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Mrs. Nannie Markham

On last Thursday afternoon our town was thrown into commotion by the information that Mrs. Nannie Markham, daughter of Major J. C. Wootters, had fallen on the floor in a condition of syncope. Within about an hour, intelligence was spread abroad that she was dead. Men could hardly realize the sad fact, and the blow was crushing upon the hearts of those immediately concerned.

Mrs. Markham, with her loving and pains-taking young husband Dr. W. B. Markham, and infant boy, of about six weeks, left their beautiful home in Decatur, and came down to Crockett to see her devoted relatives and friends, and to recuperate failing health, about two weeks ago. The trip and surroundings here were not only pleasant, but promotive of health. On the day of her death she was up and around, and sat with the family at the dinner table, and made a hearty meal. She said to her dotting father that she felt better than she had done for several weeks and thought she would go out and visit some friends the next day. After dinner she laid down and took a short nap. From this she arose and fell out upon the floor. Her mother and the family were instantly around her, and everything was done by attending physicians and friends that could be done, but she did not revive, or even obtain consciousness, and soon "slept the sleep that knows no waking."

Mrs. Markham was about 24 years of age, and had enjoyed but about three years of happy wedded life, and had about her all appliances for comfort and a life of extended usefulness.

The funeral services were conducted at her father's house on Sunday morning by Rev. S. F. Tenney, pastor of the Presbyterian church, of which she had been a member from her girlhood, and of which she died a communicant. The attendance of sympathizing friends was very large, and the long funeral cortege, on the quiet gentle Sabbath morning, moved sadly to our cemetery, where we laid her young body to rest. Around that spot will gather sad and happy memories. There affection will bring its tribute of tears and offerings. But there also spring the flowers of hope, which tell of a brighter and enduring reunion in the Great Beyond.