January 21, 1913

MRS. BELL

Months of anxiety and alternating periods of hope and despair were ended in the final summons which sooner or later comes to all, when Mrs. J. C. Bell passed away at her late home on Wednesday last.

Funeral services were conducted on Thursday afternoon at the M. E. Church by Rev. S. E. Brown. The esteem in which Mrs. Bell was held by all who knew her, and keen sympathy for the bereaved hubsand, caused the church to be filled at the funeral service.

Jennie C. Corteville was born May 5, 1860, near Marion, Wayne County, New York. Died Jan. 15, 1913.

Her parents moved to Michigan when she was about 5 years old. Her husband and three brothers, Ed. and Abe Corteville of Loveland, Colo., and Peter, South Bend, Ind., survive her. One sister, Mrs. Brown of Stevenville, Mich., passed away about three weeks ago.

For ten years she made her home with the family of Dr. Richard Winnans, in Benton Harbor, Mich., where she attended school, graduating from the high school there after which she taught school in Michigan and also taught here in what was known as the Hoppin District in the winter of 1885-6.

She was married to John C. Bell Jan. 21, 1885 in Benton Harbor, Mich., at the home of Dr. Richard Winans. They came to South Dakota, in 1885 and have lived in this vicinity ever since.

About eighteen months ago her health began to fail and she was taken to the hospital for treatment. All the time she was there she was longing for "Home, Sweet Home" as she said and was finally permitted to return to her home and loving ones Xmas morning. The pleasure of getting home seemed to revive her and for a few days she was able to be about the house but was soon confined to her bed. During her illness she frequently expressed her pleasure in getting home and many times spoke of how good everything looked to her. She was a very great sufferer but thru it all was sweet and patient and so grateful for anything that was done for her.

In 1884 she united with the Presbyterian Church in Des Moines, Ia. Her's was a practical Christian life—always ready to lend a helping hand to those in need and was a special friend of little children.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea;
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell