

THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NUMBER 34.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

VOLUME XXIV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 18, 1853.

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF NEW GOODS, Just from the Cities!

J. L. SCHICK has just arrived from the Cities with an immense stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, which he offers at greatly reduced prices. His stock embraces every article in the Staple and Fancy Goods line, embracing all the latest and most approved styles, which for beauty and attractiveness are rarely if ever surpassed. He can enumerate but a portion within the limits of an advertisement to wit:

Ladies' Dress Goods.—Such as Silks and Satins, French Merinos, Parametta and Coburg Cloth, Alpaca, DeBege, plain, figured and plain De Laines, Bombazines, Sack Flannels, Ginghams, Calicoes, Shawls, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Sleeves, Chemises, Gloves and Stockings, Combs, Laces and Edgings, Bobbinets, &c., &c.

For Gentlemen's Wear.—Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinets, Jeans, Cards, a splendid lot of Vestings, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Merino, Shirts and Drawers, &c., &c.

He is thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of patronage. His goods have been selected with care, and he flatters himself with pleasure. His motto is—"Small profits and quick sales."

Oct. 7, 1853.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.

One price—and that as low as at any establishment out of the City.

S. H. BUEHLER

RETURNS his acknowledgments to his friends for the long continued and liberal patronage extended him, and his attention to his present largely increased stock of goods just received from Philadelphia and New York. He deems it unnecessary to enumerate the assortment, which will be found to embrace every variety of goods in his line, viz:

Classical, Theological, School, Miscellaneous BOOKS

and Stationery of all kinds, embracing, as he believes, the largest and best assortment ever opened in Gettysburg.

He also invites attention to his large supply of

FANCY GOODS.

embracing Gold and Silver pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, Plain and Fancy Note Paper and Envelopes, Motto Water, Sealing Wax, Portmanteaus, Soap, Perfumery, &c., &c.—all of which will be sold at the VERY LOWEST RATES.

Call and examine for yourselves at the old established BOOK & DRUG store in Chambersburg street, a few doors from the diamond.

S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 21, 1853.

NEW GOODS AGAIN.

THE RICHEST & BEST ASSORTMENT OF FALL & WINTER GOODS,

For Gentlemen's Wear,

EVER OPENED IN GETTYSBURG!

SKELLY & HOLLEBAUGH

TAKE pleasure in calling the attention of their friends and the public to their extensive stock of Goods for Gentlemen's wear, just received from the City, which, for variety of style, beauty of finish, and superior quality, challenge comparison with any other stock in the place. The assortment of

Clubs, plain and fancy Tweeds and Cassimeres, Vestings, Sateens, Over Coatings, &c., &c.

CANT BE BEAT! Give them a call and examine for yourselves. They have purchased their stock carefully, and with a desire to please the tastes of all, from the most practical to the most fastidious.

TAILORING, in all its branches, attended to as heretofore, with the assistance of good workmen.

THE FASHIONS for Fall and Winter have been received.

Gettysburg, Nov. 11, 1853.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

ABRAHAM ARNOLD has just returned from the Cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, with the Largest, Cheapest, & Best selected Stock of

Fall and Winter Dry Goods,

ever before offered to the citizens of Adams county—such as Blue, Black, and Brown French and German Cloths, Black & Fancy Cassimeres, Sateens, Tweeds, Ky. Jeans, Satin & other Vestings, Alpaca, Merinos, Cassimeres, De Bege, De Laine, Prints, and a great variety of Goods for Ladies' wear, too numerous to mention. Also, a large and beautiful assortment of long and square Shawls, and Sack Flannels.

Call and see for your selves, as he is determined to under sell any Store in the Town or County.

Oct. 7, 1853.

NEW & SEASONABLE DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

A. B. KURTZ has just opened an immense stock of all the new and desirable styles of "DRY GOODS," also

Quantities and Groceries—which he invites his numerous customers to call and see all of which will be sold on the principle of "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

Oct. 14, 1853.

DEATH OF THE ROBIN.

MRS. E. S. SMITH.

From his sweet banquet, 'mid the perfumed clover,
A robin sang and sang;
Never the voice of happy bird or lover
Such peals of gladness rung.

And Echo, loitering by the distant hill-side,
Or hiding in the glen,
Caught up, with thrilling lips, the tide of sweet
Then made it flow again.

The summer air was flooded with the music;
Which held their breath to hear. [Chorus.]
And blushing wild-flowers hung their heads, exclaiming
To list that "joyous cheer."

Just then, from neighboring covert ruddy ringing,
Broke forth discordant sounds;
And wailing, from his ambush springing,
Came, roughly around.

Still upward, through the air that yet was thrilling
To his melodious lay,
One instant longer, on a trembling pinion,
The robin cleared his way.

But, ah, the death-shout rapt in his bosom—
His life of song was o'er. [Pathway.]
Back, back to earth, from out his heavenward
He fell to rise no more.

A sudden silence chilled the heart of Nature—
Leaf, blossom, bird and bee,
Seemed dead, in startled haste, to mourn the passing
Of that sweet minstrelsy.

Like love, from heart to heart,
Like love, from heart to heart,
Waited and listened long, to catch the accents
She never would hear again.

Oh, bird! sweet poet of the summer woodland!
How like thy lay to those
Of tuneful birds, whose songs, begun in gladness,
End in a sudden close.

Thus many a strain of human love and rapture,
Poured from a fond, full heart,
Hath been, in one wild moment, hushed forever,
By sorrow's fatal dart.

AN ELOQUENT STORY.

ALICE: OR THE DREAM OF A

[Found among the papers of a Medical Student.]

"Send something out within."—Dante.

They tell me I am dying; I know it; I feel that life is fast fading; they tell me I am dying of disappointed love; it is false! I spurn the weakness. I would not crush the impulses of a soul which my Creator has breathed into me; I would not, at the bidding of an idle passion, paralyze the energies of a body which was given to me as a man's instrument to the immortal spirit. No, it is false! They judge but by their own base conceptions; they know not that I have given to another that which myself has lost; they know not that in imparting light and life to an inert soul, I have been compelled to borrow from my own the Promethean fire. I am dying; but no vain and selfish desire has worn my life away. It is from exhaustion of the soul, not from a yearning fever of the heart. I will not be thus misunderstood; I will record my strange and painful experience—not as a warning to others, for my fate is too peculiar to be thus useful—but rather to redeem my memory from so degrading a charge.

From my boyhood I have been a theorist, and my soul wandered over the vague ocean of speculative philosophy, seeking rest, but finding none, until weary with psychological researches, I determined to seek anatomical demonstrations for the minute links which bind the material to the spiritual. My fortune placed me above the necessity of a profession, but I became, from choice, a student of medicine, and it was during the year which I spent in London, while in attendance to public lectures, that the circumstance occurred which has thus robbed me of myself.

It was my habit to spend much of my time in the hospital, where the effect of different diseases upon the various phases of human character, as well as upon the diverse physical constitutions, afforded me an interesting subject of speculation. I was one day passing through one of the sheltered walks in the garden, when I heard a sweet, plaintive voice singing what seemed to me to be the snatch of an old ballad.

The sounds came from a shrubbery in the grounds appropriated to the lunatic patients, and separated from the rest of the garden by a high wall. Prompted by a feeling which I can now scarcely understand, I climbed to the top of the wall, and finding that the thick foliage prevented me from discerning the singer, I leaped over the enclosure and entered the shrubbery. I shall never forget the picture that then stamped itself upon my memory. Seated upon a rustic bench, with a single ray of sunshine piercing the deep shade, and resting like a halo upon her bright hair, was a young girl, so fair, so pale, so ethereal in the delicate proportions of her figure, that I almost feared the image was an illusion of fancy. Her large blue eyes were wandering restlessly around while she sang, and ere I had time to retreat I met their full glance. Instead of being alarmed at my intrusion, a sweet smile parted her soft lips, and raising her finger, she beckoned me to approach.

"You have waited long, beloved, but you have come at last," she murmured in low and broken tones, as she drew me to a seat beside her; then clasping my hand in hers, she fixed her gaze on my face, with a look so full of solemn and earnest tenderness, that my very soul thrilled beneath it.

I soon found that the fair girl's reason was entirely obscured, and her insanity seemed to me to have assumed the almost hopeless form of imbecility. But her pure and beautiful instincts were as fresh and powerful as if intellect were still their guide. She was tender, gentle, and full of that confiding innocence which knows no evil and suspects no guile. Child-like in her frankness, womanly in her sweet tenderness, and withal evincing by every look the intuitive modesty and delicacy which so characterize the pure minded, she seemed the very personification of all that was lovely in her sex. The very wanderings of her imagination were

Like children on the hill—
Though timid souls 'twas speaking still,
The beauty, the tenderness, the hopefulness of this creature, interested me exceedingly. My sympathies were aroused to a degree positively painful; and yet, as I listened to her incoherent but sweet words, uttered by the rapturous lips that never loved but blushed, I felt that had her eyes been unshaded while her heart was thus

gushing forth, earth could have held for me no higher bliss.

When we parted, which we did with a mutual promise of again meeting, I retired to my lodging in a state of excitement such as I had rarely known, and my first care was to learn something of her history. I found that she had been from childhood dull and inert of intellect; that it had been only with exceeding labor she had been taught the elements of knowledge; and that her mind seemed to become more obtuse as she grew older, until a severe fit of sickness which befell her ere she attained her fifteenth year, completely obscured her reason. Upon further inquiry I learned that she had been an affectionate and depending creature, always looking for love in every one, and, as far as I could learn, never finding it. Her family were cold, phlegmatic and common place. The strict discipline of reason was all they could exercise, and the child had grown stupid in proportion as these means had been exerted upon her. She had been for three years in this state of imbecility, and they had now lost all hope of her recovery.

The next day I again found her in the shrubbery, where she was allowed to spend much of her time, as the absence of all close constraint and vigilance had been found decidedly beneficial. Her joy at seeing me was unbounded, and throwing herself on the turf at my feet, she leaned her arms upon my knee, and resting her head upon them in an attitude of childlike repose, remained gazing with speechless tenderness up into my face. She said little, but I could perceive that she was filled with tumultuous emotions, and as I beheld the workings of her heart, the idea flashed through my brain that her soul might yet be awakened. I remembered the story of her yearning tenderness in childhood, and of her un-satisfied thirst; I fancied I could see wherein she had been misunderstood, and I could not but think that where cold reason had failed, affection might be more efficacious. She had passed the threshold of girlhood, the instincts of a womanly nature had asserted their rights; the fancies of her erratic mind had assumed a shape, and the anticipation of the coming of one who would rescue her from loneliness and thralldom, had taken the place of her former vague dreams. This would account for her warm welcome of me, and a thrill of joy pervaded my whole being when the thought suggested itself that it might be my destiny to secure a soul from darkness.

From that moment I determined to make the attempt, and without dreaming of selfish passion, without one spark of unholy love, vowed to devote all the energies of my nature to the noble task of enlightening a clouded spirit. Carefully did I begin the work, and tenderly did I guard the germinating seed of the heart which I sought to influence. She was a child, a sweet and lovely child to be, and I cherished her as if she had been my own sister.

Never did one tumultuous throbbing stir my heart when her head rested on my bosom. The awful responsibility I had incurred, the oppressive sense of duty, the dread of failure in my godlike enterprise, seemed to elevate me above all earthly feelings.

I cannot now note all the details of my success. I cannot trace all the delicate links of that chain which conducted my soul into hers, through the medium of her affections. I watched the liftings of the cloud from her spirit, and I saw clear and brief glimpses of sunshine; and again gleams would break forth, giving sweet promise of a bright and happy future, but my intelligence, to hear those soft lips utter coherent words, and to mark the elastic grace of a form which but lately moved with all the listlessness of imbecility!

But the officious interference of those who could not comprehend either Alice or myself checked all this growing good. Our frequent meetings were discovered, and we were of course separated. Alice was taken home by her family, and I was denied all access to her presence. For a month, a long and dreary month, I never saw her; and by my impatient longing to behold her, I learned how much my soul had gone out from myself. At length I heard that Alice was much worse—that she was now a raving maniac, whose ungoverned frenzy could only be controlled by personal violence, and I could not bear this; I went to her father, I explained to him my hopes, and begged to be permitted to see her for a single hour. He was a cold, practical, reasonable man, and while he gave me full credence for a disinterested desire to benefit his daughter, he evidently had little faith in my anticipation of success. However, he was willing to try the experiment, and, accompanied by him, I was admitted to see Alice. She was frightfully changed. Her eyes glared wildly, her hair tangled and disheveled from her incessant restlessness, hung in masses about her face, and her appearance was that of one whom loss of reason had almost brutalized. I could have cursed the blind recklessness which had thus thwarted me. At first she did not recognize me, but my voice seemed to awaken the vibrations of some chord whose music was familiar. She became calmer, her ravings had ceased, she approached me, and at length seated herself on a low stool at my feet with the quietude of a loving child. It was the first time she had been so calm since we parted. Even the cold beings around her perceived the beneficial effect of my presence, and from that moment I was allowed to pursue my plan without molestation.

I now neglected all things else, and devoted myself exclusively to the noble task of revivifying a human soul. I adopted no fixed and settled system of enlightenment, but, carefully observing her moods of mind, governed them by adaptation.

I watched the current of her thoughts, and when I found them broken or confused, I sought to turn them into some deep or ethereal, where they might flow more smoothly. I cultivated her affectionateness of disposition, while at the same time

I checked all exciting sentiment. The tie between us I knew must be one of adhesiveness, of attachment, of passion. Beautiful was the slow development of her childlike intellect beneath the influence of womanly tenderness; and, oh! how exquisite was the enjoyment which I found in thus looking into a perfectly pure nature, as into the depths of a crystal lake!

It seemed to me that I had been set apart for bliss beyond that accorded to my fellow-men, when I was thus permitted to fill with light the darkened chambers of a human soul. A proud feeling of power, a consciousness of my high duty was ever present with me, and life work to me a noble aspect when I had found so noble a task to fulfil. Yet even then, did I begin to recognize the fearful price that I was destined to pay for all this happiness; even then I found my soul growing feebler in its energies. There were times when the weakness of childhood came over me, and I was as impatient of my absence from my Alice, as if her sweet words and looks were the aliment of my existence. Cold hearts might have deemed this passion. They remember it now as a proof of my wild love; but how little they understood me! It was but the longing of my soul to regain that which it had imparted to another. It was the impatient seeking of the bereaved and despoiled spirit. I was no longer sufficient for myself; Alice was necessary to my being. Yet it was not love; no! it was something nobler far; something far less earthly.

How beautiful she was! how gloriously beautiful, with those azure eyes, that sunbeamed hair, those soft rosy lips, and that pure tint of fresh youth! In her countenance I saw the glow of the sweet abandon of her attitudes; how touching the low tones of her musical voice! I think, of some frail flower, from its first germ to its perfect development in beauty and fragrance, think what must be the joy of watching the unfolding of a soul—of seeing it expand beneath your care, of feeling that you have been the means, through Heaven, of giving it new life!

A year had passed, and Alice was lingering on the very verge of that inner sanctuary where reason dwells. She had been awakened, intellect had been rapidly dawning to perfect day, but there were still weak mist and thick shadows to be dispersed ere the sun could shine with unclouded splendor. Yet the future was now full of hope and promise; she had reached the threshold of reason through the portals of the affections. How she loved me! how sweet was the girlish tenderness she lavished upon me in the dim twilight of this morning of her soul! how heart-thrilling were her innocent caresses! Oh, that I could but lose the memory of that time! that I could have imbed her heart with the remembrances that have poisoned my existence!

It was just at this period—when there was nothing to fear for Alice, but everything to hope—that I was summoned to London by the illness of my father.

Her father, a man of high standing, and being assisted both by her medical attendant and by my own observation, that no danger to Alice should result from my temporary absence, I tore myself from her, and set out on my melancholy journey. I found my father extremely ill, but his tenacity of life protracted his struggle with the King of Terrors, until his sufferings had wrenched from him everything but breath, which he gladly resigned. The terrible tension of my nerves during this prolonged anguish, together with my acute consciousness of an exhaustion of soul which rendered me less able to bear distress, was too much for my bodily frame. I was stricken down to earth, as by a giant's hand, while standing beside my father's grave, and I remember nothing more than months afterwards, when I found myself the occupant of a ward in the asylum for the insane. I had been mad—raving mad!

My reason, however, returned as suddenly as it had been impaired, and my recovery was very rapid. I need not say how eagerly I turned to the thought of Alice; how I rejoiced even then in being permitted to suffer for her sake. I knew that it was for her I had endured this loss of reason; I was sure that it was only by my total oblivion of self that she could be so strongly imbued with the light that was in me; and the thought that she had been receiving all of which I had been deprived was a poison to my heart.

As soon as I regained my strength I hurried to Dublin, and words cannot describe my emotion as I reached the abode of my own Alice. As I entered the drawing-room her father rose to receive me kindly and cordially, but my feelings overpowered me, and turning to Alice, who sat beside him engaged in needlework, I madly clasped her in my arms. But she had forgotten me! Anger flashed in her eyes, and her cheeks burned with offended delicacy as she tore herself from my embrace and fled to her father for protection.

Would that I could forget the agony of that bitter moment! To my hurried explanation, and my earnest appeal she listened as to the ravings of a madman. She had lost all memory of our former union and anger and terror were the only emotions I could now excite. Her father, fearful of the effect of such agitation on both of us, drew me into another room, and informed me that Alice had been very ill soon after my departure, and that she had recovered from a severe attack of fever, perfectly sane and quiet. But she was like one awakened from a deep and dreamless sleep. The past had no remembrances; she was a creature only of the present, and in her old, calm, childlike manner, and her almost reasonless, no trace remained of her tender and ardent affections. Horrible did all this seem to me; methought I had exchanged souls with the weakness of the girl had appeared in me; the firm, unshaking spirit which had once led me to the cold regions of speculative science was now for a while banished. I felt that I had thus lost my own identity; doubly fearful the knowledge that my transfusion into another's soul could never be recognized.

My birthright—my noble heritage of soul and mind—had been given to another. I had dared to usurp the privileges of a higher order of beings, and I was punished.

Her father decided the effect to revive in the mind of Alice a remembrance of the past. He felt grateful to me for her restoration, and would gladly have repaid me with her love, but he dared not risk the recall of her former tenderness. He entreated me to let it depart like a dream, and to suffer her to be guided by a woman's phantasy in her affections. I promised and I tried to keep my word. Alice was induced to believe that my recent abandonment of mind could account for my strange familiarity when we met, and as her father's friend she forgave me. But she evidently regarded me as a perfect stranger. My task was done—she was fully awakened to intellectual life, but she was no longer a portion of myself.

There had been sympathy between her darkened spirit and the soul which was imparting to it life and light. There was joy between us, and hope, and a sense of double existence, which makes the essence of immortal love. Now all was changed; and I had transferred into her nature my own high gifts; I had lost my own spirituality; I had become all earthly, else why did I yearn with such passionate longing for one touch of her red lips, one clasp of her soft hand? She possessed my nobler soul, and there remained to me but a faint spark of that ethereal fire which had once outshone the light of human passion.

It was weak and vain, yet I was fool enough to seek her love, and was her man who woo the woman they would wed. I sued to her with gentle words and loving looks and courtly flatteries. I crushed the wild emotions of my bosom, and bowed amidst the crowd of her admirers. Why did she despise my homage? Why did she look with half-contemptuous pity on my passion? Was it because her sex ever scorn the weakness they can create, and scorn not how to be, at the same moment, the idol and the worshipper? No! it was because I was degraded beneath my fellow-men; I had lost all that could elevate me above them. He who would win a woman's love may give her his heart of hearts, if he will; but never let him admit her to the treasury of his soul. What then spirit had been the first offering that was laid upon the altar?

I sought to make Alice love me, but the hope was futile. Her intellectual had overmastered her womanly nature, and in winning the first reason and decided will of man she had lost the gentle weakness of her sex. I asked her to be my wife; she refused my suit gently but firmly. Maddened by the excitement of the moment, I poured forth the full tide of long-repressed emotion. I told her of our former communion; I described the gradual development of her dawning intellect; I depicted the slow outgrowth of my spirit as it was transfused into her; I prayed her to pray high Heaven, to recall some memory of the past. It was all in vain; the past was gone forever. She looked on me as a madman, and shrunk from me in terror. I never saw her again.

After this a torpor fell upon me, which rendered me insensible to outward impressions. My mind became clouded like a mirror, over which the damp and midweek of long years had gathered; images were reflected there, but they were dim and indistinct in their outlines. The present and past were blended most successfully and painfully. I had no power to control my thoughts. My soul was dying out with exhaustion.

They told me that Alice was married; but the tidings scarcely moved me, for I could no longer be roused to fervor, emotion. Two years have passed since I last looked on her sweet face; two years of anguish such as whitens the locks and withers the heart of youth. I am dying; I shall soon be numbered with the forgotten dead, for there is none to shed a single tear above my grave. I am wasting away with insipidation of the spirit. But I am not—no; by Heavens!—I am not dying of disappointed love.

In the city of Athens, amid all the tumult and din of a Greek hostelry, died the writer of this strange tale. The incidents he related were true; he did wonder to contemplate the life of the imbecile and of a beautiful girl, in the course of her recovery entirely forgot him. He thought in vain to win her love, and upon her marriage with another he fell into a decline, which resulted in his death in the summer of 18—, whether of an exhausted spirit or a broken heart let those judges who know the fearful strength of human affection. A more practical account than this is here given by Emerson's *Letters from the Exegete*.

VULGAR WORDS.—There is so much commonness between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the words; the latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have power to react upon the soul and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use any profane or vulgar word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it till by indulgence it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul. Beware of your words, as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue that so impure words are pronounced by, it will soon be able to control the mind and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it in language. Never utter a word, profane, which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most religious. Try this practice a little, and you will soon have control of your self.

A sick man gas congratulated on his recovery by the assurance that God had mercifully brought him through it. "Well," replied he, "may he do it, but I am certain the doctor will charge me for it."

Homeless and Friendless.

It is a sad thing to think that words are true, touchingly and heart-rendingly as applied to any of our fellow creatures now wandering the streets of this great City. On a sunny morning of last week, which succeeded one of those sultry, drizzling nights of rain that are so hateful to look upon, we were passing down one of the streets near a great way from that center of wealth and luxury, the St. Nicholas Hotel, when our step was arrested by the sight of a female figure leaning against a lamp-post at the corner of a cross-street. We might have passed a hundred such figures without seeing or noticing them; but there was something in the appearance of this one that attracted our attention at the very first glance. "Though we had not then seen her face, there was something in the appearance of her dress that told the sad tale of the life she led at the head of this street."

She was well formed. Upon her head she wore a winter hood, once richly velvet-trimmed. It was now soiled, torn and faded, and out of season. Upon her shoulders hung, in graceful folds, the sad remains of a fine cloth cloak. Her waist was once a rich muslin delight. It was faded now, and six inches of the skirt of the dress had wandered the muddy streets the long, long rainy night. We turned the corner and walked on, wondering somewhat why she stood thus upon the street waiting for the world to go by. We were not satisfied, and looked back to see what sort of a face was owned by the wearer of that bedraggled dress. One look did not suffice. There were indications enough to excite our curiosity to look like a mask, but it was not thick enough to hide the look of her boner days. We knew her. To be fully satisfied, however, we crossed over and stood by the side of one of the huge piles of bricks which encumber our streets in all directions, the debris of demolished tenements. Upon the opposite side of the street stood the debris of another pulled-down tenement—a tenement not made with hands—one which human skill can never build—one which human ingenuity may adorn and make beautiful, and fit for a home in Heaven—one which human—human—beings have pulled down and left a wreath of woe that was created to be worn in God's own image, a worthy worshiper of his Creator. A score of men were busy at work putting back the old bricks, adding new mortar, putting in new beams and braces, rearing up, refitting and replenishing the old tenement. It was time it was done, for it had stood there the allotted three-score years and ten of human life. Time had marked its mark upon it, and it was pulled down and rebuilt. That was not the case with the other tenement, for it had not stood one-third of that time, and yet it had been pulled down! Who did it?

There is yet life enough in the ruin to speak, let that answer. There were indications enough to excite our curiosity to look like a mask, but it was not thick enough to hide the look of her boner days. We knew her. To be fully satisfied, however, we crossed over and stood by the side of one of the huge piles of bricks which encumber our streets in all directions, the debris of demolished tenements. Upon the opposite side of the street stood the debris of another pulled-down tenement—a tenement not made with hands—one which human skill can never build—one which human ingenuity may adorn and make beautiful, and fit for a home in Heaven—one which human—human—beings have pulled down and left a wreath of woe that was created to be worn in God's own image, a worthy worshiper of his Creator. A score of men were busy at work putting back the old bricks, adding new mortar, putting in new beams and braces, rearing up, refitting and replenishing the old tenement. It was time it was done, for it had stood there the allotted three-score years and ten of human life. Time had marked its mark upon it, and it was pulled down and rebuilt. That was not the case with the other tenement, for it had not stood one-third of that time, and yet it had been pulled down! Who did it?

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