

Spring it is made new, and its strange writing is legible only to the beloved, like the poesies of the Orient. Forever will he read, and never read his fill; and daily become aware of new meanings, new transporting revelations of loving Nature."

If Nature, or Nature's God, speak to you through the flowers, if you are one of the "beloved," then the following will have a meaning: "Love, admiration, reverence, are the foundation of all morality. We feel ourselves as cause, as person, and so personify everything—streams, winds, storms, trees—whatever benefits or harms us. Whatever we know and judge of the internal powers of things, we know or judge by sympathy, by presentiment. Every man has his own individual universe. The more he is able to transport himself into other things, to unite his life with theirs, the greater his being becomes.

As man instinctively interprets the features, gestures, and accents of his fellow men, and thus attains to language, even so he interprets Nature instinctively also. As men originally communicate, and understand one another, by expressions of their interior, which have been implanted by nature, not invented by themselves, so God communicates with the human race through his creation."

"As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of a God."

And you can echo too, the poet, when he says;

"I feel a deep and pure delight,
In the luxuries of sound and sight,
In the opening day, in the closing night!
The voice of youth goes with me still,
Through the field and the wood,
O'er the plain and the hill,
In the roar of the sea,
In the laugh of the rill;
Every flower is a love of mine,
Every star is a friend divine—
Far me they blossom, for me they shine.
Man cannot harm me if he would,
I have such friends for my every mood,
In the overflowing solitude.
Sing to me, flowers; preach to me, skies;
Ye landscapes, glitter in my eyes;
Whisper ye deeps, your mysteries,
Sigh to me, winds; ye forests, nod;
Speak to me ever, thou flowery soil;
Ye are mine—all mine—in the peace of God."

M. M. E.

ADONIRAM.

Adoniram is a reserved and dignified gentleman who has been strictly brought up, and shows it. In the soft and impressible time of youth he was taught that levity was the great sin of the age. This is his present view of life, but with a mental reservation. He now half believes, with the genial Charles Lamb, that one laugh is worth, in this world, a hundred groans. A rough man, after considerable acquaintance, brought out this remark: "I say, Adoniram, when I first knew you I thought you was a proud curse (cuss), but now I know better." With his stern views of life, when any remark occurs which may border at all upon a triviality, a certain hesitation, very much like a stammer, comes into his speech, showing the conflicting mental processes to which his mind is subject.

Last winter Adoniram (who lives in the city) received a visit from the honorable Mayor of Highland Park. The Mayor had come down ostensibly to hear a sermon to be delivered by a certain preacher, but when Sunday morning came, there had been quite a fall of snow during the previous night, and this was the preventing excuse for his staying at home. Just as Adoniram left the house with his wife, for church, he said to the Mayor—who was comfortably stretched upon the sofa—"I say, my boy, if you are hungry you know where the pantry is." "Yes, yes," was the hearty reply. "And if you need a little exercise you can s-s-s shovel off the sidewalk!" No response.

Adoniram was the last passenger upon a Wabash Avenue bus one evening. As he got out he mildly addressed the driver and said: "Dr-dr-driver, you may take the r-r-r-rest of the passengers to the barn." The man holding the reins did not understand, but Adoniram explained the remark afterward by a conundrum,

which was no slander on the busses of that popular line—"When is a stage not a stage? When it is a little buggy."

Adoniram was standing at the opening of one of the bridges just as the long schooner Thistle was working her way around the bend in the river and through the open draw of the bridge. The captain stood on the deck, his brow knitted with the double anxiety of his responsibility as to his vessel, and the exceeding low rate of freight. Adoniram hailed him, "Are you from Canada?" "No, no!" was the impatient answer. "I-I-I didn't know but what it was the *Canada Thistle*" were the words the exasperated captain heard as his schooner swung through the opening.

Adoniram was standing in the doorway of a church, and seeing a friend who was a distinguished and very dignified doctor of divinity sitting in the wall seat, he walked into the pew and said gravely, "I see that you are illustrating scripture; you have taken the lowest seat in h-h-h-hopes of being invited into the highest place in the synagogue." "I don't know about that *hopes*" was the dry response.

The thermometer stood at 110° in the sun, and it was indeed excellent weather for growing wheat, corn and fruit, but a friend of Adoniram's condensed it into a remark like this: "Good weather for growing corn." Adoniram said "Yes; but I hope my corn won't grow any bigger. It is almost as big as a b-b-b-onion (bunion) now." An intense accent upon the last syllable gave the answer quite an agricultural turn.

The pensive and poetical turn of Adoniram's mind is shadowed forth by the lines which float through it as he gravely and sedately paces the streets:

"There was a young lady of Harrow
Who went to church in a wheelbarrow;
It stuck in the aisle
And she said with a smile,
They make these here aisles too narrow."

WAS IT MURDER?

A mysterious death from a gun shot occurred a short distance south of Highland Park on Sunday afternoon 24th ult. A boy named Herman Werner about fourteen years old, while walking through the woods with his father, was attracted to a ravine near by, by the barking of his dog. Presently the father heard a shot and, hastening to the spot found the boy in a speechless and dying condition, his skull having been penetrated and blood flowing profusely.

On Monday a jury was summoned by Patrick Doolley, Justice of the Peace, but every effort to probe the mystery proved unavailing, and the verdict returned was "Death by a gun-shot at the hands of some person or persons to the jury unknown."

HIGHLANDERS VERSUS ALERTS.

On Decoration day the much-talked-of game of base ball between the Highlanders and the Alerts (formerly "Beebe nine") took place on the grounds of the former club. A large number of ladies and gentlemen witnessed the game. The day was intensely hot, but both clubs were in fine trim and eager for the match.

The Highlanders having been badly beaten by their opponents in their first game about a month ago, felt the necessity of careful play, and under their efficient captain (Coe) played a remarkably faultless game. They entirely retrieved their name and position as a club, and won glory enough for one day.

The Alerts were unfortunate all through the game though in many respects played finely, but several of their best players made bad errors. They suffered a severe defeat, being allowed to make but one score in the game. They have plenty of ability and pluck however, and propose to make it hot for the Highlanders on the first opportunity. They took their defeat gracefully, and all passed off pleasantly.

We are not "up" in base ball technology, but the following plays seemed to us noteworthy: George Hall's catch of a "sky-scraper" at left field, Howard Wrenn's catch of a "hot liner" at short stop, and Bingham's play at second base, were the most marked features of the Alerts fielding game.

On the part of the Highlanders, Frank Green covered himself with honor at short, Everts did some fine catching behind the bat, Arthur Allen pitched effectively and both did some fine throwing to bases. Labey, Orr and McDonald took care of their respective bases in good style; the latter was unfortunate at the bat, but redeemed himself by capturing a regular lawn mower back of the third, and putting it to first in a fashion that would do credit to a professional. Boyington, Coe and Platt in the field did not have much to do; the former captured a fine fly. Coe led the score on base hits and Platt in tallies.

SCORE:

HIGHLANDERS.	Position	R.	O.	E.	ALERTS.	Position	R.	O.	E.
A. J. Orr,	2d b.	2	3	2	H. Wrenn,	s. s.	0	3	0
F. Green,	s. s.	3	3	1	F. Hall,	c. f.	0	3	1
J. McDonald,	3d b.	0	0	0	B. Wood,	1st b.	0	5	0
H. S. Platt,	r. f.	4	2	1	C. K. Beebe,	l. f.	0	3	1
S. M. Coe,	c. f.	3	2	4	C. Lukes,	r. f.	0	3	1
A. F. Allen,	p.	1	3	1	F. Atwater,	3d b.	1	2	2
Jim. Labey,	1st b.	3	2	1	G. Hall,	c.	0	2	2
W. W. Everts, jr.	c.	2	2	2	C. Bingham,	2d b.	0	3	1
A. Boyington,	l. f.	2	3	2	W. Hall,	p.	0	3	1
Total,		20	27	14			1	27	9

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Highlanders, 5 0 4 2 2 0 7 0 0-20

Beebe nine, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1-1

Time of Game, one hour and forty minutes.

Scorers, C. C. Curtis, A. Banks.

Umpire, A. A. Beebe.

The second nine of the Highlanders under the command of Captain George Leslie, played a remarkably close game on Saturday, the 23d, at Lake Forest, with the Junior nine of that place. It could not be decided which were the victors until eleven hotly contested innings had been played. The score was 11 to 9 in favor of the Forests. The Highlanders treated their opponents to eight dishes of whitewash and received five in return.

We learn that the Highlanders play the Glencoe club on Thursday or Friday of this week.

We clip the following from the *Waukegan Gazette* of the 30th ult. The names sound familiar, and it is probable the thrilling portrayal may have a peculiar interest to some of the readers of the NEWS.

"A STORY.—Mr. Galligher, of Deerfield, went away many years ago; Mrs. Galligher stayed. Mr. Galligher gave his wife a power of attorney. Mrs. Galligher bargained away her farm to Mr. French. Mr. French filed the contract, tendered his money and demanded a deed. Mrs. Galligher thought that she had sold out at too low a price, and refused the money. Mr. French commenced building fence and Mrs. Galligher and her married daughter, Mrs. McKone, tore the fence down. At this point Justice Dooley issued a warrant and Constable Austin conducted the females to the county jail from which they were soon released on bail. Mrs. Galligher and Mrs. McKone have brought suit against Messrs. French, Austin and Dooley, for false imprisonment, laying their damages at the moderate sum of \$20,000. To be continued.

MR. DUFFIELD, of the new Hotel informs us that he has a new "Blatchley" Ice Cream Freezer, and that besides supplying his guests, he will be able to furnish families, parties, or whoever may wish it, on the shortest notice, and reasonable terms.

Bakery: Ice Cream Saloon

The subscriber respectfully informs his patrons and the public that he is prepared to furnish them with everything usually kept in a First-Class Bakery and Confectionery Establishment, and will sell all goods at the very lowest figures. He has also in connection a

RESTAURANT,

where travelers and others can be accommodated at all hours. He has a large supply of ICE, on hand, and will have two or three hundred tons to spare the outside trade.

P. DOOLEY.

Highland Park, June 1, 1874.

G. L. & S. P. BLAND,

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