

Wilson Bergstresser.

(Obituary notice continued from last week.) Wilson Bergstresser died at his home at Waterfall Mills, December 31, 1901, aged 75 years and 30 days. In 1861 he had a good saw mill and grist mill, both doing excellent work and having a good return from work done; but up to this time, no house of his own for self and family. In 1862 he selected a site for a house a short distance from the mill, along Siding Hill creek, where the trees and the laurel bush together with other undergrowth grew so dense that a man had to get on his hands and knees to crawl through; so we may quote from Sacred Writ, "Here the great owl made her nest, also the screech owl found here a place of rest for herself." But he goes to work, clears away trees, laurel, briars, brush, etc., and places there a home residence, which reminds us that "the wilderness and the solitary place and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Here he resided from 1862 to the time of his death.

In October, 1875, he met with a heavy loss in the burning of his grist mill which was totally destroyed, but was partly covered by insurance. He met the loss bravely, and, not being discouraged, sent on the day following for a master millwright, who came and, selecting a new site, commenced, immediately, plans for laying a foundation for the erection of another mill house, which was completed December, 1876, and on the 6th day of the same month and year the water was turned on, having a fall of 26 feet, the great force gained by such a head putting in motion the ponderous wheels and all the machinery started harmoniously in one of the best mill houses in Fulton county, having in it a set of rollers costing over two thousand dollars, with wheat and buckwheat cleaner and other modern improvements by which he manufactured a flour whose brand is well known far and near.

In youth, and up to and past middle age, he was physically a fair specimen, possessing much strength and endurance. In his earlier manhood when occasion demanded it, few men could surpass him in the amount of labor he could perform.

In days of yore when flour was put up in cooper barrels, he could place two empty barrels on end, one on top of the other, then take a full barrel of flour and lift it placing it on top of the former two.

He was a man of affairs, capable of doing things in a masterly way. Nothing in his sphere or line of business daunted him. Some men have the faculty of planning but are lax in execution; others strong in execution but lack directing power. Both faculties in him were equally well developed. Had he trained himself in the science of civil engineering he would have stood high among the members of that profession. His continuity and tenacity of purpose in his undertakings made failure a rare thing with him.

He was of a jovial and kindly disposition—careful never to do violence to any living creature when it could be avoided. His fondness for children made him their favorite wherever he went. Boys and dogs, those unerring judges of men's nature, always instinctively sought him as a friend.

He was a friend of education, encouraging the building of new school houses, and spent many hundred dollars for the education of his children.

He kept a supply of reading matter, that in connection with the dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, he kept in touch with the world at large.

One has said, "Reading makes the man." It creates new thought, expands the mind, and is to the mind as food is to the blood, providing the reading matter be pure, good and wholesome. A mind without reading is like a stream without tributaries, catching only such as drop into it.

He was a friend of the poor. The writer heard a poor widow say, and she knew what she was talking about, "Well, he was good to the poor; the poor people in this community will miss him."

groat man has fallen here." He gave towards the building of churches. If "Old Zion," the home church, needed remodeling or repairing in any way, Wilson Bergstresser was always ready to respond, though not a member. Many a minister and his family received a bagful or a sackful of flour as a gift at his mill.

During the past three years he bought two acres of ground, had the County Surveyor run the lines, and laid it out for a cemetery, on a fine elevation overlooking Zion church and Waterfall; but on account of his not living to have all the work connected with it done, his own body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Bethel church, New Grenada, where his son Mead, and his brother Lewis sleep.

The family have lost a husband and father who was kind and indulgent and a good provider for their comfort, and the writer has lost a friend.

THEODORE J. THOMPSON.

TRICKS OF BROWNING'S DOG.

Ways in Which He Showed His Devotion to His Master.

Robert Browning's mother had an extraordinary power over animals. W. J. Stillman says in his "Autobiography" that she could even lure butterflies to her by some unknown means, and that domestic animals obeyed her as if by the aid of reason.

Robert had received a present of a bulldog of a rare breed which tolerated no interference from any person except him or his mother, and would never allow strangers to be in the least familiar with her. When a neighbor came in, he was not allowed to shake hands with her, for the dog at once showed his teeth. Not even her husband was allowed to approach her too closely, and if Robert was more familiar with her than the dog thought proper the display of teeth was very evident.

One day, to subject him to a severe test, Robert put his arm about his mother's neck as they sat side by side at the table. The dog went round behind them, put his fore feet on a chair and lifted Robert's arm away with his nose.

There was a favorite cat in the family and her dog hated. One day he chased her under a cupboard and kept her there, besieged until Mrs. Browning gave him a severe lecture, and charged him never to molest pussy more. The creature obeyed her implicitly. From that time forth he was never known to touch the cat, although she, remembering past tyranny, bore herself most insolently toward him. Yet when she scratched him he only whimpered and turned away as if to avoid temptation.

An Amendment. "Some years ago," says a writer in Anecdotes, "when the new lands in Indian Territory were opened the small towns which sprang up were filled with a very mixed population, and the theaters and traveling theatrical companies were on a par with the towns they visited."

"One night the writer was in Oklahoma City and stepped into a theater where 'Trilby' was being played. The house was packed from top to bottom with tough characters, and the character of the actors and their acting was, if anything, tougher, so that even the audience became restless.

"The play finally reached the point where Little Billee is supposed to clasp Trilby passionately in his arms, instead of which he held her at arms' length, with as much ardor as he would have shown to a bale of hay, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Trilby, nothing can come between us!' whereat a six foot cow puncher in the gallery leaned over the railing and shouted in tones of supreme disgust: 'Aw, git out! Yer could t'row a cow between yer!'"

Some Household Superstitions. The gift of a knife cuts friendship; in handling a needle the eye and not the point must be extended. The dropping of a dishcloth betokens a visitor, and he or she will be an entire stranger should a cock crow in the doorway. It is unlucky to cut the nails on Friday, although the Arabians, on the contrary, religiously observe that day for the purpose. If you sing before breakfast, you will cry before supper, and if you stumble up stairs you will not be married during the year. Putting on the left shoe first is regarded as an omen of ill. Augustus Caesar put his left sandal on before his right one, and nearly lost his life the same day in a mutiny. That had nothing to do with it of course, and Butler in his "Hudibras" scores him for the silly notion.

THE WILLOWS.

With trunks about the willows stand And o'er the river lean; They seem to pour their foliage down, A cataract of green. Their wind swept branches downward bow To mingle with the stream; The leaflets bend to kiss the waves, The dearest friends they seem. And this is why the willow weep And mourn, as well you ken; The little waves all say goodbye, But ne'er come back again. — Ernest Harold Baynes in Boston Transcript.

It's rain or shine with the boot-black.

LOSSES IN COOKING MEATS.

Conclusions Drawn by Government Experts From Experiments.

Dietary investigations made by government experts show that of the total food consumed by the average man in this country 20 per cent is flesh, if that term is taken to include not only meat, but also poultry, fish and shellfish.

Incidentally a question studied has had to do with the amount of nutritive material lost in the cooking of meat. That there is a loss, of course, is obvious enough, especially where the material is boiled and the water afterward thrown away, but nothing has been known on the subject until recently with any degree of accuracy, and hence the value of the government investigation, which ought to have no little interest for the American housewife.

Here are some of the conclusions drawn by the experts from their experiments:

The chief loss in weight during the cooking of beef is due to the driving off of water. Lean beef will lose in this way as much as 38 per cent of its weight.

When beef is fried, there appears to be no great loss of nutritive material.

When beef is cooked in water, from 3 to 20 per cent of the total solids are found in the broth. If the broth is used for soup or otherwise, it is no loss obviously.

Beef that has been used for a preparation of beef tea or broth has lost little of its nutritive value, though much of the flavoring has been removed.

Fat meat contains less water proportionately and so shrinks less in cooking. Other things being equal, a small piece of meat cooked in water shrinks more relatively than a large piece.—Saturday Evening Post.

Sheridan's Sleeping Bag.

I was reading the other day that Wendell Phillips, the lecturer, when he traveled carried a sleeping bag, into which he crawled at night when at a strange hotel. It reminded me of the sleeping bag that DeB. Randolph Reim tells me General Sheridan carried while on the campaign against the Indians in mid-winter. It was made of fur, with the fur inside, and Sheridan used to strip and crawl into it.

The general had two big dogs that followed him about, and in the morning early when the reveille was sounded the dogs would go nosing about until they got into Sheridan's tent, when they would rush upon their sleeping master and run their cold noses into the sleeping bag. It had the effect of an electrical bath on "Little Phil," and the language he used was exceedingly free. The mercury in his tent would go up about 40 degrees when he cut loose, and the dogs would rush growling down the camp street, while Reim would lie there and laugh.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Animals That Weep.

Do animals weep? Explorers say they do. Lady Burton says that she has seen horses in the Syrian desert cry from thirst, a mule cry from pain of an injured foot and a camel shed tears in streams. Gordon Cumming declares that he has observed tears in the eyes of a dying elephant, and Dr. Livingstone used to have a pet ape which cried when the explorer would not take it in his arms. Wounded apes have died crying, and apes have wept over their young ones slain by hunters. Sea lions are said to cry for the loss of their young, and a giraffe which had been injured by the rifle of a hunter began to cry. Another explorer tells of a chimpanzee which had been trained to carry water jugs. It let one fall and break and in its sorrow set a-crying. There seems to be little doubt that animals do sometimes cry from pain, sorrow or annoyance; but, as a rule, we cannot catch the watchdog in tears or the family cat having a "good cry."

He Won the Bet.

At an evening party given by King Edward VII. when he was Prince of Wales was a young lord. It was his first invitation, and his royal highness showed him particular attention, which so impressed the young nobleman that he came to regard himself as a particular favorite of the prince. He even went so far as to declare that he would get the prince to wait upon him in person. He was laughed at for his pains. Then a bet was proposed and accepted. After dinner, when all the gentlemen had retired to the billiard room, the "favorite" suddenly called out:

"Look here, Wales! Be good enough to ring for a glass of punch!"

Everybody was thunderstruck, but the prince, with a genial smile, walked up to the bell rope and rang. When the footman came in, he quietly said:

"Got this gentleman his carriage."

Not in the Secondhand Business.

As Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the great wit, was entering court one day carrying his books and briefs in a green bag, according to the custom of the time, some of his brother barristers, thinking to play a joke on him, urged some boys to ask him if he had old clothes for sale in his green bag. "Oh, no!" instantly replied Sheridan. "They are all new suits."

A laugh on the face is worth two in the sleeve.

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Imitative Tots at Play.

Wordsworth's lines of a child at play, "as if his whole vocation were endless imitation," were recently recalled by a conversation overheard in the children's ward at a provincial hospital.

A little girl whose role was that of nurse rang an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk to her companion at the farther end of the room, who played the part of doctor.

"Hello!" said the nurse. "Is that the doctor?"

"Yes," answered her companion in a deep voice. "This is the doctor."

"This lady is very ill," he was informed.

"Well, what seems to be the matter?"

"She has swallowed a whole bottle of ink," said the nurse.

The doctor, not flurried, inquired what had been done for the patient, but the nurse, too, was ready in emergencies.

She answered, "I gave her two pads of blotting paper!"

Queer Eating.

In 1632 it is recorded that a man named Claudius, a native of Lorraine, a very short, thin individual, used frequently to swallow with impunity pieces of glass, stones, pieces of wood, hay, straw, hares' feet, pieces of linen, cloth and small living animals, including on one occasion a couple of mice. Every one familiar with the magic lantern slide of a man swallowing live mice, but there are few that are aware that such a thing has actually been done. Another man is mentioned who, finding himself hungry, ate a sack of charcoal, including the sack.

Flogging Was His Strong Point.

Some one suggested during the reign of Dr. Keate at Eton that Christianity was not so much cultivated in his establishment as the classics, and especially that the endeavor to be "pure in heart" was not sufficiently attended to. The doctor accordingly addressed his boys upon this point, "Be pure in heart, or (with sudden energy) I'll flog you!" As he once flogged a whole class of examinees for confirmation, thinking they had come up for punishment, there is no doubt that he meant to keep his word.

Right of Free Speech Abridged.

The high handed measures of the city court of Ansonia, Conn., to beat a strike that recently was on there should lead to another judge being selected when election time comes. The other day while a squad of nonunion men were marching under police escort to a foundry a hotel employee on the sidewalk shouted, "Scabs!" He was immediately picked up by the police, taken into court and fined \$50 for disorderly conduct. The police magistrate announced that the next case would be punished with imprisonment and fine.

This is certainly an abridgment of the right of free speech, and it is hardly possible that the sturdy New Englanders will indorse its suppression to aid corporations and combines to defeat their workmen whatever the merits of the strike may be.

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