

MRS. VIC COLIN.

Mrs. Vic Colin, after a long and painful illness, died at her home on Third street, this city, Friday morning, February 26th, 1915.

Malissa Case was born near Terre Haute, Indiana, June 8th, 1848, and on November the 29th, 1879, near Boonville, Missouri, she was married to Vic Colin, who survives her. Besides her husband, she leaves two sons, Vic A. Colin and Edward L. Colin and two grandchildren, Gracie and little Elizabeth Colin, all of Boonville. She is also survived by six brothers, Frank Case of Lawrence, Kan.; Charles and Elijah, who live in or near Blackwater, Mo.; H. D. Case of Otterville, John Case of Marshall, Mo., and James Case who lives south of Boonville. The Case family is well known in this county, and is highly respected.

Many years ago Mrs. Colin united with the Methodist church and has since remained a consistent member thereof and a faithful christian in its true sense. She was a faithful wife and a devoted mother.

For nearly two years Mrs. Colin had been afflicted with heart trouble, and perhaps other complications, and considering the constant and great pain she suffered, bore her afflictions with remarkable fortitude and cheerfulness, until at last, when human flesh could endure no more, her worn, wasted and pain-racked body succumbed to the grim reaper whose name is Death.

To the husband, who faithfully watched over and attended her during her long illness, and the two sons, whose upright and honest lives attest another's solicitous care and training, and all the family, the sympathy of the public goes out in unstinted measure.

During her long and painful illness, near the window of her room, she would watch and listen to the little birds, observe her flowers as they burst into bloom or sprang from the earth, and later, the tinting of the maple leaves, indicating autumn and the coming frosts of winter, and so on throughout the seasons, and at each change of the season she would indulge and express to visitors and friends the hope for a return to health, but it was not to be so.

Funeral services were held at the Third Street residence, and Rev. Clark of the Methodist church, who knew Mrs. Colin well during her earlier days, paid a splendid and most eloquent tribute to the good woman as he knew her to be. On Sunday afternoon of February 28th, while the sun, which had been obscured so long from view, cast its waning winter rays upon the casket and open grave, her body was lowered to its last resting place.

It is given to none of us to lift the veil which overhangs the portal of the unseen world. What happens after death and whither the spirit wings its flight are beyond human discovery. The past we know, but the future we cannot discern. We can only hope and trust for the enjoyment of the felicity of that celestial country where at last it shall be found

The day that hath no evening,
The health that has no sore,
The light that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

A FRIEND.