THE ANDOVER NEWS.

VOL. III. ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., JAN. 8, 1890. NO. 20.

DREAMIN' O' HOME.

"Tell people I'm jes' wrong o' late—to see her, an' yet I think
[illegible] to her, an' yet I think
This trouble's jes' wrong o' late—to see her
[illegible] the doorway, with that look into her eyes,
[illegible] I'd ever rested on the old time fields
[illegible] hills,
[illegible] dreamin', dreamin' o' the life we left
[illegible] PEE POOR cottage where the mornin'
[illegible] first kissed
[illegible] garden, the yellow sunflowers tall,
[illegible] but she herself the sweetest flower o'
[illegible]

"Tho we, she outer sit there in the doorway, so
[illegible] cooler,
[illegible] mockbeers follerin' the sun, no matter where
[illegible] he went;
[illegible] bees sippin' honey an' buzzin' roun'
[illegible] flower,
[illegible] climbin' up to her and smilin' in her face.

An' now she can't forget it. When I tell her,
[illegible] like wife,
There ain't no use in grievin' for that simple
country life;
She twines her arms aroun' my neck, an' smilin'
sweet to see,
She says: "It seems so far away to where we user
be!"

There ain't no use in ch[illegible] o' sayin' words o'
cheer;
There's nuthin' in the city life she was outer there;
Where greachin' cum but once a month an' street
car cards didn't run.
An' folks they tole the time o' day by lookin' at
the sun.

An' larks got up at peep o' dawn and made the
[illegible] madderin ring;
I tell you folks, when one's brought up to jes' that
kind o' thing,
An' makes climbin' up to her and smillin' in her face,
To rise,
An' make a runnin' over in a woman's tender eyes.

So there she sits a dreamin', till I git to dreamin'
too,
An' when her head droops on my breast and sleep
falls like the dew
An' closes them sweet eyes o' hers, once more we
seem to be
In the old home, where we'll rest some day together—her and me.

—Atlanta Constitution.

AN AMERICAN SINGER.

The Place de l'Opera was crowded with carriages. They emptied their perfumed freights of richly dressed ladies at the entrance to the opera house, and contrary to the usual custom it was filled long before the curtain rose. All Paris was agog with excitement, for on this night Marguerite Hargood, the American, pupil and protege of Vidot, whose word could make or unmake the reputation of a singer, was to make her first appearance before the gay but critical world of Paris in the opera of "Faust." The was to be a Model night, when Marguerite. The best costumer in Paris had made her dresses and the celebrated Grenier had given her lessons in acting.

As Marguerite came tripping on to the stage her appearance struck the keynote of the character she was to represent.

The graceful, girlish form in the simple dress, the long, fair hair hanging in braids, the glorious gray eyes, almost black with the intensity of repressed emotion—all these at once awoke the admiration of the beholders. But not only did her beauty impress the audience; the wonderful voice, interpreting so gloriously the difficult music of Gounod's masterpiece, held that vast assemblage hushed and almost breathless, until at the end of the first act it broke into the wildest enthusiasm. And this feeling deepened as the play advanced, until at its close the whole audience rose to its feet, showering plaudit after plaudit upon the successful artist. She was indeed the real Marguerite.

Well might the young American feel proud of this homage, for upon her success depended her whole future. Her father, a well known musician, had given her all his little hoard and sent the motherless girl in charge of an aunt to Paris to perfect the voice given her by nature. They did not live in the student's quarter, but in the Rue Ruffe, a little street leading from the Avenue de l'Imperatrice. They were most at the top of the building but had a fine view of the avenue, and the famous Bois de Boulogne in the distance. There Marguerite worked and studied, her only ambition to succeed in Paris that she might return to America, her future assured, to comfort her father in his old age and to fulfill the ambitious hopes he had for her.

And as the reward for all her work came the successful debut. She woke the next morning to find herself famous. All day long the little suite at quatrieme was thronged with friends, the basket outside the door filled to overflowing with the cards of those who could not hope to be admitted and the salon heavy with the perfume of flowers sent to the Marguerite who had conquered Paris with one blow. She was the idol of the hour.

Among the many floral tributes came one from the Count de Frontin. This gentleman, whom Marguerite had met many times at the house of an American family in Paris, was a young and wealthy French nobleman, who, having traveled much in England and America, had acquired a knowledge of the society of both countries.

Seeing Marguerite informally at the house of her friends, whom he had met in New York, he had fallen in love with her, and being untrammeled by family ties which might have prevented such an alliance, he had made her his wife.

Her first disappointment, when he presented Marguerite's aunt with a decided refusal to accept the relationship, "Never!" said he, "of the daughter of a music teacher would confer upon my niece, yet I cannot allow her to be disturbed by conflicting emotions. Her music has always been the passion of her life, her one thought to advance to the greatest heights in the profession. I am sure she has never thought of marriage. In a year's time I shall be glad to have his proposal, but this debut is her first chance to make her debut in the opera of "Faust," and to that event she is looking forward with great anxiety, as on her success depends all her future. Therefore, monsieur le comte, I must, with all respect for your gracious intentions, refuse to allow you to address my niece on the subject of matrimony."

"Pitiless, unfeeling! Ah! you are too cruel."

"Nay, I do not say that. After her studies under Vidot are completed you may speak to her, but at present I cannot have her disturbed."

And with this the count was obliged to be content; but he still met Marguerite at her friend's house as often as possible, and when the Southworths left for Trouville his calls became more frequent at the little home in Rue Rude. Yet still his manner was not that of a lover, and the watchful aunt could not discover that Marguerite ever thought of him in that relation; and though she singled out his bouquet from the others and gave it the place of honor on her table, yet it seemed only the caprice of a girl wishing to give special attention to the offering of a near friend.

One day as she filled with gladness brought an added joy. For a message came from her father saying he could bear the separation no longer, but would sail from New York by the next steamer. This completed her happiness, and when the manager, now all deference and smiles for the successful debutante, came to the little home and "engaged" her to sing for several months, Marguerite felt that her triumph was fully accomplished.

The next day her aunt told her of the contract. Marriage, prompted by an urgent letter from him. But Marguerite would give no definite answer to the proposal. She told her aunt she esteemed the count as a dear friend, but no thought of marriage ever intruded upon her.

Although Marguerite's success had been brilliant, there were many who criticised her singing bitterly, especially rival musicians and their clientele. So her second appearance was awaited by a critical audience.

The first two acts passed successfully, and Marguerite had gone to her dressing room to make some change in her dress, when she found on the table a telegram addressed to herself. She tore it open hastily. It was from one of their oldest friends, and read: "Your father very ill; do not expect him." Almost frenzied with grief at this startling news, Marguerite knew not what to do. Her father ill, and the great ocean between them. Oh! if she had wings, that she might fly to him. She must go at once. Without him life would be nothing. At this moment the call boy tapped upon the door, and receiving no response put his head into the room, saying:

"Mademoiselle, your cue." But he heard no reply. "You are called, mademoiselle." Still no answer. He ventured to enter the room, and shaking her slightly to arouse her, said:

"Pardon, mademoiselle, the stage waits; but you look ill. Are you faint?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I am ill."

"But the stage waits, you are called."

She rose to her feet, and strove to regain the mastery of her nerves, shaken by the unexpected intelligence.

The boy seeing her efforts, and being, alas! too accustomed to the methods used by some artists to gain inspiration, ran across the corridor to the dressing room of one of the actors, seized a flask of brandy from off the table, poured out a glass and hastened back to Marguerite, who was gradually becoming more composed.

"There, mademoiselle, drink this," he said. Almost mechanically and without thought, Marguerite raised the glass to her lips and drank its contents. Unaccustomed to the use of spirits, the fiery draught had an immediate effect upon her. Her eyes brightened, and she ran quickly down the short flight of steps that led to the stage. The conductor waved his baton, the short prelude was played.

"Commence," whispered the prompter.

She opened her lips, the audience, almost breathless, listened for the matchless voice to issue from the lovely mouth.

But her head grew dizzy; she could not see the conductor, or rather there seemed to be many before her; she tried to sing, but instead she broke into a wild peal of hysterical laughter, staggered half way across the stage, and sank into a seat.

Then her mirth changed to tears and she seemed in a paroxysm of grief. Then arose a wild storm of hisses. There were many only too glad to disgrace the singer. "She is intoxicated," was whispered. Next came hootings and jeers, cries of derision, which continued long after the curtain had been rung down and the manager had explained that a sudden illness of the prima donna would necessitate the close of the performance. Marguerite's aunt and some of her friends hastened behind the scenes, where they found the telegram upon the floor, and Marguerite, who had been helped to her dressing room, sobbed violently, but the kindly ministrations of her friends soon quieted her and she was hurried into a cab, which was driven rapidly away. Marguerite slept upon her aunt's shoulder until they reached home and when she awoke she was entirely free from the effects of the brandy she had taken.

Count de Frontin had begged to accompany them, and Marguerite's aunt had been glad to have his protection.

Both were indignant when Marguerite told them of the call boy's efforts to assist her.

"I do not blame him," she said. "He intended to help me, and could not know the effect the spirit would have upon me. But I am disgraced forever. And my poor father! Oh! how I wish I could be with him. What care I for success or failure if he is taken from me?"

"Listen to me, Marguerite," said the count. "When all Paris was at your feet, when it hailed you as the successful prima donna, when you had no thought of me as a lover, I was content to be nothing but a friend. But now when you need a kind and loving protector, when you have been insulted and scorned, I am here, dear Marguerite, at your feet, offering you the devotion and homage of my whole life. Marguerite, you need me now, do not refuse my love and my protection."

"My father," she murmured.

"We will go to him. As my wife, you shall have my tenderest care. In a few days we can sail from Havre and until that time, I will telegraph daily for news from the sick one. All difficulties shall be smoothed away, and we will leave the cruel Paris, which hates today what yesterday it adored. Speak, my Marguerite, tell me you will be my wife, for my love must awaken some answering feeling in your heart."

Marguerite said nothing, but the events of her whole life passed in rapid succession before her. Her ambition, her hard study, her triumph; the expected joyful reunion with her father, then the news of his terrible illness, the scene at the opera. Could she ever face that hooting, jeering crowd again? Their hisses still seemed ringing in her ears. Could she ever forget their scornful cries? Then before her knelt the handsome lover, a whole world of pleading tenderness in looks and tone. What was this new feeling that came into her heart? How vain, how frivolous seemed her past ambition, in contrast with a life passed in sweet companionship with him. Could this be love? She placed her hand in his and said:

"Paul, it seems wrong to give you only a grief stricken heart, but take me if you will. I am yours."

He clasped her to his heart, pressing kiss after kiss upon her lips.

"Sweet, sweetest, my darling, my darling. Hereafter let all your cares be mine."

The next day he came early to see her, and told her of the preparations he was making for their marriage and hasty departure.

"To-morrow, my darling," he said, "I must be away from you, for it is necessary that I go to the races, a l'Anglais, conducted by the gentlemen of the club to which I belong. I have had a horse in training for the event all summer and I must obey the imperial command which bids me to be present. So all day I must be absent. But I will see you before I go."

The next morning the count rode into the courtyard to leave a bouquet for Marguerite. He waited in the courtyard until it had been taken up to her, and she, leaning far out the window, threw him a flower after kissing it. It was a marguerite, and he, too, kissed it and placed it in his button hole. Then he waved his hand with a smiling "Au revoir, ma Marguerite," and rode away.

All day long Marguerite rested quietly in her own room, refusing to see anyone. A telegram from New York told her of her father's condition. A letter came from her manager but she left it unopened. She felt that her artist's life was over, and the world, brighter, more joyous, with a new, peaceful existence was opening for her.

As night approached she dressed herself carefully and sat or half reclined in a deep easy chair by the window. The sun had set in a soft haze and it was hardly dark, although the lights were beginning to twinkle in the palace de l'Elcole. The avenue was filled with carriages. The races at the Bois were over and all Paris was streaming home to dinner. Soon she would hear the clatter of a horse's hoofs upon the stony courtyard, announcing the count's coming. It grew a little darker. There was no lamp in the room, but the fire on the hearth with its glow was making faint lights and shadows on the wall.

As it became dark the silence became almost oppressive, and a vague feeling of some impending evil seemed to come over her. "Surely," she said to herself. "Paul is very late." Then she arose and began to pace the floor with slow and measured tread. At last she approached the window looking out on the little street. It was filled with people returning from the races and walking as if much excited.

"Le pauvre garcon," said one, "to die so young."

"But he was such a fine horseman," said another.

Hardly knowing what she did, she called out:

"Who is hurt? For the love of heaven, tell me, messieurs."

"Le pauvre, malheureuse! it is the Count Paul de Frontin, who was killed"—

"But she heard no more; with a wild shriek she fell upon the floor. That night she was in the wild delirium of brain fever, and for weeks her life and reason hung by a slender thread.

The Journal next morning announced the sudden death of Count Paul de Frontin at the hurdle-race a l'Anglais at the Bois de Boulogne. It said: "He was mounted on a fine English horse, had cleared all but the last obstacle, and at some admiring his fine horsemanship, when, for some reason never to be explained, the animal fell, crushing his rider beneath him. The person who first reached the prostrate man says he spoke a few words, but hemorrhage at once took place and he died immediately." Then followed an account of his family, estates, etc., and the article closed with expressions of condolence for his friends.

In another column the paper stated that Mlle. Marguerite Hargood, the American prima donna who had made such a disgraceful fiasco upon her second appearance in "Faust," was very ill with brain fever at her residence in the Rue Rude.

The church of the Most Holy Transfiguration in New York is always crowded at vespers to hear the singing of the nun Sister Cecilia, and in that sacred service we can hear the same voice that once electrified all Paris by its beauty and sweetness.

No one see the stranger, but after the crowd has disappeared, if we watch the little door opening from the rear of the church into the high walled yard that surrounds the house of the Helping Sisterhood, we shall see, clad in the garments of that order, a woman who looks not unlike Marguerite Hargood, the American prima donna.

A faded Marguerite, now, and broken, acquainted truly with grief, but having still the same God given voice, which she now uses only in his service.—Marguery in Detroit Free Press.

Caught a Balloonet.

"I used to make balloon ascensions in connection with Warner's circus," said an old and retired aeronaut the other day, "and one day I went up from Pekin, Ill. The balloon was new and light, and I got a much longer ride than what I expected. I finally descended in a farm house yard about ten miles away, my anchor having caught in a cherry tree. The farmer was an old fellow, about 60 years of age, and he sat reading on his door step as I came down. He removed his glasses, put them in their case, put the case in his pocket, and then came forward and carelessly observed:

"'That a balloon?'

"'Yes. Help me pull it down.'

"'Are you a balloonet?'

"'Yes. Pull hard.'

"We got the air ship down, and I wanted him to take me to town in his wagon. He had none, and I had hired a rig of a neighbor, and was about to depart, when the old fellow stepped forward with:

"'I have a little bill here, sir.'

"'Bill! What for?'

"'Damage to cherry tree, 2 shillin's; skeering my poultry, 50 cents; skeering my old woman, the same; services of myself, $1. Total, $2.25, which is mighty cheap considerin' the times.'

"'But I won't pay it' I protested.

"'Oh, you won't? Well, I'm a justice of the peace, and I'll collect it myself. My brother is constable, and he kin serve it. The old woman is out of her fit by this time, and she'll be witness, and I sort o' reckon I'll fine you about $25 for disturbin' of the peace and contempt of this court!'

"And I was made to realize that the best way out of it was to come down with the amount of his bill, and, indeedy, I had it, and a quarter to spare."—New York Sun.

The Founding of the Royal Society.

Sir Robert Moray, the first president, brought in word from the court that "the king had been acquainted with the design of the meeting." And he did well approve of it, and would be ready to give encouragement to it." The royal patron fulfilled his promise.

The charter of incorporation passed the great seal on the 15th of July, 1662, and was read on the 13th of August following.

Evelyn's "Diary" of this date contains this passage: "Our charter being now passed under the broad seal, constituting us a corporation, the name of Royal society, for the improvement of natural knowledge, was this day read; and was all that was done this afternoon, being very long."

Charles affected chemistry and navigation, and, when he grew tired of his wine and his mistresses, would resort to his laboratory, and as the young rakes, who circled about him, imitated the royal exemplar's dissipations, so they frequented the scientific lectures, and tried to look wise. But even Charles and his fops could not, by their attention, harm the growing sciences in the estimation of good and true men. The reason for this may be found in the recognition of the need of such a society, and the character of the men constituting it. The fame of such men as Sir Robert Moray, Boyle, Evelyn, Pepys, Wallis, Hooke and Wren, who were among the incorporators, continues lively to this day. It may not be, as has been said, that the incorporation of the Royal society was the only wise act of Charles II, yet it has proved invaluable, without a doubt, his wisest act.—Dr. William C. Cahall in Popular Science Monthly.

Bjones—I spoke on the tariff before our club last night. A stranger in the audience jumped up and said I didn't know what I was talking about. None of the members paid any attention to the fellow.

Merritt—Perhaps they would if he had hollered out something they had not known.—Harper's Bazar.

One Thing and Another.

Mrs. Grundy says that those who live beyond their means have very short rope to get to the end of.

Mrs. Figg—John, there is a long red hair on your shoulder. And your shave is too, too. Mr. Figg—Yes I put the hair on there myself, so you should notice the torn place.

A Venetian glass manufacturer is said to be making and selling bonnets by the thousand. The glass cloth of which they are made has the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk and is impervious to water.

In the principal hotels the word menu is now discarded, and the good Anglo Saxon "bill of fare" takes its place. The dishes are seldom given in fish names, and it is no longer considered good form to eat anything for which an English name cannot be found.

An advertisement, praising the virtues of a new make of infants' feeding bottle, winds up by saying: "When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

"What was it," asked the Sunday school teacher, "that first caused the downfall of man?" "The forbidden fruit," replied the class, in concert. "That's right. And now what kind of fruit was it?" There was a silent pause, and then the offspring of a newspaper funny man spoke up. "I don't know what it was then, but it's a chestnut now."—Young Ladies' Journal.

Dullness of Senses is Criminal.

Italian scientists have been testing the senses of criminals, and they find these dullee than in the average people. Dr. Ottolenghi, in Turin, found last year a less acute sense of smell in criminals, and he now makes a similar confirmation with regard to more advanced senses, consisting of the application of bitter and sweet substances (strychnine) in dilute solution to the tongue, the limit, also, the taste of the habitual criminal less acute than that of the normal adult, and a slightly more acute taste in the male than in the female criminal. Experiments with regard to hearing results in demonstrating that in criminals 67.3 per cent. have less than the normal acuteness. Ear disease was common. These deficiencies are attributed to bad hygienic conditions of life, and vicious habits.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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AGRICULTURAL MATTERS.

That our farmers may have something to think about during the long evenings of this winter, we condense the following reports of some crops raised in 1889, by ordinary farmers, in competion for prizes offered by the American Agriculturist. It shows what can be done by almost any farmer, and that, instead of farms being too small to be profitable, the work bestowed on half the land or less would bring better returns than is now common.

There were 66 entries in the competition for prize on the best potato crop, and the competitors belonged to nearly every Northern State between Maine and Oregon. The yields varied from 185.63 to 758.4 bushels per acre. The heaviest yield was obtained by an Aroostook county, Me., man; the next heaviest, 669.9 bushels, by a Penn Yan, N. Y., farmer, and the other yields above 300 bushels were obtained in Maine, Colorado, California, Washington, Oregon and Iowa. The highest yield was in Lorain county, O. The 738 bushel crop was grown on land which yielded 400 bushels per acre in 1884, and had been in grass since. It was plowed in the fall of 1888 and re-plowed last spring, and manured with one ton of Stockbridge fertilizer, which cost $40. Including 9 per cent. interest on land at $40 per acre, the total labor, cost of seed and fertilizer, until the crop was harvested, was $95.03. At the local market price of potatoes, the crop was worth $255.50, or a net profit per acre of $160.47. This is better than the Chicago grape-growers can do.

The prize for the best crop of oats went to a farmer in Orleans county, N. Y. His yield was 134 bushels, 23 1-2 pounds on one acre. This is about five times the average yield per acre in this State. Of course more work and more manure were bestowed on this acre than are usually given, but the net profit was more than the whole ordinary crop an an acre, even if it could be grown without any labor or expense. The point on which farmers should meditate is the fact that it is actually possible to get twice as much produce from an acre as is usually obtained from five or six acres, and at half the expense for fertilizers and labor as is given to the five or six acres. This is what is called intensive farming, but under present facilities for commercial exchange all over the world, intensive farming is the only farming that will pay in the long run.

Farmers must make up their minds that they will have to cultivate fewer acres and get triple the yield in order to make any money at the business. The crops reported show that this can be done, and although few men have the pluck to put a ton of fertilizers on a single acre, it is evident that it has paid to do so, and paid well. Farmers who are planning to sow a few acres of oats next spring and plant a small field of potatoes should think of this matter, and in the spring try at least a small plat in the intensive style.

FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.

Several of our agricultural exchanges are discussing the question whether foot-rot in sheep is a contagious disease or not. A Lake county, Ohio, man writes to the Ohio Farmer that in his experience of 25 years "in raising Merino sheep, with foot-rot in the flock most of the time," he had always found part of the flock exempt, and therefore he holds that it is not contagious. He sums up by saying that "foot-rot can be cured so as to stay cured." This hardly tallies with his statement that he had it in his flock 25 years, or else he must acknowledge that he is too indifferent on the subject to care whether his sheep are cured or not. A correspondent of the Manchester (N. H.) Mirror and Farmer believes it a contagious disease and practically incurable. The Ohio man classes both infectious and contagious diseases as contagious, and believes foot-rot is not contagious because it cannot be communicated by the breath of a diseased animal.

Many years' experience have proved that foot-rot is contagious, and also that it can be permanently and cheaply cured. For years the flocks under our supervision, says a well-posted writer, were surrounded with flocks thoroughly afflicted with foot-rot; and every summer, by some unforeseen accident, a flock would be infected with the disease. Prompt measures were taken and the disease was eradicated until another contact with diseased animals. The usual source of trouble was through driving a flock along the road from one part of the farm to another, or from the sheep houses to the pastures, soon after a diseased flock had been driven or had strayed along the same road not seen by any one of the family. The matter or pus from diseased feet would be trodden upon by some of the many hoofs in the flock, and in a few days a lame sheep would be noticed. Experience soon taught the necessity of overlooking the flocks as often as every other day after they had been changed from one pasture to another, or driven along the road, and the first signs of lameness could be detected before pus had formed, and before the disease had thus been communicated to healthy sheep. A couple of hours' work of two men would cure the flock until after another exposure.

The first sign of the disease is a slight redness and inflammation between the two parts of the hoof, which gradually increases until an ulcer is produced, the discharge from which, if applied to a healthy foot, will produce the disease in that. The fistulous branches of the ulcer penetrate the foot beneath the horny shells and also extend up toward the ankle. The foot and leg become a mass of diseased ulcers, and the other feet soon become inoculated, and the animal is rendered incapable of locomotion, carrion flies lay their eggs in the rotting feet, and the animal dies of starvation while being eaten by insects.

The remedy is indicated by the diagnosis of the disease. When the lameness is first noticed, if a mild caustic, like powdered blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) or a hot solution of the same is placed in contact with every portion of the incipient ulcers or sores, the disease will be surely arrested. If the ulcer is already beginning to discharge, the decayed skin and flesh must be scraped or pared off, so that the caustic shall touch every part of the diseased flesh. The better way to use the caustic is to powder it finely, and then mix with it an equal weight of lard. This makes a sort of salve which can be rubbed into the sores after they have been pared clean, and not a particle of virus escapes the powerful disinfecting process. If all diseased surfaces are thoroughly pared or scraped, and the salve is well rubbed in, a permanent cure is certain. If pipes or fistulous channels have already been formed, these must be opened or cut out, and the caustic applied to the entire diseased flesh. If the least bit of diseased flesh is left untouched by the salve, the disease will spread again from that point. Then, in order to be sure of a thorough cure, every sheep in the flock must have some of the salve applied to every foot, between the hoofs, just where the disease begins, and it must be well rubbed in, too. This destroys the virus, if any has reached the foot, and does no injury to healthy feet.

There are a good many flocks in Western New York, and in some flocks this disease can be found. In cold weather it does not trouble the sheep much, although they cannot thrive with it. It costs about a shilling a head to cure a flock when a large portion is diseased, as they must be treated at least three times a week apart in order to cure these which were not thoroughly pared and treated the first time. One treatment is enough, if it is given as soon as the first lame sheep in the flock is seen.

THE OLD MAN'S TALK.

Recollections of "An Old Residenter" of Green County, Ills.

"Indian lodges were good enough houses—better than any smoky cabin. I've seen them made big enough to hold a couple of places like this. They made them by planting poles around in a circle and bringing their ends together in the center, leaving only a hole for the smoke to go out. Then they wound mats around outside and hung down a mat for the door. The floor was spread with deerskins. You lay on your deerskin with your feet to the fire. An Indian would sit up all night and let you sleep on his deerskin."

At this point in the talk the old man smiles the mischievous smile of a schoolboy who is going to puzzle the girls with Greek, and utters several sentences of Indian gutturals.

"You don't understand that. But I never learned any of their languages well except the Sauk and Fox. Sauk—that's a Sauk word. And they had different names for their corn dishes, according as they mixed in more beans or more of other vegetables.

"I was over Calhoun county in '26, and saw settlements there then which looked fifty years old. It was settled long before this county was. Had a little town named Gilead down at the point where the Illinois river enters the Mississippi. But this was always the best of countries for game. And as for fish!—the narrator's eyes with about good humor repeat your amusement as he tells his own fish story—"I have seined 400 fish at a draw in Long lake. I was part owner of a fish-seine once. Hurricane creek, you know, runs through Long lake. It was in the lake we fixed pointed dams in the water, with slits the fish could get through, but they couldn't get back. We made three of them, and had fish in there so thick they could scarcely stir. I've seen them bank themselves up and try to break the dams, and pile on each other's backs a foot out of water! You've heard a dog could walk across Long lake on the fish in that trap? Twenty dogs could have trotted across on that bridge of fish and never touched the water! We kept 500 bushels of corn cribbed at one time to feed them with. I've seen them follow a canoe full of corn as a lot of steers. We shelled the grains and poured them out. Fish were worth three cents a pound then, and the trap brought a thousand dollars a year, and hardly took three months labor. But a flood came and broke it, and then the legislature passed a law against such things, and it wasn't as profitable as it had been, anyhow. So we let it go.

"I wish I could show you the bullet I chopped out of an elm tree near where the earthworks are at the edge of the bluff. There must have been a battle there some time. 'Rover,' said the man with me, 'you've broke your ax.' He saw the metal shining. 'No, I haven't, said I. 'It's in the tree.' Rover got his ax, and cried, 'Sure enough!' And Phelps, who had a superstitious horror of the word "farewell," while acting Wolsey, and actually uttering the ominous words:

"Farewell a long farewell to all my greatness!

broke down, and the curtain slowly dropped upon him for the last time.

Many instances are on record where persons have continued to jest though unconscious of the end was at hand. "We shall soon meet again," were the last words of Louis XIV to Mme. de Maintenon, and the murmured rejoinder, "A pleasant rendezvous he is giving me; that man never loved any one but himself."

"Is there nothing on earth I can do for you?" said Taylor to Wolcot, as he lay on his deathbed. "Give me back my youth," were the last words of the lively if scurrilous poet, who under the title of Peter Pindar amused the latter end of the Eighteenth century.—Once a Week.

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THEIR LAST WORDS.

Deathbed Utterances of Some of the World's Famous Men.

An intensely interesting volume might be made up of the dying words and speeches of men whom the world calls famous. They have all had to pass in their ships like the most insignificant of us, and their final exits from the great stage have been generally edifying, and always characteristic.

"God be praised," exclaimed Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, on learning that the French were giving way in every direction; "I shall die happy." His antagonist, Montcalm, also received a mortal wound while endeavoring to rally his men, and when told that his end was approaching, made answer, "So much the better, I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

"I pray thee, see me up safe, but for my coming down I can shift for myself," remarked Sir Thomas More, observing the weakness of the scaffold. "I heard say the executioner was very good and I have a little neck," said Anne Boleyn, putting her hands about it and laughing heartily. The unhappy Charles I expired with the word "Remember" on his lips, and the last words attributed to "Rockstuff" Forster were "To Home Rule," while Rabelais calmly remarked, "Drop the curtain, the farce is played out."

With some a presentiment that they are about to die is the first symptom of approaching death. Mozart wrote his requiem under the conviction that the monument he was erecting to his genius would prove a monument to his own remains. When life was ebbing fast he called for the score; and as he mused over it he said: "Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself that I composed this death chant?" Bewick, the famous wood engraver, was last employed upon a representation of "the old horse waiting for death," and Hogarth delineated the end of all things, and having given it a last touch, seized his palette and broke it in pieces, remarking: "I have finished."

Many remarkable instances may also be cited in which the dying lips murmured out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of past life. Goethe's dying lips murmured something about a beautiful woman's face, and Napoleon's last thoughts were for the head of his army, while Disraeli, some quarter of an hour before his death, raised himself a little in his bed and stretched himself out in a loud familiar way that was his wont when rising to reply in debate, while his lips moved in silence.

De Lagny, the great mathematician, was asked the squares of twelve when he was too long-winded to recognize his friends about his bed, and mechanically answered, "One hundred and forty-four." No less striking were the last words of Lord Tenderden, the famous English judge. Some time before his death he had been delirious and talked incoherently, but presently recovering his composure and raising himself from his pillow, he was heard to say in slow and solemn tones, as when he used to conclude his summing up in cases of great importance, "I leave the gentlemen of the jury, you will consider your verdict."

Sometimes the strained thread breaks with a sudden snap. It was in this way that Boileau expired from the effects of a dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting, and the poet, in one and the same breath, bid him hail and farewell. "Good-by and adieu," said he; "it will be a very long adieu," and instantly died.

"Come and lie down," entreated Dickens' sister-in-law, when it became evident that a fit was upon him. "Yes, on the ground," he said very distinctly, as he slid from her arm and fell to the floor.

Edmund Kean made his final exit in the middle of the greatest scene of his greatest play. "Get me off, Charles," he gasped, "I'm dying!" His son led him off, and all was over. Paul Phelps, who had a superstitious horror of the word "farewell," while acting Wolsey, and actually uttering the ominous words:

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