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## JOB WORK

Of all kinds executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable rates.

## Real Estate Agency,

ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA

EXTENSIVE Explorations of Land in this District subject to private entry, and long experience in Land Office business, give the undersigned peculiar advantages in the

## Selection of Land,

And location of Land Warrants.

## Land Warrants

For sale at a small advance on New York rates.

Contented Pre-emption cases prosecuted before the Local and General Land Offices. Attention paid to

## THE PAYMENT OF TAXES

in Benton, Sherburne, Morrison and Stearns counties.

Towns for sale in St. Cloud. 7618-1f

## H. C. WAIT,

AND LICENSED DEALER IN

Exchange, Land Warrants, Scrip, County, Town and State Orders.

## DEALER IN REAL ESTATE.

Collects and Remittances promptly made.

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## WILLIAM J. PARSONS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

U. S. Deputy, Claims and Patent Agent,

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

Practices in all Courts, State and Federal: prosecutes claims before any of the Departments at Washington.

Particular attention paid to the collection of Bounty and Arrears of Pay of Soldiers, Pensions for Discharged Soldiers or for the heirs of those who have died in the service.

Office in 3d Street, Broker's Block, over J. C. & S. Burbank & Co. 7623

## EDWARD O. HAMLIN,

Has resumed the

## PRACTICE OF LAW,

IN ST. CLOUD, MINN.

Office, Five Doors south of E. C. Watt's Bank

## GEO. W. SWEET,

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.

Office on St. Germain st., over Broker's Store. ST. CLOUD, MINN.

## TOLMAN & WHEELLOCK,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

Will attend to the practice of Medicine and Surgery in all their various branches.

Office over Edlbrock's store, ST. CLOUD, MINN.

J. B. WHEELLOCK, M. D. H. C. TOLMAN, M. D.

## WM. R. HUNTER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

## J. V. WREN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Will practice Medicine in all its branches including midwifery and operative surgery. St. Cloud, Minn., Dec. 11th, 1862.

## A. T. UPHAM,

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

FOR ALL KINDS OF

## 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.

THE LATEST PAPERS & MAGAZINES

## THE STANDARD SCHOOLBOOKS,

And everything usually found in a first class Bookstore.

## PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBROTYPES, &c.

TALEN AT

Mrs. Farwell's Gallery,

Opposite the DEMOCRAT Office, Lower town.

Hours: every 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.

Every variety of Albums, Frames and Cases kept on hand. 7652-1f

## 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 Patent Watches made into New English Patent Levers at a small cost.

Engraving done to order. 7651-1y

## ANTON SMITH,

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

A full supply of

Boots and Shoes,

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, 7619-1y

## NICOLAS MAURER,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Findings,

(Between Weber's and Book Store)

ST. CLOUD, MINN. 7624-1y

## JOHN SCHWARTZ,

Keeps constantly on hand

Saddles, Harness, Carriage Trimmings, &c.

St. Germain street, near Washington avenue, Saint Cloud, Minn.

## J. W. T. TUTTLE,

MANUFACTURER OF CABINET WARE

Building and Carpentry attended to.

Near the Stearns House, Lower Town, ST. CLOUD, MINN.

## ST. PAUL HAT STORE.

WM. F. MASON,

WHOLESALE DEALER BY THE

Case or Package,

Corner of 3d and Washburn sts., opposite the Bridge

## WATSON, DENSMORE & CO.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

BREAD, CAKES, CHACKERS,

CONFECTIONERY,

Also, Carbon Oil, Burning Fluid & Benzole, At North-Western Steam Bakery,

Corner of Robert street and the Levee, St. Paul.

## HENRY W. WEARY,

CARRIAGEMAKER.

I HAVE removed to my new shop near the Bridge, where I am prepared to do all kinds of work in the Carriage-making line. Wagons, carriages and sleighs made in a neat and substantial manner at low rates. Particular attention paid to repairing. 76-1f

## J. W. METZROTH,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

WOULD invite his friends and the public to call and examine his New Styles to Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. Particular attention paid to custom work.

## Nath'l Pope Casuin,

CLAIM ATTORNEY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Having held a situation in the General Land Office, for upwards of twenty years, in charge of the Pre-emption Bureau, (Mr. G. offers his services in the prosecution of claims before the Department, under the Pre-emption Law, Town Site Act of 1846, &c.) He will also attend to Mail Contractors' Claims, business before Indian Bureau, &c.

Special attention given to the collection of Claims for Indian Depredations—Sines, &c.

REFERS TO

Hon. A. Ramsey, U. S. Senator.

Hon. M. B. Wilkinson, U. S. Senator.

Hon. T. A. Hendricks, U. S. Senator, and late Commissioner of the Land Office.

Hon. Wm. Windom, House of Representatives, Bitterroot, East & Co. Bankers, Washington.

Hon. H. M. Rice, Minnesota.

Hon. U. E. Becker.

Hon. John Wilson, Chief Auditor U. S. Treasury.

Hon. Geo. C. Whiting, late Commissioner of Fees, and now of Dept. Interior.

A. B. E. White, Esq., Dept. Interior.

Also to the District Land Office generally, and to all who have had land business at the seat of Government for years back. Charges moderate. A retaining fee expected in every case. Office No. 5, first floor "Intelligencer" buildings, 7th street, Washington 7624-1f

## THE MODEL'S STORY.

I don't know what it was that first induced me to become a painter. Every one was against it. My father thought it was madness. My mother said she was dreadfully disappointed at my foolish choice. My sisters wondered that I did not prefer the army, the bar, a public office, anything, rather than such a profession. As for Dr. Dactyl (then headmaster of Muzzington School where I was pursuing my curriculum,) he privately informed me in his library that any young man who would wittingly abandon the study of the classic authors at my age, and thus forego the inestimable advantages of a university career, must be in a bad way.

The truth is, the doctor, and I had not been on the best of terms. Long before I began to draw in an orthodox way from the "antique," at Mr. Mastie's atelier in Berners street, I had had an idle knack of scribbling; and, in my school hours, this youthful taste frequently developed itself in the form of caricature. I believe I might have filled a portfolio with sketches of my schoolfellows. Podgins, the stout boy in his short trousers; Dullaway, the tall dunce in the fourth form, who was always blubbering over his syntax; Mother Banbury, who came to us regularly on Wednesdays and Saturdays with a tremendous basket of pastry, and with whom we used to run up a monthly "tick";—all these characters, I recollect, were depicted with great fidelity on the fly-leaves of my Gradus and Lexicon. Nor did the doctor himself escape. His portly form, clothed in the picturesque costume of trencher-cap and flowing robe, was too magnificent a subject to forego; and many were the sheets of these paper which I devoted to this purpose. One unlucky cartoon which I had imprudently left about somewhere, found its way into the doctor's awful desk, where it was recognised weeks afterwards by Simkins, a third-form boy, who had been sent to fetch the birch from that awful repository; and whose information to me fully explained how it came to pass that I had lost at one and the same time my favorite sketch and the doctor's affections.

I need scarcely say that I made no endeavor to reclaim this lost property when I took my final conge. The doctor gave me a cold and flabby hand—remarked with peculiar emphasis, that if I persisted in my wish to become an artist, he only hoped I should devote my energies in the right direction, and not degrade my pencil by—I guessed pretty well what he was going to say; but as we saw the Muzzington coach draw up at that moment outside his study window, he was obliged to stop short in his lecture. I had just time to get my traps together, to give the doctor's niece, Mary Wyllford (a dear little soul of fourteen, who had brought me a paper of sandwiches, a parting salute behind the dining-room door, shake hands with my schoolfellows all round, jump on the "Tantivy" coach beside the driver, and roll out of the town.

Of all the various finger-posts which Time sets up along the road of life, there are few, I think, which we remember better than that one we leave behind us on the last day at school.—The long anticipated emancipation from a discipline which in our youthful dreams we think can never be surpassed for strictness afterwards—that rose colored delusion which leads us to look forward to the rest of life as one great holiday; are not these associated forever with the final "breaking up?"—What student of the Latin grammar ever drew a moral from his lessons?—"O fortunatos nimium sua si boni norant!"

There is the text staring him in the face, and yet he refuses to listen to it. The golden age, in his opinion, has begun, instead of ended. All care, he thinks, is thrown aside with that old volume of Euripides. At last he is to join a world in which the paradigms of Greek verbs are not important; where no one will question him about the nature of Agrarian laws. Ah, gaudium vitæ! Have we not all experienced this pleasure?

I had purchased some cigars at Mr. Blowing's, in the High street (his best medium flavored, at fivepence apiece,) with the audacious notion of lighting one up at the school door; but when the time arrived, I confess my courage

failed me. I waited until we were clear of the town to produce my cigar case, and presently had the mortification of turning very pale before the coachman.

A month or so after that eventful day, I was established as an art student in Berners-street, London. I had a hundred a year, which my father assured me, was an ample allowance, to live upon, and the entree to Mr. Mastie's academy, hard by. The expenses of my tuition at that establishment were defrayed out of that parental purse; and when I state that fifteen shillings a month was the sum charged for admission, it will be observed that the outset of my career was not attended by much investment of capital. Mr. Mastie had formed a fine collection of casts from the antique, which were ranged around his gallery for the benefit of his pupils. There was the Fighting Gladiator stretching his brawny limbs half across the room; and the Discobolus, with something like the end of an oblique barrel balanced in one hand; and the Apollo, a very elegant young man in a cloak, who was supposed just to have shot at some one with an invisible bow and arrow, and seemed very much surprised at the result; and the Medici Venus, whom one of our fellows always would call the medical Venus on account of its frequent appearance on a small scale in the chemist's shops, bedecked with galvanic chains and elastic bandages for feeble joints and varicose veins. And there was the Venus of Milo, whose clothes seemed falling off for want of arms to hold them up; and chaste Diana, striding along by the side of her fawn; and Eve, contemplating herself in an imaginary fountain, or examining the inside of a graceful attitude. With all these ladies and gentlemen in due time I made acquaintance, learned to admire their exquisite proportions, and derive from them and the study of Mr. Mastie's diagrams that knowledge of artistic anatomy which I have since found so eminently useful to me in my professional career.

Rumor asserts that Mastie had himself dissected for years at Guy's Hospital, and had thus acquired great proficiency in this branch of his art; which indeed, he seems to value beyond all others. He knew the names of all the muscles by heart, their attachments, origin, insertion—what not? Freely if I persisted in my wish to become an artist, he only hoped I should devote my energies in the right direction, and not degrade my pencil by—I guessed pretty well what he was going to say; but as we saw the Muzzington coach draw up at that moment outside his study window, he was obliged to stop short in his lecture. I had just time to get my traps together, to give the doctor's niece, Mary Wyllford (a dear little soul of fourteen, who had brought me a paper of sandwiches, a parting salute behind the dining-room door, shake hands with my schoolfellows all round, jump on the "Tantivy" coach beside the driver, and roll out of the town.

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