

A GENTLEMAN who thinks it high time that the "little Johnny" poetry should give place to something neater and more fully charged with sentiment, sends us the following as largely combining both:

Oh, bury Bartholomew out in the woods,
In a beautiful hole in the ground,
Where the bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing,
And the straddle-bugs tumble around,
So that, in winter, when the snow and the slush
Have covered his last little bed,
His brother Artemus can go out with Jane
And visit the place with his sled.

—Harpers.

The following epitaph, copied from a gravestone in Pembroke, Massachusetts, is almost a century old, and is now for the first time in print:

Here rests a poor woman
Who always was tired,
For she lived in a house
Where help was not hired.
Her last words were, Friends,
Fare ye well; I am going
To a place where there's nothing
Of washing or sewing.
Then weep not, my friends,
When death shall us sever;
For I'll have a nice time
In doing nothing forever.
For every thing there
Is exact to my wishes,
Since when they don't eat
There's no washing of dishes.
The court is with sweet music
As constantly ringing;
But having no voice,
I shall get clear of singing.
She folded her hands
With her latest endeavor,
And whispered sweet nothing,
Oh, nothing, forever.

THE HIGHLAND PARK BUILDING COMPANY.

There has been more or less gossip in regard to the action of the Highland Park Building Company of late, a report having been circulated that the Company had passed a resolution to wind up its operations in the way of building and making improvements. As the report may have a depressing effect on the minds of some, it seems to us advisable to state the case as it is, so as to put certainty in the place of uncertainty. These are the facts:

Since the organization of the Company its Directors have made no cash dividends, because it has been the policy of the Company to expend all their receipts in advancing the material welfare of the place in building roads, bridges, houses, stores, and a grand hotel. They have not stopped until all really necessary public improvements have been made.

Their original purchase amounted to about fifty thousand dollars. The sales made by the Company have averaged each year, for six years, more than the original cost of the entire purchase, and yet, by the opening up of the remaining property, and the consequently increased value thereof, the aggregate value of unsold property has never decreased, and what was originally bought for fifty thousand dollars, and the added value of improvements, is now appraised at over a million dollars. But the stockholders of the Company have not realized dividends in this time, though their property has accumulated very rapidly, and if all were capitalists who did not need their money, no better investment could be made than in the Company's stock, which, according to a careful inventory and examination of its books, proves to be worth, after paying all liabilities, nearly 150,000 being its par, and after deducting a previous *land* dividend of over \$100,000, while in the market, where its value was not known, it could not be sold at near what it was worth, consequently its stockholders prefer to take this proportion of the property in-hand now than wait for the property to be sold by the Company and take cash in the future, and also reasoning that it will be better for the town to get more strong owners individually interested now that the public improvements are made.

To accept this proposition is optional with the members of the Company, and only a part have decided to do so. Those who have, have done so only partially, so that that the Company has not broken up or sold out, and its business could hardly be brought to a close for a year or two, as it has grown to be very extensive, and not alone confined to Highland Park, as they owned more than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of property in the city of Chicago.

It is claimed by the Company that they have done not only what was their business interest to do, but that, on broader and higher grounds, they have kept

faith with those who have trusted their happiness and prosperity to them. Now the same property is in the hands of the citizens of Highland Park to still add to, still beautify, and upon which a greater advance can be realized if the liberal spirit is kept up by the citizens in their individual and corporate capacity, which we strongly urge, for, while the Company will still be large owners of property, private interests will be very largely in excess, and hereafter we shall, as a corporation, and as citizens, represent the strongest interests. But we do not fear but what it may, and will be, better for Highland Park, to call in the enterprise, and especially the capital of the individual stockholders, now that the public improvements are so thoroughly completed.

There can be no doubt in regard to the growth and improvement of Highland Park if we citizens see to it that all public interests are carefully attended to. The schools kept up to a high standard, the streets and roads well attended to, sidewalks built and kept in order, street lamps located throughout the place, the churches sustained, and all public enterprises of a desirable nature supported and encouraged. If these things are heeded we shall never miss the Company which has been the generous and strong support of our youth, and whose memory as an enterprising corporation will always be cherished by those who can appreciate their efforts.

If our hospitable people feel poor this winter, let them by no means give up their hospitality. Offer it all the more, but serve it with poor man's sauce; the good old durable virtue of modesty and frugality, of cheerfulness and honesty, and kindly welcome, with hearty clasp of ungloved hands, and liberal proffer of simple cheer. Though the appetite may pine the soul will thrive; the very spirit of social entertainment will bloom and throb within us, and like Jacob when he kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept, we shall mourn to think we never thought of so doing before.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

MASONIC.

The annual communication for the election of officers and payment of dues of A. O. Fay Lodge No. 6 of A. F. and A. M., will be held at their hall Highland Park, Tuesday evening Dec. 15th A. D. 1874.

Members are notified to be present.

H. COLES, Sec'y pro tem. E. B. RAMBO, W. M.

The home circle of our good neighbor, Mr. C. R. Field, was made glad a few days ago by the safe arrival of a darling little sister, right direct from the skies. May she find earth, and especially that cheerful and happy home, so attractive that she will stay long, to add more joy and happiness thereto. The little girl has chosen for her name, while here, Sarah Elizabeth Field.

THIS BEATS ALL.—That is, of this kind. Mr. John O. Potter has sent to our office for our contemplation, a beet weighing 19½ pounds, said beet being 2½ feet long and 6 inches thick. This is the largest beet we ever saw, though there are beets in Lake county as much as seven feet long, but there are none in Highland Park, quite as long as that. But election day brought out to view several candidates, who, if not beets, were beaten.

The Literary Club of this place held its inaugural meeting for the season on Monday evening the 2nd ult., on which occasion Central Hall was completely filled. The exercises were varied in character, consisting of short addresses, recitations, readings, and vocal and instrumental music. The occasion was one of unusual interest, and developed the fact that this Society holds a high place in public favor, and has before it a rich and attractive field in which to labor. Its meetings will be continued on each Monday evening during the winter, many interesting and novel features will undoubtedly be introduced. On next Monday evening, there will be a debate upon the resolution that church property should be exempt from taxation.

ANECDOTES.

Col. Clappitt told the following affecting anecdote: Two gentlemen were out boating when a storm came up which threatened to capsize their frail craft, when the gent called Tom, cried out to Bill: Say Bill, can you pray. No, I can't pray. Well sing a hymn. I can't sing either. Well something *must* be done Bill, pass the hat.

As a companion piece to the above, a story told by Wirt Dexter during the late Gage trial at Waukegan is not inappropriate. Dwelling upon the irrelevancy of certain testimony introduced by the prosecution, he illustrated it as follows: A venerable deacon, whose zeal in the work of human evangelization and in the advocacy of the doctrines of the old Whig party were about equal, arose one evening during a short lull in the neighborhood prayer meeting and said, "if no brother or sister feels like offering prayer I should like to say a few words upon a protective tariff."

We have learned with unfeigned pleasure of a movement on foot among our citizens to tender a complimentary benefit sometime in the near future, in the form of a *musical* to Miss Clara Willard of this place, and we have no doubt it will be in every sense a grand success. For ourselves we are happy to have the privilege of certifying our esteem and appreciation of the beneficiary. While the projectors of this affair do themselves credit, they simply do Miss Willard justice, for certainly no one in our whole community has ever been more cheerfully ready and willing to aid, and that most pleasingly and effectively, in all demonstrations of benevolence and philanthropy. Every church and society, all our clubs and gatherings for the cause and in the name of "sweet charity" have acquired an added grace in her presence and her voice, and this occasion should be marked by a substantial demonstration of appreciation and regard, and one that shall prove as gratifying as it is well deserved.

As will be seen by an advertisement in the columns of this paper, on next Tuesday evening the 8th inst., there will be spread an oyster supper at Central Hall, to which everybody is expected to sit down. The avails of this enterprise are to go into the coffers of our new Trinity Church Society, and certainly no appeal can be made to our citizens which should call forth a more cordial and liberal response. The attractions are numerous and adapted to all ages and tastes, particular care having been taken to provide for the enjoyment of the children. Let everybody attend and by their presence and support evince the sincere good wishes which we all have for the prosperity of this vigorous and growing young parish.

It is a bad thing for a man to be always feeling his pulse after every little exertion, and fancying that acceleration or irregularities indicate that something is wrong. Such a man is in a fair way to settled hypochondria. And I think it is even worse to be always watching closely the play of the mental machine, and thinking that this process or that emotion is not as it ought to be. Let a man work his mind fairly and moderately, and not worry himself as to its state. The mind can get no more morbid habit than that of continually watching itself for a stumble. Except in the case of metaphysicians, whose business it is to watch and analyze the doings of the mind, the mind ought to be like the stomach. You know that your stomach is right, because you never feel that you have one, but the work intended for that organ is somehow done. And common folks should know that they have minds only by finding the ends fairly attained which are intended to be attained by that most sensitive and ticklish piece of machinery.—COUNTRY PARSON.

GEO. W. TAYLOR, the former foreman of the Waukegan *Gazette*, to whose mechanical skill the News has been much indebted for its neat typographical appearance, has removed to Sycamore, Ill., where he has purchased a half interest in the *True Republican*, a semi-weekly newspaper published in that city.