remained a most devoted member.

leaves to mourn her departure a

loving husband, one son and one daughter, two grand-daughters and two great grandsons, one brother, M. J. Herrick, two sisters, Mrs. B. H. Smith of this village and Mrs. Phebe Porter of Carlisle and a large circle of friends and neighbors. A faithful and devoted wife and mother, she will be greatly missed in her home, but we know what was our loss is her eternal gain.

### Bert Sherman Dead.

Bert Sherman, aged 43, son of J. C. Sherman, died at San Diego, Cal., November 30, according to advices received by his aged father, J. C. Sherman of this city. Mr. Sherman was born in Brookfield but moved to Vermontville when a lad entering the Vermontville schools from which he was graduated with the honors of his class. Finishing school he went into The Echo office with his father and showed a clean mechanical ability in the printing line. He left this section fourteen years ago and has lived in San Diego all this time. Bert Sherman was a good soul, generous and charitable and everyone was his friend. The following story from the Long Beach Daily Telegram gives some of the detail:

"H. Bertrand Sherman, former editor of the Vermontville Echo, Vermontville, Michigan, passed away at San Diego on Nov. 30. The remains will be brought to Long Beach for interment by the daughter, Melba Sherman, of 1064 Freeman avenue. Funeral services will be held at Motell's parlors at two o'clock, Thursday, Dec. 2, with interment at Sunny-side cemetery. —Charlotte Republican.

### The Old Log House.

The following poem was found among the papers of Dr. J. B. Griswold a few days after his death. The poem was written by the doctor after his last visit to Vermontville in May 1914 at which time he paid a visit to the site of the old log house which located on the Griswold farm nearly opposite the Charles Field house. The "Clinton" referred to is the old and famous Clinton Trail. The only building was the old log school house located near where the Congregational chapel now stands.

It's a little log house by the side of the road,

That led from the Clinton to town—  
I'm recalling tonight as I sit by the fire,  
An old man in my slippers and gown.

To the town did I say, no there wasn't a town

Just a school house, (no shop and no store—

On a square piece of ground—dedicated a park,

Where the people might meet, nothing more—

I looked for the house as I passed there last May,

And I stopped where the gate used to be,

But nothing I saw invited me in,  
Just the sod and an old apple tree—

For nothing remains of the little log house,

And the grass is as green where it stood—

As it is on the grave of the man who lived there,

And the grave of the woman he wooed,  
Then the Apple Tree spoke, I can hear its voice now.

As the embers burn low in my grate—  
I remember you Jo, your the same little boy,

That planted me here by the gate,  
I remember the gate, and the pathway that lead,

To the house that gave welcome to all—

And the latch string that hung from the hole in the door,

And the "come in" that answered the call.

The sweetest of women, the kindest of men,

Kept a light in that window for me,  
For that log house at night, was a rendersous quiet,

And a scene 'twas a pleasure to see,  
No light in the window for sixty long years,

No folks and no house any more—  
No greeting, no parting, no coming, no going,

No gate and no path to the door—  
Not a friend have I left, and I'm withered and old—

I've no hope for a future estate,  
"So good bye little boy" keep my memory green,

Said the old Apple Tree by the gate.

Miss Pearl Hawkins returned from Grand Rapids Tuesday, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Leroy Snell.

Mrs. Hale Sackett was a Charlotte visitor Tuesday. She and the two children left today for their winter home in Florida.

Hal Fuller of Battle Creek is here this week in the interests of the Northwestern Life Insurance Co. and also for a few days' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Fuller.