

**FARMINGTON.  
[CHICAGO-1904]**

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Farmington. [Chicago-1904] by Clarence S. Darrow

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**CLARENCE S. DARROW**

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Farmington



# FARMINGTON

*By*

CLARENCE S. DARROW

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1904

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# FARMINGTON

## CHAPTER I

### ABOUT MY STORY

**I** BEGIN this story with the personal pronoun. To begin it in any other way would be only a commonplace assumption of a modesty that I do not really have. It is most natural that the personal pronoun should stand as the first word of this tale, for I cannot remember a time when my chief thoughts and emotions did not concern myself, or were not in some way related to myself. I look back through the years that have passed, and find that the first consciousness of my being and the hazy indistinct memories of my childhood are all about myself, — what the world, and its men and its women, and its beasts and its plants, meant to me. This feeling is all there is of the past and all there is of the present; and as I look forward on my fast shortening

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path, I am sure that my last emotions, like my first, will come from the impressions that the world is yet able to make upon the failing senses that shall still connect me with mortal life.

So why should I not begin this tale with the personal pronoun? And why should I not use it over and over again, with no effort to disguise the fact that whatever the world may be to you, still to me it is nothing except as it influences and affects my life and me?

I have been told that I was born a long time ago, back in the State of Pennsylvania, on the outskirts of a little struggling town that slept by day and by night along a winding stream, and between two ranges of high hills that stood sentinel on either side. The valley was very narrow, and so too were all the people who lived in the little town. These built their small white frame houses and barns close to the river-side, for it was only near its winding banks that the soil would raise corn, potatoes, and hay, — potatoes for the people, and hay and corn for the other inhabitants, who were almost as important to the landscape and almost as close to my early life as the men