

FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1872.

Thursday July 31<sup>st</sup> 1879

Weather warm and dry harvest work progressing very fast. I have had 3 easy days not having used chloral how long I will be able to obtain in doubtful, but tis pleasant while it lasts - had a letter from Maggie today all safe home and all well I must write a few lines to assure her as she seems anxious to hear again -

Wednesday Aug. 13 1879

Day warm and sultry, with heavy thunders and lightning in the evening, quite a shower fell but it disappeared in the twinkling of an eye - James McQuaid found dead in the Potato patch late in the evening, he had gone out to hoe after the rain and as he was eccentric in his manner entire on the thought of looking for him until later when found he had been dead for sometime. Apoplexy no doubt - An Elder of the church for over 20 years he spent a blameless life, and passed many lamentable antics in his day, such as the time in crossing the fence he tore the seat out of his pants (and there was always a fulcrum in that region) after sunning himself for a little - Depend, he said, I believe went to his rest in this way. But I believe she did not discover him & he also died suddenly years ago -