For the Highland Park News.

OUR BOY.

A Parents' Lament on the Death of their Boy—Three Years Old.

Once we possessed a little boy,
Dear, though young;
His life, was an unclouded joy,
It can't be sung.
A lovely lamb, e'en from his birth,
Too tender far to dwell on earth
Was our dear boy.

Hot, fetid, fever had him low;
Death closed our fears.
To Heaven's decree we scarce could bow;
No case in tears;
Even from his form we could not part,
Cut were the life strings of our heart,
Oh, lovely boy.

Like morning sun his life did shine,
O, soon farewell;
The anguish deep, was her's and mine,
Words cannot tell;
A flower more fair, of lovelier bloom,
Ne'er fell into an early tomb,
Than our dear boy.

By love, we often see his face,
Yes, even now,
His prattle, waif and smiles we trace,
Our hearts do glow;
His curly locks, his eyes, his name,
All, all, we'd linked with future fame,
O, much loved boy.

His talk was love, sweet, tender, wise,
Treasured words, now dear;
Sweet, tender heart; bright, beaming eyes,
Now life is sere.
'Mong all the children in the street,
None like to him, ever could we meet,
So lovely was our boy.

None save those who know such loss,
He was so coy,
Know what is gold and what is dross,
O, precious toy.
If covenant with death e'er made could be,
For thee we'd died, or died all three,
Dear, sweet boy.

We oft repeat thy every word,
This voice was love,
Or like the sweetest note of bird,
Tuned for above.
Thy opening life was flowery May,
Thy death did set as our summer day,
Oh, lovely boy.

It's hard even for a while to part,
Why should it be?
As branch to stem, or heart to heart,
So we to thee;
By triumph faith, tell life for evermore:
"He is not lost, but gone before,"
Our boy we'll meet again.

L.

MR. GRAY'S TELEPHONE.

Our esteemed townsman Elisha Gray, Esq., has recently entertained our Milwaukee friends with an exhibition of his marvelous Telephone. We extract the following from the *Evening Wisconsin* of the 10th inst:

MUSIC EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. Gray's Telephone, the apparatus that plays music by telegraph, outdid itself last evening. Mr. Gray is in the city visiting Mr. Harkins, and experimenting upon the Northwestern and Western Union Company's lines.

Last evening Mr. Gray exhibited his wonderful invention at Mr. Harkins' rooms at the Newhall House. An electric current was obtained by attaching one end of a private wire running from the Newhall to a battery at the telegraph office and across the street. This battery works four Northwestern lines—to Madison, Portage, Oshkosh and Appleton, and the wire for Mr. Gray's use was attached to the side of the battery, about forty cells from the ground end. This morning, the operator at Horicon asked what ailed the line last evening. Sitting in his office at ten o'clock, when all was quiet, his telegraph relay hummed out Old Coronation; then Home, Sweet Home; and then becoming jocose and patriotic, it struck up Yankee Doodle. Imagine the terror of the listener! Never having heard of the telephone, having not the least idea that a telegraph wire could be made to do anything more poetic than to announce a marriage or the birth of a blessed baby, the poor fellow must have been fully convinced that the departed spirits of Mozart and Handel were attuning their heavenly harps.

This statement is literally true. The music was also heard in other telegraph offices at the same time.

This morning Mr. Gray connected his apparatus and played tunes over a wire to Chicago.

A NEW ERA.

Since the first issue of our paper, in April of the last year, wherein we pledged ourselves "to encourage all efforts tending to the advancement and building up of Highland Park," and "to be a faithful representative of her spirit and character," nothing has occurred to cause us so much joy, or which in our judgment is in any degree comparable in its promise for good, as the general and genuine religious interest now so active in our community. This much we say from a standpoint of regard for the *material* advancement of our city; and, while it may be considered without the province of a secular paper to enlarge upon the more vital—the *spiritual* side of this matter—we are nevertheless constrained to express our hope and belief (and we do so in earnest thankfulness) that the results of this movement, invaluable in this former view, are to be found in the most significant and salutary sense in having transformed the hearts and awakened the sympathies of impenitent Christians towards each other and towards penitent sinners. With the beneficient inflowings of—as we firmly believe—the Divine spirit, all this has changed—harmony has taken the place of discord, mutual love has put to flight mutual jealousy, and the beautiful picture is presented of a generous, rounded union, crowned with the benediction of the Father's approval, and enframed and entwined with the soul-cheering influences of true brotherly love.

Let us hope that this blest tie may not only abide but broaden more and more until it shall encircle and make as one all hearts within our borders. Then shall our faithful ministers be made to rejoice and exclaim. "Mine eyes have seen the glory," then shall there be joy in Heaven," and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing."

AT NIGHT.

Here is one of Thackery's pleasant touches: "It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past—sorrowful remorse for sins and shortcomings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long since ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed under the Autumn mist. Twinkling among the houses a light keeps watch here and there in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it."

Our neighboring city of Waukegan is to be congratulated upon her prospective greatness as a watering place, provided that she takes advantage of the opportunity now offered her. Several months since the Messrs. Parks caused to be analyzed the water from a spring on their beautiful homestead known as Glen Flora. Finding that it possessed valuable properties, they have since been advertising the fact, and are now planning for the erection of a hotel during the coming spring. Since the result of their analysis has been made known, John F. Powell, one of Lake County's most enterprising citizens, has caused a spring located on the bank of one of the ravines not far from the Fair Grounds to be analyzed, with a very satisfactory result, the water possessing the most valuable medicinal properties in even a larger degree than the Glen Flora Springs. We congratulate the people of Waukegan and especially the owners of these springs, upon their good fortune, and promise them a liberal patronage from our people so soon as the hotels are open.

The many friends at Halfday, of Rev'd G. L. Wrenn, of Highland Park, propose giving a donation party for that gentleman, at the residence of J. B. Ayres, of the former place, on Tuesday next, the 16th inst.

Trinity Church Lenten Services.

During the penitential season of Lent there will be church Services in Central Hall, as follows:

Mondays, Evening Prayer at 5, P. M.
Tuesdays, " " "
Wednesdays, Litany at 7:30 A. M.
" Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7.45 P. M.
Thursdays, Evening Prayer at 5 P. M.
Fridays, Morning Prayer and Litany 10:45 A. M.
" Evening Prayer and Lecture, 7:45 P. M.
Saturdays, Evening Prayer at 5 P. M.

All are *cordially invited* to be present at these services.

It gives us pleasure to announce the return to home and professional duties of Dr. Edwin Cross. Happiness and contentment are depicted upon the Doctor's countenance—and why not? It's the first time he was ever married.

For several months past an animal very like a wolf has been seen, prowling about the slough at the west of us, and several of our sportsmen have been tracking him, but it remained for that veteran shootist, Mr. Henry Mowers, to make the final capture, which he did most gallantly on the ground just westerly from Mr. N. Rechtenwald's farm, on the morning of the 10th inst. The animal weighed almost 80 pounds, and several shots were found in his body, and one fore foot was considerably clubbed. Mr. M. has taken the scalp to Waukegan to claim the bounty offered by the county.

STILL THEY COME.—And not so very *still* either, as we happen to know. The worthy Principal of our schools, Mr. W. S. Lasher, has, in addition to his public duties, assumed charge of a female educational establishment at his own home. His first pupil arrived late in the evening of the 10th inst., and the delighted pedagogue immediately began his tutelary duties under the paternal system of government now so popular in this neighborhood. Mother and child are doing well.

DISMISSED.

The Prairie City (Ill.) *Herald* says—

Samson Wagonseller is the name of a young man, not a thousand miles from here. He went out to serenade somebody the other evening. With his eyes fixed on vacancy, and a pensive expression upon his face, Samson was melodiously twanging his gentle guitar, and singing, "Meet me, Josie, at the gate."

He had just finished the second verse, and having kicked away an inquisitive dog, wiped his brow with his coat sleeve, was preparing to attack the chorus again, when a night-capped head was thrust out of an upper window, and the voice of an old lady was heard,—

"Ther aint ary gal named Josie in this part of town, and our Alvira Jane's got an awful spell of cholera morbus. I wish you'd git further off."

And Samson melted silently away.

A young lady at the post office got to putting on airs yesterday, about stamps. Mr. Streeter gave her some green ones. She asked him if he didn't have any pink. Her stationery was pink and she wanted stamps to match.

Man by doing nothing soon learns to do mischief.—*Cato.*

Col. James was at home on Sunday the 31st ult., and returned to Springfield on the following day. He was looking well, and although he did not say so, we think he would quite enjoy his temporary residence there, if it were not that "James of Lake" sometimes gets confounded with "Haines of Lake," which is indeed an unfortunate thing for the former.

Mr. V. E. Rusco, who has been in Chicago for several days, undergoing a painful and delicate surgical operation upon his eye, returned home on Wednesday, the 10th inst., and, although not yet able to be about, is getting along as well as can be expected.