

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
of
WILLIAM F. PALMER'S BOY AND MANHOOD DAYS

Written by W. F. Palmer

I, William F. Palmer was born in Newark, Licking County, Ohio, A.D. 1850. This was the early home of my mother whose maiden name was Elizabeth Ann Roberts, born in Orange, Essex Co., N. J. Sept. 4th, 1828. My father, Phillip C. Palmer, born 1824, died Nov. 2, 1865, spent his early life in and around London, Madison Co., Ohio, until he reached his majority, with his uncle William Cryder, and from thence he sought the firm of Bell & Ward of Newark carriage makers, and there finished his trade, so well begun with his uncle William Cryder, who lived near London, Ohio. It was while working for this firm my father became united in marriage to my mother, Elizabeth Ann Roberts A.D. 1848.

Here a daughter Marietta Bell, and son, William Franklin were born and life's active stage began with the writer of this sketch.

Here I pause --- that grim monster -- death entered our home and laid his ruthless hand on this beloved daughter and sister -- Marietta Bell was three years, four months, ten days old.

I am not sure I can express the grief of a mother who meets with this loss on earth, but I do know, I have felt the loss of a sister, a wife. But our heavenly Father knows what is best. So He called them home.

At this time Father and Mother worked hard and years passed on. A son and brother, Harry Noble was born, but never to take the place of a sister. The years passed on and these two boys became the joy of mother and pride of father.

A change comes --- father thought best to move to London and set up business for himself. This finds my brother and I about the age of three and five.

About 1853 finds father in business nicely located in London. For ten years he ardently toiled for his family. Another son and brother blessed our home, Allen Ward, and in the meantime father finds that his ardent toil has broken down his health, and only by the aid of mother's effort, plying herself to her tailor-trade, learned in early years, did they hold on to their already accumulated property.

Another change takes place -- father's health must be soon replaced. He visits his brother Ezekial in Clinton, Illinois. One who had known these two brothers in their affection, for years, would have known what would have taken place after father's return from Illinois. This was in 1863 just at the closing of the Civil War. I was thirteen years of age and remember some of those terrible times. Father returned in a few

weeks somewhat elated and refreshed by his visit with uncle. We had purchased a farm, and now the property that had already been willed by him to mother should be transferred into land in the west, and it was his desire to see this ere his life's work was done that a sure support might be maintained for his "wife and darling boys", as he often called them.

About August 10th 1863 we landed in Clinton at uncle's. In a few days it found us out to see the farm that father had bought of David Coun. We were soon moved out and at work, and soon surprised by the greatest frost known since, and we thought ourselves destitute. Everything killed, but we found good neighbors, among whom was one Caleb Edwards, whose little daughter, Pallie, I will mention later on in my sketch.

For the first time in our lives some lonesome hours came to all of us. We had enjoyed the town sights, school and church. This to mother was loss ---- many precious hours she could fondly recall.

To me I shall never forget how mother early in life lead her children to God. I shall never forget "My Old Sabbath School Teacher Eliza Christman" who taught me, the way of Salvation. One who lead me early in life to Christ.

But we were soon taken up with our new home. Father's health improved while under the care of Dr. Adams of Clinton spring found us in great glee on our farm. Good crops, a visit by grandma and uncle John Palmer from Ohio, at our new home, made us feel good.

Two years passed by --- and suddenly father took sick -- his old trouble -- diabetes connected with typhoid fever gradually wore life away -- the grim monster -- Death -- came to our home again, and took a beloved father from us -- whose last words were echoed sadly on our ears -- "Farewell, farewell!" I shall never forget that dying hour as I stood by his bedside and caught the last echo of a voice that I loved. No boy loved a father more than I did mine. Gladly I would have gone too. I knew he was gone, gone to rest!!

Thus I was left at -- fifteen years of age. This was in the autumn of 1865. A few months later another son, brother blesses our home, Phillip C. Palmer Jr. I shall not attempt to tell in this little sketch to those who may perchance read it, the anxiety, the care, the true devotion given by a mother to her boys, now fatherless. Nor can I omit the name of one dear cousin, Mollie Ball (now Kronich) that comforted mother in this sad hour of bereavement and trial. Neither would I, nor can I neglect to speak of our friends, Alford Kronich and Byron Dodge who aided us in boyhood days. This dear cousin and these dear friends will ever remain fresh in our memory.

The responsibility of a father came early in life upon me. I, being the oldest, it fell upon me. Five years I stood by my mother and brothers and was enabled by the help of God and other friends to do well in the world.

But life presented something to me, more than to eat and drink. So I sought the Lord to direct my footsteps. In the summer of 1870 I embraced Christ through Repentance, Faith, and Baptism. I came out and united with the Christian Church (Campbellite) at the "old brick" by uncle "Tim Lane's".

I had not been so situated under prior circumstances to attain sufficient schooling to fit me for life's responsibilities and the obligation's fast coming upon me. So I sought my uncle Ezekial for counsel. I found uncle my closest friend and counselor.

It was soon arranged for me to attend school in Clinton, making my home with Dr. Goodbrick, paying my way for one year by doing his chores. I shall never forget the kindness of the Dr. and his family. I will ever remember Montie, his grandson. I well remember the Principal, Mr. Heslet and my teacher Mrs. Kirker. I applied myself to my books for six months and obtained a certificate under Mr. Vanlue, came out home and taught a two months school in my own school district (Central). I was now twenty years old. I began to feel that cupidity which takes hold of a young man at the age of twenty. I saw I must work my way through life if I attained to any distinction. Back I went to school in the fall, and feeling somewhat dissatisfied with affairs I sought a school to teach.

This was the fall of 1871. I found a school at "Shew Fly", (now Weldon) which I taught - four months. Now having some money I thought best to go to a better school. I decided to go to the Wesleyan at Bloomington, Illinois. Here I spent one year under the Presidency of Dr. Manson L.I.D. and Profs. DeMott, Crow, Jacques, Potter and Hamill. It was here I united with the M.E. Church by letter.

In the spring of 1873 I came home, to make more means:- determined to go back to school I sought a school at the Upper Birch (now White Pigeon), taught three months and then went to work on the farm at home.

At this period in life a young man is liable to take the step that will cripple his plans. However I took a step most young men think wise at my age, then being twenty-three. On June 29th, 1873, I was united in marriage to Miss Susan Jane McClure, by Rev. W. W. Adams of the M.E. Church of Clinton (later President of Wesleyan University) . After teaching a term of school at the lower brick (Tim's Lane Brick) we determined to go west. In the meantime my wife's folks had gone west and settled near Peabody, Kansas. In October following our marriage my wife's mother died. This was a sad death in a family of father, mother and four girls and two boys, my wife being the oldest child.

This sudden loss of a mother gave rise to a departure for the west. About the first of March 1873 we arranged for leaving our friends in Creek, behind, to meet those we loved who had preceded us westward. About the 7th of March we arrived in Peabody, Marion Co., Kansas. I remember well the first hospitality we received in the west. It was at Rev. Lackey's (a Presbyterian minister) we took dinner. Thence twelve miles in the country, northeast of Peabody and we were at my wife's father's homestead. Here we were among loved ones -- but one was gone -- all were glad to see us. Father McClure and family.

We had gone west to settle down for a home. This was not concluded till about one year after then we took a "homestead" in Kansas. The summer following our arrival we lived in a ten by twelve "board shanty" , went half a mile for water and to make garden.

I was soon known as a "school-teacher" and as a "methodist". I accepted a summer term. No school house had yet been built. So we selected a pleasant site on a section corner and called it "Pleasant Valley". Near by was a "Sod Shanty" and that was granted me in which to teach my summer term of school. The selected site proved a pleasant site for school -- I taught five terms for the patrons of that district.

Soon after the organization of day school -- a Sabbath school and M.E. Class was organized and regular services began at this point. I remember well that less than a half dozen of faithful brothers sought conference for an M.E. Class at this point and were granted it. For four years I stood in my weakness as superintendent of the Sabbath School. I enjoyed many happy hours in class with brothers and sisters in Christ. Many have passed "over there" and as I write these words I realize I shall meet them if I am faithful to the -- "Great Captain of our Salvation".

More than a year passed away in pioneer life and I at last found us a homestead of eighty acres. But I must not forget to mention one fact right here -- a daughter to us was born during those "board-shanty days", Olive Aurelia Palmer July 11th, 1874, and ere she began to walk we were in our new home, a little larged house near Uncle John Palmer's and John Cross'.

Now began the toil and anxiety of a father and mother. Years sped on, and other little feet came to bless our home. Oliver Clyde Palmer was born March 3rd, 1876, Alvin Hayes Palmer was born November 13th, 1877, and Charles Franklin was born August 5th, 1879. Here I pause -- I shall not attempt to tell all of the pain and anguish nor all of the cares and fondness spent by a mother and the force and energy of toil by a father in striving to rear their darling little ones dedicating them to the Lord and striving to bring them up in the fear and admonition of Him.

In this hour of responsibility, God permitted the messenger of death --that grim monster -- to take from our embrace -- one of our little ones -- Charles Franklin, died March 17th 1880. We laid him to rest in a quiet selected spot -"Doyle Cemetery", Marion Co., Kansas. We returned to our home but found it vacant of that dear one. We learned to kiss the "chastening rod" and leave all to "Him who doeth all things well".

Another year rolled by and God blessed our home -- with another daughter, -- Susan Jane Palmer (after her mother) was born March 8th 1881. This blessing brought renewed sorrow. A mother's life was sacrificed through travail for one who now bears her name. Death suddenly, that grim monster came and took from us a faithful wife, a fond mother, a devoted Christian. Susan Jane (McClure) Palmer, born April 28th 1850, died March 9th 1881. We laid her beside her beloved little son Charles Franklin in "Doyle Cemetery". I now knew as one can only know -- how to sympathize with those who may be bereft of child and companion in less than a year. In this sad hour I learned to cast all my care on Him who has said, "I will be with you in the sixth and will not forsake you in the seventh trouble". My children had been the joy of my life. But how could I bear this burden alone? I believed that God did raise up those that had cared for others. But in this sad hour, I must have relief and help. Four little helpless children, and little Susan Jane, one day old ere her mother departed this earth life were with me. I sought those whom I thought best situated to aid me in my sad hour of affliction. I found one. willing to help me. Mr. and Mrs. Beaty Hall of Butler County (My father-in-law had in the meantime married Mr. Hall's sister). After having arranged getting out the adoption papers, little Susan took up her abode with them, and bears the name of Susan Jane Hall (by law of adoption).

My mother and three brothers and my mother's father came west soon after I came. Soon after their arrival, mother's father died -- Ira Roberts. In June 1875 we laid Grandpaw Roberts in the school-yard near Uncle John Palmer's. After a period of nine years we ex-humed his remains and laid him by the side of my two departed - Charles and Susan in Doyle Cemetery. Mother had come west to be with her children. At this hour of bereavement we strove to comfort each other. At mother's request I moved to Peabody to be near and with her. I bought a little cottage near her and stayed in town for three years, boarding with her. I shall never forget the kindness of mother in caring for my children.

In the summer of 1884 June 5th, Brother Harry's death occurred. Mother's health was breaking. My youngest brother, the only one then single (Phillip) arranged for he and she to take a trip to Ohio stopping first in Illinois, the old farm home in Creek Township (willed by father for mother's support).

Up to this time I had followed farming in the summer-time and teaching in the winter. I delighted to be on the farm. I had worked on the railroad and at catch jobs while in

town the first year in order to be with my children. I taught school the next two years in winter but I was not satisfied. In brother Phillip's and mother's absence I moved back to the old "Homestead" near "Pleasant Valley" where I had settled early in married life, and again started on life's journey with my children. But misfortune overtook me ere I had fairly begun. Sickness came on and at last I was compelled to quit the farm and get relief and rest.

In the spring of 1886 Ollie, Alvin, and I started for Kansas City to see a good oculist. Our eyes had become afflicted and Mine had become a sore affliction to me. Here we spent nearly five months in treatment. This cost me several hundred dollars.

In the meantime I had thought something of going to Illinois to visit my old home in Creek Township.

(The reader will now well remember the writer alluded - in the early part of this sketch - "Uncle Caleb Edwards' and his Little Daughter Pallie). Well, I had never forgotten "Uncle Caleb Edwards' and his Little Daughter Pallie). Well, I had never forgotten "Uncle Calib <sic>, neither had I forgotten his "Little Daughter Pallie". Our acquaintance had been somewhat renewed by correspondence for two years or more prior to my stay in Kansas City. So after recovery of my eyes and starting the children back home, I resolved to see my old neighbors and especially "Uncle Caleb's daughter" - Pallie. It was not long after I made my resolution that I arrived in Lane, after an absence of twelve years. I spent three weeks with old friends and a good share of the time at Uncle Caleb's.

But the time came for me to return west and renew my duties at home but I loathed to go without ----her. But I surprisingly returned ere one month had elapsed and took despite Uncle Caleb's protest his little daughter Harpalicy (Pallie). She had been my faithful companion when on the farm and at school in days gone by when we attended school (Central and Brick) and now by God's providence we were united in marriage, Oct 26th 1886, by Rev. A. T. Orr of the M.E. Church of Clinton, Dewitt Co., Ill. at his residence. We took the evening train for Bloomington, Ill. Our visit there gave many reflections of the by-gone days.

I could but sigh as one "Maud Muller" --- "the saddest words or ink or pen -- the saddest are these "what I might have been" -- as I thought of the few college days I had spent at the "Old Weslyn". But thank God for the impressions made upon my mind while there in her old walls with my friend Byron Staymates. But with all these things in my mind, with a companion, I was happy. To me and to her all was bright as the noon-day sun. One week in the city and homeward bound we came to "Uncle Caleb's" . After spending ten days with friends at home we repared for the west. The time came when we must start and with sorrowing hearts we left all behind -- with a farewell.

A few hours ride and we arrived home in Peabody. (I had left my farm and come to town). Time passed slowly to Pallie but early one "frosty morn" she bounded toward the door to welcome a visitor -- her father and brother Thomas. Their visit was welcomed till Christmas when Thomas returned to Illinois leaving father with us. Father was glad to see and stay with his little daughter Pallie but Brother Thomas left with regret -- thus was their attachment for each other, father brother and sister.

Nearly two years passed and father and Pallie enjoyed the "sunny Kansas" grandly, but with each joy there came a sigh for their old home in Illinois (father had a farm in Illinois) . I saw very well I had one of two things to do -- to make a visit to Illinois or move back. For two years we had striven along life's pathway. My three little children had learned to appreciate a mother's care for them, in God's providence over them, but sometimes soon forgotten. They were soon to be grown and I realized the fact.

Unfortunately, I had nearly lost the use of my left limb, having been thrown from a wagon one year prior to this time. In this condition I was hardly fit for the farm. Father had promised me to go on his farm. So with due consideration of all things we thought best to move back to Illinois and farm. This was the fall of 1888, about the 21st of August that we returned, father and Faille having preceded the children and I on a visit to Illinois.

I pause here to make mention of a coincidence -- Pallie's mother's death and my children's mother's death. They were only a few days apart. My children's mother's death March 9th 1881 and Pallie's mother's death March 21st 1881. So in this relation two homes were without a mother and Pallie had undertaken by God's providence to fill two of those homes. Thus I believe God ever raises up some one to care for others.

During father's stay in Kansas Thomas had married. On our return we made him a visit, and shortly after we were at housekeeping in Illinois in the village of Lane, near father's farm and where I had spent my boyhood days on my mother's farm.

Here I pause again -- fourteen years have passed away. I can but reflect upon some changes that had taken place. One I desire to make mention of ere I proceed with my sketch -- fourteen years ago I entered the family of John S. McClure, a mother, four girls, and two boys. In the short space of seven years that devoted father stood by the grave (his family was unbroken when I became united to his oldest daughter, Susan Jane. I shall ever remember his pious and devoted faith and trust in God and shall ever remember his kindness shown to me) of four daughters - Susan, Lizzie, Hester, and Maggie - as their death came to them. This seemed enough to break a father's heart. This to me reflects the shortness of life.

I mention another -- I entered the family of Caleb Edwards. In the short space of ten years we followed to their last resting place on earth my wife's (Pallie) father, three brothers, and a sister, Caleb, Thomas, Samuel and Mary. Ties were broken but not forgotten.

Tell me not in mournful numbers Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers, and life is riot what it seems.

Life is real, life is earnest, and the dust is riot the goal;
Dust thou art to dust returneth, was not written on the soul.

But I must proceed with my sketch. The following spring we left the village and sought to better ourselves on the farm. This was the spring of 1889. We had laid father at rest January 4th 1889 (ere long we sought the old homestead) in Rose Cemetery. We remained on the farm till fall. Affliction came on us again, compelling wife, Pallie, daughter Ollie and son Clyde to go to Chicago to doctor their throat and eyes.

By this time I had learned it would be impossible for me to recover the use of my injured limb. In this dilemma I saw no other recourse but to still follow teaching the balance of my life. It was true, my wife Pallie had inherited some means through the kindness of her father, but I did not want to be dependent.

In the spring of 1889 my mother visited us. In the fall I took a school in Kenny, the intermediate department for six months. In the meantime all returned from Chicago greatly improved. We returned to Lane, occupying the James Swan property. This we finally purchased as a home. The writer is seated at the east front window on Main Street, as he writes this sketch.

In the summer of 1893 Mother visited us again. I returned home with her to learn the grim monster death had entered my wife's father's family -- mother and father at rest -- a brother now called away - Thomas. We laid him at rest in the same sacred spot - Rose Cemetery - April 8th 1891. I visited with my daughter Susan Jane, her mother's grave on my return to Kansas.

Farewell! Father, mother, brother, We miss thee from thy place,
A shadow o'er our life is cast, We miss the sunshine of thy face.

We miss thy kind and willing hand, Thy fond and earnest care,
Our home is dark without thee -- We miss thee everywhere.

At this period of life I clearly saw womanhood developing in my girl and boys. I still continued my teaching, then followed for twenty years save a few summers engaged in farming. I saw that my energy and toil was telling on my physical strength. With this came seemingly greater responsibilities. I desired to educate my boys. I sought to

place them in school. I shall ever remember Wilson, whom my son Clyde stayed with during his stay in Clinton for one year - 1890 - also Mr. M. Taylor who Alvin stayed with during his stay in Clinton, for one year 1892.

I have said that I saw womanhood and manhood developing in my children, and thus I desired to fit them for life's work. At this period a strong attachment is broken by another. My daughter was united in marriage to my wife's sister Mary's son. Edward A. Pennington September 18th 1892. This parting seemed to leave my wife Pallie and I alone for ere long we realized that the boys had sought the world for self gain and a grandizement; despite a father's admonition of first prepare for the battles of life by obtaining an education. My mind was crowded with these things -- and other tasks assigned and obligations taken. In the fall of 1892 the Modern Woodman of America (M.W. of A.) was organized in Lane -- and known as Lane Camp No. 1782. I became the first member after it's organization was chartered. But ere I proceed farther -- I shall have to pause again, for this life's fitful scenes came upon us - another brother is called from our embrace - Samuel Edwards dies August 1st 1893. We laid him in the same sacred spot, Rose Cemetery.

At this period of my life I must not neglect to mention a new phase -- I became newly related --grandfather -- Earl Lee Pennington was born March 5th 1894. Prior to this time I had never thought very much of these organizations -- so denominated -- secret. In taking out a policy \$3000 in the fall of 1893 with the M.W.A. I considered the "protection" good vouchsafed to one enrolled under its banner. I was elected Escort of Lane Camp #1872. A field of labor opened up itself to me. After studying the principles of -- Friendship, Charity and Benevolence, I soon formed a desire to know the mysteries and secrets of the "Knights of Pythias". In February 1894 I became; Charter member of Gillmore Lodge No. 455 at that time organized in Lane. Being one of the first elected officers, Prelate, I was entitled and elected as Grand Representative to the Grand Lodge held at Springfield in the fall of 1894. There I took the Rank of "Past Chancellor". Since my connection with the "Knights of Pythias" I have no fear of Secret Organizations. Their object being -- to elevate mankind.

As these scenes of my boy and manhood pass before my mind's eye -- the poet's thought expresses it more truly than the writer's - "Leaves have their time to fall and flowers to wither at the north wind's breath -- but death thou has all seasons for thine own."

We were called to the bedside of a beloved mother, sister Mary, a few days suffering like that of her father and brother Samuel -paralysis and then we laid her to rest in the same "Sacred Spot" Rose Cemetery.

And now since the writer has reviewed the scenes of his "Boy and Manhood Days" and holding now an "Office of Trust" given him, by the "voice of the people" in 1893 to expire in 1897, (Justice of the Peace) feeling that the "Sands of Life are nearly run" and having retired from his active life (school teaching), there is only one thing that he desires -- to live at peace with all men and his God. And thus holding as he does, his membership since the year 1890 with the M.E. Church of Clinton by "Letter" presented to Rev. Reed, Pastor at that time, (Letter is still being held in Clinton M.E. Church) and with a desire to do the "Will of God" and having done and finished his life work assigned by Him -- that he may reap the reward -- A home Eternal at the Right Hand of God, where we shall see Christ in his Glory and dwell with the Redeemed forever. It is to this end that he (I) connected himself with the "Christian Endeavor at Lane in his fast declining years --- in the fall of 1896 -- the Forty-sixth year of his life. Though my life shall be long or short my thoughts are best penned in Eliza Cook's Poem----

"Let the scholar and divine Tell us how to pray aright,
Let the truths of Gospel shine With their precious hallowed light;
But the prayer a mother taught Is to me a matchless one;
Eloquent and spirit fraught Are the words "Thy Will be done".

Though not fairly understood, Still those words at evening hour,
Implied some Being great and good, Of mercy, Majesty and power.
Bending low on infant knee, And gazing on the setting sun,
I thought that orb his home must be, To Whom I said "Thy Will be done".

I have searched the sacred page, I have heard the godly speech,
But the lore of saint or sage Nothing holier can teach.
Pain has wrung my spirit sore, But my soul the triumph won
When the anguish that I bore, Only breathed - "Thy Will be done".

They have served impressing need, Have nerved my heart in every task,
And howso e'er my breast may bleed No other's balm of prayer I ask.
When my whitened lips declare "Life's last sands have almost run",
May the dying breath they bear Murmur forth - "Thy Will be done".

The above was written by the writer in January 1897 - and continued in Oct. 1901.
Since God's providence has been over him and life has been prolonged for four years
the writer is permitted to continue his life sketch.

After teaching school for seven consecutive years in Creek Township while residing in
Lane Dewitt County, Illinois, the writer that he must retire from his school life and follow
something more active. He finally engaged his services with the prominent firm of
Mathews-Northrup Co., Buffalo N.Y. , Engravers, Printers, Manufacturers and Publishers,

handling for them under W.F. Stewart Special Agent, Kings Hand-book of the U.S.. Mr. W.F. Stewart's headquarters were in Decatur, Illinois. The writer will ever remember with much pleasure the many pleasant hours spent with him while associated in the book business for two years, 1898 and 1899. He recalls to mind the sale and delivery of \$300 worth of "Kings hand books in 26 days in Creek Township, This sale and delivery gave him the position of Special agent for 4 months which he spent in the Wesleyan, Normal and Lincoln schools thereby reviewing the scenes of his boyhood days with much pleasure, as a lucrative book business with the students for the Mathews-Northrup Co..

During these days of review I was made to sigh again -- the words of "Maud Muller", The saddest words ever written by ink or pen, the saddest are these -- I might have been. I returned to my home longing for my school room again.

But I must pause again - the grim monster - death had entered the family circle again - August 5th 1898 we laid Little Babe Pennington to rest in Rose Cemetery. In the summer of 1898 my sons, Alvin and Oliver, made a visit to Kansas and visited their mother's folks, the old homestead and their mother's grave in Doyle Cemetery. But alas, to see their Grandpa John McClure, the grim monster - death - had entered the family again - they had laid their devoted Grandpa McClure to rest in the month of June ere they had come to see him, beside those - the faithful wife and daughters that had proceeded him.

The writer said that he "had longed for the school-room again". So the fall of 1900 he sought the school he had taught 26 years before and when 33 yrs of age, then known as the "Upper Brick" at this time known as "White Pigeon" Four years had elapsed. I had been re-elected, Justice of the Peace for 4 years more, having held it 8 yrs in Lane, Illinois. The writer is proud to say that his last term of school was the most successful term of his school-teaching life. He had the pleasure of seeing two of his scholars receive eighth grade Dewitt Co. diplomas as a reward of their proficiency in school. These two scholars were Wm. & Viola Brennen. With this eight months term of school taught I retired from the profession of teaching having followed it for nearly 23 consecutive years in winter terms and a number of summer terms in rural districts. These years of teaching were years of pleasure and joy to me which ended in the winter of 1900. In the winter of 1901 I had some new experience. I was clerking for John J. Woodward, a merchant of Lane, who employed me for three months. It was during the months of January and February that I contemplated joining the Mutual Protective League Fraternal Society. By the 21st of February it would be too late to consider its benefits. So I hastily proceeded to find out its requirements and know of its mysteries. I sought to become a Policy holder ere the middle of February 1901 of an order whose Shibolet is known by Friendship, Fraternal Love, and Social Equality, and found myself in possession of a \$2000 Policy. Thus I found myself connected with secret Societies -

none of which claimed anything more or less than to -- "elevate and benefit mankind" -- K. of P., M. W. of A., & M.P.L..

But the writer must pause again -- the grim monster - death -entered our family circle again- a sadder by far to me than any since the first line penned in this little sketch by the writer -- the death of my mother, one who taught me to kneel in infant prayer, one who lead me to the sanctuary in childhood years and guided my feet in Manhood's prime. One whose prayers followed all through life, matchless, eloquent and spirit fraught are the prayers my mother taught, whose words always seemed sentenced, "Thy Will be done." March 22nd 1901 Dear Mother was found by her 'bedside about eight o'clock in the morning -- dead -- her glasses she had left on her Bible which was opened to the 119th Psalm, lying on the stand. Dear Mother's death will ever remain a hidden mystery to her children. "Eternity! Eternity! Thou alone canst tell." Dear Mother we laid to rest in "Woodlawn Cemetery March 26th by the side of Dear Father whom we laid to rest 36 years before. Dear Mother's death occurred in Brother Phillip's home with whom she had lived for several years in Ottumwa Iowa. Dear Mother's remains were brought by Brother Phillip and after services at 14. E. Church were interred by the side of Dear Father in Woodland Cemetery, Clinton, Illinois.

The writer must repeat the poet's words so true, --

Farewell father mother We miss thee from thy place,
A shadow o'er our life is cast We miss the sunshine of thy face.

We miss thy kind and willing hand, Thy fond and earnest care,
Our home is dark without thee -- We miss thee everywhere.

Now comes a change in the writer's life, a change not expected when this little sketch, began 4 yrs. prior to this date, Oct. 15th 1901, would ever come to him in his life time pilgrimage. A Father and Mother's hard-earned and saved-up earnings of toil be become his own by a father's well provised "will", "that at the death of his beloved wife, that all his property both real and personal should 'be equally divided among his children".

At this writing the one thing that has come by so sudden a change - through the departed -- may not add to length of years to him, but the comfort that may be added to him at this 50th birthday must be attributed to his father's and mother's toil, economy and preservation. So with hope's bright future before him, his aspiration still toward higher and better, greater and nobler ends, the writer still looks upon life's bright side and eternity's reward.

This writing was complete up to Oct. 15th 1901 by the writer; many changes have taken place since the above date. The saddest being the Death of his "Dear, Dear Beloved wife Harpality", on April 25th, 1933, and leaving a vacancy in 'his heart and spirit as the writer feels without her Dear comforting affection and Love with him in old age; her affection, Love and Joy was strongly shown for her family and the Blessed Lord Jesus Christ; and she felt his presence in her daily toil and service for Him and loved to make others feel happy with His presence.

The writer now recalls many happy hours of earlier date writing --- than above as he continues writing his biography; but must decline to write more at present date - August 29th 1933.

William Franklin Palmer left this earth's joys and trials on January 18, 1939 after 89 long years. He was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery in DeWitt County Illinois.

Dennis Shaver, great-great-grandson of W.F. Palmer, can be reached at familysearch@bellsouth.net.