

John Eaton succeeded his grandfather, Caleb Kimball, in the ownership of Eaton Grange. He was a conquering farmer, who by indomitable energy and unceasing industry added farm to farm, until he was said to own "all the land adjoining him." His children retain about one thousand acres, perhaps one half of what belonged at one time to their father. They have removed the barns from the south side of the road and remodelled the other buildings, retaining the old two-story house with its massive frame of oak and pine, so firmly put together that it has been said it could be rolled down the hillside to Stevens's brook without breaking to pieces.

The sons and daughters of John Eaton, who are the present proprietors, have all resided beyond the limits of the state of New Hampshire for over twenty-five years; but hither they come with their families as opportunity permits for their summer rest and recreation. They are John Eaton of Marietta, Ohio, Mrs. S. M. Pennock of Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass., Nathan A. Eaton of Encinitas, San Diego Co., Cal., Frederick Eaton of Toledo, Ohio, Lucien B. Eaton of Memphis, Tenn., Christina L. Eaton of Memphis, Tenn., James A. Eaton of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Charles Eaton of Memphis, Tenn. These Eaton brothers and sisters have restored and beautified their old home, and, as they could, have made an annual pilgrimage to it, not simply for their own pleasure, but as some expression of the tender affection which they cherish for the father whom they honor and for the mother whose memory they idolize. It is a matter of great thankfulness to them that the ranks of this band of six brothers and two sisters had not been broken by death up to the close of 1889. During the first days of Sept., 1889, these brothers and sisters were all together at the old homestead, the first time for forty years.

Gen. John Eaton, the oldest, has always been the executive in charge of the affairs of Eaton Grange, and Miss Christina L. Eaton, its matron and hostess. To the devotion and admirable management of Miss Christie are due in the largest degree the pleasures of the delightful family reunions at the Grange.

Here have gathered every summer, without interruption for over fifteen years, some of them with their friends and their kindred scattered from Maine to California. The latch-string hangs out to all, with a warmer welcome to any of the Kimball, Eaton, Andrews, or Gregg lineage. All mere formal restraint is laid aside. All are children again. The old mansion resounds with laughter and frolic,