

On the ground foundation at each end of the barn there was a large shed. One of these sheds was used for the storage of straw, and the other for the storage of farm machinery when not in use.

There were four stables, each with six stalls for the accommodation of the stock, in two groups with a feeding room in the center of each group.

From the barnyard there was a lane down the hill leading to the brook from which the stock obtained drinking water.

The stock consisted of six work horses, a couple of colts, six to eight milk cows, and a number of young cattle, always among them a steer to be fattened during the Summer season for Fall butchering.

In the Fall season when the weather would begin to get cold, there would be butchered around ten to twelve fat hogs, and a steer for the farmer's supply of meat. Much of this meat would be cured and smoked in the smoke-house, where it would remain good indefinitely.

It was never necessary to buy fresh meat, as chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese were raised in large quantities to augment the supply of fresh meat, along with the storage quality. Wild game was plentiful, which gave the farmer a little hunting experience and recreation during the Fall and Winter seasons.

In fish season, the Spring of the year, there was usually some peddler roaming through the valley with fresh fish for sale, which was an agreeable delicacy after eating preserved meats most of the time.

When the orchards were set in grass, during the month of May, after a warm rain and sunshine, there would spring up under the apple trees, great quantities of mushrooms, the pyramid spungy type from four to six inches high, which we children would gather, as they were good eating.

Mother would fry them in butter, and when thus prepared, they were delicious and of much better flavor than the commercially grown mushrooms of today.

To JACOB HARBAUGH and MARY MAGDALENA MONG, his wife, there were born 10 children.

BENJAMIN, my Grandfather, born December 2, 1794, was the fourth child. Upon his marriage to SARAH EYLER in 1826, his father granted him about 170 acres of the original farm, containing the farm buildings and practically all the house furniture.

His mother having died June 7, 1824, the agreement was that he was to give his father JACOB a home as long as he lived. JACOB died December 16, 1842.

To BENJAMIN HARBAUGH and SARAH EYLER, his wife, there were born 4 children.

<u>Adaline</u>	b 1827 - Married Washington Horine
<u>Ann Barbara</u>	b 1829 - Married Andrew Coffman
<u>EPHRAIM FREDERICK</u>	b-1831 - Married <u>HARRIET EYLER</u>
<u>Sanford</u>	b 1832 - Married Catherine Mc Clain

BENJAMIN died February 12, 1862. His Wife SARAH died February 16, 1871.

Before BENJAMIN'S death he divided his farm between his two sons, EPHRAIM and Sanford, with the agreement that the part of the farm containing the buildings was to be given to EPHRAIM, the oldest son, with the proviso that he was to have the care of his parents; and the remaining part of the farm to Sanford, with a further agreement that EPHRAIM was to furnish a certain amount of cash and material toward the erection of the buildings for Sanford's farm, EPHRAIM getting the best land, all tillable soil, while much of Sanford's portion would have to be cleared before it could be farmed.

It was further agreed that the two brothers were to pay in cash a certain amount of money to each of the sisters to satisfy their claim in the estate, EPHRAIM looking after Adaline's share, and Sanford, Ann Barbara's share.

While EPHRAIM and Sanford were granted the home farm and took care of their sisters' interests, EPHRAIM was considerably imposed upon, since he had to share in the erection of the buildings for Sanford.

It was fifty years before EPHRAIM fully settled his debt.

EPHRAIM FREDERICK HARBAUGH and HARRIET EYLER were married August 22, 1853. To them were born 14 children, 10 boys and 4 girls.

It will be interesting to give the names of each of their children, as they represent many family characteristics.

For Instance:-

Americus Rubush - Named after a local United Brethren Minister.

Cornelius Edward

Elizabeth Alice Ann

Malendez Marion - A Spanish name supplied by my aunt who was visiting in Mexico at the time of his birth.

George Benjamin

David McClellan - Civil War General

Ephraim Ulysses - 1st name of President Grant

Aaron Wesley Stearn - Named after a local United Brethren Minister.

Samuel Elmer

Armatha Myrtle - Also supplied by my aunt from Mexico.

WILLIAM KIRACOFFE - Named after a local United Brethren Minister.

Dora Cordella Ettie

Letha May

Corless Fleet - My two oldest brothers C. E. and M. M., attended the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, and upon their return home they talked so much about the big Corless Engine they saw, that it was decided to call the new baby Corless.

Fleet was the first name of our family doctor.

The writer, WILLIAM KIRACOFE HARBAUGH, as a child, was a light curly-headed little fellow with blue eyes.

As a boy, my first recollection of my older brothers was a home week-end party for Americus, Edward and Malendez, they having left the farm and started out for themselves before I was old enough to remember, and also before our youngest brother "Fleet" was born.

Americus had returned home for a visit from Manito, Illinois, where he was working on a farm for a cousin by the name of Samuel Williard. He later became a teacher and finally completed his business career as manager of a large commercial house in Manito.

Ed was a clerk in a general store in Emmittsburg, Md., and Malendez was working on a farm near Taneytown, Maryland.

They later migrated to Kansas City, Missouri, where they engaged in a business career.

My next recollection was the wedding of my sister Elizabeth to William A. (Gust) Harbaugh, neighbor young man.

The wedding was held at home at six o'clock on a June Morning, it being this early hour so that the bride and groom could take an 8 o'clock train to Baltimore, where they spent their honeymoon. There were about twenty guests at the wedding, as I remember.

During the ceremony, Sister Armatha and myself each sat on a little stool by the fireplace in the parlor. By the way, I still have one of these stools.

When congratulations were being given, we were too bashful to step up to the bride and groom to offer our best wishes. No coaxing would urge us on, so the bride and groom came over and my sister kissed each of us. The wedding breakfast and a trip to the station to see them off was a happy journey for me.

At one time, the population of the valley was practically all Harbaugh's. They were a rugged and prolific people, and long-lived. The oldest, as I remember, died at the age of 93 years.

My father and mother lived to be 84 years of age, my second oldest brother 90, another brother 85, and sister Elizabeth 84.

At the present writing I am 80, brother Elmer 83, sister Letha 76, and brother Fleet 74.

By the time I was old enough to attend school, many of the larger farms had been divided and the land sold to other farmers outside of the Harbaugh name, yet as I remember, there were about twenty-five large families of the name still existing, and it was not an uncommon occurrence to get a party of from twenty to thirty young people together, all Harbaughs.

Sabillasville is the village on the hillside one mile from our farm, founded by a Swiss by the name of Zullinger, a gallant man who honored his wife by calling his little settlement after her first name, Sabilla. It is said to be a typical Swiss village.

The Zullinger farm, originally part of the GEORGE HARBAUGH estate, was located on a splendid knoll one-half mile southeast of the village.

It contained a beautiful red brick house, the brick having been made on the farm, and a bright red barn.

Northwest of the village, a large farm of another George Harbaugh, who moved to Missouri, was purchased by a William Naylor.

The Western Maryland Railroad previously referred to, half circled this beautiful section of the mountain which was given the name of "Naylor's Hill".

Starting from the village depot at Sabillasville, the railroad curved around this hill on a high grade, in a double horseshoe bend until it reached the top, known as Blue Ridge Summit, crossing the Mason and Dixon line and traveling about two miles in Pennsylvania, the only section of the Western Maryland Railroad not in the state of Maryland.

The scenery around this high mountain is of unparalleled beauty and almost defies description.

In my boyhood days, many times during the Summer months I climbed over this hill in search of wild huckleberries, raspberries and blackberries, of which there was an abundant supply.

I would spend the better part of the day picking berries, then early the next morning, around daylight, I would walk three miles to Blue Ridge Summit to sell them to a large boarding house filled with guests, arriving in time for the berries to be served to the guests for breakfast.

Receiving ten cents per quart for my fruit, with sometimes ten to fifteen quarts, I would return to my home feeling quite a rich boy.

Sabillasville, a very old village, at that time contained about twenty-five houses, two churches, Reformed and United Brethren, and a one room red brick schoolhouse, where I attended school.

Some of the houses in the village were well taken care of, while others were not so good.

Like all towns, it had its slum district. In a small section below the hill there were located five delapidated old houses, probably the first houses built in the town, which were occupied by a rough element of villagers. This section was called "Devils Row".

In the early history of the valley there was a stone schoolhouse, located near our farm, where my father attended school.

By the time I was of school age it was an abandoned building, and every time we youngsters passed the old schoolhouse, we would throw a stone or two through the window.

Years later when a new farmer purchased the farm on which was located the old schoolhouse, he decided to convert the building into living quarters for a son who was contemplating marriage. I am told they removed a couple of wagon loads of stone of all sizes from the building.

Through our end of the valley directly dividing our farm, there ran a small brook which furnished water for the stock, running through all but one hill field. As a boy, we children used to build a dam across the stream in the meadow, usually getting it about two feet deep, where we went swimming, as we termed it, and had many good times.

Every time we wanted to go swimming, we would have to build a new dam, as Father kept an eye on it for fear of flooding the meadow, and would tear the dam down and warned us not to leave the brook dammed up.

Further down the valley along Friends Creek, we would go fishing, catching fish several inches long and occasionally a few crabs, which we would bring home and bake on top of the cook stove. ~~With a little salt~~ on the crabs, they were quite a delicacy for us kids,

As a boy, I was of a happy carefree nature, always singing. By our house, there were two very high silver maple trees. I would climb to the top of these trees and sit there and sing for hours with a voice that could be heard nearly all over our end of the valley.

The neighbors gave me the name of "Willie Sunshine" and commented on my singing to the point that I became a favorite boy soprano around the valley. I was popular and always glad to sing whenever asked. Many times when visiting relatives in nearby towns, I would be asked to sing in the local churches, which gave me a lot of confidence and won me many friends.

I learned sight-reading by the Do-Re-Mi-Fa-Sol-La-Ti-Do method, and the tuning fork.

At the age of 10, I attended a sight-reading singing class consisting of about 20 young folks.

The teacher was a native of the valley and considered a very good instructor. We used Emerson's Singing School Book, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., New York, in 1871. I still have in my possession this book, which I prize very highly.

After a few years' study, I was able to sing most any song by the sight-reading method, which became a great asset to me in later years.

An organ was added to our home as a Christmas gift to us younger children, from our parents and older brothers. I was soon taking music lessons from an old German teacher (his name I cannot remember) who came through the valley every other week, he having had a few other pupils in the neighborhood.

By diligently practicing during my spare time I was soon able to play fairly well. Later on, as I grew older, I transferred my music studies to a professional music instructor in Waynesboro, Pa., where I spent several years on the organ, and later the piano.

There was one colored resident in our valley, "Black Pete", as he was known. He lived most of his life with one of the older Harbaugh families, and died at a very old age.

As far as I know, I do not think there are any colored folk in the valley at the present time.

There was always plenty of work to be done around the farm, of which I did my share from early childhood.

The small brook on our property ran along the side of the yard by the house. There was a bridge across the stream by the corner of the yard, about 400 feet from the barn, at which point we maintained a public watering trough to provide water for our horses and for passers-by.

A spring of water several hundred feet away provided water for this trough, which was carried

through a wooded pipe line about eight inches in diameter, made from spliced logs hewn out in the center and placed together.

The old saying, "You can lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink", was demonstrated to me during the great blizzard of March 1898.

The road leading from the barn to the water trough was drifted level with snow to the top of a six rail post fence.

My brother and I dug a three-foot-wide path through the snow from the barn to the water trough so that we could water the stock.

The cattle, one by one, was led to the trough and watered without much trouble, but with the horses it was a different story.

When we got the horses to the water trough, where the cut in the snow was deeper than the horses height, the drifting fine snow was so heavy that the excited horses refused to drink.

Upon returning them to the barn, we had to carry the water in pails twice each day for three consecutive days. It took nearly a week for the farmers to dig their way out and open up the reads sufficiently to get through to the village.

Among our farm stock we had about 20 sheep. We also had to have water for them which we carried in pails.

For breeding purposes, we maintained among the flock of sheep a large buck.

Around the barnyard it was the habit of us boys to tease this buck, and in time got him so vicious that anyone entering the barnyard unawares would frequently get a good strong but in their posterior.

On rainy days the neighbor boys would gather at our barn and we would play hide-and-go-seek, or pitch horse shoes. In the group was a boy about my age who was quite a scrapper and an inveterate cusser.

I would tease him just to hear him swear which nearly always ended in a fight. We would meet as best of friends, but usually separate as enemies.

In later years, this young man became one of my best friends. He has been gone many years, having died in the prime of life.



During my childhood, we had a large brown and white watch dog my parents had trained to take care of us little folks.

My mother would put us in the yard and instruct the dog to watch over us. He very faithfully obeyed, as no stranger was allowed to come near us when Rover was on the job.

As we grew older, Rover's mission as a watch dog having been fulfilled, he too began to show signs of old age and finally passed away, after which a black fox terrier, which we named "Yu-No", and a little black and white dog we called "Guess", became our constant companions.

We had lots of fun when anyone would ask the name of our dogs, as they would guess all kinds of names, not realizing that we had given them the correct name.

As we grew into manhood and became regular farm workers, we added a full-bred shepard dog "Sport", which we trained to do chores around the farm, handling the stock.

During the Summer season the stock<sup>was</sup> put into pasture, the cattle in the daytime and the horses at night.

Our fields were hilly, and often the stock would not be in sight when we let down the bars to bring them to the barn.

On rainy days, and when the grass was wet with dew in the early morning, the dog was trained to look for the stock and bring them to the stile, saving my brother and myself much time and many a wet tramp through the high wet grass.

A good well-trained Shepard dog was the farmer's best friend.

We had on the farm a flock of ducks. There was a small pool about two and a half feet deep specially built for them to swim in.

It was great sport for us children to make the ducks dive, which by certain manoevers we were able to do, sometimes having the most of them under the water at the same time.

In the Spring of the year the ducks would shed their feathers, or most of them. As soon as the farmer saw evidences of it, we would have a duck-picking party, as the live feathers were used for filling pillows.

After the feathers were plucked, the ducks were a sorrowful looking sight, strutting around among themselves quacking at the tops of their voices, each poking fun at the other.

We maintained two flocks of chickens one flock in a log coop near the house, another at the barn.

Several weeks before Easter, my brother and I would start gathering the eggs, which were plentiful as the Spring of the year was the best laying season.

Each day we would hold back a number of eggs and hide them in a box somewhere around the barn.

On Easter Sunday morning, before breakfast, we would surprise our parents by bringing into the house the hidden eggs.

Many times we had a bushel basket full. The following day a hunter would come along and we would be rewarded by the sale of our eggs. Of course, the money was ours to be divided between us. X

Rabbits, grey squirrels, pheasants and quail were plentiful around the farm and through the valley and mountains. The rabbits we would trap in a crude box trap of our construction, with a door at one end which would snap down when the bait was tampered with.

During the Winter season we would set these traps where we would find evidence of rabbits.

In the early morning, before we started to school, we would make a round of our traps. It was a great thrill to us when we discovered that we had caught a fine fat rabbit. Occasionally a squirrel. The other game was obtained by hunters, as every farmer with his gun went hunting occasionally.

Roaming among the hills and through the meadows, we would frequently find land turtles. I most always carried a penknife with me. It was the custom of us boys to carve our initials and date on the underside of the turtle's shell.

I have since wondered if the turtle suffered any pain or discomfort from the operation; however, at the time it didn't occur to us that it had.

One one occasion, sometime later, I found one of these turtles fully a half-mile from the spot where I previously carved my initials and date. I figured there were at least, a dozen or more of these little fellows crawling about the valley with my initials and date on their bottom shells.

Through the meadows, along the mountains and brooks, there were to be found various kinds of snakes.

Black snakes, copper heads, garter, rattlers and water snakes. Copper heads and rattlers were very poisonous, as they would bite or sting with a fang which was part of their tongue.

A rattler would usually give warning, as they would coil with their tail in the center, the tail containing a number of rattles which they would shake to attract attention. The age of this snake was determined by the number of rattles the tail contained. The first rattle made its appearance when the serpent was a year old, and one each year of the snakes life thereafter.

Six rattles and a button is the highest number I have found, which indicated that the snake was six and a half years of age.

The rattlers and copper heads could jump, when coiled, the extent of their length; therefore it was wise to remember this and keep one's distance.

Black, garter and water snakes were not considered poisonous to any extent, as they did not contain fangs, although they could bite.

If we were prepared with weapons to make an attack and kill the snake, all right; otherwise we would chase them through the grass and bushes, which we considered lots of fun.

On one occasion while chopping down trees in the mountain, my brothers and I killed two black snakes one six foot and the other five and half foot in length. We left them hanging on a branch of a tree.

Snakes usually feed on small frogs, field mice and insects that crawled along the surface of the earth, the water snake mostly on small fish.

During the Winter season they would crawl into the earth, or under tree stumps and hibernate.

Several times while working around the farm in the dead of the Winter removing stumps, I have found a snake apparently frozen solid, yet when brought into the heat, he would very soon begin to show signs of life.

Field mice were tiny little animals with very beautiful short soft fur. They were too small to be of any commercial value.

Musk rats were very plentiful along the brooks, We would trap them during the Winter season, prepare their pelts and sell them for around twenty-five cents, which to a poor country boy was real money. The effort to catch and prepare their pelts for market was not considered by us any real labor. It was the cash we were after, whether it be much or little.

Skunks were plentiful. we would trap them for their pelts.

Occasionally a wild cat would stray into the valley from the mountains and raid a chicken coop or pig pen, then the farmers would polish up their guns and go hunting until they had rounded up the invader and give him a load of shot.

Around the farm there were 8 large chestnut trees which were probably a century or more old.

These trees yielded great quantities of chestnuts of various varieties each year. They would ripen during the month of October.

The trees being too large to climb and club the chestnuts, we had to rely on the hard high winds to bring them down so that we might gather them.

On a bleak windy day, we little fellows would take with us a heavy blanket when we went to gather chestnuts. Frequently between the picking periods, we would huddle together under the blanket along side of the tree where we would be protected from the cold, and wait for the nuts to fall to the ground.

It was a great thrill for us to quietly snuggle under the blanket and listen to the howling wind making a singing noise through the branches of the great trees.

There were also around the farm 15 large black walnut trees which produced many bushels of nuts each year. They would ripen in the month of September and drop from the trees.

We children would spend much time removing the juicy hulls from the nuts, which was not an easy job. The dark juice would discolor our hands to the extent that it would take weeks to restore them to their natural color.

After the nuts were thoroughly dry, in our sparetime we would crack them and extract the kernels, which we would sell to a huckster for ten cents per pound, adding to our little bank accounts a few extra dimes for a little added Christmas money.

Hazelnuts also abounded along the hills near the house which we would gather, in season, and add to our nut supply.