

**FUNERAL OF F. C. STUART.**

The following was delivered by Rev. J. B. Stevenson at the grave of F. C. Stuart yesterday:

"We meet to mourn and bury today one of our great citizens. While he has gone to give account to the Master, we may well take account of our loss as we bury him out of sight. From personal knowledge I could say but little, but from his neighbors, and those who knew him best, I gather that he was a remarkable man. To even a stranger he appeared as a man of strength. From a life-long friend of his we learn that he was charitable, generous and a man of strictest integrity.

Frank C. Stuart was born in Lawrence county, Arkansas, on September 29, 1854. He lived at Pawhatan the greater part of his life, though years ago in his young manhood he spent some time, I believe, in Baltimore. Some fifteen years ago he was converted and on removing to Batesville with his family he united with the Methodist church on July 9, 1911. He was on the official board and was very active as a member of the building committee in the erection of the new and splendid church in which we now worship.

"It was his pride, and he watched with pleasure the erection of this splendid edifice. One of the very last concerns he had, and one of the things he spoke of the last time he was down on the street was concerning the affairs of the church. He could truly say:

"I love my church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand,  
For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given  
Till toils and cares shall end."

"How we shall miss his wise counsel and generous support. The expression is heard on every hand, how we shall miss 'Captain Stuart,' as his neighbors called him. The confidence of his brethren, in his judgment and integrity, was indeed beautiful.

"His sudden passing away reminds us of the language of Dr. John B. McFerrin, who turned to his son, and said, 'John, I feel a little stronger, and you had better return and fill your appointment tomorrow, and if I should happen to slip off, you know where to find me!'

"To his two sons, Frank and Sen-

ter, I may say, you know where to find him. May the great principles for which he stood, and lofty views of manhood he held be yours. Do not forget your father's God. Read often the proverbs and the precepts enjoined in the New Testament, and may your father's God go with you and protect you.

"We have spoken of him as a man of integrity, a citizen and a churchman, but it was in the domestic circle, in the sweet seclusion of his own home to wife and daughter that his life meant most.

"But we dare not enter those sacred precincts, nor undertake to describe their full meaning.

"And now the sufferings are ended. He was not afraid to go. His three score years were well rounded. His work is done and he leaves to us the legacy of a good name and an unsullied character.

"As we have seen the sun break forth after a dark and stormy day; and scattering the clouds that hung over his place of setting, and in his last hour lighting up the earth and heaven in a blaze of glory, so the dying saint passes to his reward.

"Faith growing stronger, as the flesh grows weaker, heaven approaching as earth recedes; and with all fears of dying dissipated, leaving his sun to set in cloudless sky and weeping friends amid their tears to exclaim, 'Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his.'

"Brother Stuart was a good man, a noble citizen, a faithful servant of God. He has put off this tabernacle! Absent from the body, present with the Lord!

"And we, the church, will miss him as we realize more and more the place he filled, and the sweet influences he shed upon all about him. His memory is blessed.

"Servant of God, well done;  
Rest from thy loved employ.  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy."

**OIL TROUGH GIN BURNS.**

A report Wednesday morning from Oil Trough stated the gin belonging to Mrs. E. C. Lamburton was destroyed by fire some time during last night at that place.

Besides the gin property burning, it is claimed that seventy-six bales of cotton were also consumed by the flames.

The origin of the fire is not known. The loss is a heavy one, partially insured.

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