

\* \* \* \* \* OBITUARY \* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Minnie O. Folk.

Mrs. Minnie O. (Olive) Folk, daughter of J. J. (John Jacob) Folk and wife of E. C. (Ellison Capers) Folk, was born in Colleton county, South Carolina, on the 25th day of November, 1868, and died in Orange, Texas, on the 15th of September, 1895. Her mother died on the Brasos River, in Texas, in 1869 and Minnie was brought back in her father's arms and was raised and educated among her relatives in the Folk neighborhood of Colleton county, South Carolina, and as a remarkable coincidence her surviving husband has now brought her two infants, Mahala and Maggie, in his arms to be raised in a similar way, and they are now in the good hands and kind home of their grandmother, Mrs. Folk of Hampton county.

Minnie's family, on all sides, are excellent and noble people and she was inherently of noble character, but cultivated a quiet, modest, unassuming, loving and amiable disposition and lived a most beautiful and exemplary life. As a daughter, scholar, friend, wife and mother, she was obedient, devoted and affectionate, and  
"None knew her but to love her;  
None named her but to praise."

She was a consistent and zealous member of the Methodist church, at Wesley Chapel, and was of the deepest toned piety, and manifested and abiding faith in the merits of a Crucified Redeemer. She lived right and she died right, and although her spirit's departure was far away from kindred and the scenes of her childhood and the beautiful cemetery of her church, she nevertheless died among God's people and the Christian ministrations of Dr. Hadsy, Mrs. Call, Mrs. Kipler, Mrs. Sims and others, will ever be cherished in grateful remembrance. Her husband's heart is sad, but earth has no sorrow which heaven cannot heal. He passes the now still and hushed place where once the genial smile and loving voice cheered and greeted, but he now  
"Feels like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted;  
Whose lights have fled; whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed."

May Him who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, who, when he was here, spoke words of comfort to the bereaved, now by the Holy Ghost comfort his mourning heart and may they have reunion in the home of the blessed.

"Asleep in Jesus far from thee;  
Thy kindred and their graves may be,  
But thine is still a blessed sleep  
From which none ever wake to weep."

W. H. Dowling.

(The Tribune and Leader, Orange, Texas, will please copy.)