

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET.

of beauty. So even "affliction she turns to favor and to prettiness."

On her birthday, April 1st, she finally took to her bed; but not to be shut away in a bedroom. The pleasantest room in the house was hers, and music, flowers, light, and fresh air were in plenty. Friends and relatives rallied round her; many dear children delighted in keeping her sick room fragrant with innumerable bunches of wild flowers, as they successively came in bloom. She said, repeatedly, that she was deeply touched by the great kindness of so many friends who did so much to make the last days easier to her. All she *asked for* was beautiful music and the sight of her brother's face. For the long nights she had the kindest of attendants—an Army comrade who loved her much. Many most kind and welcome letters came from friends at a distance. These were a great comfort and delight to her.

On the morning of May 27th, 1905 (while the great naval battle was preparing in Eastern waters), she passed away, very quietly, in her sister's arms—whispering her name—conscious to the last. "When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

We laid her beside her brother and her niece in the peaceful little cemetery, where the whisper of the waters and the rustle of the leaves and the song of the birds mingle with the distant murmur of the busy little town she loved. A white cross marks the place.

Memorial services were held in nearly every place of worship in the town, Handel's "Waft her, Angels," being sung by one of Huntsville's favorite singers, and a sermon preached on "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

To the sister who "did ever hold her in her heart," there was now only left the task, to tell her story.