

STANLEY M. BARTLETT, our subject, is an old settler of Grinnell, Iowa, and his good fellowship and business affairs have given him a wide extended acquaintance, and he is very popular wherever he is known. He has an enthusiastic admiration for that noble animal, the horse, and has one magnificent fast-stepper, one of the fastest to be found in many counties. The city of Bath, N. H., is his birth-place, his birth having occurred December 4, 1836, his father being Stephen N. Bartlett. (See the biographical sketch of E. S. Bartlett, brother of our subject, for family history.)

Our subject was the fourth of five children and passed his life in Bath until he was nearly nineteen, when he came to Grinnell, in the spring of 1855, coming by rail as far as Rock Island and by wagon the remainder of the journey. Here he bought eighty acres, one and one-half miles north of Grinnell, which he farmed for three or four

years, and then removed to Tama County, Iowa, near Montour, where he purchased one hundred and twenty acres, which he farmed for two years. This he sold out, and then went into the livery business, building the first livery barn erected in that place, and running it successfully for ten or twelve years. While here he served as Marshal and Constable, which offices brought him into a wide acquaintance with the people, and in 1875 he was appointed Deputy Sheriff of the county, serving two years and having many thrilling experiences. Resigning this office, he was made a Claim Agent for the Iowa Central Railroad, with headquarters at Grinnell, but his business took him all along the line from Northwood to Ottumwa and Albia. He continued in the position two and a-half years, when, all the claims being adjusted, the office was abolished. He then entered the employ of his brother, E. S. Bartlett, in the retail meat business.

In the year 1888, our subject started a meat-market on his own account on Broad Street, and was burned out in the following year. Undismayed by this calamity, he promptly opened up in a shanty in the park, where he continued until he rebuilt on Fourth Avenue, at which place he stayed until September, 1892. He has just retired for recuperation, having been a hard worker all his life. Mr. Bartlett has built a very substantial house on West Street, which, like all that he does, was well done, being a model of completeness.

Our subject has always raised horses, for which business he has a strong liking. In partnership with Frank Child, he owns the splendid brown trotting stallion, "Silver Wilkes," with a record of 2:28, but showing a 2:20 gait. He was sired by "Adrian Wilkes," and he by "George Wilkes." The horse has taken a number of premiums and is an object of admiration wherever he goes. Mr. Bartlett naturally takes great pride in this horse and it is doubtful if he could be induced to part with the animal short of a very round sum of money, if at all.

Mr. Bartlett was married in Grinnell, September 23, 1858, to Miss Jennie Grinnell, born in New Haven, Vt., and a daughter of Walter Grinnell. She is a cousin of the Hon. J. B. Grinnell. Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell have one child, Elbert Walter,

who resides in Grinnell. Elbert Walter married Miss Florence Spain, of Grinnell. They have one child, George Stanley. Our subject is a member of the Congregational Church and takes much interest in the growth of that society at Grinnell. In politics, he is a Republican and throws all of his influence in with that party. He is active in the Agricultural Society of the county, and has been in charge of the horse and speed department, having started many of the races. In the Grinnell Driving Club he is a very active member and starts all of the races.

Stanley Moulton Bartlett.

The funeral services of the late Stanley M. Bartlett, whose remains were brought here from Boone last week, were held at the home of his brother, E. S. Bartlett, last Thursday morning, conducted by the Rev. H. N. Dascomb, assisted by Professor S. J. Buck. The pall bearers, all relatives of the deceased, were A. W. Child, A. L. Child, F. L. Child, Lyman Longley, A. W. Bartlett and J. B. Grinnell. Beautiful music was furnished by a quartette composed of Mrs. T. A. Dungan, Mrs. D. S. Umbenhauer, Rev. T. A. Dungan and O. S. Meyers.

At the services, Professor S. J. Buck, a lifelong friend of the family, said in part.

"After a life longer than three score and ten years, Stanley Moulton Bartlett, the youngest son of a New England pioneer family, is to be gathered to his fathers in our beautiful cemetery. Long ago he secured a lot for his household and it is consecrated by the burial of two young sons who died in infancy over forty years ago.

honored service of over fifty years as a teacher. The volume is made up of leaves type printed and pasted in. It is very carefully edited and prepared. It traces the family line back to the ancestral domain in Old England with a mansion upon it still held by one of the Bartletts since 1050. Pres. Samuel C. Bartlett, D.D., prominent Congregational clergyman of Chicago (New England Cong'l. Church) for fifteen years Professor of Theology, Chicago Theological Seminary, President of Dartmouth College, '77 to '92, visited the old ancestral house and reported it. Dr. W. A. Bartlett, his son, is now the honored pastor of the First Congregational church of Chicago. The father of the deceased, the youngest son of Stephen A. Bartlett with his wife, Theodocia Child Bartlett, after a long struggle for a living with the rugged, rocky soil of New England at or near Bath, New Hampshire, came in 1855 to Grinnell. His oldest son, Emery S., came here a little sooner, and was one of the two young people to unite when twenty charter members entered into cove-

ners were received in July, 1855, S. N. Bartlett was made a deacon of the church, an office which he held till his decease, 1879. Deacon Bartlett and his wife head the list of the fourteen members added at that time.

Stephen N. Bartlett and Theodocia Child Bartlett brought letters from Bath, New Hampshire.

Deacon Bartlett was entitled to be called Honorable for he was sent as a representative to the legislature from Bath, N. H. He was also a magistrate for many years, holding his court as a justice of the peace here. At my coming in 1861 he was my near neighbor as our home was for five years the house now occupied by Dr. Harris, Sr. He was a good neighbor. His house was just a little north of this dwelling with no house upon this block south of it. The peculiar structure known in the early history as the long home stood just west of it and partly in Broad street. To it the newcomers were made welcome by joyful acclaim and the ringing of the bell as soon as they had one to ring. The building had disappeared before

my wife went to Ohio with our two sons to attend upon her mother in her last illness, my daughter and I were permitted to board with them. The family altar was in evidence, respect for God's word was shown.

It was in this house that this son of their love was reared. He was born at Bath, N. H., December 4, 1835. He came here at the age of nineteen. His decease at Boone, Iowa, November 21, 1908, made his age lacking a few days of seventy-two years. In 1856 he with thirty others united with the Congregational church here. He was married September 23, 1859, to Sarah Jane Grinnell. In less than a year their family might have observed their golden wedding. His wife is a cousin of J. B. Grinnell, whose name the city bears. His wife comes today with her only surviving son, Elbert Walter, with his wife and four children, to place the remains of the husband and father upon the family lot. While it seemed to me that Stanley's real home was here, he spent a good many years elsewhere. He lived near Montour several years and for some time was a

older brother and M. W., the latter in feeble health waiting on the border land, now on his way to California, of his family.

A large group of relatives who are touched in sympathy by this sorrow and loss, are about us. The surviving pioneers of this place are rapidly disappearing from our midst. When they left their homes they sought a better country. Who doubts that they found what they sought? Now some who came years ago are thinking of another removal and a journey to a still better country, even a heavenly one.

Thank God for the blessed hope and expectation!

And now as we bid adieu to this husband, father, friend and neighbor, we know that our tarrying cannot be long.

If in the mercy of God he has been true to the vows of other days, we may say in the words of the poet: "Then again we hope to meet him, When the day of life is fled; Then in heaven we hope to greet him, Where no farewell tear is shed."