

which he conducted for several years for my mother Mrs. Sarah Sharp Anthony, nee Masten; a copy of my brother John's life which he wrote for the sake of something to occupy his time during the latter part of his life when he was unable to attend to his business; and a few papers prepared for the Teachers' Associations and for the State Teachers' Reading circle. I have for about twenty years kept a strict account of all money's received, spent, and invested by me. Most of these accounts I have destroyed, however, at the end of each year. It has just occurred to me that a hundred years from now some member of my family may be interest-

old wells to establish boundaries and titles to lands adjacent, and lying between my great grandfather Aaron Anthony's farm known as "Holme Hill" and Smith's Cliffs. These lands seem to have become escheat through misunderstandings about division fences, and through owners dying and leaving no legal heirs and neglecting to will their possessions to any one. There are several plots showing how these lands lie between the farms already owned by him. Some of this escheat land seems to have been resurveyed for Col. Edward Lloyd. Some of it is known as "Lloyd's neglect." He must have bought some of his land from Col. Lloyd.

In this envelope there are two patents the real

The house had been painted red by my great grandfather. The old negroes said he had used the red clay from the hill for the coloring matter. We could see plainly from our home whether the doors and windows of the old house were open or shut, and many a morning my brother Mark and I, with some of the colored children used to look across the fields to see if the witches or ghosts had been holding revel during the night, as they often in their hurried departures, perhaps at the break of day, left the great hall door open.

My imagination and belief in the supernatural had been quickened by my first look at a dead face in that old house, before it