



C DUFFIELD, Prop'r.

HIGHLAND PARK HOUSE.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

This elegant new Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. Both house and grounds are in perfect order, surpassing in spaciousness and beauty any Suburban Hotel in the West. For full particulars, address, PROPRIETOR HIGHLAND PARK HOUSE, Highland Park, Lake Co., Ill., or, Room No. 1, 125 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

ODE TO NATURE.

Your voiceless lips, ye flowers, are living preachers,—  
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book—  
Supplying to my fancy, numerous teachers  
From loneliest nook.

Nearth cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer.

Not to that dome where crumbling arch and column  
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,  
Which God has planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;  
Whose choir, the winds and waves; whose organ, thunder;  
Whose dome, the sky.

There, amid solitude and shade, I wander  
Thro' the green aisles, or stretched along the sod,  
Awd by the stillness, reverently ponder  
The ways of God.

We hold to the belief that error, to be squelched, needs only to be brought to light. We therefore publish the subjoined article from an exchange (inserted there by mistake, no doubt) solely that the base calumnies therein expressed, may continue to "writhe in pain" until they "lie among their worshippers."

We have no acquaintance with Lindeman, and entertain no harsher sentiment than pity towards him. In the spirit of "charity for all," we conclude him to be some cynical bachelor whose proper place is within the walls of a lunatic asylum. Ladies! be calm:

We have ever regarded a ball room as the happy hunting ground of loveliness, where eyes spoke love to eyes which were again all that some thing; but we can never look upon that light again. The glory hath departed. One Dr. Lindeman has been making an investigation of false hair and chignons usually worn by ladies, with the most dreadful results. Parasitic bodies, known as gregarinidæ, grow at the extremities of the hair, forming little lumps, visible to the naked eye. Each of these lumps contains a colony of about fifty psorasperms. Under the influence of heat and moisture they (the lumps) swell, the

granular contents being converted into little spheres, and then into pseudonavicellæ. These become free and float in the air and penetrate into the interior of the human organism, producing very serious affections of the heart, Bright's disease and pulmonary complaints! In a ball room, says the dreadful doctor, containing fifty ladies, 45,000 of navicellæ are set free! Just to think that we have gazed upon these lovely forms, these dreams in turlatan and lace, and even clasped them to our palpitating waistcoats in the mazes of the deus tempus, when all the time they were sending into our circulating apparatus millions of pseudonavicellæ to give us affections of the heart, Bright's disease, and pulmonary complaints! We knew that the fair beings occasionally caused disease of the heart, and the brightness of their eyes has often produced sleeplessness and loss of appetite; but we little thought that they carried in that air, which has cast a spell over the masculine gender ever since the rib of Adam was transformed into a woman, a colony of psorasperms to devour us, as Eve demolished the apple. Henceforth, when we gaze upon that floating way which distinguished the ebb and flow of the German, we shall think of Edgar Poe and his little raven, and exclaim with that eccentric but level-headed bird, "Nevermore."

We publish the following from the New York Commercial Advertiser as not inapplicable to our own locality:

Having read your recent article, comparing the relative prices of real estate in this city with prices current at other large capitals, I can not only bear testimony to its truth, but I am surprised that it is the prevailing opinion in this country that real estate is enormously high. During an absence in Europe of some months, I gave the subject particular attention, and came to the conclusion that land in this city is still very low. I made inquiries at London, Paris, Brussels, and Berlin, and the answer was everywhere the same, "Prices constantly advancing." I then supposed that this activity must be confined to the large cities; but I tried, successively, Basle, Zurich, and Geneva, and found that well-located lots for dwellings were higher than with us, and few to be had. But this difference in price is far more noticeable in the case of suburban property suitable for the residences of people of small means. Here such land is absurdly cheap in many localities, and in few is it very dear. In any part of Europe, a piece of land, well-lo-

cated and sufficiently large to grow the vegetables of a family, within one hour's distance of a large capital, would be wholly out of the reach of a workingman, and years of labor would be required to purchase it. Here, on the contrary, a mechanic's wages for the space of ninety days will pay for such a plot, and if the European mode of culture was applied to it, it would pay for itself every three years. This statement, if made abroad, would not be believed—here it is known to be true, yet few take advantage of it, owing to the dislike of a country life, peculiar, as I think, to our people. R.

A Massachusetts farmer says: "My cattle will follow me until I leave the lot, and on the way up to the barn-yard in the evening stop and call for a lock of hay." Smithson says there is nothing at all remarkable about that. He went into the barn-yard in the country one day last week, where he had not the slightest acquaintance with the cattle, and an old bull not only followed him until he left the lot, but took the gate off the hinges and raced with him to the house in the most familiar way possible. Smithson says he has no doubt that the old fellow would have called for something if he had waited a little while, but he didn't want to keep the folks waiting for dinner, so he hung one tail of his coat and a piece of his pants on the bull's horns and went into the house.

On Sabbath, April 19th, Mrs. Rhea, a returned missionary from Persia, addressed the Sunday School in the Presbyterian Church here. Her remarks were listened to with the deepest interest, and we know it would delight all to have her give a full lecture. There is such a power of narration in her anecdotes, such a tender sweetness of spirit in her aims, and such a wide and varied experience in her personal conflict with heathenism to make one feel that she belongs to the grand army of moral and spiritual heroines. In addition, the fervor of her enthusiasm for her great cause, coming forth in burning words that kindle, often raises her effort in speaking into real eloquence.