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MRS, MARIA KELLOGG.

Few people have lived in Grinnell longer and none have shed a more beneficent influence on those around them, than the subject of this sketch whose death occurred Saturday evening at six o'clock, after but a few days' illuess. The she had been slightly ill with pneumonia, the real cause of her death was heart failure, and she sank into a silent, painloss sleep, so becoming her modest but inspiring life, which shed its quiet but effent joy on a large circle of friends.

Maria Parks was born in Victor, N. Y., April 5, 1838. In 1856 her father moved to Grinnell and in 1857 this daughter became a resident of this city, her first home, the not her only one, being in the house where she has lived the years that most of us have known her. On her 21st birthday, April 5, 1859, she was united in marriage with R. M. Kellogg, whose boyhead home was also at Victor, and who had made Grinnell his home in 1855.

buring all the years of their residence here Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg were among the most active in promoting every good cause of the city, in church, college or society, and as Mr. Kellogg's life is builded into so many of our earlier homes as architect and builder, so his wife made her own home a place of character building, where many a student has found a warm friend and kind words to inspire to the higher and better in spiritual and intellectual life.

Four children were born to this union, one of whom, a daughter, Mary Caroline, died in infancy. Three survice the death of the father a few years ago and the mother whose funeral occurs today. These are Har-

(Rrymond m.)

riette, assistant in botany to Professor Pananel at Ames, Mrs. W. R. Moninger of Marshalftown, and Henry, who has been his mother's help in the later years of her falling strength.

Mrs. Kellogg's sweet disposition found atterance in a more than insuited love of music and of flowers, and those friends who have loved her all the long years of her life will miss her gentle form so frequent among the flowers, caring for them, or gathering them for some friend or the unfortunate sick. The for thirty years afflicted with a painful disease that sapped her strength and kept her much at home, the sweetness of her disposition seemed to be intensified by her bodily suffering and only words of hope and cheer ever passed her lips. Young and old who have been so fortunate as to come within the circle of her friendship plike testify to the memory of a perfect life just closed in a peaceful death.