

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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## The Prayerless One.

He never prays! The God of heaven has  
watches  
O'er all his steps, and with that careful eye  
Which never sleeps, has guarded him from  
death.  
And shielded him from danger. Through the  
hours,  
The thoughtless hours, of youth, a hand unseen  
Has guarded all his footsteps o'er the wild  
And thorny paths of life, and led him on  
In safety through them all. In later days,  
Still his same hand has ever been his guard  
From dangers seen and unperceived. Clouds have  
lowered,  
And tempests oft have burst above his head,  
But that protecting hand has warned off  
The thunder-strokes of death, and still he stands,  
A monument of mercy. He has passed,  
Of varied dangers and of varied guilt,  
But still the sheltering wings of love have been  
Outspread in mercy o'er him. He hath walked  
Upon the heathen earth for many years,  
And skies and stars, and the magnificence  
Of nighty wonders, and the warbling notes  
Of angels amid the tempest, and the notes  
Of soft tones that float on evening winds—  
All these have told him of a God who claims  
The homage of the soul. And he has lived,  
And viewed them in their glory as they stood,  
The witness of God's glory, and they had  
breathed.

Around him, even from infancy, a voice  
That told of mercy breathing o'er him  
With looks of angel sweetness—but stayed  
By that somber mercy, still he stands,  
Cold and unfeeling as the rock that braves  
The ocean billows: still he never prays!  
He never prays! A loudly wailing cry  
On life's wild thorny desert, urging on  
His heedless steps through many a secret snare  
And many a danger. Darkness closed round  
His dubious path, save here that there a ray  
That lit his gloom, but still he seems  
From some bewildered meander of the night  
To ask for guidance and direction still.

Earth's many voices send their songs  
Of grateful praise up to the throne  
Of the Eternal—morning, noon, and night,  
On every side around him, swell the notes  
Of adoration, gratitude, and joy;  
The lark, the dove, the valley, and the hill,  
Swell the loud chorus—and some happy hearts  
Redeemed from error and restored to peace,  
And blest communion with the Holy One,  
Join in the glad, the humble, blissful strain:  
But still—he never prays!

When evening shadows around him spread  
Grows dim upon his eye, and many stars,  
Scattered in glory o'er the vault of heaven,  
Call on the spirit to retire to rest,  
From earth and its vanities, and seek  
The high and holy intercourse with God  
Vouchsafed to mortals here—he never prays!  
When morning kindles in the eastern sky,  
With all its radiant glory, and the sun  
Comes up in majesty and o'er the earth  
Wakes all her active tribes to busy life,  
And breaks the dawning to many hearts,  
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## A FEARFUL DEATH-BED.

From the New York Observer.  
The scene of my first pastoral labors was  
a thriving village of about 1,400 souls,  
containing three churches, and seven or  
eight stores where spirituous liquors were  
sold, three of which were dignified with  
the name of tavern, and so recognized by  
the law which gave to them its ample  
protection. The history of those three  
taverns, if written would make an argu-  
ment in favor of a prohibitory law, which  
all the authority in the land could not  
guarantee. Many a broken heart yet weeps  
over its secret sorrows over hopes which  
have been shattered. Many a widow  
looks to those haunts of infamy as the  
scene where her husband forgot her plight-  
ed vows, and entered the path that led him  
to a drunkard's grave. Many a mother  
still mourns over buried hopes, which but  
for those scenes of dissipation might have  
been the support and comfort of her declining  
years.

Early in the Washingtonian movement,  
this place became the theatre of active op-  
erations among the friends of the temper-  
ance reform, and earnest and noble efforts  
were made to arrest the progress of the  
evil which was sending such numbers to  
a drunkard's grave. Among those who  
were induced to sign the pledge was a man  
whom I had regarded as being utterly be-  
yond any hope of a partial reform. I  
was not wrong in his imputation. The  
tavern was his constant resort, where he  
spent his time and his money. Scarcely  
a day passed, that he might not be seen  
there, his unshaven face, his matted locks,  
his senseless and strange eye, his roiling  
form, a fitting testimony to the work  
of ruin that was there carried on. It had  
sincerely entered the mind of the most  
sanguine friend of the cause, that he could  
be induced to attempt, even a reformation,  
if so, that any permanent change could  
be effected. His old friends boasted that  
he would be back with them before the  
week was ended. To the surprise of all,  
I—kept his pledge, and indicated a  
manly determination to break off from his  
habitual and ruinous practices. For a long  
time I missed from the street the poor and  
wretched inebriate, but was told that he  
was at work steadily, and remained faith-  
ful to his promises.

One Sabbath I noticed among my con-  
gregation a tall, well-dressed stranger, a  
gentleman in appearance, and a serious  
and attentive listener to the services of  
the hour. At the close of worship I in-  
quired who he was, and was asked in re-  
ply, "Why do you not know?" I could  
scarcely believe my eyes. The transfor-  
mation was so complete. The pledge had  
worked wonders, though it needed some-  
thing more to perfect the work, by renew-  
al of the heart. On inquiry, I learned  
that he had wholly deserted the tavern,  
and avoided passing it, if possible, for fear  
of relapsing into his old habits. "It is  
needless to say how this change was felt  
in his family, to which for years he had  
been the source only of sorrow and shame.  
Several months after, I was called upon  
by a former companion of this man, him-  
self a reformed drunkard, and asked me  
to go and visit him, who was sick and  
probably dying. I was shocked to hear  
of his illness, and more so when I learned  
that he had been free from his old habits,  
and resisted all attempts to draw him  
back into his former associations.

The keeper of the tavern at whose bar  
he had for years fed his appetite, and  
squandered the means which ought to  
have been given to his family, boasted  
publicly that he would make him break  
his pledge; and had often tried without  
success to accomplish his fiendish pur-  
pose. One fatal day, as he was passing his  
old haunts, he was told that a person wish-  
ed to see him within, on special business.  
He entered the bar-room, unsuspecting  
any mischief. As he looked around he  
saw many of his former associates, still  
pursuing their career of vice and shame,  
and at the bar stood the man who had  
long supplied him with the draught of  
death, and who now approached him with  
a glass of brandy, which he asked him to  
drink. The unhappy man firmly and nobly  
refused: "I have been free from this  
habit for more than a year. I have seen  
my family restored to happiness. I am  
once more respected. A single glass  
would bring on my old appetite and ruin  
me."

With an oath, the tavern keeper re-  
plied: "You shall drink it!" and pour-  
ing out some upon his hand forced it  
against his lips. The poison was thus ta-  
ken, and the work was done. The shu-  
bering appetite awoke again, and revived  
with tenfold intensity. In less than three  
months he was prostrated with delirium  
tremens, and I was called to see him.  
I found the bar-keeper, who had long  
supplied him with the draught of death,  
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was going on around him, and the solemn  
and awful shadows of eternity were rapidly  
gathering around the dying man. To  
converse with him was useless; he heard  
me not. I could only kneel and commend  
his afflicted family to God. Two days after,  
I was called to officiate at his funeral.  
His pall-bearers were twelve of his old as-  
sociates. I felt that on such an occasion  
my duty was to the living and not to the  
dead; and so selecting for my text, the  
warning of the wise man: "And thou  
shalt mourn at the last, when thy flesh  
and thy body are consumed, and say how  
have I hated instruction and despised  
reproof?" I sought to set before his com-  
panions the bitter elements of sorrow  
they were preparing for themselves in  
death and eternity. I have often thought  
of that scene. What was the net but murder,  
that sent that man to the drunkard's  
grave? And yet around him at whose  
bar his appetite was fed, and by whose  
horrid net he was drawn away from the  
paths of virtue, the law threw its pro-  
tection, and sanctioned his unholy traffic.  
O could it have no pity and care for the  
helpless family of the victim. Must lib-  
erty and the Constitution be forever  
pressed into the service of men whose on-  
ly work is ruin and death. Blessed be  
God for the dawn of a brighter day,  
which will bring some measure of securi-  
ty to man, who earnestly desire to break  
from the spell of the enchanted cup, and  
to give a children who have too long  
suffered the bitter yoke which must long  
follow in the train of those who put the  
bottle to their neighbor's mouth to make  
him drunken therewith.

### The Greatness of Little things.

In Lieut. Maury's recent work on the  
Physical Geography of the Sea, he gives  
the result of microscopic examinations of  
some shells drawn up from the bottom of  
the Atlantic Ocean where it is more than  
two miles in depth. These shells are so  
minute that to the naked eye they appear  
like common dust or clay, although not a  
grain of sand is among them; and yet  
so perfect are they, that their delicate  
edges are perfect. It would require a  
larger globe to hold all the small insects of  
the world than all the elephants. The  
smallest insects of the ocean, not the large  
one, are the most important occupants, and  
the microscopic shell-fish create more im-  
portant changes than the whales.

It has been the great error of historians,  
statesmen and politicians, to lose sight of  
this truth. They look entirely at the  
whales, the big fish, and seem to consider  
these as the monarchs of the deep sea of  
politics, and they also have a right to  
speak there. If the French Emperor  
Napoleon, or the Russian Autocrat turn  
over on his side and dies, each contor-  
tion is truly chronicled. But in the mean-  
time, what do we hear of the progress of  
the people, the industrious classes, the  
small fish? They are the true monarchs  
of this great and wide sea of politics after  
all. They form the strata by which the  
geologist of history will hereafter mark  
the progress of this age, and classify all its  
products, and upon the basis of which all  
future society will develop itself. Take  
care of the poor and the rich will take  
care of themselves. Educate the masses, and  
there will arise from the number a suffi-  
ciently large class to generalize their ideas  
and carry out their principles. Reform  
the people, make them temperate, truth-  
ful and virtuous, for they give tone and  
temper to the age, and to the country.  
Determining the character of its leaders, fir-  
mer than the leaders that of the  
masses.

And so in individual life and character.  
It is little things that make and unmake  
us all. There are thousands of young  
men of genius and enterprise at this  
moment, who dream of fame and distinction,  
and who, if only required some great act  
of daring and sacrifice within the scope of  
human possibility to become distinguished,  
would be heroes; but because true emi-  
nence is only to be attained by a persever-  
ing application in a number of daily vir-  
tues, are constantly at war with the whole  
scheme of things, and esteem it a very  
badly governed world in which they find  
no higher place.

It is a man's habit of dress, demeanor  
and conversation, that make and unmake  
friends, on which his success and happi-  
ness in life depend. It is on a man's lit-  
tle habits of eating and drinking, or loiter-  
ing over trifles, or knowing how to brush  
them aside, that his character, of genius  
or industry, and the occupation of the  
largest part of time depend. It is the way  
in which a man takes care of the pennies  
in his pecuniary transactions, that deter-  
mines whether he will ever take care of his  
pounds.

Little habits drive nails into our coffins.  
They more for us up in number, what  
they seem to lack in individual impor-  
tance. They are the true seeds of charac-  
ter. We might as well plant acorns, and  
not expect them to grow, as cherish small  
vices and not expect them to increase;  
or as reasonably hope to see the firm and  
noble oak where no acorns were ever  
planted, as true greatness and success in  
life, where the seedings of a thousand lit-  
tle habits of industry and virtue had  
not been first carefully cherished.

In a word, character is the sum of little  
things, rather than great ones. The true  
estimate of an individual is not ascertained  
by his accidental or occasional achieve-  
ments, but his every day habits. A na-  
tion's character is not determined by its  
famous men, but by the habits of its mass,  
and the character of the age by the mass,  
and the virtues that were so inherent as to  
be unnoticed.

In contests among men, the party doing  
the most wrong is commonly hardest to  
be reconciled, than he who has suffered most  
wrong. The reason is, he hath a quarrel  
with himself, which makes him doubly  
irritable.

### RAILROAD CASE.

One cup of white  
sugar, one cup of flour, two tablespoons  
of melted butter, three eggs, one teaspoon  
of lemon essence. All ingredients sifted  
together and baked in a long narrow tin.

### For the Ladies.

On Dress.—Our lady readers will see  
true philosophy in the following extract,  
from the correspondence of the Home  
Journal:

"To dress just enough and no more than  
is requisite to place a lady's charms in the  
most favorable light, is as difficult as it is  
to decide upon the most effective colors.—  
To set the jewel of nature beauteous with  
artistic discrimination that each salient  
point shall not lose by heightening the  
beauties which surround it, requires the  
exercise of Art. By Art the intelligent  
reader will not suppose that I mean the  
gift of prophecy of the mind and soul, on-  
ly, which would enable the recipient to be-  
come a man of science or a manufacturer.  
An appreciative sense of the beautiful  
is more frequently the gift of ladies than  
of gentlemen, and this is also of the causes  
for their style of dress being the most var-  
ied and ornamental, and of making, in  
countries of great refinement, an import-  
ant part of their education to consist in  
learning to make articles of personal use  
an ornament, as well as to learn to dis-  
play their gifts and graces to the best ad-  
vantage. Thus, if the head be too round  
and the neck too short, the hair is so dress-  
ed at the top of the head as not to rob the  
sides, and the charming model of *Coiffure*  
*à l'Éclair*, or some of the courts of Hon-  
duras, is consulted with advantage. The  
collar is pinned very low at the throat, so  
as to produce a face as nearly oval as pos-  
sible; that being—according to Hugarth's  
—the line of beauty; and then the dress  
does not approach the neck, but like that  
of the charming Mlle De Valliere, it sur-  
rounds and beautifies; and in case of wear-  
ing a shawl or Mantilla, the former is plac-  
ed on the shoulders with a double fold in  
the same manner as to obviate the defect  
of high shoulders, and worn as far off as  
possible. The latter should never be  
trimmed with ruffles or *entre-deux*, but  
as the fashion will permit it, a pretty  
reverser of lace is the lightest and most ap-  
propriate.

In case the face forms, too long and oval,  
which is the usual accompaniment of a  
long neck, the hair should be disposed  
more heavily at the sides, in basket-styles,  
or relieved puffs in the Marie Stuart style.  
As to dressing the neck, it were well to  
consult the Vestal style; for it should be  
clothed as close to the skin as permitted  
by the fashion will permit. In this case,  
the shawl may be fastened about the neck;  
and the mantilla will bear to be elaborate-  
ly trimmed at the top, with quilleries,  
fringed ruffles, and *noisettes* with  
flowing ends may be adopted without  
objection to the mode. The *chapeau* in fall  
toilet should also be very heavy, and  
if with a reverser, let it be very broad,  
and as the fashion will permit, it may  
be truly chronicled. But in the mean-  
time, what do we hear of the progress of  
the people, the industrious classes, the  
small fish? They are the true monarchs  
of this great and wide sea of politics after  
all. They form the strata by which the  
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the progress of this age, and classify all its  
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ful and virtuous, for they give tone and  
temper to the age, and to the country.  
Determining the character of its leaders, fir-  
mer than the leaders that of the  
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### The Farmer's Post.

Woods, it should be recollected, are al-  
ways more exhausting to the soil than either  
crops or grain crops. They are indi-  
genous, consequently gross feeders, and  
abstract from the soil only those elements  
of fertility which are essential and indis-  
pensably require to sustain the more val-  
uable and cultivated crops. It should er-  
roneously be a rule with the farmer to allow  
no plant to perfect its seed on his premises  
that will, in any way, diminish the pro-  
ductiveness of his soil. There are many  
weeds, which if cut close to the soil, will  
be in-infertile, and will not start again until  
the year following, or if they do, it will  
be very feebly, and with so little vigor that  
they will affect but little injury, compar-  
atively speaking, and without any possi-  
bility of producing seed. Mullein, thistles,  
bedstraws, and many other noxious pro-  
ducts of similar class, may be eradicated  
by placing a tablespoonful of salt upon  
the stump of each plant after cutting.

When these weeds are "in force," we  
have frequently found it profitable to sow  
seed freely after mowing, as the exuding  
fluids of the roots dissolve it, and, of course,  
take a portion of it into their vessels;  
where it acts as a most efficient destroyer.  
If a field infested with thistles be mowed  
when the thistles are in full bloom, and  
salt, say two bushels to the acre, be sown  
upon the stumps, and sleep be permitted  
to graze in the inclosure, it is said the  
thistles will be at once destroyed. This  
is, perhaps a more economical method of  
eradication than removing the plants by  
hand, which is tedious and expensive, and  
but seldom effectual. *Maine Farmer.*

### The Law of Numerical Relation between the Sexes.

The "Annals of Scientific Discovery"  
contains the following interesting facts con-  
cerning the numerical relation of the sexes:  
It says:

"There is a natural law of relations be-  
tween the sexes, which is found to vary  
at different ages, according to the differ-  
ent dangers to which they are exposed.—  
This is the most curious of natural laws  
and of the most interesting demonstration  
of the admirable economy of adaptations  
between the several parts of the natural  
system. If the number of males and fe-  
males born was exactly equal, the result  
would be that before they reached middle  
age, the female sex would be reduced to  
one, and become inadequate to the purpose  
which it has to fill. In fact, the number  
of males born is always greater than the  
number of females, by about 4 per cent. At 20 years  
of age, this preponderance is entire lost,  
and there are more females than males.  
At 40 the balance again is in the other way,  
and there are more males than females.—  
At 70 the sexes are about even, and the  
ultimate age of the human being is reach-  
ed without any decided advantage to either  
sex. Both the census of 1840 and of  
1850 prove this law. Beyond the age of  
40 years, the probabilities of longevity are  
much greater for American women than  
that of men. This contrasts singularly with  
the fact that the *physique* (relatively) of  
American women, is inferior to that of  
American men. That fact, as has been  
shown, however, tells tremendously in  
women between the ages of 10 and 40,  
when their mortality is very great. The  
longevity of some is very great. There  
are now 430 American women above one  
hundred years of age."

### HAPPINESS.

I have observed one im-  
portant, somewhat necessary in a man's  
composition, towards happiness, which  
point of feeling would do well to acquire  
—a certain respect for the follies of man-  
kind, for there are so many fools whom  
the world entitles to regard, whom ac-  
cident has placed in heights for which,  
unworthy, that he who cannot restrain  
his contempt or indignation at the sight,  
will be too often quarrelling with the dispo-  
sition of things to which share which is  
allotted to himself. *Alackenzie.*

"Life is sweet and death bitter" said  
Sir Anthony Mingo to Bishop Hooper  
in the sequel: "True, friend," replied  
Hooper; "but the death to come is more  
bitter, and the life to come more sweet."

### A "Fast" Child.

Children have sometimes a peculiar  
way of saying things very subversive to  
gravity in the old folk.  
Mr. Frederick Fitzgerald Smith had a  
luxurious growth of whiskers. The low-  
er part of his countenance was entirely oc-  
cupied in hair from ear to ear. The pil-  
lular vegetation stood out in large, matted  
tangles and curly magnificent masses all  
over his jaws and chin. Indeed, it was  
commonly reported that he had taken a  
premium at an fair held by the society for  
"ameliorating the condition of the Jews,  
and encouraging the growth of the hair."  
Nature, if too profuse in her gifts in  
one direction, is very apt to correct the  
redundancy by a compensative deficiency  
in another.  
So it happened with Mr. Frederick Fitz-  
gerald Smith. All over the upper part of  
his head above his ears was very curly.—  
But per contra:  
"He had no hair on the top of his head."  
In the place where the wool ought to grow.  
Mr. Smith lodged one night and break-  
fasted at the house of Mr. John Simpkins,  
his friend. Mr. Simpkins had, like every  
parent who has children, a very smart  
little girl. It is surprising how many  
smart children there are nowadays! At  
the breakfast table young Miss Arabella  
Simpkins could not take her eyes for one  
moment from the patriarchal countenance  
of Mr. Smith.  
"Arabella, love, don't be so rude," nud-  
ged Mrs. Simpkins, primus.  
"Arabella, eat your toast," frowned Mr.  
Simpkins, secundus.  
But Arabella kept staring at Mr. Fred-  
erick Fitzgerald Smith.  
"Betty, remove this naughty girl from  
the table," cried Mr. Simpkins, in a rage.  
"I don't want to go, ma, I don't!" squall-  
ed the smart Arabella. "I want to look  
at that man a little longer. Don't you  
see, ma, 'he has got his hair on wrong  
side up!'"  
The young lady was living and doing  
well at last accounts, but it is difficult to  
conceive how she can survive.

### Police Court.

A LAGER BEER SALOON KEEPER SEEN.  
Four boys, named Frederick T. White,  
Michael Keefe, John Wheeler and Man-  
ning Hough, were arraigned on charge of  
disorderly conduct. They were bright  
looking boys of about thirteen years of age,  
dressed in plain but neat clothes, and  
with the exception of White, did not  
appear to like the position they occupied.—  
Flora was a devil-may-care thought out a  
vicious look about White which was posi-  
tively refreshing. He seemed to rather  
like the position than otherwise, and from  
a roguish leer that was observed in his eye  
as he surveyed a personage who was to  
appear as the witness against him, our re-  
porter was led to anticipate something in  
the shape of novelty, and he accordingly  
prepared for the worst. The Judge  
sold the boys the nature of the charge a-  
gainst them. The name of the witness  
being called, Mr. Conrad Heinrich Hol-  
zenkamp announced his presence by an  
emphatic "Here."

Mr. Holzenkamp was a man who was  
the very ideal of a lager beer saloon keep-  
er. His weight was at least two hundred  
and seventy five pounds, one-half of which  
could be set down to be lager beer. His  
height was not more than five feet eight  
but the circumference and diameter of the  
lager beer were enormous. He carried  
himself erect by necessity to balance the  
lager beer in the front. His hide laid in  
wrinkles across the back of his neck when-  
ever he held back his head, and every wrin-  
kle seemed ready to burst with lager beer.  
Mr. Holzenkamp walked lager beer, drank  
and ate lager beer in alternation. He  
thought lager beer, dreamed lager beer,  
and even thought of lager beer when he  
was asleep. Mr. Holzenkamp was composed  
of two things: first, the effects of lager  
beer, and second, lager beer.  
The Judge proceeded to administer the  
usual oath as follows: You solemnly  
swear, in the presence of Almighty God,  
that the evidence you shall give in the  
present case, shall be the truth, the whole  
truth, and nothing but the truth, so help  
you God.

Mr. Holzenkamp—I can swear to all  
de things you speak but to tell de  
whole truth, dat can I not swear you. I  
can drink for all dese boys have done, I  
tells you more as genuin to send dem to  
de penitentiary for so long as dey have a  
hundred dings dey do not I drink not of  
de Court—Kiss de book, Mr. Holzen-  
kamp.

The witness proceeded to bring a gift of  
lager beer contained in his nose, and a half  
gill of lager beer contained in his lips in  
contact with a venerable Bible, which had  
been so familiar with crime by long expe-  
rience that we almost wonder the text has  
not been long since corrupted as much as  
the cover. Lager beer and the Bible hav-  
ing come in contact, lager beer is suppo-  
sed to be incapable of lying.  
The Court—Mr. Holzenkamp, please  
state the circumstances connected with the  
arrest of these boys.

Mr. H.—Yell on Wednesday night at ten  
o'clock my housemate, dey all goes way  
to de lager beer saloon, and I say to  
Yank to go mit him and put up de beds  
he goes out, mine self, mine wife, ve  
drinks some lager beer, and den I takes de  
money counts den and puts dem in mine  
pocket; ven Yank come in ve looks de  
door and goes de stairs up to sleep;  
ve mine wife and I gets to de bed in so  
soon as ve can and den I sleeps; ven I  
bin sleep little ve mine wife she wakes  
me and say, "Heinrich, de cats dey makes  
noise in de streets so dat I cannot  
sleep;" ven I wakes up I hear so much  
cats squall in de streets dat I thinks, dere  
is a meeting ion some de cats;  
dat dey makes so much noise I cannot vink  
mine eyes, ve come to sleep; so I gets up  
and goes to de window and say, "Hein-  
rich, de cats dey makes so much noise  
dey will no sleep. I say to mine wife,  
"Katarina, bin so younger and so small-  
er as I bin, you go down in de street  
and drives 'way de cats."  
My wife den goes down, and ven she opens  
de door de cats squall not more and she  
looks to see dem, but dere is no cats in  
streets. Ven she comes de stairs up  
again and say de cats bin gone ve lie on  
de bed to sleep; ven ven I bin just sleep-  
ing, mine Gott! I hear de cats so louder  
as before, and I say to mine wife all de cats  
indeedy bin come on de stairs, ve mine  
lager beer saloon, and I try more to shut dem  
out, deyvils, and I try more to shut dem  
out. But it was no good, dey squall—  
I cannot say to you so had as dey squall.  
Mine wife say dere bin a thunder-shower,  
toncats; ven I lie in my bed, and she  
dat I should get de cats in de yard; I takes  
mine bistel, and runs shirts down, but  
I bin so mad and I go so quick dat I falls  
de stairs over, and in a minute finds mine  
head knock on de wall, mine right hand in  
some Schweitzer cheese, de odor in de  
shait-box, and you foot in de big ice-pick-  
er; so soon as I gets up and goes to de  
door and opens it, I goes on de stairs walk  
and mine foot slips, and I falls down on  
mine back and breaks all de bones in mine  
body; I feels mine hand on de shait walk  
and find it bin all covered mit soft soap  
I drive to down mine self, but I bin so  
sore dat I cannot fall before I get up; yest  
den mine wife come and help me, and bulls  
de me from de shait walk in de door; ve do  
not hear de cats den, and so ve goes to de  
beds again; so soon as ve lie down I hears  
de cats so worse as de oder time—I hears  
notings but cats; I never vas so much  
afraid except yonce ven a lager beer barrel  
lay in pieces; I goes to de window and I  
dinks I hears dem on de stairs; I gets  
up and my foot trips on some shirtings  
and ven I fall I hear one loud cat squall  
dat fright me so dat I dinks I bin fall on  
mine "dreck" house; ven I bin on de  
ground I feels on de shaiting, and I  
walks till I find a box; I brings de  
box to de window; Katarina gets de lamp  
and dere ve find in de long wood shoe  
box seven cats; ven vas fixed de cats  
on notch holes vas cut in de side of de box,  
and de cats vas put in de box mit de  
heads shuck out of de holes; on de  
side de box vas seven little soft soap  
vere vas de cats' tails; I know dat de cats  
come not in de box by demselves, and so  
I look to see vere vas de boys; I come  
de stairs down again, goes on de stairs  
walk so soft as I can, and I finds vere de  
boys hold de shaiting till I find it come  
to a big sugar hogshead by de next house,  
and dere I find dose boys; yest den I  
say "Watch!" and de bollecken comes  
and takes de boys to de Dooms; I be-  
lieves dey is de same boys as trouble me  
before.

The Court—Boys, what have you got  
to say for yourselves for such con-  
duct?  
Well, one day we were a playing in  
front of this "ere man's lager beer saloon,  
and he come out and threatened to lick  
us if we didn't stop. We kept on play-  
ing, he comes in, and dere we see de  
water on de floor, and dere we see a pall of  
dirty water on de floor. We thought we  
got as good a right to the street as he had,  
and so we made up our minds to be even  
with him, and so we got de box and cats  
and serenaded him.

Mr. Holzenkamp stated that he habitu-  
ally the boys a few days before as describ-  
ed. The boys promised not to bother lager  
beer saloon keepers any more, in consid-  
eration of which they were discharged.