

[Weatherbee, Anna Doubleday]

Obituary.

WEATHERBEE—In this village, April 15th, 1886, of consumption, Anna D., wife of E. B. Weatherbee, and daughter of Lewis M. and Biansia Doubleday, in the 32d year of her age.

The deceased was born in Fort Plain, and after a few years' residence in Cooperstown and New York city, she accompanied her parents to this place in the autumn of 1862, she being then eight years old. [She] Manifesting early a rare talent for music, especial pains were taken with her education in this science, and she rapidly became an accomplished performer on both the piano and organ. At the age of seventeen she was chosen organist of the Universalist church, and she continued to act in that capacity, with short intervals, until failing health rendered her unequal to the service.

On the 22d day of October, 187(?), she was united in marriage to Mr. Weatherbee, in whose home she was a ray of sunshine, and an object of the most devoted affection. Surrounded with all the comforts that heart could wish, or wealth, or love secure, her whole life was one unbroken day of gladness. Well fitted to enjoy society, and to adorn it, she naturally drew to herself a large circle of admiring friends, to whom she became strangely [strongly] attached. About three years ago, the first symptoms of the disease that cut the thread of her life, made their appearance. And although she was favored with ripe medical skill, and all the tender care that loving hands could administer, or faithful hearts suggest, including visits to the seashore and to the sunny climes of the south, its progress toward fatal results was not arrested. The end finally came, as those of her friends, who noted her failing strength, had for many months feared. Mrs. Weatherbee possessed great kindness of heart, and energy beyond her best physical vigor, and she was ever ready to respond with heart and hand to any call that commanded itself to her as worthy of support. To human sight she had everything to live for, or that could render existence a joy. A shadow has fallen upon many hearts that will pass away but slowly. She leaves a faithful husband, two children, father and mother, and many relatives and sincere friends to sorrow that she has passed on into the unseen country.— But their sorrow is tempered by the thought that the happy spirit, to whom life here was such a joy, will rejoice and be glad in her new home beyond the sufferings of mortality.

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