

# STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

Vol. XXX.—No. 48.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1892.

WHOLE NO. 618.

Office of the Star & Banner  
COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF  
THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbidden and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

## THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched  
From various gardens culled with care."

From Graham's Magazine, for January.

### LINES,

Written on a Portrait of Gen. William Henry Harrison.

BY MRS. EMILIA B. WELBY.

Hail pictured image! thine immortal art,  
Hath snatch'd a hero from the arms of death.  
In whose broad bosom beat the noblest heart  
That ever drew an earth a balmy breath;  
For while amid the sons of men he tread,  
That true nobility to him was given  
Whose zeal is stamped by an approving God,  
Whose ever blooming tale comes from Heaven.

The fires of genius glistered in his glance,  
'Twas written on his clear expansive brow,  
That men might look upon his clear expanse  
And read that God and Nature made him so;  
Yet that pale temple could not always keep  
The soul imprisoned in its earthly bars;  
Born for the skies, his soul-like soul sweep  
The boundless circles of the radiant stars.

How soft the placid smile that seemed to bask  
Round those pale features, once the spirit's shrine  
And hover round those lips that only ask  
A second impress from the hand divine!  
And look upon that brow! a living light  
Plays like a sun beam o'er his silver hair,  
As if the happy spirit in its flight  
Had left a saint-like glory trembling there.

Yet the soul's kind hand may softly point  
The noble form and features we adore  
Such deeds as thine are left, Oh happy saint!  
And left alone for Memory to restore,  
And still thy virtue like a soft perfume  
That rises from a bed of falling flowers,  
Immortal as thyself, shall bud and bloom  
Deep in those hearts, those grateful hearts of ours.

Sons of Columbia! ye whose spirits soar  
Elate with joyous hopes and youthful fires,  
Go, imitate the hero you deplore,  
For this is all that God or man requires.  
Oh! while you bend the pensive brow of grief,  
Muse on the bright example he has given,  
And strive to follow your ascended chief,  
Whose radiant foot prints lead to fame and heaven.

Oh guard his grave! It is a solemn trust,  
Nor let a single flower press the sacred dust  
Beneath whose verdure sleeps the sacred dust  
Once hallow'd by the quick'ning breath of God,  
'Twas in his lonely grandeur let him lie  
Wrapt in his grave on fair Ohio's shore  
His deeds, his virtues, all that could not die,  
Remain with us, and shall for eversore.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### FLORENCE WILLESSEN.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

'Tis a common tale,  
An ordinary sorrow of man's life;  
A tale of silent suffering, hardly cloth'd  
In bodily form.—WAGNER.

A village in the south of England is one of the loveliest sights in nature: and it is what it seems, the very nestling place of poetry, love and happiness. It glitters with its white washed cottages and garden walls, among the green trees; mid which it is embowered, like the golden fruits of Spain, peeping from beneath the rich foliage of aetad oes but partially conceal them.—Its meadows, its streams, its tapering church-spires, its hedgerows, its lanes of sweet-hair and wild roses, its lattices, with their clustering jessamine and honeysuckle; its gardens, with their bee hives; its orchards with their odoriferous blossoms; and above all, its simple, yet cheerful inhabitants, ignorant of the great world, and unwilling to have that ignorance enlightened; all combine to render a village in the southern portions of England, one of the most delightful spots in the universe. How sweet to retire from the world to such a haven of repose; and there to cultivate only the purer affections of one's nature, and keep the soul divided by a rainbow

zone, from the grosser atmosphere of common existence. There are many little paradises of the kind I speak of, and I should be content with any of them; although, if I had my choice, I should perhaps fix upon Woodburn in preference to all the rest. My predilection is the more singular, as all my associations connected with the recollection of that village are of a peculiarly melancholy cast. Even there, the spoiler, sorrow, had found an entrance; and his victims were not unknown to me. I will endeavor to recal their story; it is a simple one; but it suits well the mournful temper of my mind, and I shall therefore avail myself of this opportunity to narrate it.

Let me paint her as I first saw her. It was in her cottage garden, on a bright summer morning, when the dew was still sparkling on the flowers. She held a book in her hand, but she was not reading. She stood wrapp'd in a delightful reverie, with her eyes fixed on two young rose bushes.—I knew not then that she was my old friend's only child, yet I stopped involuntarily to gaze upon her. I had never before seen one so beautiful; and that too, without the shadow of pretence. I cannot describe her features, but their combined effect was irresistible. There was a world of expression—an unfathomable depth of feeling in her dark blue eye. I saw a tear start into it; but the feeling that called it up was merely transient, for a smile gath'ered upon her lips immediately afterwards, and chased away with its light the little blinger of sorrow. At that moment the gate was thrown open, and a youth entered. He was her lover: I knew it at a glance. A deeper crimson spread itself upon her cheek, and her smile kindled into one of more intense delight. They stood together; England could not have produced a nobler pair. They seated themselves in the sunshine; the youth took the book and read aloud. It was a poetic page over which they hung. She leant her white arm on her lover's shoulder, and gazed upon him with delighted and breathless attention. Who is it that said there is no happiness on earth? Had he seen Edmund and Florence on that calm, blue morning, he would have confessed the absurdity of his creed.

Edmund was the oldest son of the village rector, a man "to all the country dear."—Florence was the daughter of an old, respected soldier, who had served in many a campaign, and who now lived in retirement upon the small pension which was given him by government, as a reward of his long and valuable services. She had lost her mother almost before she knew her, and all her filial affection was centered in her only surviving parent. Her heart she had bestowed upon Edmund, and he was by no means insensible of the gift. They had been companions from their infancy. All their recollections of times past were the same, for at their amusements and studies had been similar. But Edmund had made considerable more progress than Florence. Nature had heaped upon him all those mental endowments that constitute genius. She had given him a mind capable of the profoundest aspirations; a heart that could feel more deeply, a fancy that could wing a bolder flight, than those of most other youths of his age. He as yet, knew nothing of the state of society beyond the limits of Woodburn. He had never been more than twenty miles from home, during his whole life.

But he was now eighteen, and Florence was only a year younger. They had ceased to be boy and girl. She, indeed, would have been contented to have continued as she was forever, blest with her father's and lover's affection; more than happy in the discharge of her domestic duties; in her summer evening rambles, in her books, her bees, her fruits, her flowers. But Edmund, although he loved her with all the enthusiasm of a first love, had more ambition in his nature. He wished to mingle in the crowd, in the pursuit of glory; and he had hopes that he might outstrip at least some of his competitors. Besides, he was not possessed of an independent fortune; and exertion, therefore, became a duty.

His resolution was at once formed; he determined to fix his residence in London, for at least a couple of years, and ascertain whether, in truth, ability was there its own reward. It was sad news to Florence; but on reflecting on the advantages which Edmund might derive from the execution of the scheme, she looked upon her grief as selfish; and endeavored to restrain it. The evening before he left, Woodburn, they took a farewell walk together, in her father's garden. Florence had succeeded in keeping up a show of cheerfulness during the day; but as the yellow beams of the setting sun came streaming in through the poplars and elms that lined the wall, and as she thought how often they had seen the sun set before, and how long it would be ere they should see it again, a chord was touched which vibrated through her heart, and she could no longer restrain her tears. Edmund besought her, with the utmost tenderness of manner, not to give way to emotions so violent; but she only locked his hand more firmly in her own, and amid the convulsive sobs, repeated, again—"Edmund! we shall never meet more! I am not superstitious, but I know that I am right; we shall never meet more!" Her lover had recourse to every soothing argument he could think of; but, though she at length became calm, a gloomy presentiment of future evil seemed to have taken possession of his mind.

A year had elapsed, and Edmund's early dream had been more than realized. He had risen into fame at once; his reputation as a man of genius was acknowledged throughout his native land. His fortune was secured, and his opinions listened to with deference and admiration. There seems to be no honors to which he might not hope to attain. His ardent spirit, and his growing ambition became only the more insatiable. Every difficulty had yielded before him; he had flown upon the wings of success; his life had hitherto been a brilliant dream—a dream from which he saw no prospect of immediate awakening.

It was evening, and he was alone in her splendid drawing room, with the loveliest woman in London—the daughter of a viscount. A hundred lamps, reflected by a hundred mirrors, shone around them.—There was to be a magnificent entertainment, but the company had not yet arrived. Edmund and the lady Matilda would not have cared had they never arrived at all.—They sat near each other, and talked in low, soft tones, of all that youth and beauty love best to talk about. Edmund had never felt so vain in his life before; for there were hundreds in the metropolis, blest with all the advantages of rank and birth, who would have given both their titles and fortunes to have secured one of those smiles which the proud maiden now lavished upon him. And she—she had read his works, she thought of his fame, she looked upon his elegant form and handsome features, and forgot the hundred scions of nobility who had offered their incense at her shrine. A carriage was heard to stop, and they were soon to be interrupted. "I have in hand a fancy to that emerald ring of yours," said the lady Matilda, "will you exchange it for one of mine?" She took a glittering diamond from her finger, and put it on Edmund's; and at the same time his emerald became one of the ornaments of the prettiest hand in the world. It was a ring which Florence had given him, the very morning he left Woodburn.

The two years he was to be away had expired. "Florence," said her father to her one morning, "I never saw you looking so well, your cheeks are all roses, my sweet girl; have you been watching the sun rise?" Florence turned away her head for a moment, to brush a burning tear from her eye, and then answered cheerfully to her unsuspecting father, that she had seen the sun rising. There was not a person in Woodburn, except her father, who had not observed how dreadfully Florence was altered—not in her manners, her habits, nor conversation; but in her looks. Her cheek, it is true, was red, but it was the hot flush of fever; her eye was bright but it was clearness of an insidious malady.

She had heard of Edmund's success, and there was not a heart in the world that beat so proudly at the intelligence; but she soon heard of more than his success, and his letters became fewer, shorter and colder.—When her father was from home, she would sit for hours in her garden, by herself, listening as she said, to the chirping of the birds, but weeping bitterly all the while. "I have not heard you speak of Edmund lately," said her father to her one day, a bout the beginning of June. "I do not think of him the less," answered Florence, with a faint smile. "I have good news for you," said he; "I saw the rector to day, and Edmund is to be in Woodburn by the end of the week." Florence grew pale; she tried to speak, but could not; a mist swam before her eyes; she held out her hand, and threw herself into her father's arms.

It was Saturday evening, and she knew that Edmund had arrived early on the previous day, but she had not yet seen him.—She was sitting in the summer house of her father's garden, when she heard a step on the gravel walk; she looked through the willows and honey suckles; it was he! he himself—in all the bloom and beauty of dawning manhood.—A strange shivering passed over her whole frame, and her color went and came with fearful rapidity. Yet she retained her self possession, and with apparent calmness, rose to receive him when he entered. The change in her appearance, however, struck him immediately. "Good God! have you been ill? you are altered, sadly altered, since I saw you last." "Does that strike you as so very wonderful, Edmund?" said Florence gravely; "are you not altered, too?" "Oh, Florence! I have behaved to you like a villain! I see it now, cruelly, fatally do I see it!"—Edmund, that I did love you, you setting you, which shone upon us when last we parted, can still attest, for it was the witness of my grief. It has been the witness too, of the tears I have shed in my solitude, tears which have been revealed to no earthly eye; and it shall be the witness, even yet," she continued, an almost heavenly smile illumining her pale countenance, "of our reconciliation, for the wanderer has returned, and his errors are forgiven." She held out her hand to him as she spoke, but he shrunk back; "I dare not—I dare not take it! It is too late! Florence, I am married!" There was not a sound escaped her lips, but her cheeks grew deadly pale; her eyes became as fixed as stone, and she fell on the ground like a marble statue.

Her grave is in the church yard of Woodburn; she lies beside her father. There is no urn nor monumental tablet to mark the spot, but I should know it, among a thousand other countries, and men have looked up to him as a demi god. Florence Willesden was never heard of beyond the limits of Woodburn till now.

## THE FOOL'S PENCE.

In the year 183—, in a handsomely furnished parlor which opened out of that noted London gin shop called "The Punch bowl," sat its mistress, the gaudily dressed Mrs. Crowder, conversing with an obsequious neighbor.

"Why, Mrs. Crowder, I really must say you have things in the first style! What elegant papering! what noble chairs! what a pair of fire screens! all so bright and fresh! Then, the elegant stone copings to your windows; and those beautiful French window frames! And you have been sending your daughter; to the genteel boarding school; your shop is the best furnished, and your cellars are the best filled, in all this part of Lunnon.—Where can you find the needful for all these grand things? Dear Mrs. Crowder, how do you manage?"

Mrs. Crowder smiled, and cast a look of smiling contempt through the half opened door, into the shop, filled with droughty customers. "The fools' pence!—'tis the fools' pence that does it for us," she said. And her voice rose, more shrill and loud than usual, with the triumph she felt.

Her words reached the ears of one customer—George Manly, the carpenter, who stood near the counter. Turning his eyes upon those around him, he saw pale, sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He then turned them upon the stately apartment; he looked through the door into the parlor, and saw looking glasses and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture and a rich carpet, and Miss Lucy in a silk gown, at her piano; and he thought to himself, how strange it is! how curious, that all this wretchedness on my left hand should be made to turn into all this rich luxury on my right!

"Well, sir—and what's for you?" said the shrill voice which had made the fools' pence ring in his ears.

"A glass of gin, ma'am, is what I was waiting for; but I think I've paid the last fools' pence that I shall put down on this counter for many a long day."

Manly inhaled home. His wife and his two little girls were seated at work. They were thin and pale, ready for want of food. The room looked very cheerless, and their fire was so small as hardly to be felt; yet the dullest observer would have been struck by the neatness that reigned around.

It was a joyful surprise to them, his re turning so early that night, and returning sober, and in good humor.

"Your eyes are weak to-night, wife," said George, "or else you have been crying I'm afraid, you work too much by candle light."

His wife smiled and said "Working does not hurt my eyes;" and she beckoned to her little boy, who was standing apart—evidently as a culprit.

"Why, John, what's this I see?" said his father. "Come and tell me what you have been doing."

John was a plain spoken boy, and had a straight forward way. He came up to his father, and looked full in his face, and said: "The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without it; but though he was cross and rough, he said mother was not to blame, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money; and when he was gone mother cried over her wret, but she did not say any thing. I did not know she was crying till I saw her tears dropping on her hands; and then I said bad words; and mother sent me to stand in the corner."

"Tell me what your bad words were, John," said his father; "not swearing, I hope?"

"No," said John, coloring, "I said, you were a bad man! I said, bad father!"

"And they were bad words, I am sure," said his mother; but you are forgiven; so now bring me some coal from the box."

George looked at the face of his wife; and as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears in his own. He rose up and putting money into her hands, he said, "There are my week's wages. Come, come, hold out both hands, for you have not got all yet. Lay it out for the best, as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doings on my part, and happier days on yours."

George told his wife after the children were gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house, and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he thought of his own hard-working, uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rage, while he was sitting drinking, night after night, destroying his health and strength; he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to come to himself at last. He determined, from that hour, never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips.

More than a year afterwards, one Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Crowder, of the Punch bowl, was walking with her daughters to the tea-garden, they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain; and had become at least half drenched, when they entered a comfortable house, distinguished by its comforts and tidiness from all others near it. Its goodnatured mistress and her two girls did all they could to dry and wipe away the rain-drops and mud splashes from the ladies' fine silk gowns, all dragged and soiled, and to repair, as far as possible, every mischief done to their dresses and persons.

When all had been done, that could be done, and as Miss Lucy said, they began to look themselves again, Miss Crowder, who was sitting in a large arm chair, and

amusing herself by a stare at every one and every thing in the room, suddenly started forward, and addressing herself to the master of the house, whose Biblo and whose face had just caught her eye. "Why, my good man, we are old friends; I know your face, I'm certain; still there is some change in you, though I can't exactly say what it is."

"I used to be in ragged clothes and out of health," said George Manly, smiling; "now, thank God, I am comfortably clad, and in excellent health."

"But how is it," said Mrs. Crowder, "that we never catch a sight of you now?"

"Madam said he, 'I'm sure I wish you well; my, I have reason to thank you; for words of yours first opened my eyes to my own foolish and wicked course. My wife and children were half naked and half starved, only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now—for sweet, contented looks, and decent clothes, I'll match them with any man's wife and children. And now, madam, I tell you as you told a friend of yours one day last year,—'tis the fools' pence that have done all this for us. The Fools' pence!—I ought rather to say, the pence earned by honest industry; and spent so that we can ask the blessing of God upon the pence.'"

Mrs. Crowder never recovered the customer she had lost.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—A few weeks since we published a communication from a correspondent, giving the results of an experiment in planting corn, by Hart Massey, Esq. of this village. Mr. Massey called upon us on Saturday last to correct an important error in said communication, and invited us personally to examine the said field, which we accordingly did and now give the results of our observation.

Mr. Massey took the seed corn with which he planted the field, a small quantity, and soaked it in a solution of salt nitre commonly called salt-peter, and planted five rows with the seeds thus prepared.—The remainder of the field, we believe, was planted by the same individual. Now for the result. The five rows planted with corn, prepared with salt-petre, will yield more than twenty five rows planted without any preparation. The five rows were untouched by the worms, while the remainder of the field suffered severely by their depredations. We should judge that not one kernel, saturated with salt-petre was touched, while almost every hull in the adjoining row suffered severely. No one who will examine the field can doubt the efficacy of the preparation. He will be astonished at the striking difference between the five rows and the remainder of the field.

Here is a simple fact, which if seasonably and generally known, would have saved many thousands of dollars to the farmers of this county alone, in the article of corn. It is a fact, which should be universally known, and is, in all probability, one of the greatest discoveries of modern times in the much neglected science of agriculture. At all events, the experiment should be extensively tested, as the results are deemed certain while the expense is comparatively nothing.

Mr. M. also stated as to the result of another experiment tried upon one of his apple trees last spring. It is a fine thrifty healthy tree, about twenty-five or thirty years old, but has never in any one year produced over about two bushels of apples. While in blossom last spring, he accented the tree and sprinkled plaster freely on the blossoms, and the result is, that it will this season yield twenty bushels of apples. Now if the plaster will prevent the blast, it is a discovery of great importance.—Mr. M. was led to make the experiment by reading an account of the production of trees adjoining a meadow were plaster had been sown at a time when there was a light breeze in the direction of the orchard, the trees contiguous to the meadow bearing well, while the others produced no fruit.—Watertown (N. Y.) Standard.

AN EDITOR IN TROUBLE.—Mr. Proutie, of the Louisville Journal, says:—"Our readers must bear with us a little while. It is well known to our friends that the senior editor of this paper lost the use of his right hand, in writing, some nine years ago.—Subsequently to this calamity, he betook himself to the use of his left hand, with which he continued to write till about three weeks ago, when this too failed him—worn out in the cause of his party and his country. He is now under the care of the best medical talent of the city, from which he ardently hopes for a speedy cure of his most singular malady."

THE DEATH OF GRIFFIN.—Griffin, the patriot, whose seizure in Vermont, and imprisonment in Montreal, last fall, caused so much noise, died at Champlain on the 7th of Jan.

MODERN DICTIONARY.—Editor.—A poor wretch, who every day empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.

Virtue.—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

Honor.—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain praise of a few others, whom you despise and hate.

Marriage.—The gate through which the happy lover leaves the enchanted regions and returns to earth.—N. Y. Atlas.

A SKETCH OF "BOB."—The editor of the Worcester Egie, gives the following sketch of the person of Mr. Dickens:

"We found a middle sized person, in a brown frock coat, a red flannel vest, somewhat of the fashion, and a fawn scarf cravat, that concealed the collar, and was fastened to the bosom in rather voluptuous folds by a double pin and chain. His proportions were well rounded, and filled the dress he wore. His hair, which was long and dark, grew low upon the brow, had a wavy link where it started from the head; and was naturally or artificially cork-screwed as it fell on either side of his face. His forehead retreated gradually from the eyes, without any marked protuberance, save at the outer angle, the upper portion of which formed a prominent ridge a little within the assigned position of the organ of ideality. The skin on that portion of the brow which was not concealed by the hair, instead of being light and smooth, flashed as readily as any part of the face, and partook of its general character and flexibility. The whole region about the eyes was prominent, with a noticeable development of nerves and vessels, indicating, say the phrenologists, great vigor in the intellectual organs with which they are connected. The eye-balls completely filled their sockets. The aperture of the lid was not large, nor the eye uncommonly clear or bright, but quick, moist and expressive. The nose was slightly aquiline—the mouth of moderate dimensions, making no great display of the teeth, the facial muscles occasionally drawing the upper lip most strongly on the left side, as the mouth opened in speaking. His features, taken together, were well proportioned, of a glowing and cordial aspect, with more animation than grace, and more intelligence than beauty."

PAY THE MECHANIC.—The rich man who employs a mechanic does not always know how much inconvenience, loss of time and expense he exposes him to, by neglecting to pay an "undisputed bill, on presentation. Without going too deep into the subject, let us propose a very simple example of constant occurrence. A mechanic undertakes a job, for which his honest charge is fifty dollars. It is done to the satisfaction of his employer. He expects his pay on the presentation of a bill. Why should he not receive it? He has no bank credit; he pays cash for stock, and he pays cash for labor. He has been employed for a week on that job, with two or three journeymen besides furnishing the raw material, paying shop rent and other expensive contingencies. Why should he be asked to wait six months or a year for his money? He must pay his hands on Saturday, provide for his family during the week, pay for his stock, and lay up something against rent day.—Is it reasonable—is it just that his employer should ask him to wait for his money until his convenient time, when cash is not scarce—to when three per centum per month is not to be had on the loan of money that belongs to others, or which ought to be appropriated to the payment of his honest debts, instead of sleeping and fattening at interest on post notes—or contributing to the artificial wants of his family—or gratifying a reckless spirit of speculation in visionary stocks? Is it righteous, is it just, that a man of supposed wealth should do this; and leave the honest and hard working mechanic to the mercy of small creditors, the importunities of journeymen, and the rapacity of usurious extortioners?—Certainly not.

Death from Swallowing a Cent.—A child about three years of age, son of Mr. Brasby, deceased, formerly of this city, residing with its uncle, a mechanic, engaged at the coach making establishment of Mr. Force, swallowed a cent some six or eight days since, from the effects of which it died yesterday afternoon. An abscess formed in the side of the little sufferer, caused, it is supposed, by the cent lodging in that region, which, previous to its death, became exceedingly painful. The child did not complain much until a day or two previous to its latter end. Medical aid was called in but without avail.—Balt. Pat.

It is said if you fill a flower pot about half full of quick lime, cover over this a good mould, and flowers may thus be obtained in a very short time and at all seasons. The earth should be kept slightly moistened and pressed down whenever it rises by the swelling of the lime.

HEAVY DAMAGES AGAINST A RAILROAD CO.—A suit has been tried in Boston lately, which has excited some interest. It was an action brought by a Signior Oetlinch against the Worcester rail road company—first, for \$10,000 damages, for the loss of the services of his son, who had been injured, probably for life, from a collision of the car; and secondly, for 15,000 dollars additional, on the ground that the son had been rendered incapable of supporting himself for life. The Jury gave him 12,000 dollars for his son, and \$1000 for himself.

WIFE SAVINGS.—From impure air we take disease, from bad company, vice and imperfection. The Dutch have this good proverb—that thofts never enrich, alms never impoverish, nor prayers hinder any work. There is but one way to Heaven for the learned and the unlearned.