

MARTHA (MATTIE) S. MEEK (Stephen Meek⁴, William Meek³, Stephen Meek², Joseph Meek, Sr.¹) was born 8 December 1853 in Smyth County, Virginia and died 29 April 1921 at Wytheville, Virginia, buried at East End Cemetery, Wytheville, Virginia. She was married 19 December 1871 in Smyth County, Virginia to AUSKER F. STONE. He was born 17/30 September 1850 in Grayson County, Virginia and died in 1931 at Wytheville, Virginia, buried at East End Cemetery, Wytheville, Virginia. Son of WILLIAM and LOUISA (LUNDAY) STONE. Family listed on 1900 census for Marion Dist., Smyth Co., Va. and in 1910 for Wythe Co, Va.

Children

- 1305 i. LAURA ELIZABETH STONE, b. 24 Nov. 1872, d. 12 Feb. 1873, buried in Mt. Carmel (Roselawn), Marion, Va.
 +1306 ii. LYDIA ELLEN STONE, b. 29 Dec. 1873.
 1307 iii. SAMUEL HALL STONE, b. 11 Jan. 1876, d. 9 Mar 1889, buried in Mount Carmel (Roselawn) Cemetery, Marion, Va.
 +1308 iv. AUSKER MEEK STONE, b. 12 Dec. 1878.
 1309 v. INFANT MALE STONE, b. 5 Dec. 1879, born dead, buried in Mount Carmel (Roselawn) Cemetery, Marion, Va.
 +1310 vi. WILLIAM CONNELLY STONE, b. 3 Oct. 1880.
 +1311 vii. LUCY LUNDAY STONE, b. 11 Jan. 1882.
 +1312 viii. LOCKIE FLOWERS STONE, b. 4 Apr. 1883.
 1313 ix. CHARLES EMIT STONE, b. 14 Oct. 1884, d. 26 Oct. 1899, buried in Mount Carmel (Roselawn) Cemetery, Marion, Va.
 1314 x. STEPHEN A. STONE, b. 12 Jan. 1886, d. 7 Apr. 1905, buried in Mount Carmel (Roselawn) Cemetery, Marion, Va.
 +1315 xi. MATTIE VIRGINIA STONE, b. 16 Mar. 1887.
 +1316 xii. GAYLORD J. STONE, b. 4 Jan. 1889.

FIFTH GENERATION

- +1317 xliii. ALBINA FITZILLIAN STONE, b. 20 Aug. 1890.
- 1318 xiv. MARY GOLD STONE, b. 26 July 1891, d. age 14, buried
in Mount Carmel (Roselawn) Cemetery, Marion, Va.
- +1319 xv. LORENA STONE, b. 11 Mar. 1893.
- +1320 xvi. WINNIE WENWORTH STONE, b. 16 July 1894.
- 1321 xvii. ALMA GERTRUDE STONE, b. 24 Aug. 1895 and died 24
Sept. 1895, buried in Mount Carmel (Roselawn)
Cemetery, Marion, Va.
- +1322 xviii. HERBERT GIVEN STONE, b. 25 Sept. 1896.
- +1323 xix. MYRA WINEFRED STONE, b. 6 Feb. 1899.

Samuel Hall Stone Monument

Side 1

Samuel Hall
son of
A F & M S Stone
born
Jan. 11, 1876
was taken
March 9, 1889
Aged
13 years, 1 mo.
& 28 days

Side 2

The bright conversion
of our noble boy at the
age of 10 years, and his
stock adherence to the
Christian faith, suggests
the following lines

Mother:-
Laura and bother we
have met,
On the peaceful shore,
While we with crowns
immortal wear,
And have bloomed to
fade no more,
Through our earthly
journey was so short,
And we our heaven have gained;
Yet will we father, mother,
Sisters, Brothers
Our Heavenly virgils keep
And wait and watch
with anxious care
Each one of you to greet.

Side 3

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FIFTH GENERATION

This monument is
erected and dedicated
to the memory of our
noble boy who while in
faithful discharge of
his chosen duty was
killed by the N&W RR
train at RR Crossing
near his fathers mill
March-9-1899.

Side 4

Here lies a noble
christian boy.
To serve his God was
his joy.
And to lend a helping
hand
To any of Christ Hardy Band

Memorial Address

The following memorial address was made by Rev. John M. Crowe
at the funeral of Mrs. Stone, and is published by request of
family and friends:

Mrs. Mattie Meek Stone, daughter of Stephen A., and Lydia E.
Meek, wife of A.F. Stone, was born in Smyth county, Va., Dec. 8,
1853, and died in Wytheville, Va., April 29, 1921, aged 67 years,
4 months and 21 days. She was the devoted mother of nineteen
children, 8 sons and 11 daughters. Twelve, 4 sons and 8
daughters, survive, with their father, to offer the last loving
tribute to her revered memory, and all are present.

Under the ministry of Rev. T.R. Handy she was converted when
a young girl of sixteen, joined at once the Methodist Church, and
ever since had been, for over half a century, a consistent,
consecrated member of her Church.

One trait of her resplendent character types everything that
makes for righteous worth:-the Book of God was to her the god of
books. Eleven times she had read through the Bible, and was half
through reading it the twelfth time when she was suddenly called
to wrap her soul in the white folds of its precepts, pillow her
dying head upon its precious promises of peace, and enter upon
the eternal enjoyment of its fulfilled hopes.

God saved her the painful process of a lingering, languishing
sickness, and in the silence of the night watches, alone with her
devoted husband and with her loved and loving God, as a child
falls to sleep on its mother's bosom, she passed serenely to her
rest and reward, to the General Assembly and the Church of the
First Born.

Another trait types a fair character. Not only her own large

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family was nurtured in the hospitable home of brother Stone and his self-denying wife, but fifteen others, homeless ones, was adopted by them and trained for useful lives. I heard a Voice the other night, a divine voice, saying, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of these ye have done it unto Me, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

And again. The social values of any life are to be found in its multiplied offspring. The peril of our modern civilization comes from the under-world where are spawned the miserable heirs of diseased, depraved parentage. Napoleon said, "The need of France was more and better mothers." It is the need of every zone and people. If the Ship of State, as well as the Old Ship of Zion, is submarined, and goes to untimely death and doom, it will be due to the fact that the home lights of the nation have gone out. And, be it ever remembered, "Home's not merely four square walls, Though with pictures hung and gilded, Home is where affection calls, Filled with shrines the heart hath builded."

Sister Stone, as faithful wife, as devoted mother, was a home-lover, a home-builder. Solomon has told us of such as she:-- "She looketh well to be ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her, Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruits of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates" (Prov. 31:26-31).

A married love fifty years old and pure is a very endearing and enduring investment in human life. Herein the riches that abide, the love that abounds, the life crowned with god's "well-done."

None of us ever has but one mother, and when she had been true to the trust of motherhood she leaves to her children a legacy of priceless wealth and peerless worth. "She is not dead whose noble mind Lifts ours on high; To live in hearts she leaves behind is not to die."

Cherish ever in your chastened hearts the fragrant memory of faithful wifehood, affectionate motherhood, devoted sisterhood, and unselfish friendship, a love-worthy, trust-worthy christian womanhood, the elect of heaven's Fatherhood and so there is sure to be a happy re-union in the final home of the good beyond the sunsets of time.

The affectionate devotion of brother Stone, so tender and watchful during her latter days, and of the children, tells the story of the gracious benediction of a life upon the lives of the loved-ones, more enduring than monumental marble. God has written the epitaph of all such as was she:--"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

* * * * *

The following pages were copied just as they were written by

Mr. Stone. No changes were made in selling.

INTRODUCTION

My purpose in giving to my children the following reminiscence, is to strenghen them in the fundamental principals of this life, and the life here after, Have faith in God and our Lord Jesus Christ, whom to know aright is life eternal, For this faith from my child hood around my mothers knee, And my homely way of expressing it, I have no appology to offer, But for the material part that leads in these reminiscences, I ask the reader to criticise more in pity, than that of condemnation. The few talents allotted to me have been kept back, for want of the guiding counsel of a tender Mother, and that of a teacher. Except that of mathmaticks, of whitch I have never needed a teacher. Having now reached the age of seventy five years, I find that I am an unpolished stone from the quarry, fit only for a place in the retaining wall of time. Haveing been borned at an earley date, Eighteen hundred and fifty, and in a home where frugality and economy were the watch words, Rocked to sleep in my baby hood days in a coal baskett. My education more of the heart than of the head, was from my Mothers knees, and that whitch I imbibed from natures surroundings. I grew day by day under the sound and music of the ponderous forge hammer, as it hammered out the iron for plow shares, and tools for clearing the forest, and preparing to build up the primeval surroundings for the on coming generations.

A.F. Stone

A BELIEF

Some say we shall not meet again
And scoff at us who dream;
If they be right this world of men
Has neither plan nor scheme.

If this is all of life to be
Then love itself is vain
And every hour of ecstasy
Breeds bitterness and pain.

I know not how, nor where, nor when
But to this faith I cling--
That after death the soul again
Resumes its journeying.

And somewhere in new realms above
Life spins a golden cord,
Where in eternal peace and love
the family is restored.

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REMINNISENCES

OF

A.F. STONE

1850 1925 1

My grand father on fathers side, Wm. Stone was borned in N.C. come to Carroll Co., Va. in earley life, Married Rachel Pool of same county. My grand father on mothers side, Samuel Lunday was borned in Penn. Comeing to Grayson Co., Va. in earley life Married Patsey Ballard of Grayson Co. Va. My Father Wm. Stone married Louisa Lunday of Grayson Co. Va. Sept 19th 1850 I was borned in Grayson Co., Va. on a small farm about two hundred acres owned by my father Wm. Stone. This farm was three miles from Old Town Grayson Co. Va. also about three miles from what now is town of Galax, Va. My father in his young man hood learned what was called the Hammerman trade, (Now obsolete) This trade was making bar, or wrought iron from the raw ore, dug from the hills of south west Va. Charcoal made from the forest timber was used in smelting or melting the ore. My father was an expert at his trade. He did not work on the farm, but ran a forge for

the Blairs on chesnut creek, near where Blair station now is located on the N.W. R.R. This forge being something near two and half miles from the home on the farm. One of the finest springs in south west va. is but a few steps from the home site where I was borned. In recent years I had the pleasure of eating a picknic dinner at that spring with others, While standing there and drinking from its clear cristial fountain, My mind ran back to the dear mother, who in days long ago was so faithfull to the charge God had given her, My older brothers had often told me how our dear mother would look after the cows, chickens, and such otherr rotine duties as were required on the farm. Father would rise earley before four Oclock in the morning, eating his breakfast that mother would prepare her self,

Father would then leave home for the forge to push his trade of making iron. This distance to walk, two and half miles, soon made father dissatisfied with farm life. Before I was one year old father sold the farm for about one dollar pr. acre. Mr. John Waugh told me the day we ate our picnick dinner at the spring before mentioned, That this farm had sold for one hundred and twenty five dollars pr. acre, and could not be bought for that now. Father haveing sold the farm, he moved to the Alexander Peirce forge on Cripple Creek Wythe Co. Va. Here on this forge hill is my first recollections of mother and father. I was less than one year old when they brought me from Grayson Co. Va. From the time I was two years old I have recollection of the tender care of a loveing mother, A baby in deed, only two years old, and youngest of the five children, I remeber at this age of todling down the forge hill some two hundred yards from the home on the hill, I would some times get sleepy at the forge, father would wrap his coat around me and lay me in a coal baskett to sleep, Some times father would be two busy with his iron to look after me. At such times he would tell me to go back home to mother. I would then start back up the hill, often growing tired and sleepy, There on the hill side under a large chesnut tree, that stood along the path was in a little sink on the soft grass I would lay me down to sleep. My precious mother would get uneasy about me, come down the hill, wake me up, take me in her loveing arms the rest of the way up the hill to the home, My first recollections of my dear mother telling me of the goodness of God was in the fall of 1853. Though I havent any doubt but that in myt baby hood days back of this, she told me the sweet story,

In the fall of 1883, When I was just three years old. During the last part of Sept. we had a dreadfull equinox storm, rain with strong wind, electrical flashes, loud thunder, I became dreadfully frightened, My dear mother taken me on her lap, telling me not to be soared, God would not let any thing hurt me, Though in many instances I have been imperfect through life, this one thought that day, in my m,others lap has followed me through

all the yeears. That God careth for me. Years past, My dear mother greiveing over the sale of farm and home in Grayson Co. that she loved so well, lost her reason of mind, she was taken to the Williams Burg assylumn, soon there after dieing there. I and my sister Amanda, five years older than ny self, were left a home with father. Father haveing apprenticed the other boys out to Mr. Sam Hall to learn Mill Wright trade, In the latter part of Summer 1856, before I was quite six years old, father learned that Mr. J.B. Barrett of Wytheville, Va. wanted a girl to stay in his home, and do house work, Sister and I, she not eleven years old, and I not six yet with a little lunch for our noon meal started out to hunt sister home. The thought of my self that day never entered my mind, I was thinking of sister. It was ten miles across lick mountain from the Peirce forge to Mr Barretts, we made trip and back same day, walking twenty miles Mrs. Barrett was very kind to us, said she was sorry but that sister was too small to do her work. Mrs Barrett gave us some pears which we ate while we sat on her porch and rested. Father moved from the Peirce forge that fall, to Chadwell forge highter up the creek, where he worked in the forge for Mr. David Huddle, who had that forge rented. In the fall of 1857 father moved from the Chadwell forge to Snowville Pulaski Co. va. There he worked inin forge for Mr. Dav? Bill. Trip from Wythe to Pulaski was made in wagons.

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I was not quite seven years old yet, father haveing brought me my first boys wool hat, and as we passed through Wytheville Va. the vboys along the street, would hollow at at me, ask me what I had on my head, was it a chicken coop? and other kindred questions. On reaching Snowville Va. My uncle Hardey Stone was attending a revival at the Christian Church. Of course he taken me along with him. When the sainted D.A. Snow led in prayer, makeing his earnest appeals to a throne of Heavenly mercy, I would say amen in unision with the older ones of the congregation. My uncle told me on returning home that I must do that any more, I do not know to this day whether he was right or not, This was my first church going, and the impressions of the goodness of God, as told me by my dear mother during the storm, was with me, just his little boy still. This has been the anchor that has drawn me from off the breakers many time since. Father went to work in forge at Snowville, I went to work with him, wheeling in coal and ore, I was not heavey enough to draw gate to let water on the forge whell, Father put abig piece of iron on gate handle to make up wight his boy liked. The Forge at Snowvill was abandoned in 1859 early in the year. Earley in the spring of 1859 the Snowville Woolen Mill Co., commenced to build Woololen Mills on the old forge site I hired to this company to carry water from across the river to hands working on foundation, and building. For this work I received ten cents pr. day, this being the first money that I had ever received for any kind of work. In latter part of summer 1859 father seperated sister and I, Takeing sister to Mr. Wilsons in Floyed Co. Va. Bringing me back to Mr. Sam Halls,

There apprenticeing me out from nine years old to sixteen, not to learn trade, but to work on farm fron before day until after dark, with not a days schoolings to be given me.

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Twenty one years was added to my life, before I had trhe pleasure of meeting my sister, the only one I had, and the only one to seemingly take the place of my departed mother. During those seven years at Mr Halls, I never forgot the God of my mother, whitch she told me of on the old forge hill. During those seven years I was a regular attendant at sunday school going alone three miles on foot evry sunday. There in 1862 I joined the Southern Medthodist church at old Ollive Branch. I was atrue seeker. But never become satisfied until later years. As a little boy I had so much to discourage me. Mr. Hall would make fun of the piney religion as he called it. But oh how often hlave I gone on bended knees, some times out in the field wwould I go, while my ox team was panting for breath and rest I away from home and earthly friends, and there ask the God of my dear mother to keep and direct me, just his little boy. But with this thought and principal in my little soul. I would mix the ggood with the evil, or rather let the evil take the place of the good. One sunday evening after comeing from sunday school, and eating my dinner My thoughts ran back to the days I was makeing ten cents pr. day, now I was not geting a penny, I went over to a marshy place to hunt mud turtles, I soon found a large one, bringing it back I soon sold it to James Smith for fifty cents confederate money, that two on Sunday evening. This man is now in the Wythe Co. poor house. I do not think that buying the mud turtle put him there. I think perhaps he was more like Esau. While at work on the famr at Mr. Halls my wardrobe was made on the farm, Brogan shoes, wool h at, tow and flax in summer, wool in winter was my clothing. In the fall of 1866 my time being out with Mr. Hall I went with my brothers to Ky. to learn trade. Geting ready to leave Mrs. Hall was very kind in colloring yarn to make my pants and round about cvoat, I peeled bark to make the different collors.

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My coat was like Joseph when sold in to Egypt, though short was of many collors. I weighed the day leaving the famr ninty six lbs. being sixteen years old. Do you ask me where my scooling come in. I did not get much, only three months, this was in the earley winter of 1867 at burksville Ky. My brother Columbus Stone now dead, bought me my first real store linnen bosom shirt. Up to this time they had plain flax, or brown domestic shirts. Geting on a store shirt, and going to school made me feel like I was some body sure enough. So I began to fancy a sweet little girl, about my age in the school. Lockie Flowers, this fancy of the girl did not keep me back. but rather helped me to press on. I was put in class of mental Arithmatic, I let my classes during those three months. I learned in after years that his girl made

one of Gods best women. What ever I have added to the little start I got in life during those three months, I have attributed it to day, to the one great thought in life, that my dear mother gave me on the old forge hill during the severe storm. That God would help the take care of me. In fall of 1867 My brothers haveing finished their work in Ky. They wet out for Bristol Tenn. This trip was made in wagons through the cumberland mountains, then filled with bush whackers. On leaving Ky. I bed farewell to the Ky. girl, as I also did to linnen busom shirts. Having worn out the ones my brother Columbus had bought me. I never had any more store shirts until I went to get married in 1871. My brothers comeing back to Bristol Tenn. buying the old Hughs Mill, or water power runing from Kings big spring. They built flour mill, saw mill. They built a dwelling for John G. King. The dwelling is near the big spring. The date 1868 can be seen to day on the cut stone foundation of this dwelling.

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I worked on all these jobs. I also run the saw mill and flour mill bothe. After this I went to Jones Burrow Tenn. and built flour mill on the Cherokee creek south of Jones Burrow. This mill was for F.W. Dove. My brothers went me many places to do bothe mill wright work and build houses also. I shall only mention very few of the mills and dwelling houses built by me during bothe my apprentice ship, and that of countrecting of my own through all the years that I kep it up. They my brothers sent me to Smyth Co. Va. to build water wheel on branch just below Mr. Meeks, Matties father, this work was for Mr. G.G. Goodell, who from this little job became on o my best friends, Mattie ask her father who was doing that work down there on the creek, Mr. Meek told her a boy by the nameof Stone from Tenn. Mattie said what aname. she afterwards told me this, in winter of 1870 my first work for wages was on holston river south of Bristol Tenn. This work was for a lawyer by the name of Palmer. I built him a dam and saw mill. For this work my brothers paid me one dollar pr. day. The next work was building dam and saw mill form Mr. F.M. Copenhaver on walkers creek Smyth Co. Va. Also built grist mill for Mr. Copenhaver at same place. For all this work they paid me one dollar thad fifty cents per. day. It was here at F.M. Copenhavers on the day raising saw mill frame, at the dinner table, I was the last one leaving the table, though painly dressed, Mrs. Anderson introduced me to her sister Mattie Meek. On going back to work after dinner, Mr. George McCrary Sam Stones wifes brother ask me did I see that pretty firl in the parLOUR as I come by on the porch, he said she was sure a beuty, and that he was going to set his cap for her certain, I replied to him, that he did not have any claim, that she was mine by introduction.

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After finishing saw mill and am, we commenced on grist mill, I was in chage of the work, McCrary made good, or rather tired to

his best to gain a place in in the heart of that beuty, be went often to see Mattie as he would tell us, we learned soon he would invearily have to entertain him self, if Mr. meek was not at home. I remember of goin to Matties home one sunday evening with McCrary, dressed in my usual style, as I hod no other, I wore hickory shirt, brogan boots, plain cloths to match, as I hd not other, did not keep sunday suit, I sent onthe porch and talked with Mr. Meek Matties father, McCrary dressed in style, ws in front room of house with Mattie, Nannie Meek her sister and Mrs. Meek her mother, Matie told me after wards that her father siad to her, not in the least must she encourage McCrary, that he would not give the little Sone boy for a ten acre field full of McCrary type. After finishing mill for Mr. Copenhaver, I went through the Town of Marion Va. and bought of Ellis Perkins my first ready made suit of cloths that I ever wore. I did not buy not buy this suit to go back to Mr. Meeks, I went on to Soctt Co. Va. to to build mill for Mr. Jeff Rogers at Pattons Ville twenty miles beyond gate city. In the early spring of 1871 we came back to Smyth Co. Va. to build dwelling house for Mr. S.N. Copenhaver. This being near the Meek home, of course I began going over to see the old folks as usual in days one by. Having been a lover of Flowers I made Mattie some flower boxes, and by the time I was ready to go back to Bristol Tenn, I was thinking from all my heart that Mattie was the one I wanted to go through life with me. With this feeling predominating my inmst soul, I went back to Bristol Tenn. to do some work there,

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preparitory for the next heavey mill wright work I was to do at, or near the town of Newbern Pulski Co Va. No young man ever spent days of more serious thought of the future, and the responsibility that would be up on me in assuming the marriage vow. With this one thought upermost in my mind. I first pictured a pure girl, Mattie, her christian qualitys, her noble character, her home of plenty, her good name. All this I was contemplating in my mind to ask her to give up in a way. Then come to me, almost in an audible voice, or concious feeling, saying what have you to offer this dear girl in return for the sacrafice you are about to ask her to make? Would you make for a home should you live that you would be proud of? Then come to me agian the the full knowledge of the need of the improve ment of those few talents alloted to from infancy, Only the three months schooling staring me in the face, together with what I had added to it during the four years of my apprenctice ship at nights. On sunday evening in the old log house now standing, then owned by my brother Sam Stone now dead, four miles west of Bristol Tenn. I fully made up my mind, that by the help of my mothers God I could and would take care of the sweet giurI god being my helper. This done deliberty and thoughtfully. I never doubted Matties ability to make a home, had she one worthy of her, to assist in this great problem of life, I must confess with my limited

education, I had misgivings as to what might be my ability to measure up to high ideals of which I had set as my goal. As before stated, having fully made up and settled this in my own mind, On Sunday evening referred to, I wrote Mattie, making full statement of my desires in life. My purpose to build a happy home.

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Asking her to carefully consider it in all its phases, and if in her heart she was fully persuaded, to give me generous comment, if on the other hand she entertained any doubts or fears, to give me her peremptory refusal, I will not give her answer. Fifty four years ago ago, it is on the wall in gilt frame, kept as a memorial of her sainted spirit, I left Bristol Tenn, Aug 16th, stopped at Marion Va. Sunday Aug 17th I went over to see Mattie, and to make more fully our plans for the coming wedding day. On Monday I went on to Newbern Va. was there some seven weeks, writing Mattie every week, Mattie told me after wards, her father ask her what she was writing to the little Stone boy for every week, Mattie reminded her father of the Sunday evening I was at their home with McCrary, when her father said he would not give the little Stone boy for a ten acre field full of McCrary type, she told me after wards her father said alright then, Having finished the Harris mill I came back to Smythe Co. Va. to build steam saw mill for Mr. G.G. Goodell in the mountain north of Marion Va. I had to board in the mountain, in shanty until we could get saw mill running to get lumber for a better house. It was now getting late in Oct. 1871 less than two months that we had set for our wedding day, yet I had not ask Matties parents for their consent to our union. I confided this to Mrs. S.N. Copenhagen now dead, on Sunday evening she said stay all night with us and I will give you your breakfast before four o'clock Monday morning, true to her promise she gave me my breakfast on time, I at once set out for the Meek home before day, Thanks to their industry they were all up, I did not hesitate a moment, on knocking at the door, I was met by Matties father.

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Who invited me in at once told him my business, thus why my early visit, he at once called Mrs. Meek, who came in, on being told by Mr. Meek that I wanted their daughter Mattie, I then explained to them that I did not have anything to offer as a guarantee for Matties care and protection through life. Except my young manhood and industry. This with my trade as Mill Wright which I was now following I felt that I could assure them that Mattie should never want any thing in this life that was reasonable, and not get it, Mrs. Meek spoke up and said Mattie was two young to get married, and that she had not learned her many things that a mother should learn her daughter, Mr. Meek then spoke up and said Liddy I think we should say yess, and let them learn after wards. Mrs. Meek then said we will risk her

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with you, Trusting you both will make a happy home as you journey through life, I thanked them both and left for my mountain work, arriving there by good day light. I soon completed the saw mill for Mr. Goodell. There in the mountain I built some three dwelling houses, and large barn for Mr. Lindsey who was under contract to run saw mill for Mr. Goodell. For part pay of this last work for Mr. Lindsey I had lumber cut for a dwelling house for Mattie. This lumber I had cut from nice yellow poplar. All this work was finished by the last of November 1871 I still had contract for two school houses, and dining room and kitchen for John Anderson, One school house was at Ad Wolf, as also the dining room and kitchen for Mr. Anderson at the same place. The other school house was near Mr. Meeks home, I was working on house for Mr. Anderson, Matties uncle when our wedding day came.

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I worked until dark Tuesday Dec. 19th after supper Mr. Wesley Anderson and my self walked to Mr. F.M. Copenhagen, three miles away Mr. Copenhagen and Mr. Anderson next day was to be my brother in laws, they both having married Matties sisters, Tuesday night there fell some eight inches of snow. Turning very cold in the night, running the mercury down to or below zero, Dec. the 20th dawned, with the rising of the sun every cloud disappeared, the wind ceased as a silent listener to the consecration of our plighted vows. The sun shown in all its grandeur, making the beautiful snow look like million of diamonds, as it glistened in the sunshine. The sun did not melt a single gem of the snow, it was so so cold. This day has always impressed me, how beautiful the handiwork of our god. After breakfast Mr. Wesley Anderson and my self, on horse back, each leading an extra horse went to seven mile ford station to meet the east bound train which was to bring my brother Sam Stone and Mr. George McCrary. Mr. McCrary was to be one of my attendants. While waiting there at seven mile ford for the train, I went into Mr. William Bonhams store and bought my first pair of leather gloves that I ever wore. On arrival of train my brother Sam Stone Mr. George McCrary, Mr. Wesley Anderson and my self hurried back through the cold to Mr. Copenhagen. At twelve o'clock we all left for Matties home up the little mill creek, one mile away. On arriving at Mr. Meeks we found large crowd from all over Smythe County waiting. Every one knew of my promptness in other matters. Promptly at one o'clock the guest having all assembled in the large front room, Mattie and I descended the stairs, stepping some three short steps, our faces towards the rising sun.

13

The sainted C.W. Miles standing in the center, or middle of the room in front of Mattie and I, using the ritual of our church in solemn, but clear reverent voice soon pronounced the beautiful Mattie Meek in to a Stone, who was already a polished diamond.

335

We at once left this marriage seen for the dining room. At the table Mattie and standing to brother Miles left, who with short fervent prayer for the young couples success in life, and Divine protection through the journey we were now entering up on, brother Miles concluded with asking Gods blessing on the bountifull table now set before us. Next day Dec. 21st, brother Sam Stone and I went up to Harinn and, netting up with Mr. Goodall all of our work up the present time, Sam owing Mr. Goodall some on account, I apid Mr. goodell one Hundred dollars out of my saw mill job on Sams account. Dec. 22nd found me again at work on Mr. Andersons house. I worked up to saturday the 23rd inst. My brotherinlaw Wesley Anderson and myself left fro Mr Meeks home, four miles away, to walk. Sunday following Mattie and I went to MtZion church to preaching, Monday Dec. 25 We ate dinner with Matties sister Mrs. Eunice Copenhaver, Dec. 26th found me again at work, as I had to finish the work before mentioned, prepareatory of going to Bristol Tenn. The first of Feb. Mattie and I went on down to Bristol, Mattie staying with brother Sam Stones wife, while Sam and I, and all the hands went to Scott Co. Va. to build saw mill for Mr. Draton S. Hale. Mr. Hale had several small children. One a little tow headed boy, who afterwards went to congress from Tenn. In march we finished the Hale job, coming back to Bristol, Mattie and I went to my uncle Hurdy Stones, who was living at the John G. King mill.

14

After staying with my Uncle Hardy one week, having one dozen of our photoes taken by G.B. Smith photographer of Bristol Tenn. one of whitch you will find above picture shelf in my room. In bidding my uncle and aunt good by, aunt Martha said to Mattie, take good care of your self, these Stones never grow old. On coming back to Smythe Co. Va. I went at once to new river depot. There made trade with General Horton, Bery Morgan and Mr. Gianagan to build them a grist and merchant mill at new river bridge. I also went to Giles Co. Va. and made trade with Mr. James Shannon to build him a saw mill and dam on little walkers creek. On coming back to Marion I went to Mr. Goodell one of my best friends, to buy lot on braodway street to build house for Mattie. Mr. Goodell said to me he could sell me the lot, but he would suggest that I go and see Mr. Guss Clark who wanted to sell his home on teh conner of foundry and broadway streets. Mr. Goodell saying to me Mr. Clark owed him nearly all the house and lot was worth. I went at once to Mr. Clark who wanted to sell, and was anxious to trade. Mr. Doodell had told me I could have all the time I wanted on what Clark owed him, I bought the house and lot at once for seven hundred and twenty five dollars, assumeing Mr. Goodells debt, paying Mr. Clark the rest of his money, geting a warantee deed, the house was anice seven room house, nicely painted up cut side and in, and nicely plastered and papered on inside. Water in houde, wood room also, so Mattie didnt have to step out side for anything. Had good garden already made, Agood stable on lot for Mattice nice rideing horse,

that her father had given her, Mattie and Moved at once, fixing up home inside with plain, but nice furniture. I sold the lumber I had inthe mountain for dwelling to Mr. Seaver on the furniture, paying the rest in cash for furniture, Mattie and I now in our own sweet home.

15

The begining of a happy and eventfull life. You cannot imagine a king, a queen being more happy than the little Stone boy was with his blushing bride. On going to Mr. Venables to get some blanketts and other things for beding, and other things, Mr. Venable said, to some one in store, who told me afterwards, he could not see why any one with as beautifull wife as that Stone boy had, what he would want for anything else for. I built mill in Tazwell Co. Va. my next work, from Tazwell Co. I went to Mr. Shannons in Giles Co. to build his saw mill and dam. While at work at Mr. Shannons. Nov. 24th 1872 Our first little baby girl was borned in our home at Marion Va. Her name Laura Elizabeth Stone, Early in Dec. while at work at the shannon mill. I come home and went to Ash Co.N.C. and made trade with Dr. Joseph Wilcox to build him a flour mill. I then went back to Giles Co.Va. and finished up the work there for Mr Shannon, bringing back home for Mattie an up to date sewing machine, and a knitting machine Bothe of these machines being the first of their kind in Chilhowie valey, the home of Matties child hood. On the twelfth of day of Feb. 1873 our dear little girl died sudently. I had kissed her good by in the morning going on to my work at Mr. goodells mill some three miles west of Marion Va. This was the first sad shock to our young lifes. The thought came ringing in my rears that day, keeping near your mothers God. On her little marble slab to day is my promise to meet her in that home of the soul, put there fifty two years ago, to day just alittle family there, The sainted mother with seven of her children. I have thought our little home start in life was two happy, that may be God in his goodness wanted to teach us more fully our dependance upon him.

16

by showing us how soon the vapor flies, our baby girl, a tender flower, even in blooming died. Earley in summer of 1873 I went to N.C. to build the Dr. Wilcox mill. Mattie went with me, and boarded there the three months, while I was building the mill. In earley fall we came back and opened up our home again in Marion Va. Holston conference soon meeting in October. We had for our guest the sainted R.E. Smith, and Rev. S.T.M. McPherson now of Bristol Tenn. At Dec. court Marion Va. 1873 I bought the Walter Pruner land north west of Marion at public sale, two hundred acres for twenty five hundred dollars. Mr. G.G. Goodell, Mr. N.L. Lock, Mr. C.F. Lincoln, last two of the Lock and Lincoln plow factory. Mr. Goodell of the Marion Foundry and Machine Co. all three going on my bonds for payment. They told me that they would not go on any other mans bond in the county. You can

imagine my appreciation of this confidence in me. On Dec. 29th 1873 our next little baby girl was borned. To day she is past fifty one years old, and married to Mr. J.F. Johnston, in whose home, I am to day living. In March 1874 while I was building saw mill for H.M. Rector at Saltville Va. we moved to the Pruner place farm, form our town home. We moved in to an old log house, with not a fence on the farm to keep a cow up over night. I soon had the farm fenced up. Builit me a saw mill to saw my own lumber, put up nice gates to evry field, built large nice barn, Raised that year eight hundred bushels corn, and eight hundred dozen oats, I kept one real good hand regular all the time. Mattie looked after the farm work, as I would leave written directions for her to go by. I always left her extra money to hire help when needed. And from the day we went to house keeping I kept a hired girl for her, this was done through all the years up to her death, the white girls staying from five to six years, or until they married. The last one was a colored girl staying with Mattie sixteen years.

17

Two years later at the Pruner place farm Jan. 11th Sam Hull Stone was born, Auzker Meek was borned Dec. 12th 1878. During the earley part of the year 1879 I built the new home at the Pruner place farm. This new home was an up to date ten room house, with all the convienances posible for that day. While working on this new house, The Rev. Wm. Price circuit rider for Marion circuit held one of the best meetings I was ever at. It was at this meeting I found pardon full & free. Many of the hands were converted at this meeting, we stoped work each day at ten Ocloclock and all went to church, some eight men in all, I paid them for their time, as though they were at work on the house. It was at this meeting Wm. Moody, my man who was building cut some foundation for dwelling that I was erecting. One of the finest workman I ever knew was this man Moody. Though had gone to the depths of poverty by hard drinking was converted. I sold him lot to build him a home on. He built for himself a good up to date home. When this man turned around for chirst, god gave him a home from dirt floor, and broken vessels to cook in, to a home with brussels carpet, the nicest of furniture, Mattie the sainted one ate with them in the humble home, when she was trying to get henn to do better and then after the transformation she was there at a boutifully prepared meal. No one would have believed the great change wrought in this mans home after the transformation. On Dec. 5th 1879 infant boy was dead borned, Mattie was near deaths door. That the Drs. two of them said it was imposible for her to live. Nothing but the mercy and divine direction of my mothers God, brought her back to her loved ones again. Oct 3rd 1880 Wm. Connelly Stone was borned in the new home recently built.

18

Lucy Lunday Stone was borned Jan 11th, 1882. Lockie Flowers Stone was born Apr 4th, 1883. This being all the children that

were borned at the Pruner place farm. Many were the happy days Mattie and I spent, during our sojourn at this home. My happy thoughts of mind and heart was not confined, only to the moments I were at home, but were with me when away at work, striving to build that happy home for Mattie I promised her in my plighted vow. Often when at home, many were the walks Matie and I had along the banks of the clear Hungry Mother stream. Having now obtained my first ideal ideah of a home, a farm. I could not see how I could quit my trade, and be able to meet the demands that would be upon me, as the children God had given us grew up and wold require more day by day as they grew to young men, and women hood, I decided to keep on at my trade until I could build me a mill of my own. In the earley part of the year 1883 the Sprinkle mill property and land was was put up for sale at Smythe Co. Court House. I bid it in. In Nov. 1883 we moved up to the Sprinkle mill place at MtCarmell, intending to keep the pruner place farm. We moved in to a small house on, or near the road, this house in other years was called a hattern shop. We had left most all of our furniture at the farm, intending to go back as soon as mill was finished. I commenced at once puting in dam, and building mill. This was the first roller process flour mill built between Sweet water Tenn. and Lynch Burg Va. a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. In 1884 I completed the mill, and by this time we found we liked the location at Mt Carmell better that the Pruner place farm, church was closer, schools was clean, good roade to town and other places. So we decided to build another home at MtCarmell.

19

I soon had up three dwellings houses. The home for Mattie was another nice up to date home with all convienances posible, containing ten large rooms and four halls. I built store house, puting in goods, fenced up the thirty five acres of land. Oct. 14th 1884 Charles Emit Stone was born. Jan. 12th 1886 Stephen A. Stone was borned, March 16th 1887 Mattie Virginia Stone was borned. Jan. 4th 1889 Gaylord J. Stone was borned. During this year the greatest trial of our lives came upon us. On saturday march the 9th 1889 Samuel Hall Stone was coming home from town, his third trip that day with his one horse wagon, when at the mill crossing, an extra train of pullman cars came danhing down without any signal warning, crushing him to instant death. Hall was a bright christian boy. On sunday, a week before his funeral, Hall stood up in class meeting, and said to the leader Mr. Stephen Scott, I am determined to live so when death comes as it may, I will be ready. Albina Fitzillian Stone was borned Aug the 20th 1890. Mary Gold Stone was borned July 26th 1891. In the spring of 1892 I was rather drafted to run for county treasurers office. The man we had cut by some means was pulled off two weeks before election. I did not want the office, but ofcourse once out I did not want to be beat. Smythe County was about bankrupt, and a few of us wanted to change the management of finances. I was elected by forty seven majority. At the end

of the term four years I wanted to quit, but was over persuaded, and ran again, I did not canvass the county for votes, had one of the best men in the county against me, yet I was elected by twelve hundred majority, getting eighteen hundred votes out of twenty four hundred votes. Without any egotism or boasting I had no conducted the office, that I had brought the county, and school warrants from forty seven cents in the dollar to one hundred pt. cent on presentation. This made eight years in the treasurers office.

20

With two mills to look after, and one store to look after also, I did all the book keeping four treasurers office, mills and store. March 11th 1893 Lorena Stone was borned, July 16th Winnie Wentworth Stone was borned. During the early part of 1894 I bought the Ballard Naff Mill near Rural Retreat Va. I put in rools, run a telephone line from MtCarmell mill to the Rural Retreat mills, located some two miles east of the town. I had phone in each mill, one on line at Rural Retreat Post office, one in store at Groseclose Va. one in store at Atkins Va. the parties at these intermediate places kept the phones for one half proceeds, charging ten cents for any one wanting to phone. This phone line was the first telephone line put up in Wythe Co. Va. Aug 24th 1895 Alma Gertrude Stone was borned, Sept 25th 1896 Herbert Given Stone was borned, Feb 15th 1899 Myra Winefred Stone was borned, being our last baby child, and number nineteen. In the earley part of the year 1902 I bought the the J.B. Basrrett mill site at Wytheville Va. On page three you will notice, that when I was not quite six years old I came to this place with sister, who was not quite eleven years old, burnting her a home. On coming to the Barrett mill site I commenced at once, built dam and mill, built two dwellings, mill office stable, fenceing up the land, and beautifying the grounds. The home for Mattie was an up to date fourteen room home, with all modern conveniences, including water in home, bathe rooms, electric lights, hot water heat in the home, Mattie often told me three years were the happiest of her life. It did not good to haver her say this. It made me feel good to hear her approval of my earnest efforts to meet the promices made by me to her, in her girl hood days. The years seemed so short. I was compelled on account of bronkil trouble and dust, to give up the life of milling, with the home at Barrett place. Having sold the home down there, and gone out of business,

21

I bought on west main street Wytheville Va. what was known as the Greenwalt home. Here in this home my petitions have gone up day by day to an alwise Godd for a continuance of his mercy, and blessings on the home, and if possible with his divine will, if either had to be taken, and other left. I beged my Lord to spare Mattie and take me. I donot understand it, God knows best, I shall be submissive to his divine will, and I shall not question

whqy whe had to go and leave me. I know I haven't been perfect through life. Often I have been jsut the little boy I was when I mixed the sunday school, with the mud turtle incident, I can truthfull say that during all the years that have come and gone, I have had the comforting thought that my dear mother gave me at the age of three years. That God would take careof, and direct me unto the end of the way, Mattie had lived here in the Greenwalt home place two years, when our baby girl, decided like her mother nearly fifty years ago, to give up her home or child hood days for that of another. In oct. Our baby girl married and left us. We natchurally felt lonesome and heart broken. to relieve us of our lonely feelings, We decided to leave home, to visit all the children. We went to Kingsport Tenn. first to see Lockie and Wallace From there we went to Princetown W.Va. to visit Virginia and Everett Earley, From there we went to visit Bina and Joseph Mitchell at Silver Spring, Md, From there we went to OrangBurg S.C. to visit Lucy and Mr. Hill. We were at there Sep. 20th, our forty ninth anniversary weding day, From there we went to Maryville Tenn. to visit Lorena and Hugh, we spent several days with them, Had intended to go on to Texas to see Gaylord, but owing to matties healthwe had to turn back home. We came back to Herberts and Margaties at Bristol Tenn, and from there we came on back home, Jan 10th 1921.

22

Mattie and I went up to Floyeds and Elias for a day or so until, I could get home warmed up. As soon as thius done Mattie came on down hom. While she tred to be cheerfull all the time, she said to me she was so glad to be back home agian, Saying to me so often that she loved her home so well, Mattie said to me on apr. 20th 1921 just a little over a week before she went to her Heavenly home. To sue her words, while seting in chair in her room. I never conceived that I should have so good a hom, turning to me she ask did you think you in the begining, that you would ever have such a home for me? I said Mattie I promised you fifty years ago to furnish you a home that you would be proud of, during all the years that have come and gone I have tried to be faithfull to theat promice, and now how I appreciate yout approval of my best efforts is more that words can express. On April 29th after eating supper in seemingly reasonable good health, bed time coming on, she kissed me good night, going in to her bath room for some water, I ask her if she wanted any thing, she came out and said give me some ammonia. I got the ammenia at once, at the same time calling for Meek, her boy, and Herberts wife Margarie. It all was not more than one minuet, Mattie was gone. The reminnisence here given are absolutely correct, not one word put down, that was not truthfully an acutal fact. As above stated, I have only given facts, but not all have been stated that hapened, or was gone through in the many years we toiled together. Some of my sad remembrances, if related would seem like fiction, The thoughts of many of them bring the unbiden tear to my eyes, when I remember them of child hood days

alone in the world. On the other hand I have refrained of giving you the many hard ships I endured for you and your dear mother home. Knowing full well to give an account in this day of them Would seem impossible.

23

Hence I refrain from telling how through sunshine and shadow, select snow and ice, I have gone at all hours of the night, many times on foot, seventy five miles or more. The energy and push that filled my inmost soul, had its reward back in the home. There was one there who always had a light in the window, waiting my coming at any hour of the night. To day as I grope along in sadness alone, I am looking beyond to again see the light in the window, Knowing that Mattie will be waiting and watching for me, As I journey on unto the end of the way, I shall endeavor to keep near the foot of the cross of our Lord and Master, Having set forth in the introductory of these reminiscences my desire and hope for the up lift of our children, that they may build on the commandments, examples and precepts given in the Holy Bible, of which their sainted mother and I have tried to make the guide and rule of our lives. We as your parents have tried to be faith full children, to the teaching of this Holy Book, We be the together haveing read it through from genesis to revolutions inclusive thirty one times, I shall continue to reread it unto the end of the way, and close of my day.

{signed}
A F Stone

Wytheville Va Sept 19th 1925

The above 23 pages were typed just as received from the copy that Daisy Snider sent in April of 1988.

Pages 24 through 40 were typed just as received June 4, 1988 from Nancy W. Barnett. This is the life story of Ausker Friel Stone, husband of Martha Susan (Mattie) Meek. Also are poems written by him. He was quite a devout man and very smart (to have had no education). I was 11 years old when he died, so I remember him quite well. We only lived 2 short blocks from him.

Nancy Williams Barnett
granddaughter
May 27, 1988

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MATTIE

24

For fifty years we walked together,
Along the mystic tide,
Mattie was my constant lever,
And I was by her side,
By sudden hand of deaths dark mission,
Mattie has now gone home,
By faith I see her in my vision,
Around the sacred throne.

342

By day, by night, along the way,
Where e'er I chance to roam,
In chastened heart, I see the ray,
Of light she shed at home,
This memory I shall ever keep,
Entwined around my heart,
Never murmur at what God reaps,
Yet it was so hard to part.

I prayed to God, with anxious thirst,
To spare her and take me,
But in his wisdom she was first,
To cross the mystic sea,
My days seem past, my purpose gone,
My heart still aches alone,
Some confort find among the flowers,
She planted around the home.

When twilight's evening hours have come,
The flowers their petals fold,
The aching void that fills my heart,
Can ne'er on earth be told,
This aching void will surely end,
Beyond the troubled tide,
When for me my Lord will send,
And bring me to her side.

I do not ask for months, or days,
My portion here to be,
I only ask for gracious ways,
To strenthen me to see,
To see my duties as they be,
And in a cheefull way,
To find Gods blessings follow me,
To keep me as he may.

A.F. Stone
Wytheville, Va. June 20th 1921.

Dedicated to the memory of Mattie

25

In our yard among the flowers,
The home Mattie loved so well,
I pass the long and wary hours,
Working, and waiting the calling bell.

Oh how I long, can you blame me,
To meet her on the other shore,
And there in Christ for ever free,
We shall spent eternity, and part no more.

343

I am sure, as here in room so lonely,
Where year ago I bade farewell,
To that lovely form, no in Christ only,
That her sainted spirit is with me still.

Oh blessed assurance of happy reunion,
As I read from her Bible ever and ever,
Now Christ in his wisdom planned the reunion,
With our loved ones again, on the other shore.

I pray that my submission may pure and sweet,
My burdens of loneliness I lay at Christ Feet,
I come broken hearted, with no other been,
Than faith in my Lord who conquered the tomb.

A.F. Stone
Wytheville, Va. Monday May 1st 1921

Memory verse

On page 15 you will find account of little marble slab,

Sweet Laura you once was our idle,
But now we are left alone,
We strive to meet thee in Heaven,
To share they eternal home.

A.F. Stone

Marion, Va. Feb. 20th 1873.

This page is missing.

Our star of hope

Three score years, hope has ben my guiding star,
Hoping for the day to come, near'er not so far,
But mingled pleasures, and rebuff have come and gone,
With them by star of hope lies farther on.

May I to day change my hope to one eternal star,
Whose pleasures are supernal, disappointments never mar,
I know the end is nearer, in the distance I can see,
The forms of other days waiting, and becoming me,

May this inspiration, new hope within me inspire,
Until I have tread the earthly disappointments ire,
My mind goes back when in youth, the snowy mountains I tread,
Waiting, hoping, trustitng on, but not forgetting God.

Inspiration of this high ideal, keeps me on the share,

Knowing the days are two far spent, to hope fruition more,
The world with its false pride my hope here entangles,
Until I feel forgotten, disappointed and mangled.

I have never desired here fortune, or fame to make,
Only an humble place, in the vinyard of my Lord to take,
This place I have tried to fill in an humble way,
How well, how unworthy, I leave for others now to say.

Yet can you blame me, when my mind goes back to inspiration
given,
Inspiration pure as the stary vaults of Heaven,
That at the end, through sunshine and shadows we could see,
Our hopes full fruition for others, also you and me, Mattie.

A.F. Stone
Wytheville, Va. July 16 1916

28

Subject MARY GOLD STONE
burned, see page 19

An old man standing,
In effice back door,
He is thinking of the days,
That are gone ever more,
As he looks beside the path,
Where the Mary Golds grew,
He is thinking of the memory,
Of his darling long ago.

(She would leave her
(mother for my arms
(in the midnight hour

Blessed memory of the one,
That he named after the flower,
How he cherished her presence,
In the midnight hour,
She was ever with me,
Her hands in mine to hold,
I called her after the flower,
My little darling Mary Gold.

She has gone as a tie,
Of sweet incense and leaven,
To bind us more closely,
To our mansion in Heaven,
We think of her purity,
In the Heavenly done,
And ask for her presence,
To lead us on home.

A.F. Stone
Wytheville, Va. July 20 1916.

Myra haveing married, see page 21
Mattie and I was lonely and sad.

Copy of card below written Dr. Crew from Orangeburg, S.C.

Amid southern magnolias and roses we ream,
Our hearts are still kindled with the memorys of home,
Home sweet Home, the memory still clings,
We think of our Paster and the message he brings,
May your message still keep us near the cress,
As we journey together bearing our less, (Myra)
Our hearts when at home will be lonely, not sad,
For we have labored for others, in this we are glad,
We have learned that true hapiness comes to him alone,
Who seeks anothers wealth and not his own.
Fraternally yours,
A.F. and Mattie Meek Stone

See page 18 for inspiration of thought

Birth day greeting
Rev. A.M. Stone

How often we have walked mid the shade of the pines,
And there pledged in secret our hearts to be thine.

Me thinks of those scenes, in the days long ago,
Where the waters of the Hungry Mother christial steam flow.

There forty four years ago to day, bringing joy there come,
A bright little boy Ausker Meek, was his name.

How his mother did rejoice, in this send to her given,
Like Hanna of old she pianed him for Heaven.

There amid the bowers of this Hungry Mother stream,
She gave to her boy her maiden hood name.

All she ask of her boy, for the pain that she bore,
Was to honor his Christ, and be faithfull ever more.

Dec. 12th 1871
Dec. 12th 1922

Your papa
A.F. Stone

Thought, Gods care for us
Written sunday morning before going to sunday school.

Subject our little bind bird

If our father in Heaven, who has so kindly given,
Of his love and protection, to sweet bird kine,
Shall we wander away, and from good be driven,
To tourture and wreck, oru god given mind.

I often sit, and my blind watch,
And listen to his song of sport and glee,
And think of our God in his Heavenly arch,
As he watcheth bothe you and me.

I think of the lessons, this birdy has taught
And how human liife out weighs the sparrow,
And how frail we are, and how easy bought,
Not even trusting, or hopeing beyond tomorrow,

I hope when my life is nearing the end,
Though blind and feeble my frame shall be,
I like this bird, sweet words may blend,
That shall echo in Heaven for me.

A.F. Stone
Wytheville, Va. June 12th, 1912.

Our future

One hundred years form now, our journey just begun,
Shall we in triump home at last, beyond the seting sun,
This shall be ture, if you and I prove faithfull here below,
And follow right the stream of life, down to the ocean flow.

Our lifes is but a bud, from the parent stem broken,
That we may grew, and right fruits show our father as a taken,
For that life in Christ our Lord, who gave his life for these,
Shall we not patienly watch and wait, the crown for your and me.

When one hundred years have come, and to the past been numbered,
Shall we so have marked our tiem, that we leave the way not
cumbered,
If this be true in early love, what joys await us in Heaven
above,
Earth fade as the fleeting dove, Heaven opens up with eternal
love.

A.F. Stone

Wytheville Va, Aug 10th. 1915

No Comment
Suggested by thoughts of childhood, and manhood combined,

My mind runs back, when in innocent pleasure,
To yen lofty mountains I once did roam,
It was there in child hood, and not at my leasure,
That I obeyed the commands of a bound boys home.

Obedience to my master, was my honest desire,
To do perfect work, and gain his esteem,
Through cold icy snow, and if need be fire,
I would have gone to these mountains his cattle to redeem.

But years have gone by, with many a treasure,
I still linger here on the shores of time,
My honest desire was for others pleasure,
Though my failure seem written in evry line.

Was I judged by my merits, if any there be,
Though earnestly ive'striven to be faithfull and kind,
I felt like a wanderer on a distant lea,
Without chart, or compass, withy unimproved mind.

Perhaps when the clods have fallen, and silently hiden,
And I to my last resting place have gone,
The thoughts of those mountains, and how often I have biden,
Each one to go with me, on the July morn.

It will then be known how great was the strain,
To look after business and keep it in line,
How tired were the limbs, and how weary the brain,
Of the untutered bound boy, with unimproved mind.

Me thinks it will be pleasure some day or other,
To walk by the mound, in this earthly dome,
And there by the grave of of your buried father,
Remember, and appreciate his work in the home.

A.F. Stone
Wythville Va. Sunday Oct. 9th 1909

Thoughts suggested by Jacks treatment of me.

As I travel alone in life journey, nearing the end of the way,
I am consious of the one thing needfull to keep us in the way.

The way grows more dark and lonely, as I meet disappointment with
pain,
I know the bird with broken pinion, can never sear high again.

But it can flutter along the path way, in paths our Saivour tred,
God
Strewing flowers up to the gate way, until we meet at the throne
of--

When we are prized for again only, forgetting the struggles each
day,
Forgetting how different it would be, if God led us in the way,

When we with the world are going, bringing debt sorrow and wee,
We then forget the old home stead, as onward our journey we go.

A.F. Stone

Wytheville Va. June 15th, 1923.

Knowledge

Written for high school girl in Wytheville, for a contest.

Knowledge is golden, when used in the right,
But dress to the posesser, when not honor bright,

Honor with knowledge, will build up the van,
But knowledge without honor, will not make the man,

The best thing in life, when we enter the school,
We should stamp in our being the golden rule.

The golden rule was given us, from above,
Teaching children to obey, honor and love,

With this purpose in view, as onward we tred,
We can show the true knowledge, that cometh from God.

A.F. Stone
Wytheville Va. Apr. 24th 1924.

Equinex day,

Thoughts suggested by the memory of Mother.

I am reminded to day, how unequeal we are,
In achievements in waith, more often in prayer.

This equines cay, thought icy and cold,
Reminds me of one more precious of old.

The memory of that day, brings back mother dear,
When she told me of god, and quieted my fear.

Since that equinox day, many years they have past,
But the memory of that day, I shall keep to the last.

I shall keep it in memory, as in years I have tread,
Remembering the protection and goodness of God.

This day, when the sun with its shining light,
Is equal to the moon, which is silvery bright.

Their hours are only equal, as to time, day and night,
But only in name can you compare their light.

May each work for the purpose, that Our Saviour was given,
Being sun lights to others, leading them to Heaven.

I am asking to day, are we satellites of the night,
How many lie the moon are shadows of true light.

We should be stronger in our light, as day is to night,
Working for gods glory, making each hour more bright.

A.F. Stone

Wytheville Va. March 21st 1924

Seventy one years ago, At the age of three years my
mother taken me on her lap during a severe Equinox
storm, She told me of Gods protection, My first
recollections of Gods name

A.F.S.

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1921 Apr. 29th-----1924 Apr. 29th.
Mattie left me three years ago

My heart grows weary, lonely and sad,
Hours pass slowly, but in waiting I am glad.
My trust in my Lord, and faith in the cross,
Still stentens, my soul in bearing its less.

For three years to day, I have traveled alone,
I sit in silence in the sainted ones home.
Hours pass by, my thoughts in the mane,
Are frequently betrayed by my calling her name.

I shall look forward to the end of the way,
And wait our reunion in the more perfect day.

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The joy of our meeting will then be compleet,
My burdens of lonely ness, laid down at Christ feet.

I will then know, as also I am I am known,
Why Mattie was taken, and I left alone,
I shall trust in the Lord bothe night and day,
To lead me on, in the most perfect way.

Knowing at the end, if I have faithfully tread,
That we soon shall meet at the thone of God.
I will try and plant flowers, to brighten the way,
Make it cheerfull for others to the end of my day.

Trusting my sojourn, will in some way repay,
For the trouble I give to the end of my way.

A.F. Stone

Wytheville Va. Apr. 29th. 1924.

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I wish to stae to my children, and the public, that in giveing
your the facts connected with my life, that iut is far from my
thought to cast any reflection on my father Wm. Stone, I feel
sure that he did the best for my welfare that he could posibly
have done under the conditions that confronted evry one in that
day. The few schools in the country then were far apart, small
children in most instances were not sent to school, generally
waiting until they were advanced in the teens. Many in that day
shared the advantages that Andrew Johnson of Tenn. did inhis day,
My father in apprenticeing my brothers out to learn trade at the
age of sixteen to twenty one, had in the writeing six moths
schooling for each one. My brother Sam Stone, now dead only used
five months of his school ter, going through all the books then
taught perfect, including pickes arrlith metic, The teacher not
haveing education to take, or teach him any father, My brother
sold his last month back to Mr. Hall, going to work for wages.
You will notice from reminescens given, that my father at the age
of my sixteenth year gaveme my freedom to choose my own course in
life, At that time I had an offer in a home as one of the family,
this offer includeding the common schooling of that day, and at
the age of twenty one a horse and saddle and bridle, equal to
the best owned by any one, in that day that was considered a good
offer, I promptly truend it downsaying to the partie that at age
of twenty one I expected to know a trade that would be worth more
tome than five thousand dollars cash in hand that day, Five
thousand dollars in taht day wasconsidered a fortune. Hence my
trade, with my three months schooling, together with my self
application to books without a teacher has led me thus far.

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In the reminiscences on page five is account of my Sunday school at tennance, I gave an account of Coincident growing out of this to our news paper the Enterprise, asking him to write something on, or about Sunday school going, as we were to have Sunday school convention that week in Wytheville Va. Editor only published my paper as follows. Coincident with attending Sunday school, fifty nine years ago two Wythe county boys were regular attendants at old Olive Branch Methodist Church Sunday school, This was when Olive Branch was in Wythe circuit, This circuit generally had two preaches and one was called Junior preacher, Andrew Frazier, Tyler Frazier, John C. Hiden and many others we could name were the circuit riders, and Robert Sheffey, James Fisher, John Henley and Mat dean were the local preachers, We had had preaching almost every Sunday. The two boys referred to grew up under this influence, One being raised in a Christian home, the other one without parents in a home among strangers, and in a way strangers to the church. He of his own free will walked three miles every Sunday and there met the other boy in Sunday school. The boy without a home at the age of sixteen years left Wythe county to learn a trade, that being fifty nine years ago last Sept. During all of the fifty nine years that have come and gone, these boys have kept on going to Sunday school. Though separated for all these years they met without any pre-arrangement, Nov. 8th in the Southern Methodist church at Princeton W.Va. in a Sunday school of more than seven hundred members. These boys are James K. Holinsworth of Wythe County Va. the other boy A.F. Stone of Wytheville Va. Mr. Holinsworth having gone to Princeton to see his son who is the principal of the city schools there, A.F. Stone having gone to Princeton to visit Mr. and Mrs. E.W. Earley.

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Incident in my life

I could mention many incidents along my journey that would seem like fiction, or better, maraculous would be a better word to show the protection of our Lord and Master over his dependant little boys. When little past the age of five years, after my mother left me, in the early spring of 1856, myself and sister alone at home on the forge hill, father at work in the forge. I decided to go fishing down the creek, where creek made a bend caused by cliff of rocks running out from bluff. This was some half mile below forge. I fished down to this cliff, not catching any fish. I concluded to climb around the rock cliff, I did this pretty well, being left handed, with my little chubby left hand being on the out side, I could easily keep my little body close to the rocks by catching the ruff projectiles that would give me something to hold by, below me was deep still water, eight feet deep or more I guess, once around the cliff I was in what I thought good fishing water for some distance down the creek, going down the creek some distance and getting tired, I started back, getting up near the cliff, to my horror that day, but many

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times since, and to day I fully believe to the saving of my little life, just at the upper side of the cliff I saw and beheld a big black dog setting on his back legs rared up to his full hith on his front legs, he was looking at me around the cliff. I did not know the dog, no one around the forge had a dog of that kind. I of course retraced my steps back down the creek some two hundred yards to sholes where creek was wide and shallow, there I waded the creek going back up the creek on opposite side from cliff and home, I went up to mill and crossed creek on bridge, I did not see dog any more. I believe to day my little life was saved by this incident, I donot believe it just hapen.

(signed) A.F. Stone

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On page thirty seven, account was given of an incident in my life seventy one years ago, the above picture does not show the ever hanging cliff in front over the deep water as it is to day seventy one years later than incident related, time has changed many things since that everful day. There isent more than one fourth the water in river there to day as when the climb was made. A Railroad has been out out on the bluff above throwing down many large rocks above and below the cliff, but not cutting off the water just in front of cliff, It would be difficult to day for even a man to climb around the cliff over the deep water at the base, about five or six feet in perpendicular, and above this the cliff ever hangs towards where we were standing when the picture was taken. By looking closely at the right hand side of picture you can see the over hanging rocks very plainly, this extends all the way around,

(signed) A.F. Stone

P.S. This picutre was taken from across the water some twenty five yards or more. The red line points to center of cliff.

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With apoligy to Edward Guess his poem of Thankfulness to God for the years back to 1890.

The spring of eighteen hundred and seventy two,
Has written in my memory indelibly true.

My thankfulness to God for loving ears,
Who directed my foot steps every where.

He led me in May to the home sweet Home,
Where the queen of my heart and I did ream.

Amid the roses covered latties and beautiful screen,
Could be seen the stately walks of king and his queen.

This garden of Eden in the years long ago.

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Has strenthened my foot steps as onward I go.

How fifty five years leaves me here a lone,
watching the tulips on the grave of my Home.

It was been truely said, and written.

That Home is not just four square walls,
Though with gilded pictures blended,

But is
Where affection calls,
And loveing hands have toned.

April 3rd 1926

Wytheville Va. A.F. Stone

THE VACANT CHAIR

I am often found looking at the vacant chair,
And wish for the one that use to be there,

Through sunshine and shadow we toiled together,
Not forgetting that lifes work, was each for the other,

I look at this chair, and think of the joy,
When Mattie was a girl, and I was a boy,

How we started in life, with out cushioned chairs,
But like the one in my room, whitch is empty there,

We painted and varnished, and kept them neat,
In keeping with our room, whitch was always sweet,

As the years went by we added with much pleasure,
Cushioned chairs for the children, our God given treasure,

Of all the blessings of the years that have passed,
This vacant chair in my momory will out last,

As the days go by, and the shadows fall,
I shall humbly wait for the summens call,

Knowing full well at the end of the day,
That mattie will meet me on the way,

Both leaving behind us the vacant chairs,
Our union being compleet beyond the stars.

Wythville Va. Sunday May 30th 1926

A.F. Stone

BIRTH DAY GREETING Rev. A. Meek Stone

1878-----1925

48 Years

December the month of memory sweet
Doth linger in our hearts, as loved ones we meet,

Some that were here in the year of seventy eight
Are to night with our Saivour, Amid the pearly gate,

This gate way was opened in the years long past
That you and I may enter there at last,

Haveing perfected our work here, as onward we tred
We will meet your sainted Mother at throne of God,

Blessed memory of Decemeber, that give you a Mother
And likewise our Salvour, our elder brother,

Your birth day in this month of seventy eight
Brings you alone lifes journey to fourty eight,

May you prize this month, as from God it was given
Ever striveing to lead others onward to Heaven.

Fraternally your papa
A.F. Stone

Wytheville Va. Sunday Dec. 12th/1926

* * * * *

Southwest Virginia Enterprise
Wytheville, Virginia-Tuesday, July 13, 1962
(paper printed a picture of the lovely 3 story home)

Lion Lodge in Early Days Nostalgia Overcomes A Visitor To Newspaper

When Mrs. Peyton Barnett visited the Enterprise plant last week, she recalled that her grandfather, A.F. Stone lived on the same site, in a majestic home that later became known as "Lion Lodge."

Mrs. Barnett was formerly Nancy Williams, the daughter of a former Wytheville Police Chief, Jack Williams, and his wife Winnie Stone, daughter of A.F. Stone, reminisced as she stood in the Enterprise office, about where the front porch of Lion Lodge use to be.

A.F. Stone owned and operated Stone's dam and mill for many years and moved from his home near the dam on Reed Creek in south Wytheville, to the present Enterprise site, where his wife died, she related.

A daughter, Ella and her husband, Floyd Johnston organized Lion Lodge for many years until Ella's death in 1947, Mrs. Barrett recalled.

The Lodge, according to her memory, furnished room and board for a number of school teachers, traveling salesman, and many regular tourist passing through.

The original home was built by Franklin B. Greenawalt in 1909 and served as a home until Floyd and Ella Johnston converted it to the Lion Lodge.

Since that time the Lodge passed down a line of owners consisting of R.K. Poole, Freddie Morehead, Bank of Speedwell and finally the R.E. Phillippi firm and finally to the Enterprise in 1978.

The former structure was dismantled in 1972.

A feature of the Lion lodge and the reason behind its name were two stone lions which lay on either side of the front steps. The Lions were carved by Greenawalt out of Indiana limestone before his death in 1922.

One of her fondest memories of the lodge, according to Mrs. Barnett, were the big family reunions held on the premises. "Papa Stone had 19 children and 12 of them lived to raise families," she said.

Last home of Ausker and Mattie Stone



The large carved lions that were on each side of the steps are now at Birdmont Nursing Home in Wytheville, Virginia.