

Original Story.

Written for the ARGUS.

UNFATHERLY AND MOTHERLESS;

—OR—

SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS,

—BY—

MISS MINNIE F. DICKSON.

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH AT OAK LAWN.

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing!

Byron's Prisoner of Chillon.

Yet why should death be lik'd with fear?
A single breath, a low drawn sigh,
Can break the ties that bind us here,
And wait the spirit to the sky.

Mrs. A. B. Welby.

It is one month since the commencement exercises at D— College, New York, when once more we visit Oak Lawn. All is silence within the great dwelling. We enter, and pass up the broad stair case, from which direction comes a subdued murmur of voices. Following the sound of the voices we find ourselves standing within a small, elegantly furnished sleeping apartment. In the middle of the room, reclining upon a downy couch of immaculate whiteness lies Dr. Gilbert Langdon. His large, black eyes are open, and are just now set with a half wild expression in the face of his niece, Belvieve Ellwood, who is seated by his side, brushing back from his broad forehead, now burning with fever, the dark locks of hair, and dampening, every now and then, with wine, his parching lips.

A few feet from Belvieve, resting upon a lounge in a darkened corner of the room, is Dr. Royal Langdon, a sad light beaming in his dark eyes which are bent upon his father's face, as he watches the fever flush upon his brow rapidly fading away, and a deathly pallor taking its place.—Just then a low laugh from the window greets his ear. He knows the laugh. It is Aurelia's, evoked, undoubtedly, by some light remark from his mother, who is sitting by her side. Arising, and going softly across the room, he touches her arm, calling in a low, sharp tone of mingled wonder and reproach:

"Aurelia!"

"What is it?" she asks, looking up in his face, while a frown darkens her brow.

"I would advise you to leave this chamber, which will soon be one of death, if you cannot restrain your merriment," he answers, in a subdued voice.

"And I would advise you, sir, to attend to your own business."

Without uttering another word, he turns and leaves her, going back to the lounge in the corner.

At this moment, springing up in the couch with supernatural strength, Dr. Gilbert Langdon cries, in a wild, unnatural voice, beckoning a wandering mind:

"Yes, wife, I have repented bringing her here. Would that the innocent child had died, and been buried by the side of her angel mother! For, then, it would have been better, oh, much better for her! But, mind, raising his emaciated hand, and pointing toward his wife, "retribution will come! Though your sky is long cloudless, the tempest will descend in all its fury upon you after a time."

Then sinking back upon the couch, he murmured, in a low, exhausted tone:

"Oh, why did you not tell me, Martha, before we were wedded, that your heart was another's? what would not this confession have spared us both!"

Soon after which his mind drifted upon other scenes, scenes of the long ago. Again he was a happy child, engaged in frolicsome play with his baby sister, Gertrude Langdon. Again he called the meadow flowers to crown her tiny head, repeating softly the sweetest names that he had called her then—names which had not passed his lips in, oh, so many, many weary years! and now he lived over the time when years had stamped upon his brow the signet of young manhood—when the time had come that he must go forth in the wide world, launch his boat upon life's broad ocean, and battle manfully by himself with its seething waves.

Again he pressed the sweet young creature, to his bosom, who had grown to a youthful maidenhood by his side, and imprinted upon the yielding lips many impassioned kisses, assuring her that time, with all his attendants, whether joyful or sorrowful, could never obliterate her memory from his heart, and that no other one could ever be loved as deeply as was his little sister Gertrude. After an hour of almost incessantly murmured memories of other days, his large, black eyes closed, and there was silence in the room, deep and undisturbed.

From the time that her husband had so forcibly addressed her, Mrs. Langdon had not uttered a word. Was it because of an awed feeling pervading her in the presence of the dying man, whose existence for twenty-two years she had made a wreck? No; not one pang of remorse stung her guilty soul as she looked upon her work of years, but an angry emotion burned in her heart toward him even then—anger because he should address her even in his rapt moments in such a manner before the object of her bitter hatred, Belvieve Ellwood.

For three weeks Dr. Langdon has been suffering from a severe attack of brain fever. At first strong hopes were entertained of his recovery, but as time passed, and

he grew worse instead of better, those hopes all faded away, giving place to these three fearful words, *he must die*. It was, indeed, a bitter announcement to Belvieve, for she loved her uncle dearly, and the thought of parting from him for all time had tried her severely. Now, as she is bending above him to moisten once more his pale, parched lips, his eyes open, an intelligent light beaming in them for the first time in many days. Looking up in her face, his bloodless lips utter the word, "Belvieve."

"What is it, uncle?" she asks, bending lower above him.

"Why, am I here?"

"You have been very ill, uncle Gilbert."

"I am dying now, Belvieve; where is my wife and children?"

"Here I am, father," answers Royal, advancing toward the bedside; "and there are mother and Aurelia," pointing toward the window.

"Goodbye, my son; and may God bless you! I am dying—soon we will be separated to meet no more until you, too, cross the shining Eiver!" cried the father, in a hoarse, feeble whisper, grasping Royal's hand, and drawing him down until their lips met in the fervor of a last embrace; then releasing Royal, whose strong frame was convulsed with emotion, he called:

"Martha and Aurelia, where are you?"

Arising from their seats without answering they crossed the room to the couch.

"Promise me, Martha, that you and Aurelia will meet me in Heaven!" exclaimed the dying man, looking up in their faces, while a light of indescribable happiness flashed in his eyes. But neither mother nor daughter answered him, and, grasping the hand of his wife, he kissed her thin red lips which she just permitted to touch his, then kissing Aurelia, he exclaimed:

"I cannot wait longer, Martha, for your answer—my time is limited; but you will, you must meet me there! I will await your coming at the golden gate, and among Heaven's glorified the happiness which has been denied us upon earth will be ours there!"

The wife turned aside, but no tear of emotion glistened in her expressionless eyes.

"Belvieve, dear," turning to his niece, and speaking with difficulty, "I am going to your angel mother, and you will come to us, will you not my child, when death has severed the tie that binds you to earth? Come to us in that paradisaical land—home of the good and the true!"

"Yes, uncle," answered the weeping Belvieve, "with the supporting grace of God I will meet you and mamma there."

Bending she kissed the icy lips as they murmured:

"God bless you for those words; my child. May he ever keep you in the path of right—farewell!"

As the man finished speaking, a heavenly smile irradiated his countenance, his eyes closed, and, with one short, quick gasp he was at rest. In the arms of mercy which were extended to receive him he had fallen into a blissful unbroken slumber.

When Belvieve saw that all was over, she could restrain her grief no longer, but rushed wildly from the room and house, and, seeking Aunt Voe in her humble cabin, threw herself in her outstretched arms, weeping bitterly.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Miss Belvieve, honey? Anything de matter at de house more'n common?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Voe," cried Belvieve, a storm of tears accompanying her words; "uncle Gilbert is dead."

"Done dead?" asked the negress, in an incredulous tone. "Why, I didn't hab any idee he'd die dis soon; but I hesn't had much hopes ob him all along—"

"Oh, Aunt Voe, pity me!" wailed the child, interrupting her; "I have only two friends left now: you and Royal."

"Well, honey, Aunt Voe does pity you; but don't you be griben' yourself to death 'bout Mars Gilbert, 'cause he's happy now fur de fust time in his life sence he was married. I's glad he is gone; fur, I tell you, Miss Belvieve, I hates to see a Langdon treated like he wus. Les me and you meet him and Miss Gertrude, now, honey, when we dies; dat's all we've got to do."

"Yes, Aunt Voe, I know that; but if we could only go now—if we could only!"

"Yes, dearie, but we can't do dat; we's got to wait awhile. If we wus just as ready to go as Mars Gilbert was, de good Lord would a took us, too. Dars plenty ob happiness in sto' fur you, Miss Belvieve. Aunt Voe feels it;—dat's why you don't die now—de happiness may be a long time comin'; but it'll come—trust Aunt Voe fur dat."

Thus consoling her young mistress in her ignorant fashion, Aunt Voe spent an hour; and, when Belvieve arose to leave her, it was with a happier, a more resigned, happy heart than had beat in her bosom for many days.

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORY OF A MOTHER.—When temptation appears, and we are almost persuaded to do wrong, how often a mother's word of warning will call to mind vows that are rarely broken. Yes, the memory of a mother has saved many a poor wretch from going astray. Tall grass may be growing over the hallowed spot where all her earthly remains repose; the dying leaves of autumn may be whirling over it, or the white mantle of winter may cover it from sight; yet the spirit of her, when he walks in the right path, appears, and gently and mournfully calls to him when wandering off into the ways of error.

Selected Poetry.

Forty Years Ago.

How wonderful are changes, Jim,
Since forty years ago,
When gals wore woolen dresses, Jim,
And boys wore pants of tow;
When shoes were made of calfskin,
And socks of homespun wool,
And children did a half-day's work
Before the hour of school.

The girls took music lessons, Jim,
Upon the spinning-wheel,
And practiced late and early, Jim,
On spindle, swift and reel;
The boys would ride bare-backed to mill,
A dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day,
Some forty years ago.

The people rode to meeting, Jim,
In gigs in 'those good days,
And wagons rode as easy, Jim,
As buggies now-a-days,
And oxen answered well for teams
Though now they'd be too slow,
For people lived not half so fast,
Some forty years ago.

O, well so I remember, Jim,
The Wilson patent stove,
That father bought and paid for, Jim,
In cloth our gals had wore;
And how the neighbors wondered
When we got the thing to go.
They said 'twould bust and kill us all
Some forty years ago.

Yes, everything is different, Jim,
From what it used to was,
For men are always tampering, Jim,
With God's great natural laws,
But what on earth we're coming to,
Does anybody know?
For everything has changed so much,
Since forty years ago.

OUR RADIX LETTER.

DECORATION DAY—A PAGAN FUNERAL—
THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK—THE MIGHTY
DOLLAR—ALL SORTS—MATTERS AT
PHILADELPHIA—AMERICAN VANDALS—
A HUNGRY HOWL—THE DEAD HEAD
ROGUE'S GALLERY—FINANCIAL.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, June 2, 1876.

EDITOR ARGUS.

The American people who, heretofore, have never seemed to have time for holidays and who, for a century, had not more than two or three days in the year beside Sundays when they could stop work without their consciences pricking them, are now rapidly growing toward the condition of older nations in this regard. Were any argument necessary to support this assertion the facts in connection with Decoration Day would furnish it.

When the 30th of May was set apart for the purpose indicated it was rather for a private and unostentatious tribute to the memory of friends and relations who fell in the late war. But with the increasing need for recreation which the nation has felt, the occasion has been nursed and developed into a regular gala-day, with processions, flags, bands of music and all the paraphernalia of public demonstrations.—Of course this change is more marked in the older parts of the country and, probably, most of all here in New York.

On last Tuesday the celebration was more showy and also more comprehensive than ever before. The fact of its being the Centennial year gave an opportunity for greater ceremony than usual, which was improved by beautifully decorating the graves of 1812 and even of the Revolution—what few still remain to us,—by a profuse display of bunting and by a procession to Greenwood, which was nearly an hour and a half in passing a given point. The colossal bronze statues of Washington and Lincoln in Union Square were covered with evergreens and flowers, the Centennial character of the day being shown by the much greater attention paid to the former. Speeches and music were also given at the same place and business throughout town quite generally suspended.

An occasion of great interest to the curious was the recent funeral of an eccentric Bavarian nobleman Baron de Palm, who died ten days ago at one of our city hospitals. His body was embalmed by his order, and after being kept a week was taken to Masonic Hall where funeral services were held according to some ancient pagan ritual by the heathen society of Theosophists to which the deceased belonged and to whom he left all his property. After the incense burning and other weird ceremonies the body was removed by the society by whom, it is whispered, it is to be burnt after the ancient fashion.

The business outlook, I am happy to say, shows at last some encouraging points. The recent large trade sale of 25,000 pieces of domestic cotton goods has had a magical effect in brightening

that interest, and is almost certain, by showing that there is a bottom somewhere, to react favorably upon other branches. If something of this sort would turn the ebbing tide ever so little, the return of confidence and legitimately good times would be certain to follow.

It was the general impression that A. T. Stewart had few or no blood relations, but now there springs up suddenly from nowhere a whole army of cousins, all hungry for a slice of the estate. A lawyer having been found, equally hungry with themselves, proceedings have been instituted to set aside the will on the ground of insanity or something else equally gauzy, and to procure a "new deal." If these claimants have no other means of support than what they get out of this claim they had better step around to the poor house or insane asylum at once.

Commodore Vanderbilt is paying one of the penalties of prominence.—Hovering, as he is, between life and death, his house is constantly besieged by reporters and messengers from the Stock Exchange all eager to speculate on the old man's dying breath. The Commodore was 82 years old last Saturday, but was too feeble to receive even the congratulations of his own family.

"Uncle Daniel" Drew is also passing through a severe ordeal, which may terminate his life as well. Although so low as to be confined to his bed and unable to speak above a whisper, the inextinguishable requirements of the law force him to submit to a rigorous examination as to his affairs and the circumstances attending his bankruptcy, which examination is still in progress at this writing. The ex-king of Wall street is said to feel deeply his changed position and to have been unable to restrain his tears at the invasion of his sick room which he is now powerless to prevent.

The inventive genius of the sporting men being taxed for a new sensation the result has been the introduction of long Mustang races against time at Fleetwood Park. The third of these races occurred yesterday, one Parker attempting to ride 305 miles in fifteen hours, using 30 Mustangs. The feat was a terribly trying one, necessitating his keeping up an average of over 20 miles an hour for the whole time, and the rider was unable to complete it. The gate money was large, however, so that the real end of the race was attained.

The reappearance of the Florences in "The Mighty Dollar," at Wallack's, this week, has inaugurated a season of unusual brilliancy. The broad but inimitable humor of the piece and the manner in which it hits off various phases of American politics and society of the present day, are appreciated to the full and are drawing the finest audiences that grace any theatre in New York, "by a large majority." Mr. Florence has made the greatest hit of his career in the character of the Hon. Bardwell Slote. The pompous, bibulous, good-hearted, but entirely mercenary politician, equally ready for a stump speech or a little Congressional speculation, it is an enormous exaggeration, it is true, but an exaggeration so clever and so palpably on a line with the reality as to be simply irresistible. Mrs. Florence, as Mrs. Gilflory, an ingenious, Americanized variation of Mrs. Malaprop, forms an admirable companion piece to this incorruptible statesman. Both of these genial artists have found in "The Mighty Dollar," parts which fit them, to use a simile more expressive than elegant,—"like the paper on a wall," and this natural adaptability supplemented by the careful and minute study which it is evident that each part has received from these actors has resulted in the creation of two of the most consistent and thoroughly enjoyable pieces of character acting that ever delighted an American audience. The Florences are splendidly supported and the well nigh limitless resources of Wallack's have furnished a setting which may be better imagined than described. From all appearances "The Mighty Dollar," will be forced to remain here for several months, so great is the rush to witness it. After the withdrawal from here the couple will enter upon a trans-continental tour which will take nearly a year to complete. Of this tour I shall have occasion to speak in a subsequent letter.

PHILADELPHIA, June 3.

If a fellow could be shut up in a hundred square feet of the Exposition, somewhere, and forbidden to stir out of that enclosure under pain of death till he had written a description thereof, there might then be some chance of his holding himself down to one thing long enough to get it on to paper. But, unfortunately there are no friendly jailers to hold me still, and as a consequence, I roam wildly around at each visit, seeing such a multiplicity of things that my feeble intellect is weighed down by an overpowering sense of its own inability to properly tackle the subject.

The Main building is at last in pretty good shape, the Russian exhibit, which was about the tardiest of the lot, having arrived and being nearly set up. The other halls are well filled and are in fine shape, with the exception of those containing the Art Department, where the delay in exhibits and the culpable neglect of the authorities in placing the necessary guards about the paintings and statuary has worked terrible mischief.

Americans are a very smart and bright class of people, but they are two unaccustomed to art galleries to be trusted therein without keepers. When every town in the country of 20,000 inhabitants boasts its collection of canvases and marble, our people will have learned how to behave themselves; but, at present, their performances at Memorial Hall and vicinity would put to the blush the meanest peasant in all Europe. Aside from their boisterous crowding and clownish antics over the nude figures displayed, our vandals must needs have a poke or a push or a pull at everything within reach. The consequence is that numbers of valuable paintings have been broken through by canes and umbrellas and the delicate portions of various statues broken off, to say nothing of countless dirty finger marks and the like which cover the old lace, tapestry and marbles. The director of the Austrian Art show has indignantly and properly closed the portion under his control until suitable protection is provided for his art treasures.—The whole Art Department is already much crowded and what to do with the stream of statuary which continues to flow in from Italy is a question which puzzles the directors.

And now while I am "on the growl," let me relieve my mind on one or two other points. One is the slowness with which those who have the unfinished smaller buildings in charge, get along, and the other is the extortion practiced by the restaurant keepers. They started in, with charges so terrific that the authorities ordered them to reduce them to, at least, the capacity of an ordinary pocket-book. The villains smiled a deceitful smile of complacency and made some reduction on the bids of fare, but at the same time brought down the portion served to ultra homeopathic doses, so that the hungry public is no better off than before. To be sure, there are, outside the enclosure, plenty of moderate priced restaurants, but the fun of that is, that once outside the fence you can't get back without the loss of another 50 cent piece. So you have your choice of going hungry or squandering the savings of a laborious lifetime on Centennial sandwiches, which are so light that, when dropped, they float to the ground like a feather.—This matter is really such a nuisance that it will doubtless be soon remedied.

The number of tickets issued to the noble army of dead heads is quite large (probably nearly 20,000 in all), and by being transferred by the holders to parties who have no right to the courtesy, have reduced the receipts quite perceptibly. To remedy this evil the Commissioners have hit upon the plan of making the free list a sort of "Rogue's Gallery," and in pursuance thereof have ordered that after a certain day no free pass will be recognized which does not have attached to it the photograph of the person to whom it is issued. This will put an effectual quietus upon the use of the same pass by several persons.—A photographer outside the grounds is doing a fine trade in consequence, taking pictures at lightning speed, in the most business like manner possible. The string of people standing outside his little establishment is an interesting sight. Exhibitors, employees, reporters and correspondents, male and female, all have to fall into line and are successively disposed of at 50 cents a head, with neatness and despatch. This essentially Yankee idea is a pretty good one and will save a good deal of money to the commissioners' coffers.

Speaking of which reminds me to say that the financial outlook of the enterprise is already brightening. The average of cash admissions during the first fourteen days is nearly four times as large as those to the Vienna Exposition, during the same time and over twice as large as the corresponding figures for the Paris Exhibition of nine. This average is constantly improving and will continue to improve.

Decoration Day was pretty generally observed here. The great features of the week was the grand parade of the Knights Templar on the 1st, when 7,500 of the Sir Knights were in line, forming an imposing spectacle.

The following formula will make a ton of fertilizer superior to any patent, adulterated, imported article, and will not cost more than fifteen dollars, freight included:

Twenty bushels of rich earth, one barrel of plaster, three bushels of phosphate lime one hundred and fifty pounds of sulphate of potash, forty pounds Nitrate Soda and forty pounds of Sulphate Ammoniac.

Decorating the farm.

The Farm.



TO TAN HIDES SO AS TO PRESERVE THE FUR.—Cut off the useless parts and soften the skin by soaking. Then remove the fatty and fleshy matter, and soak it in warm water for an hour. Mix equal parts of borax, salt-peter, and sulphate of soda with sufficient water to make a thin paste, spread this paste over the inside of the skin with a brush, applying more on the thicker portions of the skin than on the thinner. Double the skin together, flesh inwards, and put in a cool place; let it remain twenty-four hours and then wash clean, and apply a mixture of one ounce of sal soda, half an ounce of borax and two ounces of hard white soap, melted together slowly but not allowed to boil; fold the skin again and lay it in a cool place twenty-four hours. Now dissolve four ounces alum, eight ounces salt, and two ounces saleratus in enough hot rain water to saturate the skin. When the water is cool enough not to scald the hands, put the skin in and let soak for twelve hours. Repeat this soaking two or three times. Then smooth the inside of the skin with sand paper and pumice stone.—[Prairie Farmer.]

DESTROYING ROACHES.—Take dry red lead; mix with thin molasses to a consistency of thin cream; then take pieces of glass and broken plates, etc., spread it on about as thick as thin window glass. Where roaches are very numerous, give them plenty of the mixture, as they eat very greedily of it. I think the general failure with roach poisons is this: The poison is so quick in sickening the roaches that they will not eat enough of it to kill them, for they are slow eaters. The red lead being slow in its effect on them, they will get a good quantity into them before it will sicken them. I have noticed when any of them would happen to be trampled upon it would appear that they were entirely filled with the red lead. Place the lead where the roaches can get at it most conveniently. If the lead should become too dry and hard, mix a little more lead and molasses with the old to freshen it up again, and place it in other places.—[Our Home Journal.]

A REMEDY FOR CHEAT AND COCKLE.—Some years ago my wheat was very much "turned" to cheat and cockle. As I had just as much faith in wheat turning to one as the other, I resolved to sow no more of the seed of either, and took a screen off an old fan, put a rim around it, and sat down by my heap of seed wheat, cockle and cheat or chess, and sieved it so long as any wheat would go through. I sowed only what would not pass through. The result was, scarcely a stalk of anything but wheat could be found in forty-five acres the next harvest, and what few stalks appeared I presume had been in the manure. I treated my seed the same way the next fall. The following spring, in sowing grass seed over fifty acres, I found but one stalk of cockle, and in harvesting not a handful of cheat and no cockle was found, notwithstanding the wheat had been badly winter-killed, and one field near the barn had been run on, trampled and eaten by the lambs and chickens very much.—[Cor. Farmer's Friend.]

In planting sweet potatoes, select only the very largest potatoes, for seed; then get a barrel, box or tank of some kind that will hold water, fill it with corn-cobs, add liquid manure—water alone will not do—until all the cobs are covered; now keep it that way until you are ready to plant, by which time the cobs will be rotten, but yet holding together. Wrap your potato sets, plant or vine around a cob, once or more; bury it in your ridges, leaving an end of the vine out to grow. In this way you will make a big "tater and lot of 'em" in the hill, and that, too, almost regardless of soil.