

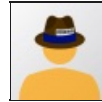
OBITUARY.

DEATH.—On Saturday, May 16th, 1886, at 5 o'clock P. M., after many weeks of suffering, at the residence of his father, Foster Hunt, the only son of Wm. F. Hunt.

Foster was a noble boy, loved and respected by all who knew him, and the grief-stricken and almost distracted father and sorrowing relatives have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community. Foster was born at Trenton, Grundy county, Missouri, September 8th, 1871. His mother, Annie M. Hunt, died August 5th, 1876, leaving Foster and his little sister Carrie to the care of their grandmother, Mrs. Barnaby, who has been all that a mother could be to the bereaved little ones. Being a lady of Christian character, she succeeded in instilling into the minds of her orphaned charges that love for the truth, and horror of wrong which makes children lovable and older people better for their contact with them. After a short residence at Lake City, of this State, Foster came to Grand Junction with his father, where they have since resided. Foster was taken sick a few days before Christmas, '85, with bilious fever; but, under treatment, was able to again attend school, after being confined to his bed three weeks. He had not attended school long, however, when his watchful father saw that he was no longer being well and took him from school, telling him to take his pony and ride when and where he pleased. But Death seemed to have marked him for his own, and upon returning from the funeral of Prof. Temple (his beloved teacher) he was taken suddenly ill and rarely left his bed again, until carried to his last resting place, at Fairview cemetery, on Sunday, May 10th. It was with heavy hearts and tear-wet eyes that the congregation at the Methodist church listened to the touching remarks of Rev. Madison, and when he said that Foster never gave his father an unkind word, he might truthfully have said, "Foster never gave an unkind word to any one." The writer of this had been acquainted with Foster since his arrival here, and had learned to love him like a younger brother. There seemed to be something about Foster that had a softening effect on the heart, and although somewhat hardened by contact with the rougher elements of western society, the writer has often, in conversation with the manly little fellow, been carried back to boyhood, to a Christian home with a loved and loving mother—long since gone to her reward. His brief life was an inspiration to all that was good and manly.

A FRIEND.

foster_hunt



Clipped By:

skarenm

Thu, May 18, 2023