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ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1864.

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EDWARD O. HAMLIN,
Has resumed the
PRACTICE OF LAW,
IN ST. CLOUD, MINN.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Will attend promptly to Collections, and payment of taxes in Stearns and Benton Counties. Special attention given to cases before the Local and General Land Offices.
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DENTIST.
ST. CLOUD, MINN.

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Will practice Medicine in all its branches, including midwifery and operative surgery.
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WM. R. HUNTER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ST. CLOUD, MINN.

J. W. TUSTLE,
MANUFACTURER OF CABINET WARE.
Building and Carpentry attended to.
Near the Stearns House, Lower Town,
ST. CLOUD, MINN.

JOB PRINTING,
SEND YOUR ORDERS TO
The Democrat Office.

ST. CLOUD BOOK STORE

J. M. ROSENBERGER,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER & NEWSDEALER

Has always on hand a Fine Assortment of
Books and Stationery.

ALSO—
THE LATEST PAPERS & MAGAZINES

THE STANDARD SCHOOLBOOKS.
And everything usually found in a first class Bookstore. v6n18-1f

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBROTYPES, &c.,
TAKEN AT
Mrs. Farwell's Gallery,
Opposite the Democrat Office, Lower town.
Hours between 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.
Every variety of Albums, Frames and Cases kept on hand. v5n52-1f

F. C. MERCER,
[FROM LIVERPOOL.]
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
SAINT CLOUD, MINN.

N. B.—Watches, Clocks, Time-pieces, Music Boxes, Jewelry, &c., &c.
Neatly Fixed and Warranted.
Old Verge and Lupine Watches made in Old English Patent Levers at a small cost.
Engraving done to order. v5n51-1f

SADDLER AND HARNESS SHOP
AND
Carriage Trimming.

TRUNKS, SADDLES, (of every style)
Horse Collars; Whips,
BRIDLES (fancy and plain), BRUSHES,
Curry Combs, Spurs,

And everything necessary to a complete outfit, kept constantly on hand.
Work and Side Harness made to order on short notice.
Carriages trimmed in any desired style. Shop on St. Germain street.
JOHN SCHWARTZ,
St. Cloud, Aug. 6th 1863. v6n15-1y

NEW SADDLER SHOP.
We have just opened a New Saddler Shop, on St. Germain street, where we have a complete assortment of everything connected with our trade, comprising

HARNESS, HORSE-COLLARS,
Saddles, Trunks,
WHIPS, BRIDLES, BRUSHES
Curry Combs, Spurs, &c., &c.
This is the only establishment in town where **CARRIAGE TRIMMING** can be done properly.
HANSEN & DUEBER,
St. Cloud, Sept. 9th, 1863. v5n49-1y

St. Cloud
BOOT AND SHOE
SHOP.

JAMES BIGGERSTAFF
Having opened a Boot and Shoe Shop on St. Germain street, two doors above Burbank & Co's store, is prepared to make boots and shoes, of every style and quality, at

REASONABLE RATES.
Repairing done with care. He respectfully invites his friends to call and see him at his new stand.
JAMES BIGGERSTAFF,
St. Cloud, Sept. 16th 1863. v6n18-1f

ANTON SMITH,
BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
A full supply of
BUFFALO OVERSHOES & MOCCASINS,
Kept always on hand, and for sale at favorable prices.
A good stock of Leather and Shoemaker's Findings.
Particular attention paid to Custom Work. The highest market price in Cash paid for Hides.
ANTON SMITH,
Washington av., St. Cloud. v6n19-1y

HENRY W. WEARY,
CARRIAGE MAKER.
We had christened him Otto; he seemed to have such a kindred spirit to the great Roman censor. He was so unyielding and exact; so frugal in his diet, never drinking anything but water, eating very little, and never smoking. He always gave the impression, when he spoke, that he had a vast amount of knowledge in him, but which he was unwilling to impart to others. He talked very slowly, bringing out each word with the greatest deliberation, as though he chewed and digested it well mentally before uttering it. But he was a good boatman, and was much sought after by the people, who were accustomed to make use of the pleasure boats at Cliffgate. "Strange scenes in these boats sometimes, Mr. Fred," the old fellow said suddenly after he had pulled for some minutes without speaking.

"Ah, I suppose so," answered carelessly, and without thinking what I said. My thoughts were just then turned upon a bet

I had made, and which had happened rather oddly. It was between six of us: Ned Darwell, Wood, Lucas, and one of his cousins, Andrews, and myself. And he who shook hands first with a certain young lady, was to win the stakes. Ned called my attention to her as we were walking in the Row gardens, listening to the band.

"By Jove!" he said, snipping my arm, "there's a jolly girl!"
She had very dark hair and eyes, which was rendered the more attractive by a bewitching little mauve hat, with a white veil tied back in a bow. She was rather tall and slight, but very graceful; and her little feet as they peeped out every now and then from under her muslin dresses—for the grass was rather damp, and the dress had to be held up—seemed perfection. She was accompanied by an old, soldierly-looking gentleman, and a young fellow, of about twenty, or twenty-three years of age, was walking by her other side.

"Who is she?" I asked.
"I don't know," answered Ned. "Some new importation. Hullo! here's Lucas; he is sure to know. I say, Lucas, my boy, who is that dark girl with the hat?"
"Oh, hang the girl with the rum-shaped hat! She's Letitia Turner. Everybody knows her ugly pliz."

"No; the one with the mauve hat and white veil. There! man alive! can't you see? There! just turning round at the end of the walk. Do you see her now?"
"Don't know her at all," said the other.
"Do you, John?" be asked, turning to his cousin.

"Not see her before," said the cousin. "But she's awfully snug!"
Then Wood and Andrews stopped up. They asked us the very question we were going to ask them, so we discovered that the young lady was a perfect stranger to us all. Whereupon Lucas undertook to rout her out, as he called it, and tell us:

"I say, Lucas, said Ned, who was rather jealous of the ascendancy Lucas had gained over us in the honor of finding out and becoming acquainted with different young ladies, 'I'll bet you anything you like that I'll shake hands with her before you will. There, Lucas, my boy, there's a fair bet for you!"
And then the rest came forward, each willing to make the same offer.

GERRE A MORT.

[If any of our readers should think the tone of the following epigram a little too sanguinary, all we have to say is that they are the production of Mrs. W. F. Tucker, the widow of the late Lieut. E. L. Tucker of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry.—Ed. St. Cl. Dem.]

North in the early morn he rode,
With spirit soaring free,
The sunlight on his armor glowed,
My noble cavalier!
But see! in hidden covert dim
God cure the destined foe!
A deadly bullet aimed at him,
He fell, my darling boy!

Oh, me! my darling son is dead,
Avenge my dead for me!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

The golden sunshine of the South
(Dim be its glory now)
Had never kissed so sweet a mouth,
He fell, my darling boy!
But ah! the look of fender trust,
The loving smile hath fled,
His dear form mingles into dust,
Up men! avenge my dead!

Behold on the standard that he bore!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!
Amid the host of shot and shell,
And bullets raining fast,
And fumes and smoke and roar and crash,
Ring out your bugle blast!
I'll pay you in the sun!
I'll pay you in the sun!
Even though the victory is won,
And traitor minutes reel,
But charge upon your broken line!
Oh follow where they flee!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

Would Mercy with her silver tongue
Besuile me from the trust?
Disclaiming to be merciful,
Oh, men! be only just!
I charge you by the widow's wail,
And by the orphan's woe!
I charge you by the hopes that fade,
And by the tears that flow.
Oh, plant Rebellion's cursed heart!
Stick deep for me and me!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!
Mercy, Mercy!

OUR BET.

"Boat, gentlemen? It will do you a deal of good, Mr. Fred; and you too, Mr. Wood," said old Dan, coming across the beach to where we were lying.

"I can't go to-day," answered Wood. "I have a confounded engagement. Shall you go, Astley?"
"Yes, I think so," I said, looking at the sea, which just stirred by a slight breeze, rippled and danced in the sunlight.

"All right, then. I shall have to bolt in a minute. What an awful row there is this morning."
"The beach is very full, sir," said Dan; "and see, you are in the middle of the crowd!"

We were not far from the bathing machines; and on every side of us were groups of people, laughing, talking, flirting—all supremely merry, and not over careful about modulating the tones of their voices. The man with the guitar appeared to be the only person on the whole beach who was not making a noise. He, poor fellow, had broken one of the strings of his instrument, and was sitting by himself, disconsolately, trying to mend it. A family of foreign minstrels had settled themselves in front of the lapidary's shop, and the eldest boy was singing an Italian song, doing his utmost to make himself heard. He was, I own, singing under difficulties. The laughter of the bathers and the buzz of the talkers hardly conduced to render his voice the more audible; while the old bells of St. Augustine's church on the cliff above were ringing a loud wedding peal.

"In the middle of the infernal regions," I should say. I never heard such a horrid Babel in my life," muttered Wood, as he stalked off, and I went to the boat.

"I expected that you would come, Mr. Fred," said old Dan. He always called me Mr. Fred. We had been great friends ever since he gave me my first lessons in rowing, when I was a very little fellow. I believe I took to him then wonderfully; and since that time he had never seemed to me to have changed nor to have grown older. He always was, as far back as I could remember, the same sturdy, broad-shouldered man, with the same bronzed face, and the same clear, keen, gray eye. He had been for several years on board a man-of-war, but he was not a great talker on any subject, and never, I believe, spoke of his younger days. A superannuated half-dressed veteran, who lived in the town, declared that he was with Dan Baker on board H. M. S. Etna. But the veteran knew nothing about Dan's history, and Dan himself never told it to any one.

There was something in it he evidently wished to conceal, and the odd name of the boat, the Faithless Maid, was the only ground on which curious people could build. He was, in spite of his taciturnity, a great favorite with us young fellows.

We had christened him Otto; he seemed to have such a kindred spirit to the great Roman censor. He was so unyielding and exact; so frugal in his diet, never drinking anything but water, eating very little, and never smoking. He always gave the impression, when he spoke, that he had a vast amount of knowledge in him, but which he was unwilling to impart to others. He talked very slowly, bringing out each word with the greatest deliberation, as though he chewed and digested it well mentally before uttering it. But he was a good boatman, and was much sought after by the people, who were accustomed to make use of the pleasure boats at Cliffgate.

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And then the rest came forward, each willing to make the same offer.

"Well, I will have one more try," I thought, "as I have to pass the Major. Perhaps he may like to go."

When I came up to him he had put down the paper, and was watching his son through a field-glass. Miss Leith was sitting at his feet, sketching and talking to him.

"I am afraid Harry is going out too far, Helen," I heard him say.

"But he is such a capital swimmer, papa. Where is he now?" She then closed her sketch-book and stood by his side, looking across the sunny water for her brother.

"There! That little black speck is his head. He is coming back now!"
"Oh, what a way he is out! Oh, papa! what is the matter?" she said, as a strong cry from Mr. Leith reached her ears.

"Nothing, nothing. Keep still, girl," he said, beckoning to me. In a minute he had scrambled into the boat, and we had left the beach.

"Pull, man! He has got the cramp! A hundred pounds if you reach him before he sinks! Harry! Harry!" he bawled out, "keep up! Oh, my boy! for God's sake keep up! Pull with your left. Now you are straight. Pull both! Hard!"

I have often rowed in a race; but I never pulled with such a will as I did on that day. The boat was the best in Cliffgate; and it seemed to fly over the water as I put all my strength and weight into each stroke. I have just a dim recollection of seeing crowds upon the beach running about, while the Major stood in the stern, without moving or speaking, watching his sinking son.

"Oh, my God, he is down!" burst from the old gentleman; as he sank backwards upon the seat and covered his face with his hands.

I can remember dropping the oars and tearing off my hat and boots. As I turned round I saw, scarce six yards from the head of the boat, a hand rise, then a head—it was his last struggle—and then both went down together. A moment afterwards I was in the water, catching hold of something large and white, and rising with it to the surface. How I found it I don't know; but I knew it was the young man; I felt his arms cling to my neck, and his

weight pull me down. I could swim well, and as my head rose above the water, and I saw the glorious bright sun, my love of earth seemed so strong and the thought of death so terrible, that I struggled hard to keep afloat. But my clothes were thick and impeded my limbs. His arms were tightly clasped around my neck, and his dead weight was pulling, forever pulling, me down.

Then something dark came between me and the light, and the old boat with the Major in it, glided past almost at arm's length. "I made a clutch—a rope was trailing in the water—and as I caught it and pulled myself with my burden to the side, I heard the shout from the beach, and felt the Major's hand unclasping his son's arms from my neck.

"I'll hold him, you get in at the other side. Come that's well done," he said as we lifted Mr. Leith into the boat. "Now you row in and I'll soon bring him to!"

It was not the first time as I afterwards learnt, that the Major had helped to resuscitate a half-drowned person. He knew exactly what to do; and under his skillful treatment his son opened his eyes before we reached the shore.

"I must dress him before I can convey him home," said the Major.

"So I took them to the young fellow's machine, and then pulled away, partly to change my clothes and partly to avoid being known. I succeeded in the latter even better than I had hoped; for when I met the Major and his daughter on the beach, in the afternoon they did not recognize me. I had left my slouching hat at home, and my hair and whiskers were not plastered to my face with water. I also found out that nobody had noticed me in the morning; so I determined to play on my new character of boatman. Whereupon the next day, assuming the old disguise, I went forth again in search of fresh adventure.

"Oh! there he is, papa," Miss Leith said as I passed. "I thought you would be here."

"Ah, so he is. Here my own, we will go for a pull to-day. How are you this morning? Caught no cold yesterday I hope?"

"By Jove! I don't know how to thank you," said Mr. Henry, "sinking my hand as soon as he was in the boat. 'But I want to have a jolt with you some time.' Then the Major, muttering some thanks, held out his hand; and Miss Leith gave me her brightest smile which I prized more than all.

"How strange papa," she said, reading the name of the boat. "You know Miss Henry told us to have this one before we came."

"Eggs me, yes? I have heard a good deal about you, Mr. Baker. I heard that you were very sober, and very respectable, and all that sort of thing. It seems to me too, that you were not always a boatman," he said glancing at my hands which were rather white than the blippers of the sons of Neptune usually are. "So if you like to give up this sort of life, why I'll take care that you always have a snug roof over your head."

I thanked him very much; but I told him that I liked my life very well. In fact I was fairly stumped as what to say. I felt half inclined to laugh at being taken for old Dan; and yet I felt that the Major ought not to be allowed to continue in his mistake.

"You seem very young to be such a hermit. Come you must marry. I will find you a wife and keep her well too."

"Yes you must forget the Faithless Maid now," said Miss Leith smiling again. I suppose she had heard some of the conjectures about Dan's life.

"I do not mean to be inquisitive," the Major said, "but I cannot but see a young man like you and one too who is so superior to this sort of work, settling down to such a life. Remember what we owe to you. Will you not tell me your trouble? I may be able to help you; and I swear I won't spare money or trouble to make you happy."

Although of course, I did not want any pecuniary help, his kind way in offering it, and the fatherly manner in which he put his hand upon my shoulder as I bent forward, made me ashamed of the trick I had played upon him. He must sooner or later find it out; and I wondered within myself as I leant over the oars looking down, with his hand upon my shoulder whether he would then be so kind as now.

"I should like to see you privately to-morrow air," I said putting off the time as long as I could.

"Very well then. Come in the morning at eleven—St. Marine Gardens. Ask for Major Leith."

I promised to do so, and nothing more was said about it during our pull.

"Good bye," said Mr. Henry, when he was on the beach. "The governor has had all the talk to-day; but I shall see you again soon."

"Good bye," said Miss Leith with a nod, as her brother helped her out. "Good bye. I wonder if she will nod and smile," I thought, when she finds out who I am. I shall be certain to see her again this afternoon at the band; but she won't know me without this hat. I'll risk it at any rate. What a jolly smile she has!"

I had told Dan about our bet and he had promised to help us if he could. That, perhaps was the chief reason why I seized the opportunity of having him by myself for an hour.

"See Miss Leith, Dan?"
The old fellow shook his head. "Heard she was fond of pulling though," he said after a short time.

"Oh, indeed!" I answered as a thought struck me. "I say Dan, I shall want your

boat for two or three hours a day for the next week or so."

Now Dan had been in the habit of lending me his boat. Because he knew I could pull and manage it properly, I did not anticipate any trouble in getting it, so I was surprised when he appeared to hesitate.

"What are you going to do with it air, may I ask?"

"Never your mind Dan. You lend me the boat. What I do with the boat is nothing to you; that is as long as I don't damage it."

"You are right sir. You shall have it."

He smiled as he spoke; and I could easily see that he guessed for what purpose I wanted the boat. However, he said nothing till the boat was up. Then as I was getting out he called me by name, and said in a low tone:

"I have known you for a long time Mr. Fred. Do you think that you are about air. Young women are changeable creatures. I should not like you to be taken in."

His voice was so sad, and his old bronzed face looked so troubled, that I knew he was speaking from experience—perhaps from some bitter lesson he had learned in his youth, and which in some way accounted for the odd name of his boat.

"Come, old Cat," I said, "it is only to win the bet; I am not in love with the young lady. See you to-morrow. Ta, ta."

The next morning according to our agreement, Dan brought the boat round to the part of the beach nearest to my house. I did not live in the town, but some ten minutes' walk from it, along the cliff; and there was a path from the house down to the beach. He found me, there, dressed in an old boating suit, with my face hid as much as possible by a large slouching hat. I was then twenty-four, but looked a little older, and I meant in this disguise to lay siege to Miss Leith.

"Be careful, Mr. Fred," were the only words he said as we exchanged places; and then I pulled leisurely to where the visitors generally resorted. How all this would help me to obtain an introduction I was not quite clear; but I was, to tell the truth, jealous of her having spoken to Ned; and I thought that, at any rate, I should be able, in my capacity of boatman, to get a word from her. I had also a hazy idea that I might possibly give her hand a little shake as I helped her out of the boat; or even if I were fortunate enough to persuade her to come in. I thought that it would be extremely agreeable to sit opposite to her for an hour, hearing her talk, and almost near enough to kiss her, as Dan said, whenever I leant forward.

"Boat this morning, sir?" I said, as I pulled past the place where Miss Leith and her brother were sitting.

"Not this morning, thank you," he answered.

I had spoken as much like the Cliffgate boatmen as I was able. Lucas, too, had heard me, and looked up; but did not seem to recognize either me or my voice, and that emboldened me. Then the Major came down with his Times, and Mr. Leith left them for his morning bath. I saw him plunge in and swim out to sea; and as I wanted to follow his example, I determined to pull home and change my clothes.

"Well, I will have one more try," I thought, "as I have to pass the Major. Perhaps he may like to go."

When I came up to him he had put down the paper, and was watching his son through a field-glass. Miss Leith was sitting at his feet, sketching and talking to him.

"I am afraid Harry is going out too far, Helen," I heard him say.

"But he is such a capital swimmer, papa. Where is he now?" She then closed her sketch-book and stood by his side, looking across the sunny water for her brother.

start I was sitting in the window still hearing I had just decided that I would not go when Ned walked up the garden and stepped into the room.

"Well, old fellow, you'll be late," he said, tapping my knees with his stick. "Don't be so idle. Come along."

"I am not going Ned."
"Not going! Why not? Miss Leith is sure to be there. Ah! I see. You and Miss Leith are good struggling against me. I respect your sense of discrimination; but I will walk there without somebody. Just come to keep me company."

So I took his arm, and we strolled together into the Rose Gardens. I had seen there that swell girl I met last night, he said. "Lucas will be at her side in a minute if I don't look out. Ta, ta!"

Drooping my arms he raised his hat to the young lady, and then walked off by her side just as Lucas came up.

"I don't think Miss Leith is here," said Lucas to me; "but there is Letitia Turner at the other end, looking such an awful fright."

Letitia, who was the wrong side of thirty, honored me when we met, with a most gracious bow. She certainly did look as Lucas said, "awful fright," and while I was admiring the get-togethers of her get-up, I awkwardly trod upon the dress of a lady who was sitting down.

"I beg your pardon," I said, turning round and raising my hat.

It was Miss Leith, and I say in a moment from the bluish light colored her cheeks; that I was recognized. It was my voice I knew, that had betrayed me; but I walked on till I came to the railing, that bounded the garden. There was no path at the side where I was, and I should have gone out; and the nearest one was exactly opposite the seat which the falling occupied. I waited for some minutes looking over the railing, and then turned around. Standing directly in front of me was the Major, entirely cutting off all means of retreat.

"How do you do, Mr. Baker?" he said with a grin, while I felt rather uncomfortable.

Then I stammered out something, apologizing for the deceit I had practiced upon him.

"I was going to tell you to-morrow," I said; "but I hope, sir, that you will not think the worse of me for it."

"By my faith sir, that I won't. I thought this morning that you looked a devilish gentleman-like boatman, and said so to my daughter. It is I who have to apologize for calling to you as I did; but I had not time