

the occasion of any attack upon the lungs, he was quite unfitted to resist any serious illness. A heavy cold fastened itself upon him soon after he arrived in London, which he considered at first but a slight indisposition, interrupting but a little his plans. But the delicate machinery could not endure the additional burden put upon it by the severe congestion of the lungs. His strength was speedily exhausted, and hardly had his condition begun to seem alarming, when suddenly, about midnight, April 29, 1884, his spirit took its flight. With his face turned homeward with eager longing, he made a quick transition to another and brighter home. His own lines seem singularly applicable to the event:

"For life to me is as a station,
Wherein apart a traveler stands,—
One absent long from home and nation
In other lands,—
And I, as he who stands and listens
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear approaching in the distance,
The train for home."

While he was waiting for the voyage which should bring him to the spot he loved best on earth, the summons came, and he passed from night to day, from long wandering in a foreign clime to rest forever in the home of light above.

His body was brought to Madison, and on May 28th, after appropriate funeral services at the house of his son, Prof. A. D. Conover, was borne, by loving and reverent hands, to the beautiful slopes of Forest Hill Cemetery. The judges of the supreme court, and representatives of the university faculty, and of the State Historical Society, with which he had so long been associated, united with many other friends of thirty years in the tribute of esteem and love to one who will long be remembered as one of the purest, ablest, noblest of men.