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(Sandy Springs)
Annals







ANNALS OF SANDY SPRING

OR

TWELVE YEARS HISTORY

OF

A Rural Community in Maryland

VOLUME II

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Dedicated to the memory of my former teacher,
friend and predecessor, William Henry Farquhar,
who at the end of twenty years service as neighbor-
hood historian requested that I should continue this
record.

ELIZA N. MOORE.

Norwood, 1902.

A. Annals
May 5/06

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P R E F A C E .

The friend, without whose persistent effort these notes had remained stowed away, with other moldering relics of bygone days, believes a preface absolutely necessary to the second volume of Sandy Spring Annals. An old saying declares, "She who excuses herself, accuses herself," but the present time and page are the historian's sole opportunity to crave a gentle judgment of what was compiled for the annual meetings of our Lyceum Company; gatherings composed almost exclusively of her friends and neighbors. That the every-day happenings of our people and place can be of interest or value to strangers is unlikely.

As a faithful, if halting, record of the joys and sorrows of many near and dear to the compiler, she trusts they and their children may be, "to its faults a little blind, and to its virtues very kind," since she has not knowingly "aught extenuated nor aught set down in malice."

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ANNALS OF SANDY SPRING.

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From Fourth Month, 1883, to Fourth Month, 1884.

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Postal Telegraph line completed—Friends' Sherwood
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Alban Gilpin.

I find myself in a position without a precedent; women have been poets and authoresses, they have occupied wisely and well, the pulpit, the stage, the rostrum, even the stump, but in all the world they have never been Historians, they have invariably left that task to the sterner sex.

Coming as I do, after one who has so long and so acceptably filled this office, I can only ask your forbearance and implore your clemency, for all shortcomings and mistakes.

The first weeks of Fourth month, 1883, were cold, stormy and uneventful, the almanac proclaimed the springtime, but not one green leaf or balmy southern wind confirmed the date.

On the Sixteenth of Fourth month, Mary Ann,

wife of William Kinnard, died after a brief illness, at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

Of a singularly unselfish, and self sacrificing disposition, her ministrations to her family, ceased only with her life, and when quite speechless and on the verge of dissolution, her last thought and care was for those around her. She was buried on the afternoon of the 17th, first of the many who were laid in the old graveyard during the year.

Fourth month, 24th. A large delegation went to the Temperance Alliance in Baltimore, showing by their presence and interest a support of a cause, which is assuredly the foundation of all social and political reform. Temperance meetings have been held here through the year with good effect, and the "Mutual Fire Insurance Company" has refused to insure any building where liquors are sold. Thus Sandy Spring presses forward in condemnation of the great evil of the day.

On fifth month, 6th, at the residence of his daughter Caroline, died Samuel Scott in his ninetieth year, retaining to extreme old age, his habits of industry. He was buried on the afternoon of the 7th.

On the Eighteenth of 5th month, a new barn was raised at Mt. Airy. The neighbors generally were in attendance, and some of the largest and finest timbers ever used in this section were successfully placed in position.

Fifth month, 31st. Anna Parker, daughter of Henry T. and Helen Bentley Lea, was born.

As if to compensate for a tardy spring, all the lavishness of summer came on in early June, the trees were

laden with unusual bloom, the grass crowded up as though there wasn't room for every blade to grow at once, still, with all this silent activity, Dame Nature did not quite make up for oversleeping herself in April, the season was ten days late.

Sixth month, 9th, 10th and 11th, our quarterly meeting held its sessions, not a very large attendance, but a pleasant gathering of friends. Many who were not members also added by their presence to our social pleasure, at that time.

Seventh month, was one of extraordinary toil to the farmers, owing to an unusual amount of rain, and sudden showers, that would scatter the laborers and drench the loads coming from the fields. It was only with much extra exertion that the large crops were secured, labor was scarce, but the persistent throb of machinery was substituted as far as possible for hands, and thirteen self-binders were working in our neighborhood, three of which were newly purchased.

Seventh month, 17th. As if some malign influence was abroad, four accidents occurred in our midst, the most serious happening to Mr. Robert Abert, who was thrown from his vehicle at Plainfield and badly injured.

Seventh month, 20th. Pennel Palmer died in Baltimore, at the residence of his son, in his eighty-ninth year, buried from Sandy Spring Meeting House on 1st day the 22d.

Seventh month, 23d. Florence Magill, daughter of William C. and Annie Hallowell Riggs, was born.

Eighth month, 3d. An excursion party of fifty-eight persons, visited Luray Caverns in Virginia,

making the trip out in less than one day, and returning delighted with the beauty and marvel of underground scenery.

Eighth month, 10th. Florence Miller, daughter of John C. and Cornelia Hallowell Bentley, was born. I can frame no better wish for this little maid at Cloverly, than, that she should closely resemble in character the lovely girl for whom she is named and who is now numbered with the angels.

On the afternoon of Eighth month, 23d, a terrific storm occurred, which will be long remembered for its violence, people, houses, barns, trees, cattle and horses were injured by the electric fluid and the lightning struck in twelve different places in this immediate vicinity. Charles Porter's house and barn were fired by a descending bolt, rain fell in torrents, and extinguished the fire on the house, but the barn was entirely destroyed, and so quickly did the building burst into flames, that his valuable horses were severely injured before they could be rescued.

On Ninth month, 7th, Edward Stabler died in his eighty-ninth year. He was born Ninth month, 26th, 1794, and resided nearly all his long and active life at Harewood, where he died at a ripe old age. He was an agriculturist, who not only thought, but wrote and read on the subject, and by economy and industry, he converted a worn-out tract of land into a rich productive farm. In contrast to the primitive modes and customs of his early years, he beheld the great progress made on all sides and was quick to seize and apply all those mechanical inventions to farming operations, and to benefit his land by the application of

fertilizers, which have revolutionized the tilling of the soil in Sandy Spring and increased its productiveness tenfold. He was a natural mechanic and expert engraver, and his seals and presses, for state and city governments, corporations, and courts of law, were widely circulated throughout the country. He furnished the various departments of the National Government with seals, and made presses and seals for the Consular Agents of the United States all over the world. In the year 1830, he was appointed, under Andrew Jackson's administration, postmaster at Sandy Spring, an office he retained till his death.

In 1848, he originated, with the aid of a few of his neighbors, "The Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Montgomery County," which has grown to be a large and flourishing institution and of which he was, at the time of his death, its energetic head and president.

His intelligence and agreeable conversation made him a pleasant companion, and he was widely known outside his native place. Retaining to extreme age, much of the fire and vigor of youth, he enjoyed almost to the last the pleasures of the chase and traveled near and far on business or recreation.

His funeral on the afternoon of Ninth month, 8th, was largely attended by his neighbors, and many strangers from other states and the city of Washington.

My next date, Ninth month, 12th, records the death in her eighty-ninth year of our venerable friend "Aunt Eliza Kirk," as she was affectionately called by the whole neighborhood.

As I could not possibly improve on the address made at her funeral by Caroline H. Miller, who al-

ways speaks so wisely and so well, I will insert here, some extracts from it. She said:

“We meet this morning to pay the last observance of respect and duty to a beloved friend. The body that we come to bury, is cold and dead, but it will need no monument to keep alive among us, the memory of the precious spirit, which it once contained, for we shall wear upon grateful hearts, until they cease to beat, the record of her love and tenderness. How many of us can look back beyond the stern and anxious years of our latter lives, upon a distant childhood, gladdened by her gentle kindness, upon sweet favors of word and deed constantly bestowed through the rich blessings of her love and sympathy with the young.

“We see her no longer, groping sadly in dark places, but, again as of yore, we behold her, bright, busy, passing with buoyant step, from duty to duty, her life one constant round of cheerful active usefulness.

We must believe that those dimmed eyes have opened upon a morning the glory of whose perfect day knows no decline; upon the light effulgence of the New Jerusalem, the city not made with hands but eternal in the Heavens.”

Henry C. Hallowell kindly furnishes me with notes from his journal of Ninth month, 13th.

We had a very doubtful day, whether to go on with our Annual Horticultural Exhibition or not. The clouds looked full of rain, but the building having been previously prepared, and decorated, we concluded to attempt it and had a very successful exhibit.

Many did not know till near midday that it would be held, but while there were fewer people than usual, the display was fine, the flowers were beautiful, and fruits and vegetables, abundant and excellent. Addresses were made by the president, by Col. William Kilgour, and several others."

About the middle of this month, Richard T. Bentley, was appointed postmaster at Sandy Spring, and elected president of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, in both instances succeeding the late Edward Stabler.

The summer which had been cool and pleasant, was now on the wane, there had been no scorching heat to kill the luxuriant vegetation, and the vivid freshness and green of spring continued even after a changing leaf here and there, proclaimed the autumn near at hand.

Tenth month, 1st. Samuel Bond retired from the firm of Gilpin and Bentley, entering into business for himself at Norbeck, and Samuel Wetherald fills the vacated position.

Tenth month, 24th, 25th and 26th, Rockville Fair, always an interesting occasion for our people, occurred.

There not being quite as much rain as usual, the attendance especially on the 26th was large. The exhibits were more complete than in past years, and financially it was a success. Fifteen persons in our neighborhood received premiums, ranging from soft soap to sheep, and from flowers to the best darned stockings.

Up to this time, the last of Tenth month, no severe frosts had killed the brilliant foliage, and as if it might

be a reflection from this carnival of color, a gorgeous crimson spread over the morning and evening sky, continuing long after the sun had set. A most peculiar afterglow, which has interested the scientific world, and given rise to innumerable theories, but not one satisfactory solution.

Seldom, if ever, in the history of the neighborhood, has any one died more generally respected, beloved, and regretted, than Caleb Stabler, whose death occurred at Alloway on Tenth month, 26th, in his eighty-fifth year.

In early life, with a real help mate, and a family of little children, he purchased an extensive tract of land then, and now known as the "Manor." With untiring industry and intelligent cultivation, in the course of years he saw his labor rewarded, his farm increased in value (fifty fold,) and his children, happily and prosperously, settled around him. His public spirit and wise counsel went far towards making our neighborhood what it is and he held most worthily many public offices of honor and trust. Full of pleasant converse and anecdote, with the frank and courteous manner of a true gentleman, his society was eagerly sought and enjoyed by old and young. His declining years were made serene and peaceful, by the tender ministrations of a beloved, only daughter, and the care and watchfulness of children and grandchildren, whose delight it was to honor and cherish him. On the afternoon of Tenth month, 28th, he was borne to his resting place, in the family ground at Alloway. A very large concourse, composed of every class, stood round his open grave, and in the solemn silence of

the assembly, words were not needed to express the grief that every one sincerely felt in paying a last tribute to this most admirable man.

My next entry, Twelfth month, 5th, records the marriage. at Lakeside, near Baltimore, by Friend's ceremony, of J. Janney Shoemaker and Helen M., daughter of Henry Reese. The bride and groom came directly to their charming home, which had been prepared for them near Sandy Spring.

Twelfth month, 13th. Mary Chandlee, daughter of Edward N. and Hallie Chandlee Bentley, was born.

Twelfth month, 18th. Eliza Stabler, another of our valued old friends, entered into rest; in her eighty-first year. Her long and tranquil life had been passed in this neighborhood; her tastes were literary, and books, many and varied, had been her constant companions. Purely domestic and devoted to her family, she seldom went abroad, but welcomed her friends to her own fireside, with unflinching kindness.

As she lay in her coffin, on the afternoon of the 20th, prepared for burial, a sweet and peaceful expression was on her face. A soft mantle of snow covered her grave, fitting emblem of the innocence of her life.

When the old lay down their burdens, and pass from works to reward, it brings no shock, since it is the inevitable course of nature, but when a comparatively young woman, the mother of a growing family, is cut off in the prime, we feel that death is relentless.

Fanny, wife of Thomas J. Lea, had been for some years an invalid, but it was an unexpected sorrow to

her friends, when her death was announced on Twelfth month, 21st.

Full of charitable deeds for the poor around her, a kind neighbor and devoted mother, her home was made pleasant by evidences of her constant care and refined taste. Fully aware that the end was approaching, she made every preparation for the sad parting with her family, and evinced a resignation, and courage most touching. Her sufferings were only exceeded by her patience, and to the close, she sought to comfort those who watched around her. Her remains were brought from Baltimore, where she died, and buried on 1st day afternoon.

As the night was settling down, and in the midst of a fierce storm of sleet and snow, Twelfth month, 23rd, the house at Plainfield, was entirely destroyed by fire. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, but few knew of the disaster in time to render assistance. In less than three hours, the pleasant home was a mass of blackened ruins, and the inmates were sheltered at Norwood.

The next morning many neighbors assembled and with sleighs and teams, transported the ice-covered and scattered effects of the Plainfield families, to the unoccupied house of Jos. T. Moore, Jr., at Pen-y-Bryn, where William Moore and family have resided since.

Robert R. Moore and family remained at Norwood, a home especially adorned and blessed this winter by the presence of two grandmothers, under the same roof.

The new house at Plainfield, is rising from its ashes

and before many months, we hope to see our friends re-united beneath their own roof tree.

However much more modernized and comfortable this habitation will be, there is something especially sad, in the destruction of an old home, where children have been born, reared, and married, where joy and sorrow, have mingled in the varied scenes of life, and where every room is hallowed by a thousand associations.

Christmas was very quiet, and there were but few family gatherings, perhaps because of inclement weather, or that sorrow and disaster had followed thick and fast.

New Year's day, 1884, was much observed, the youth and beauty of Sandy Spring was gathered at Stanmore, Fair Hill, and Black Meadow, and each bevy of young ladies counted the "cavaliers" by the dozen through the day. Even fathers and grandfathers donned their meeting suits, and wended their way through the wind and rain, to make their best bows along the line.

First month, 5th and 6th, the mercury fell below zero, the nipping cold crept in at every crevice, bread refused to rise, water froze at night on the kitchen stove, and we felt that now if ever, was "the winter of our discontent."

First month, 14th. There was a heavy fall of snow which covered and clung to every thing like swan's-down, the sleighing was fine and the effect of riding through the woods under this soft white canopy, was indescribably beautiful.

First month, 15th. The Farmer's Convention was

held at the Lyceum. The attendance was large, and the President, Henry C. Hallowell, called the assembly to order, and in a very happy speech, reviewed the conventions of the past twelve years, and gave some of the good results which had followed their deliberations, and dwelt upon the fact, that as agricultural prosperity advanced, it tended to elevate the social, moral, and religious conditions of the community.

Interesting reports were read from the several clubs, and many questions of utility, relating to fertilizers, sheep raising, ensilage, keeping wood-land for fuel, etc., were discussed with profit.

The ladies furnished a bountiful lunch, which must have gone to the right spot, as they were invited into the Lyceum afterwards, to listen to a portion of the proceedings.

Among the meagre notes of Second month, I will record a religious visit from Abel Hull, of Harford, and the painful injury sustained by our useful friend, Charles G. Porter, who can comfort himself with the reflection that only industrious people are liable to have their fingers cut off.

Many of our inhabitants fled to the cities, the roads were bad, storms frequent, and much less farm work than usual was done. The neighborhood, however, was enlivened by some pleasant parties and entertainments at the Lyceum and Grange Hall.

This, and the preceding month of 1884, will long be remembered by the children of Sandy Spring, and some of larger growth. The measles prevailed from Crowtown to Colesville, from the Patuxent to Rock-

ville, and from Norbeck to Spencerville. Almost every family was in a state of eruption, but although the disease was of a malignant type, no deaths occurred which must be chronicled here. It was evident, there was no monopoly of measles, the local reputation for generosity was sustained, and our young people visiting about in the different cities, convinced their friends in about ten days, they were entertaining not angels, but measles unawares.

Twenty-ninth of Second month, the first telegram was sent over the postal line, which had been in course of construction for some months through our section.

The office at Sandy Spring connects us with all the great mercantile centers, and cheap rates will, perhaps, induce our friends to telegraph us all the good news with the same eagerness they will undoubtedly send us the bad.

The whole neighborhood was greatly shocked and distressed on the 2d of Third month, by the sudden death of Alban Gilpin, at the age of seventy-four.

Many of his friends and relatives, who held converse with him on the last day of his life, will recall his pleasant speech, and unusually cheerful manner. With only a few minutes suffering, attended by his wife and daughter, he passed from life to death.

A director in the bank, and prominent for many years in business, his neighbors, accustomed to see him almost daily, will long miss and regret his kind and courteous presence.

He had the rare endowment of an equable temperament, and never gave way to discouragement. In all the vicissitudes of life, his faith and hope of a better

time coming, and a way out of difficulties had been a staff and support to his friends. His word was his bond, and no one was more truthful and exact in his statements. He never soiled his speech with slander or spoke ill of the absent.

All who stood by his coffin, will remember the extreme nobleness of his face and figure, and perhaps in many minds arose the thought, this was an innate gentleman.

On Third month, 4th, a number of our citizens attended the Woman Suffrage Convention, held in Washington, and an address delivered by our friend, Caroline H. Miller, was enthusiastically received by the audience, and favorably by the press.

Third month, 6th, our faithful old colored sexton and grave digger, Horace Sedgwick, died.

Third month, 8th. A son was born to Benjamin D. and Mollie Mackall Palmer, who received the name of its father.

Our friends going to Baltimore Quarterly Meeting, about this time, Third month, 7th and 8th, found the roads almost impassable, rains continued day after day to the great discomfort of the farmers who were impatient to have their plows going, and spring work advanced.

The death of William John Thomas, Third month, 21st, aged seventy years, was more than a loss, it was a calamity.

A man of sterling worth, of unblemished character and reputation, he seemed naturally, the head of the community; old and young revered and loved him.

His industry was proverbial, by his lifelong labor

and good management, he wrested from the land a competency, and was regarded as the type of a model farmer.

President of the bank, and prominent in all good works of progress and reform, his efficiency in temporal affairs, was only equalled by his zeal in all that was spiritual and holy.

An elder, and deeply concerned in everything pertaining to the meeting, consistent in religious duties, he was filled with the cheerful, practical piety, that feels charity for the past, and hope for the future. The wise counselor of his children he was, still more, their intimate, congenial friend. His family relations were beautiful and worthy of all emulation.

From the old house at Clifton, he could look upon the homes of all his married sons and daughters, homes, which his generous bounty had helped to establish. His heart was so in sympathy with the young, his days so busy—age had touched him so lightly, it seemed as if we might have him many more years among us.

We who were honored by his friendship, often guided by his advice, always taught by his example, must feel that he left no good deed undone, no kind word unspoken, no favor was too small, no benefit too great, for his willing, helpful hands to confer.

He bore the intense sufferings of his illness with the unselfish fortitude of a martyr, and his last utterance was full of tender sympathy for the loving and beloved companion of his life. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright for the end of that man is peace."

His funeral was largely attended on first day afternoon, at the meeting house, and several friends bore testimony to his pure life and many virtues.

Third month, 29th. The first sulkey plow in this vicinity, was working at Ingleside, to the entire satisfaction of its owner and several neighbors who gathered to view the stranger.

An important sale was made in this month by William Scofield, who disposed of his herd of ten registered Jersey cattle, for two thousand dollars. These well-bred cows had not been more expensive to raise and keep, than plebeian stock, and yet the value was fourfold greater, than would have been the inferior breed.

My last date for the year, April 1st, records an interesting visit to Roslyn, and an interview with the venerable Rebecca Russel, who has passed her ninety-eighth birthday. Few persons of half her age are as bright and quick of speech and thought as this charming old lady, and her memory and reminiscences of people and events long past, were truly delightful.

She spoke much of the many changes and great progress in our neighborhood since she first came here in 1824.

In those days she said, the women spun and wove their "linsey woolsey" for clothing, and everybody was so industrious, even the little girl of six, had to finish her "stint" of sewing or knitting, before she was allowed to run and play.

When persons went visiting they walked or rode horseback, but few vehicles being in this vicinity.

When she was last at the Capital, General Wash-

ington was there the same day, and there were only six houses on Penna. Avenue, and laughing merrily, she added, "When I saw Ashton last, it was nothing but a big tree."

I asked her the secret of her vitality and activity. "No one," she answered, "can be happy or healthy at any age, unless they are constantly employed." And she is a living example of her own aphorism.

Henry Stabler informed me he had canned, in 1883, 36,000 cans of corn, and raised 100 bushels of selected seed for seedsmen, and home planting.

Very often during the past year have mournful processions wound their way along our roads, and many times have we stood in grief and sympathy beside the open grave. It would almost seem as if this annual meeting should be a lodge of sorrow, so many of our honored friends have passed into the silent land. The lesson of their lives, their example and precept remain; they are beyond our tears and care; but our best memorial of them should be a greater charity, a more loving sympathy with the living. We can keep the memory of our cherished dead green forever by the timely help, the cheerful word, the neighborly kindness to those bereft and left behind.

SUMMARY OF THE YEAR.

Twenty years ago, when this Lyceum was dedicated, our Poet Laureate, Sarah B. Stabler of Sharon, wrote for the occasion a beautiful ode. At my solicitation, she again favors us, and when you have heard her gracious words and flowing verses, you will feel that our honored friend, now in her eighty-third year,

has lost none of her poetic fancy. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Written for E. N. B., Third month, 26th, 1884.

"Time moves along on never ceasing wing,
And history follows with her ready pen,
And writes the events, each busy year may bring,
To all abodes on earth, of living men.

"For some these records are but traced in sand,
For others graven on the granite rock;
Some men in light, and some in shadow stand,
But all belong to the Great Shepherd's flock.

"And be our stories like the sand which drifts,
Or long enduring on the mountain height;
We do but briefly use our varied gifts,
And then like fleeting shadows pass from sight.

"How many, young and old, have passed from earth
Leaving some lingerers along the way;
While many in the spring of youth and mirth,
Count on long years of joy and pleasure gay.

"Some here, have given to earth their children dear,
Who seemed like angels granted for a while,
And though, for them, this life may raise the tear,
Calm resignation asks instead, the smile.

"The prattling tongue is hushed, the unsteady feet
Falter no more—a tranquil peace is theirs;
This world, with joys which oft are passing sweet,
Might have betrayed them with its thousand snares.

"Fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, friends,
Husbands and wives, in quick succession go,
And homes are sad, but love divine descends,
And gently takes away the sting of woe.

“The virtues of the lost, like healing dew,
Soothe the grieved spirits, who have been bereft
Of those so dearly loved, so good and true!
But the survivors will not long be left;

“For human life is short, end when it will,
And when the evening comes, may we seek rest,
Resigned to live or die, so we fulfill
The measure of the time that Heaven sees best.

“Though in the ‘vacant chairs’ we seem to see
Our dear ones, whom our eyes behold no more,
Yet, Hope will whisper sweetly, ‘There will be
A home for each upon the Heavenly shore.’ ”

—Sarah B. Stabler, Sharon.

Although the crops were very large in 1883, our farmers were not bebarred the satisfaction of their annual grumble, for prices were exceedingly low, and the more potatoes and hay a man had stored in his bins and barns, the more did he need the sympathy of friends, for it hardly paid to haul them to market.

Potatoes fluctuated from 25 cents to 75 cents per bushel, and more were sold under than above 50 cents.

Large quantities of hay was sold at 50 and 60 cents per hundred weight.

As nearly as could be ascertained from club statistics, and industrial reports, 45,000 bushels of wheat were raised, at an average of 24 bushels to the acre, and selling at an average price of \$1.18. 11,565 barrels of corn were raised, at an average of eight and a half barrels to the acre—selling for \$2.75, average price.

My report is not entirely complete, for one unmarried gentleman, although urgently requested, has not responded; it is presumed that his crops were very

large, and that he remembered with a terrified shiver, that it was "Leap Year."

The 36th annual report of The Mutual Fire Insurance Company shows a large increase of business in the past year, and the amount, insured January 1st, 1884, was \$15,274,302.33.

The 16th annual report of the "Savings Institution of Sandy Spring," shows the amount on hand, March 1st, 1884, was \$198,664.84. It is a pleasant thought that while the older members of the community are greatly interested in this valuable institution, so many little children have their bank-books and deposit their earnings with commendable pride.

Three hundred and six newspapers and magazines came to subscribers through our office and we have mailed in the past year thirty-five thousand letters and sixty-seven hundred postal cards.

In the cause of education, we have made an important step this year in the completion of "Sherwood School House," costing about \$2,300. A neat, commodious building, furnished suitably with a fine chemical apparatus, maps, etc., and with the great advantage of having the old Sandy Spring Library transferred to one of its rooms. It is only proper to record here the names of the men and women, whose faithful exertions were crowned with such success, in the inception and completion of this work.

William W. Moore, President,
Benjamin H. Miller, Secretary,
A. G. Thomas, Treasurer,

and the following board of directors: John Thomas, Asa M. Stabler, Robert M. Stabler, Anna L. Moore, Sarah T. Miller, Charles G. Porter.

For a long time the committee on teachers hunted from Massachusetts to North Carolina for a suitable master for the new school, and at last discovered in our midst the very material it was going hither and yon to find.

J. Llewellyn Massey was appointed principal, assisted by Elma P. Chandlee and Carrie H. Brooke, and they have admirably conducted a flourishing school of fifty scholars through the year.

From the earliest records Sandy Spring has had good schools, which were not only invaluable to our own people, but many children from adjacent cities and states have received here, that surest of all foundations for success in life, a substantial, moral education.

Rockland has had its full quota this year, and who does not enjoy the bright young faces of its inmates, as they crowd into "meeting," or the Lyceum, or take their walks abroad, bubbling over with merry school-girl ways?

In connection with this subject, I will add that Annie T. Porter, after long and faithful service as an instructor of youth, having in many instances taught the children of her former pupils, resigned her position in the public school which is now filled by Ella Steer, of Virginia.

About the middle of Third month, 1884, "The Annals of Sandy Spring" were published by William H. Farquhar. You, who have listened for many years to

his annual report from this platform, will read with great pleasure this interesting book in which the author has so successfully retained all the principal events and salient points of his yearly narratives, and yet managed to eliminate all that was trivial. He has given us a book, not only valuable to every one here, but which should be widely read elsewhere, as showing the changes wrought in a rural community by labor, education, and a close communion of neighborly interest and kindness.

Two other books have been published during the year, in which Sandy Spring is especially interested.

The first is the autobiography of the great and good Benjamin Hallowell, edited by his children. A volume valuable to young and old as teaching a lesson of patience and industry, and not only a delightful production to those who knew him, but very attractive to strangers. His large intelligence and pure character confined him to no particular circle; his influence, like his charity, was far-reaching and covered all things.

I began by saying there never had been a female historian, but I must qualify that by "hardly ever," for Annie M. Chandler has completed for the use of schools an excellent compendium of English History, said to be on a new and original plan.

Early in 1883, Dr. Tillum, of Delaware, purchased a portion of Edward Peirce's farm, and built a commodious house, barn and outbuildings, with all the modern improvements.

New buildings have also been erected, or old ones altered and improved at Oak Hill, Highland,

Belmont, Cherry Grove, Burnside, The Cottage, Ingleside, Ashton, Mt. Airy, Sunset, Patuxent, Sandy Spring, Harewood, Plainfield, Norwood, Avalon, Brooke Grove; and even our Lyceum, catching this spread of improvement, has pushed out its back wall and enlarged its dimensions to suit the increasing demands of the neighborhood.

Sherwood Mills has changed owners, and Leewood Mills has been greatly improved by new machinery. Several new windmills have been put up and water fixtures added to various houses; if cleanliness is next to Godliness, the Sandy Spring people are "stepping heavenward" at a rapid rate.

This year, as in all the years past, we still go many miles to take the trains; and the possibility of a narrow gauge railroad to Laurel has been so warmly discussed, that we will have lightning expresses speeding through our farms in the near future, is a foregone conclusion; but while we are waiting for an earthly railroad, let us hasten to construct another and more lasting one.

More than fifty years ago the gifted James P. Stabler, Senior, wrote in a lady's album the following directions for building a railroad to Heaven. I will preserve his admirable words here.

"It is altogether possible that men may make a railroad to Heaven; nay, it is even more true than that they can make them from one point of the earth to another, and why not? The materials in one case are more abundant, cheaper, and more durable than in the other. The labor and expenses are less, and the travel more safe and expeditious in the former

than in the latter case. Then let's make one. First, let it be located on the ground of the love of God, and to our fellow creatures, for there we have the right of way given us without condemnation. The chief engineer shall be the still small voice, which makes no curves, either to the right hand or to the left. The road will be straight; the board of virtues will furnish funds to carry on the work from a treasury as inexhaustible as the fountains of light and love. The hills of pride and cruelty will be leveled by the Agent's meekness and mercy. The valleys will be raised by kindness and brotherly affection. The streams will be crossed by bridges built upon the Rock of Ages. The rails will be of charity, the cars of devotion, with springs tempered by the incense of the heart, for every good and perfect gift, and the locomotive engine of supreme and everlasting love propelled by prayer and thanksgiving to the fountain whence every blessing flows."

We have to chronicle the loss of various citizens this year by removal to other places, and yet we feel assured they still regard Sandy Spring as home, and look forward, whatever their present interests, to returning here.

Dr. Scott is practising his profession in Washington. Harry H. Stabler is farming in Virginia. Warwick H. Miller, Jr., is in business in Philadelphia. Robert M. Hallowell and George B. Miller, are in St. Louis. Harry T. Lea and family, and Richard P. Iddings, in Lawrence, Mass. Granville Stabler in Missouri. Caleb S. Miller in Minnesota. Edward P. Taylor in Georgia. Dr. Augustus Stabler in Phila-

delphia. Mr. Lawford has sold his farm to Mrs. George Ellicott, and has removed elsewhere, and Dr. Tillum and family have returned to Delaware. Four of our young men, William D. Hartshorn, Henry T. Lea, Joshua Peirce and Richard P. Iddings have responsible positions in the Arlington Mills, at Laurence. It is evident that Massachusetts knows where to apply for efficient help.

On the credit side of this losing account, we are glad to welcome back to Montgomery our friends Walter H. and Carrie L. Brooke, and to congratulate them on the purchase of a home.

It is also very pleasant to record the return of Esther T. Moore to Sandy Spring.

In former chronicles, the historian has grieved over the decline of interest manifested in lectures, but it is my pleasant task to relate that the two courses of lectures and entertainments held at the Lyceum in the past year, have been attended and enjoyed by old and young, notably a discourse on the great Northwest by the Hon. Alonzo Bell.

The young people of the neighborhood have given several delightful entertainments, showing the versatility of their talents by the variety offered in music, recitations, original matter, dramatic and spectacular scenes.

The Agricultural Clubs, Olney and Brighton Granges, The Horticultural, The Association for Mutual Improvement, The Home Interest, The Sociable, The Benevolent Aid, The Book Club, Lawn Tennis Club and the Whist Club, have all held their meetings throughout the year, and brought the concentrated

experience and wisdom of many minds to bear on many subjects. The membership of Olney Grange now numbers one hundred and sixty-seven, and its interests and beneficial influences are varied and wide-spread. That honored society of mothers and grandmothers, "The Mutual Improvement Association," has increased its numbers in the past twelve months, and in twenty-seven years of organization has never lost one of its members by death.

In June, July and August, along with the heat and flies, harvest and preserving, pickling and canning, the city visitor has descended on us. We have given them to eat of our abundance, and made them welcome to our fruits and flowers, and our shady nooks and corners.

In autumn, when our fields were aflame with the goldenrod and sumac, and our woods gorgeous with the feast of color, free to all alike, again our homes have been thronged with our sisters, our cousins, and our aunts, coming late, to escape the early crowd.

When grim winter seized her frozen sceptre, and storms held high carnival, once more did we welcome the city friend, and heat up as well as we could that arctic region known as the "spare chamber."

In early spring, when roads were bottomless, and wild winds blew, and the country as unattractive as it ever gets to be; yet, again, strangers alighted at our gates, and we took them in and bade them welcome. Other places of resort close up, but Sandy Spring never!

There were a great many people here last year, but, more will be here next, for it is pleasant to think they

have all accepted our invitation to come again, and will bring their friends with them.

Through the past year, our citizens have traveled as usual far and wide. They have sought and found health and strength, at the seaside, the springs, and on the mountain tops. Some of them have gathered roses, and eaten strawberries in Georgia and Florida in the winter months, others have shivered in snow-clouds on Northern heights in summer, and one energetic young lady has traversed the wonders of the "Yellowstone."

The economy in other things to secure the annual trip will always pay the farmer and his family. Travel is an education to mind and body, a delight to the appreciative, a luxury that will enliven the occupant of the country home, and break the monotony of rural life.

We have watched with great interest through the winter the career of our active and efficient Senator from Montgomery, Joseph T. Moore.

Belonging politically to the minority in the Maryland Legislature, by his perseverance and diplomacy he compelled the majority to pass six state bills, a feat never before accomplished by the representative of this county. His seventh bill was only lost by the Governor's veto. Had that become a law the very poorest farmer among us might have procured a marriage license for the insignificant sum of sixty cents. Who knows what changes in that event might have occurred to the seventy-seven maidens of Sandy Spring, between the ages of twenty and one hundred years? It seemed such a forlorn hope I have

not counted the bachelors; I felt convinced there could not be seventy-seven of them.

CONCLUSION.

Although in some instances other vocations are combined, we are essentially a farming community and the land must produce now to its fullest capacity, for the farmer needs more money each year to procure the conveniences and luxuries about his home—once found only in the city.

Education and science are ahead of sinew. Brains and machinery are taking the place of muscle. The farmer of today, must know the needs and capabilities of the different soils, he must read and think, as well as act. With intelligence, as well as faith, he plants the tiny seed, and has his fulfillment in the abundant harvest.

A great responsibility rests on the farmer. All other people take their supplies second-hand from him, his produce feeds the world. The cotton from his fields, the fleece from his sheep clothes mankind, and it is a well-known fact that nearly all our poets, authors, and statesmen, were born and raised in rural homes.

At his behest, comes the beauty of waving fields of grain, of orchards rich with bloom. His toil is close to nature's heart, to the secrets and perfections of all her marvelous works.

He who owns his land calls no man master; and as he sows his acres broad and deep, I contend that he is the true aristocrat.

In ties of affections, in interest, in correspondence, a thousand links connect us with the outside world. I will verify my statement by a pleasant incident. A short time ago in the City of Agra, in India, two travelers met in that beautiful temple called the "Taj Mahal," a structure so perfect in form, so rich in ornamentation, it is counted one of the seven wonders of the world. Beneath the jeweled arches and lace-like carvings of this dome the one traveler, a charming woman, who has often visited among us, the other Moncure D. Conway, utter strangers to each other, fell into conversation and in a few minutes had talked round to this little spot of earth, and were eagerly recalling delightful hours and dear mutual friends here. It seemed strange that these two, the one coming from the China seas, with her husband, the other from England, should meet in India on the common ground of Sandy Spring.

We have a far-reaching reputation to sustain, and we can only do it by individual care and merit.

We are all justly proud, perhaps too proud, of our neighborhood, but without that pride and the efforts of our people to be what they seem to be to the outside world, we could not have attained some excellence, which is the foundation of that reputation.

Those who are satisfied with the present history will be expected to furnish items for the historian in future, and those who are dissatisfied will be equally interested to make it attractive.

CHAPTER II.

From Fourth Month, 1884, to Fourth Month, 1885.

Earthquake felt generally through Sandy Spring—Golden Weddings of Robert R. and Hadassah J. Moore, and William Henry and Margaret B. Farquhar—Lectures by the Hon. Alonza Bell, Francis Thomas and Miss Phoebe Cozzens—Ednor postoffice established—Obituaries of Henry Brooke, Dr. Artemus Riggs, Benjamin D. Palmer, Jr., Anne T. Kirk, Anna Miller, Agnes H. Bentley and Samuel A. Janney—Reminiscences of William John Thomas and Mahlon Chandlee.

One of our most eminent authors has well said that "all things are engaged in writing their history. The plant, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow; the rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river, its channel in the soil; the animal, its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal; the falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow or along the ground but prints in characters, more or less lasting, a map of its march."

Every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows and in his own manners and face. The air is filled with sounds, the sky with tokens, the ground is all signatures and every object covered over with hints which speak to the intelligence. We have made a long stride in outward comforts and conveniences since our greatgrandmothers spun and wove, cut and fashioned their own raiment in the days

gone by when six yards of "fip-penny-bit" calico was an ample dress pattern, and the protecting sun-bonnet was in vogue. Then our greatgrandfathers scratched the earth with a wooden plow, and raised from five to ten bushels of wheat to the acre—then they read their weekly paper by the light of a tallow dip, and their hours of retiring and rising were almost regulated by the sun.

In looking over an old memoranda dated 1823, I find that many friends paid "a fip-penny-bit" per quarter for meeting-dues, some "a levy," and a very few the munificent sum of fifty cents per quarter. Religion was remarkably cheap in those days, and probably of quite as good quality as the more costly kind of our generation. Among the same old bills and receipts, wheat is quoted at ninety cents, and corn fifty cents **per** bushel, and a laborer was paid seventy-five cents for digging a grave.

On the foundation of this primitive living our prosperity is built, our history of today is linked inseparably with all yesterday's, and valuable and interesting to us must be the recollections and experiences of the older members of our community, bringing, as it were, the savor of their past to flavor our present.

Our respected friend, the late William John Thomas, wrote at the request of his children, not very long before he died, some reminiscences of his early days, and in presenting to you extracts from them, few will recognize the Sandy Spring of his boyhood as we find it now. He says:

"I will not undertake to give the precise dates to many of the details here related, but as they appeared

to my comprehension at the time. First, as being most central, and as an event for which I have a date, is the building of the meeting-house at Sandy Spring. I recollect riding up there before Uncle Johnnie Thomas on an old white mare called "Bonny;" and my efforts to climb over the sleepers before the floors were laid, and while the carpenters were putting on the roof; and later Uncle Johnnie sat at the head of the Meeting on one side, with Samuel Thomas and Roger Brooke on the upper bench, and Basil Brooke, Isaac Briggs, Thomas Moore, Bernard Gilpin, Caleb Bentley, William Thomas, Gerard Brooke, Richard Thomas and others on the benches facing the Meeting. Deborah Stabler, Margaret Judge and Hannah Wilson, ministers, with the two Mary Brookes and Hannah Briggs, occupied the upper benches on the other side of the House. Carriages were rather scarce in that time, but Roger Brooke had one, but he always rode horseback himself. Basil Brooke had one, with door opening behind; Thomas Moore had one; Isaac Briggs had one, with a long body; William Thomas had one, with three seats, holding from six to eight passengers; Caleb Bentley and Bernard Gilpin, with their families, mostly walked to Meeting, as did many others from Brookeville. The Meeting was larger on first days from 1813 to 1820 than it is now, in my judgment.

The old meeting-house, a frame building, was moved from where the present horse-sheds now stand, and was used for that purpose for many years. The sills are still doing duty under the present carriage-sheds. From 1813 to 1816 we had a large immigration

to our vicinity, though many persons about that time kept on to the, then, far West, Ohio. A family by the name of Sappold lived then at Harewood. Amos Horner, a very large man, lived on the Manor. David Newlin in Brookeville; John and William Thornton, at Centreville, just beyond Francis Miller's gate, where a tenant house now stands. One of these Brothers Thornton occupied for a short time the house where Richard T. Bentley lives now.

Headleys and other families lived over towards "Bradford's Rest." Allen West lived on Benjamin Palmer's place. About 1824, Wiliam Henry Stabler's home was built, and part of the house at Walnut Hill was built by Thomas Lea, all the brick being burned near the site of Oakwood Church, where more recently, the brick was made for the house at Sherwood.

Arthur Foulke, a little man who wore small clothes, and had but one eye, lived where Robert H. Miller now owns.

At what date the Birdsalls came to Sandy Spring I do not know, but William lived at Centreville, near Stanmore. He then built the stone part of the house at Plainfield, where he resided until he went West, in "thirty-six." Andrew lived back of Samuel Thomas's house, now gone, William and Andrew built a mill there, to which Andrew's hired boy said he had to carry water in his cap after he got home from school to make the mill run. The mill did not survive its owners. John Birdsall lived where Rockland now is. Whether the log house he occupied was covered by the present imposing edifice, or removed, I do not know.

Whitson Camby and family lived at Olney, a family by the name of Dennis at Willow Grove. Joseph Brown lived at Clifton. Thomas Moore resided where E. J. Hall now does, and was succeeded by Thomas L. Reese who kept a store there or at Brookeville. Later on Thomas McCormick had a store there. Basil Brooke lived where William Scofield does now. Bernard Gilpin at Mt. Airy, where he carried on the hatting business for many years. Evan Harry, an eccentric old man, followed the same trade. Hats were then made by hand, the workmen standing round a large boiler inclosed by platforms or tables so as to run the hot water back to the boiler, when the men dipped the wool and fur into the water and rubbed it on the table with their hands causing it to "felt."

It is strange to look back now to those days when there were no railroads, matches, daguerreotypes or telegraphs, and before machine felting was devised which soon interfered with the hand-made article. Almost every family had its hominy mortar, and spinning wheels, both large and small, for wool and flax.

My recollection of the commencement of Fair Hill School is rather indefinite, though we often had the parents of scholars at our house, and also some of the pupils.

I particularly recollect a boy named Proctor, and Mary Stretch, who is now the respected wife of Winder W. Owens. Benjamin Hallowell spent his first night in Sandy Spring, under father's hospitable roof. Though I think he was so disgusted at having to walk from the turnpike, (Laurel was then not thought of), that he did not remember much about that even-

ing. James P. Stabler and Caleb Bentley built the store and blacksmith shop at Sandy Spring, in 1818, and opened store the following year. Brookeville was quite a thriving village when I first knew it; it had been incorporated by Richard Thomas, who was evidently a "woman's rights man," as he named it in honor of his wife, who was a Brooke. There were two mills there, one owned by Richard Thomas for grinding grain, and one by David Newlin for grinding flaxseed for oil, two tanneries, two blacksmith's shops and several stores. Doctors Howard and Palmer attended the afflicted in the vicinity. I remember a little incident, which occurred when I first went to school in the old log house at Sandy Spring, and which has remained impressed on my mind since 1822.

Edward Stabler was preparing to build a barn, he had an Irishman, who drove his teams, by the name of William Clark, who was the father of James Clark, the now celebrated manager and ex-president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. William Clark was hauling logs to Roger Brooke's mill, and become fast in the mud, just in front of where the Lyceum now stands, when Stephen Wilson ("Little Steve" we called him), got on the end of the wagon tongue and directed the men to back his team, which he did with the assistance of some of the larger boys, and thus was extricated from the difficulty; although light in body "little Steve" was weighty in advice.

The building of large barns by David Frame and Mahlon Chandlee, came to my knowledge as something new; they still remain as monuments to these men.

About 1823 and 1824, we had a more successful immigration to our vicinity. Amos Farquhar's family took charge of Fair Hill, Thomas Lea's family came to Walnut Hill and Joshua Peirce's family to Black Meadow; they are still represented among us by honorable descendants. Our friend, the late Benjamin Hallowell, made his appearance among us just about this time. I recollect his marriage, as also those of Edward, William Henry, and Caleb Stabler, which all occurred near together, and were consummated in public at the meeting-house."

You will notice with surprise, in the foregoing, how few families are living on the same farms now that they occupied in the early part of this century; people, and some names have vanished from among us, as though they had never been. The venerable Mahlon Chandlee, now in his ninety-fifth year, has furnished me with a few items of interest relating to "ye olden time."

"When I first came to this farm," said he, "a young man of twenty-two, I thought there never was such a discouraging prospect; the fields were covered with sedge, and blackberry vines, and the land washed in deep gullies. I first built a mill and saved out most of the lumber used in the construction of the meeting-house.

"For many years I worked incessantly with no thought of taking a trip, or any recreation except an occasional day off for fishing, a very cheap amusement, and I am right fond of it yet.

"We went to bed early then, and got up with the sun, and had few things to take care of, compared

to this day. When a young man married then, he did not have to hire one or two women to wait on his wife, she did the indoor work, as he did the outdoor ;" and he added with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Cupid was more lively in those days, and marriages frequent. Dress, food and customs were all different."

"In the fall we slaughtered a beef, and this, with our pork, sufficed for the winter months. We had no fresh meats, or fish, or oysters then, but we raised a great quantity of cabbage and winter vegetables, and these, with our large store of apples, kept through the cold season. I do not think apples keep as they used to ; the climate has greatly changed. We had deep snows that hid the fences from view, when I was a boy. I well remember," said the old gentleman, "going somewhere to dine, when a young man, and my indignation at having placed before me a dish of stewed tomatoes, or 'love apples,' as they were then called. I thought it outrageous to offer such food, but, now, I eat them all the year 'round, and find them good and wholesome." He complained of staying in the house through the long cold winter, and said he was anxious to be out, digging and planting his strawberry bed, for he still retains his industrious habits, and is almost constantly employed, thus securing a contented and happy old age.

Leaving now these Annals of the past, and coming much nearer the present, my first record for the year is a snow-storm, which occurred 4th mo. 9th, 1884.

Fortunately Dame Nature had been her own unerring almanac, her buds and fruits were safely tucked under their winter bedclothes, and thus escaped a pre-

mature death. The season was exceedingly backward, cold and cloudy, and "probabilities" was evidently working up samples of weather for the whole year; April was more than half over before we realized the sap was rising, leaves unfolding, the garden must be planted, and spring work under way.

4th month, 30th, Samuel A. Janney, who had gone abroad for his health, died at Manchester, England, in his fifty-first year. His remains were brought home and buried 5th month, 22d, at Woodside Cemetery. The manner of his death, far from home and friends was extremely sad.

Fifth month, 1st, William Lea, had in successful operation the first potato-planter in this vicinity. This ingenious machine, performed with more speed, and greater certainty, the work of many hands.

On Fifth month, 15th. At a meeting of the Insurance Company, the following resolutions were read by Wm. H. Farquhar, and seconded by Charles Abert, in some feeling remarks. "The Board of Directors were very much interested in the morning session in being informed by Henry C. Hallowell, that we were all in effect celebrating the golden wedding of our Secretary, Robert R. Moore, and his wife, Hadasah J. The one being the most faithful of officers, well-known over the State of Maryland, the other, reminding us at every meeting of her kindness in providing us with the reviving influences of an acceptable mid-day entertainment. It is the unanimous feeling of the Board, that we should embrace this interesting occasion, to express our high respect for the parties most intimately concerned, and our hearty congratu-

lations to them for having been spared in mutual happiness to a period so rarely attained, with our sincere wishes that the blessing may be continued so long as both may share."

Sixth month, 4th. A very successful spring meeting was held at Rockville of the Agricultural Society. Three out of four prizes for flowers were accorded our people. A great deal of farm machinery was purchased, and the day greatly enjoyed by a large gathering.

On Sixth month, 8th and 9th, with pleasant weather, and the luxuriance of summer bloom, came our Quarterly Meeting, not a very large attendance, but much interest manifested in the business affairs of the society by some of our young people.

Sixth month, 13th. Madam Nyman lectured at Stanmore on the higher education and business capacity of women, an excellent discourse, delivered in a very charming manner, and meriting a larger audience.

On that same afternoon, relatives and interested friends gathered at Rockland to enjoy the closing exercises of the school, and to wish God-speed to the bright young girls of the graduating class, who with diplomas in hand, fancied their school days over, when in truth they were but on the threshold of the harder school of life. While many children from the far northern and southern states are being educated in our midst, some of our own young people have returned the compliment, and have enjoyed in the past year the advantages of a decided change of scene,

climate and modes of education in northern and southern schools.

Sixth month, 13th. Henry Brooke, eldest child, and only son of Charles H. and Annie F. Brooke, died in his eighteenth year. Always delicate, his afflictions had been mitigated by the loving care and tenderness of his family; an ardent lover of music, and an excellent student, had he lived, his mind would have been his kingdom.

Sixth month, 19th. Dr. Riggs died after a lingering and painful illness; for many years he had been the faithful friend and physician of families in our neighborhood, although properly belonging to Brookeville.

Sixth month, 20th. There was a successful barn-raising at Allan Brooke's. Perhaps in no way is the progress in this vicinity more marked than in the improvement and erection of outbuildings and barns. A good farmer in providing comfortable quarters for his stock, a secure place for implements and machinery, is protecting himself from constant loss and expense.

Sixth month, 28th. William John, son of John and Kate D. Thomas, was born.

Seventh month, 13th. Henry Hallowell, son of Roger and Carrie M. Farquhar, was born.

Our numerous visitors at this time, taking their daily walks abroad, found themselves in the midst of a busy harvest scene. The mower and ingenious self-binder were familiar objects in many a field, and laid low the waving grain. The yield was abundant, and

labor of securing the crops very great, but the weather was extremely pleasant.

Eighth month, 2nd. Benjamin D. Palmer, junior, infant son of Benjamin D. and Mollie M. Palmer, died very suddenly and as some one has beautifully said, only the parent's heart can know how "black a shadow a little grave can cast."

Eighth month, 10th. An earthquake, which extended from Maine to Virginia, was severely felt in many houses at the time it occurred, and more persons felt it perceptibly the next day, after reading of it in the papers.

On the afternoon and evening of Eighth month, 13th, nearly the whole neighborhood, and many relatives from a distance, met at "The Cedars" to celebrate the fiftieth wedding anniversary of our esteemed friends, William Henry and Margaret B. Farquhar.

The occasion was truly a golden one, in every particular, after the toil and sorrows that are ever mingled with the joys of life. This husband and wife have entered together the safe harbor of a peaceful old age, their children, happy and prosperous around them, friends, young and old, gather about them, and freight their remaining years with best wishes. Truly, might be said of them:

"Their wedded love is founded on esteem,
Which the fair merits of the mind engage;
For these are charms which never can decay,
But time, which gives new whiteness to the swan,
Improves their lustre."

Eighth month, 27th. Annie Tyson, widow of William Kirk, died after a brief illness at Jordan Alum

Springs, Virginia. Spending much of her life among her many relations here, it seems proper to insert in this history a tribute to her fine mind, many accomplishments and unusual charity of word and deed; she thought and said the best of every one, and this is an epitaph that few merit or receive.

Ninth month, 3d, 4th and 5th. Many of our people enjoyed the County Fair at Rockville. The weather was hot, but clear; the exhibit the finest for years, especially of "live stock;" the attendance very large and the receipts most gratifying. Sandy Spring bore off many premiums for a great variety of products.

The summer had been so unusually pleasant, it seemed as if we should escape entirely any intense heat, but in the ninth month we had a torrid spell that made up for all the cooling breezes we had enjoyed previously.

On the eleventh of ninth month, with the mercury climbing up into the nineties, the Horticultural Society held its annual exhibition at the Lyceum. A promised cold wave did not appear, but the exhibit did, much more complete than usual, and the occasion was most enjoyable.

Henry C. Hallowell, the President of the Society, in his opening address, paid a beautiful and fitting tribute to his co-workers in past years, Alban Gilpen and William John Thomas.

Mr. Philip D. Laird, of Rockville, spoke of the importance of farmers making their homes so attractive, their children would stay in them, and have no incentive to flock to the big cities. Mr. Charles Abert, favored us with an original poem.

Ninth month, 18th. Dr. Augustus Stabler and Helen Snowden were married by Friends' ceremony at Ingleside. The happy couple joined our thriving Sandy Spring Colony at Lawrence, Mass., where they have established a pleasant home.

Tenth month, 14th. At White Hall, the residence of Samuel Hopkins, Joseph T. Moore, Jr., and Estelle Tyson were married according to the order of the Society of Friends.

This bride and groom, freighted with youth, hope and good wishes, came immediately to their comfortable home at "Pen-y-Bryn," which loving hands had arranged for them.

In this month, the Plainfield families, separated since the fire, were reunited in their new house which had risen like the Phoenix, from the ashes of the old.

Long may they all live to enjoy this cheerful and commodious home, and, as the silver wedding of W. W. and Mary E. Moore was celebrated beneath the old roof in 1883, let us hope their golden wedding may occur in the present structure in 1918.

Tenth month, 23d. Agnes Hallowell, daughter of John C. and Cornelia H. Bentley, was born.

Eleventh month, 29th. Harry, son of Samuel B. and Florence Wetherald, was born.

Twelfth month, 10th. Catherine, daughter of William and Annie W. Riggs, was born and died in a few hours.

Twelfth month, 17th. Clarice, daughter of J. Janney and Helen R. Shoemaker, was born.

Twelfth month, 19th. The mercury fell below zero,

and the beginning of an unusually cold and inclement winter was upon us.

Christmas day was bright and clear, sleighing excellent, and the merry jingle of bells resounded through the crisp air, as old and young hastened to the family meeting. Many a noble turkey, that bird so often sacrificed on the family altar, met its fate that day, and left its bones bleaching on the festive board.

New Year's day was scarcely observed, and but few formal calls made—perhaps everybody was engaged in drafting good resolutions for the future, or turning over the proverbial “new leaf.”

First month, 20th. The Lyceum was filled with the farmers of Montgomery and adjoining counties, who had assembled, as had been their custom for sixteen years, to compare experiments and results in Agricultural practice.

Henry C. Hallowell was made chairman, and Allan Farquhar and Henry H. Miller secretaries of the convention.

The protection of sheep, the persistence of the hog thistle, ensilage, the question of introducing foreign labor and the use of various phosphates, were discussed with great interest and profit.

The reports of the several clubs were most gratifying. The “Boy,” or youngest one of all, holding its own in honorable competition with its father and grandfather. The ladies furnished a bountiful lunch, of which several hundred partook.

First month, 22nd. Walter Scott and Lula Christ were married in Baltimore, by Episcopal ceremony. A large and pleasant reception was held that evening

at the home of the newly-married couple in Sandy Spring.

First month, 23d. William Hill's house was entirely destroyed by fire.

The First and Second months may be fitly called the dead of winter.

The lifeless trees sharply outlined against a grey sky, the frequent storm, the piercing cold, the death-like sleep of the brown and frozen earth waiting for the resurrection and the life of spring. But who among us does not feel that at this season comes the intellectual enjoyment often denied us, when fields are green, and a thousand distracting influences tempt us to outdoor scenes. In the long winter evenings we can draw the curtains, and with bright lights, glowing fires and our favorite books, taste all the pleasures of indoor country life. We were not, however, confined entirely to that cheapest and most lasting of all enjoyments, reading, for our energetic young people had a charming entertainment at the Lyceum, creditable in every respect to the internal resources of our neighborhood. Warned, by the play of the "Decorative Sisters," it is hardly possible the Esthetic craze will break out in our midst. Our fields will not now be given over to the exclusive cultivation of the sunflower, our churns and rolling pins will be guiltless of pictures of the cattail and the lily, neither will our barn doors and fences be decorated with the emblems of Oscar Wilde, or the Alderneys' horns tied up with sad-colored ribbons.

Another entertainment at the Grange Hall, in which our young ladies participated in the becoming

costumes of the "Chocolate Girl" yielded a respectable sum for a charitable object.

Some delightful tea parties broke the monotony. The Hon. Alonzo Bell, of Washington, gave us a most interesting and instructive discourse entitled, "The Mission of Life." And with this variety of good things, the sameness of the winter months was greatly mitigated.

Second month, 23d, died our esteemed friend, Anna Miller, in her eighty-third year. Although living in Alexandria, she was so often with us, and so closely connected with Sandy Spring by ties of affection and relationship, a memorial of her is not out of place here. Her active and useful life has been as a beautiful example and sermon to all who knew her. The mother of a large family, her calm and equable temperament that was as a rock of safety to resist the storms and vicissitudes of existence. It was her happy fortune to grow old gracefully, and time seemed scarcely to have touched her youthful tenderness, while on her face was reflected the beauty of a noble nature and pure heart. As a queen, was she among women, the love and care of numerous children, grandchildren and greatgrandchildren was her kingdom, their devotion her throne.

I have but few notes for March, which came in like a lion and stayed like a polar bear, and if I had kept a record of the weather it could hardly have been thawed out in time for the annual meeting.

On Third month, 18th, the household at Cloverly was stricken with its first sorrow in the death of Agness Hallowell Bentley, just five months old. Like

an unfolded bud, in her innocent purity, she was laid away on the afternoon of the nineteenth.

“It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Nor standing long an oak,
Three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sere.
A lily of a day, is fairer, far, than they,
Although it fade and die that night;
It is the plant and flower of light,
In small proportions we just beauty see,
And in short measure life may perfect be.”

On the evening of third month, 24th, Dr. Francis Thomas entertained a large and appreciative audience at the Lyceum with a graphic account of a recent trip to the New Orleans Exposition and through the Southern States.

Fourth month, 29th. Miss Phoebe Cozzans of St. Louis, delivered at the meeting-house an address on Temperance, which was enjoyed by many.

Fourth month, 31st. Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe lost their only child, a bright and promising boy of two years. Much sympathy was felt for them in this affliction.

A few more items of general interest may be mentioned.

The crops, of course, come first as of vital importance to farmers.

With the exception of fruit, they were abundant and excellent, but with wheat selling at from eighty to ninety cents per bushel, and potatoes from fifty to sixty cents, it has been a most unprofitable year to tillers of the soil.

As a silver lining to this cloud all the necessaries of life have been exceeding low. If the merchant has paid us the merest pittance for our produce, we in turn have bought his goods cheaper than ever before. Perhaps we have had as much spending money as in past years, when a load of hay sold for one hundred dollars, and muslin was ninety cents a yard.

The secretary of the Enterprise Club writes me "they are all as poor as beggars," although one of their number raised on twenty-eight and a-half acres thirteen hundred and sixteen bushels of wheat, an average of forty-six bushels, ten pounds to the acre. The largest yield ever reported in the county.

From those farmers who make the dairy an important branch, I have compiled a report; this does not include by any means the whole neighborhood, but is confined, with two exceptions, to members of the Enterprise and Montgomery Clubs.

Pounds of butter produced in the past year, 28,889, gallons of cream, 20,293.

The erection at some central point of a "creamery," has been widely discussed. At no distant day it will be an established fact. The milk from all the adjacent farms will be gathered in on the cooperative system, and with the aid of Swedish separators, and modern appliances, the yield of cream will be greatly increased, and individual labor diminished.

The bank has now on deposit over 200,000 dollars, and the Fire Insurance Company has increased its risks \$630,701.00, in the past year, and now insures over \$16,000,000 dollars worth of property.

A number of new houses have been built at Sandy Spring, along our main avenues, and at Ashton, and these rival metropolises will soon be shaking hands, and electing the same Mayor and Common Council.

Benjamin D. Palmer and Granville Farquhar have put up windmills for the introduction of water through their houses. Edward P. Thomas has built a stable, John C. Bentley a stable, and William Lea a palatial pig palace. The new house at Plainfield, began last year, has been finished and occupied. Thomas L. Moore has built a commodious house on a portion of Norwood farm, it is finely situated and has received the name of "Rutledge." From the fact that the young gentleman has recently made application for a ten days leave of absence from the insurance office to find a tenant for his new habitation, it is surmised that before many moons we will have another Benedict among us.

In the second month, a new postoffice was established midway between Spencerville and Sandy Spring, which was named Ednor, and Dr. Francis Thomas appointed postmaster. It will doubtless prove a great convenience to the forty-three families living within one mile of it.

The question of the erection of a telephone line between Ashton and Rockville was agitated, but no decided steps taken to insure its completion.

The telegraph operator, Mr. Sullivan, kindly furnishes me with a full report of business done throughout the year. There were more messages sent and received in June than during any other month. Num-

ber of messages sent in the year, five hundred and twelve. Received five hundred and thirty-three.

The dedication of the Washington Monument, February 21st, was attended by a number of our citizens, and glimpses of this noble structure, from various points in our neighborhood, seem to connect us more closely than ever with the National Capital.

The young women of the neighborhood, not finding all they craved in the dozen or more societies already existing here, have established yet, another, which meets in the afternoon and adjourneth before 'ye early candle light." As it has no semblance of dependence on the male sex, it is properly called "The Independent."

In spite of "hard times," most of our people have enjoyed their annual trips, and some of them, like the popular magazines, start out monthly for a change of scene and air.

In the early summer, a coaching party, comprising both sexes, and including the best baby its mother ever saw, rode several hundred miles through the beautiful valleys and mountains of Virginia, and judging by an agreeable account of it, given at Olney Grange, by one of the lady tourists, this rational mode of travel should be more generally adopted by farmers and their families.

Two or three persons from our neighborhood have crossed the ocean, a number visited New Orleans and Florida, and many taken shorter and less expensive trips.

We have welcomed the coming and sped the parting of some six or seven hundred guests during the

past year, and had them with us at all seasons—a good many came on bicycles.

As the worthies in “yon old graveyard, lying low” plodded to meeting behind their safe, slow horses in bygone days—how little could they foresee their grandsons speeding over the country at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour on a lonesome vehicle, composed of a very large wheel, running after a very small wheel, and propelled by their own muscle! By what effort of the imagination can we see in the next century the flying machines anchored outside the meeting-house, and when the silent hour has passed, the little boys and girls who face me now, but will face the meeting then, will mount their winged carriages, catch the favoring breeze, and soar away home, regardless of anything but the winds that blow, and the principles of aerial navigation. Perhaps in their upward flight, your future “Historian” will have to chronicle the loss of the very last “broad brim” ever known in Sandy Spring! !

My record would hardly be complete without some mention of the presidential campaign, which engrossed the time and attention of our people in the summer and fall of 1884. With five candidates in the field, and one of them a lady on a tricycle, there was ample scope for difference of opinion, discussion, abuse and vituperation. At the time of the election returns, and uncertainty attending the count, our telegraph office was besieged by eager voters, day and night, half of whom felt sure the country would go to destruction, and they could not survive the election of Cleveland; the other half were filled with equally dismal forebod-

ings should Blaine prove victorious. When the remotest county was heard from, and the matter decided, the sky did not fall. To the astonishment of every one affairs went on much as usual, and all parties helped swell the immense crowd, thronging Washington on the fourth of March, to bid adieu to the outgoing and witness the incoming dynasty.

It is pleasant to note the fact that James P. Stabler has resumed his permanent abode among us and Madge Miller, after several years of study, has returned to Sandy Spring, our first graduate from Vassar College.

This year I have counted the bachelors, and there seems to be but twenty of them all told. In spite of the general use of barbed wire fences, most difficult to climb, several of them have escaped from our midst and married elsewhere. Meanwhile the solid phalanx of seventy-seven spinsters remains unbroken. If they choose to wed, what possible resistance could a feeble minority of twenty make in the face of a determined and overwhelming majority. Let us hope this band of "unappropriated blessings" will go down illustrious in the Annals of Sandy Spring as having been all needed to help the married people along.

George Washington said "Agriculture is the most healthful, most useful and most noble employment of man," and he might have added the most unceasing. From the "first furrow of spring, to the last stack the snows of winter overtake in the field, the farmer pursues his varying round. The sowing of the seed, the constant cultivation, the gathering of

the harvest, the storing and disposal of the crop," one duty treading closely upon the heels of the next, with cold, heat, and insect blight to be guarded against. Daily toil and eternal vigilance make the successful farmer.

If he seems to have comparatively small returns in cash for all this labor, he has at least great compensation in a free and untrammelled life, and the satisfaction of accomplishing ends by legitimate means.

"Only after hardest striving
Cometh sweet and perfect rest,
Life is found to be worth living
To the one who does his best."

But even after doing his best in this period of universal business depression, the farmer has had his full share of embarrassment arising from the continued high price of labor and the low price of produce. It has become to many a serious question whether the land can be made to sustain the family in the present style of living, without returning to the strict economies and privations of former days.

Taken as a whole, the year has been uneventful. But each rolling season leaves its impress on every human life and its surroundings.

To some of us, who have stood in anguish over our beloved dead, it seems that the past year has taken more from us than all the years to come can give.

In thinking what we might have done had we only known, we repeat with unavailing regret the words of the poet:

“We’ll read that book, we’ll sing that song,
But when, oh, when the days are long—
When thoughts are free, and voices clear,
Some happy time within the year;
The days troop by with noiseless tread,
The song unsung, the book unread.

“We’ll see that friend, and make him feel
The weight of friendship true as steel;
Some flower of sympathy bestow—
But time sweeps on with steady flow,
Until, with quick reproachful tear,
We lay our flowers upon his bier.

“And still we walk the desert sands.
And still with trifles fill our hands;
While ever just beyond our reach,
A fairer purpose shows to each
The deeds we have not done, but willed,
Remain to haunt us, unfulfilled.”

CHAPTER III.

From Fourth Month, 1885, to Fourth Month, 1886.

Mr. and Mrs. Warwick P. Miller and four children go to Europe—Louis E. McComas lectured—Locust year—Sunderland P. Gardener visited Sandy Spring—Disappearance of Philip Haviland—Local option petition signed by 3,850 names, presented to the Legislature by Delegate Philip D. Laird—A National College to educate farmers—Obituaries of Mrs. B. D. Waters and Anna L. Moore.

When I complained a few weeks ago that items worthy of record had not been very numerous during

the past year, it was suggested to me by a thoughtful friend, that most historians in seasons of great dearth, grew on their imaginations and made "history to order." This might avail your unfortunate chronicler if she were writing entirely for posterity, but what loophole of escape is there for the wildest flight of fancy, when everything must be set down and read out in the very face of her ancestors.

There is one subject that is common to all men and women kind, it is interesting alike to country born, and city bred, it is of vital importance to the inhabitants of all climes, from the pole to the equator, and like grim death it has "all seasons for its own." Unlike other topics, this of which I speak is never out of fashion, it is as old as time, as new as this morning's sunrise.

When Adam first met his beauteous Eve, he doubtless began the first conversation with a pertinent remark on the weather, and I will commence my narrative by following this illustrious example.

On the 8th of Fourth month, 1885, the day after the annual meeting, there was quite a severe thunder-storm and on the 10th, by the way of violent contrast, a snow-storm.

April maintained her usual fickle and inconstant behavior and, like a veritable coquette, held winter by one hand, as though reluctant to part from icy bonds and with the other, tried to grasp the hot sunshine of summer.

Those notable housewives who hurried reluctant lords and masters into early plowing of gardens, and abated not their activity until vegetables had been

planted, were not a little dismayed to find a thick covering of snow rewarding their premature zeal.

Everything was decidedly backward, and there was much complaint among our farmers at the tardy grass growth, as they had been feeding stock since October.

We are very apt to forget, from year to year, and to feel that the present season is the worst ever known.

An extract from a diary kept in 1843, says "the mercury in the Third month of that year, was generally below the freezing point in the morning and snow fell to the depth of fourteen inches."

The first peach tree flowered at Bloomfield, the 24th of Fourth month. Oats were not sown until the first of Fifth month, and finished plowing corn the 15th.

On Fourth month, 12th, the many friends of Mrs. Z. D. Waters were shocked to hear of her brief illness and sudden death, and on the 14th, a large concourse followed her remains to the family burial-ground so near the home her presence and care had made beautiful and happy. She was most estimable in all her relations of life, and her bereaved husband and sons had the sincere sympathy of the community.

Fourth month, 22nd. Thomas L. Moore was married in Richmond, Virginia, to Miss Dorothy Allison, of that place. A large family party went from here to witness the ceremony, and on the 28th, a brilliant reception was given at Norwood to the bride and groom. Nearly the entire neighborhood, as well as many strangers from a distance, thronged that hospitable homestead to offer congratulations and good

wishes to the young couple, just entering on new and untried paths.

Fourth month, 30th. The Hon. Louis E. McComas lectured at the Lyceum on the Dartmouth College Case, the verdict rendered then, by the best legal talent in the country, having given precedent to all other monopolies since. He was especially severe on the selfish and grasping policy of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co., and advised all farmers throughout Maryland to fight this and all other aggressive and oppressive monopolies.

April merged into May and all nature was astir with the rising sap and sudden burst of vegetation.

“Robins on the tree tops,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm and larch,
Don't you think that May time's
Pleasanter than March?”

Towards the last of Fifth month, the farmer in his upturned furrow, and the lady digging in her flower beds, unearthed a wonderful army of sappers and miners, the advance guard of the seventeen year locusts. By thousands and ten thousands, they crept to the surface, swarmed up the trees, cast off their shrouds, and appeared in brand-new spring suits. For six weeks

the air was vibrant with their shrill singing. While Madam Locust was busy piercing the tender twigs and limbs, and depositing her eggs, Monsieur Locust occupied all his time in musical concerts! It is an old witticism—

“Happy the cicadas’ lives,
Since they all have voiceless wives,

and perhaps the extreme rarity of such conjugal bliss ought to excuse such noisy demonstration over it. Day after day the papers teemed with locusts.

Science, ignorance, conjecture were exhausted on the buzzing insect. Our modern savants, emulating the ancient Greeks, ate locusts fried or stewed for breakfast. Meanwhile they came, they sang, they went, leaving the forests blighted and hideous with dead and fallen boughs, and remaining as much a mystery as when the Biblical Prophet declared in holy writ. “They come like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth stubble, and the land is, as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them, a desolate wilderness.” Even at the phenomenally slow rate with which unmarried girls grow old in Sandy Spring, I feel that some of us will have passed the first flush of youth when these original inhabitants of the soil return to convince us that seventeen years have again rolled over our young heads.

The spring meeting of the Montgomery County Agricultural Society, held at Rockville, the 1st of Sixth month, was well attended by our farmers, who made many purchases of machinery and implements.

Our quarterly meeting on the 9th was, as usual, large and interesting to home folks, as well as visiting friends.

Sixth month, 17th. Samuel P., son of Edward P. and Mary Bentley Thomas, was born.

Despite the inevitable croakings and the fear of a poor yield, the wheat harvest was abundant, the weather extremely pleasant, and about the 25th of the month the hum of the mower and binder almost drowned the shrill cry of the ubiquitous locust.

In this month Charles Farquhar graduated as Doctor of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, the same college that had bestowed its diploma on his father, many years before.

Seventh month, 6th. Ethel, daughter of Allan and Lottie Farquhar, was born.

Seventh month, 17th. Thomas J. Lea, of Brighton, was married to Anna G. Wilson, of Rockville.

All the loveliness of summer fruit, flower and heat, was now upon us, but there was no rest for the farmer until grass and wheat were secured, and with the feeding of hungry men, canning and preserving and innumerable other duties, indoor activity rivaled that of the fields.

Perhaps if our greatgrandmothers could have paid us a spiritual visit on one of those hot July days, and had seen the convenient little kerosene stove on the dining-room table, and noticed the comparative ease with which jellies and preserves were cooked, unaccompanied by any great degree of heat to the attendant, they might have felt they had lived and died too early in the present century.

Coal and kerosene are more extensively used every year among us for heating and cooking purposes, and when unsightly wood piles have entirely vanished, a coming generation may regard the old story, "Woodman spare that tree," a very superfluous petition.

"Apples in the orchard,
Mellowing one by one,
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day,
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?"

All through the Eighth month our neighborhood was full of visitors, social enjoyment was at its height. Croquet and lawn-tennis in the mornings, picnics and baseball in the afternoons, riding parties in the evenings, dinners, teas and surprises all the time, probably convinced our city friends that to "plow and sow, and reap and mow," was not the sum total of farm life.

On the 22nd of this month, a very agreeable entertainment was given at the Lyceum. Music, tableaux, and twenty love-sick maidens in a scene from the opera of "Patience," surrounded a weary and disgusted Bunthorne. Several visitors ably assisted our native talent on this occasion.

The Ninth month came in with fine, cool weather,

and the crowds who thronged the fair grounds at Rockville, on the 2d, 3rd and 4th, were enabled to enjoy the really good exhibit in comfort. The varied products of house, garden and farm were most complete, and very noticeable were the fine herds of Jersey, Holstein and Devon cattle. Sandy Spring bore off premiums from every department.

It was in this month that our esteemed friends, Warwick P. and Mary M. Miller, started on a long contemplated trip to Europe, and the privileged few, who had the benefit of their delightful letters from foreign lands, enjoyed their wanderings with them.

Many of our neighbors who had not gone to the mountain or seashore earlier in the season, indulged in short trips on excursions to Luray and Pen-Mar.

On the first of Tenth month, Richard T. Bentley withdrew from the old mercantile firm at Sandy Spring, which his father had helped establish in 1817.

The annual exhibit of the Horticultural Society was omitted in the Tenth month, but all the various "clubs" and "associations" were in full tide, and so frequent were the weekly or monthly meetings at the various houses, it would seem sometimes as if social visiting was lost sight of, and society merged into societies.

The forests glowed with brilliant colors, crisp mornings and bright days invited to long walks and rides, but the farmer and his army of helpers had little time for recreation or observation of the beauties of October foliage. From early morn till dewy eve, his one idea was, potatoes, more potatoes, and still potatoes,—his one wish that he had a "patent hinge in his

back," as he bent again and again to his tiresome task. Thousands and thousands of bushels overflowed cellars, barns and bins, and still the plowshare perseveringly brought to light more tubers. Quantity, however, exceeded quality, and many bushels were hardly worth the gathering—frequent showers retarded the task, and other farm work pressed—

“John in the corn field
 Pulling golden ears,
 Cousin George, with hound and horn,
 Suddenly appears;
 Music ringing in the air,
 Over woods and rocks,
 Young Quakers, old Quakers,
 Followers of Fox.
 High—Low—and Beulah,
 Chase him to his den;
 Friendly hunters hold the ‘brush,’
 As mightier than Penn.
 Chestnuts in the ashes,
 Bursting thro’ the rind—
 Red leaf, gold leaf,
 Whistling down the wind;
 Housewife doing peaches
 All the afternoon—
 Don’t you think that Autumn’s
 Pleasanter than June?”

A large delegation of various ages attended Baltimore Yearly Meeting, the last of Tenth month, and a week or two afterwards, Sunderland P. Gardener, minister from New York State, who had addressed most acceptably that large gathering, preached in mid-week meeting here. His sermon was listened to with great interest by persons of all denominations present.

The first event in the Eleventh month was so sad that the grief and desolation of one stricken family and home spread like a pall over the entire neighborhood.

When I speak of Anna L., wife of Joseph T. Moore, who among us will not vividly recall the beauty of her face, her sweet voice, her cordial, pleasant manner and the indescribable, yet perfect charm of her lovely presence?

Of most humble opinion of herself and unappreciative of her own abilities, only her intimate relatives and friends knew how much she accomplished in life or were admitted to the inner temple of her cultivated and well-stored mind.

When differences arose, she was ever the peacemaker, and the safeguard of a tolerant spirit sealed her lips to the faults of others. Gossip and censure were outside the exalted realm of her conscience and character.

The "pure in heart shall see God."² A true lover of nature, she saw him always in his wondrous works, and took the keenest delight in the varied pictures presented by the changing seasons.

She had the gift of beholding the good and beautiful in all surrounding objects, and how often would she enjoy and comment upon the majestic approach of a storm, the exquisite tints of a fine sunset, the evening glow over the fields and woods.

With undaunted courage she submitted to a dangerous operation in the early summer, and without one word of repining or impatience, endured the pain and

discomfort that followed. If the prayers and blessings of the gentle Catholic Sisters, who crowded about her, on the morning of her departure from their kindly care, had been answered, we would now be rejoicing in her restoration to health instead of mourning her untimely loss. She seemed to fade with the changing season and falling leaf, and it was only too apparent that human skill and care and affection were powerless to save her. With unspeakable anguish her husband and children, her aged mother and her friends, saw her failing hour by hour. The pale messenger had touched her with icy fingers, and she was rapidly passing toward that unknown country, whence none could follow.

Behind the veil of this life, there is a mystery, which she penetrated on the 8th day of Eleventh month, 1885.

The central ornament of a happy home, the devoted wife, the queen mother among her sons and daughters, the faithful and loving friend has gone from us forever. Her memory shall exhort, and her example shall encourage and persuade those who come after, to emulate her truth, her purity and her virtues, and to hold in sweet remembrance the fragrance of her stainless life.

"She being dead. yet speaketh. all may hear
 The message left us, by her lovely life,
 In deeds that live. in actions that endure,
 As friend and sister. daughter, mother, wife.
 Then let not grief persuade us she is dead,
 She has but left us for fairer shore,
 And though her spirit heavenward may have fled
 Her influence remains forevermore."

Her funeral at Norwood on the afternoon of Eleventh month, 10th, was very large, and characterized by unusual quiet and solemnity, and on that occasion, Caroline H. Miller offered the following tribute :

It is impossible to give expression to the sense of loss experienced by the community at her death. Our hearts ache with a double sorrow, sorrow for you and for ourselves, nor can we put into words the admiration, almost adoration, which her heroism from first to last has inspired. The lesson of her calm courage, her patient and cheerful endurance, her unselfish consideration for others, and her triumphant close will live for generations, as will the gracious memory of her loveliness and charm. Heavy as is the bereavement, in view of her suffering and of her speedy release, let us, at least, try to say with our whole hearts

Oh, lovely and fair, we rejoice thou art there
In the kingdom of light, with its treasures untold,
Where the air thrills with joyous hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet, never grow old.

Eleventh month, 17th. Mary Snowden, of Ingle-side, was married in Baltimore, to Charles Warfield, of Howard County.

Christmas weather was fine and clear, and our schoolgirls returning from distant states to spend the holidays, brought their friends with them. Massachusetts, Texas, Pennsylvania, and many other sections, were represented in the gay, young parties that gathered round the blazing yule log.

December 25th, Mary Willis, daughter of Granville and Pattie T. Farquhar, was born.

About Christmas, and for some weeks after, there was much excitement in our midst over the disappearance of Philip Haviland, a Friend living some miles away, but belonging to the Orthodox meeting here.

His wagon was found abandoned on the pike, at "Sligo," and it was generally supposed he had been foully dealt with. Numerous persons from here assisted in the search for him, which was continued for days without developing anything of a satisfactory nature to clear up the mystery.

First month, 1st, 1886, was so balmy, so bright and so full of golden promises, the first quotation from the "Dickens Calendar," compiled by Mary Bentley Thomas, and published by Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, was singularly appropriate.

"We are bound by every rule of justice and equity, to give the New Year credit for being a good one until he proves himself unworthy the confidence reposed in him."

The annual statement of The Mutual Fire Insurance Company at this time showed an increase in risks of over half a million dollars above the previous year.

The condition of the Sandy Spring Savings Institution was no less prosperous.

First month, 7th. The Fourteenth, and largest Farmers' Convention ever held here, gathered at the Lyceum, with Henry C. Hallowell in the chair, and H. H. Miller and Frank Snowden, Secretaries. Several committees appointed last year read reports on the subjects of "Railroad Crossings," "Protection of Sheep" and "Creameries." Ex-Governor Hamilton

made an excellent impression on the meeting, by his speech, and especially pleased the farmers of Montgomery by saying that their crops of last year, as reported in the Club proceedings, exceeded those of his own county, though in former times, in Washington County, Montgomery was regarded almost as a desolate waste.

Resolutions were passed, instructing delegates to the "Farmers' Associations" to endeavor to have that body present a memorial to the Legislature, asking the establishment of an Agricultural Experiment Station.

First month, 9th. A blizzard and snow-storm occurred, which for days necessitated travel through the fields, the roads being impassable. Wagons returning from Washington were abandoned on the pike. A large force turned out and opened thoroughfares through huge drifts. With more than enough snow, the sleighing was wretched and hazardous, and the most devoted husband and father thought nothing of upsetting his entire family several times in a short ride.

The oldest inhabitant came promptly to the front with reminiscences of the days of his youth, when he sleighed right over fences and other trifling obstructions, and our storm sank into insignificance in the face of the superior discomforts of those "good old times." There was no difficulty in procuring an ample supply of ice, and it seemed thick enough and cold enough, but it was as nothing compared to the ice seen and remembered by our most ancient inhabitant of all, Friend Rebecca Russell, in the latter part

of the last century, when the Brandywine was frozen to its very bottom.

First month, 19th. The Rev. Frederic D. Powers, of Washington, delivered at the Lyceum a beautiful lecture on "The Life and Character of James A. Garfield."

Second Month, 24th. Dorothy Brooke, daughter of Charles F. and Corrie M. Brooke, was born.

Through January and February, it was often remarked, we were having a real old-fashioned season of clouds, storms, and piercing winds. "As the days lengthened, the cold strengthened," and the perfect picture of winter which Shakespeare presents in two verses, in—"Loves Labor Lost," might be quoted here, turned into prose. He tells of icicles hanging from the walls; of Dick, the shepherd, blowing on his hands to warm them with the same breath he blows his porridge to cool it; next, Tom drags huge logs to the great hall fire. Then follows the milkmaid, with her raw, red nose, the milk frozen in the pail; womanlike, she pities the poor, shivering birds outside in the snow. Neither do matters mend in church where there is such a noise of coughing as to drown the parson's discourse, one aisle answering to another, as if the congregation were playing at catching balls, instead of colds. Several of our friends were housed through the entire winter, some suffered from tedious illness, and there were more accidents than usual in the way of broken bones, and lesser casualties, and one narrow escape from a fallen limb, which pinned two young ladies to the earth until, like "truth, they rose again," almost miraculously un-

hurt. With terrific winds, uprooting many a tree, and scattering unnumbered branches, February blew itself out, and another winter with all its chances for home culture, all its distinctive indoor life, its cosy comforts, its freezing discomforts was over.

“Little fairy snow flakes,
Dancing in the flue,
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight—
Shadows come and go,
Merry chimes of sleigh-bells
Twinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings,
Pussy’s got the ball,
Don’t you think that Winter’s
Pleasanter than all?”

In the Third month, the subject of “local option” was again agitated, although it was supposed by all advocates of temperance, law and order, that this important question had been definitely settled at the polls by a majority of fifteen hundred.

The initiatory steps in opposing the reopening of this matter, were taken in Sandy Spring Monthly Meeting Temperance Society, and on the 12th of Third month, a number of our friends, with others from the county, carried to Annapolis petitions signed by three thousand, eight hundred and fifty names. These documents were brought to the notice of the Legislature by our able delegate, Philip D. Laird, of Rockville, in a short and decided speech, that did great credit to his head and heart.

“Reports from the County Board of Health have

also been presented to the Governor and Legislature, in the past year, and it is gratifying to know, that in our district, public attention to the rules of health has largely increased, and the improvement in the sanitary condition is very marked. The people seem to be in kindly sympathy with the board, as shown by their ready compliance with official and personal requests, and by applications to the members of the board for advice regarding the surroundings and arrangements of their homes." On several occasions the president, Henry C. Hallowell, has delivered lectures on sanitary science and rules of health, to large and interested audiences in different localities.

On late February or early March days, attention was attracted to stalwart figures, striding over the fields, bearing a curious tin arrangement, not unlike those used to illuminate the dark and devious ways of politicians in torch light processions. On nearer approach the farmer was seen to be enveloped in a cloud of fine seed, and this newcomer proved to be a patent clover-seed sower, capable of doing, in two hours, by the mere turning of a crank, the day's work of a man.

The corn-planter has also been added to our farming implements, since last year, and this does the work of six men in one day.

With all these labor-saving machines, people seem to be as much pressed for time as ever.

South Carolina Rock has now stood the test of three years' use in our section, and its benefit to the soil is an assured fact; the introduction of it has greatly reduced the price of other fertilizers.

On the evening of Third month, 30th, Madam Neyman, of Germany, delivered a lecture at the Lyceum on "Woman's Mission to Humanity." The small audience that braved the inclement weather was well repaid in listening to a very beautiful discourse, most charmingly delivered, and was greatly edified by Caroline H. Miller's introductory remarks.

The Third month completes the circle of our historical year, and in lieu of other items, I will note some events of general interest that have been scattered through the past months.

While we have had one pleasant addition to our neighborhood in Dr. W. French Green, of Virginia, assistant to Dr. Magruder, we have sustained some losses in the removal of friends to distant states.

Clara Chalfant and family have located in Atlanta, Georgia; Richard Magruder has gone to Massachusetts; Frederic P. and George H. Moore to New York City; Mary P. Thomas to Denver, Colorado.

Miss Tillum and Miss Pierce have returned from Pennsylvania, and are keeping house near Brighton, and Katherine Stabler, after a brief visit to the far west, has established herself in a home at Ashton.

There have been several transfers of property. Henry C. Hallowell bought from Mary L. Roberts a strip of woodland adjoining Rockland.

Mrs. Mary G. Tyson and daughters are to be congratulated on the purchase of "Kentmore," they will soon have a pleasant, new home erected, which is to be rechristened "Marden."

Thomas Lea, senior, has bought land opposite "Springdale," and is preparing to build on it.

Admiral James E. Jouett now owns "Fulford."

In extending a welcome to this distinguished officer of the navy, let us hope that when he has "beaten his sword into a plowshare, and his spear into a pruning-hook, he will be as successful in the peaceful arts of agriculture, as he has heretofore been renowned in the sterner duties of war.

Our principal schools, Rockland and Sherwood, have been full and flourishing, our public schools obtain their quota, and Edith B. Thomas has a small school at Clifton, which may, perhaps, in the future, compare as the oak to the acorn.

Miss Alice Tyson has calisthenic and dancing classes at Rockland and Fulford. It is evident that while young ideas are taught to shoot,—young muscles are to be instructed in the best ways of strength and grace.

It is pleasant to note an improvement every year in various homes, as well as in outbuildings and shelter for stock.

Philip Stabler has built a fine barn. Three houses have gone up on the main avenue, and a new porch at Avon.

Sherwood Mill has been enlarged, a conservatory and other pleasant changes made at "The Cedars."

James P. Stabler has finished a very complete workshop at Sharon.

Although history should perhaps only deal with accomplished facts, yet it is rumored that the long-contemplated creamery is actually in process of construction as well as a new dwelling on R. Rowland Moore's farm.

The ladies at Sunset and Mt. Airy are rejoicing in new conservatories.

Clifton house, like an old Friend with a modern fashionable bonnet on, has been re-roofed, and both it and Bloomfield house are looking through larger spectacles than ever before. The ancient, small panes of glass in the windows having been replaced by large lights, to the great benefit of the livers; and last, but not least, Sandy Spring store has discarded its old doors, honeycombed by nails, that held in place ten thousand notices, and has blossomed out in new glass doors! With time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes silk, and somebody may build a new store on to those doors.

It would be interesting, if we could compare a full schedule of old prices with more modern ones. As one instance, I will cite, that when business began at this old store, candy was twelve and a half cents, or a "levy," a stick, and I fear that one stick went a great way in a family. Last Christmas at Sandy Spring and Ashton, about one thousand pounds of candy were sold, some of it not more per pound than was the former single stick.

While some of our citizens have added fine registered Jersey cows to their herds, and have greatly increased the motive power on their farms, we have not, in the aggregate, gained in stock, as the mortality has been great, and among horses, almost unprecedented, five having died in one week at Alloway, from a mysterious disease, supposed by some to be diphtheria.

CONCLUSION.

While some lives in our midst have been sadly and completely changed in the past year, yet, taken as a whole, it has been a comparatively uneventful period for our neighborhood. Remote from railroads, with no manufacturing interests, it would seem as if the turmoil of the outside world would not quickly effect us, yet, so intricate are the links that bind all people together in the struggle for existence, and so constant is the demand of need and supply, we are more or less dependent upon the extent of city traffic as the citizen is undoubtedly dependent upon the prosperity of the farmer.

In common with great corporations, and with merchants and shippers, we have felt the effect of the numerous strikes at the north and west, and the widespread war between labor and capital. A constant fluctuation and depression in prices and a want of security in stocks and investments, has been the result. When millers are boycotted, wheat falls below par. The value of our acres and their cultivation, and produce, is the grand source of national wealth, and a large proportion of the inhabitants of our fair land are tillers of the soil; yet they are most inadequately represented in Congress and in our Legislatures by farmers, which is evidenced by the fact, that a Standing Committee on Agriculture in the House of Representatives has never thought it worth while even to make a report. Why should not a Department of Agriculture, with a cabinet officer at its head, be a natural and necessary part of government?

Why should not a National Agricultural College be established at some central point, where "cadets" from the farm would receive the same advantages of scientific training and education that are bestowed on the students at the military and naval academies at West Point and Annapolis?

It would seem as commendable to teach a certain number of young "husbandmen" the best methods of cultivating the ground, and feeding the world, as to instruct another set of youths in the most efficacious ways of fighting the world. Branch colleges and experimental stations in every state, presided over by the graduates of the "national farm," would give a new dignity and prominence to farmers.. A sheaf of wheat, or a sickle, would look just as well on a brass button, as an eagle or an anchor.

It is a maxim of the Hindoo, that he who sows the ground with care and diligence acquires a greater degree of religion than he could have gained by the repetition of ten thousand prayers.

One of the most immediate effects of agricultural life is, that it imparts a settled disposition, and a greater degree of local attachment; the very method also of procuring subsistence from the earth renders the spot which is the subject of cultivation familiar, and a kind of natural gratitude for the increase tends to endear it to the mind.

In the early times of the Republic of Rome, when patriotism was more than an empty name, the highest praise that could be given a man was to say of him, that he had "well cultivated his spot of ground."

Let us hope in the historical year we are just en-

tering upon that not only may our land be well and profitably tilled, but that it be made to support free, of the incubus of debt, those dependent on it.

Too often the farmer is under the harrow of mortgages, running accounts and interest money, and thus misses the peace of mind only possible to those who live in accordance with Mr. Micawber's immortal receipt for true enjoyment of life.

"Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditures, nineteen pounds, six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditures, twenty pounds, six; result, misery.

"The grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for," and with all of these, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us every one."

CHAPTER IV.

From April, 1886, to April, 1887.

Rebecca Russell's hundredth birthday—Hall built by Brighton Grange—Poor crops—Large convention of farmers at Lyceum—Library built—Obituaries of Sarah B. Stabler, Patience H. Leggett, James S. Hallowell, Mary B. Hall, William Henry Farquhar, William L. Kinnard and Benjamin H. Murry.

Our annual meeting, Fourth month, 7th, 1886, was held on a dark and stormy night, and the sensible resolution was offered and carried, by a comparatively small assembly, to have the date of all future meet-

ings governed by the full moon, and thus enable our people to reach the Lyceum with comfort and safety by the aid of nature's universal lantern.

In the several years I have held this unfortunate position, Dame Nature has never before permitted me to chronicle an early spring.

But, very soon in Fourth month, 1886, there was a great awakening.

Out in the orchard, under the coarse bark of the apple trees, over in the woods, beneath the rind of the birch and the maple, the chestnut, and the ash, under the dead leaves, on the hillside, where the arbutus was struggling into life, down in the meadows, where the brown grasses were brightening, out on the lawn, where the emerald was just beginning to assert itself over winter's wear of sombre gray, without noise or friction, or any visible movement, millions of horse power was at work.

There was a stir in the grave of the crocus, the dead spears of last year's lily began to feel a gentle pressure from below; the tufts of yellow grass-green blades thrust up their heads, roots of the dandelion rustled in anticipation of a coming coronation, and in every fibre of the oak and elm a force which no man may number, and no human strength resist, was marching straight upwards. The irresistible force of growth had come back to gladden the world!

The work of its sappers and miners was beginning to appear. They were pushing up their spears in meadow and field, they were climbing to the battlements in forest and orchard, they hovered on the hill-sides, and pitched their tents in the valleys. Their leg-

ions were tramping noiselessly, but constantly, into the treetops—each with its folded banner.

Presently, when all had reached their stations, even to the furthest twig, there was a flutter in the orchards, and the world awoke to find itself once more possessed with the beauty of the fragrant blossoms of the apple and the peach.

To take advantage of all this early renewal of life, gardening was commenced very soon in the season, but it was too wet to make much progress.

Fourth month, 20th. Francis Miller gave an interesting lecture, at the Lyceum, on the "Good Old Times," which he proved to be quite inferior to the better "New Times" we are now enjoying.

On the afternoon of Fifth month, 18th, the old meeting-house was crowded with people to witness the marriage ceremony between Francis Snowden and Fanny Brooke Stabler. A similar event had not taken place within its venerable walls since the bride's mother was married there more than thirty years ago. Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom left for Niagara, and on returning from their trip settled at Ingleside.

In this month, Robert, Isabel and Janet Miller went to Europe, and Lucy Snowden and Lizzie Gilpin to Minneapolis.

My record of the Fifth month is somewhat like the lament of the "Ancient Mariner," "Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

Rains continued almost without intermission, and when it occasionally cleared, it seemed only to gather strength for another flood. The theory with some

persons, that after locust year there is always an unusual downpour, seemed verified; and enough water sank deep into the earth through the perforations of that industrious seventeen-year-old insect, to insure the rise of streams and springs.

On Fifth month, 25th, our esteemed friend, Sarah B. Stabler, of Sharon, died in her eighty-fifth year. Her life had been spent "far from the madding crowd," and nearly all of it at Sharon, where she was born, married and died. Although her school education was all completed within the short limit of seven months, her self-culture was so constant that few, indeed, were so thoroughly educated as she. Of a fine poetic nature, a keen sense of humor, and an ever-ready wit, we can all recall the pleasures of her most excellent and improving society.

Her literary ability was of a marked character, and her intimate friends were often delighted by her admirable prose or poetry, which her innate modesty and self-depreciation kept from the general public.

The poem, which was read at the dedication of this Lyceum, and the poem with which she favored us, retrospective of a period of twenty years, will live in our grateful memories.

She seldom went from home, except to attend the meetings of the Horticultural Society, of which she was an interested and valued member.

The cultivation of rare and beautiful flowers was her delight and recreation, and the "Roses of Sharon" were as fragrant and perfect as those which inspired the song of King Solomon so many centuries ago in Judea.

Sheltered from every care by the devotion of her daughter, and the loving ministrations of children and grandchildren, her life flowed on to its peaceful close.

While convalescing from a severe illness in 1879, she wrote the following lines, expressing most feelingly her trust in a merciful Father and a future life.

“I seem to stand in waiting on the verge
Of that dividing river,
Which lies between earth’s scenes
And rolls its surge
To scenes which last forever.

“Yearning to meet those friends
So dear to me,
Who have the waves crossed over,
Yet clinging fondly to the forms I see
Around my sick-bed hover.

“How shall I choose between the Angels there,
Beyond my earthly vision,
And those dear angels who
Attend me here—
How shall I reach decision?

“It is not thine to choose;
Wait, then, and trust
All to the Great Life-Giver.
The loving Father, merciful and just,
Who doth all souls deliver.

“And there I rest, with all my friends on earth,
More dear to me than ever,
With hope that I may some time
Have a birth
In blissful life forever.”

Sixth month, 3rd. The spring meeting of the Agricultural Society was held at Rockville, and four out of five premiums awarded for flowers to Sandy Spring people.

Sixth month, 9th. Patience H. Leggett died at Norwood, in her seventy-seventh year.

Coming from the State of New York, she had dwelt among us, as one of us, for nearly a quarter of a century, and her loving and sympathetic nature made her the cherished companion of all ages.

It was her happy fate to grow old gracefully, and to retain in a marked degree the confidence and affection of the young.

The poor and needy were not only the recipients of her bounty, but of the kindly considerate word and manner so often withheld from those of humble station.

The death of a beloved daughter seemed to loosen her hold on life, and while the untiring devotion of her granddaughter, the love and care of children and friends strove to mitigate an irreparable loss, it seemed she could not survive her sorrow. She was called in a moment from this breathing world, into the great silence beyond, and died without suffering.

Few faces have been as peaceful and beautiful in the calm repose of death as was hers on the afternoon of Sixth month, 11th, when a large concourse attended her funeral and followed her remains to their last resting-place.

Sixth month, 12th, 13th, 14th, our quarterly meeting was held, with a smaller attendance than usual, but a great gain in order and quiet. A committee of

young people having been wisely appointed to enforce a correct and becoming behavior in the place of worship.

Heavy and unusual rains prevailed at this time, and our farmers, always on the verge of ruin, and generally in despair over the prospective or actual failure of some crops, were now in the depths about their potatoes. There seemed no possibility of getting this valuable tuber entombed.

Again and again would the potatoes, the fertilizers, the laborers, and the farmer, be grouped in the field; again and again would the floods descend, and a sad dripping procession wind homeward, leaving the potato still unplanted, and many of them were not under ground until after wheat was cut; meanwhile vegetation was most luxuriant, and ill-weeds grew apace in the moist atmosphere.

In June, Mary P. Thomas, who had gone a few months previously to Denver, Colorado, on a visit, was married to Frederick Jackson, of that place, and permanently settled in her new home.

Sixth month, 20th. On 1st day afternoon, President Edward H. Magill, of Swarthmore College, lectured most instructively on the subject of higher education. Many of his former pupils were interested listeners.

Sixth month, 30th. Alice, daughter of Alban G. and Sadie P. Brooke, was born.

Seventh month, 12th. Our esteemed friend, James S. Hallowell, died in his sixty-fifth year, at Clifton Springs, New York, where he had gone for the benefit of his health.

In his younger days he was employed as a teacher in the school of his uncle, the late Benjamin Hallowell, of Alexandria, Virginia. At the outbreak of the war he came to Sandy Spring and taught in the public school to the lasting gratitude of those who had the benefit of his thorough system of instruction. Afterwards, he established a flourishing boarding-school at Fulford, which he conducted with success for some years. During President Lincoln's administration he served as disbursing clerk in the postoffice department, and since that time he was employed in farming near Brookeville.

As was fittingly said of him by Henry C. Hallowell, in the minutes of the Farmer's Club:

"We all feel that a warm and generous heart has ceased to beat. A man of untiring energy, unbounded benevolence, and scorning what was little and mean, he will long be remembered. His kindness to dumb and helpless animals around him was proverbial. Carrying grain in his pockets to scatter upon the snow, during severe winters, for the birds, or taking long walks after night in town to feed and water animals turned out upon the commons to die.

"His remains were followed to their last resting place, July 14th, and sincere grief was manifested over his open grave."

Seventh month, 20th. R. Rowland Moore and Margaret G. Tyson were married at Marden by Friends' ceremony. The bride and groom went to their charming new home, "Amersley."

Our summer run of company, whose tide sets hitherward in July, reaches flood in August, and ebbs

away in September and October was now invading and overflowing our borders. Guests arriving and departing almost daily by private and public conveyances, and friends, old and new, greeting us in the highways, our homes, and at the old meeting-house.

We were thankful to have raised enough provender to satisfy the pangs of foreign hunger, and the constant death-cry of the spring chicken was heard in the land.

It was a pleasant fact that many of these guests were not strangers, but our own people, who had wandered far and wide, returning joyfully to their birth-place.

Sandy Spring is rich in outlying colonies. We have them in Washington, Baltimore and Staunton, Virginia; in Philadelphia, Germantown, Swarthmore, York, Pa.; in New York; in Lawrence, Medford and Pittsfield, Mass.; Minneapolis, Minnesota; St. Louis and Weston, Missouri; in Michigan, Denver and Colorado Springs, Col.; Sacramento and Yuba City, Cal.; Atlanta, Ga.; and the Sandwich Islands.

From the North, South, East and West, come delegates to tread again the paths of youth, and drink once more from the old familiar spring.

How often in this, as in every country place, has the old story been repeated.

“An old farm house, with pastures wide,
Sweet with flowers on every side;
A restless lad who looks without
The porch, with wood vine twined about,
Wishes a thought within his heart—
Oh, if I only could depart,

From this dull place the world to see,
Ah, me! how happy I would be!"

"Amid the city's ceaseless din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, wishing, all day long,
'Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadows could I see,
Ah, me! how happy would I be!'"

Seventh month, 28th. Edith, daughter of J. Janney and Helen Shoemaker, was born.

Seventh month, 31st. Anna Leggett, daughter of Joseph, jr., and Estelle T. Moore, was born.

Eighth month, 2d. An entertainment was given at the Lyceum for the benefit of a charity in Alexandria. Caroline H. Miller delivered an interesting introductory, and Henry C. Hallowell read an original poem.

Ninth month, 1st, 2d, and 3rd, the weather was most propitious for holding the Rockville Fair, which was largely attended, the exhibit notably good, especially as regarded the display of stock. The pens were crowded with Jersey, Durham, and Holstein cattle, many of them thoroughbred, with imposing pedigrees.

Seventeen premiums were awarded to Rockland, alone, for various products, and many others distributed among our people.

Eighth month, 31st. A severe earthquake occurred on the southeastern coast of the continent, almost destroying the City of Charleston, and giving Sandy Spring a perceptible shake.

For more than a week afterwards repeated shocks occurred in the south, many of them distinctly felt in our section.

One of the newspapers, strong on statistics, asserted that 27,000 women arose in afright, on the earthquake night, convinced there was a man in the room. The strong-minded females in our neighborhood attributed the shaking to a dog under the bed, or the passing of a heavy wagon.

Ninth month, 9th. The Horticultural exhibit which had been omitted the previous year, was a very great success. The weather in the morning was extremely threatening, but as we have always been greatly favored in that respect, the people were encouraged to bring their products of the field, garden and house, and in the afternoon it cleared beautifully. The display was unusually good, and a large assembly enjoyed the show, as well as mingling with friends from all parts of the neighborhood and county.

Excellent speeches were made by the president, Henry C. Hallowell, Francis Miller, C. R. Harts-horne, John M. Smith and Admiral Jouett.

Ninth month, 15th. A very rainy day, but two hundred visitors from the neighboring Granges of Olney, Liberty Grove, and Glenwood, assembled to assist Worthy Master Murray, of Maryland State Grange, in the ceremony of dedicating the new hall of Brighton Grange.

In less than nine months, the whole preparatory work of agreeing on plans, securing money, and making contracts, as well as the actual labor of the mason, carpenter and painter was done.

The hall is two stories, with grange room, and ante-rooms above, and public hall below, and part of its foundation rests on the site of a "chapel of ease," erected by permission of the British Government in 1758, and which was afterwards destroyed by a storm.

This was the first place of worship built in this part of the county, and the church as well as the state, was supported by a general tax on the people, which tax was paid in tobacco.

Speeches were made by Henry C. Hallowell, Mr. Murry, Dr. Hutton, C. R. Hartshorne and others, and an appropriate closing was given to the occasion by the reading of a historical sketch of the location of the new hall and immediate neighborhood by the Hon. A. B. David.

The soft September air or some other influence, seemed to bring the people together oftener than usual, in outdoor assemblies, for on Ninth month, 23rd, a large temperance meeting was held at the Lyceum, and in the adjoining grove a large audience listened, with interest and benefit, to excellent addresses, made by Frank and Caroline Miller, Mrs. Riley and Edwin Higgins, of Baltimore, and Mrs. Washington, of Vermont.

About this time the farmer with the products of the farm all gathered, was able to sum up the profits and losses of the year, and was obliged to contemplate the result with a face almost as long as the rest of his body.

The unprecedented rains of May, June and July had added greatly to the cost of planting and harvesting

his crops, while lessening their value. Hay was abundant in quantity, but poor in quality; wheat, corn and potatoes were all short, and the yield of fruit less than usual. Chestnuts and walnuts were very scarce, and the most persevering schoolboy could hardly have gathered a pint of chinquapins in an afternoon. Certainly it was a season when, if ever, the agriculturist could, with propriety, revel in gloom.

Tenth month, 19th. Charles F. Kirk and Annie Brooke were married, by Friends' ceremony, at P'rooke Grove. After a trip through Virginia the young couple settled in a portion of Fair Hill house, which had been comfortably renovated for the event.

Early in this month a Good Templar's Lodge was established at Olney, mainly through the exertions of Edith Farquhar and Mary Magruder. Dr. William E. Magruder was elected Chief Templar. Its membership numbers eighty, and it has exerted a beneficial influence.

On Tenth month, 19th, after nearly a year of sickness and suffering, Mary B. Hall, wife of E. J. Hall, entered into rest.

Inheriting many of the strong characteristics of her father, Roger Brooke, of Brooke Grove, she was of a most hospitable and energetic nature, and her life had been full of kindness and benevolence to all around her.

In the midst of untiring industry, she found time for extensive reading of the better class of books, and her literary taste was excellent.

Her interests were many and varied, and her cheerfulness and humor made her a delightful companion

to old and young. Her illness had been borne with fortitude, and no murmurs or repinings passed her lips in all the long months of utter dependence on devoted relations and friends.

On the morning of the 21st, in the presence of a large concourse, she was laid in the family enclosure at Longwood, amid the flowers she had so carefully tended and loved.

Eleventh month, 18th. At the residence of the bride, by the Rev. John R. Cadden, Lewis W. Steer, of Philadelphia, was married to Virginia L. Holland, of this place.

Eleventh month, 21st. The barn and outbuildings at Ingleside were burnt very early in the morning. Crops and horses were destroyed, but the loss was fortunately nearly covered by insurance.

Eleventh month, 24th, at St. Bartholomew's Church, Montgomery County, by the Rev. Dr. Hutton, assisted by the Rev. William W. H. Laird, Charles R. Hartshorne and Ella M. Lansdale, were married.

Twelfth month, 8th. Mr. Bukofsky, our harness-maker at Sandy Spring, died after a lingering illness.

Always an invalid, his industry was marked, and he had the prudent forethought to insure his life, and was thus enabled to leave his faithful wife in comfortable circumstances.

Twelfth month, 12th. Mildred H., daughter of John C. and Cornelia H. Bentley, was born.

Twelfth month, 24th. Ernest Iddings and Miss Minnie Rust, of Washington, were married. The young couple are located at Elton.

Twelfth month, 20th. Helen S., daughter of Samuel and Florence Wetherald, was born.

Twelfth month, 24th. Christmas Eve, our venerable friend, Rebecca Russell, attained her hundredth year. Many persons visited her on this memorable birthday, and enjoyed her bright and interesting conversation; and some time after, this remarkable old lady went out sleighing. As an encouragement to our illustrious spinster band, the most careful research has failed to find a married woman in this vicinity who ever lived to be a century old.

First month, 1st, 1887, passed quietly, with but little social visiting or formal calls.

Charles Lamb says, that no one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. "To muse and moralize upon that day is human; but, in truth, every day is a new year's day, and should afford a prospect, or a retrospect; should be a day of remembrance, or a feast of hope."

First month, 23rd. Maurice L., son of Edward N. and Hallie C. Bentley, was born.

The Farmers' Convention held at the Lyceum on First month, 18th, was one of the largest and most animated ever held, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. The president, Henry C. Hallowell, in his opening address called the attention of his audience to the vast area of undeveloped land in the United States, and the fact that the American farmer failed to exercise those small economies that make, in a large degree, the prosperity of the foreign tiller of the soil. While we import eggs by the millions, and cabbage by the ship load, there is room for greater

watchfulness and care in so-called little things that make up the great aggregates.

Various committees reported on railroad crossings, protection of sheep, diseases of cattle, taxation, agricultural experiment stations, etc. Reports were read by Dr. Mahlon Kirk, secretary of the Senior Club, by Benjamin H. Miller, secretary of the Enterprise Club, and Allan Farquhar, secretary of the Montgomery Club. Much discussion followed on those topics agreed upon, namely: How can we make our farms pay better? Would the adoption of the township system be advisable in Maryland? Can we lessen the acreage of corn to advantage? How much improved machinery should a farmer purchase, etc.?

A pleasant and profitable day was passed, the inner man being sustained by a bountiful lunch, provided by the Clubs' wives and daughters, to whom a vote of thanks was unanimously tendered.

Second month, 17th. William Henry Farquhar passed away in his seventy-fourth year. He was the son of Amos Farquhar, of Carroll County, Md., and Mary Elgar, of Montgomery County.

The Farquhars were of Scotch descent, and of strongly-marked characteristics; some of that name are prominent in naval circles, and others have been in public life. Amos Farquhar was a farmer in comfortable circumstances, but was induced to engage in cotton manufacturing in York, Pa., where William Henry Farquhar, was born in 1813. The venture was unprofitable, and the family returned to Maryland, and settled in Sandy Spring, when the subject of this

sketch was eleven years old, and where he ever after resided.

His devoted and helpful wife was a daughter of Isaac Briggs, a friend of Jefferson's, who appointed him to assist in surveying the then new Louisiana Purchase.

William Henry Farquhar was a student from earliest years, and numerous anecdotes are told of his precocity and fondness for books. He completed his education, with his brother-in-law, Benjamin Hallowell, in Alexandria, Virginia, and afterwards assisted him in his large and influential school. He was designed for the law, but a threatened weakness of eyesight caused an abandonment of this design. He became then a farmer and teacher, and was soon prominently identified with the educational interests of Montgomery County.

In connection with his sister, Mary W. Kirk, he reestablished Fair Hill boarding-school, where there were at one time fifty boarders.

He was the president of the board of school commissioners, county surveyor, a civil engineer of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, president of the Sandy Spring lyceum, one of the original directors of The Mutual Fire Insurance Co., promoter of the turnpike from Ashton to Olney (afterwards consolidated with the union pike, of which he was a director), a candidate for the State Senate, an influential member of the grange, director in the Sandy Spring savings institution, and taker of the census on two occasions. He was historian for twenty

years, the result having been given in the "Annals of Sandy Spring."

These various positions indicate the value placed upon his services by his fellow-citizens, and his interest in everything tending to advance the welfare of his county. His opinion was frequently sought by his neighbors, who had great confidence in his judgment.

He was a successful farmer, having, without capital, converted a barren and forbidding tract into a productive and profitable farm. His views were always rather in advance of his friends, particularly on the subject of African slavery, education, and reforms generally, but without bigotry, granting to others the liberty of opinions that he claimed for himself.

He was a forcible writer, expressing himself fluently with the pen, and his literary honesty was absolute. Always a devourer of books, with a mind well stored, yet ever with the thirst of true knowledge, acquiring more.

He was for half a century the intellectual center of the community. In character, he was pure and childlike, of unimpeachable integrity, of the strictest veracity, and a warm, social disposition. His pupils, scattered far and wide, retained the sincerest affection and esteem for him.

One who had known him for many years, remarked that he had never heard him utter one word that might not have been said in the presence of his wife or daughter; and with this testimony to the refinement of his heart, we leave him enshrined in the grateful memories of those who were made better and happier by his long and useful life.

The three winter months were made memorable by a succession of dark days, bitter cold, and frequent storms. The fortunate few, perhaps, fled to the cities and escaped some of the discomforts inseparable from a winter in the country. These very discomforts enable the home life to deepen. The season indoors seems just to reverse the order of outward seasons; plans gather vigor, and we bend ourselves to the hard intellectual work of the year. The winter brings heart and mind to their full force and growth. Nature's winter often seems the human summer time; then spring begins to make us languid, and the busy summer of earth life brings to ourselves a pause and rest and comparative inertness.

So as nature is resting and sleeping outdoors, indoors it is all action—hands oftener meet hands in works of service, and friends are drawn closer to friends. The book comes forth in the long evening, the story-telling begins, the fathers and mothers gather the children around their knees by the cheerful blaze, that blaze, itself the sunshine of old springs and summers in the far-off past.

While the citizen, in his close environment of bricks and mortar, his endless distraction, has eternal rumble and noise of teeming life and traffic, commiserates us in our frozen solitudes, we in turn find advantages in a "leisure," which Socrates says is the finest of all possessions, and in an isolation which should increase and strengthen every resource of mind and memory.

Third month, 4th. Elsie Brooke, daughter of Frank and Fannie Snowden, was born.

Third month, 25th. William L. Kinnard, aged eighty years, dropped dead in his field, while plowing his first furrough in the morning.

A native of Pennsylvania, he had dwelt here many years, and was a man of integrity. He was a strong advocate of temperance, frequently speaking in public on that subject.

Third month, 29th. A tenant house on Fair Hill farm burned to the ground with considerable loss to its inmates of clothing and bedding.

Third month, 31st. Benjamin W. Hallowell Murry, the bright and interesting little son of James and Bridget Murry, died of that dreaded disease, scarlet fever. His parents had earnest sympathy in this severe affliction.

On the last day of April, we did not exactly have the "flowers that bloom in the spring," but a deep snow that gave us as wintery a landscape as any we had enjoyed through the past six months.

On that evening the young ladies and gentlemen from the manor gave an excellent entertainment at the lyceum for the benefit of the library. A series of beautiful tableaux, and a well-acted play, delighted a small, but appreciative, audience with a closing scene, illustrating the sad, sad state of Sandy Spring society. The curtain rolled up disclosing a brave, but solitary youth surrounded by at least fifteen attentive young ladies.

Besides the Grange Hall at Brighton, in the past year, R. Rowland Moore's house was completed and occupied.

Thomas Lea built a comfortable home at Eldon.

Additions and improvements have been made at Alloway and "The Cedars," and wind mills and water introduced at both of these places and at Sunset. The old homestead at Fair Hill has almost a new interior, while retaining its outward characteristics.

Admiral Jouett has made various improvements at "The Anchorage," and it would be difficult to find the Fulford beneath the skillful changes and adornments, that have beautified this pleasant home.

Our only and original Sandy Spring admiral has, with his usual generosity, started a zoological garden by the importation of a wild African pig. It is rumored about that no husband should be without one, for so terrifying is this uncivilized porker to the feminine heart, that the mandate "turn out the pig!" clears the whole surrounding county of female society, and leaves the distinguished naval officer a veritable Robinson Crusoe in an uninhabited space.

Mr. Henderson has added greatly, by expensive machinery, to his milling facilities.

Samuel Bond bought land and built a new store on the Brookeville pike, near Norbeck.

The historian's suggestion of last year, that a new structure be built to the modern glass doors of the old Sandy Spring store, is about to be adopted, and as our neighborhood has, with its usual shrinking modesty, gone ahead in so many things, we hope, when this new emporium is finished, to make Wanamaker tremble.

An important prospect which should interest all our people is the new library. The money has been subscribed and the foundation dug, on which to erect a

neat and suitable building. If all the "Old Bachelors" in Sandy Spring, would rise to the occasion and liberally endow this good work with sufficient means to make it a real success, there is not, I feel sure, a single unappropriated blessing in the whole community who would not obligate herself to keep their memories green forever.

Charles R. Hartshorne bought property from Richard I. Lea, and George L. Stabler, making a considerable addition to Leawood farm.

Thomas J. Lea sold his farm to Edmund Boswell, and his meadow to Edward Gilpin.

Added to the fourteen clubs and societies already established, and in working order, this year has produced still another, called "The Social Religious Circle," for the dissemination of Friends' principles, and more thorough knowledge of the same, especially among the young.

Llewellen Massey and family moved to Staunton, Va., where he has established a boarding school.

Walter Scott and wife moved to Baltimore.

Charles Palmer, A. M., a graduate of Swarthmore College, has taken charge of Sherwood Academy. The assistant teachers are Fanny E. Hartley, Alice T. Stabler and Sarah T. Moore.

Roger Brooke graduated at the University of Maryland, and received his diploma of M. D.

The two important corporations of the neighborhood, "The Mutual Fire Insurance Company and The Sandy Spring Savings Institution, show an increasing prosperity, notwithstanding the depression in farming interests.

The Fire Insurance Company had an unusual amount of losses, all of which were promptly met.

The Savings Institution has received, in the past year, over seven thousand dollars from depositors, and there is now to their credit over \$220,000, in this useful institution.

"The mellowing hours of passing time" have again brought me to the close of another year's history, with its lights and shadows, its smiles and tears, its outside interests, its closer every day home-life.

I have often been asked in far off sections, if Sandy Spring was a large town, or a village, and I have always said it was unique in being neither, but most emphatically a "neighborhood."

When we analyze that word, we find that "neighbor" is from the Anglo Saxon, signifying near or intimate, "one whose abode is not distant," "hood" is from a word signifying, state or degree. Therefore, neighborhood means a close community of near or intimate people living on adjoining estates. Burke says there is a "law of neighborhood that does not leave a man perfectly master on his own ground." and certainly we are so closely connected here, by the ties of kinship or of friendship, that we are greatly dependent one on the other, for nearly all the comforts and good cheer of life. The joys and pleasures of one household are shared by many, and especially when sickness or death spreads its anxiety or distress over one family, all stretch out the helping hand, or offer words of sympathy and love.

I have heard that in all the rope used in the British Navy, there is woven a bright red strand, so that

wherever an inch of it is found, it can be recognized.

Would it not be well for all our people, either by birthright or adoption, to cultivate a certain pride of neighborhood, a standard of moral and mental excellence, a forbearance and charity for each other, that should be the red strand, the prominent trait whereby we might be indentified as Sandy Spring people?

The traveler tells us, that over the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan, there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches.

Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, "All that which pleases is only for a moment; over the other is a sculptured cross, and there are the words, "All that which troubles is only for a moment;" underneath the grand central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is which is eternal."

Each year we gather some of the roses of life and inhale their sweet fragrance, and we are called upon at times to taste the cup of sorrow and to pass under the rod.

Each day we should practice truth, and affection and charity, for these indeed are alone eternal.

CHAPTER V.

From Fourth Month, 1887. to Fourth Month, 1888.

Baseball and excursions—Long, cold winter—Terrible blizzard, roads blocked—Moncure D. Conway and Mrs. Zeralda Wallace lectured—Five railroads projected—Obituaries of Mary Wetherald, Francis Miller and Elizabeth Fowler.

If a nation is happy and fortunate that makes no history Sandy Spring may be considered among the blessed in the past year.

My notes were indeed few and far between, and when I began to amplify them I determined to petition in future to be allowed a poet's license, the imagination of the novelist, or the erratic fancy of the modern advertiser.

The historian is forbidden to paint the lily white, or to gild refined gold; strict veracity, the narrow limits of unvarnished truth, must make the narrative of any value.

Facts have indeed been "stubborn" things to deal with since the world began, and unless my good friends and neighbors before me will consent to furnish me with extraordinary deeds or wonderful achievements, I am compelled to offer them year after year the same old hash, hoping for a little variety in the seasoning.

Even the spring of 1887 was one of those average seasons that refuses to be commented on. We were

not amazed by a premature outburst of vegetation, nor made weary by long waiting for the first green leaf. The grass grew, the trees budded at the usual time, in the usual manner; and usual things, as every one knows, are prosaic and uninteresting.

The 12th of Fourth month, 1887, was, however, a delightful balmy day, and on that afternoon many relatives and friends from this vicinity, and from New York, Baltimore and Richmond, assembled at Norwood to witness the Friends' form of marriage ceremony between Mary L. Moore and Jos. W. Tilton, of Jenkintown, Penna., where the young couple went to live.

Fifth month, 18th. Walter Thomas, of Baltimore, was married by Episcopal ceremony to Mary Elliott, at her home, Brooke Meadow.

In this month, Madam Neyman lectured at the lyceum, on "woman's suffrage," in her intelligent and interesting manner.

Sixth month, 4th. Henry Tyson, son of R. Rowland and Margaret G. T. Moore, was born.

Many strangers attended our Quarterly Meeting, the second week in June. An unusual proportion of young people were present, good order and quiet prevailed, and it was a season of social and religious enjoyment to all.

Rainy and unseasonable weather continued through this month to the detriment of outdoor work, and the dismay of the farmer, who was, however, thereby provided with his customary grievance, and enabled to blame the elements in his peculiar and time-honored fashion.

Charles Dickens, who knew as little about the tiller of the soil, and made as few allusions to country life, as almost any other author, said: "The Farmers! it is surprising how much ruin they will bear, every season is the worst season known."

The Seventh month was characterized by extreme heat, the mercury ranged persistently from 90° to 100°, day after day, and week after week, until existence was merged into a vain endeavor to keep cool. Many of our inhabitants fled away to mountain or seashore, and safe in their temperate zones, could hardly credit the scorching letters and red-hot postal cards sent them from home.

Nine of our young ladies determined to have variety without money and without price, and to secure change of scene where no other change was needed, so they camped in an unoccupied house, at the junction of our two great rivers, the Hawlings and Patuxent. For a week they enjoyed, to the full, the pleasures of a female republic, the excitement of living from hand to mouth, and doing their own cooking, and the visits of one hundred and ninety-eight guests, only those being expected to stay to meals who had prudently brought their provender with them, after the fashion extant in some cities in Germany, where the self-invited visitor is followed by a servant, bearing the requisite meal, a veritable "Dutch treat."

Numerous gentlemen thronged the camp, presumably with the laudable object of discovering how little a girl could live on.

Breaking camp and crossing the river on the re-

turn home was not unattended with adventure, the waters having risen to such height these fair damsels had to be carried over the flood after the manner of "Coming through the Rye" in Scotland, but unfortunately your historian was not present to mentally photograph the result of the portage.

Eighth month, 13th, after a painful and lingering illness, Mary Wetherald died in her seventy-sixth year. Her long life had been replete with the unvarying round of domestic duties, and while she seldom went beyond the confines of her home, or neighborhood, she was a persistent and intelligent reader, and an excellent French scholar, and the best society the world afforded came to her in the shape of books.

She might, with truth, have repeated the words of an English lady, who wrote many years ago, "Here in the country my books are my sole occupation, my sure refuge and solace from frivolous cares. Books are the calmers as well as the instructors of the mind."

Perhaps that person is most missed from the home circle, whose life has been passed closely within its limits, and her inseparable companion and sister had much sympathy in her loss.

Eighth month, 31st. Catherine, daughter of John and Kate V. Thomas, was born.

If "piety is the blessing of the house, hospitality the honor of the house, cleanliness the ornament of the house, contentment the happiness of the house, let us hope the numerous visitors that thronged Sandy Spring, in August, found all these desirable characteristics within our homes.

Riding parties, tea companies, baseball matches,

excursions to the Great Falls of Potomac, to Washington, and Mt. Vernon, were the order of the day. A very successful entertainment, consisting of tableaux and music, was given at the Lyceum, and if we could not rival the variety of city amusement, we were at least enabled to give our guests something different from what the town afforded.

Our gardens, fortunately, yielded abundantly but it was almost the worst fruit year ever known. Some orchards did not produce a single peck of apples. Peaches were a memory of the past, and the berries and small fruits were very few and of inferior quality.

Ninth month, 17th. Benjamin H. and Sarah T. Miller celebrated their silver wedding. Over two hundred persons, many from a distance, assembled at their pleasant home, Mt. Airy, and enjoyed a memorable occasion.

Like the sudden blighting of some rare flower was the announcement, Ninth month, 21st, of the death of Anna Leggett, infant daughter of Jos. T., jr., and Estelle Tyson Moore. Named for her grandmother, this lovely babe had been the center and solace of a bereaved family all her little life. Her perfect health, her winning ways, her rosy, sparkling face, had endeared her to many hearts, who shared the anguish of her parents and relations in this great and unexpected trial.

“Her limit of life was brief,
'Twas the red in the red rose leaf,
'Twas the gold in the sunset sky,
'Twas the flight of a bird on high.
Yet she filled her cradle's space

With such a perfect grace,
That the red will vein all time,
The gold through long years shine,
The birds fly swift and straight,
To memory's open gate."

Although we have many good Samaritans who labor within our borders, we have not sent many missionaries to foreign lands, but in this month, Worthington Waters, son of our friend, Z. D. Waters, went on a religious mission to China, and Lucy Fawcett started for India, but being unable to accomplish this long journey, returned homeward as far as Halifax, where she now has charge of an orphan asylum.

On 4th day afternoon, Tenth month, 5th, Joseph T. Moore and Eliza N. Bentley were married by Friends' ceremony at Bloomfield. The lady in this instance went to live in the old homestead, which her great-great-grandfather, Richard Thomas, built for his son Samuel Thomas, about 1751.

Tenth month, 22d. Walter Lea and Lucy Snowden were married in the church at Olney, by Episcopal ceremony, Rev. W. H. Laird, officiating. The bride and groom left immediately for New York City, where they will reside.

Seventy persons, old and young, attended Baltimore Yearly Meeting, Tenth month, 29th.

It was an interesting occasion from the fact that the old Lombard Street Meeting House had been sold, and before another year Friends would be installed in a new building erected in quite a distant section of the city. A number of the older couples'

in our neighborhood were married in this meeting-house in Baltimore, as was then the custom, such ceremonies being now almost universally performed at home.

A long, hard winter seemed to come on us in November, and to abide with us for many months. Storms were frequent, cold often intense, and clear, sunny days most rare. With coal stoves for warmth and comfort, an open fire or two for beauty and sentiment, with an amount of clothing our ancestors would have deemed entirely superfluous, we were enabled to defy the icy touch of the cold and cheerless winter.

Christmas often unites those whom distance severs, and was enlivened this year by many festivities in honor of the return home of our Sandy Spring girls and boys from school and college.

First month, 11th. Ulric Hutton and Mary Janney were married at Black Meadow by Episcopal ceremony, Rev. Orlando Hutton officiating. Many handsome presents were received, and the young couple, after a northern trip, located on a farm near Brookeville.

Second month, 2d. After a painful and lingering malady, which excited the sympathy of all, our esteemed friend and neighbor, Francis Miller, passed away, in his fifty-ninth year.

Born in Alexandria, Virginia, he graduated at Yale in 1852 and removed to Stanmore in 1858, and established a successful school for boys at that place; afterwards, he studied law under A. G. Riddle in Washington, and practiced his profession in that city.

and at the time of his death was employed on many important and lucrative cases.

From 1877 to 1885 he was assistant United States attorney for the District, and took high rank as a lawyer of talent, learning and courage.

He was actively instrumental in having Congress remove the toll on the Seventh street road from Washington to Sligo, and argued before the commissioners of the District for making 2,000 pounds a ton.

He was the third president and director of the Sandy Spring Lyceum Company, lectured repeatedly in its hall, and first suggested a historian.

He was one of the twenty-six gentlemen who met in 1868 to incorporate a savings bank, and became one of its directors, which position he soon relinquished, owing to duties in Washington, and was reelected director in 1884, which office he held at the time of his death.

He was a true friend of the colored race, a sincere temperance advocate, a firm believer in woman suffrage.

He was one of the most widely-known and earnest republican workers in Maryland, and was almost invariably a delegate to the county and state conventions of his party. He several times ran for office, always leading a forlorn hope against a democratic majority.

In 1881 he was nominated for chief justice of this district against the late Judge Ritchie, and was defeated by a very few votes.

In 1885, he ran for Comptroller, and in November

last, was republican nominee for Attorney-General, and endured the wearying journeys and exposures of a campaign while a fatal disease was sapping his energies and shortening his life.

In speaking thus fully of his public career, I would not lose sight of his private excellence. Those who were nearest to him can testify to his untiring devotion and kindness to wife and children, and the cheerful and pleasant characteristics of his home life.

One associated with him politically said, "The years had brought to him, what ought to be the fervent prayer of us all, to find, at the close of the long struggle with ourselves and circumstances, a disposition to happiness, a composed spirit, to which time had made things clear, an unrebelling temper and hopes undimmed for mankind."

His funeral, which occurred on Second month, 4th, a most inclement day, was largely attended by his neighbors, and many relatives from a distance.

Among other tributes offered to his memory was the following feeling one from his life-long friend and brother-in-law, H. C. H.

"There is an unwritten law that at times like this any one from a full heart may pay a tribute to departed worth. I have known our dear friend and brother intimately from earliest childhood as student, in social intercourse, in business relations, and in double ties of marriage, and yet have I never heard him utter an impure word, nor known him speak or act a falsehood, nor do a selfish or mean thing.

"Of commanding intellect, and much learning, he was gentle as a child. Earnest in his convictions, and

forcible in expressing them, he was ever open to the admission of truth. Speaking but little of serious things, he yet had a deeply reverential nature, and showed his religion in his life. His aim was to do his duty here, and he would be the first to reprove us were we to let this great shadow darken our lives.

“We look abroad, and though desolation rules the scene, and the landscape is chilled with snow, we know that the flowers will bloom again, and the forests be clothed with beauty. So we must again let sunshine into our hearts and go upon our daily rounds, purified and ennobled by our sorrow, making others happy, and becoming happy ourselves by unselfishly ministering to those about us.

“During the long days, and weeks, and months, that our dear brother lay in the toils of a fatal disease, his example was teaching us lessons of patience and cheerfulness.

“Some of us who are comparatively well at times repine at temporary ailments, and are impatient and fretful to those who are near and dear to us. While our dear one was literally starving to death, when even the glass of milk failed to nourish, or pure water to be retained, while he would see others going to seat themselves at the table, covered with the delicacies of the season, and tempting to the palate, never once was heard to utter a murmur of complaint or a word of repining. His whole desire seemed to be, during the heavy hours of suffering and waiting, to save trouble to his attendants, and to keep them in heart. Appreciating every attention, flashing at times those little pleasantries so familiar to those in-

timate with him, he slowly drifted away, his great intellect unclouded, his great heart untouched.

"But thirty-six hours before he died he wrote with his own hands a coherent and connected letter.

"Before leaving his beloved home to seek medical advice he remarked he was prepared let it terminate as it might. Was not such a life fitly rounded by such a death? Is not such a life worth living, such a death worth dying?"

About this time in February we had a week of good sleighing to vary the monotony, and everybody took advantage of this mode of easy transit to pay their social debts in the way of calls, with no certainty of finding anybody at home.

At Easter, Second month, 22d, Guion Miller and Annie Tyler were married at the residence of the bride's brother by Friends' ceremony.

The young couple went to house-keeping in Washington, where kind friends had arranged their rooms for them.

In the latter part of February several good husbands in our midst, whose example is worthy of all emulation, went to Florida on a pleasure trip, taking their wives with them. They returned delighted with the land of flowers and sunshine, and Asa M. Stabler gave an impromptu account of the experiences of the party, one evening at the Lyceum, to an audience that was waiting for a lecturer who did not appear.

Third month, 6th. Margaret, daughter of William and Annie Hallowell Riggs, was born.

On 1st day, Third month, 11th, a great rain storm, which had started from California the previous week,

swept through the southern and western states, and had travelled up the Atlantic Coast, deluging the country and gathering fury in its path, encountered a cold wave in our latitude, and we passed in a moment from a steady downpour to a howling blizzard of wind and snow.

For thirty-six hours the storm raged, until the roads were blocked by huge drifts; the mercury fell nearly to zero, and the piercing air, filled with icy particles borne on the gale, made it almost dangerous to brave the outside tempest. The mail was carried on horseback four days before the Laurel road was passable for vehicles.

While we were fortunate in suffering only inconvenience from the storm, in many sections farther north, people lost their lives in the great drifts. Trains were delayed for many hours, a milk and food famine was threatened in the cities.

New York was cut off from the outside world, except by Atlantic cable, and had messages from Boston by way of London.

"The Washington Star," was issued entirely without telegraphic news.

Business was prostrated, and the "oldest inhabitant" was too young to remember any storm like it before, and all the inhabitants, both old and young, were entirely satisfied that Dakota should henceforth and forever keep her blizzards at home.

Just seven days after this severe cold the mercury stood at 72° , the snow had disappeared like magic, we had a sharp thunder-storm, and a discriminating flash of lightning struck the dome of the capitol at Wash-

ington, causing the house and senate to rise simultaneously without waiting for a motion to do so, and even disturbing the serene dullness of the Supreme Court.

There are, of course, many ways of interpreting this incident, but it must be pointed out by the historian that under no republican administration was a warning of the elements called for.

March gave us weather enough to have furnished Mark Twain with another "Collection" equal to the assortment he once found in New England.

At Falkton, Dakota, Third month, 14th, Ella, daughter of Caroline Scott, was married to Olen Gustavus Reineger. Another example of the extreme danger of our young ladies going west, if they wish to remain single sisters.

Third month, 18th. Mary Gillingham, daughter of Joseph T., jr., and Estelle Tyson Moore, was born.

Third month, 26th. A memorable meeting of the "Horticultural" was held at Brooke Grove, and the quarter centennial of the society celebrated.

Margaret B. Magruder furnished a comprehensive history of the twenty-five years since the first meeting was held at Francis Miller's suggestion.

Edward Farquhar sent a short poem so good, as far as it went, that everyone regretted its brevity.

H. C. Hallowell, the president, read a very beautiful original poem, in which the salutary effects of the work the horticultural has accomplished on our hearts and homes was pointed out, and very touching allusions made to the valued members, eight in num-

ber, who had passed into the higher life amid the ever-blooming gardens of Paradise.

Sixteen families now belong to the organization, two having resigned, and the interest in the meetings seems unabated.

It was particularly gratifying to all that the venerable Sarah B. Farquhar should have braved the inclement weather to meet with us.

On the evening of Third month, 27th, a large audience assembled at the Lyceum, in a pouring rain, to listen to a very delightful and instructive lecture from Moncure D. Conway on "The England of To-day."

Third month, 29th. Elizabeth Fowler died suddenly in her sixty-sixth year.

This industrious and estimable Friend was the mainstay of orphan and widowed nieces, and it can, with truth, be recorded of her life, "She hath done what she could," before she folded her tired hands for the long sleep.

She was buried at Woodside cemetery, on the afternoon of the 31st.

In the last week of March many of our people went to Washington to attend the "international council" of women. This was a brilliant assemblage of feminine wit, wisdom and grit.

Representatives from India, from different countries of Europe, and from all over our own broad land, met in conclave to discuss all philanthropic subjects, and to note the progress made in the past fifty years.

Women ministers, doctors, editors, lawyers, presidents of colleges and the woman master of Vineland Grange, and women workers representing hundreds

of crafts now opened to female industry, had their say with startling emphasis and freedom.

The history of the world can furnish no similar event where thousands of wives, mothers and sisters met in behalf of temperance, education, morality and equal rights of citizenship for all women, as well as all mankind.

Fourth month, 5th. Mrs. Zerelda Wallace, delegate from Indiana to the international council at Washington, gave us a very fine address at the Lyceum on "Woman Suffrage," as effecting the temperance cause.

This wonderful old lady of seventy-one years spoke with all the logical fluency of a lawyer, and all the vim of youth, and made addresses on four consecutive days at Ashton, Sandy Spring, Olney, and Highland, and on 1st day spoke in meeting in the morning, and at the Friends' circle, in the afternoon. She is the stepmother of Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," and the original of the beautiful mother character, depicted in that famous novel.

The most important improvement in our midst in the past year is the completion of a neat library building opposite Sandy Spring postoffice. Mary Fowler has been appointed librarian. Many new books have been added, the old volumes gathered together again, and a renewal of usefulness and interest is at hand.

The library was established nearly fifty years ago by W. H. Farquhar, Richard T. Bentley, Caleb Stabler and others, and the books were kept in a room adjoining Sandy Spring store. A few years ago they

were moved to Sherwood school, and are now in a suitable, pleasant place, accessible to all.

The present generation, with its daily papers, frequent magazines, book clubs almost a surfeit of literature, can form little idea of the pleasure and benefit the few hundred books, comprising the library, were to the generations gone or approaching middle age. It was certainly very solid, mental food offered to old and young alike, and I distinctly remember two very small girls, some thirty-five years ago, who were told, that if they would carefully peruse the several weighty volumes of Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England" they might, as a reward, read one novel, the "Lamplighter," then just published; no other work of fiction since has ever had just the same flavor as this first taste of forbidden fruit.

Henry Ward Beecher said, "How still and peaceful is a library. It seems quiet as the grave, tranquil as heaven, a cool collection of the thoughts of the men of all times, and yet approach and open the pages and you find them full of dissertations and disputes; alive, with abuse and detractions, a huge many volumed satire upon man, written by himself. What a broad thing is a library; all shades of opinions, reflected on its catholic bosom as the sunbeams and shadows of a summer's day upon the ample mirrors of a lake. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else so beautifully furnishes a house; the plainest row of books is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved chair or sideboard."

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. Children learn to read by being in their

presence, and a little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a man's history. It is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life."

What an excellent thing it would be if some particular date in the year could be set apart, like a feast or a saint's day, for returning all borrowed books to their owners!

There is a law in Japan, that on a certain day, if just obligations remain unpaid, the creditor can remove the front door of the debtor and retain it until the debt is liquidated. If this custom prevailed here in regard to borrowed books how many of us would have the use of our own front doors at this very moment?

Your historian's suggestion that some one should build a store to the new glass doors, that seemed almost a youthful impertinence on the face of the time-honored structure at Sandy Spring, has been acted on, and a convenient and commodious building has arisen by, and on the old foundation.

An addition and change of front has altered Gideon Gilpin's house into a picturesque cottage.

Outbuildings and shops have been erected at Philip Stabler's and J. T. Moore's junior.

Two rooms have been added to the house occupied by Samuel Wetherald, at Ashton, and Admiral Jouett has still another attraction at the "Anchorage," in the shape of a conservatory. Let us hope in the very distant future he will be the healthiest and finest century plant to be found in it.

Mary, Annie and Alice Stabler, have purchased

Maple Grove near Brighton, and rechristened it Gladwyn.

R. Rowland Moore bought land adjoining Amer-sley, from Frederick Stabler.

As though last year's exodus of mankind was not sufficiently depressing to the numerous girls left behind them, I have to chronicle still other departures this year:

Richard I. Lea has gone to Doylestown, Pa., to take charge of a fancy farm, and Joseph Gilpin has gone to Atlanta, Georgia, to live.

George B. Miller, after many months at home and in health resorts, seeking a cure for a distressing malady, returned to his situation in St. Louis, and with commendable spirit and determination, although still on crutches, resumed his business activity.

In Buckles' comprehensive work, the "History of Civilization in England," occurs this sentence: "It is not merely the crimes of men which are marked by a uniformity of sequence, even the number of marriages annually contracted is determined not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts. It is now known that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn, and in England the experience of a century has proved that instead of having any connection with personal feelings they are regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people, so that this immense social and religious institution is not only swayed, but is completely controlled, by the price of food and the rate of wages."

Now if this be true of corn in England, may it not

also be true of potatoes in Sandy Spring, and perhaps the unusual number of marriages recorded in the past year is all due to the 70,000 bushels of potatoes raised in this vicinity in 1887.

“No more of your nonsense
About oysters and fishes,
And puddings and dumplings
And delicate dishes—
But give me the thing
That is more to my wishes—
I mean a good Irish potato.

“The Dutchman contented,
Will sit at his ease,
To feast upon sauerkraut,
Smearcase and cheese—
But who in his senses
Would meddle with these
When he could get a good Irish potato?

“The Yankees may praise
Their sweet pumpkin pie,
Their pork and molasses
Together they fry;
But all such strong food
I gladly pass by,
To dine upon Irish potato.

“The Buckskins with pride
May vauntingly boast
Of their fried and their boiled—
Their baked and their roast—
But, oh, how insipid
The dainties they toast,
When compared to an Irish potato!

“When you see a damsel
With cheeks like a rose,
And eagerly courted
By Sandy Spring beaus—
Without hesitation you straightway suppose,
She was raised upon Irish potato.”

Apart from the large yield of tubers all other crops were poor, and, as the lamentations of Job, was the perpetual cry of “hard times” among the farmers, I must not omit, however, the immense quantity of ragweed gathered by our enterprising friend, Charles Stabler. He not only cut all on his own place, but early and late his mower might be seen operating on his neighbors’ farms, until every ill ragweed growing apace was laid low.

He informs me that he found this new and original product excellent for bedding, and that sheep eat it readily.

We now have five railroads running through and around us,—on paper.

No. 1.—From Washington to Frederick.

No. 2.—Narrow gauge from Sandy Spring to Washington.

No. 3.—Extension of Catonsville short line to Rockville by Ellicott City.

No. 4.—Extension of the Harrisburg and Gettysburg, from Gettysburg to Washington.

No. 5.—Narrow gauge from Laurel to Olney, under charge of Montgomery club.

Though the ground has not yet been broken, or the stock issued, or the president elected, where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire, and perhaps

in the near future, our only difficulty will be to know which line to patronize.

Those who are not presidents of the various roads, can be directors. Free passes will abound, the iron horse will draw our produce to market, our farms will soon be converted into town lots by this network of rails and we will become a suburb of Washington.

After many false alarms, and years of weary waiting, we will have an embarrassment of riches, and perhaps find ourselves in the trying position of that pious colored brother, who prayed fervently in a season of drought for rain to make his cabbage grow; presently a flood descended and washed them all away, when he again fell on his knees and said, "O Lord, I did not ask thee for a flood, but only a gentle drizzle, drizzle."

I have heard that time never passes as swiftly as when one has a promissory note to pay, and I can testify that this record of the year has much the same effect.

The days, weeks and months, between the annual meetings, glide by with lightning rapidity, and find me again confronting you with a sinking heart and a promissory note in my hand.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "There is nothing on earth that keeps its youth, so far as I know, but a tree and truth," and history may be compared to a growing tree with its roots firmly embedded in the past; its sturdy trunk to the great events of life, birth, marriage, death, its limbs turning and twisting, crowding one upon the other, sometimes growing out of all

symmetry to catch the light; these are the circumstances that surround and mould us, the tiny twigs and canopy of leaves; these are the occupations, the comforts, the pleasures, the harmonious whole of life and its record. The flower and the fruit are our deeds, without which all else is of little value.

Great men and great deeds are but few in the world's history, and the annals of a country neighborhood must deal largely with little things.

Like the "tree and truth," while my chronicle is always growing older, it is ever renewing its youth in those small events which make up, year after year, the sum of existence.

We must bear in mind that while "trifles make perfection, perfection is no trifle, and unless the little things are well done, the broken thread, the dropped stitch here, and there, will mar and finally destroy all the beauty and utility of the web and woof of life.

"Great deeds are trumpeted,
Loud bells are rung,
And men turn to see
The high peaks echo to the pean's song,
O'er some great victory;
And yet, great deeds are few—
The mightiest men
Find opportunities but now and then.

"Shall man sit idle
Through long days of peace,
Waiting for walls to scale?
Or lie in port until
Some golden fleece
Lures him to face the gale?"

There's work enough—why idly, then delay?
 His works count most
 Who labors every day.

“The bravest lives are those to duty wed,
 Whose deeds, both great and small
 Are close-knit strands
 Of one unbroken thread,
 Where Love enables all.
 The world may sound no trumpet,
 Ring no bells,
 In books of life the shining record tells.”

CHAPTER VI.

From Fourth Month, 1888, to Fourth Month, 1889.

Barn and outbuildings burned at Belmont—George Kennan, Moncure D. Conway and the Rev. J. S. Kieffer lectured—Many transfers of property—Obituaries of Henry Pierce, Sallie Lea, Mary L. Roberts, Mrs. Washington B. Chichester, Mary Lea Stabler, Elma Paxon, John H. Strain, Sarah B. Farquhar, William S. Bond, Margaret B. Farquhar, Rebecca Russell and Deborah Brooke.

All men and all women have their antipathies. James 1st could not look upon a glittering sword, Roger Bacon fainted at the sight of an apple; and blank paper, about March and April, fills your “historian” with antipathy and melancholy apprehension.

There is an all-pervading sense that the “Annual Meeting” is approaching. I feel it in the March winds, I know it by every expanding bud and growing grass blade.

As the full moon of April rolls nearer, and nearer, I become more and more depressed with the knowledge that my two or three pages of notes must expand into the year's history, that many sheets of blank paper must be filled with a suitable narrative to offer to my audience of friends and critics.

Fourth month, 26th, 1888, Henry Pierce, a very old resident of Sandy Spring, died in his ninetieth year. He had been an "old line whig," in later years an ardent republican, and, despite age and infirmity, voted when opportunity offered.

Fifth month, 4th. Our Friend, Sallie Lea, passed away in her seventieth year. For a quarter of a century she had been a helpless invalid from a painful malady contracted while nursing the Union soldiers in the hospitals, during the war of the Rebellion, but from her sick-chair she wielded an influence not often accorded to the well and active. She kept house always, and welcomed her numerous visitors with un-failing cordiality and interest in the outside world, which they brought to her.

Her patience and cheerfulness, under severe physical affliction, was a sermon and example to all.

Her keen sense of humor, her terse and original modes of expression, her hatred of all affectation or sham, her extensive knowledge of books and more especially of human nature, made her an agreeable companion.

She delighted to impart to the young her taste for French, Italian, and other foreign languages, and she was a teacher all her invalid life, which seemed full of physical and mental activity and a persistent indus-

try that defied the inroads of disease.

She contemplated and talked of her release from suffering as the most desirable change that could occur, and death came to her as a beneficent friend.

She was laid to rest in the lovely, shaded grove in Woodside cemetery on 1st day afternoon. A very large concourse assembling to attest the universal affection and esteem in which she was held.

Sixth month, 7th. Donald, son of Charles F. and Annie Brooke Kirk, was born.

We only had three or four clear days in May, and my note-book records a weary season of pouring rains and a vain effort to get our gardens fairly started. While we could not follow the old rule, "to sow dry and to set wet," everything seemed to sprout and grow with astonishing rapidity, and the yearly miracle of returning vegetation was all the more wonderful from its suddenness.

The last of Fifth month, William W. Moore was sent as delegate to the prohibition convention at Indianapolis, and later in the season was nominated by his party as a candidate for the United States House of Representatives from this district.

Sixth month, 5th. Elizabeth F., daughter of Edward and Annie Gilpin, was married by Episcopal ceremony, at her home, Walnut Hill, to Nathaniel B. Hogg, jr., of Western Pennsylvania. The house was so beautifully and profusely decorated it was called the rose wedding. The young couple left immediately for Brownsville, Pennsylvania, their future home.

Our quarterly meeting, Sixth month, 9th, was smaller than usual, but greatly enjoyed.

Sixth month, 18th. Mary L. Roberts died in her seventy-seventh year. The devoted friend and companion of her latter years prepared, by request, the following tribute to her memory:

Longfellow has said,

“Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.”

But the life of this good woman, whose early submission to the divine will when under affliction, her self-denial for the welfare of others, her noble charities and deeds of benevolence, all attesting her great worth, was truly sublime, and she has left “footprints on the sands of time” worthy to be followed by any wishing to attain true excellence of character.

Her indomitable courage and strength of purpose were evinced when her father had sustained a severe loss by fire. She, though lame, and only in her eighteenth year, came to the rescue and prevailed on her parents, John and Eliza Needles, to allow her to open a “notion store” in their parlor.

There she, with the aid of a younger sister, established the business that has gone on increasing for more than fifty years, and is still known in Baltimore as the firm of John Needles & Son.

It was in this little store she first met B. Rush Roberts, who afterwards became her husband, the sharer of all her joys and sorrows, her helper in every good work.

They were married in 1836, a union resulting in un-

alloyed happiness, they living together in the utmost harmony for over forty years.

She often related to her young friends contemplating marriage the following incident. She had expressed a desire to have certain things she deemed necessary in housekeeping. When her husband's business had prospered sufficiently to admit of greater outlay, he told her to make out a list of such articles as she wanted, and he would get them, as he was now able to gratify her wishes. She said, "I have been thinking over the matter and find there is such a difference between wants and needs, I have decided we do not need anything, and our wants could never be supplied."

Another instance of her sound judgment and commendable economy: Denying themselves luxuries, while young, enabled them to be generous in after years, and often when aiding some good cause she would say, "this is the ice-cream we did not eat, or the rides we did not take."

Having no children, they contributed largely to assist in educating the children of others, defraying each year the expenses of one or more girls or boys at some good school.

This generosity was continued after her husband's death, as long as she survived him.

Her benevolence knew no station, sect or color, as the destitute around her could testify to her daily charities to them.

They moved to Sandy Spring from Baltimore in 1851, where they, together, dispensed the hospitalities of the Sherwood home to their numerous friends,

thus radiating happiness from their own hearts to give happiness to others.

For years after the death of her husband in 1880, she seemed crushed by this great bereavement, but at length, by her reliance on the "everlasting arms," she became resigned to the separation, being satisfied of a reunion in the life beyond the grave.

During the long and painful illness, which preceded her death, she was seldom heard to complain, and when her sister remarked to her, "I think thee is better today, and hope thee will soon be well," she said, "either way, it will be all right," thus showing her perfect faith in the "Divine love."

When she became reconciled to live, it seemed then as if she was fitted to die, and enter into the spiritual fruition of her hopes.

I will close this tribute with a few extracts from the various written and published testimonials to her worth.

From the Daily Local News, of West Chester, Pa., I copy the following:

"The charm of her manners and loveliness of disposition, endeared her to a wide circle of loving and admiring friends. At an earlier period of her life she was regarded as a writer of no mean ability, having prepared several published memorials of deceased Friends, as well as other articles of considerable merit."

From the "minutes" of "The Woman's Association," of which she was the originator, "she might almost be called the mother of this society; by her death a link in the chain which bound us together has been

broken. Her place is vacant in the meeting, in the association, and in the family circle, and we who have felt the influence of her pleasant smile, and kindly words, realize that we have lost a friend and counsellor whose example we might follow."

From a tribute by Alpheus B. Sharp, in "Friends' Intelligencer," the following:

"From the time I entered their house, a boy and perfect stranger, I felt at home and happy, nor can I recall a single incident that gave me the slightest pain. In the years that have followed, scarcely a day passes that I do not recur with pleasure to my life there, recalling many pleasant things prompted by her kindly thought for her family. It is useless for me to refer to her great value in the Society of Friends, of which she was a devoted member. I was one of her boys, and I cannot pass her death by without some expression of my regard. Friends, relatives and the public have lost in her one not easily replaced."

E. H.

In this month, Charles M. Iddings received his diploma as Doctor of Medicine, and joined his father in practice at Sandy Spring.

Sixth month, 19th. The Chicago convention met and this district sent Benjamin H. Miller as delegate.

The heat of the political contest was only exceeded by the heat of the weather, swiftly followed by fires and blankets, as the contestants and atmosphere cooled off,—but from this time until November, the people talked, the papers teemed, the very air was electrified with one subject, the merits of high and low tariff, of "free trade" or "protection." Life-long republicans

announced their intention of voting for the democratic candidate, old Jackson democrats hastened into the republican camp. Some remained on the fence hoping that safety and salvation lay in not voting at all or getting down on either side. A few said they wished Mrs. Cleveland was married to General Harrison.

When the election returns flashed over the wires, an astonished republican party found themselves victorious, a still more amazed democratic constituency were obliged to acknowledge defeat.

So doubtful had seemed the issue, and so numerous were the bets upon it, that even in our quiet community, some persons paid the penalty of indiscreet wagers. Soon after the decisive day in November, on a certain evening, various triumphant republicans were wheeled in wheelbarrows from Ashton to Sandy Spring and back again, while Squire Fairall drew in a wood cart his staunch republican neighbor, Gideon Gilpin, and James B. Hallowell tried the efficacy of the cold water treatment on Louis Stabler.

Some soaking rains incommoded the farmers the latter part of June and their minds were filled with the firm conviction that the wheat would rust, or sprout in the "shock," and when very little damage was discovered they forgot all their unhappy predictions.

Seventh month, 1st. Washington B. Chichester suffered severe bereavement in the death of his wife, and his family felt keenly the loss of a most devoted mother.

For many years this estimable lady had been prominent, socially and in the Grange. Dying while still in

the prime of life, and full tide of usefulness, her loss extended far beyond her domestic circle.

In this month came our hottest days and nights, and those who could, sought cool retreats in the mountains or where "salt breezes blew." Some went down to the sea in ships, but words are inadequate to describe their sufferings, or the eagerness with which they trod the land again.

Some years ago, a writer, whose name was probably "anonymous," published a thoughtful article, fully illustrated, on that old and vexatious question of "How To Keep The Boys On The Farm." Your historian does not now recall much of this able paper, except the pictures, of which there were several.

One of these represented the boy, whom it was thought desirable to keep on the farm, confined in a burglar-proof room, with heavy bars on the windows and so forth. The author argued that there was nothing better to keep a boy away from the temptations and snares of city life than this.

Another picture showed the boy with a stout chain passed around his body, and the other end of it fastened to the stove. This was highly recommended for making boys feel attached to the farm.

Still another, represented the boy placed in an easy reclining position, and a considerable pile of stones heaped on his legs. The writer clearly demonstrated that there was nothing which had a greater tendency to make a boy "cling to the old homestead." Now this author may have written somewhat in a spirit of levity, and while his plans are novel in theory, they do not seem entirely practical, and I

have never heard of any of them being put to actual use in our neighborhood.

Still, it is becoming a subject of serious import to your historian, while she is compelled to chronicle each year the departure of young men from our midst, and yet, parents and guardians seem to have no difficulty in keeping their girls at home.

It would be too harrowing to count up the number of those "gone, but not forgotten," in the past, and I will confine myself to this year's report.

George B. Farquhar joined our Sandy Spring Colony in Roanoke, Va.

Joseph Gilpin went to Baltimore to live, William Iddings to Doylestown, Penna., and Douglass Miller to Hampstead, Carroll County. But with all these departures, we have had some arrivals.

Dr. Augustus Stabler and family returned from Laurence, Mass., to live at Roslyn, and the Doctor has resumed the practice of medicine at his old home.

Seventh month, 31st. Mary Lea, wife of Henry Stabler, of Roslyn, died in her sixty-sixth year.

She had been for a long period a confirmed invalid and sufferer. Although confined to her room, her great energy enabled her to superintend her household affairs, and to interest herself in all matters pertaining to the garden and farm. Her mind was bright and active to the last. She was buried at Woodside cemetery.

Elma Paxon, an inmate of Homewood, also died on Seventh month, 31st, aged seventy-four years, while visiting relatives near Philadelphia.

Her father was a member of the Pennsylvania Legis-

lature for many years, and she doubtless inherited from him her marked literary and political tastes. One of the last efforts of her active mind was to write an essay on the Constitution of the United States.

This cheerful, entertaining old lady was greatly missed in the quiet domestic circle, which her presence brightened.

Eighth month, 5th. John H. Strain, a native of Tennessee, but for a number of years a prominent farmer, and highly esteemed citizen, died at his residence near Brookeville, in his seventy-sixth year.

His polished manners, and generous impulses, won for him the respect and confidence of the entire community, and his excellent business qualifications led to his election as a trustee of the Brookeville Academy, and a director in the Sandy Spring Savings Institution. Trusts which he discharged with fidelity and satisfaction. He was also a member of the Senior Agricultural Club of our neighborhood.

Eighth month, 16th. A fine musical entertainment was given at the Lyceum, conducted by Miss Alice Riddle, of Washington, followed by a farce in which native and foreign talent divided the honors.

A number of our young ladies camped, as they did last year, in the unoccupied house, near the junction of the Hawling's and Patuxent rivers. With numerous callers, fancy work, music, and books, and incongruous meals, at any hour, determined not by the sun, but by the pangs of hunger, they had a free and happy rest from conventional life, and probably appreciated the regular routine of ordinary existence when they returned to it.

In addition to the never-failing and ever-prevalent summer visitor, in August, not for many years have "boarders" been so numerous; they came early in the season and remained late, and pervaded the highways and byways with an air of leisure enjoyment pleasant to contemplate.

Before, or about this time, a number of little "carts" made their appearance in our midst. They had but two wheels and a limited seat. They were nearly impossible to get into, and wonderfully easy to fall out of.

If the dignity of my office did not forbid, I might draw some conclusions from the advent of this "just room enough for two" vehicle, and the many engagements that are rumored, or I might touch lightly, and with careful discretion on the fact that 1888 was Leap Year, and on that Law enacted by the Parliament of Scotland as far back as 1288, just 600 years ago, which says in old English, "It is statut and ordaint, that during the reine of her Maist Blissed Majestee ilk fourth year, known as Leap Year, ilk maiden ladye of baith high and low estate, shall hae liberty to bespeak ye man she likes albeit; gif he refuses to take her to be his wife he shall be mulcted in ye summe of one dundis or less as his estate moit be, except and awiss gif he can mak it appear that he is bethrothit to one ither woman, that he then shall go free."

Eighth month, 24th. The barn and outbuildings were burned on Edward P. Thomas' farm, and it was only by the utmost exertion of the neighbors that the house, which was on fire many times, was saved.

The direct cause of this disastrous fire was the too intimate relation between a very small descendant of

Ham and the dangerous ever-ready-to-ignite parlor match. In less than three months on Eleventh month 5th, a fine new barn was raised at Belmont, and the destroyed outbuildings soon after replaced by more convenient and commodious ones. In view of all the toil and moil, and army to feed, that this conflagration and reconstruction entailed, the ladies of the Belmont family could hardly be censured if they had inscribed over their new buildings, a line the traveler tells us is often seen, cut in the stone doorways of ancient dwellings in Saxony, "Pray, Lord, save my house, and set those of others on fire."

Eighth month, 26th. Sarah B. Farquhar died in her eighty-third year.

The distress and anxiety of her family through her long illness had been shared by the entire neighborhood, and in her death the whole community lost a dear and honored friend.

She was the eldest daughter of the late Roger Brooke, of Brooke Grove, and married early in life, Dr. Charles Farquhar, brother of our late historian William H. Farquhar.

Bereft, while still young, by the death of her husband, she was left with a family of small children dependent on her, but she assumed courageously the added responsibilities her widowhood entailed, and with great industry and strict economy, kept her little family together, educated them well, and was all in all to them; their guide, philosopher and friend.

Pleasant in manner and conversation, hospitable in her home, conscientious in religious and social duties, she was greatly beloved and esteemed for all those ad-

mirable qualities that make up a self-sustained, and well-rounded womanly character.

She was very successful as gardener and florist, and at the meetings of the horticultural society she was one of the most interested and valuable members for many years.

She had passed beyond the allotted period of life, but she was so useful, so happy, so active in her home duties, it seemed she might live many more years to bless her family and friends.

She had, in a marked degree, that rarest of all comeliness, the beauty of old age. Time had effaced, rather than deepened, the lines that care and sorrow imprinted on the face, and had left on her serene brow and clear eyes all that was true, good and spiritual. The purity of her heart and life irradiated her countenance with a lovely expression of inward peace.

Her funeral was largely attended, and she was laid to rest in the old burying-ground, Eighth month, twenty-eighth.

Ninth month, 13th. The annual exhibition of the horticultural society was held at the Lyceum.

After the long-continued rain the day seemed charming, although too cold to stand or sit down outdoors. The attendance was large, and the various addresses more edifying than usual.

Henry C. Hallowell, who has been President of the society for twenty-five consecutive years, made a happy reference to past results and future expectations of the organization, and spoke feelingly of valued members who had so recently entered the unknown country.

The Rev. Mr. Sutton, of Beltsville, Mr. E. C. Peter and Mr. Veirs Bouic, junior, of Rockville, made pertinent and humorous speeches.

All the departments of exhibit were well filled with perhaps, the exception of the floral, repeated rains having destroyed many flowers.

In this month, Edith B. Thomas, having received part of her education in Massachusetts, returned there to take charge of a small school.

Sarah Scofield was appointed teacher of the public school at Sandy Spring.

George B. Miller returned from St. Louis to assume the duties of principal of Sherwood school, and with the able assistance of Miss Belle Hannum, of Pennsylvania, successfully conducted the school to the satisfaction of patrons and pupils.

By the severe illness of Henry C. Hallowell a full school at Rockland was deprived of his services for many months, but the routine of studies was nevertheless maintained through the efficient aid of a former graduate, Elizabeth T. Stabler.

In the early part of the Ninth month, and later in our historical year, there were a number of sales of property.

John C. Bentley bought Sherwood farm, and moved his family from Cloverly to its more commodious house.

Dr. Samuel Scott bought the homestead on which he was raised.

Chares G. Porter bought Dr. C. E. Iddings' place. Miss Bringhurst, of Wilmington, Del., bought and

presented to Mrs. Sophia Robison the house she occupies.

Albert Stabler bought the Van Horn farm near Lay Hill.

Robert Miller bought of William Lea, junior, his farm laying opposite Cherry Grove.

William D. Hartshorne, now of Lawrence, Mass., bought Brighton Store.

Mary Ellicott Thomas purchased the homestead of her father, the late Samuel Ellicott.

Anna G. Lea bought a portion of Springdale farm.

Ninth month, 23rd. Our esteemed friend, William S. Bond, died after a long and painful illness.

Many years ago he established and carried on successfully the fertilizer business, and his reputation for honest and upright dealing was unimpeachable.

He was one of the originators, and an active member of the Enterprise Club, and belonged to the "Home Interest."

His judgment was good, and he had a thorough knowledge of many practical things useful in everyday life.

He was a devoted husband and father, and a kind neighbor.

His funeral on the 20th was largely attended, many strangers being present.

The weather towards the last of Ninth month was unusually cold and disagreeable; we felt like putting up stoves and getting into warmer quarters, while shivering in summer raiment.

Tenth month, 17th. Edith D., daughter of John C. and Cornelia H. Bentley, was born.

Tenth month, 23rd. Bessie Porter Miller was married at her home, Mt. Airy, by Friends' ceremony, to Prof. William Taylor Thom, of Roanoke, Virginia, where they will reside.

Besides relatives and friends from the neighborhood, many strangers attended this pleasant wedding.

The sunny, charming days, and rich foliage of October, seemed to atone in a measure, for all the rains and clouds of September. As the Poet says,

“Here’s a song for gay October,
 She’s a lassie far from sober,
 Lover of the woody vine,
 Wreathed with foliage fair and fine;
 Grapes of amethystine cluster,
 With a rare and burnished lustre,
 Fall within her eager grasp,
 As a jewel might unclasp;
 All the fruitage of the year
 Meets its consummation here;
 Apples rosy, russet, yellow,
 Come within this season mellow,
 Corn and wheat are stored away,
 Safe against a later day.

“O the sunrise and the dew!
 O the moon’s enchanted blue!
 But the golden afternoon
 Softens into shadows soon;
 There’s a mist upon the hills,
 There’s a vapor on the rills,
 There’s a whisper in the woods—
 (Solemn sylvan solitudes!)
 Say they all with portent sober,
 Say good-bye to sweet October!
 What she brings she takes away—
 Soon November will hold sway.

Kneel upon the verdant sod,
Pluck the nodding golden rod;
Fill your arms with brilliant leaves,
Praise the tints the frost-elf weaves,
Then with saddened looks and sober,
Bid farewell to bright October."

A new industry was developed in these autumn months, by the hewing of hundreds of thousands of hickory spokes from the forests of Sandy Spring.

A score of strangers, known by the generic name of the "Hickory Men," accomplishing this result with a total disregard of that pathetic old song,

"Woodman spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough."

Many fine walnut trees were also felled and sold profitably.

It has been sharply said by an able writer, that "humanity signalized its sudden leap of material progress in the nineteenth century by springing, ax in hand at the throats of the forests throughout the globe."

Judging from the number of fine trees that came crashing to earth about this time, we must have made "material progress" very fast. Many acres were cleared in different sections. The stately growth of centuries laid low, views extended and the topography of the country comparatively changed.

The senior Roger Brooke, of Brookegrove, in his walks over his farm, used to carry walnuts in his pockets, and making holes with his cane, drop them in. Many of these seed are now quite large trees and it would be well if every one could remember to be as

thoughtful about planting, as they are often careless in destroying.

In the Eleventh month, the various societies were in full tide, and in addition to the eighteen already flourishing in our neighborhood, four others were inaugurated.

A woman suffrage society, with Caroline H. Miller as chairman and James P. Stabler as secretary, was started with a smaller membership than the well-known feminine independence of Sandy Spring would lead one to suppose possible.

Our very young ladies and gentlemen formed a literary circle, which meets once in three weeks, called "Phrenaskeia." Judging from the length of time it took some of the parents and guardians, and even the members, to learn how to spell and pronounce this Greek title, it would appear that its English meaning, "Mind improver," might have served its purpose.

The historian would be better able to describe the "inner consciousness" of this society had she ever been admitted to its sacred and mysterious precincts. As far as an outsider can judge, it is well conducted, and much interest is displayed in discussing questions and searching for information on useful topics.

A mission school for the colored children was established under the direction of Mary E. Moore, which meets every 7th day afternoon, at Sharp Street, with often an attendance of sixty or seventy children.

Still another society confined principally to the Sharon family, and presided over by its youngest member. This is called the "Curious Club."

In the bewildering maze of all these twenty-two

clubs, granges, lodges, societies and associations, would it not be well for our excellent and highly esteemed medical corps, and older doctors, who have given us so much advice, and so many doses; our younger practitioners who have given us all they have had time to—would it not be well for these guardians of our mental and physical health, to establish still another society, and call it the "Stay At Home And Rest Cub," setting apart the longest day by the almanac in each month, when all the inhabitants of Sandy Spring shall refrain from going to any organization whatsoever, when they shall all cease from physical exertions in the way of feasts, club-suppers, association dinners, and horticultural teas?

When all the harrassed brains shall write no "minutes," prepare no literary exercises, struggle over no religious essays, gather no statistics, search for no obscure quotations, evolve no "history," and above all indite no papers on "why farming does not pay."

Perhaps this enforced rest of mind and body, this sweetness of doing nothing and thinking less, might lead to the gradual revival of a lost art in Sandy Spring, the delightful art of social visiting.

Some of us remember with a tender regret, for the vanished habits of those good old days, when we were children, how the neighbors used to drop in to dinner and tea unexpectedly; how they always came soon after breakfast to dine with us and directly after dinner if they meant to stay to tea. They brought their knitting and their work, and swiftly and pleasantly the social hours sped by until early candle light, when they returned home in old-fashioned farming style. But if

we started out now, intent on this friendly and informal intercourse, how many organizations might we not run against in this society-tossed and club-harassed community!

Eleventh month, 17th. Marjorie, daughter of Frank and Fanny Snowden, was born.

Eleventh month, 23rd. A very creditable entertainment was given at the Lyceum. It seems almost invidious to mention one of the amateur troops more than another, "Snowed In" was so well acted; but I cannot refrain from calling to mind the somewhat rheumatic, but still active, old "beau" of the play, and the slow-moving, though tireless, "Joe."

Twelfth month, 1st. Mary Randolph, daughter of Samuel and Pattie S. Hopkins, was born.

Twelfth month, 12th. William, jr., son of R. Rowland and Margaret G. T. Moore, was born.

Twelfth month, 17th. Ray S., daughter of Guion and Annie T. Miller, was born.

Rebecca Russell died on the 21st of Twelfth month, within three days of her hundredth and second birthday.

She was the daughter of Hugh and Margaret Russell, of New Garden Township, Chester County, Pa., was adopted by her maternal uncle, Joseph Shallcross, of Wilmington, Del., with whom she lived the remainder of his life, thirty years, and after a number of removals, from one place to another, in all of which her services were important and highly appreciated, she was called to Sandy Spring to nurse the failing father of the Lea family at Walnut Hill. After the death of Thomas Lea, the head of that house, by his

request, she remained an inmate of the home to aid in keeping the members together, until the marriage of Mary Lea to Henry Stabler, when she took up her abode with the young couple at Roslyn, where she lived, beloved, valued and honored for forty-four years. Despite her age, she was always busy, cheerful and helpful, and interested in the welfare of all around her. Her hearing became somewhat impaired, but for many years she enjoyed her second sight, reading without glasses.

For a long period she remained quietly at home, constantly employed, and filled with a sweet contentment most rare in the restless turmoil of modern life.

She was full of interesting anecdotes of the past, and her conversation was charming and instructive. A few hours before she passed painlessly away, she said she felt so "happy and peaceful." Her skin was soft and fair, her face did not show her great age, and on it was an expression of Heavenly rest.

Her funeral 1st day afternoon, Twelfth month, 23rd, was very large, and she was laid to rest in Woodside cemetery.

Twelfth month, 26th. Richard I. Lea and Annie, daughter of Frederick Brown, were married at St. Luke's church, by Episcopal ceremony. The bride and groom started immediately for Doylestown, Pa., their future home.

First month, 1st, 1889. That large class of people who grow gloomy towards the end of the year, and who make any reference to time an occasion for giving their speech a solemn cast, might study with profit the entries which are found at the close of the differ-

ent years in the journals of George Eliot; and Longfellow, the American poet, has a heartiness and cheerfulness in his record, which we should expect from one who always looked on the bright side, while the English novelist, although a constant victim of ill-health, was fully as successful in drawing pleasant and helpful lessons from the fleeting years.

"I have been helped," she says, "in looking back to compare former with actual dates of despondency, from bad health and other apparent causes; in this way a past despondency has turned to present hopefulness."

She is fond of writing of the dear old years, and of noting what work she has done during the twelve months.

"The year is gone," she says, "with all its struggling and striving; yet, not gone either, for what I have suffered and enjoyed in it remains to me an everlasting possession."

As to the poet, he never tires of apostrophizing the dying year. "So closes the year," he writes. "peace to his ashes, peace to the embers of burnt-out things of years, anxieties, doubts, all gone. Not many hopes deceived, not many anticipations disappointed, but love fulfilled, the heart comforted, the soul enriched with affection."

And again, he exclaims, as another year passes by, "shake hands, old friend, I have learned much from thee and sung thy spring in prose and thy autumn in song, and now farewell!"

The power of a strong mind to triumph over sickness and trouble is one of the great lessons of George Eliot's life, and is nowhere seen to better advantage

than in the last records which she makes as the Decembers go quickly by.

"I enjoy a more and more even cheerfulness, and continually increasing power in dwelling on the good that is given to me, and dismissing the thought of small evils," is the entry with which she closed her record.

Would it not be well to try the plan of the great novelist for the coming twelve months, and instead of being worried by the "small evils" of life, dwell on the good that is given us? Such a plan faithfully carried out, would result in making 1889 a far happier year for us, than would any number of good resolutions, easily made and soon forgotten."

First month, 7th, 1889. The annual meeting of the Board of Directors of The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Montgomery County took place. Although the losses in 1888 by fire had been more than ever before, exceeding \$68,000, the company had been able to meet all indebtedness promptly, and to keep a surplus on hand.

First month, 15th. The farmers' seventeenth annual convention was held at the Lyceum. In the absence of the president, Henry C. Hallowell, Benjamin D. Palmer, the vice-president, presided.

In his excellent address he said, "From these meetings each member returns to his home enriched by the example and combined experience of others. These conventions send as delegates not lawyers and politicians, but practical farmers. A long stride could be made in educating farmers, not only how to raise larger crops on less land and at less cost, and how to cooperate in selling crops and buying supplies, but

how to find out what legislation they want, and how to get it."

Many interesting topics were discussed through the day.

Mr. J. B. Ayres read a paper on the advisability of forming Farmers' Institutes throughout the State. Prof. Alvord, of the Agricultural College, made an address. Henry Stabler, Samuel Hopkins, Dr. Thomas, E. C. Gilpin, and others, discussed the canning business, draining lands, stock, creameries, and other farm topics.

First month, 18th. The Lyceum overflowed with an audience, who enjoyed a delightful treat in a lecture on the "Mountaineers of the Caucasus," by the distinguished traveller and author, George Kennan, of Washington.

Apart from his vivid and charming description of strange scenes and barbaric people, it was worth a great deal to see this gentleman in the native dress of the wild mountaineers, and to have an opportunity of examining their firearms, dirks, etc., which each man made in his own smithy, all of the finest workmanship, and inlaid with precious metals.

First month, 20th. Sydney Buchanan, a son, was born to Ulric and Mary Janney Hutton.

This month was exceptional, as regards weather, which was clear and delightful, with few storms.

Farmers were everywhere plowing, violets blooming outdoors, trees and shrubs making hasty preparations to bud and blossom before their time.

Despite a moderate temperature, and no severe cold, old and young were alike the victims of various ail-

ments, and there were more serious and long-continued cases of illness among our people than for many years. Several painful accidents also befell.

In January, Arthur and Anna Stabler started on a long journey to California, going thither by New Orleans, and the southern route.

Second month, 14th. Many of our people were again fortunate in listening to a very unique and interesting lecture on Washington Lore from "Washington Land," by Moncure D. Conway. This gentleman having been born in the same township with the father of his country, had collected many traditions, anecdotes and original letters, and in his cultivated and humorous style, had woven them into a delightful discourse.

Second Month, 25th. Ruth, daughter of Janney and Helen R. Shoemaker, was born.

The first number of a republican paper, called the "Montgomery Press," published at Rockville, appeared in this month. A liberal share of the stock was subscribed in Sandy Spring.

The first experiment of heating houses with steam was introduced at Amersley and Plainfield, and the ladies of these respective homes rejoiced in the absence of dust and dirt that inevitably follow the burning of coal and wood.

Elizabeth Comstock, an Orthodox Friend and philanthropist, from New York State, accompanied by her daughter, made a long stay in our neighborhood, she held many public and private meetings, and paid many social visits acceptable to all.

Third month, 4th, was a very inclement day. Some

brave people ventured to Washington, and many more were disappointed in not seeing the grand pageant of the inauguration ceremonies.

The following communication was sent me by a family connection of our esteemed friend Margaret Farquhar, soon after her death.

"I was asked by our historian to write a few words commemorative of Margaret Farquhar, who died at her home, "The Cedars," on 4th day afternoon, the 6th of the Third month, in the seventy-seventh year of her age.

"Dearly as I loved her for her many virtues, her self-sacrificing and loving nature, her patience, industry, courage, cheerfulness, her warm and tender sympathy; ardently as I admired and honored her intellect, I feel unworthy to pay her a fitting tribute. My mind seems powerless to coin into suitable language the impression that she made upon my heart. I can say, however, that the last laborious days of her earthly pilgrimage were perfectly consistent with her entire life and character. Not one sigh escaped her in all her sufferings. In her last hour a bright smile, a loving and appreciative word greeted all who approached her, and the grave repose of her peaceful countenance was even in death the exponent of her noble and triumphant spirit." M. B. M.

I quote in conclusion, a brief extract from a letter received by the family, since her death, which will, I know, find a warm response in the feelings of all who have ever been closely associated with her.

"You do not care to be told of her virtues or the

beauty of her character, for you know them better than anyone.

“Her face told its own story of a most heroic soul. She seemed to me, with her gentle voice, her calm smile, and her patient eyes, like one who stood upon the horizon of a long life, and looking over the many conflicts, through which she had passed, felt herself their moral victor. What a reunion there must have been, when those two, but a short while apart, met again.”

Our farmers who had been hauling potatoes since the autumn, and through the winter months were still at it. Prices were never so low, and the market seemed overstocked.

Wheat, however, of which there had been a good average crop, was higher than for some years, and it was sold at \$1.18 per bushel by persons in our neighborhood, who wished their potatoes could be metamorphosed into grain.

The yield of hay had not been as large as usual, and the prices were good, if there had only been more of it.

There was plenty of corn, but it was extremely low, corn meal selling at the mills for forty-two cents a bushel.

The problem seemed to be whether it was best to have little and sell high, or thousands of bushels and dispose of them at low rates.

“How to make farming pay?” a question that probably disturbed Adam, as soon as he retired from horticulture and the Garden of Eden, is still troubling the descendants of the primeval country man.

Some persons think the Grange Agency established in Washington and well patronized, will have the desired effect in the right direction, by enabling our farmers to dispose of their produce in bulk at better rates, and in much less time than by individual efforts. Others think we must simplify our modes of living, and economize, according to our means. Still others believe that we cannot return to those primitive days, when city luxuries were unknown in the country, and we must make our mother earth yield additional tribute, and supply, not only our absolute needs, but our real and imaginary wants.

In this month, James P. Stabler gave a lecture on the subject of electricity to the pupils of Sherwood school, which was highly appreciated by them, and also by older persons who attended.

Third month, 18th. Robert H. Miller, of Alloway, shipped to Liverpool over twenty cattle especially fattened for the foreign market; owing to the unprecedented low rates just at this time the venture was not profitable, although the first export of the kind from Sandy Spring.

Third month, 19th. The Rev. J. S. Kieffer, of Hagerstown, lectured at the Lyceum, on the "Protection of Individuality." A rainy and disagreeable evening prevented many from attending, who would otherwise have enjoyed a most entertaining and original discourse.

One of President Cleveland's last official acts was to sign a bill for a railroad from Washington to Sandy Spring, and on Third month, 22nd, pursuant to the requirements of this Act of Congress, an "incorpora-

tors' " meeting was held in Washington, and various officers appointed.

The line from Gettysburg to the District is still threatened, and we are in painful doubts whether it will reach here in one year or twenty.

Baltimore Quarterly Meeting which occurred in this month, was well attended by our friends, who had the satisfaction of occupying, for the first time, the commodious and convenient new meeting-house recently built.

With our limited vision, we know not which is the greater blessing, life or death. Whether the innocent babe, dying in its mother's arms, or he who journeys all the length of life's uncertain road, has best fulfilled his mission here.

It may be that death gives all there is worth to life, and the common fate treads from out the paths, between our hearts, the weeds of hate and selfishness.

When the opening bud is blighted, we feel it has been spared much, when the old and infirm sink to rest, it is the course of nature.

But, when one in the prime of life, and full tide of usefulness, like our friend Deborah Brooke is called away, we can only find consolation in the fact that she felt perfect peace, and the assurance that her duties had been ended.

A most competent woman, all she attempted was well and thoroughly done. Quiet, self-sustained, most unselfish, she was capable of the utmost devotion to those she loved.

Her aged, widowed mother was her tender charge, and brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews, looked

to her for all those kind attentions, those hourly and daily benefits, she cheerfully gave. The sick and suffering had often experienced her admirable care.

“Her life to other lives she gave,
To self-bestowed she lived.”

Human aid and affection could mitigate, but were powerless to relieve her lingering and painful illness, yet no murmur escaped her. Forgetting herself, she sent loving and thoughtful messages to others. Fully conscious of the approaching change, calm and heroic, she accepted with unquestioning faith the decree of a supreme power, and entered into higher life at midnight Third month, 27th, 1889.

As the long procession of sorrowing relatives and friends followed her remains to their resting-place, on the afternoon of the 29th, the solemn silence was only broken by the rustling of the leaves beneath our feet, but we knew that under this dead and cast-off garment of the winter, was the life and resurrection of the coming spring.

We felt that her virtues, her unselfish deeds, her christian spirit were as imperishable as the springing flower and growing grass blades.

Fourth month, 6th. The most furious snow-storm of the season surprised us, evergreens were greatly damaged, and their branches torn and twisted, not only by the heavy weight of wet snow, but by the fierce wind that followed.

In a recent visit to that portion of our neighborhood called Brighton, but few changes could be observed.

The historian must note, however, the construction

of a most cleanly and commodious "pig palace" at Leawood. Nothing to equal it has ever been seen in our vicinity before, and the combined talents of Isaac and Charles Hartshorne are responsible for this building.

So subtle are the influences of surroundings, that these fat "Jersey Reds," as they reposed on their raised platforms quite above the mire, had a positive air of comfort and gentility never before observed among porkers.

The proclamation of the Governor of Maryland requesting every good citizen to plant trees on "Arbor day," April 10th, was a timely protest against a destruction that has heretofore taken no thought of future need.

Interesting ceremonies took place at Sherwood Academy. Caroline H. Miller and Henry C. Hallowell made appropriate addresses, music, and recitations were enjoyed, and a poem written for the occasion was recited. A fine young sugar maple was planted, so as to partly shade the public road.

Many persons planted trees throughout the neighborhood.

Our Orthodox Friends have doubled the size of their meeting-house by a convenient addition in the rear, just in time to hold their second quarterly meeting on the 14th and 15th of this month. Mention of their first quarterly meeting last year having been inadvertently omitted by the historian.

Within the past historical year many have left us who were linked with the past; courageous hearts that bore the struggle and the burdens of those earlier days

in our history, when the conditions of life were harder, and more toilsome, than they are now.

Their spotless characters and their good deeds have given a tone and a quality to our community. Who among us is worthy to fill their vacant places, and to live close to their high standard of moral excellence?

But "three tenses of life belong to man," the past to old age, the future to the young, the present to childhood; it is to the youthful and the children, those who will make our history in the years to come, that I will address my closing remarks.

There never has been a time when the opinions of the young received as much respect as now.

They are no longer required to walk in narrow and prescribed paths. This is the age of progress, and every influence is brought to bear by parents and teachers to expand their growing minds, to widen their spheres of usefulness, to encourage an individuality that shall, if rightly directed, make an admirable diversity of character; character that must make its mark on the entire community.

In a very delightful lecture, recently delivered in this hall, the speaker impressed on his hearers the necessity of individuality, the success in life that might be attained by thinking and acting out the best that is in us, without reference to, or fear of, public opinion.

The advantage not only of having an individuality ourselves, but of permitting others to have their individualities.

Just in proportion as the young receive so many benefits in the matter of education and home culture are their responsibilities increased, and out of their

abundance they should feel compelled to extend the helping hand to others less fortunate.

It is the thinking and doing for others, the sacrifice of self, that forms and enriches the character.

As a very wise and good man once said:

“Each of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier, each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow, each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may go forth influences that shall stimulate the whole community, the commonwealth and the civilized world.”

CHAPTER VII.

From Fourth Month, 1889, to Fourth Month, 1890.

Ashton Postoffice established — Johnstown flood — Dr. Francis Thomas and family went to Europe — Postoffice established at Holland's Corner and named Norwood — Very warm winter — Obituaries of Allan Bowie Davis, Helen Bentley Lea, jr., Rebecca Iddings, Albert Chandlee, Joseph Paxon, Mary Ellicott Thomas, William Miles, Catherine Bowie, Roger Brooke Thomas, Richard T. Bentley, Uriah B. Kirk, Mahlon Chandler and Wm. Summers Osborn.

From a remote antiquity, at the beginning of all record until the present time, there has been a mysterious prominence bestowed on the number seven. This, no doubt, had its origin in natural causes. The observation of the seven planets, and the phases of the moon changing every seven days.

Through the old and new Testaments, all church festivals, fasts and feasts were seven days long, and the same space of time was allotted for weddings and mourning for the dead. Every seventh day was sacred.

In the history of all nations, and through mythology, this same number appears in every conceivable connection. The seven sleepers, the seven wise men, the seven wonders of the world, the seven ages of man.

The changes supposed to take place in the human frame, so that every seven years, particle by particle, the body is renewed; the seventh son of a seventh son has always been a wizard or a doctor.

When I realized that I was about to appear before you for the seventh time, with this record in my hand, I trembled seventy times seven, as if the influence of this mystic numeral was upon me, and I wished that the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter would arise and solicit this position, which I would joyfully resign.

The "history" was read last year on the 15th of the Fourth month, and three days afterwards, on the 18th, Allan Bowie Davis died in his eighty-first year, at his winter residence in Baltimore. His remains were interred at his old home, "Greenwood," near Brookeville.

He was so interested in our people, and various institutions, a notice of his life and death is not out of place here.

Born at "Greenwood," in the ancestral mansion, built by his father in 1755, he passed all his youthful years there, completing his academic course at the

Brookeville Academy when he was sixteen, and, after that, devoting himself so successfully to the farm that his father gave him sole management of it.

He married young, and was in early life appointed to offices of trust and importance.

He was instrumental in securing the first prohibitory law in Maryland, and had it extended over the entire district.

About 1840, he was elected president of the Montgomery County Agricultural Society, and greatly advanced the farming interests of the County. His public spirit was constantly manifesting itself in devising improvements for the people.

He obtained the charter and stock subscription for the Brookeville and Washington Turnpike Company, constructed the road, and was its first president.

In 1862 he was elected to the legislature, the exciting circumstances and complications of the civil war making this an eventful session.

He was for many years an efficient director of the Montgomery County Insurance Company, and his interest in Olney Grange, of which he was a valued member, never abated.

The last public office held by Mr. Davis, and by no means the least, was that of school commissioner of this county; he greatly advanced the public interest in education by his wise management and zeal.

His influence upon the county life of his section was elevating and enriching. He set an example to farmers showing them how they could become not only successful cultivators of the soil, but useful citizens and educated men. He demonstrated that farming is

not only a profitable occupation, but a noble calling, with which true refinement and high culture may be associated.

About the middle of Fourth month, we had several days of excessive heat. Shrubs and trees were forced into rapid and imperfect bud and bloom; this was followed by pouring rains which beat off the premature flowers, so that our lilacs, snowballs and apple blossoms were indeed a fleeting show.

Fourth month, 25th. Prof. Thomas Willson, Curator of the Smithsonian Institute, lectured at the Lyceum on "Prehistoric Man," to an audience composed largely of young ladies. It was a discourse calculated to awaken much interest in the remains of past and gone nations, evidences of which are all around us, in our woods and fields, if we will only examine with seeing eyes.

Fifth month, 1st. Mainly through the exertions of Thomas L. Moore, the postmaster-general was induced to give us an additional mail each day; one reaching Sandy Spring at 10.30 A. M., and the second at 6.15 P. M., and leaving this office at 7 A. M. and 2 P. M. Thus enabling us to receive letters and forward answers on the same day.

About this date some of our people witnessed the pomp and circumstance with which the centennial of the presidency of George Washington was celebrated in New York City, and all over the country with more or less imposing ceremonies, except in Sandy Spring.

For once our neighborhood, often in the front rank, was left far behind. While many relics of the father of his country were in our midst, a piece of his coffin, a

few hairs from his venerated head, a snuff box, presented by him to a member of the Bowie family, a bedstead on which he once slept, from the old Snowden mansion near Laurel, and a foot stool from Mt. Vernon. We sent none of these authenticated remains to swell the torrent of "relics" that poured into New York from other states and territories; we did not even add another to the battalion of body servants that hobbled into prominence.

I will copy a single specimen of the innumerable poems that appeared in the daily papers in commemoration of this event.

"When Washington was President—
As cold as any icicle,
He never on a railroad went,
And never rode a bicycle;
He read by no electric lamp,
Nor heard about the Yellowstone;
He never had a postage stamp,
And never saw a telephone.
His short clothes ended at the knee,
By wire he could not snatch despatch,
He never steamed across the seas,
And never had a match to scratch.
But in these days it's come to pass,
All work is with such dashing done,
We've all these things, but, then, alas!
We seem to have no Washington."

A postoffice was established at Ashton, the 1st of the Fifth month, and Alban G. Thomas appointed postmaster.

Fifth month, 5th. The remains of the infant child of Henry T. and Helen Bentley Lea, were brought

from Lawrence, Mass., and interred at Woodside cemetery. This baby that had lived a very short time was named for its mother.

A few days later, the remains of Rebecca, infant daughter of Ernest and Minnie Rust Iddings, were brought from Elton, and buried at Woodside cemetery.

Fifth month, 9th, 10th and 11th, very high winds prevailed, followed by intense heat, and the farmers were planting corn with the mercury ranging from ninety to one hundred degrees.

About the middle of May, the young folks had a large and enjoyable riding party to Triadelphia, and those who did not go have never been able to find out just how many miles were traversed that day.

Fifth month, 20th. Albert Chandlee died in his fifty-fifth year, after many months of invalidism.

For a long period he had carried on successfully the canning business, in addition to his farming interests.

He was one of the directors of the savings institution of Sandy Spring.

He was an attentive son to his aged father, an industrious and estimable man, and a kind neighbor. The last word he uttered was "rest." His death was a great blow to his immediate family.

His funeral at the meeting-house on the 22nd, was largely attended, many colored persons, whom he had employed, being present.

Fifth month, 23rd. A fine large barn was raised at Fair Hill, with the usual accompaniment of a crowd and a good dinner.

About this time, a custom which prevails elsewhere

among "Friends," of men and women sitting together in meeting was adopted to a limited extent here. A few of the younger brothers drifted in on our side, but there was no general move to change the distinctive feature of the society, which prevails not only in the meeting-house, but in social intercourse, where the men angels are very apt to gather on one side, and the women angels on the other.

On the morning of Fifth month, 31st, a dashing rain-storm began, continuing for twenty-four hours with increasing fury of wind and volumes of water. The heavy pall of black clouds, the steady downpour, and the shrieking blast, filled one with a feeling of terror.

The damage in our immediate vicinity was confined to a few trees blown down, roads undermined, bridges swept away. In other parts of Montgomery County there was serious loss to property, but this was almost forgotten in the accounts from Johnstown, in our neighboring state of Pennsylvania.

A lake, swollen beyond all precedent, burst through its protecting wall, and a resistless avalanche of water, forty feet high, swept through a narrow valley, destroying villages and towns in its path, and leaving behind a scene of ruin and disaster that thrilled the civilized world.

How many thousands, young and old, saint and sinner, were hurled out of existence in those frightful hours we shall never know; but, shining like beacon lights above the dark flood, were some heroic figures.

The nameless messenger who rode like the wind on his powerful gray horse down the valley to warn the inhabitants of their impending doom and was himself

lost; a woman telegraph operator, who remained at her instrument until the flood swept over her, sending dispatch after dispatch of terrible import, praying the people below to flee to the hills for their lives.

John Coffin, a nephew of our friend Mary C. Brooke, a young man of brilliant intellect, and unusual scholarly attainments, rescued numbers of drowning persons by his presence of mind and almost super-human efforts. A few weeks later, he fell a victim to typhoid fever, contracted in thus nobly exposing himself to save others.

While the daily newspaper sifts the past to atoms, foretells the future, and leaves nothing to the imagination, it seems as if the old heroic age was gone, as if there was but little scope in these prosaic days for personal bravery and magnificent deeds; but the year 1889, replete with terrific storms, and wide-spread disaster on land and sea, was remarkable for unparalleled heroism displayed by obscure men and women, who rose with the circumstances under which they were placed, and immortalized themselves.

There were many instances of this rare courage at Johnstown, and again, by American sailors in the land-locked harbor of the Samoan Islands, who cheered the English man-of-war, as she escaped from the deadly hurricane into the open sea, and then went to their own doom on the pitiless rocks, with flags flying and band playing.

All this is not strictly Sandy Spring history, but when heroes, philosophers and martyrs, do great deeds, speak grand words, suffer noble sorrows for humanity, it is "the touch of nature that makes the whole world

kin," and it should be our privilege to appreciate, to sympathize, to emulate!

Sixth month, .4th. The remains of Joseph Paxon, son-in-law of the late Caleb Iddings, of Riverside, were brought from Philadelphia, where he died, and buried at Woodside cemetery.

Sixth month, 5th. A meeting held at the Lyceum of the Sandy Spring Woman's Suffrage Association, was presided over and addressed very appropriately by a mother and son, a father and daughter. Caroline H. and Guion Miller, James P. and Jessie B. Stabler, all taking active part in the exercises, which divided the privileges impartially between the sexes.

Sixth month, 8th. At her home, Brooke Meadow, died Mary E., wife of Walter Thomas, and eldest daughter of Sallie and the late Samuel Ellicott.

Young and blooming, but recently married, full of life and energy, and social graces, it seemed as if a long and happy existence must be her portion, and her untimely death came as a shock to the community.

There was no trace of the insidious disease that had sapped her life as she lay a beautiful statue in her coffin, robed in her wedding garments.

Sixth month, 9th and 10th, quarterly meeting occurred, much smaller than last year's, and comparatively few visitors from other sections, but the addresses and business were of considerable interest.

Sixth month, 13th, occurred the death of an old gentleman, William Miles, at Ashton, where he had lived for some years with an only daughter. His remains were taken to Pennsylvania, his former residence, to be buried.

About this time, also occurred the death of Mrs. Catherine Bowie, near Olney. A lady of the older school of gentlewomen, she had been intimate with a past generation in Sandy Spring.

Sixth month, 17th. A delightful company assembled at an early hour at Belmont, to christen the new barn, which was appropriately hung with lighted lanterns and decorated with half-bushel measures of white daisies, and other choice flowers of the field. A small piano was carried by strong farmer boys to the second square of the barn and discoursed sweet and inspiring strains to the merry dancers below, who discovered that the smooth, even floor above the granaries, was just right to "trip the light, fantastic toe" on. Some very fine choruses were rendered, and at the seasonable hour of 10, the large party dispersed, exclaiming one and all, that a barn was the best place in the world in which to have a frolic.

The quotation for this date, Sixth month, 17th, on the Dickens calendar, compiled a year previously by the hostess, was so singularly appropriate it shall be repeated here.

"You young people don't know what it is to be low in your feelings, you always have your appetites too, and what a comfort that is."

Sixth month, 19th. At the home of the bride, near Jordan Springs, Frederick county, Va., Charles M. Pidgeon, of Sandy Spring, and Katie Duvall, of the former place, were married. The young couple came to reside at the old Chandlee homestead.

In this month a small store was opened in the toll-house at Ednor, and a lamp-post planted at Ashton,

which gave rise to the suggestion that the new street should be called "Thomas Allie."

In June and July, drenching rains continued, and forty-three inches of water had fallen in three months, while the yearly average is about forty-eight inches.

The farmer who is generally a martyr to wet weather when he wants dry, and is suffocating with dust, when a little rain would be most acceptable, was more downhearted than usual as these storms continued, preventing him from securing what little had not already floated way.

The wheat crop up to the time of the May floods, promised a bountiful harvest, but whether the rain washed off the bloom, or hatched out the fly, or developed the worm, or rusted the stalks, the yield was disappointing all the same, whatever the cause, and all the housekeepers can testify to the poor quality of runny flour, manufactured from this wheat, which made marriage almost a failure, and the bread to run out of the pans, no matter what was done to prevent it.

The hay crop was abundant, but a great deal of it was ruined and left in the fields.

Oats were below the standard and on some farms almost an entire loss.

Later on the yield of potatoes was immense and they were as lovely to look upon as it was in the nature of potatoes to be, but many of them, so false and hollow within, that one farmer, at least, returned hundreds of bushels from his cellars to his fields again, and a wagoner excused his late returns from market by declaring he had to take his potatoes each week to new

customers, not daring to go back over his previous route.

The immortal Dick Swiveller shut off a street in London every time he bought a garment, but this son of Africa seems to have closed up an avenue in Washington whenever he sold a sack of potatoes.

Fruit was scarce and inferior.

In the midst of this gloomy outlook, the corn crop was large and of excellent quality, and it may have been these very corn-stalks that saved our discouraged and half-drowned farmers from striking out for Washington in a body and demanding office under the new administration.

The appearance of the railroad engineers, early in July, caused the usual flutter of excitement; new lines were run, stakes driven, trees blazed, brushes cut away, and when a little later, the president of the proposed road was seen riding over the route some of us whose chief diet is hope, almost heard the whistle and had narrow escapes in imagination from the locomotive, so much nearer did it seem than ever before, and we were all amiably disposed to wish that the "Gettysburg and Washington" would run, not between our house and barn, but just over the line on our neighbor's farm.

Seventh month, 3rd. At Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, by Episcopal ceremony, Dr. Samuel J. Scott, of Sandy Spring, and Miss Mary E. Webb, were married.

The family of Edward N. Bentley moved from Highland to Homewood to live, and he secured a situation at the Grange Agency in Washington.

Seventh month, 20th. Sydney Snowden, son of Dr. Augustus and Helen Snowden Stabler, was born.

Seventh month, 22nd. Gladys, daughter of Charles F. and Corrie M. Brooke, was born.

Seventh month, 22nd. Roger Brooke Thomas, aged eighty-seven, died at the home of Charles G. Porter, where he had resided for a number of years.

He had been watched over and tended in his long decline with a rare faithfulness and self-sacrifice on the part of his host and hostess.

In this month, Dr. Frank Thomas and family started for Europe, and Warwick P. Miller, Henry C. Hallowell and James P. Stabler went to Bremen and returned in five weeks, principally for the benefit of the ocean voyage. Arthur and Anna Stabler returned from an extended tour, embracing such widely separated points as New Orleans, California and British Columbia.

Seventh month, 24th. Rebecca M. Thomas, aged seventy-two years, widow of the late William John Thomas, passed suddenly away at Mountain Lake Park, where she had gone with members of her family to attend a temperance convention.

Few indeed have left behind such a record of usefulness, industry and benevolence as our dear departed friend.

In early life, she liberated her slaves, and joined the Society of Friends, becoming an active worker in all the business of the meeting, and an acceptable minister, though oftentimes speaking with much diffidence and personal trial.

Her practical charity was not only manifested in

dispensing largely of her means, but the poor and wretched around her were often the recipients of the work of her hands. She assisted a number of poor women to buy sewing machines, and her generous impulses took the effective form of doing the duty nearest to her. She often visited the jails and almshouse, performing offices of mercy to the most degraded.

The temperance cause was very dear to her heart, and in that, and other philanthropic work, she constantly labored by precept and example.

In all the relations of life she seemed endowed with the faculty of bestowing and receiving devotion.

Her ready sympathy and loving counsel endeared her especially to the young, and she was never a restraint upon innocent society, but entered into all rational recreations heartily, believing in development rather than repression. She had endured much physical suffering, and the sorrow of losing many near and dear, but her Christian graces were such she bore her burdens with cheerful resignation, and the peaceful expression on her calm, placid face was ever a help to her friends and an attraction to strangers.

The Sabbath before she passed away, looking out over the mountains, she remarked, "What a beautiful place this would be to go to Heaven from!" and on the morning she was to have journeyed home, out of an apparently quiet and dreamless sleep, she awoke in the "Home of the Soul." On the afternoon of the twenty-fifth many relatives and friends, from far and near, assembled at the house of Samuel P. Thomas to offer tributes of love and esteem, and to follow her remains to their last resting-place at the meeting-house.

Eighth month, 1st. William Davis, son of Charles R. and Ella L. Hartshorne, was born.

Eighth month, 12th, might be fitly termed a "field-day." First, there was a game of baseball played at Clarksville, between a picked nine from Sandy Spring, and the same number from Howard County, resulting in a signal defeat to the latter. In the afternoon the tennis tournament, commenced on the previous day, was continued to the bitter end. Olney Grange held its regular meeting at five o'clock, and there was a large company in the evening. If all the pitchers and catchers, servers and receivers, worthy brothers and sisters, dancing youths and maidens, were not exhausted that night, they certainly demonstrated the capacity of our inhabitants for unlimited endurance in the matter of amusement.

—"Excitement and tranquility" are doubtless the main constituents of a satisfied life, and Sandy Springs will be a favored neighborhood if our people can have the first without excess, and enjoy the second without stagnation.

An interest in outdoor sports seems to be growing steadily in our midst. A great many years ago, when your historian was young, the farmer boy seemed to find sufficient exercise in the wheat and potato field; but, now, it is on the football or lawn-tennis grounds that he displays his acme of strength and industry.

There is much to be said in favor of physical culture; for no one can have complete control of nerve and muscle unless he is temperate in eating and drink-

ing, and of regular and abstemious habits. The trained athlete dares not indulge in any excess.

In view of broken bones, contused heads and twisted limbs, there is much improvement to be desired in the rough manner of playing some of the games. We may also note the fact that while "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," too much play and too little work will undoubtedly develop Jack's muscles, but it will never extend his pocketbook.

In the dark, middle ages of history, the body was despised and crucified. We are getting now still further back to the Greek civilization when it was cultivated and deified. Memory does not have to travel very far to the days when people grew up just as the chairs they sat on, or the desks they leaned over, or the clothes often misfitted on them made them grow, and they walked every and any way that seemed most convenient for locomotion. But now the girl is told she must draw her chin in towards her neck, throw her shoulders back, hold her elbows in easy line with her waist, to secure an erect and graceful carriage. She must not drag her feet in meandering lines either, but must have a firm and even tread as if she meant something by walking. The boy must not hug his hands out of sight, nor let his head arrive at home before he does, nor fidget about as if his muscles governed him instead of the reverse.

It is getting more difficult every year to live up to standards of excellence. A great many of us will die of old age before we have time to learn half that professors of physical culture and professors of mental culture and every other sort of culture are willing and

anxious to teach us. It used to be thought sufficient to be morally good; but my dear young people, now, just as far as you possibly can, you must be healthy and physically good also, or you will be quite left behind in the requirements of our modern life.

In the Eighth month, a postoffice was established at Oakdale and Samuel Bond made postmaster. Later on another post-office was established at Holland's Corner, named "Norwood," and James M. Holland appointed postmaster.

"In August came our usual influx of visitors and strangers. This cheerful element like the lilies of the field, "toil not, neither do they spin;" but some of them at least, departing, leave behind them substantial mementoes in the shape of sundry greenbacks, as lawful tender for the rather unusual privilege boarders enjoy in this community.

While we are advised to extend hospitality to all comers, of high and low degree, that we may perchance entertain an angel unawares, two old writers have expressed themselves so well on this subject, I will quote their admonitions for what they are worth:

"We must have charity towards all, but familiarity with all is not expedient;" and the second is still more pithy—"Lay not violent hands on strangers."

Ernest Iddings about this time purchased the Congdon farm near Riverside and returned to this neighborhood to live.

Albert Stabler decided to devote his whole attention to the business of life insurance in Washington and Tarleton, and Mortimer Stabler took charge of his farm at Lay Hill.

Ninth month, 14th. Henry H. Miller was married at Siasconset, Mass., to Helen Gray of Washington. The young couple took up their abode at Stanmore, which was slightly remodeled to accommodate two families.

It does not often fall to the lot of one man, as in this case, to be married and nominated for the legislature on the same day.

Ninth month, 19th. The Montgomery County Women's Christian Temperance Union held a pleasant and profitable convention at the Lyceum. Pattie T. Farquhar reported good work done among the children of various "Bands of Hope," and Mary E. Moore's account of the colored mission school at Sharp Street was most suggestive. Mary Magruder, State Organizer, made a forcible plea in behalf of the cause she is so interested in.

The afternoon session closed with the reading of a memorial to Rebecca M. Thomas, a valued member of the organization, and the election of the following officers:

President, Sarah T. Miller.

Vice-president, Mary E. Moore.

Corresponding secretary, Annie F. Gilpin.

Recording secretary, Rebecca T. Miller.

Treasurer, Sarah E. Stabler.

In the evening a full house listened to an address from the Rev. Anna Shaw, of Chicago, who had been present at the convention.

Of the many fine speeches made in the Lyceum, few could compare with hers in logic, humor and force of expression. Miss Shaw has been an ordained

minister for eight years in the Methodist Protestant Church.

Rockland, Sherwood and the various public schools had now resumed their labors with a good attendance, and more scholars had gone from the neighborhood to Swarthmore, than ever before.

A gratifying improvement is to be noted in the public school at Sandy Spring under the care of Sarah Scofield.

The public school at Alloway, conducted by Alice T. and Lillie B. Stabler, is now called Oakley school.

Later in the year, Jessie B. Stabler took charge of the public school at Olney.

It should be a subject of congratulation that so large a number of our young women are self-supporting; many as teachers, some in the care of little children or plying the needle, some as companions for the infirm, others assisting in household work, and several as typewriters. The girls obtain situations nowadays with as much, or greater, facility than the boys, and who knows but that each of these independent damsels may in time be able to support a husband, and support him well, too!

Tenth month, 29th. Many persons attended Baltimore yearly meeting which was held for the first time in the fine, new meeting-house on Park Avenue.

At Bloomfield on 3rd day, 29th, of the Tenth month, Richard T. Bentley died in his seventy-first year. On the following, 5th day, a large concourse of relations, neighbors and friends gathered to pay their last tribute of respect and followed his remains to the burial-

ground at Sandy Spring meeting-house, where he was interred.

For over five years he had been the victim of a malady that neither the assiduous care of a devoted wife, nor the no-less-willing services of his anxious children, could arrest or alleviate.

His death, therefore, was not unexpected, although within two weeks of that event he seemed to defy the agony he suffered and went regularly to his business.

He was born at Bloomfield in 1819, an event his father celebrated by planting the locust trees that have since grown so large in front of the old homestead.

He spent his early life at his birthplace, and received all his education at schools in this vicinity. When quite a lad he secured a clerkship in Washington, where he remained two years, but business life in the city was distasteful to him and its pleasures offered little to his fancy. He preferred the freedom of the country and the more rational enjoyments it afforded. He, therefore, returned to his old home and made farming his pursuit. He entered upon his chosen field of labor with energy and followed it to success.

He found "Bloomfield" poor and sterile, he left it rich and productive.

He was instrumental in forming the Farmers' Club of Sandy Spring, and its first organized meeting was held at his house. During the long period of nearly fifty years, which it has been in existence, he was an active, useful and valued member.

In connection with the late Alban Gilpin, he conducted a general mercantile business, for many years, in the store his father assisted to establish in 1817 at Sandy Spring. In this business he continued until the fall of 1885, when he withdrew from the firm. His uniform courtesy, honorable dealing and exact methods brought the natural reward of prosperity and he retired with the good-will and best wishes of his numerous customers and friends

About this time he relinquished the care of his farm to his eldest son, giving him sole direction of it.

In the public institutions which center in Sandy Spring, he took a deep interest and an active part in their management. He was among the very first to establish the Library, and a liberal patron of the Lyceum.

He was a director of the insurance company from its beginning in 1848, and on the death of Edward Stabler, its first president, in 1884, he was elected to fill that office, and he continued to discharge its responsible duties with fidelity and honor to the time of his death.

He was appointed postmaster at Sandy Spring about the same time, and this office he likewise held until death released him from all earthly cares.

In the success of the Sandy Spring Savings Institution he was also much interested and was a director from its inception, and a cautious, conservative and faithful manager of its affairs.

In the Society of Friends, in which he held a birth-right membership, he took a deep and abiding interest. He loved it for the principles it held and was

thoroughly conversant with its history and traditions. In the latter years of his life he took an active part in its proceedings and in his own and the yearly meetings his counsel and aid were often in request. He was a prominent member of the Indian Committee of Baltimore yearly meeting for twenty years and he gave to the unfortunate race under its supervision much thought, attention and time.

Although he was not a politician in the generally accepted sense of the term, he was a close observer of national, state and neighborhood affairs.

He held decided opinions on public policy, and his voice was heard, his influence exerted, and his vote cast on the side of good government and what he considered was for the advancement of the moral and national interests of his fellow-citizens. But there was another side to his character, that those who knew him personally never ceased to admire.

In his friendship he was steadfast and true, in his intercourse with all, the courteous gentleman. His social characteristics, his ready wit and genial disposition made him a delightful companion and a welcome guest in every household.

His hospitality was acknowledged far and wide and his home was a center where relatives and friends loved to gather. Courtesy without effusion, dignity without stiffness, vivacity without levity, marked his intercourse with those he entertained. Impulsive by nature his emotions were controlled, and his conduct regulated by a high moral code which gave him the manly courage to acknowledge a fault, and the grace of heart to redress a wrong. To a tale of trouble his

benevolence made substantial response, and he "gave to misery more than a tear."

To his children he has left an honest name of which they may well be proud, to the rising generation an example of manhood worthy of imitation, and to his contemporaries a blank that will remain unfilled.

M. K.

In the Tenth month, Benjamin H. Miller was appointed Indian inspector and started on extensive travels in the far northwest, as portrayed in some interesting letters which appeared from time to time in the country press.

Robert H. Miller was appointed by Governor Jackson to represent the State of Maryland at the Farmers' Convention, held in Alabama in November.

The Farmers' Hotel and Stable at 1210 Ohio Avenue, Washington, was now in good running order. Dr. Frank Thomas of our neighborhood after eighteen years of market-going realized the necessity of comfortable and cheap quarters for respectable farmers who go to Washington with their produce. He therefore purchased a large property on Ohio Avenue and erected thereon a convenient hotel and stable capable of accommodating many persons, horses and wagons. It is what the farmers have long needed and should have a hearty support.

Eleventh month, 7th. At a special meeting of the board of directors of the insurance company, Joseph T. Moore was elected president to succeed the late Richard T. Bentley. Thomas L. Moore resigned, amid many expressions of regret, his office of assistant secretary and Allan Farquhar was chosen in his place.

Captain John MacDonald of Potomac, was made director.

The Rev. J. S. Kieffer of Hagerstown, gave one of his interesting and instructive lectures at the Lyceum for the benefit of the temperance cause. His subject was "Memory."

About the middle of November the pleasant and hospitable home at Highland was broken up by the removal of William Lea, jr., and family to Wilmington, Delaware.

For twenty-five years William Lea, jr., had lived among us, identifying himself thoroughly with the interests of the people. An excellent farmer, good business man and kind-hearted neighbor, he will be greatly missed.

Newton Stabler took charge of the Highland farm.

Twelfth month 1st. Thomas L. Moore and wife went to Richmond, Virginia, to live.

Assistant secretary of the insurance company, president of the Lyceum, director in the bank, prominent in social, as well as in business life, in the departure of a young man so universally esteemed, our neighborhood sustained a great loss.

Twelfth month, 3rd. R. Rowland Moore had a narrow escape from death on the farm of Samuel Hopkins at White Hall. While working in a well it caved in on him and he was buried alive, and only extricated after two hours hard labor. An arch was formed by the falling stones which preserved him from serious injury, although he suffered severe bruises.

In this month, George B. Miller was made president of the Lyceum, and appointed postmaster at San-

dy Spring to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the late Richard T. Bentley.

Samuel Bond and John Thomas were elected directors of the savings institution.

Twelfth month, 24th. Richard Thomas, son of Edward N. and Hallie J. Bentley, was born.

Christmas day was balmy and beautiful, football and lawn tennis were played in a temperature just right for outdoor sports.

During the succeeding weeks we had the perfection of weather, more like October than January, and the numerous girls and boys enjoying their holidays from school and college had hardly a cloud to mar the brilliant sunshine, or a storm to curtail the festivities of the season. On one afternoon in this week the Alloway family entertained the fifty-four scholars from the public school near them, Warwick Miller gave the boys a spread at the schoolhouse, and the girls were invited to Alloway to tea, where they were regaled with pictures and music, and on leaving each child was presented with a hothouse plant to carry home, contributed by Mrs. Joseph Shoemaker of Germantown.

Twelfth month, 28th. Margaret E., daughter of Caroline H. and the late Frances Miller, was married at Stanmore by Friends' ceremony to Samuel M. Janney. Many relatives and friends from other states attended this pleasant wedding. The bride and groom went immediately to their home in New York City.

About this time a most mysterious disease which had started in Russia, and traversed the European countries with wonderful rapidity, respecting neither

prince nor peasant, landed in New York and lost but little time in reaching Sandy Spring.

For many weeks nearly all our inhabitants were obliged to entertain, with greater or less severity, this unwelcome foreigner that could boast of as many names as a royal personage, or stalked abroad in aliases like a thief.

Sometimes whole families were prostrated; again a single sufferer would be attacked and not half a dozen households escaped entirely.

The Russian influenza, or *la grippe*, or "Tyler fever," or plain "grip," or whatever this painful malady should be called, was distinguished by symptoms of all other diseases besides a few unmistakable ones of its own, and as no two persons seemed to enjoy the affliction in just the same way, it created as much talk and speculation as the coming of the railroad or the name of the national flower.

Everyone agreed, however, that this latest style of bacteria, direct from Paris, developed in the human frame the worst backache, the most splitting headache, greater weakness, and more dizziness, and general misery, than any new and untried disease ever imported into Sandy Spring before. Regarded at first as rather a joke than otherwise, it cost many persons a long and dangerous illness and in the cities was extremely fatal.

First month, 9th, 1890. Uriah B. Kirk, formerly of Woodburn, Sandy Spring, died very suddenly at his residence in Philadelphia. His remains were brought here and interred at Woodside cemetery.

The many relatives and friends of this pleasant, gen-

ial gentleman will greatly miss his visits each summer to our neighborhood.

First month, 12th. The mercury was 70° in the shade, the same temperature as the fourth of July, 1889. Violets, dandelions and rose-buds were picked on that day, willows put forth their leaves, maples budded. We began to be frightened and to feel that the weather was out of joint, and to wonder if it was last summer or next we were enjoying.

First month, 16th, 1890. Two more wires were placed on the telegraph line; this we were informed was rendered necessary by an increase of business with the south.

The farmers held their annual convention at the Lyceum on First month, 21st.

About one hundred practical farmers of Montgomery county and adjacent parts of Prince George were present and took great interest in the discussions.

Henry C. Hallowell, who had been president of the convention since its organization in 1873, presided, with Frank Snowden as secretary.

President Hallowell urged the farmers to keep up with the times and to look at questions that came before them from all sides.

"Almost every new method," he said, "in farming creates opposition at first, and this is only done away with when familiarity with the new method proves it to be better than the old." He was particularly anxious that farmers should not grumble about hard times. "If anything can be done, do it; if nothing can be

done, don't fret; you know the old saying, "Heaven has no room for the discouraged."

Prof. Henry E. Alvord, President of the Maryland Agricultural College, made the report of a committee on creameries.

Mr. J. B. Alger, of Prince George, offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, endorsing the proposition of the state convention of farmers and their memorial to the legislature, asking the appointment of a state board of agriculture and appropriating \$4,000 annually for expenses in holding farmers' institutes in the counties.

There were general discussions on the best manner of keeping ensilage, the proper way of preventing the killing out of clover, the necessity of a dog law, and the advisability of having a county treasurer instead of the present corps of tax collectors.

First month, 21st. William Somers, son of Mary and the late Mortimer Osburn, died in his forty-second year, at his residence in Baltimore. His remains were brought to Sandy Spring and buried at the meeting-house on the twenty-third.

A long and painful struggle with disease had been the portion for many years of this devoted son and brother, yet his patience and cheerfulness seldom flagged, and his energy enabled him to attend to his business almost to the last of an industrious life.

In Baltimore First month, 23rd, 1890, at the winter residence of Edward L. Palmer of Sandy Spring, his eldest daughter, Eleanor, was married by Friends' ceremony to Carroll W. Williams of Philadelphia.

Second month, 2nd. Eliza, daughter of John C. and Cornelia H. Bentley, was born.

Allan Farquhar was appointed one of a commission of five to build the new court-house at Rockville.

Mahlon Chandlee, our oldest inhabitant, died Second month, 5th, in his one hundredth year, having survived his mother, who passed away when he was very young, just ninety-nine years.

He was born Twelfth month, 22nd, 1790, a short distance from the place of his death, upon what was part of a grant of 17,000 acres given to his ancestor, James Brooke, by King Charles II. of England.

He was educated at Westtown boarding-school in Pennsylvania, and was married to Catherine Frame of this neighborhood, and settled on his farm of 400 acres, where he lived all his long, industrious life. The old farmhouse and the mill he built command a lovely view of rolling hill and valley, and he was especially fond of his fine timber lands and had a passion for planting groves of chestnut and oak trees.

He cast his first vote for Madison, was afterwards a whig and republican in turn, and voted for both Harrisons, who have been elected presidents.

For many years he was in the habit of visiting the city to transact his business, but could not be induced to stay over night, and last July made the journey to Baltimore, returning home the same evening. He attracted attention wherever he went, being fully six feet tall and to within a few years of his death very erect; he never forsook the quaint and peculiar garb of the primitive Friend.

His sight remained strong enough to the very last

to enable him to read, and his hearing was only slightly defective.

His untiring energy and enjoyment of work kept him always busy on his farm, or in his garden, until past ninety, and of late years he amused himself by gratifying a natural mechanical taste in a small shop near his house, where he labored persistently on perpetual motion machines and other more probable and practical contrivances.

Early in February, at a meeting of the Montgomery County Agricultural Society, held in Rockville, Robert H. Miller was elected president and John C. Bentley one of the vice-presidents.

George L. Stabler moved with his family from Leawood Mills, (which was purchased by Mrs. Haviland) into a house at Ashton. The new home is called the "Gables."

Second month, 26th. A large and pleasant public meeting was held at Olney Grange Hall.

Representatives from various Granges in Montgomery and adjacent counties were present, and all extended a warm welcome to the national master, J. M. Brigham, of Ohio. This gentleman, fully six and a half feet tall, of fine and imposing presence, gave us an excellent address.

He had no sympathy, he said, with the perpetual cry of hard times, low prices and high taxes among the farmers. They held their redress in the ballot; as long as they consented to be represented by lawyers, they could not expect the farming interests to have a hearing in the halls of Congress.

The most remarkable winter of which we have au-

thentic record was now verging toward spring. The ground had hardly been frozen and only twice white with snow, scarcely three inches having fallen.

The coldest days of the winter were December 5th, twenty-three degrees above zero, January 22d, twenty degrees February 7th, twenty-two degrees.

The three warmest days were December 26th, seventy-three degrees above zero; January 13th, seventy-six degrees; February 26th, seventy-four degrees. Plenty of rain had descended on the just and unjust, fruit trees, shrubs and flowers had been blooming all the time, the grass had never lost its color or freshness, and the wheat was unhealthily high. The weakening effects of this unseasonable weather had been felt by everyone, and deprived of the tonic of frosty days and nights, there had been more sickness than for years.

In contradiction to the usual course in a mild winter more persons had sought the city than ever before. Eliza Brooke, of Falling Green, spent some months near Philadelphia. Rebecca T. Miller went to Texas for a long visit; Arthur Stabler and wife, William Riggs and family, Sallie Ellicott and family, Caroline H. Miller, Kate Stabler, Elizabeth Tyson and others, had closed their homes, and at one time there were eleven houses abandoned in Sandy Spring for the time being.

The first week of the Third month was characterized by regular March weather. Cold storms of rain and snow came from the south; the mercury fell to ten degrees above zero, and we had our first real shiver of the season. The fruit was killed again for

the third or fourth time. Some farmers gathered a few loads of an inferior quality of ice, one new ice-house, at least, having remained an aching void all winter.

Third month, 4th. At White Hall, the residence of Samuel Hopkins, Herbert S. Adams, of Howard county, favorably known as a veterinary surgeon in this section, was married to Miss Annie Hamlin, of England. The newly-married couple left for Chicago, their future home.

Third month, 5th. Warwick P. Miller, wife and two daughters (Janet and Isabelle), with Ellen Farquhar, started for an extensive European trip.

Third month, 8th. A tenant-house on the farm of Joseph T. Moore, jr., was burned to the ground, and a respectable old colored woman, Mary Budd, perished in the flames. The cause of this fire and loss of life was undoubtedly the reckless use of kerosene.

Sheriff Carr, of Montgomery county, died very suddenly on Third month, 11th, and 'Squire Fairall, of Sandy Spring, was appointed on the 12th by Governor Jackson to fill the position.

Third month, 15th and 16th, gave us cold and blustering winds, snow flurries and a wintry chill in the air, quite out of keeping with the date.

Third month, 17th, Charles Chandlee, son of Charles and Kate Pidgeon, was born.

Third month, 20th, an exhibition was given at the Lyceum of a phonograph, to a large audience, which was greatly entertained by this wonderful machine, that sang so well, laughed so heartily, and talked with such facility. The human race appeared quite old-fashioned beside it.

Third month, 26th, Arthur Stabler was appointed cashier of the office of collector of customs, in Baltimore.

Third month, 26th, Margaret, daughter of Guion and Annie Tyler Miller, was born.

Third month, 28th, Granville Elgar, son of Granville and Pattie T. Farquhar, was born.

Robert H. Brooke secured a situation on the new extension of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, and left for Kentucky. Earnest Iddings went to Philadelphia to engage in business in the Bell Telephone Company, leaving his wife and her brother in charge of their new place, "Atholwood." A bank was established at Laurel, to be known as the Citizens National Bank, with a capital stock of \$50,000, and Alban G. Thomas was appointed one of the directors.

Fourth month, 1st, we had a driving snow, not enough, however, to cover the wheat, which peeped through its white mantle in emerald freshness.

But one new society, called "The Anonymous Club," has been started in the past year. This is distinctly literary in its character, meets every two weeks, and includes whole families in its membership.

R. Rowland Moore purchased a tract of woodland on "Bradford's Rest," and Hallie J. Lea bought a small house and lot adjoining Eldon. A new barn at Fair Hill, and a tenant-house on Rockland farm must be noted. But our people seemed to have turned all their attention to building ice-houses. New ones are now waiting to be filled at Rock Spring, Bloomfield, Norwood and Falling Green.

Thoreau says, "There is no philosophy equal to the

observation of the things before you," and in the gathering together and contemplation of all the events, great and small, your historian has ample opportunity to note, and to comment on, the various changes which occur from year to year.

Many have left us in the past twelve months to seek a living elsewhere, and the reaper, Death, has, indeed, been busy in our midst, calling away nearly all the older members of our community; the grandfathers and grandmothers, the interesting, and in many cases, beautiful old faces that adorned the high seats in the meeting-house, the stay and the centre of many homes and families. As these true and tried ones pass beyond their earthly joys and sorrows our individual efforts should increase to fill worthily their vacant places, to continue their good works, to make the Sandy Spring of the future all their lives made it in the past. To each and every one of us there is nothing so important as the present moment; if we do not speak the kind word right now, if we do not crush out the unneighborly thought before it rankles and bears fruit, if we do not perform the right action on the instant, it is all too late, and we have lost forever the favored moment.

“Remember, three things come not back—
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay,
It speeds to wound or slay.

“The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee, but it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

“And the lost opportunity—
That cometh back no more to thee—
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will never more return.”

CHAPTER VIII.

From Fourth Month, 1890, to Fourth Month, 1891.

Henry Stanley Newman, of England, lectured on India—
Visit from Mrs. James A. Garfield to Fair Hill—First
business meeting of Friends in joint session, held in
the meeting-house at Sandy Spring—John D. Mac-
Pherson lectured—Obituaries of Ray Miller, John
Marsh Smith, Henry Stabler, Eliza Palmer Griffith,
Elizabeth Hopkins, Dorcas Pumphrey, Robert Sulli-
van, Orlando Hutton and Washington W. Owens.

At the annual meeting of the Lyceum Company,
Fourth month, 7th, 1890, George B. Miller was elected
president for the ensuing year, Elizabeth T. Stabler
chosen secretary, and Samuel Wetherald continued as
treasurer. With lamentable negligence nothing was
said about a change of historian, though the present
incumbent is a firm believer in rotation of office and is
loathe to retain, year after year, all the honors, re-
sponsibilities, and emoluments of a position she
feels convinced many in this audience are willing and
anxious to assume. She wishes it distinctly under-
stood that a very small minority will be as potent as
the largest majority in separating her from a task that
should now descend to younger hands, and fresher,
brighter heads.

Fourth month, 7th. Catherine Stabler sold at auction her household goods, and broke up her pleasant little home at Ashton, preparatory to a long sojourn with her sister Margaret S. Hallowell.

Fourth month, 9th, was "Arbor day," and no necessity for watering pots, as the skies furnished sufficient showers, as if that was all it needed, to make any tree grow.

There were ceremonies at the public school under the care of Sarah Scofield, and several trees planted, but no general observance on account of the weather.

William Milstead, who had so long and pleasantly served the people at Sandy Spring store, left for a good position with Percy M. Reese, of Baltimore, and Mr. Hyatt of Olney took his place.

Fourth month, 10th. A most interesting lecture was delivered at the Lyceum on India by Henry Stanley Newman of England. The next evening this same pleasant, fluent speaker gave another address at the Orthodox meeting-house, describing his travels in Palestine.

Fourth month, 13th and 14th. The mercury climbed towards 90° and orchards burst into bloom. This untimely heat was followed, in a few days, by a heavy frost that killed nearly all the fruit in this section, and made the housekeepers tremble at the prospect of an appleless and peachless summer; fortunately the berries escaped with their lives, and later on there was an immense crop of blackberries that did excellent service.

Fourth month 14th. A very enjoyable entertainment was given at Brighton Grange Hall; music by

the Sandy Spring quartet and two little plays creditably acted by some of the young folks. The proceeds to buy a piano for Brighton Grange.

Every one knows what happens in the springtide to the robin's breast, the wanton lapwing, the burnished dove, and the young man's fancy. Happily, many other objects undergo transforming processes, so there is ever a lovely and bewildering variety in nature. The elixir of life and growth once more enchants us, and those who do not rejoice in their country homes, amid this miracle of returning leaf and blossom, must be dead to all the subtle influences around them.

Fourth month, 20th and 21st. Our Orthodox Friends held their quarterly meeting. Rufus King from North Carolina, James Carey Thomas, Mary Snowden Thomas and many others were present.

On the evening of Fourth month, 24th, at the Lyceum, a quartet of male voices from Washington discoursed sweet music. W. G. Chichester, jr., gave us his harmonican solo, and some of the young people of the neighborhood, assisted by Miss Elise Hutton, acted a little play extremely well.

Fourth month, 27th. Mrs. James A. Garfield made a brief visit to Fair Hill, accompanied by her son-in-law and daughter, now Mrs. Stanley Brown. Ever since the summer of 1881, Mrs. Garfield has been an object of affectionate interest to the American people who watched with her by the bedside of her dying husband.

Fifth month, 1st. A stage line from Forest Glen to Olney, Sandy Spring and Ashton, was established by

Leonard Stabler, and at once proved a great convenience through the hot months up to October, when it was discontinued.

Fifth month, 3rd. John Thomas purchased at public auction some 200 acres of land from the Donahoo estate. This property originally belonged to the heirs of Richard Thomas of Cherry Grove, who sold it some thirty-five years ago for thirty dollars per acre. The price now paid was nine dollars and fifty cents, a very discouraging commentary on the depreciation of the value of land since our fathers were young.

Fifth month, 9th and 10th. A large party of various ages, and both sexes, went by private conveyance to Cabin John Bridge and the falls of the Potomac, and greatly enjoyed the wonderful arch of stone and the charming scenery so near us, and yet remaining to many as unknown and unvisited as the interior of Africa.

About this time R. Rowland Moore purchased a large tract of woodland beyond Norbeck and began cutting railroad ties from it. Joseph T. Moore, jr., started a small saw and grist mill on his farm.

The introduction of portable engines has made many innovations in old time methods, and the modern farmer, instead of taking his corn to mill with his bag balanced by a stone in one end, not infrequently now has the mill come to his grist. Wood is sawed, ensilage cut, feed ground, and the puffing little steam servant does the work of many men in a single day.

Fourth month, 22nd. Our genial friend, Charles H. Brooke of Falling Green, who always does everything at the right time of the moon, was enabled to

realize his pet scheme and long-contemplated desire, to lead a large company of neighbors to Damascus (not the ancient one), where the day was spent, and that most unusual pleasure, a successful picnic, enjoyed.

It is needless to say that the 22nd was not "Friday," and that more than thirteen persons participated in this well-managed excursion.

In this month, a letter dropped in the office in Rome, Italy, with no other address than the name of the person, and two words, "Sandy Spring," under it, was received at the latter place. This incident either goes to show the perfection of the international postal system, or emphasizes the fact that Sandy Spring must be almost as well-known as "The Eternal City."

Brookeville about this time was incorporated as a town—the founder, Richard Thomas, says one of his descendants was probably the first man in Montgomery County in favor of woman's rights, as he named the place for his wife, who was a Brooke, or she may have thought that men had no rights and named it for herself.

Sarah A. Chandlee, who had been a resident of our neighborhood for more than seventeen years, returned to her old home, Hopewell, Va., and requested Sandy Spring meeting to forward her certificate of membership to Hopewell meeting.

Dr. Roger Brooke completed a convenient addition to his house, with a very nice office for his own use.

Alban G. Thomas built yet again to his house, in the shape of a large and delightful dining-room below

and pleasant chambers above, and has, we understand, promised it and himself a long rest from the sound of the hammer and saw.

Fifth month, 11th. Charles H. and Annie F. Brooke passed the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding-day without celebration.

Fifth month, 20th. A very severe thunder-storm occurred early in the morning, to be followed by many others in the next two months.

The cottage, called Wayside, belonging to Dr. Augustus Stabler, was rented by a family named Colt, from Washington, who afterwards purchased, improved and renamed it Wrenwood.

Sixth month, 4th. The first business meeting in joint session was held in Sandy Spring meeting-house to take into consideration proposed changes in the discipline. History repeated itself, as just one hundred years ago the same thing occurred here.

Sixth month, 7th. Henry Stabler of Roslyn, died at the home upon which his busy hands had labored so long and so faithfully.

Born in Alexandria, Virginia, in 1818, he was the last of a family of fifteen children. Coming to Sandy Spring in early manhood, he married Mary, daughter of Elizabeth Lea of Walnut Hill, and the young couple went to reside at Roslyn where they spent the remainder of their lives.

For some years he engaged in merchandise, and later carried on an extensive canning business and the raising of fine seed-corn that acquired a deserved reputation.

A clear-headed and well-informed man, he was noted for his liberality of thought and action.

While venerating the old he did not discourage the new, and was ever the friend of progressive word and deed. He had the pen of a ready writer, and his articles on religious topics, written for the "circle," were admirable.

He was interred at Woodside, Sixth month, 9th, near the wife of his youth, to whom, during an exceptionally long invalidism, he had been a most faithful and self-sacrificing nurse and companion.

Sixth month, 10th, Ray, daughter of Guion and Annie Tyler Miller, died, after a brief illness, in Washington, and was buried at Sandy Spring on the afternoon of the 11th. This attractive infant, in her short span of life, had endeared herself to all who knew her in a singularly tender manner; and now,

Death, in a broidered slip and cap
Has left her to lie in her mother's lap
In a babyhood immortal."

On the 9th, 10th and 11th, the mercury crept up until it touched one hundred, followed on the afternoon of the 12th by a severe hail-storm that greatly injured the wheat and corn on several farms in its track. Hailstones, four inches in circumference, were picked up, and some persons filled their refrigerators for the first and only time that season. So great was the fall of temperature in a few hours fires had to be lighted for comfort, and we wondered whether we were located nearest the equator or north pole.

As the June days grew longer and hotter, and the

small supply of snow and ice secured melted away in the ardent heat, the question of keeping butter, cream and meats became an interesting problem, and various methods were adopted to dispense with the luxury which we all felt had become a necessity. Some reopened and cleaned old wells, and kept perishable articles hanging in them. Others constructed convenient dumb-waiters that traveled up and down the cool depths of wells. Many hauled ice each week from Washington at considerable expense, and all felt that another year without any perceptible winter would necessitate the erection of ice-machines and the manufacturing of the artificial, if we could not store away the real.

In the Sixth month the family of Edward N. Bentley moved to Washington to reside. Edward Magruder took the Johns Hopkins' examinations, having been prepared at Sherwood.

The Horticultural Meeting at Fair Hill was remarkable, inasmuch as so many who attended had been pupils within its venerable walls. Henry C. Hallowell, the president, made a beautiful address upon the interesting memories which cluster around this roof-tree, under whose branches his parents first met as coeducators.

Everyone was now in the midst of wheat gathering—interrupted by frequent thunder-storms. Rutledge and other places were struck by lightning.

An unusual number of accidents happened during this busy season, and maimed hands were the order of the day. Our young farmers seemed to work their

machines on the principle that a finger lost was five minutes gain in the harvest field.

The inevitable hightide of boarders and visitors had set hitherward, and as one tiller of the soil feelingly remarked, "The very day the mowers and binders entered the fields, the parties and athletic sports began."

The Seventh month, which the poet calls "sweet summer time, when the leaves are green and long," came on, and frequent mention of the "dog-days" proved that there is nothing to which human nature clings so closely as some phrase or expression which has long outlived its right to exist. The old Roman superstition of a connection between the heat of July and the rising and setting of the dog-star, Sirius, has been declared a fallacy.

Seventh month, 20th, Dorothy, daughter of Samuel and Florence Wetherald was born.

Seventh month, 24th, George B. Miller and Zaidie Tennant were married at the home of the bride's parents, in St. Louis, by Episcopal ceremony, and came to live at Oakleigh. This lady is one of many who have come from the city to reside among us.

Seventh month, 29th. Our community was shocked to learn that our genial friend and neighbor, John Marsh Smith, had been stricken with paralysis, and after a few hours illness he expired in the seventy-third year of his age. Born in Baltimore City of friendly parentage, he was educated in Alexandria by Benjamin Hallowell. He married Elizabeth Brooke, daughter of the late Nathan and Martha Tyson, who, with four children, survives him. He was seized with the gold fever in 1849, and went to California, and

none who heard him recount his varied experiences and adventures of that stirring time can ever forget them. While his cordial manners and ready wit invariably attracted strangers and the young, those who enjoyed the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with him knew how true a gentleman, how sincere a friend, he was under all circumstances. Honorable, correct and generous, his carefulness and rectitude in money dealings was proverbial, and he was especially noted for his liberality to those he employed, and to the poor. Coming many years ago to make Sandy Spring his residence, he identified himself with the place and people, and his loss was unusually mourned.

“Friend to truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honor clear,
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.”

His remains were taken to Baltimore, Eighth month, 1st, and buried at Greenmount.

If the wheat harvest had been a sad disappointment our constitutional grumblers were somewhat cheered by the immense yield of hay. It lay in great windrows, like the waves of the sea, in the fields, and groups of stacks attested the phenomenal amount secured. Our farmers were enabled to maintain their poverty-stricken condition later on, as the corn crop was poor in quantity and quality. In all the multitudinous work on the farm, from the first turning of the furrow through the planting, cultivating, harvesting and housing the crop, the slow-moving plow, the faster-running drill, the busy hum of binder and thresher, the great wagons winding homeward with

their loads, we can but reflect that the whole world is dependent on the tiller of the soil. Perhaps it is his tremendous responsibilities that induce him often to look on the dark side, and fail to perceive the silver lining to the cloud.

Tie for one year the farmer's hands, and bid him rest from his labors; let his fields lie fallow, his herds and flocks disperse, and starvation and death would claim millions of victims on every spot of earth where the banana and the date-palm do not grow. As the poet has said:

THE FARMER FEEDS THEM ALL.

"My lord rides through his palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state,
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying;
The minstrel harpeth merrily,
The sailor plows the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer,
And the soldier wars, without a fear;
But fall to each, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

"Smith hammereth cheerily the sword,
Priest preacheth pure and holy word,
Dame Alice worketh 'broidery well,
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell,
The tapwife sells her foaming beer,
Don Fisher fisheth in the mere,
And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine.
While pages bring the Gascon wine;
But fall to each, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

“Man builds his castles fair and high,
Whatever river runneth by,
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers,
Great work is done be't here and there,
And well man worketh everywhere;
But work or rest, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

We had in the Eighth month the most variable temperature, and on the 10th and 11th, after some days of intense heat, the mercury suddenly fell thirty degrees, and we were glad to close windows and doors, and again hover over fires that had been re-lighted at least once in every month.

It was now the height of the season, and our neighborhood, never without the stranger within its gates, was teeming with visitors and boarders. Indoor gaieties and outdoor sports—picnics, excursions and match games of base and football, and lawn-tennis, were the order of the day. The spare rooms were all full; no carriage had a vacant seat; the old meeting-house had almost a crowded look on the Sabbath; hospitality and good cheer ruled the hour. One roof-tree in our midst sheltered at this time the following relatives:

Two old couples, one married fifty-five years, the other fifty-three years; three grandfathers, three grandmothers, one great-grandfather, one great-grandmother, three husbands, three wives, three mothers, three fathers, three daughters, one step-daughter, two sons, one stepson, two grandsons, one

great-grandson, one granddaughter, one brother and one sister, one stepbrother, one stepsister, one step-uncle, one stepfather, one stepmother, two fathers-in-law, two mothers-in-law, one son-in-law, one daughter-in-law, two sisters-in-law, two aunts, three cousins.

Many years hence, when the curious antiquarian shall be searching these records of a country hamlet, long since merged into the busy streets and avenues of the national capital, he may, perchance, cite this example of the overflowing households of the nineteenth century; so I will leave him to puzzle out the correct answer to the question, "Of how many members did this remarkable family consist?"

Eighth month, 22nd, Katherine, daughter of Henry H. and Helen Gray Miller, was born.

Eighth month, 25th, Thomas L. and Estelle T., twin children of Joseph T., jr., and Estelle Tyson Moore, were born.

For six months favored relatives and friends had been entertained with delightful letters from foreign lands written en route by the Alloway family and Ellen Farquhar; the latter part of August our traveled neighbors returned safely to their homes.

Ellen Farquhar is the first person from our section who has visited Norway and Sweden and witnessed the wonderful spectacle of the midnight sun at North Cape, within the Arctic Circle. She, therefore, has exceptional scope for her descriptive powers.

Ninth month, 1st, Eliza Palmer Griffith, sister of Benjamin D. Palmer, died very suddenly at her home near Unity. This generous, warm-hearted woman was tenderly remembered by many of her old friends

in Sandy Spring, and her sad funeral at St. John's Church, Olney, Ninth month, 3rd, was largely attended.

Rockville Fair was held on the third, fourth and fifth. Fine, clear weather, and a larger attendance than ever before enabled the society to liquidate a debt of long standing.

Your historian is unable to state whether the increased flock of young ladies present was due to an overwhelming interest in athletic sports, or to the fact that the managers of the Fair had secured the services of a most eligible bachelor president.

Our people were awarded many premiums in all departments, but the presiding officer was not included in the "sweepstakes."

About this time a monster threshing machine, with a straw-stacker, said to do the work of six men, made its appearance in our fields. Another innovation was the selling of unfanned wheat to the fine new mill at Laurel.

In the Ninth month, Harry Sherman, of Washington, purchased the homestead at Olney belonging to the heirs of Sarah B. Farquhar, and he is to be congratulated upon the possession of what was once the home of his grandfather, Joseph Elgar, and from which his mother, Margaret Elgar Sherman, was married.

Jessie B. Stabler received the appointment of teacher at Sandy Spring public school, and Alice B. Stabler went to Linden to take charge of a public school there. Rockland and Sherwood, with full quotas of students, resumed their sessions.

October came on, not with the hoped-for clear, frosty days, but with two weeks of dismal clouds and heavy rains, followed later in the month by the soft and genial weather of the Indian summer.

Tenth month, 21st, Mary A. Livermore, the distinguished lecturer, delivered a fine address to a large audience at the Lyceum. Her subject, "Dream of the Future," was all-embracing in the variety of topics touched on.

Tenth month, 22nd, Anna, daughter of Charles R. and Nellie T. Hartshorne, was born. William and Jane Scofield and daughter Sarah went to San Antonio, Texas, to live; and Sarah has established near that quaint old city a day-school for boys and girls.

A sale was held at the old Chandlee homestead, and the accumulations of a hundred years disposed of. Charles Pidgeon and family, who had been in charge, removed to Pennsylvania to live.

There was serious loss in this month to potato growers by the rotting of a large proportion of the tubers, estimated in some sections to be ninety per cent. of the crop. Those that were housed kept badly, but the few that remained sound the following spring retailed as high as one dollar and sixty cents per sack.

Eleventh month, 17th. At White Hall, the residence of her son, Samuel, died Elizabeth Hopkins, in her eighty-second year. This gentle friend came with her family from Virginia many years ago to reside among us, and endeared herself greatly to her neighbors by her affectionate interest in those around her, her warm, charitable heart and pleasing serenity of

manner. She was laid to rest at Woodside Cemetery. Thomas J. Lea erected a neat, convenient dwelling and barn on land purchased from his father, and moved his family from Springdale to this new home, which is called "Argyle."

Eleventh month, 28th, Mr. and Mrs. George Nesbitt celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage by a large evening reception at Longwood. New and old brides appeared in their wedding robes, and occasioned much amusement by the diversity of styles running through a quarter of a century.

Eleventh month, 30th, Edward P. and Mary B. Thomas had a family tea-party in commemoration of their twenty-fifth anniversary.

Surgeon Frederick W. Elbrey, U. S. A. (retired), purchased Rutledge from Thomas L. Moore.

Dr. and Mrs. Elbrey, having spent many months at different times in Sandy Spring, will come to reside permanently among old and new friends in our neighborhood. They have named their home "Mirival," very appropriately, in view of the beautiful valley which it overlooks. Louis Stabler left Ashton store, where he had been employed four years, and secured a situation in Washington. Francis T. Lea also went into business in Washington. About this time three of our young women took advantage of an excursion ticket to visit Roanoke, Virginia. Apart from the European travelers, persons from our section had made summer or autumn trips to Gettysburg, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Boston, Prouts Neck, the White Mountains, Richmond, Atlanta, St. Louis, Minneapolis and other points of interest.

Eleventh month, 25th, was the day set apart by the governors of all the States as one of thanksgiving. This purely American festival was hardly noted outside of New England when some of us were young, but now is becoming more general, and even in Sandy Spring a few family gatherings and dinner parties made the day one of rejoicing and praise. It is related that the first feast of this kind was furnished the Pilgrims by skilled hunters sent out by Governor Bradford, who brought in wild birds, turkeys and deer from the woods around Plymouth. And often, now, at the yearly celebrations through Massachusetts, five grains of corn are placed by each guest, on the lavishly-filled table, as a touching reminder of those heroic men and women, who dared famine and slaughter for their principles, and were reduced, at one time, in that terrible first winter, on an inhospitable coast, to five grains of corn apiece, no more, no less.

Eleventh month, 26th, a meeting of the only Auxiliary Suffrage Association in the State of Maryland was held at the Lyceum, and presided over by the president, Caroline H. Miller.

The proceedings were characterized by abundant spice and good nature. Caroline H. Miller was re-elected president, James P. Stabler, secretary, Jessie B. Stabler, treasurer, and Rebecca T. Miller, vice-President. At first the audience consisted principally of little boys and their mothers, but was increased through the evening to a respectable size by numerous full-grown men, some of whom were speedily converted and joined the Association amid wild applause, thus following the illustrious example of

Admiral James E. Jouett, who has generally been ahead in every fight, whether he encountered bullets or ballots. Excellent papers were read for and against giving suffrage to women, by Mary Bentley Thomas and Allan Farquhar.

Twelfth month, 8th. Snow covered the ground, ice ponds froze over, and we rejoiced in the prospect of a good, old-fashioned season.

About this time Dr. Francis Thomas had a sale of numerous farming implements, and removed to Washington, which is fast becoming the Mecca of our people for the winter.

The day after Christmas all the school children and college students home for the holidays were rejoiced by quite enough snowfall for good sleighing, and old and young hardly waited for the fast-falling flakes to cease to take advantage of this delightful mode of locomotion. Several large parties were given, and the merry jingle of bells resounded all day and far into the night.

First month, 1st, 1891. The firm of Scofield & Henderson dissolved partnership by mutual consent, and Louis Scofield took charge of his father's farm.

The Board of Directors of the Montgomery County Mutual Fire Insurance Company reduced its rate of "interest" on premium notes for the year 1891, from four and one-half to four per cent., making the cost of insurance one-ninth less than it was in 1890. This they were enabled to do, notwithstanding the losses paid in 1890 exceeded \$48,000.

The popular season for reforming the world and one's self had now come round again, and as the old

year merged into the past, with all its hopes and fears, successes and failures, we were ready to greet the new, to make the customary good resolutions, and to turn once more the untarnished leaf that should help us to "high thinking" and right living in the months to come.

Llewellyn Stabler, who had left his business in Baltimore, and spent some months at Sunnyside for health's sake, secured a situation at Amersley with R. Rowland Moore as general utility man.

Some severe cases of illness, which had shadowed many homes earlier in the winter, had now happily recovered; and, as if in rebound from sorrow and anxiety, a series of very pleasant afternoon teas and evening entertainments were given; these had the merit of early and sensible hours.

First month, 24th, Hadassah J., daughter of R. Rowland and Margaret G. T. Moore, was born, and the great-grandmother at Plainfield was honored and delighted with her first namesake.

First month, 27th. The nineteenth annual convention of the Montgomery county farmers met at Sandy Spring, and the Lyceum hall was filled beyond its seating capacity. Henry C. Hallowell, who had been president of the convention for eighteen years, called the meeting to order, and delivered a valedictory address, after which B. D. Palmer, the new presiding officer, took the chair. The minutes of the meeting of committees from the several farmers' clubs were read, and showed that the following officers of the convention had been selected:

President, Benjamin D. Palmer; vice-presidents,

Dr. Mahlon Kirk, Roger B. Farquhar and Henry H. Miller; secretaries, Francis Snowden and Charles E. Bond.

The reports from the different clubs showed that the average yield of wheat per acre was about fifteen bushels; corn, nine barrels; potatoes, one hundred and four bushels; hay, one and three-quarter tons; and an immense amount of cream and butter had been sold.

Edward P. Thomas, Henry C. Alvord and Charles Abert discussed the benefits to be derived from attending county fairs. Some thought they would be of far more value if horse-racing and betting could be eliminated.

Interest in the proceedings was well maintained, and the different subjects treated with much animation throughout the day.

A substantial lunch was provided and enjoyed, and adjournment reached at four o'clock.

Second month, 5th. Dorcas Pumphyre died at an advanced age. She was a most worthy and exceptionally intelligent colored woman, upright and honest. The mother of sixteen children, she adopted yet another, which she cared for as her own. For many years she used the plain language and wore a Quaker bonnet, and directed that she might be buried in the old ground at Sharpstreet, in the most simple manner.

Wallace Bond came from Brookeville to live again at his home, and to enter Ashton store; later on Caleb Stabler also secured a clerkship in this popular resort for aspiring young business men.

Second month, 6th. George L. Stabler had a sale of household goods, and on the 11th, with his family, started for Portland, Oregon, to make a new home among Orthodox Friends in that far-away State. The house occupied by him at Ashton was rented by Mr. Colt and family, from Washington.

Second month, 10th, Robert Sullivan died at his home in Ashton, in his sixty-fourth year. He was interred the next afternoon, at Woodside Cemetery.

Second month, 11th. George Brooke Farquhar, of Roanoke, Va., and Edith Bentley, eldest daughter of Edward P. and Mary Bentley Thomas, were married by Friends' ceremony at "Cherry Grove," the residence of Samuel P. Thomas, greatuncle of the bride, who was the sixth generation in direct line from the builder and owner of this fine old mansion. Several rooms, the wide hall and stairway were beautifully decorated with greens and potted plants, and about one hundred and fifty persons witnessed the ceremony and signed the certificate. The young couple went to their new home in Roanoke, Va., followed by the best wishes of an exceptionally large circle of friends and near relatives.

On the 17th and 18th of Second month, the mercury touched seventy-two degrees at noon. Shrubs and maples budded, and the rash crocus shot up and prepared to bloom. On the 20th the ground was again covered with snow, and premature vegetation was forced to take another winter nap.

Between thirty and forty of our citizens, white and colored, were summoned to Baltimore in February, and kept there some days, sorely against their will,

to testify in the famous case of Hammond versus the Ashton, Colesville and Washington Turnpike Company, which was gained by the plaintiff, and heavy damages awarded.

The icy fetters of winter did not restrain our restless population; like death, the Sandy Spring traveler has all seasons for his own, and some who had not been away through the summer and fall started off now to make good the record of the year. Samuel Wetherald went to California and Oregon; Mrs. A. G. Thomas and daughter, Anna, Elizabeth Tyson and Malvinia Miles went to Florida; and our Indian agent, Benjamin H. Miller, could be traced by the persevering all over the western map of our country.

In the winter a small Chautauqua circle was formed at Brighton. It seems remarkable that this improving and wide-spread organization has comparatively so few votaries among us.

Now that ground has been donated for a national Chautauqua at Glen Echo, our people will no doubt reap some of the benefits of being within easy reaching distance of a fine summer school. The wise financier will do well for posterity, if not for himself, to secure some choice corner lots at Glen Echo.

Third month, Arthur Douglass, son of Allan and Lottie H. Farquhar, was born.

Third month, 11th, Mrs. Bessie Starr Kieffer delivered a fine address at Olney Grange Hall. This gifted and beautiful woman has spoken on the subjects of "temperance" and "woman suffrage" from Newfoundland to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean. As an evidence of her pluck and endurance, the fact may

be chronicled that she left New Haven, Connecticut, at two o'clock that morning, eating breakfast, dinner and supper all at once at Doctor Magruder's, and a few minutes later faced her audience fresh, bright and witty, and kept them thoroughly entertained for over two hours. How soon will one of our college graduates beat this record, and afford me the pleasure of making a note of it?

Third month, 12th. The Rev. Orlando Hutton died at an advanced age at his residence, near Brookeville. This admirable Christian gentleman had been pastor of various churches in our county during many years of service in the ministry, and had officiated at many marriage ceremonies and funerals in our neighborhood. His golden wedding was celebrated last autumn, since which event he has been in feeble and failing health. He was considered among the most able and accomplished preachers of the Episcopal diocese of Maryland, and his unflinching courtesy, his cultivated mind, his timely word and untiring work for the good of humanity were the outward and visible signs of inward purity and high intellectual and moral character.

Third month, 14th. Asa M. and Albina O. Stabler celebrated, at Sunnyside, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding by a large evening company, making the fourth couple in our historical year to proclaim to the world that if marriage is a failure in Sandy Spring it takes more than a quarter of a century to prove it.

Third month, 15th, Alda Brooke, daughter of Samuel and Pattie T. Hopkins, was born.

Third month, 18th. Dr. Charles Farquhar held a

sale of farming implements and stock, preparatory to a long visit, and a possible residence, in the State of Washington.

Third month, 18th. A large gathering of farmers from Montgomery County filled Brighton Grange Hall during two sessions of the farmers' institute. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Maryland State Grange and the experimental department of the Agricultural College, and was devoted to the discussion of milk in all its phases.

A large number of young men were present, who showed a lively interest in the proceedings. Milk separators and testers were exhibited, and their utility practically demonstrated.

Major Henry E. Alvord, of the Agricultural College, spoke of the advantages of cooperative creameries, and the fact that the average of creamery butter sold six or eight cents higher per pound than the average of dairy or home-made butter. Papers were read on the quality of milk, as it affects the farmer, and the best breeds of cattle for dairy purposes. Of these the preference was clearly given to the Jersey and Guernsey.

Third month, 19th. The Rev. J. S. Keiffer, of Hagerstown, delivered one of his most delightful lectures at the Lyceum. His subject, "The Blarney Stone," was not only replete with the felicities as well as the pitfalls of the art of flattery, but also contained a sermon on Truth—that most important attribute of character.

If our long-talked-of and ardently-hoped-for railroad is still denied us we can at least boast of a mys-

terious telephonic connection with Washington. The family at Sharon can distinctly hear, over their short wire stretching to Brooke Grove, the stopping and starting of the electric cars, some eighteen miles away.

The Third month was decidedly the coldest, most stormy and disagreeable of the whole year. Raw and biting winds, rain, snow, tempests, and a thunder-storm, gave us sufficient variety of weather and convinced us that March belongs properly to the winter months; yet, we always feel with his blustering advent that spring should come on apace. The poems are here, but the "ethereal mildness" is still missing.

Only four really clear days had been our portion, and on the 27th and 28th, if not a blizzard, a very near relative to one, set in. If the snow, which fell continuously for many hours had not partially melted, a complete blockade would have been the result of this severe storm.

For several days April did not realize that March had lapsed into the past, as the mercury still lingered around the freezing point, and heavy white frosts every morning discouraged the most eager and adventurous horticulturists from planting their gardens until about the tenth of the month the wet ground was hastily prepared and the seed hurried in.

Your historian felt safe in exhausting the English language on the subjects of "la grippe" last year, never dreaming this awful malady would, like the celebrated "jaw-bone" in ancient history, again lay low its thousands and tens of thousands.

Through the Third and Fourth months its victims were most numerous. Those who were boastful last

spring, and felt themselves rather above catching it, had now enough and to spare, while others, who thought it was something to occur once in a lifetime, like cutting teeth or growing a moustache, soon discovered that after one spell one was so full of microbes he or she could keep on having it indefinitely. Taking this season more the form of violent influenza experienced convalescents declare there is quite as much depression, irritability, aches, pains and fevers in one attack of "la grippe," as would serve a chronic invalid through several years of ordinary sickness.

Fourth month, 9th. The last of the winter's course of lectures was delivered at the Lyceum, on "Questions of the Day," by John D. MacPherson, of Georgetown, D. C.

Fourth month, 11th. Washington Winder Owens died at his residence, Locust Hill, in his seventy-eighth year. This highly-respected and valuable citizen was noted for truthfulness, integrity and energy of character, and his long life was wholly devoted to the successful pursuit of agriculture. Although not living within the radius of our neighborhood he was a relative of the Porter family, of this place, and at one time was a director in the Savings Institution of Sandy Spring, but resigned the position some years ago.

On the 13th his remains were laid to rest with those of his father, grandfather and great-grandfather in the home lot, which had been in possession of Mr. Owens' family for seven generations.

Fourth month, 14th, Miriam, daughter of Frank and Fanny Snowden, was born.

On the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th

we had unusually high temperature for the season, the thermometer recording from eighty to eighty-six degrees at noon on each of these dates. Even in July or August seven days of such unvarying heat would be noticeable, but with the enervating effects of the "grippe" lingering in our midst, and afraid to dispense entirely with winter clothing, Sandy Spring has seldom passed a more uncomfortable week. We had lamented loud and long on the tardy spring-coming, the continuous cold rains, snows and frosts, but now feeling "that man never is, but always to be, blessed," were quite ready to murmur at the too ardent rays of the life-giving sun.

Our historical year now draws to a close. As far as possible the current happenings of the day, the incident that diverts, the event of pith and moment, have been gathered and spread before you. One item is reserved for the last.

Harriet Riddle Davis, of Washington, so well known in Sandy Spring she needs no introduction to this audience, has published a very delightful Quaker novel. Many of the characters are types of our people, and the scenes are familiar to us all. She has used several well-known homesteads, the old meeting-house, the Club, the Horticultural, a fox hunt, and a picnic to "Folly Quarter," as the solid warp upon which she has woven an exceptionally clever and pure story.

Most of you have doubtless read with profit and pleasure "Gilbert Elgar's Son," and will, perhaps, recognize the following quotation from it—a sentence replete with the best hopes of the future for our neigh-

borhood, and towards which happy state we should, individually and collectively, aspire. She says:

"I can fancy no life so full, so satisfactory, as that of a successful farmer who sees his crops turn out well, whose farm flourishes and improves from year to year, whose stock is all of the best and purest breeds, whose land is his own, untouched by debt or mortgage."

CHAPTER IX.

From Fourth Month, 1891, to Fourth Month, 1892.

Visit from Susan B. Anthony—Gold-diggers appeared at Brooke Meadow—Percy M. Reese lectured on Rome, and George Kennan on Vagabond Life in Eastern Europe—Ellen Farquhar and Rebecca T. Miller went to Europe—Obituaries of Deborah A. Lea, Edward Lea, Caroline Roberts, Thomas L. Moore, Kate C. Elbrey, Warwick M. Brooke, Mary Annis Stabler, Mary G. Tyson, Annie E. Hartshorne, Rachel E. Gilpin and Elizabeth J. Holland.

A smaller audience than usual, most of it convalescent from "la grippe," greeted the historian with comforting warmth and attention on the evening of the annual meeting, Fourth month, 20th, 1891. Robert H. Miller was elected president, Elizabeth T. Stabler, secretary, Samuel Wetherald, treasurer, and the incumbent of another position, who seems to remain on sufferance, since she is not reelected, is afraid she will soon be classed among those office-holders who seldom die and never resign.

The following item was sent to begin the history of the new year with: "The quarterly meeting of Orthodox Friends met at Ashton, Fourth month, 20th. Although places were vacant by the removal of some valued members, it was felt by those present to be a time of much spiritual blessing; five ministers were in attendance."

Fourth month, 26th. Susan B. Anthony renowned for many years as the champion of oppressed womanhood, made a brief visit to Mt. Airy, and sat with us on a beautiful Sabbath morning, fragrant with the bloom of orchards, in the quiet of the old meeting-house.

Fourth month, 28th. "Charley Forest," the home of the Scofield family, was sold for \$7,000 to Frank J. Downey, of Frederick county, the former owners having moved to Texas to live. This old homestead, which had been remodeled, though still retaining much that was quaint and interesting in its outlines, is said to have been, when built, in 1728, the last white man's dwelling in a direct line between Sandy Spring and Canada. A month later there was a sale at this place of household goods, stock and farming implements, the first of many such sales during the year. For four weeks there had been no rain, a long period of drought for the springtime. On Fifth month, 5th, there was frost enough to frighten the growing fruit, but on the 10th the mercury reached ninety degrees in the shade.

Arbor day was observed in the various schools by essays and recitations on the subjects of trees and forestry, followed by tree planting.

In this month Dr. F. W. Elbrey and family moved from Alexandria to their new home, "Mirival," which had been purchased from Thomas L. Moore some months before.

Fifth month, 6th. After long deliberations and a patient waiting of the majority, peculiar to the exercises of Friends, it was decided to hold the monthly meetings in joint session.

Fifth month, 15th. Deborah A. Lea died in her seventy-fifth year.

Fifth month, 26th. Edward Lea died in his seventy-seventh year, and was laid by the side of the wife of his youth, in Woodside Cemetery, Fifth month, 28th. For some weeks this aged couple had been passing, as it were, hand in hand, towards that silent land whence there is no return. They had lived all their lives near each other, and for over fifty-four years together: Fate was kind to make the separation so brief between this husband and wife. They had been home-staying folks. Their existence passed, for the most part, in the daily work of the farm, she excelling in the cultivation and care of the garden and flowers. They had done much for others; children educated, orphans sheltered, the ready and constant response to the needs of the poor and suffering around them, and for sweet Charity's sake, they counted as nothing personal toil and self-sacrifice.

At the May meeting of the Horticultural Society, of which they had long been honored members, Henry C. Hallowell read the following tribute to their memory:

EDWARD LEA.

“When the warrior or statesman, the leader of men, or the mold of the destinies of nations, passes from busy results of activity to his last resting-place, columns of eulogy appear in the papers of the day.

“Through the courts at deep midnight,
The torches are gleaming,
Through the proudly arched chapel
The banners are beaming,
Far down the long aisle
Sacred music is streaming—
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.”

“But those who tread the constant round of quiet domestic life, who perform the duty that lies nearest to them to the best of their ability, these merit and should receive the respect and affection of neighbors and friends, for they leave a rich legacy of example to those still passing through the lights and shadows of life's checkered pathway.

“The Horticultural Society had no members who appreciated more than Edward and Deborah Lea its social features and its influence on the neighborhood, as manifest in improved gardens and in lawns and enclosures of increased beauty.

“Edward Lea, although a man diffident of his own ability, was ever ready to encourage others, and to give a helping hand as far as he was able to do so.

“He was the oldest member of the ‘Farmers’ Club,’ and was one of its originators; he was greatly interested in the establishment of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Montgomery County, of which he was one of the charter members.

“He was one of the incorporators of the Savings Institution of Sandy Spring, and was an active and deeply-interested member of the Society of Friends.

“He also was an earnest worker in the cause of temperance, and frequently, with his wife or some congenial friend, visited the county jail and almshouse to render, if possible, some little service to his unfortunate fellow-creatures.

“He was one of those patriotic citizens who believed it to be a duty to take an interest in the affairs of county, state and country. He encouraged his young friends by his counsel and advice, giving his views in an unpretending, yet, earnest manner, and leaving the “seed to germinate” if adapted to the soil upon which it fell.

“After a life of activity and innocence, wishing to live up to a lofty standard, so far as the “hindering cares of time” would permit, he passed quietly over the stream that noiselessly flows between two existences, life and the unseen futurity, on the 20th of May, aged seventy-seven years.

“He had the companionship of the playmate of his childhood through the long years of mature life, and nearly together they became again as ‘little children’ in their Father’s household.

“He was buried at ‘Woodside,’ a beautiful cemetery near his home, and which had been donated by his wife and himself for the resting-place of such as wished to be placed within it. In the words of the Psalmist, ‘Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.’ ”

Fifth month, 16th, Catherine, daughter of Ulric and Mary Janney Hutton, was born.

Sixth month, 4th. The closing exercises of Sherwood Friends' School were very creditable to teachers and pupils. The resignation of George B. Miller, the principal, was most reluctantly accepted; he carried with him to St. Louis the best wishes of many old friends, and the respect and affection of his former scholars. The charming home at Oakleigh, which he and his young wife had established the previous year, was not long vacant, Edward N. Bentley moving his family there from Washington.

The record of many years of fair weather for our quarterly meeting was broken by two rainy and tempestuous days, Sixth month, 7th and 8th. Large fires were necessary for comfort this most stormy Sabbath, and it was said to be the smallest attendance since 1861.

Sixth month, 10th. Dr. Charles M. Iddings and Ida Leo Matthews, daughter of A. G. Matthews, of Hazeldene, Howard County, were married by Episcopal ceremony, at the home of the bride. They came to reside with Dr. Edward Iddings.

Copious rains fell from the 17th to the 22nd, and gave the cheerful and hopeful husbandman his customary excuse to croak and prophesy every misfortune that he and his crops are natural heirs to.

The yield of small fruits was phenomenal. Strawberries of such size and in such quantities were never seen before in Sandy Spring. The cherry trees were laden with their beautiful fruit, so unusually large it was possible to take two bites to a cherry, while some

of the berries from Charles G. Porter's garden could easily be quartered and enjoyed.

John H. Janney purchased "Brooke Meadow," the former home of Samuel Ellicott, and is to be congratulated on coming into possession of land owned by his ancestors, and as the proprietor of a productive farm, to say nothing of the gold-mine thereon.

In this month the death of Caroline Roberts occurred at Brighton. She had lived in the Peirce family as faithful friend and assistant for seventy-six years, the most lengthy voluntary servitude on record in this vicinity.

Samuel Bond, of Oakdale, established a delivery wagon from his store, the first to be noted here, and a Laurel firm commenced sending bread to our doors; each year the farmer may, if so inclined, add more outside expenses to his cost of living, which used to be confined so strictly to the products of his own farm.

Sixth month, 2nd. Elizabeth T. and Marianna Stabler, Bessie Scott, Rebecca T. and Pattie T. Miller, Edith, Mary and Eliza M. Hallowell, went into camp for a week in the empty house formerly occupied by Dr. Henry Chandlee—a romantic spot near an old mill, with the pleasant environment of deep woods and running streams. Visitors by the score flocked to see these young women, determined on a change, though still breathing their native air.

About the 1st of Seventh month, Henry H. Miller was appointed postmaster at Sandy Spring, vice George B. Miller, resigned.

Miss Mary G. Colt purchased "Wayside," now

known as "Wrenwood," and greatly improved the house by tasteful additions.

From Seventh month, 1st to the 15th, the weather was very cool, and the traditional hot Fourth had for once foregone its chief characteristic. There were, however, more horns, boys, noise and fireworks than ever before. Throughout this month fires were often needed during the day and blankets at night. Among the numerous boarders in the neighborhood at this time were Mr. and Mrs. Ye, of Corea, who remained at Rockland some weeks, and were very interesting, as belonging to an alien race, different in color, speech, religion, dress and custom from any other visitors to Sandy Spring, and yet in many ways quite like all the rest of us.

It was no unusual thing for fifty or sixty strangers to sit with us in the old meeting-house on the Sabbath, representing many creeds and more opinions, yet, perhaps, all touched, in a greater or less degree, by the quiet restfulness of the Friendly gathering.

Seventh month, 16th, Thomas L., twin son of Joseph T., jr., and Estelle Tyson Moore, died, aged eleven months.

This sudden bereavement called forth universal expressions of sympathy for the afflicted parents in the loss of their only son, a lovely and promising babe, and the separation of two little companions whose very existence seemed bound up in each other.

"The bud that dries up in its envelope passes away with all its perfume like thou with all thy innocence.

"Happy are they who die in their cradles; they have only known the kisses and smiles of a mother."

Dr. Francis Thomas resigned the postmastership at Ednor, and Edward P. Thomas was appointed to fill the vacancy.

Seventh month, 19th. The Forrest Glen Stage was discontinued, to the great inconvenience of many who found this the shortest route from Washington.

That periodic visitor, the railroad, now appeared, this time at Brighton, and informed the doubting inhabitants that Mr. Fuller, of tender memory, as connected with that ancient imaginary line, the Sandy Spring Railroad, had sold out to some company who would proceed to build at once.

As Philip E. Thomas, one of the pioneers of railroad construction in America, was born in this county in 1776, there may be a Thomas, however, "doubting" among us now, who will rise up and build that road without waiting for a fulfillment of these yearly promises that have, as yet, only driven some stakes, destroyed a few trees and bushes, without laying a single rail. The last weeks of July were very rainy, and great difficulty was experienced by our farmers in securing their hay; fogs and dampness continued with but few hours of sunshine, and the days which are generally devoted to the pleasures of outdoor life were spent, perforce, in the house.

During the latter part of this month, and into the Eighth, many persons went away, and were reported as visiting or traveling in different places and states. It seemed much of interest and health should have been gathered from such widely divergent points as Cape May, Rock Enon Springs, Detroit, Indiana, Boston, Cape Cod, Niagara, Loudon County, Vir-

ginia, Alaska, Roanoke, Atlantic City, Norfolk, Natural Bridge, Prouts Neck, Maine, Ocean City, Beach Haven, Luray Cave, Longport, Catonsville, Bay Ridge, Missouri, Baltimore, Hagerstown and New York City.

Eighth month, 22nd, Mrs. Henry H. Miller gave her year-old daughter, Katherine, a birthday party; seventeen infants, either native born or of Sandy Spring ancestry, were present. Only three of the number were boys—the usual proportion of swains to swans in our neighborhood. An excellent photograph of these coming women was taken by Nora L. Stabler.

Gold-diggers now appeared at Brooke Meadow, with the inevitable three degrees of mining speculation in this vicinity, positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus.

J. Elgar Hallowell secured a situation in St. Louis, and removed thither.

The neighborhood was now, as is customary in the Eighth month, teeming with visitors and boarders, but many severe rain-storms, continuing for hours, interfered with outdoor festivities. The 2nd, 3rd and 4th of the Ninth month, however, were delightful days for the Rockville Fair, which was largely attended. The exhibit was most creditable, and many premiums were awarded our people.

On the evening of the 5th there was a tremendous thunder-storm, with a fall of three inches of water, in a few hours. The Fair had for once escaped a drenching.

Ninth month, 16th. Sherwood Friends' School op-

ened with Professor Charles M. Stabler, of New York, as principal; Miss Belle Hamman, first assistant, and Emily T. Brooke and Sarah B. Farquhar, teachers. There was an excellent attendance, children coming from other sections, and the roll was increased to fifty-three pupils during the session. An adult class in French and German, taught by Miss Rose Leuty, of France, was a new feature.

Helen and Ellen Thomas entered the Woman's College, in Baltimore, the first girl students from here to patronize a state institution. Esther T. Moore was made a member of the faculty of Swarthmore College; Truxton Strain and his sister, Gertrude, went to Oregon in pursuit of occupation.

William F. Thomas announced that he had opened an office in Washington, and proposed to become a banker and broker.

These annals have frequently contained honorable mention of good situations found or earned by our young men who have left Sandy Spring to engage in business elsewhere. Perhaps it will do no harm to record the achievements of a neighborhood boy of a darker hue. Thomas Cooke, a grandson of old Warner Cooke, while still in his teens, by the greatest effort saved the sum of thirty-eight dollars. He entered a public school in Baltimore, living on corn-bread and beans for weeks at a time. He managed to subsist for six months. Then he became a waiter until he had accumulated enough to resume his studies. He pursued this plan for years, and now, at the age of twenty-eight, he confidently expects to graduate as a physician from Howard University in a few

months. He is said to understand Latin and Greek, is apparently familiar with Shakespeare, Pope and other great writers of the past, and is well "up" on the literature and questions of the day. Anglo-Saxon boys of Sandy Spring, with ten times the advantages of this youth, how many of you will achieve half as much in the next ten years?

Vegetation was almost rank in the Ninth month, and the hot days that had passed us by earlier in the season came now on the 24th, 25th and 26th; the mercury rose to ninety or ninety-eight degrees each day.

An immense corn crop was being secured. It was often remarked that there had hardly ever been a year of such abundance in all directions, although the hay was not quite up to the average.

Tenth month came in with beautiful weather, which continued for many days. On the evening of the 15th Percy M. Reese, of Baltimore, delivered a most interesting illustrated lecture on Rome, to a crowded audience at the Lyceum.

Dr. Tillum and family, of Brighton, returned to Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Sallie Ellicott and daughter rented their place. Caroline H. Miller went first to Washington and then to New York to visit her married children.

Dr. Charles M. Iddings and wife moved to Loudon county, Virginia. Admiral Jouett and wife closed "The Anchorage," and went, temporarily, we hope, to southeastern Virginia. Dr. Francis Thomas and family again located in Washington for the winter. Arthur Stabler and wife, and Elizabeth B. Smith and

daughter moved to Baltimore. Elizabeth Tyson sought the orange groves and temperate climate of Florida. Henry W. Davis and wife, of Philadelphia, came to reside at Plainfield for some months.

In the Tenth month Richard L. Bentley was married to Anna Van Buskirk, of Nova Scotia, and in First month, 1892, Harry H. Stabler was married to Elizabeth T. Reed, of Norfolk, Virginia. Although both of these young men reside in Baltimore, and married outside the fold, as they still wish to retain their membership in this meeting we make this record.

Fifty-seven of our people attended Baltimore yearly meeting of Friends in the Tenth month. On the 28th the first heavy white frost paled the gorgeous dyes of the autumn leaves; it seemed as if our woods had never been quite so brilliant before.

“RURAL RAPTURES.”

“When the goldenrod is gleaming
By the hedgerow brown,
When the crimson leaves are floating
On the west wind down,
When the stubble in the meadow,
Frosty gleams at morn,
Then the farmer—thrifty farmer—
Husks his corn.

“When adown the storm-swept forest,
Ripe nuts patter fast,
When the latest harvest’s gathered,
Indian summer past;
When the woodman’s axe is ringing
On the crashing logs,
Then the farmer—bloody farmer—
Kills his hogs.

“When the drifting snows lie heavy,
All the world around;
When 'neath mistletoe and holly,
Yuletide joys abound,
Then beside his glowing hearthstone,
Scorning tempest's roar,
Sits the happy farmer resting,
Reading papers by the score.”

Eleventh month, 5th. Frederick and Pattie R. Stabler celebrated their silver wedding by a family tea-party. About this time some delicious strawberries were picked at Oak Hill, which Frederick Stabler called the “Ruth Cleveland” variety, “Baby” McKee having suffered temporary eclipse by the advent of a political rival. It is more than probable, however, that all the volunteer berries gathered after November of this year will be named for the national grandchild.

Eleventh month, 11th. John H. Janney and Sallie Randolph Turner, of Fauquier county, Va., were married. The bride having been educated at Rockland, did not come as a stranger to her new home, “Brooke Meadow.” The election caused some local interest and excitement, owing to the fact that several of our people of the sterner sex had been nominated for various offices. The opinion, however, seemed to prevail that their families could not possibly spare them, and they were unanimously elected to stay at home.

Eleventh month, 17th. The mercury fell to twenty degrees. The ground was frozen, and the careful farmer, who takes even ice by the forelock, secured a few loads as the foundation of a greater yield to follow.

Eleventh month, 23rd. Light rains through the morning were succeeded shortly after noon by a hurricane; some trees were laid low, windows broken, and one small house below Ashton demolished. We fortunately escaped the full fury of this wind, as in other parts of our county immense damage was done, and there was some loss of life.

About the last of November the ever-aspiring Nimrods, undeterred by little game, scanty fare and the gigantic floods of other years, again braved the dangers of starvation and the elements, and disappeared in the trackless wastes of the Blue Ridge Mountains, emerging after a week with good appetites, no pelts, and the most startling "hunters' chorus" that ever vexed the echoes of a Quaker community.

Eleventh month, 30th. The mercury fell to ten degrees above zero. Ice was abundant, and several days of very cold wintry weather set in.

Twelfth month, 8th. The Maryland State Grange was better attended than for several years past, and, judging from the published proceedings, the Montgomery delegation did its full share of work.

Twelfth month, 14th. Kate C., wife of Dr. F. W. Elbrey, died in her forty-second year. This lovely woman and dear neighbor was so conscientious, so truthful, so refined in all her instincts, and possessed those social graces and enduring traits of character that drew around her loving friends while she lived, and sincere mourners for her untimely end.

Only a few months before she had come to live among us as one returning to an old home. Her happiness in all her country surroundings, her interest in

every growing thing, was very great. But already an insidious disease was preying upon her, and this devoted wife and mother was taken from her invalid husband and young daughters when she seemed most necessary to their comfort and well-being. She was interred on the morning of the 17th, at the meeting-house among those whom she fondly called "her people."

"Lay her to rest—her work is done, and well,
A generous, sympathetic Christian life,
A faithful mother and a noble wife—
Her influence—who can tell?

"Lay her to rest, say not her work is done,
No deed of love or goodness ever dies,
But in the lives of others multiplies—
Say it is just begun."

Twelfth month, 14th. There was a sale of implements, stock, etc., at Leawood preparatory to the retirement of Isaac Hartshorne from farming.

On Twelfth month, 22nd, a little after midnight, Warwick Miller Brooke, only son of Charles F. and Corrie M. Brooke, died in his eleventh year. A great wave of sorrow and sympathy passed over the community when this beautiful and mature boy succumbed to a sudden, violent illness, and the home which had been so filled with his energy and helpfulness, his bounding health and radiant presence, was, indeed, bereft and desolate.

The hope and pride of two families, it seemed as if he must live to fulfill the promise of unusual endowments of mind and person. His mechanical talents

were decided; his use and command of language far beyond his years, and sentences often fell from his lips perfect in construction and application.

The generous heart of this little lad seemed constantly to overflow with affection towards relatives and friends, and the brief measure of his life has left behind an abiding individuality, a charming personality, a fragrant memory.

On the afternoon of the 23rd, a very large concourse met at Brooke Grove, and amid many tender expressions of grief, perhaps his most pathetic tribute was the silent tears of his schoolmates, who had loved him "with an exceeding great love." He was laid in the family burying-ground at Alloway.

"Heaven knows what man he might have been, to us he died a most rare boy!"

Professor William Taylor Thom moved his family from Roanoke, Va., to Mt. Airy to live. This gentleman will now be engaged in University extension and other literary work.

Twelfth month, 24th. The mercury was sixty-four degrees, the weather unseasonable and debilitating, and a gloom, from recent deaths and severe cases of illness still existing, overshadowed the Christmas time.

The warm, foggy atmosphere brought to the surface all the old proverbs, and in this case many of them proved to be "wise saws."

"A warm Christmas, a cold Easter."

"A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard."

"If ice will bear a man before Christmas it will not bear him afterwards."

"If Christmas finds a bridge he will break it; if he finds none, he'll make one."

Twelfth month, 31st., Washington B. Chichester, jr., and Eliza M. Hallowell were married by Episcopal ceremony at St. John's Church, Olney. A large and pleasant reception followed at Rockland. The young couple will live at "Springland," where a new house has been built for their accommodation.

Very few of us, perhaps, sit out the old year without a flashing glance of retrospection over the past, and good resolutions and bright hopes for the future.

"On New Year's eve, before the coals,
We sit and ponder why
We made so many blunders in
The year that's just gone by.

"We look back on our many calls,
On fickle fates' hard blows,
And fondly hope that next year's joys
Will outweigh last year's woes.

"And, yet, if it should happen that
By times be it decreed—
The same old troubles should come back,
To test both you and me;

"Remember that in this queer world,
For every 1 who tries
His level best, and is content,
There's sure to be a prize."

On the morning of First month, 1st, 1892, we awoke to find the ground covered with snow, and for more than two weeks thereafter clear, cold weather continued. The sleighing was most excellent, and

the air seemed resonant with the cheerful jingle of bells—sometimes not used for a whole winter.

The following tribute was written by request on the death of Mary Annis Stabler:

“While earth is so filled with suffering humanity, the feeble and the aged, who would fain lay down the burden of life and enter their eternal rest, we marvel that death should claim one so fitted to live and minister to the needs of others, as our friend Mary Annis Stabler.

“With her tireless energy, her superb physical strength and wonderful powers of endurance, she has been called home in the zenith of her glorious womanhood. Phillips Brooks says: ‘No man or woman can really be strong, pure and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness;’ and so the many who were privileged to enjoy intimate companionship with her may still feel the halo of her presence strengthening them in the performance of duty.

“She was born in Lynchburg, Va., in 1857, and lived there until the summer of '71, when she came to reside at Leawood, and made, by her devotion and cheerfulness, an indispensable member of that family for sixteen years, when she joined her mother and sister in their new home ‘Gladwyn.’ Her strong attachment to her relations and friends was unswerving, and her love of and patience with little children untiring. She was an active and useful member of Brighton Grange from its organization in 1874, never flagging in her efforts to keep the hall tidy and pleas-

ant. For many years she was "lady assistant steward," and when relieved of that duty was librarian, opening the hall between the regular meetings, so that the members could have full use of the books.

"The meeting on January 13th was closed as soon as her death was known, and a special memorial meeting was held for January 30th.

"Shortly before the new year opened, with its pages mercifully veiled from our vision, Mary Annis was summoned to the Hartshorne family at Leawood, and she entered heart and soul into the labor of love which was to be her last on earth. By day and night she was at her post ministering to first one invalid, and then another, with cheering word and sympathetic touch, trying to alleviate the miseries of "la grippe," until her own illness forced her to succumb, and she was taken back to 'Gladwyn.' Pneumonia developed, and after a brief illness she closed her earthly career January 13th.

"On the 15th, the day of the funeral, the earth was covered with a heavy mantle of snow, which seemed emblematic, not only of the dreariness of the home which was to know her no more, but of the unsullied purity of her own life.

"Perhaps this tribute cannot be more fittingly ended than in the words of an intimate friend, who said:

" 'The beautiful life that has closed, all too soon, has been a blessing to us all, and the sure knowledge that she has laid down her cares to enter an eternal peace and joy is a comfort. Truly, her life was an epistle of goodness to be read by all.' "

H. J. B.

First month, 14th, 1892. The Woman Suffrage Association of Maryland held its annual meeting at the Lyceum, and was presided over by Caroline H. Miller, the president, who was reelected to that position for the ensuing year. James P. Stabler, the secretary, being unable to attend from sickness, Mary Bentley Thomas filled his place pro tem.

Edith D. Bentley, Charles H. Brooke, Sarah T. Miller and Mary Bentley Thomas were accredited as delegates to the convention to be held in Washington in the Second month.

First month, 17th. The mercury at some places in the neighborhood touched zero, and there was still plenty of snow. Almost every household had sick inmates. "La grippe" and pneumonia laid low the older members, and measles and mumps seized the children. Sherwood school had just about one-half its average attendance; white and colored were alike afflicted, and it was a season of dread and gloomy forebodings.

That mysterious disease, "la grippe," returning for the third winter, and each time with greater violence, was now raging in all directions. When some scientists proclaimed it was due to unusually large and active sunspots, we were glad to get even that near the cause of this little understood and world-wide malady.

About this time Samuel A. Janney went on a sea voyage for health's sake to Liverpool, England.

After many months of failing health, at her home, "Leawood," First month, 19th, died Anna E., wife of Isaac Hartshorne, in her sixtieth year. This kind, ge-

nial and attractive wife and mother could be but illy spared from a devoted husband, whose failing eyesight made him especially dependent upon her, and from a household whose centre she had ever been. Of refined and intellectual tastes, a constant reader of the best books and literature of the day, one could always learn something of interest and value in her society.

She was a member of Brighton Grange, and of the "Association," and ever dispensed the generous hospitality of her native state, Virginia, in her pleasant home.

Flowers were her especial delight, and to their successful cultivation she brought an intelligent care that insured her many prizes for rare and beautiful exhibits at the horticultural society and at fairs.

A large procession of sorrowing relatives and friends attended her funeral on the afternoon of the 22nd, and followed her remains to Woodside Cemetery, where she rests near the sister she had loved so well, and who had preceded her but a short time to the spirit-land.

The twentieth annual convention of farmers met at ten o'clock, First month, 19th, at the Lyceum.

Owing to a most inclement day the attendance was not more than half as large as in former years, but the following topics were discussed in an animated manner: "How can the fertility of the land be maintained when hay is the principal crop sold?" "What public road legislation do we require?"

Want of time prevented other questions from being spread before the meeting, and papers on the subjects of "The wisdom of clearing timber lands," by Henry C. Hallowell, and on "The advantage of planting large

acreage of potatoes," by Edward P. Thomas, could not be read, but were ordered printed with the proceedings of the convention. Benjamin D. Palmer presided, with J. Janney Shoemaker and Henry H. Miller as secretaries.

The historian's task in this sorrowful winter had indeed, been replete with sad chronicles, and it seemed as if the fell destroyer had stricken down in our midst those who could least be spared, and who seemed most likely to live. Yet, again, the community was shocked and distressed by the death of Mary G. Tyson, First month, 26th, in her sixty-seventh year.

On the death of her husband, Henry Tyson, of Baltimore, she had come with her family some fifteen years ago to reside among us; here, some of her daughters had been educated, and two of them married.

Her fine physique and excellent health, her undiminished physical and mental powers, seemed to insure her a long life, and it was difficult to believe she was nearing the allotted three score and ten.

"Seized with 'la grippe,' and other complications, after a brief illness, violent and fatal from the first, she was taken from her sorrowing children, and they were bereft of their mainstay, the loving and beloved mother. A woman of strong individuality and pronounced feelings, a constant and intelligent reader, an admirable conversationalist, helpful and industrious, the head and centre of a busy, delightful home, who can fathom the loss that pervaded her bereft household!

On the morning of the 29th many friends assembled at Marden despite the early hour, to pay the last

tribute of affection and respect to her, who lay in the majesty of death within those hospitable walls.

Her remains were taken to Baltimore, and interred that afternoon, at Greenmount, beside her husband.

Second month, 12th and 13th, were extremely cold, clear days, and before sunrise on the latter date and again that evening a most beautiful "aurora borealis" hung its crimson drapery in the sky. Seldom has such a display been witnessed in our latitude, and many of our colored friends were greatly alarmed, believing that "war, pestilence and famine" would quickly follow this exquisite panorama of color from lightest pink to vivid red.

Second month, 19th. Henry, son of Dr. Augustus and Helen Snowden Stabler, was born.

Second month, 20th. R. Rowland Moore having leased his farm, "Amersley," to Tarleton B. Stabler, moved with his family to Marden.

R. Rowland Moore, whose initials we learn now stand for "railroad," from much travel behind the iron horse, after cutting the timber from thousands of acres in Montgomery county, has now advanced into Virginia, and proposes to lay low many a tree on the Rappahannock, and to convert the wood into ties and sleepers.

William W. Moore and Tarleton B. Stabler have entered into a partnership to carry on the creamery and ice-cream business at Amersley.

Coincidents are singular, because they are subject to no law they are as unique and unaccountable as the crystal found in the geode.

Washington's birthday occurred on February 22nd,

which was Monday, and there was nothing strange in that; but why should every other holiday in 1892 also fall on "wash-day?" This year is made leap-year by the fact that there is a 29th of February, and that date falls on Monday. The 18th of April is Easter Monday; the 30th of May, Decoration day, is again Monday; the 6th of June is Whitsun Monday; the American eagle will give his loudest screams on July 4th—also Monday; Labor day comes on Monday, September 5th; Christmas and New Year's are two Sundays, and will be celebrated on Monday.

This most disagreeable day of all others, perhaps, to housekeepers, when the wheels have to be set in motion again, and duties and responsibilities resumed after the Sabbath rest, has, in 1892, risen as it were from the suds, and will assert itself in religious observances, in memorial services, in patriotic oratory, in rest for toiling thousands, and in Christmas and New-year's festivities.

We doubt if ever again all these various holidays can fall on Monday.

Ashton was made a money-order office about this time, and the postmaster informs us that the first money-order came from Newburg, Oregon, and the first postal note cashed was from Florida, almost as far northwest and southeast apart as this big country admits of.

The vice-president of the Laurel bank, Alban G. Thomas, opened a branch office for transacting the business of that institution at Ashton store.

From Second month, 23rd, to Third month, 2nd, for

eight days the sun shone neither on the just nor the unjust.

In this period of gloom almost every variety of weather was our portion, fogs, rain, hail, snow and high winds. March came in like a lion and continued to roar for many days thereafter. Despite a severe storm, the "pink tea" at Olney grange hall, Second month, 29th, was quite a success; about a hundred persons braved the elements and enjoyed an excellent supper. The waitresses were becomingly attired in pink and white, and the "fan brigade," in which they took part later in the evening was a graceful exhibition. Mrs. Granville Farquhar, Mrs. Catherine Janney and Mrs. Williams, ably seconded by young assistants, deserve great credit for this entertainment.

Third month, 2nd. Ellen Farquhar, with Rebecca T. Miller, Amy and Lucy Miller, of Baltimore, Anna Coale, of Riverton, N. J., and Miss Snyder, of Pennsylvania, set sail from New York for a six months tour abroad. These "personally conducted" young women had, with one exception, all been Rockland scholars, and were now to have the fulfillment of a promise made years ago by their teacher, who is rapidly becoming our greatest traveler.

Third month, 9th. The waving curtains of the willow, shown green in the first sunshine we had enjoyed for a week, and the robin redbreast appeared under the holly trees, feasting on the scarlet berries that covered the ground.

On the 10th, about the usual date, the fan-tailed blackbirds returned to their habitation in the tall locusts at Norwood.

Who can fathom the mystery of that instinct which brings these winged wanderers back to the same tree-top, season after season? "Men may come, and men may go," but the birds for countless generations, near the same day of the month, fly out of the southern sky and alight on the same knarled old branches.

About noon, Third month, 10th, Rachel E., widow of the late Alban Gilpin, after many weeks of suffering from heart trouble, passed away in her seventy-sixth year. This estimable friend had spent most of her long tranquil life in our neighborhood. Gentle and placid, she spoke no ill of anyone, and her self-contained, discreet, well-ordered existence was an example to be followed. An interested member of the "Horticultural" and the "Association," she enjoyed mingling with her friends at the pleasant meetings of these societies. Blessed with a devoted daughter, from whom she had never for any length of time been separated, her declining years were passed in that comfort and freedom from care so grateful to the old. She was buried on the afternoon of the 12th, at Woodside cemetery.

Third month, 10th. A blizzard of wind, rain and snow struck us; the mercury fell many degrees in a few hours, and all through that night and the next day, swift, piercing winds blew the light snow hither and thither.

The 13th and 14th commenced very wintry, and on the 16th we awoke once again to find a white mantle hiding mother earth from view. No wonder the papers announced,

“He wrote a spring poem—to sell it he sped,
He was found in a snow-drift,
Congealed and quite dead.”

Benjamin H. Miller, Indian inspector, whose graphic letters from the far northwest have entertained the readers of the “Montgomery Press” in the past five months, returned to his home on a leave of absence. He has already traveled 45,000 miles in government service, and endured diversities of climate only to be compared to the “below zeros” and “above boiling” points of a thermometer.

Third month, 12th. The book club that began its career of usefulness and enjoyment several years ago, with twelve members, finds its numbers swelled to fifty at present.

It is conceded that “the dog that takes hold is a good dog; the dog that holds fast is better,” and possibly the dog that wins the prize at the bench show is best of all. The Sandy Spring hunting club secured four premiums at the recent exhibition in Washington, of all sorts of canines except the “cur of low degree.”

Third month, 17th, Ainsworth R. Spofford, congressional librarian, delivered at the Lyceum a beautiful and instructive lecture on “The Art of Reading.” A persistent storm of sleet and snow prevented many persons from enjoying this intellectual treat.

St. Patrick’s day lasted all through the night, and by the next morning the ground was covered with the deepest snow of the year, from ten to twelve inches on the level, and huge drifts in many places. Sleighs came merrily forth, and the prudent housekeeper wondered if the garden could be planted in time to produce those

“delightfully fresh” vegetables, so grateful and necessary to the ever-hungry city visitor or boarder.

On the evening of Third month, 28th, Prof. William Taylor Thom inaugurated a Shakespeare class at Mt. Airy to meet weekly for the study of the great master who has depicted every emotion of the heart and every attribute of human nature.

The Third month came in with violent storms; gave us only three really clear days, and inflicted on us a constant variety in the shape of fog, wind, rain, sleet and snow, and finally left us on the 31st in a down-pour of eighteen hours duration. Helen Hunt says:

“Ah, March! we know thou art kind-hearted in spite of looks and threats, and out of sight art nursing April’s violets.”

But the prose of sodden country and long-delayed spring seemed to outweigh all poetic fancies.

Early in April we had to congratulate our sister metropolis, Brookeville, on the passage of a bill through the legislature to allow her to borrow \$3,000 to pave her sidewalks. Although our grandfathers, through all their long lives, heroically stuck in the mud, and had plenty of time to extricate themselves, their descendants are convinced that good roads and improved thoroughfares are the highways to comfort and prosperity. An unusual number of railroad bills were before our legislators at Annapolis at this time. One especially seemed worded to inevitably strike us, as it is to go from Washington to Laurel, thence to the Pennsylvania line by any practicable route it may select through Prince George, Montgomery, Howard and Frederick counties, with lateral branches. Now, if

these lateral branches could encompass "Alloway" and "Falling Green" everybody in between ought to be satisfied.

About the last of the Third month Robert H. Brooke returned to his situation in the civil engineer corps of the Norfolk and Western Railroad; Walter H. Brooke went to St. Louis, expecting to secure a position and locate in that city.

Fourth month, 3rd. The mercury registered eighty degrees at noon, eighty-four degrees at three o'clock, seventy-five degrees at half-past six. The same summer heat continued on the 4th.

Your historian would be loath to fall short in any particular in this veracious record, neither would she be willing to step beyond designated duties, but she cannot forbear giving to the maiden sisters a gentle hint that it is again leap-year, and to the bachelor brothers a timely warning of the perils they are exposed to. But few marriages are noted in these pages, but if Dame Rumor is correct—there will be more to follow.

One bachelor, considered invulnerable, has caused some comment and anxiety among his friends by going twice from home in the past year and remaining over night, once as far as Hagerstown. This is regarded as very suspicious, and unless means are taken to secure a reciprocity treaty with Hagerstown, should not be allowed by interested sisters. While a commodity is abundant and of excellent quality in our midst, importations should be discouraged until the demand outweighs home consumption. On the other hand an unmarried lady traveling beyond the

Mississippi has written home to secure a copy of that touching song, "Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee!" This is considered encouraging, as there may be a western market for some of our surplus riches.

The measles broke out early in the season in a family that for three generations, certainly, and perhaps further back, has had its engagements and marriages emphasized by this eruptive disease; indeed, it is a mooted question in this family, whether Cupid brings the measles, or that malady hastens the appearance of the rosy god.

Without going into details on this delicate and interesting subject either from the fact that four will divide evenly into 1892, or from other causes, your historian is encouraged to believe that marriage bells will ring merrily in the coming months, and that orange-blossoms will be the favorite flower, though it is still a well-known fact that in this otherwise richly endowed neighborhood,

"Our saddest words of tongue or pen—
There are so many women, and so few men."

On the afternoon of Fourth month, 5th, the first meeting of the horticultural was held at Rockland, and members reported the least possible work done in their gardens, and a very backward season.

On the evening of Fourth month, 7th, the distinguished traveler and author, George Kennan, gave us a most charming lecture on the subject of "Vagabond Life in Eastern Europe." Even standing-room was at a premium in the Lyceum, and it was pleasant

to be told by the lecturer after he had finished that while he had many larger audiences elsewhere, he never had any "as keenly attentive, and as quick of perception as in this neighborhood."

There has been but little building during the year; a tenant-house at Alloway, additional rooms at Amersley, the Marden barn enlarged, a tenant-house rebuilt at Belmont, a windmill, with the accompanying conveniences of water upstairs and down, at Pen-y-Bryn.

The most important improvements have been made to Charles E. Bond's bone mill, which doubles its former size, and to Brighton store, in the shape of a beautiful drug department, fitted up in tasteful style, with hard-wood counters, a fretted-iron ceiling and plastic-work screen.

Fourth month, 10th. After long illness and suffering Elizabeth J. Holland passed away in her seventy-first year. Our esteemed friend had long been the sister-mother in a household of brothers and sisters, and had pursued the even tenor of her way, finding her chief happiness in that routine of domestic duties so essential to the comforts of home.

She frequently attended our meeting, and was in sympathy with us, although not a member, and had belonged for many years to the "Association for mutual improvement," welcoming her friends to a gathering of this kind with her accustomed hospitality even after she was attacked by a fatal disease. When such a useful and honorable life is closed the family circle knows the void cannot be filled.

A Turkish proverb says, "Before you go in find a

way out," and in drawing this record to a close, it seems as if the sentence one wishes most ardently to utter, because it is the last, is after all the most difficult to frame.

This past year has been one of many blessings in abundant crops of every kind, and in immunity from those disasters by storm and flood that have laid waste many sections of our land. But it has been a period of much sickness, of many deaths, of a great sense of anguish and bereavement for those we could so illy spare, and who have entered into the higher life.

Many families have passed "under the rod," and have been sorely stricken; all have been bowed with grief and tender sympathy. It is a merciful provision of an all-wise providence that "times of sorrow" do not stand still; existence must go on; the sun shines, though we would fain sit in darkness, flowers bloom and birds sing, the hourly duty must be performed. The scars are still there, but after a while the healing touch of time gently closes the open wound.

As the sculptor chips away the marble and evolves from the block the form of perfect beauty and proportion, so every experience, every joy, every heart-ache carves the character, and should mould us towards a better and higher standard, and as the years roll on we can hope and believe,

"No thought or thing can ever die,
But change incessant governs all;
So atoms from the crumbling rock,
Move upward in the forest tree,
And every act, for good or ill,
Casts light and shade eternally."

CHAPTER X.

From Fourth Month, 1892, to Fourth Month, 1893.

Prof. E. J. Loomis and President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, lectured—Bicycles appeared—Golden Wedding of Charles G. and Jane T. Porter—Large excursion to Sugar Loaf Mountain—Philip Stabler's barn burned—Obituaries of Mary M. Miller, Sarah Ann Gilpin, Cornelia Strain, B. Gilpin Stabler, Samuel Hopkins, Richard T. Kirk and Mary H. Chandlee.

At the annual meeting of the Lyceum Company, Fourth month, 11th, 1892, all the officers of the preceding year were continued, with no change of directors.

Frances Stabler was appointed to take charge of the meteorological report, and Charles Iddings was requested to assist her. The weather for some years had been left entirely to the tender mercies of the historian, who still feels at liberty to round up a sentence with a shower, separate paragraphs by a blizzard, or finish off a page in a blaze of sunshine. There has been no monopoly of heat, cold, winds and snows in the past twelve months, but enough and to spare for all.

Fourth month, 15th, Good Friday, was a misnomer, as sleet and rain came on, but it cleared beautifully for Easter Sunday.

Olney was made a money-order office about this

time. It seems as if a multiplicity of offices and additional facilities have increased rather than diminished the amount of postal matter at old Sandy Spring since those far-away days when the mail came once a week and supplied the whole surrounding country.

The quarterly meeting of our Orthodox Friends was held at Ashton, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of Fourth month. The attendance was rather smaller than usual; as some of the resident members are a long distance from the meeting-house, several took possession of a cosy, unoccupied dwelling in the village, and moving enough furniture from home for the purpose, had comfortable quarters and saved themselves and visitors long rides.

Prof. E. J. Loomis, of the nautical almanac office, Washington, delivered a deeply-interesting lecture on the 23rd, at the Lyceum. The subject was "From Cape Town to Kimberley, the Diamond City." Mr. Loomis exhibited specimens of the pebbles among which the gems are often found, and showed the audience some handsome diamonds embedded in their native blue matrix.

Granville Farquhar, Dr. Charles Farquhar, Amos Holland and Dr. Francis Thomas have introduced novel water-works on their respective farms. This new device is known as the Davis hydraulic motor, and is a cheap, simple and effective method of supplying houses and barns with water.

Fifth month, 5th. M. Edith Farquhar transferred to Charles H. Brooke, her place called "Avery Lodge."

On the evening of the 9th our democratic friends held a mass-meeting at the lyceum. This nearly ad-

journed before it began, from the fact that one of the republican sisters had borrowed the key, and they were locked out. Not willing to submit to despotism of this kind they entered through the windows, and very nearly raised the roof and burst open the door with enthusiasm.

Fifth month, 11th. There was a severe hail-storm, which fortunately spent its fury ere reaching our immediate vicinity, and happily the "clouds rolled by" before night, and did not interfere with the marriage of Dr. Charles Farquhar and Cornelia H. Strain, at her home by Episcopal ceremony. The next evening a large reception, generally attended by friends from far and near was given by the bride and groom at their home, "Mendon," beyond Olney.

Severe hail-storms, accompanied by thunder and lightning, in the Fifth month, greatly damaged the growing fruit and injured the foliage; several trees and dwellings were struck by the electric fluid, fortunately without loss of life. This noticeable activity and commotion of the elements was attributed by many to the approach of the planet Mars, which grew more and more brilliant as he sped on his fiery path towards us, and outshone in grandeur all the other stars.

Fifth month, 21st. Quite a party braved a high wind and pouring deluge, and spent the day at Mt. Vernon. On the 28th most of the Sherwood scholars and others made the same trip under more favorable circumstances, and auspicious skies.

Sixth month, 3rd and 4th, increasingly warm weather, and not the slightest doubt remained in anyone's mind that the summer was upon us.

Sixth month, 12th and 13th were perfect days for the quarterly meeting, which, although smaller than usual, was of great interest. A large meeting was convened First day evening in the interest of philanthropic work.

Sixth month, 10th, Rockland school had its final closing exercises. The proprietor, Henry C. Hallowell, furnished me with the following statistics:

“Rockland school was the successor to Stanmore school for girls, which followed Stanmore school for boys. It succeeded the Alexandria school for boys, founded by Benjamin Hallowell, in Alexandria, Va., in 1824. Benjamin Hallowell began teaching in 1818, and members of his family have been continuously engaged in educational work from that date to the present. There have been at Rockland during its fourteen years of existence as a school an average of thirty-seven scholars each year, or a total of five hundred and twenty. The number of different girls is two hundred and thirty-nine; the average duration of school life has been two years; the average age at entrance fourteen and a-half years, and the number of graduates fifty-two.

“The pupils have been from twelve states, the District of Columbia and Bermuda, from New York to Louisiana, and as far west as California.” It is a matter of great regret that such a prominent feature of our neighborhood as this institution should be closed and become a thing of the past, instead of a living presence among us.

Its reputation has spread far abroad, and the beautiful home life, as exemplified by Henry C. and

Sarah M. Hallowell, and their children, has doubtless been of lasting benefit to the many young girls sheltered with such kindly, loving and conscientious care beneath that roof, and who went forth by devious paths to carry through maturer years and wider experiences the advice and influence of their school days."

The following tribute to Mary M. Miller was prepared soon after her death by the historian for the "woman's association," of which she had been a member:

"To us who loved and admired Mary M. Miller, who felt that her presence, whether in the social circle or the sick chamber, or even the casual meeting, was ever a pleasure and an inspiration, the tidings of her death, Sixth month, 17th, came as a shock and heart-felt sorrow, and the entire community was saddened by this calamity. She had mingled with her friends apparently in her accustomed good health, on the first and second days of quarterly meeting, but was stricken down by a sudden and violent attack on the night of the 13th.

"When hope seemed vanishing, she submitted with calmness and fortitude to a dangerous operation, which she did not survive. It is perhaps the happiest fate to pass from earth in the full tide of a vigorous, useful existence, before age has withered the intellect or impaired the physical powers, or infirmity brought suffering and weariness of life. She had never wished to grow old, and although past sixty-four, advancing years had left her young in heart, ardent and enthusiastic in disposition, stately and handsome in person.

"The only surviving daughter in a family of five

brothers, she was born and reared in our neighborhood in that more primitive time when it was difficult to wrench from the land the necessities of life, and luxuries were almost unknown.

“Those who recall her as a child and in her girlhood remember her remarkable energy and industry, characteristics that endured to the last. In the declining years of her parents, Caleb and Ann M. Stabler, it was her delight to bring them to her lovely home (her devoted husband and children cordially aiding her), and give them all the comforts that affection could suggest.

“Never prominently identified with public functions, few have exercised a wider influence through right living and high thinking, and a devotion to the ‘good, the true, the beautiful.’”

She had been permitted to realize her most cherished hopes, and the dreams and aspirations of her youth were more than fulfilled in maturer years. Happy in a most congenial marriage, she had watched her children grow into honorable men and women around her. She had travelled extensively in her own land, and in far countries beyond the sea (and cherished relatives and friends of all ages, for she seemed the contemporary of young and old), who gathered in her refined and beautiful home to enjoy the hospitality she constantly dispensed.

“In her prosperity she did not forget the poor and struggling, and while few knew the extent of her wise and helpful giving, her bounty was limited by no ties of relationship, race or creed.

"A 'birth-right' member of the Society of Friends, she ever retained a deep interest in its affairs; to all the neighborhood organizations and charities she extended the helping hand, and of the horticultural and woman's association she was an active and valued member. Of strong intellect, excellent judgment and a varied experience, cheerful and enthusiastic in all her occupations, she moved along her pathway, enjoying the blessings of her full-rounded life, and scattering benefits as she passed.

"Her queenly form and stately grace,
Matched well the beauty of her face,
In her warm heart and cultured mind,
Compassion dwelt for all mankind;
Perfect the works her willing hands could do,
Her charity fell around her noiseless as the dew,
And still one virtue crowning all the rest,
Her strict integrity was truest, noblest, best."

"On the afternoon of the 19th one of the largest assemblages ever gathered here on a similar occasion met at Alloway, and she was laid to rest under the grand old trees on the lawn, within the limits of the home her energy and taste had done so much to beautify. From many appropriate and touching words offered by sorrowing friends and neighbors on that occasion I select some extracts:

"At such a time as this we are made to feel what are the important things of life. She whose mortal remains are here, was not devoted by profession to any form of life that is generally called holy, nor did she hold any conspicuous place in the public eye, but for how many of those who did would we feel the grief

and bereavement that we do for her! The centre of a household, the mother of a virtuous family, reared by her in goodness, usefulness, refinement, cultivation, what is there in this world that can be better than this, or more deeply missed, when taken from us?

“ ‘When we consider faithfully what it is that chiefly marks our recollections of her, I believe it is found to be as a doer of good, as a practical and effective worker of charity. But in a finer and higher sense than this, all who knew her felt that influence.

“ ‘Who was so ready as she to welcome any new movement toward better things, to second any well-meant endeavor, to encourage the beginner or the toiler in all upward aims? For many a day the best, the brightest, the most cheering things will seem to us to be said by her voice, or not so well said, because that voice is missed. Beyond all the personal attractions which made her presence such an object of desire everywhere, this inspiration to all good work was her gift.

“Now, my friends, all these beautiful things are none the less lovely, because we have no measure of them, except anguish, and the irreparable sense of loss. We have them now in possession, which no time, no change can take away. The impression which we have of such things has nothing to do with those which death can affect.

Fair as that earthly form may have been while it moved among us, these were not of its nature, or we would not now be mourning over that form. It is for us to look up through all this cloud and darkness toward enduring light in the track of so much ex-

cellence. Therefore it is said, 'Blessed be they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' Hard and long as the way of comfort may be, it is the way to the gate of heaven.

"They who feel the bereavement at its very deepest through the impress which they bear of such a character, not only by nearest and most constant association, but directly in their frames by inheritance from it. They, who of all others, feel the loss as most impossible to restore, these are the ones most fitted to renew that excellence.

"Now, it must seem to them as if their best were but poor to what is gone, but such is the condition of all highest attainment it must not seem too much our own. They have each their several advantages derived in their birth, not only from this noble woman, but from a companion worthy of her, and the time will doubtless come when their own children will faithfully render equal homage to themselves."

About this time George L. Stabler and family returned from the state of Oregon, where they had resided about a year, and again took up their abode at Ashton, where George entered into the butchering business. Frances R. Kirk, after long absence in Philadelphia, returned to her home, Woodburn, to live.

Robert M. Stabler gathered from about one acre of ground thirty-nine hundred quarts of strawberries, a profitable crop, although involving a vast amount of labor.

Sixth month, 20th. After thirteen days of intense heat cooling breezes mitigated our sufferings. Many

severe storms delayed the harvest, but neither seed-time nor harvest, heat nor cold, can stem the tide of boarders and visitors which sets hitherward in this month; people and trunks were daily cast upon our shores, and our season, which never entirely closes, had fairly opened by this summer influx.

At the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Thomas J. and Anna G. Lea, on the morning of Seventh month, 2nd, Sarah Ann, wife of Joshua Gilpin, died in her 87th year. She was buried at Sandy Spring meeting-house on the 4th. This aged friend had spent many years of her earlier life in this neighborhood, but after her daughters married and settled in Rockville, she and her husband made their home there, returning frequently to visit relatives in our midst. She was a woman of sterling qualities, much intelligence and a social disposition, and although her latter years were clouded by infirmities, including partial loss of sight, she took great interest in meeting her old friends and neighbors, and attending the "Association for mutual improvement," of which she had long been a member.

Almost a hurricane of wind and rain damaged the shade trees and the growing corn Seventh month, 3d. This was succeeded by dry, sweltering days and nights nearly as hard to bear. The grass turned brown and sere, and the earth parched under the too ardent rays of the sun. Cloudless skies afforded astronomers ample opportunity to watch the glorious planet Mars that was now, comparatively speaking, within signaling distance.

A numerous body of Sandy Spring people went to

Ocean City, and others fled to the mountains, but were not able to escape entirely the intense heat even in resorts warranted to keep cool.

Seventh month, 27th. Admiral James E. Jouett sold "The Anchorage" to Mr. Harvey Page, of Washington, and became again a citizen of the world. The admiral declared he was thrown in for good measure with the purchase of the farm, and did not propose to entirely desert us.

Eighth month, 6th. Mary Brooke, daughter of Ulric and Mary Janney Hutton, was born.

Fanny Pierce, of Brighton, out of many hundred competitors, received the prize from an agricultural paper for the following poem, called

"THE FARMER'S WIFE."

"Ten years today, Jack, I have lived
This blessed country life—
Since first I left my city home
To be a farmer's wife.

"I thought that I should miss it so—
The tramp of busy feet,
The ceaseless throb of rushing life—
The faces in the street.

"I thought the country would be tame,
It's interests mean and small;
But then, I could not say you 'No!'
And so I left it all.

"I thought of all I loved and left,
As I came down the aisle;
My thoughts went backward with a sigh,
And forward with a smile.

“And now, the sun sees every day,
Earth’s misery and bliss,
And nowhere does he shine upon
A happier lot than this.

“There are no walls to hem us in,
All’s open to the sky,
Here I have learned to love the stars,
And watch the clouds go by.

“I watch the birds and squirrels, too,
And claim them for my own,
And trees and grass—how could I live
Where all is brick and stone?

“I love them still, those toil-worn streets,
Where many feet have trod,
The city brings us close to man,
The country near to God.

“To think I ever should have paused
Uncertain—’twixt the two!
I am so thankful that I chose
The country, Jack—and you.

“This dear old farm! I would not give
One downy peeping brood
Of day-old chicks for all the wealth
Of cities—if I could.

“I love my homely household tasks,
I love the fields of grain,
I love the flowers that lift their heads
To drink the summer rain.

“I love the orchard crowned with fruit,
My garden fair to see;
I love the horses and the cows—
I know that they love me.

“And, yet, perhaps, it’s something else
That lends my life its charm,
You see I love the farmer, Jack—
And so, I love the farm.”

It is pleasant to know that this bright, young woman finds a constant demand for her fancies in verse, which are well paid for.

Mary Bentley Thomas, in our past historical year, has also been compensated for her weekly letters to the county press, and later on to the Washington Star.

There can be no reason why Sandy Spring brains should not have a marketable value, and perhaps if we wait long enough, the great American novel, which is yet to be written, will emanate from some secluded farmhouse in our midst.

Eighth month, 19th. Joseph Stanley, son of Samuel B. and Florence M. Wetherald, was born.

Ida Sullivan, the first woman bicyclist, appeared on our roads, followed soon by others. To some of us who have not entirely forgotten the delights of riding on four wheels in a buggy with a congenial companion, the bicycle and the tricycle seem lonesome and melancholy innovations. The young man in these progressive days mounts his wheel and speeds away solitary and alone; the young woman spins along so swiftly that only a very ardent and industrious youth could ever overtake her. Unless Cupid^d in contradiction to all past experiences and tradition can learn to ride a “Columbia” or a “Victor,” every state, like Massachusetts, will soon have seventy-five thousand unmarried women within her borders. However, this may be the happier fate, as Dickens pertinently re-

marked, "It would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married if they could be stopped in time and brought back separately."

There was a sale on Eighth month, 29th, of farming implements and household effects at Mt. Olney, the home of Granville and Pattie T. Farquhar, preparatory to their removal to Washington to live.

Ninth month, 1st. Tarlton Brooke Stabler and Rebecca Thomas, daughter of William W. and Mary E. Moore, were married by Friends' ceremony, at Plainfield. This beautiful floral wedding was largely attended by relatives and friends, many coming from a distance. The young couple went immediately to their home, "Amersley," which had been most comfortably prepared for their occupation.

Drought continued until wells began to fail, clouds of dust filled the air, but, as was pertinently said by one of our own people, "Dust is a concomitant of civilization, and only follows where the activity of man has gone before," so we bore it as well as we could.

Sherwood Friends' school opened with forty-two scholars, which number increased to fifty-four during the year. The building has been enlarged by the addition of a vestibule for the girls and two class rooms are also new. Cornelia Stabler came from New York City to reside at Cloverly and assist her son, Charles M. Stabler, principal of the school, who has associated with him as teachers in various branches Arabella Hannum, Jessie B. Stabler, Bessie P. M. Thom, Sarah Farquhar, Elise Hutton and Sallie P. Brooke.

Ellen Farquhar and Rebecca T. Miller returned in this month from an extensive tour abroad.

Ninth month, 19th and 20th, many persons, white and colored, went to Washington to see the great parade of the Grand Army of the Republic—over 80,000 men in line—and a splendid illumination and electrical display at night, plainly visible in our skies.

William Brooke, son of the late James W. Brooke, a member of the G. A. R., came to visit his birthplace, "Charley Forest," after an absence of thirty-three years. He noted many changes in that time, and was only able to recognize three or four of his former acquaintances.

Emily T. Brooke was appointed teacher of the public school at Brookeville, and Miss Dove, of Rockville, took charge of the public school at Sandy Spring. Later on Miss Renshaw and Miss Henderson, of Spencerville, were appointed teachers at Oakley school.

Ninth month, 24th. Edward J. Farquhar resumed his lectures at Alloway, on "Foreign States and Their Politics." Sandy Spring is more deeply indebted to this citizen than it, perhaps, realizes. For many years he has willingly and cheerfully spread before us in these informal talks the phenomenal store of his varied knowledge on a wide range of subjects, always interesting and full of instruction, and the meetings of this literary society, which has neither local habitation nor name, has been continued fortnightly up to this date to the edification of all in attendance.

Ninth month, 25th. "The Friends' social and religious circle" convened again, and met at Tanglewood. Many boarders and guests still lingered; our meetings on first days were invariably large, and the

acceptable ministrations of several of the younger members of society stirred the members and renewed spiritual fires.

As some compensation for the storms of early summer, the intense heat of later months, and the long-continued drought, perfect weather came on with the season once called "the fall of the leaf," but now shorn of half its title in these hustling days of quick thinking, speedy action and curtailed speech.

The foliage, changing slowly, soon presented a panorama of unusual gorgeousness, many remarking not only the brilliancy of the autumn tints, but their long continuance.

Mary S. Hallowell went to Savannah, Ga., to be assistant teacher in the private school of Emelyn Hart-ridge, of that city.

Tenth month, 2nd, Washington Hallowell, son of Washington, jr., and Eliza M. H. Chichester, was born.

At noon, Tenth month, 4th, Robert E. Marshall, of Virginia, and Martha Ellicott, daughter of the late Henry and Mary G. Tyson, were married at Marden by Episcopal ceremony, in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends. The young couple drove away in the brilliant afternoon sunshine, followed by good wishes and happy predictions. They will reside in Wilmington, Delaware.

Republican and democratic meetings now prevailed, and the voice of the politician was heard in the land. Parties and issues were strangely mixed; voters went to bed republicans and arose democrats, or vice versa; prohibition and people's candidates, and

female aspirants appeared in the field. In this multitude of contending interests all hoped for victory, while each feared defeat.

On the evening of Tenth month, 6th, a number of friends called at the home of Charles G. and Jane T. Porter to congratulate them on attaining the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding-day, they being the ninth couple in this community, within the last thirty years, who have been permitted to live together half a century.

Tenth month, 12th. Incorporators of the Washington, Colesville and Ashton Electric Road met. For the route from Burnt Mills to Ashton, Robert H. Miller, Dr. Francis Thomas, Alban G. Thomas, George Bonefant, Asa M. Stabler and William E. Mannakee represented our section. There is, of course, some diversity of opinion as regards the desirability of increased facilities for either getting into, or out of, our neighborhood. Many are willing the railroad should run through their front yards, and others think it will sound the death knell of the pleasant seclusion of real country life. Relying on past experiences, rather than future hopes, there seems no immediate danger of any other method of travel than the stage, or private conveyance, for some time to come.

Tenth month, 21st and 22nd, members of the Plainfield, the Cedars, Mt. Airy and Norwood families made a pleasant excursion to the Sugar-Loaf mountain, enjoying on the way the beautiful aspect of old Montgomery in gayest autumn colors; the party was delighted to discover such charming scenery within a day's ride of their own doors.

George Nesbitt, jr., returned to his former home, "Longwood," and resumed farming; he had been for some years employed in the offices of the Norfolk & Western Railroad at Roanoke, and Kenova, Virginia. We have had to note the departure of so many young men from our midst in past years, let us hope the returning tide has set hitherward.

Tenth month, 27th. A fine barn was successfully raised at "Amersley," and this item reminds your historian that in 1887 a barn was built at Ingleside which received no mention in the historical notes of that year. It is well to be reminded of these dropped stitches, and still better to be allowed to take them up and correct the record.

The appointment of Robert H. Miller, as chief of the experiment station at the agricultural college, Prince George county, about this time, met with general approval from his friends and neighbors; it was noteworthy from the fact that in this instance the office had unquestionably sought the man.

George Tatum and family moved from Howard county to the farm at the junction of the Hawlings and Patuxent rivers, known as "The Cliffs," now owned by Charles R. Hartshorne.

Mrs. Jane Clark, of Massachusetts, the first instructor of the colored people here after the war, made a visit to the neighborhood and addressed them at church and school.

Indian summer, which seems to combine the sweetness of all seasons came early in the Eleventh month, as the poet expresses it,

“Now past the yellow regiments of corn,
There came an Indian maiden autumn born—
And June returned and held her by the hand,
And led Times’ smiling Ruth, throughout the land,
A veil of yellow hair was o’er her flung—
The south wind whispered and the robins sung.”

In sharp contrast to the soft beauty of these mild, hazy days, on Eleventh month, 9th, there was sleet and snow.

The Chinese-tea inaugurated by Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Davis, and others, was given at Olney Grange hall on the afternoon of the 17th, and was a great success financially and socially. Many useful and pretty articles were sold at low prices, and refreshments served at reasonable rates. Over one hundred dollars was realized, which was devoted to temperance work and charities in this vicinity.

Eleventh month, 16th, Elizabeth L., daughter of Charles R. and Nellie L. Hartshorne, was born.

Eleventh month, 19th, Roger B. Farquhar and wife, of Rock Spring, celebrated their silver wedding; numerous friends and relatives attended this pleasant reunion. Twelve other new and old brides were brave enough to array themselves in their wedding gowns, which ranged in age from two months to twenty-seven years. Many were exceedingly quaint, but had all, in their day, been the very “glass of fashion and mould of form.”

Edward C. Gilpin disposed of a number of lots varying in size from one to twenty acres, part of a large tract purchased by the late Albert Gilpin, of Baltimore, from the Chandlee heirs. This land was

mostly sold to colored persons, who have, in our historical year, built several neat houses on their own land, and a new church below Ashton.

The many friends of Mrs. Cornelia Strain, widow of the late Capt. Strain were much shocked by her very sudden death from heart disease, on the 25th, at her home, near Olney. The interment was in Washington.

Eleventh month, 27th, nearly all the numerous friends and nephews and other relatives of our genial and well-beloved friend, George E. Brooke, called on him at Brooke Grove, to congratulate him on being eighty years young, and to wish him happy returns of his birthday.

The Rev. Mr. Keiffer, of Chambersburg, Pa., gave a finished discourse at the Lyceum, on the evening of Eleventh month, 30th. His subject was, "Realism and Idealism."

"The Woman's Suffrage Association of Maryland" held its annual meeting. Caroline H. Miller refused to be reelected president, and Mary Bentley Thomas was chosen presiding officer. Several original papers were read and speeches made. Caroline H. Miller, Mary E. Moore, Sarah T. Miller and Arabella Hannum were appointed to attend the national convention at Washington, in the First month.

John C. Bentley, Henry H. Miller, Frank M. Hallowell and William Gilpin went on their annual hunt, this year invading Middlesex county, Va., where they found abundant game.

Mahlon Kirk, jr., and Miss May Woodward were married by Episcopal ceremony, Twelfth month, 7th,

at the home of the bride, in Washington, following an English custom the young folks came immediately to "Woodburn," which the family had vacated, they going on trips while the newly-married couple remained at home.

Twelfth month, 15th. Intensely cold weather began, splendid ice was gathered and stored, a long hard winter was upon us, and there was no cessation of its rigors for many weeks.

On the afternoon of the 24th the fine barn, comparatively new, at Philip T. Stabler's, was totally destroyed by fire, supposed to be caused, as in many other cases, by the dangerous friction match, the blaze first appearing in the very top of the building.

Despite an "eager and a searching wind," many came into the neighborhood on the 24th to revisit their old homes, and in pleasant family reunions, partake of Christmas cheer. While some of the old superstitions about this festival are dying out, there are few who do not still deck the house and table with holly, burn the yule log, and sacrifice the largest turkey in the flock on that particular day.

Twelfth month, 29th, at Yuba City, California, B. Gilpin Stabler died in his fifty-ninth year. It was his own request that his remains should be brought back to his old home, and buried by the side of his mother, to whom he had been most devoted. His funeral services were held at the meeting-house, First month, 8th, 1893. He was the first of the large family of ten children of the late Edward and Ann R. Stabler to pass away, and though he had wandered far and wide, it was within sight of his birthplace, "Harewood," that

• he was laid to rest. For eight years previous to his death he had been successfully engaged in fruit raising on a ranch in California.

Of excellent abilities and ever ready to extend the helping hand he did more for others than for himself, and had that kindness of heart and delicacy of feeling that secured him many friends and no enemies.

The mercury continued to hover around and below zero, sleighing was excellent, the ponds and rivers were deeply frozen, and the young folks merrily skated the old year out and the new year in on the icy Patuxent, and we who are nearing our half century mile-post sagely remarked that it was a real old-fashioned winter, and much more healthful than the half-and-half seasons of recent years. But few cases of sickness prevailed, and the remarkable recovery of little Douglass Farquhar from the dangerous operation of tracheotomy relieved the whole community from the heartfelt sympathy and anxiety it had shared for many weeks with the family at "The Cedars."

Elizabeth B. Smith and daughter, and Arthur Stabler and wife were settled in Baltimore for the winter; Dr. Francis Thomas and family, M. Edith Farquhar and Malvinia Miles in Washington; Caroline H. Miller went on a long visit to New York; and Mary E. Gilpin to Baltimore.

Samuel S. Bond secured a situation in Washington. Walter Scott and wife returned from their homestead in Florida to take up their abode with us again for a time.

Elizabeth Scott established a dancing-class at her

home, for children, and a few of older growth ambitious to "trip the light, fantastic toe."

First month, 24th. President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, delivered, to an attentive audience at the Lyceum, a lecture called, "Glimpses of the Mediterranean," which embraced some interesting facts regarding the history of the many nations which live on the shores of this inland sea, and more especially he explained the great "eastern question," always convulsing Europe.

At Norbeck, on the very outskirts in one direction of our rather limitless settlement, appeared about this time a bright, little paper called "The Anonymous News," of which John E. Muncaster was editor and printer.

The annual convention of farmers met at the Lyceum First month, 31st, 1893, and was largely attended. In addition to more than two hundred Montgomery county agriculturists, there were visitors from Howard county, Baltimore, the eastern shore of Maryland, Washington, Alexandria and Fairfax county, Va.

The discussions were animated, and in the end some of the questions under consideration had to be postponed for want of time. Benjamin D. Palmer presided, and Henry H. Miller and J. Janney Shoemaker were the secretaries.

The committee on railroad crossings reported that while there had been some improvement there was still room for more at Rockville and Silver Spring. Robert H. Miller presented an article on potato culture, of much interest and suggestion. The crop reports from the Senior, the Enterprise and the Montgomery

Clubs were read. The average yield of corn had been about eight and a-half barrels per acre; wheat, twenty bushels; potatoes, fifty bushels; oats, eighteen bushels; rye, twelve bushels; hay, a little over one ton.

One member reported one hundred and thirty-six pounds of butter from one cow, and one had sold \$175 worth of eggs from one hundred and twenty-five hens.

A vast amount of cream and butter had been disposed of, but the year had been far from profitable, almost every product falling below rather than above the average.

The question, "By what practical means can our county roads be improved and made thoroughfares?" was discussed. Some thought that the county should issue bonds sufficient to build good stone roads everywhere; others that individual effort and unity of action were all that was needed; others, that national aid should be extended, as the government expends large sums annually to remove obstructions from harbors and rivers; it might as well improve the public highways, and make it as convenient for the countryman to get his wagon to market as his boatload of produce.

On the evening of Second month, 8th, thirty-six gentlemen, ranging in age from eighteen to seventy-eight years, were entertained at Plainfield by the "one-man club," Henry W. Davis.

If it was a brave person who swallowed the first oyster these gentlemen were heroic in their efforts to test the many delightful methods in which this celebrated bivalve can be prepared and eaten. As the menu card proclaimed,

“They are good for the sick,
They are good for the well,
They are good in the stewpan.
They are good in the shell,
They are good as a roast,
They are good as a fry—
Good to stuff turkeys with,
Good in a pie.”

Mrs. Davis and a corps of maids and matrons passed the viands and assisted at the long table spread through the rooms, brilliantly lighted, and adorned with blooming plants. The venerable Hadassah J. Moore looked in a moment to speak a kindly word and welcome all to Plainfield. The host at one end of the ample board, ably assisted by William W. Moore, at the other, presided admirably.

Three hours were spent most happily as “course succeeded course,” and the “feast of reason and flow of soul” was uninterrupted.

Letters of regret purporting to come from the Prince of Wales, Bismarck, Harrison, Cleveland and Wanamaker were read at intervals by Mr. Davis, and were responded to with much point and humor by Henry C. Hallowell, Prof. W. T. Thom, Charles M. Stabler, Henry H. Miller and others.

George F. Nesbitt and John C. Bentley sang solos, and the hunting club gave their ear-splitting chorus and other songs. Various speeches from gentlemen “too full for utterance” testified to the success of one of the most unique and delightful occasions ever enjoyed in our neighborhood, celebrated for every kind of society and organization except this latest addition to the list, “The one-man club.”

If "ease is the lovely result of forgotten toil," it seemed now as if we had abundant time to cultivate the amenities in our own homes, and enjoy the leisure of rural life, which only comes in the depths of winter, when frequent storms and obstructed roads shut out the world and confine us closer to our own hearthstones.

With the warmth and comfort inside, the pleasant book, the open fire, who has not dreamed before the blazing logs of all that Helen Hunt expressed when she wrote :

"Oh, helpless body of hickory tree!
What do I burn in burning thee?
Summers of sun, winters of snow—
Springs full of sap's resistless flow,
All past year's joys of garnered fruits,
All this year's purposed buds and shoots,
Secrets of fields of upper air—
Secrets which stars and planets share.
Lights of such smiles as broad skies fling,
Sounds of such tunes as wild birds sing;
Voices which told where gay birds dwelt,
Voices which told where lovers knelt;
O strong white body of hickory tree,
How dare I burn all these in thee!"

To those who have seeing eyes there can be no season which does not hold its own peculiar charm, and the snow-covered fields, the delicate tracery of the dark, bare trees against the sky, the dull green of the cedars and pines, toning in with the sleeping world, are all fraught with beauty and manifold suggestion to the true lover of nature. We country folk should learn all the mysteries and get close to the innermost heart

of the universal mother earth, since we who possess her woods and fields are her favored children.

After long weary hours of suffering, with brief, sharp illness, or swift as the lightning stroke, to one and all must come in time the pale messenger, and often to those whose hold on life seems most secure who are in the full tide of maturity and usefulness the mysterious door is abruptly opened, and the friend we thought most likely to remain passes through before.

As a great shock came the tidings of the sudden death of Samuel Hopkins, of White Hall, on the night of Second month, 15th, in his fifty-fourth year.

He had retired apparently in excellent health, and in a moment, without a word of warning, he arose from his bed, took a few steps and fell dead. A manly man of fine presence and vigorous physique, it seemed impossible that he was to be laid away, and the beautiful old home so filled with his cheerfulness, the devoted wife and little children would know him no longer. He had that knowledge of the world, that experience of men and affairs that made him a most valuable citizen, and one whose advice was constantly sought. He was greatly interested in the club and the horticultural; was an extensive and successful farmer, and the surrounding country will keenly feel the loss it has sustained in his untimely death.

Hospitable to a marked degree and generous in thought and deed, he had constantly helped others to help themselves, the truest form of charity. Many persons from Howard and Montgomery counties and other sections attended his funeral on the afternoon of the 18th, at Woodside Cemetery.

On the following seventh day afternoon, the Enterprise club met at Plainfield, and, after the reading of the report of the previous meeting of that body, in the First month, at White Hall, by the secretary pro tem., the following tribute was offered:

"It seems fitting that the minutes of the last time our organization will ever convene at this beautiful and hospitable home, should conclude with a reference to the great loss we have sustained. Just four weeks ago this afternoon we gathered at White Hall, the guests of our beloved and respected fellow-member, Samuel Hopkins, and now we have to chronicle his most unexpected demise, on the morning of Second month, 18th, 1893, called in an instant, as it were, from works to reward. One of the first to join the Enterprise club his interest had never flagged in the twenty-seven years of its existence. Whole-souled, generous, cheerful, the friend alike of rich and poor, old and young, what he was to us individually and collectively, we may partly compute, knowing that he was even more valuable to the community in which his lines were cast.

"We believe that the seed sown by the life and character of this faithful comrade, good citizen and devoted husband and father will yet bear fruit a hundred-fold in Howard county."

Second month, 23rd. The second of the regular course of lectures was delivered by Anson A. Maher, of Wilmington, Delaware. His subject, "Travels in South Central Africa," followed by incidents of the Zulu war, in which the Prince Imperial of France lost his life, was a very interesting narrative, indeed.

The Sandy Spring library, after an existence supported by subscription and donation of fifty years, was declared absolutely free to all responsible persons by action of the board of directors, and Mary Fowler continued as librarian. About this time a new industry was inaugurated in the establishment of a daily milk-route from the farms of Edward P. Thomas and George Willson. Cream has flowed towards the District in a steady stream for some years, but if we can now induce the inhabitants of neighboring cities to use our skim-milk we will be fortunate in disposing of our surplus, as most of us have observed that while there is a great deal of skim-milk, so to speak, along life's pathway, there is generally a very small proportion of cream.

Third month, 1st. Alban G. Thomas, who has been for twenty-two and a-half years engaged in business at Ashton, associated J. Wallace Bond with him, the new firm to continue business under the name of A. G. Thomas & Co. E. Clifton Thomas entered the establishment as clerk.

Third month, 2nd. At a directors' meeting and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the savings institution of Sandy Spring, the treasurer, Joseph T. Moore, submitted a report and resume of the corporation since its inception, Third month, 30th, 1869.

Of the twenty-six gentleman named as incorporators in its charter of that date, eleven have died, four resigned, and eleven still remain as members of the board. In this quarter of a century over a million dollars have been received from depositors, over \$820,-

000 returned to them, and \$125,000 paid out in interest. The treasurer recommended that in view of the amount of surplus on hand, and in commemoration of this twenty-fifth anniversary, an extra dividend of two per cent. in addition to the regular four per cent. should be declared, which was promptly acted on and approved by the board of directors. The same officers continue in charge of this institution; Charles G. Porter, president; Robert R. Moore, vice-president; Joseph T. Moore, treasurer, and Allan Farquhar, secretary.

On Christmas day, 1892, our esteemed friend, Richard T. Kirk, of Fair Hill, had a severe fall, which fractured the bones of his leg. Other complications seemed to arise from this accident, and he lingered in much pain and discomfort until Third month, 5th, when death released him from all earthly suffering. Devotedly nursed by his family and neighbors through all these weary months, he evinced the most patient and uncomplaining spirit, and was resigned to the inevitable change which he anticipated with a calmness that knew no fear. Born and reared in Sandy Spring, his long life of nearly seventy-four years had been spent closely at home, where his hospitality and great kindness of heart drew around him hosts of friends.

Almost from its organization a member and constant attender of Olney grange, he had supervised the construction of the hall, faithfully served the patrons in the distribution of goods, and at the meetings had extended to all the cheerful word, the cordial welcome and the helping hand. To many of us who were educated at Fair Hill boarding-school, his unfailing kind-

ness and genial nature are among the pleasa ntest recollections of our youthful days.

A very large number of persons attended his funeral on the afternoon of the 6th, and followed his remains to the meeting-house, where he was laid to rest.

Among other fitting tributes Henry E. Davis, of Washington, spoke feelingly of the cordial good-fellowship, the unfailing hospitality and tenderness of the deceased, those attributes that make the world better for having been, and that live in sweet remembrance long after our friend has departed from our sight.

A fall of snow, accompanied by a fierce wind, Third month, 4th, had made the travel extremely uncomfortable for numerous parties going to the inauguration in Washington, and still worse for viewing the pageant after they arrived, but this was as nothing compared to the return trip at night, as the roads were blocked by immense drifts, dangerous to man and beast. For many years there has been no winter to compare with the one just past in blockaded highways. The pikes have all been shoveled or plowed out from three to five times, and at the present writing, under sheltered banks the remains of these great drifts are still found.

Although our people may wander far and settle in distant states and cities, we still claim them for our own, and take a pardonable pride in their well-being and advancement. It is therefore pleasant to note that several of our young men in our St. Louis colony, Robert M. and J. Elgar Hallowell, Walter H. and Robert H. Brooke, have all been recently promoted to

more lucrative positions, and that their employers expressed a desire for twenty more just such boys, from Sandy Spring.

Out of consideration for our girls we protest against such wholesale robbery, even if our supply could equal the demand.

The Rev. W. McK. Hammock, the Methodist minister at Ashton, removed to Elk Horn, W. Va., and was replaced by the Rev. William Harris, in the same pastoral charge.

On the morning of the Third month, 23d, Mary H. Chandlee, of Homewood, passed peacefully away, in her seventy-eighth year, after brief illness, surrounded by her devoted daughters, whose tender care she had been in her old age, and who could truly rise up and call her blessed. This lovely, gentle friend had gone through deep trials in early life, from which she had emerged clothed in that peace "which passeth understanding."

After the death of her husband, Dr. Edward Chandlee, many years ago, in Pennsylvania, she removed her young family of seven daughters to our neighborhood, and established herself at Homewood. Alone in her great responsibility of caring for so many little children, she was most judicious in her management, never issuing a command, but rather making a request, which was sufficient to ensure obedience, and she struggled successfully to raise, educate and make them self-supporting. She was a remarkable example of the result to be obtained by a consistent life of rectitude, industry and frugality.

Contentment and refinement, twin blessings, sur-

rounded her, and her kind, unobtrusive manner endeared her to all who entered her hospitable door. In the laying down of life's burdens, and the severing of closest ties, what can be better or more consoling than the thought that peace and serenity went hand in hand with the loved one, through the portal we call death, into a brighter and higher existence.

Charles M. Stabler, principal of Sherwood Friends' school, sent in his resignation, to take effect in June, and Arabella Hannum, so long and favorably connected with this institution, is to become the successor of the present incumbent, with Bessie P. M. Thom as assistant principal.

Charles G. Wilson moved from New Jersey to Dr. Francis Thomas' farm, Lucknow, which he will manage. Some additions and improvements have been made to the house he will occupy.

There is nothing truer than the familiar couplet,

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men,"

and seldom, or never, have these walls resounded to such laughter and merriment as on the evening of the 30th. Henry W. Davis displayed his facile genius to the admiring throng, and proved to a packed audience that to be able to pass from a Caucasian gentleman to an Ethiopian buffoon, and to make a hundred laugh when only one had laughed before, is to be a public benefactor, and to possess an unusual gift. His "minstrels" assisted him as ably as if born to burnt cork rather than the purple, and entertained us delightfully with instrumental music, dance and chorus, and

those sweet, old-fashioned negro melodies, so full of pathos and memories of ante-bellum times, now happily past and gone forever, but still lingering in the songs of a captive race. The proceeds of these festive hours are to be devoted to the Sandy Spring and Grange libraries.

Despite the cry that "farming seldom or never pays," and that the tiller of the soil works harder, and receives less compensation than any other laborer, our inhabitants have apparently, in our historical year, not rusted out at home for lack of means to go abroad. Ellen Farquhar and Rebecca T. Miller returned from an extensive tour through Europe and part of Africa. Alban G. Thomas and wife went to Denver and New Mexico; Robert H. Miller to New Orleans; Warwick P. Miller and Corrie M. Brooke, to Minnesota; M. Beatrix Tyson to England; Joseph T. Moore and wife, to the Catskills and Lake Mohonk; Isaac and Charles Hartshorn, and Mary Bentley Thomas, to Massachusetts; Benj. H. Miller to California, Oregon and Dakota; Jos. T. Moore, jr., to New York and Niagara; Catherine Stabler returned from Missouri and other western states; Mary and Emma Stabler went to New York and Malvinia Miles to Florida.

Besides these who are particularly mentioned, because they have traveled many hundreds or thousands of miles, as the case may be, nearly everyone else has, either on business or pleasure bent, made shorter excursions to neighboring states, cities and seaside resorts.

The art of narrative was to those who lived in the early dawn of history the only means of transmitting

the facts on which the whole structure of our political and moral economy is now based, and in its light we realize that we are the same our fathers have been, run the same race, think the same thoughts, with only the modification of changed condition.

If I could happily spread before you a dissertation on ancient instead of contemporaneous history I might let imagination have full play, and offer you something "startlingly new under the sun," but each year I am handicapped by the knowledge that my records are entirely familiar to my audience. I can only hope, therefore, to renew the rippling laugh at joys tasted, or the sympathetic tear when one is mentioned, now treading the shores "where tideless sleeps the sea of time."

The every-day incidents of our little world, our glad outgoings, our sad incomings, our various interests and occupations—these are the unyielding facts I have endeavored to fittingly set to proper description. I can only hope to remind you of what you have done in the past and induce you to furnish me with all the items you can in the coming year, which will be the tenth, and should certainly be the last of my service in this office.

However short and simple the annals of each individual existence, it is of intense personal value, and goes to show the workings of providence, and to influence for good or ill the whole community. For the young who have all the untried possibilities of life before them, and, indeed, for all of us, how important it is to

“Think truly—and thy thought
Shall the world’s famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly—and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.”

CHAPTER XI.

From Fourth Month, 1893, to Fourth Month, 1894.

One hundred and forty persons from Sandy Spring visit the World’s Fair, at Chicago—S. Stanley Brown and the Rev. J. T. Kieffer lectured—Extracts from minutes of the Senior Club of 1844—Obituaries of Sallie Pleasants Brooke, Marcella Sullivan, Mary H. Brooke, Louise Tennant Miller, Elisha John Hall, Louise P. Nesbitt, Edith D. Bentley, Guion Miller, jr., and Margaret Miller.

At the annual meeting of the Lyceum Company Fourth month, 3rd, 1893, Charles E. Bond was elected president, Sarah T. Moore secretary, and the following board of directors: John Thomas, Frank M. Hallowell, Mary Bentley Thomas, Susannah L. Thomas, and Rebecca T. Miller.

Frances D. Stabler, after one year’s trial and tribulation with the weather, and having submitted a most interesting report, declined to be meteorologist any longer. Charles A. Iddings was therefore appointed in her place, with Harold Stabler as assistant.

Fourth month, 6th. The whist club was entertained at Norwood by Henry W. Davis and wife;

and after a pleasant evening adjourned for the season.

Forest fires prevailed in many places; smoke and the odor of burning brush filled the air. A sprinkle of rain on the 7th was welcome, and on the 10th a downpour, greatly needed, followed a hot Sabbath, when the mercury reached seventy-five, and the buds and leaves burst out on shrubs and trees.

Fourth month, 12th. The amateur minstrel troupe, led by Henry W. Davis, performed at Brighton grange hall for the benefit of the rectory of St. John's church at Brookeville.

R. Rowland Moore removed his family to Westmoreland county, Virginia, to spend several months in primitive fashion near the great woods that he is rapidly reducing to railroad ties.

All the schools gave half-holiday on Arbor day, but owing to inclement weather fewer trees than usual were planted.

It would seem as if this important yearly duty should be zealously performed, as the great advantage of adding to the shade along our roads and byways becomes more apparent to the practical mind, and the poet has beautifully transcribed the blessings that descend on the planting of trees:

“What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants the friend of sun and sky,

He plants the flag of breezes free,

The shaft of beauty towering high.

He plants a home to heaven anigh,

The song and mother croon of bird,

In hushed and happy twilight heard,

The treble of heaven's harmony—

These things he plants who plants a tree.

“What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that flush and fade again.
He plants the glory of the plain,
He plants the forest heritage,
The harvest of a coming age,
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

“What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the leaf and sap and wood,
In love of home and loyalty,
And far east thought of civic good.
His blessing on the neighborhood,
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all the land;
A nation's growth from sea to sea,
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.”

The surveyors of the electric road between Baltimore and Washington, via Clarksville and Ashton, completed their labors on the 13th; this time leaving the latter metropolis out in the cold, as the route runs through the valley beyond, cutting in twain the farms of A. G. Thomas and Robert H. Miller.

Dr. Francis Thomas and wife returned from Washington where they had spent the winter, and on the evening of the 24th gave a large reception to their son, William F., and his bride, Pearle Shepherd Cooke, to whom he had been married Third month, 29th, in Norfolk, Virginia.

Fourth month 27th, Sallie Pleasants, widow of the late Roger Brooke, jr., of Willow Grove, died in her seventy-ninth year, at Oak Hill, the home of her son-

in-law and daughter Frederick and Martha R. Stabler. On an afternoon of exquisite spring verdure and mingled light and shadow, she was borne from thence to the old burying-ground at the meeting-house.

In this simple record there will be recalled to all the pleasant memory of one of the best, most tender-hearted, whole-souled wife, mother and friend in our whole community. Coming from her native state, Virginia, a young bride, to the home of her husband many years ago, her entire life was spent, with but short visits passed elsewhere, in our midst. The devoted mother of a large family, the mistress of a hospitable home, her cares were many and varied, but her helpfulness, her kindly nature, was never strained beyond the unselfish word and deed, ever her gift to all with whom she came in contact. Her active, intelligent mind was cultivated by a constant feast of good reading, and while living closely in her home, and for its inmates, she gathered from the outside those stores of general information that often make the busy wife and mother the most delightful and congenial companion for all ages. After her children had reached maturity, and most of them settled in their own homes, she went about among them for longer or shorter periods, as the case might be, but returned to that old rooftree which had ever been the happiest spot of earth to her, until seized by her last illness, which was of short duration.

Not only could her own descendants rise up and call her blessed, but the orphan children of her brother whom she had taken into her large house-

hold and reared as her own, were equally indebted to her tender care. At her funeral one of her sons and several sympathizing friends paid beautiful tributes to her many excellent traits of heart and character.

I cannot, perhaps, more fittingly close this than by some extracts from a little poem written, in loving remembrance of her, by one of her grandsons.

“The years rolled by like the river,
And the days and months came fast,
When she, like the flowers of autumn,
Met death, and is one of the past.

“As she lay in her coffin sleeping,
A sleep that would wake no more—
The voice of our father whispered,
She has gone to the beautiful shore.

“She was kind and dear to her children,
And taught them as she knew best,
To do as she said and directed,
And leave to God the rest.

“May those who now come after,
Follow the life she led,
And think sometimes of her dear sweet face,
Who looked to God as its head.”

Fifth month, 14th, John J. Cornell attended Friends' meeting and spoke to a large and appreciative gathering.

Heavy rains, chilly days, weather uncertain, coy and hard to realize that it was the last spring month, continued, while fires and winter clothing were still in order to keep comfortable.

Pattie R. Stabler and Mary P. Brooke sold to Hobart Hutton their farm which lies upon both sides of Rock Creek about two miles from Rockville.

Henry H. Miller resigned the office of postmaster at Sandy Spring and Samuel B. Wetherald, who had acted as deputy for a number of years, was appointed to the position.

Anna M. Farquhar attended for some months the school of design in Baltimore and Emma T. Stabler of Edgewood went to Ireland with friends who reside there part of each year.

Fifth month, 31st, Marcella, widow of the late Robert Sullivan and daughter of Lydia G. and the late Edward Thomas, died at the home of her son Milton, in Camden, New Jersey. Her remains were brought to her home, and the funeral services were held at the M. E. Church, Ashton, on the afternoon of Sixth month, 2nd. She was in her fifty-ninth year and had been a consistent member of the Methodist section for some time previous to her sudden death.

Sixth month, 5th. The mercury sprang up into the nineties and, as if only waiting for sufficient heat to begin, the baseballers had an exciting game at Sherwood, where the little fellows carried off the honors from their elders and instructors.

At Norwood Sixth month, 8th, Milton H. Bancroft, of Massachusetts, and Margaret Corlies, daughter of Joseph T. and the late Anna L. Moore, were married by Friends' ceremony.

A large company of relatives and friends graced this occasion, memorable for the profusion of roses and other flowers which made the house a bower of

bloom and perfume. The young couple went to Philadelphia to reside.

Sixth month, 11th. Sandy Spring quarterly meeting was held. John J. Cornell, Lydia Price, Allan Flitcraft and wife, all ministers, were present. The business meeting on the twelfth was unusually long, but interesting.

Sixth month, 19th. Beatrix Tyson, daughter of Jos. T., jr., and Estella Tyson Moore, was born.

Seventh month, 4th. Mary Hallowell, daughter of William S. and the late Mary Hallowell Brooke, died at her home, near Gaithersburg, Maryland, in her twenty-ninth year. Her remains were brought to Sandy Spring and buried at the meeting-house on the 6th inst. Her life had been full of suffering and one long battle with disease; it seemed as if this journey must end in "welcome to the weary," and in the peace that follows after conflicts patiently borne.

This brief mention of one whose sojourn on earth was such a baptism of pain would be incomplete without reference to the untiring devotion of an elder sister, and of one who so lovingly and conscientiously filled the place vacated by the young mother when Mary was almost an infant.

Severe rain-storms the last of the Sixth month made harvest a weariness to the flesh, did much damage to the crops, and wheat, destined to be sold at sixty cents or less a bushel, brought the unfortunate farmer in debt.

Seventh month, 14th, Frederick, son of Tarleton B. and Rebecca T. Stabler, was born.

George L. Stabler purchased from Hallie I. Lea

five acres of land, just beyond Eldon, and erected thereon a comfortable house for his own occupation.

Seventh month, 24th, John Hall, son of John H. and Sallie Randolph Janney, was born.

Eighth month, 5th, at Stanmore, Louise Tennant, infant daughter of George B. and Zaidie T. Miller, died, aged three months, and was buried on the morning of the 7th, in the Sandy Spring meeting-house ground. These afflicted parents had much sympathy in the loss of their sweet baby, and the sad termination of a visit to its grandmother, Caroline H. Miller, they had so joyfully anticipated.

Anna M. Stabler, a visitor from New York, spoke on "Theosophy," at Alloway, to an eager audience. Immediately afterwards she sailed for England to take the position of secretary to the theosophical society during the absence of Mrs. Annie Besant in America, whose duties she performed acceptably for seven months.

Eighth month, 22nd. A tennis tournament was held at Alloway. One hundred and fifty people assembled, and about one-third participated in the games. Mary Shoemaker, of Germantown, won the prize for "ladies' singles," and George H. Brooke carried off the honors for men. Dr. S. I. Scott, Samuel Wetherald and Henry H. Lizear won nearly all the prizes at Sea Girt in the shooting match, and were reported to have left the range behind, and not much else.

These outdoor sports were all-pervading, and as long as Sandy Spring was on the winning side were

viewed by our people with a self-complacency difficult to match and impossible to exceed.

Eighth month, 24th. A fair was held and concert given at Olney grange hall under the auspices of members of St. John's Episcopal Church. Several of our neighborhood people, as well as the boarders within our gates, kindly assisted.

On the afternoon of Eighth month, 25th, Eliza N. Moore, on her fiftieth birthday, gave a children's party at Norwood, to Estelle Tyson Moore, jr., who had that day attained her third year. Out of seventy-nine children invited seventy-five were present, ranging in age from two months to twelve years. Seventy-one grown persons, from the young mother with her first babe, to the great-grandfather of eighty-one, looked on at this beautiful sight.

After an early tea on the lawn the coming generation departed, leaving with their host and hostess the recollection of a most charming scene that will not fade while memory lasts.

On the evening of the 28th and through the night, a furious wind-storm prevailed, and the long-delayed rain was upon us. The morning light disclosed the havoc the gale had wrought. Noble trees were prone, branches torn and twisted, the ground covered with leaves and debris. Apples and pears lay in heaps, bruised and useless; corn was laid low and greatly damaged. The large and beautiful willow that shaded the southeast end of Norwood house was uprooted and measured its great length on the ground. But it was destined later to a useful end, as the sound logs were purchased by parties from Washington to

be made into artificial legs and arms, proving in this unexpected disposal of the fine old tree the truth of the adage that "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Four dances, one german, one straw-ride, and two baseball games during the last week of the Eighth month attested the determination of youthful Sandy Spring to have amusement at any cost.

On Ninth month, 10th, Elisha John Hall died at his residence, near Brookeville, after long suffering from acute disease. He was born at Greenvale, near Baltimore, and came to this county in 1832, as assistant teacher in Brookeville Academy. After remaining one year he entered college, but was called to the office of principal, in 1836, upon the resignation of Dr. N. C. Brooke. In 1851 Mr. Hall resigned to take charge of Longwood farm, on the outskirts of Brookeville, but was again induced to hold the school together until E. B. Prettyman was elected principal in 1853.

Mr. Hall then became a member of the board of trustees, and as chairman of the building committee of the present handsome structure, he rendered valuable service.

In 1869 he became president of the board, succeeding the late Allan Bowie Davis, and held this office without missing a meeting or a single examination until his fatal illness. He was a member of St. John's parish, and afterwards of St. Luke's, the oldest church organization in that section of the country. He represented this district in the legislature before the war, and during the war he held a federal office under the

Hon. Montgomery Blair, postmaster-general in Lincoln's cabinet.

In 1876-7 he was elected president of the agricultural society. He was identified with the senior farmers' club, organized in 1844, and also with the horticultural society, being an interested and valuable member of each. In all educational work he was ever in the front rank, and many of our leading citizens received their first and only training from his masterly mind. He married Mary, daughter of the venerable Roger Brooke, of Brooke Grove, who died several years ago.

The funeral services were conducted on the morning of the 13th at Longwood, and the remains interred in Woodside cemetery.

The various private and public schools punctually resumed their sessions. Emily T. Brooke again took charge of the public school at Brookeville, and Sallie P. Brooke was appointed to a similar position at Emory. Emma Schirer, of Rockville, was made teacher of the public school at Sandy Spring, and Rose Henderson resumed her duties at Oakley. Sherwood Friends' school reopened with forty-four scholars in attendance; Belle W. Hannum and Elizabeth P. M. Thom as principals, with Sarah B. Farquhar assistant, and Augusta N. Thomas and Edna V. Thomas pupil teachers.

Ninth month, 29th. Frederick, son of Ernest and Minnie Rust Iddings, was born at Riverside.

Tenth month, 3rd. Mahlon Kirk, son of Mahlon, jr., and May Woodward Kirk, was born, the fourth in direct line to bear this name.

Marion Haviland and Dr. William Tatum were married on Tenth month, 9th, at Ashton meeting-house by Friends' ceremony. They will reside near her parents at Leawood Mills.

On the evening of Tenth month, 11th, Clarence Lea Gilpin and Rose M., daughter of Frederick and Martha R. Stabler, were married by Friends' ceremony, at Oak Hill, the residence of the bride's parents. The house, as is customary here, was beautifully decorated with flowers. The young couple went immediately to the old Chandlee place, which had been somewhat remodeled and rechristened "Della Brooke," for their occupation.

Tenth month, 17th. Albert Stabler and Lena, daughter of Bernard T. Janney, of Washington, were married at the home of the bride, in that city, by Friends' ceremony. They have gone to housekeeping in Washington.

Tenth month, 28th. Edward L. Gilpin, of Sandy Spring, was married by Methodist ceremony to M. Josephine Jones, of Norbeck. After a short trip the bride and groom returned to live in the old Gilpin homestead.

Beginning almost with the opening ceremonies in May, and lasting until the end of October, our inhabitants had been, by twos and threes, up to parties of fifteen or twenty, visiting the Columbian exposition at Chicago. Each group of tourists enthused those who remained at home until the number that finally made the long journey and enjoyed the wonderful sights of the most beautiful city ever built, exceeded all expectations. Samuel P. and Elizabeth G.

Thomas, and Edith D. Bentley, were the oldest persons, and Marion Farquhar and Morris Stabler, the youngest, who went from our midst. Those who did not go seemed doubly unfortunate in missing more than they could ever imagine, and in having to listen to the perpetual world's fair "talk," in season and out of season, of all who returned enraptured with the magnificent buildings, the "court of honor," the fairy-like illumination, the limitless exhibit, the marvelous detail of every department, making the perfection of the whole.

Dr. Francis Thomas went three times to the fair, and Eliza N. Moore, Mortimer O. Stabler, Charles E. Bond and Belle W. Hannum each enjoyed a second trip. One hundred and fifty persons in all are the happy possessors of untold treasures regarding the white city laid up in memory.

Very fine weather prevailed the last of the Tenth month, and many Friends attended Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

Eleventh month, 4th. Dr. Francis and Beulah L. Thomas celebrated their silver wedding, and despite a stormy evening, nearly one hundred relatives and friends, many from a distance, were present at this very pleasant affair, which was also graced by most of the bridesmaids and groomsmen of twenty-five years ago.

Eleventh month, 6th. M. Beatrix Tyson returned from a year's sojourn with her sister in England, and Emma T. Stabler from a six months' visit to Ireland.

Eleventh month, 9th. A large company assembled at Stanmore, invited by Caroline H. Miller, to sew

for the South Carolina sufferers in response to an appeal for help from Miss Clara Barton. Many new garments were made, and old ones repaired. The sewing-bee adjourned to meet at Clifton on the 18th, and continue the good work.

Eleventh month, 10th, Francis, son of Henry H. and Helen Gray Miller, was born.

Charles B. Magruder and Roger B. Farquhar, jr., entered the George school, near Philadelphia, where Charles M. Stabler has a professorship. Edward Farquhar was made professor of higher English at the Columbian University, Washington. The sporting reports were now of special interest to many in our neighborhood.

George H. Brooke, after graduating at Swarthmore, entered the Pennsylvania University to take a special course of study, and to hold the illustrious position of full-back in their football team. He soon not only had his name, fame and portrait in most of the papers, but had "kicked" and "punted" himself into a national renown impossible to attain at any college, in these muscular days, except on the athletic field.

"Barney," a dog belonging to the Sandy Spring hunting club, traveled by express to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and won the first prize for the best all round foxhound, winning altogether five prizes against a field of hounds from all over the United States.

Eleventh month, 15th. After a rainy day and night it was a surprise in the early morning to find the ground white with the first snow of the season.

Eleventh month, 17th. Elizabeth Powell Bond, dean of Swarthmore college, lectured before the scholars and many invited guests of Sherwood Friends' school. Her subject, "The Boyhood of William Lloyd Garrison and Ralph Waldo Emerson," was most agreeably treated.

George L. Stabler moved from Ashton to his new house on the Brighton road, and the cottage he had vacated was occupied by Walter H. Brooke and family, the latter renting his farm near Colesville to George Willson.

George Tatum, formerly of Howard county, exchanged some New Jersey property with Mrs. Annie Tillum for the convenient house erected a few years ago, near Brighton, by the late Dr. Frank Tillum.

Mrs. Sallie Ellicott and daughter, who had resided at the Tillum place for some time, moved to Baltimore temporarily. Dr. Francis Thomas and family went to Washington for the winter, Elizabeth Tyson to Florida, and Pattie T. Farquhar joined her husband, Granville, who had a position in Washington, where Benjamin H. Miller took an office, and engaged in the life insurance business.

Olney grange held its annual meeting for an election of officers on Twelfth month, 5th, with the following result: John C. Bentley, master; George F. Nesbitt, jr., overseer; Rebecca T. Miller, lecturer; Dr. French Green, chaplain; Elizabeth T. Stabler, secretary; Mortimer O. Stabler, treasurer; Grafton Holland, steward; Clarence L. Gilpin, assistant steward; Alleta Waters, lady assistant steward; Newton Stabler, gatekeeper; Mrs. Catherine Janney, Ceres, Mrs. Cath-

erine Beall, flora, and Mrs. Jeannie Mackall, Pomona.

Twelfth month, 6th, Edward, son of Frank and Fanny B. Snowden, was born.

Twelfth month, 13th. Dr. William I. Hull, of Swarthmore college, delivered, before the pupils of Sherwood school, a very interesting and instructive lecture on the "Stone Age."

Twelfth month, 20th, Robert, son of Washington, jr., and Eliza Hallowell Chichester, was born.

Beautiful weather, almost too warm for the season, made the Christmas gatherings doubly enjoyable for the many strangers who had ventured into the country.

First month, 1st, '94. All persons who had visited the Columbian exposition were invited to call at Falling Green on this day, between the hours of two and ten p. m. A large company gathered, and were greatly entertained by the appropriate mottos which adorned the walls, and by a book in which each one was invited to inscribe his or her name and what most impressed them in the beautiful white city. The "Wellington catering company" was liberally patronized by all, and the free lunch furnished was superior in every particular to its prototype in Chicago. All seemed to renew their enthusiasm about the fair, and a most unique and delightful entertainment was the result.

The "grippe" appeared about this time, and while not nearly so general and severe as in past years, it attacked many persons with the usual miserable siege of suffering and after-effects. Measles and whooping-cough also swept through the community.

At the annual meeting of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, First month, 1st, all the officers were reelected, and Benjamin D. Palmer was appointed clerk.

First month, 2nd. The Rev. Frederic Power, of Washington, gave a very original lecture at the Lyceum on "Blockheads."

Edward P. Thomas established in Washington the "Belmont dairy," and E. Clifton Thomas and George B. Farquhar went there to take charge of it. Dr. Francis Thomas opened a coal-yard and feed store, and associated with him in this enterprise his son, William F. Thomas. Llewellyn Stabler secured a clerkship in Baltimore, with Edward Stabler, jr. Russell Stabler, late soldier of U. S. Army, having passed a creditable civil service examination, received the appointment of postal clerk.

First month, 17th. The woman suffrage association held its yearly meeting at the Lyceum, and balloting for officers resulted in the following election: Mary Bentley Thomas, president; Rebecca T. Miller, vice-president; James P. Stabler, secretary; Belle W. Hanum, treasurer. The meeting adjourned to Baltimore on the 13th of Second month, upon which occasion Susan B. Anthony addressed a crowded house, and seventy new names were added to the roll.

First month, 18th. A very enjoyable entertainment was given at the Lyceum for the benefit of the starving and homeless people on the South Carolina coast. A large audience enjoyed some excellent singing from the Sandy Spring quartet, and a farce, "The Sleeping-Car," admirably rendered by Mrs. Charles F.

Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Davis, Mortimer O. Stabler, J. Janney Shoemaker, Llewellyn Stabler and Clarence Gilpin.

First month, 20th. Fifty persons assembled at Mt. Airy, and many old garments were mended and several dozen made for the same worthy object—the drowned-out sufferers on the southern coasts. This was a stirring day for Sandy Spring; in addition to this large sewing, the three agricultural clubs met in the afternoon and “Phrenaskeia” convened in the evening. It does not seem possible that many persons will die of inactivity, or be permitted to rust-out in this community.

First month, 23rd. A fine display of world's fair pictures, and a lucid explanation of them by an amateur photographer, Mr. Jackson, of Wilmington, Delaware, was given at the Lyceum to the delight of many who had enjoyed the original scenes.

The weather continued temperate and beautiful, and plows were constantly going in the fields, but this advantage to the farmer was counterbalanced by the dearth of ice. Only one freeze that was worth storing at all, and but few secured this, hoping for better, which, however, did not come.

Second month, 3rd, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of R. Rowland and Margaret G. T. Moore, was born at Plainfield.

On Second month, 3rd, Louise, only daughter of Louisa P. and George F. Nesbitt, died suddenly in Washington, whither she had gone for medical treatment, in her twenty-seventh year. Her remains were brought to her home, Longwood, and from there in-

tered in Woodside cemetery on the 7th. The following obituary was prepared by one of her young friends, who had known and loved her well:

“For a number of years this brave and lovable girl had been a great sufferer, but so cheerful was her disposition, and so strong her determination to be well, that even those nearest to her were not prepared for the sudden end. She had the gentlest of natures, and a heart overflowing with love to all God’s creatures. With such traits of character as daughter, sister, friend, she will be mourned by all who knew her, by all who felt her bright influence, and her short existence ended leaves the memorial, ‘A world made better by her life.’ ”

Among the many letters of sympathy received by her family, one fully describes the loving intimacy between mother and daughter in the poem:

A MESSAGE FROM PARADISE.

“What mean you by this trying
To break my very heart?
We both are in Christ’s keeping,
And therefore cannot part.

“You there, I here, though severed,
We still in heart are one,
I, only just in sunshine,
The shadows scarcely gone.

“What if the clouds surround you?
You can the brighter see—
’Tis only just a little way
That leads from you to me.

"I was so very weary,
Surely you could not mourn—
That I, a little sooner,
Should lay my burden down.

"Then weep not, weep not, darling,
God wipes away all tears,
'Tis only for a little while,
Though you may call it years."

On Second month, 6th, the twenty-second annual convention of Montgomery county farmers met at the Lyceum. Visitors were present from Howard, Frederick and Prince George counties. Several professors attended from the Maryland Agricultural College, and Director Robert H. Miller and others from the State Experiment Station. After the routine business was disposed of, reports of committees were in order. Robert H. Miller read a valuable paper on "Potato Culture," describing many interesting experiments made in planting and cultivating that important tuber. Public road legislation was discussed, and the various club reports read. Owing to the drought none of the crops had been quite up to the usual standard, and the potato crop almost a failure. Wheat had never been as low before, and it was presumed by some that when the great political party now in power had promised it should sell for a dollar, they had meant two bushels instead of one, for that amount. The average yield of the different products were as follows: wheat, twenty-two bushels per acre; corn, eight barrels per acre; oats, thirty-five bushels per acre; potatoes, sixty-seven bushels per acre; hay, one and one-quarter tons per acre.

The dairy interest had assumed such proportions that we learn skim-milk no longer masquerades as cream at the national capital, but is disposed of in quantities on its own merit. A large number of cattle and hogs had been sold, many of the latter assuming the guise of lard, sausage and scrapple. Hundreds of chickens had gone the way of all fowls, and countless eggs had been safely transported, and let us hope were as satisfactorily ticketed as those several lots the historian once saw in the Boston market, which bore respectively the legends: "Fresh eggs, twenty cents per doz; good eggs, fifteen cents per doz.; eggs, five cents per doz."

Dr. Francis Thomas opened a discussion on the question: "In view of the depressed condition of agriculture, can we find any more profitable way of farming?"

Edward P. Thomas followed with an interesting paper on this subject. Allan Farquhar, Philip T. Stabler, William E. Mannakee, Tarlton B. Stabler and others took part. After an animated exchange of views the convention adjourned. B. D. Palmer had presided, and J. J. Shoemaker and Mortimer O. Stabler acted as secretaries.

Your historian has gathered a few items from the minutes of the senior club of 1844, the only one then existing in our neighborhood, as showing the difference in the productiveness of practically the same land a half a century ago and now. It is an interesting and encouraging comparison to note the large increase in favor of 1894. The senior club of 1844, whose members were George E. Brooke, Richard T.

Bentley, Samuel Elicott, William H. Farquhar, Benjamin Hallowell, Mahlon Kirk, Edward Lea, Robert R. Moore, Jos. Pierce, Caleb Stabler, Henry Stabler and William John Thomas, reported that they raised per acre, ten bushels of wheat; eighteen bushels of oats; nine bushels of buckwheat; three-quarters of a ton of hay; sixty-eight bushels of potatoes.

The only article that seems to approach the present is the potato, and the entire club planted but twelve and one-half acres at that date.

It is a matter of regret that the prices obtained at that time for farm products are not stated; and it would perhaps be well for the present clubs to note the yearly value, so their great-grandchildren might have the benefit of such statistics.

The following memorial of Edith D. Bentley was prepared by one who, though not in any way related, had always called her by the endearing name of mother:

“At the home of her brother, Edward M. Needles, 1501 Green street, Philadelphia, on the morning of Second month, 8th, 1894, Edith D. Bentley, widow of the late Richard T. Bentley, entered into rest in her seventy-seventh year. Her remains were brought to her home, Bloomfield, Sandy Spring, and from there interred on first day afternoon, the 11th inst., in the Friends' burial-ground. On this occasion an immense concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends were drawn hither by respect and affection never surpassed. While the grief of eight sons and daughters, all having reached maturity, testified to a loss, which to them must ever remain irreparable.

“The twenty-five grandchildren must feel that theirs is the privilege to prove in the coming years that the mantle of a good, true ancestress falls upon worthy shoulders. A clear, wintry sun shone into this open grave, and after kind mother earth had hidden away from sight the loved form, living boughs were spread over the dreary mound, and among this green canopy, pure, white lilies were placed by loving granddaughters as harbingers of the resurrection, and her safe entrance into that heaven where all is well.

The close of a noble life is so filled with food for reflection to those whose stream of destiny commingled with the lost one that to sit in shadow and look through the dark valley for a time seems the only occupation. The heart rebels at even the suggestion of hope, and the bright beyond, so sweetly offered by tender sympathy, and the kind word of comfort all seem a forgetting, we turn away from them with a shamed feeling of treachery. That ‘thy sun has gone down’ is the sad refrain that ‘thy course is finished;’ ‘the familiar ways shall know thee no more’ is the cheerless chant, the lengthening shadows pour around us; and far into the weary night the desolate heart sees only the grave and the sting of death.

“How in vain would have been life’s daily round through the circling years of joy and sorrow to her should feelings such as these linger without balm in the hearts of the children of Edith D. Bentley! God’s finger touched their tear-stained eyes, and a flood of blissful recollection flashed with healing power before them. The young mother, guarding the first

steps of eager, restless, childhood, youth blessed by her smile of praise, and guided by her loving help. Manhood and childhood watched over by the stately grace of her maturity, and when she had climbed to serene old age, with all the garnered triumphs of a conscientious soul, pursuing the right path, she passed into the open doorway of a world full of infinite possibilities and of vastly deeper meanings than mere repose. Her life had been embellished by gracious deeds of charity to all and of speaking no ill of any creature made in the likeness of the universal father; of stooping in loving pity to the lowly, and of rising by the might of clear perception and rare intelligence to the level of the highest, and she had so used the sweet benefits of time as to clothe her age with angel-like perfection.

“Coming to Bloomfield, the ancestral home of her young husband, more than half a century ago, she brought to that sylvan nook, nestling amongst the trees, the active interests taught by the training of a busy city. The beautiful passing of her youth, the pure uprising of thought and power, as experience daily opened to her the way of truth and admonished her not to limit her horizon of usefulness to where her shadow fell.

“This is portrayed in a most precious collection of diaries kept by her from the first flush of maidenhood through the years of her married life, full of the cares and anxieties, joys and sorrows inseparable from her position as the mistress of a congenial home, and the mother of a large family. One realizes after their perusal how to her

“ ‘The honor of a home became its hospitality,
The blessing of a home became its piety,
The ornament of a home became its cleanliness.’

“Full of the important issues of the present day it seemed her mission to help

“ ‘Every right that needed assistance,
Every wrong that needed resistance,’

and all associations formed for higher advancement, every frail tendril of endeavor put forth to lift ‘better up to best’ found in her a devoted advocate and all assemblies for their interchange of thought were made wiser by her presence.

“Not abridging her womanliness she devotedly kept guard in those towers of expectancy when an eager sisterhood looks over the plains and sees the day-star of a fuller and purer life opening for them.

“The business meetings of her own beloved sect afforded her scope for the right word fitly spoken, and her clear judgment, frequently appealed to, always to the edification of those in council. Her attendance at these weekly gatherings was not dependent on the state of the weather, for be it fair or darkening she rarely missed the chance for faithful meditation, imbibing truths to correct and enlarge the heart should words be spoken, or if the silent hour prevailed close to the Father she pressed her human needs in silent prayer. The charm which clung to her even until the very last was the power to project herself into the interests of all those who came near to her. Her dark eyes would glow and scintillate joyfully when mirthful conversation filled the passing hour; would melt

with sadness at a tale of woe, and beam with radiance when any persuasive love-chord was touched, and never can one forget the cordial greeting to the hospitable home, and the 'farewell' lingering like a benediction in the ears of the departing guest.

"Sprung from a people who had views and maintained them, her father, John Needles, of Baltimore, lived to a green old age, his years filled with acts of true heroism in upholding opinions adverse to his surroundings. With a gentle insistence this noble daughter lived his creed, and engrafted on her devoted unselfish life that deep mysterious bond of trust and helpfulness, unconsciously widening and deepening and strengthening as time filled her arms with the blessed bonds of love and unity until her whole character was rounded by the lovely traits of purity, honesty, sobriety and command of temper.

"Thus were all the mile-stones of life passed and gained an added grace at every step. The vital spark stole painlessly away with but little warning, and the glorified spirit crossed the bar into that heaven of bliss her perfect faith had trustfully and confidently felt must reward all who do the best they know, day by day, and who live in close communion with the 'inner light.' "

D. E. V.

I. Stanley Brown, of Washington, delivered at the Lyceum an instructive illustrated lecture upon the seal fisheries of Alaska, on the evening of Second month, 14th.

Second month, 22nd, a beautiful fall of snow covered the earth and the farmers who had gathered

scarcely any ice at all were busily engaged scraping up the snow and packing it away.

On Second month, 19th, Guion, only son of Guion and Annie Tyler Miller, died, and on the 26th Margaret, aged four, only daughter of these already bereaved parents, passed away to join the baby brother to whom she had been singularly attached for so young a child.

Friends and neighbors were truly sympathetic in this great sorrow which had fallen so suddenly on a happy home, one week full of childish prattle and endearments and beautiful possibilities in the unfolding lives, and the next with memories instead of hopes, filling these empty rooms. As has been already said in this case,

“No one who has not known what it is to have these dear little human tendrils entwine themselves about his heart can appreciate the agony of having them torn away forever, and still no one but a loving father or mother can feel that blessed peace that comes after the agony, when it is remembered that the loved ones are in the best of all homes and with the best of all fathers.”

Second month, 26th. There was a sale of farming implements and household effects at Thomas J. Lea's, preparatory to his moving to Baltimore county to take charge of the farm of I. M. Parr. That same evening at the Lyceum a little play, called “The Spirit of '76,” was most agreeably rendered.

Second month, 28th. Sarah H., daughter of Catherine and the late Samuel Janney, was married by Episcopal service at her home, “Riverton,” to Ernest

Adams, of Howard county. The young couple have taken up their residence near Clarksville.

Dr. W. French Green, who has been for nine years pleasantly associated with Dr. William E. Magruder, and with our neighborhood, moved to Brookeville, and opened an office there. Although that village is rather outside the limits of our historical "preserves" this record is sometimes conveniently elastic, and proposes still to chronicle any item of interest he may furnish.

While the past year has been almost unprecedented in financial disaster, in depreciation of values, and in vast numbers of workmen out of employment, it is worthy of note that this monetary stringency has not overwhelmed our section as it has many others in our fair land, as shown in the encouraging report submitted Third month, 8th, to the board of directors of the Sandy Spring Savings Institution, by Joseph T. Moore, treasurer. This useful institution was found to be in excellent condition. On the other hand the fire insurance company had never had such extensive and wide-spread losses, far exceeding income. Every possible mode of catching fire and burning up seems to prevail, from spontaneous combustion to lightning.

The senior and enterprise clubs both met Third month, 17th, at the homes of new members, the former at Charley Forest, now owned by Francis Downey, and the latter with William Canby, of Colesville.

March gave us a genuine surprise in three weeks of clear, balmy weather. The mercury ranged as high as eighty degrees, the fields grew green as if a magic

wand had swept over them; peach and plum trees flowered, the myriad arms of the willow waved ver-
dantly in the warm sunshine, and too hasty people
planted their gardens. This enchanting time was
quickly followed by icy days and nights, and when
the bitter cold had passed, blackened leaves, shriveled
fruit buds, and frozen rows of ambitious vegetables
were presented to view.

On the evening of Third month, 30th, a magnifi-
cent aurora spread over the northern heavens, flash-
ing and vibrating in an unusual manner (like celestial
search-lights) its colored curtains far into the night.

About this date a telephone connected Plainfield
and Amersley, and another Homewood and Brighton.

Dr. Charles E. Duck, of Baltimore, rented Thomas
J. Lea's place, and Mrs. Sallie Ellicott and daughter,
Oakleigh, from John C. Bentley. Edward N. Bentley
having purchased Bloomfield, moved his family into
the old "homestead," which in all its century of exist-
ence had only been closed a few weeks.

April came in as blustering as March should have
been, and seemed to weep more copiously than usual
over this almost unprecedented interchange of months.

Fourth month, 9th, 10th and 11th a fierce storm of
rain, sleet and snow of unusual length and severity
seemed to thrust us backward into the very depths of
winter, and it was remarked that several farmers
around Ednor finished planting their whole crop of
potatoes on the 7th, and four days later filled their
ice-houses with snow.

Our friend, Edward Farquhar, has continued his
bimonthly talks at "The Cedars," on interesting

topics, made most instructive and delightful by his perfect knowledge of his theme; nor can we forbear mention of his more spiritual discourses that have sown good seed in the meeting, and have given to many the desire for helpful self-examination and food for thought, that the silent hour might lack for them. Phrenaskeia, the one distinctly literary society of the neighborhood, has met regularly with profit and pleasure through the past months.

At different times through the year there has been much excitement along our highways and byways on the subject of mad dogs, and not without good reason, as one rabid animal bit many of his fellows, and numerous dogs were killed on this account, some showing signs of the horrible rabies and others before it developed. A cow and a horse also died with all the symptoms, and on the night of the 17th, Risen Perry, a respectable colored man living near Colesville, who had had an encounter with a mad dog some six weeks ago, died of hydrophobia. The case was watched with much interest by most of the medical fraternity of this section, whose skill palliated the horrors of this dread disease, but could not save the life of the victim.

The Rev. J. S. Kieffer, of Hagerstown, always receives a warm welcome at the Lyceum, and his lecture upon "Optimism and Pessimism," delivered on Fourth month, 17th, was fully up to the high standard of his former efforts to instruct and amuse his Montgomery audiences. He defined pessimism as an unhappy faculty of always seeing the 'worst in the present,' especially as compared with a past, mythi-

cal, golden age, and he characterized it as something generally born of mental, moral or physical weakness in its victims.

The whole course was replete with wit and wisdom, and perhaps the sum and substance of the practical Christianity taught by Mr. Kieffer was expressed in the following verse of Whittier, quoted by the speaker near the conclusion of his most beautiful and scholarly address :

“I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air.
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.”

A decade has passed since it became my misfortune to offer these chronicles for your consideration, and it seems fitting in conclusion to review these circling years, each one crowded with events, be they great or small, and each with its characteristic tone and coloring. Even in the comparatively short period since 1883 there have been very many changes. Forty-four marriages, sixty-two births and ninety deaths have occurred in our midst; numerous persons have moved away, and are scattered in distant states, and we have had but few accessions through immigration.

New homes have been established and old ones broken up. The young, those in the prime of life, and especially the old, have been borne reverently to their last resting-place. Reflecting on the “good, the true, the beautiful,” who have left us, we feel that Sandy Spring is not the same place it was ten years ago.

The experiences, the virtues, of those who have passed on, are not ours by inheritance; we must live our lives, even as they lived theirs; and our responsibilities are all the greater from the moral and intellectual excellence they possessed, and which we can only hope to emulate.

Their standard was high, but they have paved the way for ours to be still higher. "New occasions bring new duties," for every day has its work for us to do; with ordinary people these duties are not great, dazzling deeds. One's life can be noble and full of beauty without even stepping outside the home circle and the prosaic rounds of every-day events.

Many of these whose passing away changed the whole world to some of us were not known, perhaps, outside the narrow bounds of our community. Their existence was made up of little sacrifices, little acts of charity, little burdens borne for a weary brother, and little crosses patiently carried for love of all their fellow creatures.

Can any of us keep their memory green in better or more perfect way than by striving to live up to the very highest of their aspirations?

CHAPTER XII.

From Fourth Month, 1894, to Fourth Month, 1895.

Telephone company organized—Invasion of Coxey's army—Damage and suffering from snow-storm—Mrs. George Kennan lectured on her Russian experiences—Doctors' Club formed—Obituaries of Joseph Wetherald, Elizabeth Gilpin, Stephen L. F. Holland, William M. Thompson and Gideon Gilpin.

The annual meeting of the Lyceum Company was held on the evening of Fourth month, 19th, 1894. In place of the slow method of an election, by unanimous consent, the same officers were continued for the ensuing year. Owing to indisposition the historian was unable to appear, and the history was read very satisfactorily by Elizabeth T. Stabler to an appreciative audience. The subject of a telephone line through the neighborhood was broached at this meeting, and a committee of the following gentlemen appointed to take the matter into consideration: Robert H. Miller, Asa M. Stabler, Alban G. Thomas, Edward R. Stabler, Dr. Roger Brooke, Charles E. Bond and Henry H. Miller. This committee held its first meeting Fourth month, 27th, and the company was organized by the stockholders on Fifth month, 17th, with the following board of directors, viz. Robert H. Miller, Asa M. Stabler, Alban G. Thomas, Edward R.

Stabler, Dr. Roger Brooke, H. H. Miller and Dr. W. French Green.

The directors organized with the following officers: Asa M. Stabler, president; A. G. Thomas, treasurer; H. H. Miller, secretary; Dr. Brooke and Robert H. Miller, executive committee. On resignation of the latter Charles F. Brooke was elected to the vacancy.

About this time Amos Holland sold his neat, well-cultivated farm to Mr. Cole, of Mansfield, Ohio. This, however, did not necessitate the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Holland, as they continued to board with the present owner, while relieved from the cares of farming and housekeeping.

A movement of unemployed workmen, cranks and tramps, from various western and northern states, had been steadily setting towards Washington for some weeks, inaugurated and controlled by a man named Coxey, from Ohio, who contended he would lead a half million men to Washington and compel Congress to give them work. Several bands convened at Rockville on Fourth month, 28th, and a party of over fifty that had walked from Philadelphia and Baltimore camped at Ashton on the afternoon and night of the 26th. Widely heralded by the ubiquitous newspaper the continual mention and exaggerated accounts of these advancing armies caused great apprehension along their routes of travel; fears, happily, destined not to be realized, as it was with a comparatively small force of a few hundred men that Coxey finally entered the national capital, where a disregard of law and order soon relegated this self-constituted general and his lieutenants to the city jail for a season of seclusion

and reflection. Their deluded followers, less fortunate in accommodations, after much suffering and hunger, finally dispersed in small parties, and we had the pleasure of feeding many of them on their homeward way, sadder, if not wiser, than when they started out.

From Fourth month, 28th, to Fifth month, 2nd, the mercury rose each day to eighty-five degrees. Orchards burst into full bloom, and in this too ardent heat all nature responded with unfolding bud and leaf.

Please prepare your minds for many notes in this history regarding the state of the thermometer, and for a full assortment of weather throughout the year. While far from a perfect record I took many observations of the temperature, as well as of days both clear and cloudy. Ruskin says there is no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather; and Sir John Lubbock, in his admirable book on "The Use of Life," says: "We often hear of bad weather, but in reality no weather is bad. It is all delightful, though in different ways; some weather may be unseasonable for farmers and for crops, but for men all kinds are good. Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces us up, snow is exhilarating."

I have always been thankful for the wise training in youth that forbade any complaint of the weather in the theory that all kinds were proper, and what could not be cured must be endured cheerfully.

Fifth month, 12th. Thirty-three Sherwood students spent a delightful day in Washington, through the kindness of Mr. Harry Spofford. He led these eager

boys and girls from one scene of interest to another, and then presented them to President Cleveland.

Ten members of the Montgomery club, on invitation of director Robert H. Miller, visited the Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station, and inspected the various departments. They expressed themselves as much pleased with the intelligent and practical management of the station, and agreed as to the value of such institutions for farmers.

Fifth month, 15th. Robert R. and Hadassah J. Moore passed the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. There was no formal celebration of this unusual event, but many friends called to see the venerable couple, and to inscribe their names on the back of the original certificate, which contained but two signatures of living persons besides the contracting parties, out of over a hundred witnesses who had been present at the wedding, Fifth month, 15th, 1834.

Despite the intense heat of the first few days the Fifth month was generally rainy and cold, and on the 28th there was frost, followed by chilly days and nights. The closing exercises of Sherwood Academy on Sixth month, 8th, were made more interesting by an assembly of parents and guardians, who were much gratified with the proceedings. The essays, recitations and songs were creditable, and Caroline H. Miller made a pleasant little address. On the afternoon of the same day all the former pupils of Sherwood, were invited to a basket picnic by the principals, Belle W. Hannum and Elizabeth P. M. Thom.

This reunion was greatly enjoyed, and these gatherings may become a permanent feature.

Quarterly meeting, which was held on the Ninth month, 10th and 11th, was attended by John J. Cornell, William Way, Martha Townsend and other ministers.

Sixth month, 15th. Gen. Gordon delivered his lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," to a large audience at the Lyceum. This was a most interesting and impartial recital of war times from one who, though fighting in the gray, could yet appreciate and honor his foe who wore the blue.

Sixth month, 23rd, the mercury rose to ninety-eight degrees in the shade, and farmers were cutting their fine wheat in the fierce glare of unclouded skies.

Sixth month, 23rd, Margaret, daughter of Charles F. and Corrie Miller Brooke, was born.

Not a drop of rain fell in the Sixth month, which was one of excessive heat. There were but few days when the thermometer did not register ninety degrees and above. Gardens were parched, nothing matured, the entire product of the first planting of corn was brought to the table in one dish. City visitors threatened to return to their markets for fresh country vegetables, and the despairing housekeeper very nearly reduced to Charles Lamb's meal—a piece of cheese, and a pot of mustard—felt like accompanying them.

Seventh month, 2nd, there was a welcome shower, the first for nearly forty days.

Seventh month, 4th. Admiral Jouett and Mrs. Harry Page, of "The Anchorage," celebrated the national holiday by a fine display of fireworks and the raising of an American flag on a tall pole. Would it not be well for more of us to throw this beautiful em-

blem of our country to the breeze? It is seldom seen in country places, and a universal observance of flag day, Sixth month, 14th, would be an excellent thing.

Seventh month, 16th. A fine shower saved our gardens from utter collapse, but the heat continued well up into the nineties.

Seventh month, 18th, Robert Parker, son of Samuel and Florence Wetherald, was born.

Seventh month, 28th, mercury eighty-eight degrees at seven a. m., and eighty-nine degrees at eight p. m., and on the 29th it reached one hundred degrees in the shade, with a general humidity most trying to bear. On that afternoon a storm arose, and in one hour there was a welcome change of twenty-four degrees.

Seventy-five volumes were donated to form the nucleus for a free library at the Ashton Methodist Church, and Mrs. Harris took charge of it.

Most of the physicians within seven miles of Sandy Spring formed what they term a "doctors' club," which will meet quarterly to tea at the homes of the members, Doctors William E. Magruder, W. French Green, Roger Brooke, C. E. Iddings, Augustus Stabler and Dr. Cecil, of Howard county.

The central office of the telephone company was located at Roadside, the home of Mrs. Sophia Robinson, and the first message was sent July 26th, from Dr. Brooke's to the central office. Branch offices will be established at Brookeville, Olney, Spencerville, Oak Dale, Brighton, Sandy Spring, Ashton and Ednor, and many of our people were now talking over

the magic wire on business or making friendly calls by electricity.

About two hundred guests were delightfully entertained at Rockland, on the evening of the 28th, by a series of tableaux from Gibson's sketches in "Life," and by vocal and instrumental music. Baseball games in which the neighborhood nine experienced the rather unusual sensation of defeat, were played at Sandy Spring and at Highland. Swimming parties to the Patuxent were now in order, sometimes thirty or forty going together to take a refreshing dip in the cooling waters. Children's afternoon teas also prevailed, and boarders and visitors increased day by day.

Eighth month, 12th, Richard Hallet, son of Tarleton B. and Rebecca T. Stabler, was born.

Eighth month, 15th, at Fairfield, near Brighton, the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pierce, their daughter, Fanny, was married by Episcopal ceremony to William A. Iddings, of Sandy Spring. The young couple went to Loudon county, Virginia, to reside.

A delegation of our Friends attended the conference at Chappaqua, New York, where nearly two thousand persons had assembled to discuss the philanthropic issues of the day, and to confer upon topics for the good of the society of Friends.

The family of E. L. Palmer, of Baltimore, returned to their pleasant home, Meadow Brooke, for a few months' stay.

A dance was given at Olney grange hall on the evening of the 17th by the gentlemen of the neighborhood to their home friends as well as to the numer-

ous summer girls now in our midst. It seems as if in justice to our own maidens the "summer young man" might be a more frequent apparition.

There was a very large gathering at "The Cedars" on the afternoon of the 22nd to witness a baseball game between Highland and our own team, resulting in the defeat of the former. These outdoor sports, even if they do not always lead on to victory for us, are conducive to much pleasant intercourse between friends and neighbors far and near.

The completion of a convenient barn on Dr. Charles Farquhar's farm, was celebrated in local fashion by a dance on the new floor.

Eighth month, 16th. The juvenile templars of Olney enjoyed a supper on the lawn at Falling Green, the home of their superintendent, Edith Brooke. This flourishing young temperance organization has the name of every pupil of Olney public school upon its roll.

Despite the heat and all-pervading dust great crowds attended Rockville fair on the 5th, 6th and 7th of Ninth month. Many premiums were awarded to our exhibitors in nearly every department.

Ninth month, 8th, Elizabeth Poe, daughter of Clarence and Rose Stabler Gilpin, was born.

After a long and painful illness, on Tenth month, 4th, Joseph Wetherald died in his seventy-fifth year, leaving an aged sister to mourn his loss. He was a son of the celebrated Quaker preacher, Thomas Wetherald, and had lived nearly all his life in the house where he passed away. His remains were interred at the meeting-house ground, on the 6th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Davis moved to Mirival, the pleasant home they had rented for six months from Dr. F. W. Elbrey, the latter going to Washington for that length of time.

Tenth month, 9th. Jessie Brooke, daughter of James P. and Alice B. Stabler, and Frederick McReynolds, of Washington, were married by Episcopal ceremony.

Only the immediate relations were present at this morning wedding, and, following an English custom, the bride and groom went to a friend's cottage at Ocean City, placed at their disposal, before establishing themselves in their Washington home.

Tenth month, 14th, our esteemed neighbor, Stephen L. F. Holland, died in his seventy-second year. He was unmarried, and in his long illness was devotedly nursed by his single brother and sister in the pleasant, comfortable home he shared with them. His upright and honorable life had been spent in close attention to his various occupations, and he had been a helpful friend to those around him.

His funeral, on the afternoon of the 16th, was large, and he was interred in the meeting-house ground.

Tenth month, 15th, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward L. and Josephine Gilpin, was born, and only lived until the 18th, a little child of William Oldfield's dying on the same date in the village.

A competitive examination of hackney colts was held at Brooke Grove, on Tenth month, 18th. The attendance was large, and after a thorough inspection of the twenty young animals on exhibition, prizes were awarded to their owners as follows: First

prize, \$30.00, to John Thomas, of Clifton; second, \$20.00, to Robert Mackall, of Olney; third, \$10.00, to Dr. Augustus Stabler, of Brighton. John Thomas sold his colt, aged six months, for \$100.00 to Mr. Clark, of New York, under whose auspices the show was held.

Edward N. Bentley secured a position with Houghton & Co., of Washington, for the Christmas trade. Dr. Charles Farquhar, after a sale of farming effects, removed with his wife to Washington.

Owing to illness in the neighborhood fewer Friends than usual attended Baltimore Yearly Meeting, which occurred the last of the Tenth month.

“The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere,
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The autumn leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit’s tread;
And then I think of one who in her
Youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief;
Yet, not unmeet it was that one
Like that young friends of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful
Should perish with the flowers.”

These familiar lines instinctively arose in the mind on the afternoon of Eleventh month, 7th, when all that was mortal of Pattie T., youngest daughter of Benj. H. and Sarah T. Miller, was borne into the meeting-house in the midst of a very large and sorrowful assembly of relatives and friends, many of whom offered the tender tribute of consoling words to the bereaved family for the crushing loss they had sustained.

Youth is so full of joy in the present, of hope for the future, it was almost impossible to believe that disease could come with stealthy tread and bear away this fair maiden on the very threshold of the fulfilment of life's crowning happiness.

Who does not recall as I speak that unclouded brow and lovely face, which was but the mirror of a chaste and beautiful spirit within. In the month she was to have been married; ere the day arrived she was stricken down and gradually faded away until Eleventh month, 5th, when death released her from her long suffering. Nothing that affection and medical skill could devise was left undone to arrest the fatal malady. Change of treatment, of scene, of nurses, all was in vain, and for many months the whole community seemed to stand in watchful anxiety and sympathy around that sick-bed. The value of existence cannot always be measured by years, but far better in the helpful word and deed and fragrant memory one leaves along life's pathway, be it ever so brief.

Pattie T. Miller, in the twenty-four years she had moved among us, had impressed herself on young

and old with a personality and sweet influence as rare as it was lasting.

She was president of the Ashton Band of Hope, and attended a meeting of that society Sixth month, 3rd, almost the last time she was permitted to mingle with the world.

She was the leading spirit in establishing "Phrenaskeia," the senior class of Sherwood, meeting at Mt. Airy in the autumn of 1888, at her solicitation, to organize this literary society, of which she was once president and twice vice-president. Entering with earnest simplicity and helpfulness into all the charitable and progressive interests of the neighborhood and the business of the meeting, her daily life in its purity and consistency, was an example to follow.

Those who were nearest and dearest to her on earth, must go with her into the great unknown, comforted by the thought,

"There is no death! What seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone into that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

"In that great boundless stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

“Day after day we think what she is doing,
 In those bright realms of air,
 Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
 Behold her, grown more fair!

“Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken
 The bond which nature gives,
 Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
 May reach her where she lives.”

* * * * *

In this month Chester M. Colt and family removed from Ashton to Washington to live.

Through all the long hot summer, and into the autumn, many springs and wells had failed, and but few rains had refreshed the thirsty earth, but now the much-needed downpour came, and the streams began to fill again.

Eleventh month, 12th, Thomas and Beulah T. Lea passed the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding-day. A number of friends called on them to offer congratulations, and letters and gifts from distant children and grandchildren made this a memorable occasion for them.

Several killing frosts and fine clear weather were especially enjoyed by native as well as visiting sportsmen, who returned from their long tramps laden with many rabbits and a goodly number of partridges. Some of these Nimrods professed to be hunting for our democratic friends, who since the tidal wave of recent elections had swept over the country, were not only difficult to find, but ominously silent on political topics.

In reviewing the yield of farm products, now all harvested, the farmer had a most gloomy outlook, and

but little to encourage him. Potatoes and hay, owing to the drought, were far behind the average yield; corn was better, but who could live on corn alone? The fine crop of wheat had brought phenomenally low prices, some of it not even fifty cents per bushel. Our agriculturists seem more inclined each year to go into the raising of poultry and small fruits as being more profitable than the standard crops, although requiring more constant attention. The dairy business is also constantly on the increase. Edward P. Thomas has put in a United States separator, which run by steam and whirling with lightning rapidity, quickly separates the cream from the new milk, without waiting for it to raise, which would indeed be a waste of time and material in this age of headlong haste.

They now handle about a ton of milk daily at Belmont dairy. At the November meeting of the board of directors of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Robert R. Moore, in his eighty-third year, first and only secretary and treasurer of that organization, resigned the office he had filled with untiring industry and faithfulness for forty-seven years.

William A. Iddings and wife returned from Virginia, and settled at Fairfield, where later on the former procured a loom and engaged in carpet weaving, a new occupation for Sandy Spring.

Twelfth month, 4th. The twenty-first anniversary of the establishment of Olney grange, No. 7, about one hundred and fifty members and ex-members of Olney, Brighton and Ashton met in the hall at Olney, and enjoyed the evening together. Henry C. Hallowell,

Allan Farquhar and others spoke feelingly of those shining lights whose familiar faces were no longer seen in their accustomed place. Sweet music charmed the passing hour, and all felt that an occasional reunion would tend to keep bright the links of that chain of fraternity, brotherhood and helpfulness that should bind all good grangers in friendly bonds.

At the annual meeting of the Sandy Spring Savings Institution, Twelfth month, 6th, Charles G. Porter was reelected president, and Joseph T. Moore and Allan Farquhar were respectively reelected treasurer and secretary. Alban G. Thomas was elected vice-president to fill the vacancy occasioned by the retirement of Robert R. Moore from that position.

Twelfth month, 22nd, Nicholas Snowden, son of Helen S. and Dr. Augustus Stabler, was born. Clear, cold, frosty days prevailed. The Christmas weather was unusually fine, and students from the George school, and various colleges, gathered about the fire-side, and brought many guests to partake of home cheer. We are never without the stranger within our gates, and if there is ever any relaxation from "company manners" in Sandy Spring it must be when our inhabitants go abroad, or let us rather hope our hospitality is of that kind which is bestowed without effort, and received with no sense of undue obligation.

Twelfth month, 27th. "The band of hope," Virginia M. Stabler, president, and the Ashton Sunday-school, gave a very charming cantata at the Lyceum, which was well attended by an appreciative audience.

Twelfth month, 28th. "An Armenian gentleman" from Mt. Lebanon, belonging to the Society of Friends, lectured at the Lyceum, and the next day at the Orthodox meeting-house.

The first snow, which fell on the 27th, although it seemed a mere skim, owing to the mercury hovering around zero, gave us good sleighing for nearly two weeks. During this time ice-houses were filled to overflowing with the finest ice gathered for some years, and everyone in general, but especially the dairymen, rejoiced.

Every season seems to bring one or two days that are accentuated in memory as the very essence of nature's most perfect work. In May, when the orchards are a mass of bloom, there comes a day full of exquisite tender shades of bird song, of perfume, of soft, balmy air, and of fleecy clouds floating in a pale blue sky. In the heart of summer, when the bud has expanded into the glowing flower, when the grass is thick and high, the shade dense and green, the breeze blowing as if from the tropics, heavy with the excess and fulness of life and verdure. Again, in October, we awake to a morning, and breathe the invigorating air with joy, when mother earth is aflame with color, and sits in royal robes, adored by her loving subjects, an almost imperceptible haze softens the brilliant pageant, and we are intoxicated by the beauty and consummation of the growth of the year; and in January, through a long night, which you will all remember, the frost king was silently toiling, and when the unclouded sun arose he was as a bridegroom to greet his snowy bride, imagination could not pic-

ture a more characteristic winter scene; every object was clothed in the softest downy hoar-frost. It seemed to produce a singular feeling of profound quiet, as if the message to all the children of men was, "Be ye pure and white of soul, even as I, all nature, am spotless."

First month, 5th, 1895, Lea Gilpin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Willson, was born.

On the morning of First month, 7th, the board of directors of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Montgomery County convened; the members meeting, many times larger than ever before, was held at the Lyceum, and lasted from noon until nine o'clock p. m. The causes which led up to this meeting, the manner of procedure, the circumstances which surrounded it, the feeling engendered, and the results arising therefrom were and are of such nature, the historian would gladly ignore the whole subject could she feel herself excused for so doing, and it is with an earnest desire to be impartial, and with heartfelt charity towards all differences, that she is constrained by her position to make this brief mention of the most prominent event of the entire year.

At a called meeting of the board of directors, First month, 23rd, Joseph T. Moore absolutely declining reelection, Edward P. Thomas was elected president, Allan Farquhar, secretary and treasurer, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the retirement of Robert R. Moore. Benjamin D. Palmer was elected assistant secretary, and resigned his directorship; E. L. Tchafaly, of Hunting Hill, this county, was made director,

all the old board of directors, with this exception, retaining office.

Samuel Wetherald and family moved from Ashton into the pleasant, commodious home just completed by him at Sandy Spring, on the edges of the woods, where there is abundant shade without waiting for trees to grow.

At the annual meeting of the Woman Suffrage Association of Maryland, held in Baltimore, First month, 11th, Mary Bentley Thomas was reelected president; Rebecca T. Miller, vice-president; James P. Stabler, recording secretary, and Belle W. Hannum, treasurer. Mary Bentley Thomas was appointed delegate to the national convention to be held at Atlanta, Georgia.

First month, 21st, Ulric, son of Mary J. and Ulric Hutton was born.

“At midnight, First month, 25th, 1895, after long suffering Richard Jackson Iddings died at his home, Riverside, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and on the 28th inst., was laid to rest in Woodside cemetery, in the spot he had himself chosen, close by the grave of his parents. When a boy of sixteen he left his home in Philadelphia to accept a situation offered him in New York, and he there established the reputation that was his through life, that of serving those for whom he worked with untiring faithfulness. He held many positions of great trust in Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore, always leaving the same unblemished record of strict integrity.

His habits of industry and application to business formed so early in life clung to him to the last. His

generosity and many deeds of kindness can be known only to the few. He was always ready to deny himself that he might be able to hold out a helping hand to those he felt in greater need. The latter part of his life was spent at Riverside, and as long as his health permitted he attended the meeting at Sandy Spring, of which he had become a member. His oft-quoted text of scripture, 'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' seemed exemplified in his own walk and conversation." H. P. C.

I am indebted to a friend who was intimately acquainted with Richard Iddings for the above tribute.

Tarleton B. Stabler purchased from R. Rowland Moore the farm "Amersley," on which he had been living for the past three years.

William M. Thompson, an industrious, worthy young man, died First month, 22nd, at Ashton, after a long illness, and was followed to the grave in a very short time by his aged father Moses Thompson. Both were buried in Woodside cemetery.

George L. Stabler opened a small store for general merchandise at his home on the Brighton road.

Dr. Wolf, of Michigan, delivered a lecture on "Phrenology," to a small audience at the Lyceum.

Mr. Josiah W. Jones, of Olney, gave a dinner to George E. Brooke, of Brooke Grove, and Thomas and Edward Owens. The united ages of these venerable gentlemen, with their host, was three hundred and thirty-nine years.

Joseph T. Moore, one of the prominent founders of the Savings Institution, who had held office from

its organization, for twenty-seven years, tendered his resignation as director and treasurer.

At a special meeting of the directors, held Second month, 5th, William W. Moore was elected vice-president, and Alban G. Thomas, treasurer. Allan Farquhar, owing to increased duties in the insurance company, resigned as secretary, and George F. Nesbitt, jr., was elected to that position.

Through February extremely cold weather prevailed, and for nine consecutive mornings the mercury either touched zero, or rose a few degrees above that point. On the 7th a violent snow-storm, with high-piercing winds, continued for many hours, followed by intense cold, when the thermometer registered from eight degrees to fourteen degrees below zero. Roads were blocked in all directions, and travel impeded to an extent never before remembered by the oldest inhabitant in this section.

From the 7th to the evening of the 9th no mail from any quarter was received, and the first that arrived was brought on horseback from Laurel, through woods and fields, by a devious route. The efforts of some of our people to get the products of their dairies to Washington were almost heroic, and consumed many hours, over a track so circuitous and altogether intoxicated-looking it seemed hardly possible that an innocent milk-wagon could have made it.

On the eleventh the turnpike company employed large gangs of men to open the highways. So tightly packed was the light, dry snow in these huge drifts it was thrown up on either side the narrow road, like blocks of marble, and the effect of riding through

these long white lanes that rose above one's head was most peculiar and seemed more like the Arctic regions than our own country.

This severe storm, extending over a large area, especially southward, and causing immense damage, suffering and personal inconvenience, will long be spoken of as the blizzard of 1895.

During the bitterly cold and inclement month of February, three homes, Leawood, Pen-y-Bryn and Mt. Airy, caught fire, and were only saved from destruction by prompt and energetic measures.

The twenty-third annual farmers' convention was held at the Lyceum on Second month, 19th, Edward P. Thomas presiding, and J. Janney Shoemaker and M. O. Stabler, secretaries. Farmers were present from Howard, Harford and Prince George counties, and took an active part in the discussions. In addition to the reports of committees and clubs, four subjects were assigned for consideration, namely:

“Would an electric railroad from Kensington to Ellicott City benefit the community and enhance the value of farm lands enough to justify farmers to subscribe to stock?”

2. “To what extent will the exclusion of American beef and pork from many of the European markets, affect the price of these articles in the near future?”

3. “Will it pay to produce crimson clover and legumes into our regular rotation?”

William E. Mannakee, chairman of the committee on public road legislation, submitted a report on the present method of repairing roads in Montgomery county.

C. E. Bond, of the same committee, read a paper on public roads, which attracted attention, as well for the clear and forcible manner in which he expressed himself as for the knowledge which he disclosed of his subject.

The question of the advantages of an electric road through Montgomery county was referred to a committee. The consensus of opinion was that the proposed road would be of inestimable value by opening the markets of Baltimore and Washington to our farmers.

Dr. Augustus Stabler spoke of the peculiarities of crimson clover, and Robert H. Miller gave the result of experiments with the clover, showing plainly the increased yield in other crops, where it had been first grown on the land.

The stockholders of Sherwood Friends' school, at their annual meeting, elected the following directors to serve for one year: William W. Moore, John Thomas, Asa M. Stabler, Alban G. Thomas, Charles E. Bond, Sarah E. Stabler, Mary E. Moore and Mary Bentley Thomas.

Belle W. Hannum, so long and successfully connected with the school as teacher, and then principal, and with the neighborhood, socially, resigned her position to take effect in June, and at a subsequent meeting of the board in the Third month, Mary S. Hallowell was appointed principal, Sarah B. Farquhar, assistant teacher, and Nora Stabler, pupil teacher.

Second month, 25th, Gideon Gilpin, one of our oldest inhabitants, and long in failing health, passed away, after a brief illness, aged seventy-five years. A

most excellent, kind-hearted man, with an innate politeness of manner that was never wanting in his intercourse with others, he had led a blameless life, and his familiar figure about the village, or seated on his porch greeting the passers-by, will be greatly missed. He was a constant reader, and wrote an admirable letter. He married Sarah Levering, of Baltimore county, who, with three grown daughters and two sons, survive him. He was buried from the meeting-house on the afternoon of the 27th.

The mercury, which had seemed permanently fixed near the bottom of the tube, on Second month, 28th, climbed to sixty-five, and the snow melted rapidly away. Third month, 1st, it registered seventy-two degrees, but the next day, as if repenting of such genial behavior, dropped to thirty-six degrees.

Dr. Charles Farquhar and wife returned to their home, near Olney, after a sojourn in Washington, which is fast becoming the winter residence of a number of our inhabitants. Dr. Francis Thomas and family, Granville Farquhar and family, Arthur Stabler and wife, Elizabeth Tyson and Malvinia Miles, have all spent the winter in the beautiful capital city. Prof. William Taylor Thom has been teaching there, and Benjamin H. Miller engaged in the life insurance business.

Hannah P. and Elma Chandlee closed "Homewood" in the fall, and went to Alexandria to remain until spring, and Warwick P. Miller and daughters left "Alloway" and passed the time between Brooke Grove and Germantown, Pennsylvania.

The International Council of Women now in ses-

sion in Washington, claimed the attention of some of our progressive citizens, who attended many of the sittings.

A Boston paper says that if St. Paul were to return to a mundane existence, and start on a round of apostolic visitations in the United States, what would he think of the geyser-like activity of women?" Every little hamlet, every manufacturing city, every country town, is a ganglionic centre for all sorts of alliances, clubs, associations, lecture courses and every imaginable means of culture, information and amusement. We need not go so far back as to cite the most prominent old bachelor of all times. Even one of our great-grandfathers in short clothes and ruffled shirt front, daintily stitched by the patient fingers of the Griselda of that day, if he could return to us would doubtless open wide his astonished and disapproving eyes on the convention-attending, business-like, female suffragist of these enlightened times.

A recent toast given at a banquet in one of the states where women already vote, was, "Woman formally our superior, now our equal." The press teems with the woman question, and society is convulsed in the great cities, from the slums to the palaces, over its pros and cons. The fear seems to be not what she wants to do and can do as well, if not better, than all her masculine relations, but whether in her resistless, onward rush, she will leave any avocation for man whereby they can support themselves, while she looks after herself and the family. A gentleman told me not very long ago, almost with tears in his eyes, that it was much easier now for a capable young

woman to procure a situation, almost anywhere, than an equally capable young man, and he very nearly proved to me that the wide-spread depression in business, the terrible state of national finances, the absolute incompetency of Congress, were all owing to the fact that women in these degenerate days just hustled the lords of creation aside, and grabbed everything, from driving street cars and navigating ships, to holding important municipal offices. He saw but one ray of light in this darkness: the number of marriages was steadily decreasing, and just as soon as these hustling creatures discovered that the men did not want to marry them and could not be forced to, they would speedily return to the good old "clinging vine" days. But with more hopeful and impartial spirit a writer in Chambers' Journal discourses on

"THE NEW WOMAN."

"She does not 'languish in her bower,'
Or squander all the golden day
In fashioning a gaudy flower
Upon a worsted spray;
Nor is she quite content to wait,
Behind her rose-wreathed lattice pane,
Until beside her father's gate,
The gallant prince draws rein.

"The brave 'New Woman' scorns to sigh,
And count it such a grievous thing,
That year on year should hurry by,
And no gay suitor bring.
In labor's ranks she takes her place,
With skillful hand and cultured mind—
Not always foremost in the race,
But never far behind.

“And not less lightly fall her feet,
Because they tread the busy ways;
She is no whit less fair and sweet
Than maids of olden days,
Who gowned in samite or brocade,
Looked charming in their dainty guise,
But dwell like violets in the shade,
With shy, half-opened eyes.

“Of life she takes a clearer view,
And through the press serenely moves,
Unfettered, free, with judgment true,
Avoiding narrow grooves;
She reasons and she understands,
And sometimes 'tis her joy and crown
To lift, with strong, yet tender, hands,
The burdens men lay down.”

However all this may be, our neighborhood having only eighteen or twenty clubs, associations and societies, might well afford another to be devoted to the comfort and amelioration of all downtrodden men within her borders.

Third month, 1st. Business was transacted in the neat, suitable and substantial building recently completed at Sandy Spring by the savings institution. The bank will be opened on Mondays and Thursdays, from two to four o'clock p. m. Notwithstanding the financial distress extending over the farming community the institution has gained in the past year, and at the directors meetings, Third month, 4th, the usual dividend of four per cent. was declared.

Third month, 3rd, Barbara, daughter of Henry and Helen G. Miller, was born.

Third month, 8th, John Needles, son of John C. and Cornelia H. Bentley, was born.

On the evening of Third month, 8th, Worthington Waters, who has been for some years a missionary, gave an interesting illustrated lecture at the Lyceum, on Japan, and the strange scenes he had witnessed in that far-away land.

Although the pictures on the calendar were distinctly springlike, and that season had undoubtedly arrived, if dates were correct, the weather continued cold, but like a disagreeable guest who makes amends in leaving by a pleasant speech on the door-step, old winter gave us her fairest spectacle on the 16th, in a crystal day; diamonds of the first water decked every twig and vine and grass blade, and the eye revelled in a vision of glittering beauty. Alternate freezing and thawing, and the usual high winds prevailed, that make this month so trying on health and temper.

On the night of the 27th there was a thunder-storm, and the following morning almost a gale, continuing through the day, but all this must be accepted as Dame Nature's spring cleaning, so

“March winds blow with all your might,
Set disordered things aright,
Rustle every dry leaf down,
Chase the cold all out of town;
Sweep the roads quite free from dust,
Blow it off with many a gust,
Make the earth all clean again,
And ready for the April rain.”

Third month, 29th. Mrs. George Kennan gave a most entertaining reading at the Lyceum, relating her varied experiences in Russia, with her husband,

on his return from Siberia. The beautiful peasant dress she wore, which had been purchased in Moscow, enhanced the interest of the occasion.

In this month James P. Stabler entered into partnership with Frederick McReynolds, in the insurance, loan and real estate business, their office to be in Washington.

The tinkle of the telephone bell was now heard in all directions, and the messages flying from point to point were as varied as they were constant. Ting, ling, ling. "Hello, central! Give me Smiling Valley;" "How do?" "Can you hear me?" "Yes; can you hear me?" "Perfectly." "We have just had our 'phone put in; isn't this fine?" "Yes." "Good-bye."

Ting, ling, ling. "Central, give me Ashton store. That thee, Edward? Just put up ten pounds of granulated and start a gallon of molasses running; I'll be along directly."

Ting, ling, ling. "Hello, beautiful Mountain Dairy; this is the telegraph office; dispatch just in from Washington, 'Send twenty-seven gallons of cream and thirty dozen eggs immediately.'" "All right." Hens began to cackle as soon as they heard the bell.

Ting, ling, ling. "That Sandy Spring store?" "Just send me that porous plaster I left on the counter; it might do more good on my back."

Ting, ling, ling. "Hello, central, I want the manor." "What, the whole of it?" "No, the edge will do."

"Hello, girls, what's the news?" "Heard of the engagement?" "Yes, isn't it splendid?" "Perhaps it is only an experiment." "No danger of that."

“Wonder who else is engaged. There are always three cases; never was known to fail; it’s contagious.” “Well, I heard two bachelors, not far from Brighton, say they would furnish the historian items next year or die in the attempt.” “That’s good. They had better start out before the roads close up; seems to me ‘lone maiden stock’ will soon go up to par.” “Yes, and be knocked down to the highest bidder.”

Ting, ling, ling, ling, ling. “Oh, doctor, do come quickly; the baby’s swallowed a shoe-button.” “Yes, certainly; but who’s talking, which baby?”

Ting, ling, ling, ling. “Who is that? Has the lime come? Is this old Brooke? Give me Emily; I want Emily. Is this Brighton?”—Do hush, Janney, for one minute; I’m talking to Oak Dale—“Come to tea this afternoon.” “Can’t you come here?”

Who’s talking? Why it’s the whole neighborhood talking at once. Good time to build another tower of Babel. What’s the matter? The new switch-board must be a double transmitter “ting, ling, ling.”

Do you wonder that forty tons of wire, fifty miles of line, thirty-nine private and eleven public ‘phones are now required to enable the neighborhood to talk, in season and out of season, with a prospect of many new subscribers, and the telephone already connecting at Rockville with the capital city?

Third month, 30th. The Bond Brothers started their new engine and boiler for the first time. The engine is a fine 12x36 Corliss, of about seventy-five maximum horse power, at sixty turns per minute, and has been pronounced first-class by an expert. The starting of the new engine is the culmination of im-

provements which were begun in the Twelfth month, 1891, when they commenced building their new mill, which has added so much to the convenience of manufacturing as well as the improved appearance of the mill.

On the afternoon of Fourth month, 2nd, there was a thunder-storm, accompanied by heavy rain, which continued to fall through the night, and freezing weather again on the 3rd seemed to discourage those who were anxious to get gardens planted and winter debris removed. We frequently hear the remark that the climate has changed, and it certainly has, from the seasons experienced in the beginning of the present century. A friend from Sharon, who disclaims all personal recollection of the year 1816, furnishes me the following veracious report of that date :

“June was the coldest ever known in this latitude ; frost, ice and snow were common ; almost every green thing was killed. Fruit was nearly all destroyed ; snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven inches in Maine, and three in Central New York, and also in Massachusetts. Considerable damage was done in New Orleans in consequence of the rapid rise in the river. The suburbs were covered with water, and roads were only passable in boats.

“July was accompanied by frost and ice. On the 5th ice formed of the thickness of window glass throughout New England, New York and parts of Pennsylvania ; Indian corn was nearly all destroyed.

“August was more cheerless if possible than the summer months already passed. Ice formed half an inch thick ; Indian corn was so frozen that the greater

part was cut and dried for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed, both in this country and Europe. There was no summer in 1816, and seed-corn kept over from 1815 sold for four and five dollars a bushel.

“September furnished about two weeks of the mildest weather of the season. Soon after the middle it became very cold and frosty, and ice formed.

“October produced more than its share of cold weather, frost and ice particularly.

“November was cold and blustering, and enough snow fell to make good sleighing.

“December was quite mild and comfortable.”

The above is a brief summary of the “cold summer of 1816.” Frost and ice were common in every month in the year, and very little vegetation matured in the eastern and western states. The sun’s rays seemed to be destitute of heat, all nature seemed to be clad in a sable hue, and men exhibited no little anxiety concerning the future of this life. Let us hope our generation will not have a repetition of such an experience as this.

About this time Charles G. Willson and family moved from Lucknow to Lutherville, Maryland, and Dr. Francis Thomas and family returned to their summer home from Washington.

There seems always to be a pause in drawing near the end of our historical year, as if the events great and small, grave or gay, that go to make up the sum of existence, had come to a full stop, and, yet, there is really no hiatus and we are only passing another mile-stone in our journey of life.

To many of us Time's finger on the dial points to high noon, and we realize as age advances how quickly these mile-stones succeed each other, and that our half spent day leaves less than half remaining. The last item is recorded; the chronicle is spread before you, but the thread is not dropped. The history goes steadily on, its roots in the past, its wide branches stretching to that future for which we are all responsible.

This very custom of gathering together and preserving these neighborhood happenings makes us the more responsible, and life in Sandy Spring should grow richer with each passing year, and have larger treasure in itself and larger treasure in other lives, remembering always,

“Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing which his spirit needs,
And every flower on other's pathway strewn
Confers a pleasing fragrance on his own.”











