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The St. Cloud Journal.

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THE JOURNAL

LATELY "THE DEMOCRAT,"

Published every Thursday afternoon,

AT ST. CLOUD, MINN.

Office—Corner of Washington Avenue and Chapel Street.

W. B. MITCHELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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Exchange, Land Warrants, Agricultural College Scrip, County, Town, and State Orders,

—ALSO—

Dealer in Real Estate.

Collections and Remittances promptly made.

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Also, Agent for the sale of PASSAGE TICKETS to or from all the principal

GERMAN, ENGLISH AND IRISH PORTS.

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FOREIGN & DOMESTIC EXCHANGE,

Land Warrants and Agricultural College Scrip.

Sight Drafts for sale on England, Ireland and Scotland, and all countries of Europe.

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Passage Tickets to and from all the principal German, English and Irish Ports.

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS

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Will buy and sell REAL ESTATE on commission.

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Pay Taxes, and transact all Business connected with such an Agency. v8n44-1y

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MOORE & KERR,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

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SEAGRAVE SMITH. L. W. COLLINS.

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Office over Bell & Co.'s Store,

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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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Office—In Drug Store of Tichnor, Tolman & Co., Broker's Block,

ST. CLOUD - v8n52 - MINN.

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Office and sleeping apartment in Alden's Brick building, Washington avenue.

Boards at the Central House v8n11

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DR. ADOLPH HAGEMANN

PRACTICING GERMAN PHYSICIAN,

Residence on Washington av. St. Cloud.

A. T. UPHAM,

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ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

MUSICIANS' HALL.

MARTIN FISHER

Would announce to the public that he has fitted up rooms in his new building, on Richmond avenue, above St. Germain st., where he will at all times be prepared to furnish his friends with the

CHOICEST WINES & LIQUORS,

GOOD BEER & CIGARS

A call is respectfully requested from all who would like to regale themselves with the best to be found in the city.

MARTIN FISHER.

St. Cloud, Aug 21st, 1866.

BOOKS! BOOKS

STATIONERY, and

VARIETIES!

J. E. WEST

Has just opened a new store where may be found all

New and Popular Publications,

ALSO, THE STANDARD WORKS,

STATIONERY,

Fancy Goods, Toys.

And a great variety of new and fashionable

Jewelry & Silver-Ware,

CAKE BA[illegible]

CASTORS, SI[illegible]

And, in short, everything

All to be sold at St. Paul p[illegible]

We are pleased to show goods. C[illegible] at

The New Book and Fancy Goods Store,

Opposite N. P. Clarke & Co.'s.

v8n16-1y J. E. WEST.

UNION MILLS

Flour and Feed Store.

THE Proprietors of the above Mills have opened a Store in "Gorton's Building," on Washington avenue, where a constant supply of

FLOUR,

FEED,

&c., &c.,

May be found.

The highest price paid in cash for wheat.

GORTON & BURBANK.

St. Cloud, May 26th, 1864. v6n44.

CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP!

JOS. EDELBROCK

Has in store, and open for the inspection of purchasers, a complete stock of

DRY GOODS,

embracing all staple articles.

A Beautiful Assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

summer styles.

Men's and Boys'

CLOTHING,

for summer and fall.

All kinds of

HATS AND CAPS,

Including the fashionable styles.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

SHOES AND GAITERS.

Mens' and Boys'

BOOTS AND SHOES.

YANKEE NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE, &C.

All for sale Cheap for Cash or in exchange for Country Produce.

JOSEPH EDELBROCK.

St. Cloud, June 20, 1866. v7n42

HENRY'S RIFLES.

GOLCHER

Has just received a large supply of

HENRY'S 15-SHOT REPEATING RIFLES,

Which he offers at reasonable prices. Also, BALLARD'S, WESSON'S, SPENCER'S, DOUBLE AND SINGLE RIFLES AND SHOT-GUNS, AND PISTOLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, WITH CARTRIDGES.

NEWHOUSE TRAPS, &c., &c.

The Greatest Variety of Fishing Tackle in the West.

Buy at Wm. Golcher's Gun Store,

THIRD STREET, ST. PAUL,

As it is the only place where you can get proper information for using the above fire-arms.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO MAKING NOTARIAL AND OTHER SEAL PRESSES.

Repairing promptly attended to. Orders from the country solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. v7n43-1y

Livery Sale & Boarding STABLE.

ROGERS & GILMORE, Propriet

Having received a new and splendid [illegible]

Stock of Carriages and Buggies,

we are prepared to furnish Pleasure Parties Excursions and Funerals with outfits on the shortest notice.

Horses suitable for buggy or saddle can always be found at our stable.

If you want a Horse and Buggy, a Team, or a Team and Carriage, to go into the country, or from one end of it to the other, call at our stable, where you can be accommodated at all times and at all hours.

N. B.—We are prepared to furnish regular and transient

BOARDING.

For Horses, at our stable, at reasonable rates. We would respectfully state that "Billy" Young, whom all know to be *au fait* in the business, will be on hand at all hours, night or day, to wait upon customers. For particulars, call at our office.

v6n52-tf ROGERS & GILMORE.

RUDOLPH SCHŒNEMANN,

WATCHMAKER,

St. Germaine Street,

ST. CLOUD, MINN

A GOOD assortment of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry always on hand. Galvanizing done. Repairing neatly done and warranted for one year. n1y

A large lot of Spectacles for sale.

F. W. ELY & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

ROOT & CADY,

Have the Largest Stock of

Sheet Music

In the State, especially selected to represent the stock of the largest Musical Establishment in the West.

Also, a complete stock of

CHURCH SINGING BOOKS, INSTRUCTION BOOKS, VIOLINS, GUITARS, VIOLIN STRINGS, &c.

Sheet Music prepaid to any address on receipt of price.

Also, General Agents for

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS, WHEELER & WILSON'S AND FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES.

Union Block, No. 109 Third St., St. Paul.

RARE CHANCE!

CLOSING OUT!

At the St. Cloud Gun Store.

Until 25th of July next.

I WILL SELL MY LARGE AND FINE assortment of Sportsmen's and Hunters' Goods, including over

75,000 METALLIC CARTRIDGES, ALL THE BEST BREECH-LOADING RIFLES,

REVOLVERS, &c., &c,

At 10 per cent. below my regular prices, which are well known to be as low or lower than those of any other house in the West.

This is the Best Chance ever offered for securing a good Rifle or a year's supply of Ammunition.

I have just received the Sole Agency for this vicinity for the celebrated Howard Rifle.

H. W. HANFORD.

St. Cloud, June 25, 1865. v8n36

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!

Goyette's New Restaurant and Confectioney.

Washington Avenue, near J. E. West's Store,

ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

I HAVE just finished and furnished, on the second floor of my Restaurant, a first-class

Ice Cream Saloon,

Where the lovers of a *good* dish of Ice Cream can be served with the genuine article.

These rooms are fitted up with a view to the accommodation of both ladies and gentlemen; and all who call can rest assured of every attention.

ICE-COOL LEMONADE.

I have also a choice stock of

Canned Fruits, Jellies, Candies, Figs, Nuts, Raisins, Cove Oysters, Clams, Lobsters, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., &c.

HOT MEALS, COFFEE, TEA & PASTRY

Served on short notice, in good style, and at all hours.

JOSEPH GOYETTE.

St. Cloud, May 22, 1866. v8n21-1y

State Savings Association

OF

Minneapolis, Minn.

Capital, - $25,000.

President, R. J. MENDENHALL,
Treasurer, R. J. BALDWIN,
Secretary, T. A. MERPHY,

THE BANK is now open for business. Deposits of one dollar and upwards received, and interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum paid each January and July.

Bank books in English, German and French.

All communications addressed to the Secretary will receive immediate attention, and information furnished respecting the Rules and Regulations of the Bank.

Office in State National Bank, corner Bridge and First streets, Minneapolis. v8n29-1y

Leather! Leather!

KESSLER & RIEHL,

Importers, Tanners and Curriers,

ST. PAUL, : MINNESOTA,

ARE now receiving and will keep constantly on hand, the largest and best stock of Leather and Findings in the State—consisting of

SPANISH SOLE LEATHER,

OAK SOLE LEATHER,

Upper Leather,

HARNESS AND BRIDLE LEATHER,

Tampico and Maddrass, Morocco Splits, Shoe and Saddle Skirting, Belt and Lace Leather,

FRENCH CALF SKINS,

French Kip Skins,

COUNTRY KIP SKINS.

6,000 Bushels Plastering Hair

Also, a general assortment of all kinds Findings, &c.

Please call and examine our stock as we will not be undersold by any house in the State.

Particular attention paid to orders.

Cash paid for Hides, Furs and Deer Skins KESSLER & RIEHL,

No. 306 Third street, sign of the "Black ear." v6n40-1y

DR. GALPIN,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Will visit Saint Cloud four times a year.

THE STORY OF A HERO.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

"And I don't think I ever shall get to take it as a matter of course, sir—taking it coolly out of the question. Here we are living about as exciting a life as men can lead—always on duty, and ready at a moment to have a set to with the worst fire that ever broke out. No; I shall never get to take it as a matter of course; for it's all dark, rush and excitement; and I love it, sir. Flash comes the news to us by telegraph, most likely; out come the horses; there's a light put to the ready trimmed fire and then with a train of sparks flying out behind us, as the fire roars, and the steam's getting up, away gallop the horses. Ay, it's Hi! Hoi! hollo! and they clear the road for us; and away we go full gallop down the streets, with the horses' hoofs striking fire, the crowd shouting, and the running mob increasing at every step.—There's something in it as warms one's blood; and as to the danger—well of course it's dangerous; but when we feel that we are doing our duty, and know what's before us, why, somehow we don't remember the danger, but go at it in earnest.

Now, there's only last week, sitting as I was waiting for a call, there it was at last, late on in the night, when the streets were clear; and away we tore at something like a pace. Oxford street, Holborn, down the Hill, up Skinner and Newgate street—whoop! and away at full gallop, with the horses enjoying it, bless you, and lashing out till it's hard to say whether they didn't make more sparks than the fire under the boiler. We wanted no more instructions, for there was the red glow on ahead; and as we got nearer we could almost see the sparks; and at last we did see them come pouring and rolling along with the smoke, and being a heavy, hot night, hanging like a thick star-spangled cloud just over our heads.

Two engines were there, and as it happened so late, there were not so many people as might have been expected; but as soon as I got there I saw as something particular was the matter, and this is what it was. The fire was in quite a narrow court, where they couldn't get the escapes, and there were people burning to death; while above the shouting of the mob and clanking of the engine hard at work, you could hear their awful cries for help.

Now, don't you suppose that I'm proud of all this I'm going to tell you, because I'm not. Now, if you were to dash in and save any one's life, why no doubt it would be brave and gallant, because you would have done it out of true compassion for a suffering fellow-creature; but then with me it's quite different. I'm paid so much a week to save life and property from fire; consequently I only do what's my duty to do.

I runs up the court, axe in hand, and soon sees the state of affairs. One house was in a blaze from top to bottom, and the flames had worked through into the next, and were attacking the one opposite, while with their escape regularly cut off, there were about half a dozen people at the upper windows of the same house, and no way of getting to them. There was no back door to the place, being in one of those crowded city places; while the door in front and stair case were now fast getting into a state of glow, off which the water sputtered and steamed without making any impression.

There was no time for ladders or anything else but the sheets, and them we got stretched out for the people to jump into, but poor things! they dared not, and what to do I could not tell. There was the fire blazing up higher and higher, and lighting up two of them old city churches that you see lost down those old courts, and looking as if they'd been put there out o' the way because people didn't have any use for them now.—There they were lit up and glowing, and the pigeons that lived up there scared and flying round and round the fire; there was the rush and roar of the wind along the court as it set towards the fire; and there were the flames leaping up, the clouds of sparks rising, the clouds of smoke rolling away, and the crackling sputter of the slates as they flew with heat, and then slid rattling off into the court beneath, smash upon the pavement. Every now and then came a louder roar and a crash as a rafter or beam fell in, and sent the sparks up in a whirlwind. And there all the time were those poor creatures uttering the wildest piercing shrieks for help that you ever heard. Now, I've heard so much of that sort of thing that you'd expect I shouldn't mind it; but I do though; and as I said about the fires, I don't think I shall ever get to take it as a matter of course; for there is something very awful in seeing fellow creatures strong and hearty, and yet dying before your eyes, and you not able to save them.

But I wasn't idle all this time—not a bit of it, for every minute's worth something at a fire, and if you give it too much time it will beat you. Under the circumstances the first thing was to save life, and whilst them as had the branches did their best to keep the fire back from them at the third floor window, I got hold of a rope, and in at the house opposite, and made my way up stairs to the third floor, which, like the rest of the place, was used as a warehouse and crammed full of packages.

Being a strange house it wasn't easy to find your way, but I got up at last, and opposite to the room where the poor things were all now huddled together at one window, for the fire was gaining on them, so that unless they were soon helped they wouldn't want it.

"Crash! crash!" Didn't I let my little axe play around the sashes of that window, and soon have a clearance, for it was sashed up, and then when the poor things heard me, and saw the light shining on my helmet, how they did shriek for help.

Just then I looked down at the depth and I caught sight of one fellow standing below with a short ladder in his hand, which might have been of use if the poor things had been in the first floor; and then I made ready to throw my rope across, when just as I was ready to let go, and then going to try and catch it, a thought struck me, and I let the coil of rope fall down into the court, and but one end as I kept hold of, and then when the poor things saw it let down they shrieked again, and one of them fell back from the window.

"Tie on that ladder," I shouted, "and some of you come up," and one of my mates soon tied the rope to one of the rounds, and then with two or three more ran into the house, while I hauled away till I got hold of the bottom of the ladder, for they sent the heaviest end up first, and then dragged it in at the window, and balancing the other end up continued to push it across and into the window of the other house across the court, and so made a sort of bridge, only it was all askew for the houses were not quite opposite to one another.

Just as I'd done this in comes my mate with two more men, and I sets them to work to hold the ladder while I took hold of the rope, and then made ready to crawl across on the thin bridge I'd rigged up. It was for life and death, or I wouldn't have ventured on the slight, bending wood; for though a ladder set nearly upright may be strong enough, it makes it a deal weaker to lay it down level and then go and crawl along it. I knew how it would be, though, so I tied the rope round my body, and made my mate hitch the other end round a big hook in the wall, used for a pulley, so that in the event of a fall, if the rope held good, I shouldn't have gone all the way. They tied one end of the ladder, too, for to keep it steady, and then there I was scrambling across, with the ladder bending and quivering, and the crowd underneath hurraing and clapping their hands just as if I was doing a bit of Blondin to please them.

How that ladder did bend; so that I thought it must give way, and me go crash into the court; but it didn't; and the next moment I was in the window of the burning house, with the trembling women clinging to me.

"Now then," I says to one man, "you can creep across," and I pointed to the ladder.

"I can't leave my wife," he says, holding a half fainting woman against the window, where the smoke wasn't quite so dense.

"You're a trump, you are," I thinks, and then I hauls more of the rope over, and makes it fast around the poor woman's waist: and then we laid her on the ladder, and the three on the other side hauled, and so they soon had her in at the other window, though the rope was so tight that it must have hurt the poor thing terribly.

Then they loosened the rope again, we sent another woman over, and she was insensible with fear, and we got her over all right, though she too, slipped off the ladder. Then there were two little girls, one after the other; and it was sad to see how they trembled and shook—too much frightened to cry as well they might be, for the heat was awful; and I knew that another quarter of an hour would find the room we were in red hot.

We got another over—a young man—and he was dragged over too, for he dare not try to crawl across, and I suppose to a man as ain't used to such things, to creep over a place like that, all those feet over the pavement, and when you've been frightened to death nearly by waking out of your sleep to find the next place on fire, is rather trying; and now there was only that chap whose wife had been sent over first, and who had worked all he could to help me and another terrible cowardly chap, whom I'd had quite a set to with to keep back, so as to save the women and children first.

And now this chap as I've just spoke about made a rush to get at the ladder, and he was in such a horrid fright that I don't believe he'd got over safe, and besides I knew there was time for us all to get away if things were done quietly so, considering as it wasn't his turn, I held him back for the married man to go first to his wife, when the other one almost shrieked out with rage and fear.

"Let him go first," says the married man, "I'll wait."

"'Taint his turn," I says, rather obstinate like. "Over you go!" and at such a time one can't be interfered with, and having made my plans so far I did't want them altered. So, "Over you go!" I says.

"I think I can crawl," he says, and he got out on the ladder; but instead of crawling he sat astride of it and worked himself along, with the crowd hurrahing and cheering him tremendous.

And up came the flame and smoke, and the roar, and crackle and falling in of timbers was getting terrible. Every place was light as day, while as to the heat, I declared it seemed to scorch you fearfully.

"The sooner you're across and me with you the better I shall like it," I says, and then I took a look round to see how matters were, when there came a crash and puff, and in a moment the flames came wreathing and twirling up from underneath where I stood, and just as the last chap had his leg on the window-sill and I was going to tip the rope round him, he gave a yell and fell back, or rather I pulled him back into the smoky room, and he fainted dead away.

He must have gone down crash into the court if I hadn't have dragged at him; but there was no time to lose. I made the rope fast and got him on to the ladder, with the flames darting up through the rounds and burning his hair; and then I shouted to them to haul, and haul they did with me trying to steady him with my end of the rope; but before he was quite across something went snap, and I staggered back in the room, holding on by the piece of burnt through rope, and with my heart sinking as I felt that my own salvation was partly gone.

Just then the flames were wafted on one side, and I saw that they were dragging in the last of the seven, and I felt now as if I'd done a good night's work, and it was time to save myself. I'm not ashamed to own it. I did feel frightened as I threw down that piece of rope, and it must have been something like a cry of horror I gave, when I got hold of the ladder and felt it burn my hands, and then as I tried to bear upon it, felt it crumble away, and that I was without a way to escape.

Far above the noise of the fire and water came the shriek of the crowd as the burned ladder fell away and hung blazing by one end against the opposite house, while there came up such a rush of flame past the window that I could not look out; but directly after I heard the fierce rush of water, and could see that four branches were deluging the window, and all beneath; for my mates knew what a danger I was in.

I ran to the window, and was beaten back by the water, while the smoke that came up was quite blinding. Then I tried through the hot vapor in the room to see if I could get out of the door and reach the roof, but just at that moment there came a dull flash through the smoke, and I could see that the back of the house was on fire, while from the way the flames rushed up again in front and filled the court, I knew that there was no help to be had from opposite, for they must be beaten from the window.

I'd been in some dangers in my time but till now there had always seemed a road out, and as I tore furiously around the place with the sweat dripping off me, and the horrible fear of death so close at hand, I seemed to be regularly unnerved, and fell to shrieking and crying out that my mates had deserted me, when they were on the roof and had let down a rope to me, but I could not see it; and then at last one of them was let down, and tried to get in at the window, but the flames beat him back; and a groan came from the people as they saw all that had been done.

As I told you, I seemed quite to lose my nerve, and ran about shrieking for a few minutes, and then I fell down on my face upon the hot floor; but directly after, my mind seemed to come again, and I felt that if I must die I should have done my duty, and I had saved seven poor creatures; and as I thought that I rose to my knees, and some words came to my lips—words that came to my heart as I thought of those who were once saved from the burning fiery furnace; and I prayed that I too, might be saved.

And ah! it was hard to pray there—to keep your thoughts in the midst of that fierce, suffocating heat of smoke and steam from the water pouring into the room. And how everything clse but the words of prayer came into one's mind; and it was as if the devils—despairing, blaspheming devils were hissing in my ears to curse and shriek oaths. Then, too, came the thought of those at home, and the little golden curls that I should play with no more; and how I could now understand the dread my wife always had of what she called my frightful business. Yes; I had saved seven that night; but it was hard to die—hard to give up life at eight and twenty, and suffer the death from which I had saved so many.

I couldn't help it just then, for a grim smile came over my face as I thought it was my old enemy, the fire, being revenged upon me; but directly after I tried to pray once more, and then in the midst of the smoke I gave a wild cry, dashed off my helmet, dragged my belt undone, and kicked off my heavy boots, half suffocated, and had off my thick coat too, and then with my heart beating with hope, I thanked God for the thought, and the next moment I was over the grate bars and in the big chimney of the old house.

It was full of smoke, and I could hardly breathe; but it was a sure way of escape to the roof; and though I could feel that I was tearing the skin from my elbows and knees, I managed to climb higher and higher, slowly and painfully, but soon I could feel a current of sweet, refreshing air setting down to me, and every breath gave me fresh strength till I reached the top, when my heart sank, as I found it would be impossible to get any farther on account of the chimney pot.

To shout was useless, and for a while I was in despair, but at last I got my hands well above me, and tried to move the pot. I tried again and again, and then to force myself through, till I was so wedged in that I could not get back but I found that I had loosened the pot and at last completely forced it off, and raised myself panting to a sitting position on the chimney-stack, but afraid to move, for my head was wedged in the pot, which was fixed down upon my shoulders.

I knew that I could not stay where I was for long, and tried once more to get rid of my awkward hamlet; and now having both hands at liberty, I loosened it, and it fell with a crash into the court beneath.

Just then there rose a cheer, for some one had made me out from below; but sick and faint as I was, managed to wave my hand and cheer; but it stuck in my throat and I could not get down without help. And I suppose English people are fond of cheering, for how they did shout when I got down through another house, and was there among them; and after all it was only one's duty.

NORTHWESTERN MINNESOTA.

LETTER FROM SAUK VALLEY—THE GROWTH OF SAUK CENTRE, &c.

SAUK CENTRE, Minn., Sept, 6, 1866.

From the St. Paul Pioneer.

Our pleasant little town of Sauk Centre is right on its muscle and growing rapidly. People from all parts of the country seem to appreciate its advantages, a fact to which the daily stage can testify. Land is rising in value because people want it to settle upon and not to speculate with. This is worth knowing, for it affords good evidence of the real, permanent prosperity of a town to those wishing to settle within its limits. Some business changes have taken place which may interest your readers. Linteman & Capser, S. Pendergast and Thomas & Co., old firms, of whom you have heard before, are doing a driving business.—Thomas C McClure, banker of St. Cloud, has purchased half the water power of Alexander Moore, Esq., our public spirited town proprietor, to whose unremitting exertions our present prosperity is in a great measure due. McClure and Moore intend putting up a new grist mill and a steam saw mill; and I am informed that in the course of a year they will erect a woolen mill, thus giving employment to a large number of hands. Simpson & Co., a Philadelphia firm, have built a store that is an ornament to the town, with fine hall in the upper story that would do exceedingly well for a District Court room, should such ever be necessary.—They are enterprising men and will keep a general assortment of dry goods, groceries and hardware. Near the Stockade, J. White, jeweller, has a new and well built store, with all the improvements, nearly ready for occupancy. A little nearer the center, George F. Winters from Kingston, C W., will offer to the public a fine and varied stock of groceries and provisions. Opposite the post office is a new hotel, the Minnesota House, kept by the gentlemanly proprietors, Messrs. Kalkman & Maynes. Some of our chief business and professional men room and board there; everything is neat and clean and the visitor to Sauk Centre may rest satisfied with everything at the Minnesota House. The fashionable spot for building is over the river; our popular and skillful physician, Dr. Palmer, has nearly completed a handsome concrete residence, overlooking the village and Sauk Lake. S. Pendergast, Esq., is pushing forward an elegant cottage near by, and A. W. Lathrop, of the firm of Lathrop & Bodwell, Attorneys at Law, of Sauk Centre, is almost ready to raise a brick house; the bricks are white, manufactured in the village, and will make a house that will compete with anything in town. As to churches and schools; we are about to settle Mr. Fox, a talented Congregational minister from Monticello; the Presbyterians are about to organize a church and the Methodists, if they can raise $1,500 will receive an equal sum and build a fine church. The citizens are working hard to provide a suitable place for a district school.

RAILROAD EXTENSION TO ST. CLOUD.

From the St. Paul Pioneer.

A detailed account of the formal opening of the St. Paul and Pacific railroad to St. Cloud, will be found on the second page of our paper to-day.—The importance of this event to the commercial relations of this city, St. Cloud, the intermediate points, and indeed to the industrial interests of the State of Minnesota, cannot be overestimated.

The benefits which have resulted, thus far, from the progress of the road, have exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Constructed through a country, as yet sparcely populated, but possessing all the natural advantages, which prodigal nature has lavished, in such rich profusion, upon our State, it has built up a local business, which has grown with the growth of the road.—Increased facilities of travel have stimulated industry, and increased population along its line so as to tax the capacity of the road to meet their demands. The Company's capacious warehouses in St. Paul have been filled with freight awaiting shipment into the interior, and with the products of the soil seeking an outlet to market. Saint Paul has experienced the benefit to trade by the new vitality imparted to business, and is substantially, and rapidly growing in population and wealth.

St Cloud, the present terminus of the road, is already one of the most important towns in the State. Situated on the Mississippi river, in the centre of one of the most fertile districts on the continent, with a thrifty, and wide-awake population, it is fast growing into the proportions of a full grown city. The golden grain fields of the Sauk Valley, stimulated by the completion of the road to that point, will now pour into its lap, their rich harvests of untold wealth. It will now be the great *entrepot*, for the supply of the thousands of emigrant trains to the far off gold field of Montana, and the Rocky Mountains, and for the reception, and shipment of the rich cargoes of furs from the Red river of the North, and the exchangeable commodities in return.

The building of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad will impart new life to all the industrial interests of the State—its agriculture, labor and trade in every department. It will secure our trade with the British possessions to the North, and transport through our borders their commodities and supplies. It is a link, in the great line, which will, at no very distant day, connect the Father of Rivers, the waters of our Inland Seas, and the ports of the Atlantic with the gold teeming shores of the Pacific Ocean. We hail its formal opening to St. Cloud, as the harbinger of that mighty event, which, in a few years, nay, perhaps within the present annual cycle—will place the whole civilized and commercial world in direct and full communication.

Another extension of the road and the space between St. Cloud and the Red River will be spanned. And then on, in a few years, through the mountains to the welcoming waters of the Pacific, and the continent of North America, will be belted by the iron bands of civilization. Far beyond, awaiting their coming, lie the vast products of Asia, with its five hundred millions of people, and twelve millions of square miles. China will pour its annual trade of one hundred and twenty-five millions into the ports of the Pacific coast on their way to the Atlantic. Thus the march of improvement, and the bloodless conquests of human genius, are advancing onward with giant foot-steps, overmastering the obstacles of nature, moulding its elements to their will, and, day by day, annihilating time and space.

VALUATION OF PROPERTY.

We find the following letter in the Wabashaw *Herald*.

State of Minn., Auditor's Office.
St. Paul, Sept. 1st 1866.

A. G Foster, Auditor Wabashaw Co.

DEAR SIR:—I find that in some counties of the State the township assessors have not kept up with the spirit of the times but have returned property both personal and real at about the same valuation as heretofore. You will see by my last report the gross inequality in the valuation of domestic animals, while it has been patent to all that real estate for the last few years has not been returned at more than half of its true value in money. Over personal property the State Board of equalization can have no control, therefore it is very necessary that the County Board should pay the more attention to it.—Real Estate being valued too low at the last general assessment and having increased materially in value during the last two years, it is plain that anything like the same valuation for this year would not represent its true money value as the law requires. Therefore I desire you to call the special attention of the county board of equalization to the matter, that the State Board will not be required to materially change the valuation of your county. As a criterion I should say that property should be returned at from two thirds to three quarters of the amounts sales have been made for during the present season.

Respectfully yours,
C. McILRATH.
Auditor of State.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE PITTSBURG SODIERS' AND SAILORS' CONVENTION.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 15.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention, on the 25th, creates immense enthusiasm. Immense preparations are making for a grand display of flags, triumphal arches and illuminations.—Hospitalities will be offered freely.—The City Hall is handsomely decorated by the ladies. A large wigwam is being constructed in Alleghany. The "Boys in Blue," throughout the country are organizing to take part in the public demonstration. Letters received daily by the chairman of the resident committee, Gen. Jas. Negley, indicate a tremendous military representation and outpouring of the people.

—Boy, with ragged trowsers and rimless chip hat, runs into the drug store with a dipper in his hand.—"Doctor, mother sent me to the shopicary pop quicker'n blaze, cos bub's sick with the picken chox, and she wants a thimble-ful of polly gollie in this din tipper, cos we hadn't bot a gottle, and the kint pup's got the bine witters in't—Got any?"

[illegible] CLOUD.

[illegible] OF ST. [illegible]

[illegible]ing and yet lau[illegible]hable illu[illegible] A str[illegible] [illegible]ffuence of good c[illegible]heer and tion of the [illegible]ablishing the repu[illegible] hospitality in es[illegible]rred at St. Cloud, tion of a place, occ[illegible]d secret. A which is too good to ke[illegible] the way resident of St. Paul—and [illegible]rched a member of the City Council—m[illegible]d in the procession about St. Cloud, a[illegible] with weary voice exclaimed as he entered the beautiful grove where the tables were spread with such bounteous repast:

"I'm disappointed in this town! 'taint half so large as I expected! it's nothing but a small village, and never will be!"

After the gentleman had freely partaken of the meats, fruits, champagne and cigars, a man on the opposite side of the table exclaimed, "Well, G., what's your opinion of this place?"

"It's a splendid town!" was the reply. "I noticed buildings going up on every street; and the railroad will soon make it one of the leading cities in the State!"

Half an hour later, after being introduced to a bevy of beautiful young ladies and emptying another bottle of champagne, he slapped a brother Councilman on the shoulder and enthusiastically exclaimed:

"I tell you M., this is a *devil* of a town! It's the liveliest place of its size I ever was in and I'll bet a barrel of flour that it'll beat the population of St. Paul in less than ten years!"—*St. Paul Press.*

HOW THEY GO TO BED.

The young girl trips gaily up to her chamber, and with the cautious timidity peculiar to her sex, first locks the doors and arranges the window curtains, so that by no chance a passer by, or a belated nocturnal wanderer from the pavement, can catch a glimpse of her budding beauty, when *en déshabille*. This task completed, she turns on the gas to its full, and institutes a general search throughout the apartment, that she may be sure it does not contain a horrible "burglar," or a "desperate ruffian," in big whiskers and crisp black hair. Carefully with her delicate little fingers, she hits the bed valance, peeps into places where even Tom Thumb could not squeeze his diminutive corporation, and takes a cursory peep into the half emptied trunk, not forgetting to glance nervously under the sofa, the space between which and the floor is not sufficient to contain the ghost of Calvin Edson, much less an ordinary robber. Having ascertained that she is really alone, she leisurely proceeds to divest her fair form of the "silk and linen conventionalities of society." First she relieves her glossy hair of the pins and combs which enthrall it, and "does it up" more compactly. Then off comes the little collar and the little vasty cloud of lace she calls undersleeves, which all the way have been clasped around her white, plump arms, by a couple of india rubber straps.

Next the love of a spring silk dress is unstrung in front. Then sundry waist-strings and button straps are loosed, and lo! what a collapse, like Lowe's big balloon. She stands, like Saturn, the centre of rings. There they lie in the soft carpet, partly covered by the linen underfixings, with no more expression in them than there is in the bare floor beneath the carpet. Sits she now upon the edge of the snowy bed, and begins the unlacing of gaiters, and the disrobing of those fair swelling limbs of their stockings. The pretty little foot is carefully perched upon the knee—down drops the gaiter, off comes the elastic, and her thumb, inserted in the top of the stocking, pushes it down—down over the heel, and the cotton rests beside the prunella. So with the other foot, only involving a slight change of position. There is a smile that peeps out from behind the blushes of her sweet face, now as standing before the glass, she place upon her head the night cap, and with the quick twist of her finger ties the bewitching bow. Then the night gown is thrown over the frilled chemise, concealing the heaving bosom and the shoulders in the linen folds. Then the counterpane and sheets are thrown back, the gas turned down—very, very low—and the little form presses the couch, and the angel goes off into the world of dreams.

Now, in the room, directly above her, is the great brute of a brother. He comes into it, shuts the door with a slam, turns the key with a snap, growls at a chair which happened to be in the way, pulls off his boots and throws them in a corner, jerks his socks from his feet, drops his pantaloons on the floor and lets them lie there; gets out of his vest and coat by a quick, vindicative twist of the arms and body, unpins and unbuttons his collar, throws it carelessly with the tie at rather than on the table; travels, to the window in his shirt extremity to let down the curtain, as if he didn't care a cuss whether the entire population beheld his anatomy or not; then puts out the light and bounces into bed like a great calf jumping into a pile of hay—curls himself up, his knees nearly touching his nose, lies a moment or two, turns on his back, stretches his limbs out, swears at the tucking in of the bed cloths, grunts, gets over on the other side and is—asleep. Then comes in the snoring and snorting.

—"Guilty or not guilty," sharply said a Judge the other day to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock. "Just as your honor please; it's not for the likes o' me to dictate to your honor's worship," was the reply.

—Ritcher says "'tis the horse and not the vehicle that carries." But we are sure we have seen a wagon-tire.

—An old lady hearing somebody say the mails were very irregular, said: "It was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."