

(James)

Long Life of Mrs. 6-4-29 Harris Is Over

Elizabeth Slade was born Dec. 7, 1838, at Stoke Abbott, Dorsetshire, England. She departed from this life May 28, 1929, at Grinnell, Iowa, having lived 90 years, 5 months, and 21 days. She was the daughter of Thomas and Anne Slade. Her three brothers, John, Henry and James and her three sisters, Charlotte, Sophia and Annie all preceded her in death.

On Jan. 11, 1866, she was united in marriage to James Harris. She became the mother of four sons and one daughter. She and her husband were engaged in farming in England until his death, Nov. 20, 1872. Left a widow with five small children, Mrs. Harris met the problem and won, rearing to maturity all her children.

The daughter, bearing the same name as her mother, Mrs. Slade Harris, having died 30 years ago. Grandma Harris leaves in sadness, four sons, Thomas A., Ernest J., and Edgar J. all of Grinnell, Iowa, and Fredrick, of Chamberlin, South Dakota; twelve grandchildren and ten great grandchildren.

In 1887 two sons, Frederick and Ernest, came to America, followed a year later by Edgar. The following year 1890 Thomas and Mother Harris also came to this country, leaving the daughter in her own home in England. Since that time Mrs. Harris has made her home with one or another of her sons, in the vicinity of Grinnell, Ia. At the time of the sickness and death of her daughter she made a trip back to England but stayed only for a short time. At the time of her death she was at the home of her son, Thomas A.

Mrs. Harris grew up a faithful adherent of the Church of England. She was baptized and christened while a babe and was confirmed at about the age of 15 years. All her children were baptized and christened in her church. To that church she was a member all her life. She loved and trusted God, and tho mainly private her devotions were no less regular and sincere.

Her passing was as her life had been; no sickness; no pain; no fear; no dread; when her life's span had been lived, she went to sleep here, to awake in life's sweet beyond.

'Tis night! Life's day has passed,
It's twilight gently fades away;
But night? It is but for a needed
rest,
And then shall shine another,
brighter day.

Funeral services were held at the Thomas Harris home, Thursday, May 30. Burial was made in the Chester Cemetery.