

WALLACE, HAZEL MARGARET
September 10, 1889-May 20, 1901

One of the most pathetic events which has been The World's province to record, occurred Monday morning, the 20th inst., when little Hazel Wallace passed away. She had been sick only a few days, and not until a short time before her death was her illness considered of a serious nature. Toward the end, symptoms of spinal meningitis appeared and although nothing that loving hands and medical skill could do was left undone, it was all of no avail, and death came slowly but surely.

Funeral services were held at the home Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock and were attended by nearly every resident of Wheatland and vicinity. Rev. J.H. Gillespie preached the funeral sermon, taking the text from Isaiah 64:6, "We all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away". He spoke very touchingly of the transitory nature of life and the inevitable end which awaits all, either in childhood, in more mature years or in declining days. The choir of the M.E. church opened the service by singing "Jesus, While Our Hearts are Bleeding", followed later by "Come unto Me when the Shadows Darkly Gather," and at close by "When He Cometh to Take Up His Jewels". The services were of the most pathetic nature, and there was hardly a dry eye among all those who were present. All seemed to share the terrible bereavement which had indescribably saddened a happy home.

The funeral procession as it wended its way to the cemetery was comprised of over fifty carriages, thus evidencing the deep regard which the family is held.

Hazel Margaret Wallace, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. D.D. Wallace, was born at Cheyenne, Wyoming, September 10, 1889 and died May 21, 1901, aged 11 years, 8 months and 11 days. She was of a sunny, lovable disposition, a favorite with her playmates, and her death is deeply deplored by every resident of the community. The most tender and sincere sympathy will go out to the parents, in their deep sorrow.