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 andChapel Street.

W. B. MITCHELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION:

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An extra copy will be sent gratis to the getter up of a clubof ten subscribers.

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of all kinds, plain or colored, executed on short notice, in the best style, and at St. Paul prices. Printing done in German and Norwegian, as well as English, and warranted to give satisfaction.

T. C. McCLURE.

BANKER,

AND LICENSED DEALER IN

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

—ALSO—

Dealer in Real Estate.

Collections and Remittances promptly made.

Taxes paid for Non-residents.

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

GERMAN, ENGLISH AND IRISH PORTS.

Office on Washington avenue, one door south of the Central House. v7n44-tf

S. B. PINNEY,

BANKER,

AND LICENSED DEALER IN

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC EXCHANGE,

Land Warrants and Agricultural College Scrip.

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

The highest premium paid for Gold, Silver and Foreign Drafts.

Agent for the sale of

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

Collections made, and proceeds remitted day of paymen.

Office opposite U. S. Land Office,

ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

S. B. PINNEY. WM. MULLIKEN.

PINNEY & MULLIKEN,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Opposite U. S. Land Office,

ST. CLOUD, - - - MINN.

Will buy and sell REAL ESTATE on commission.

Locate Land Warrants and Agricultural College Scrip.

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

H. L. GORDON. L. W. COLLINS

GORDON & COLLINS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

Office over J. F. Bell & Co's Store,

ST. CLOUD, - - MINNESOTA.

Particular attention given to business in adjoining Counties, viz.: Wright, Sherburne, Benton, Morrison, Todd, Douglas, Monongalia, Pope and Meeker. 44

WM. S. MOORE. CHAS. D. KERR.

MOORE & KERR,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

Office on Washington Avenue—formerly McKelvy & Kerr's.

GEO W. SWEET,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

WILL attend promptly to Collections, and payment of taxes in Stearns and Benon Counties. Special attention given o cases before the Local and General Land Offices.

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

ST. CLOUD, : : : : MINN.

TAYLOR & WRIGHT,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW,

ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

J. D. WHEELOCK, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Edelbrock's Store.

Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 6 o'clock P. M.

ST. CLOUD, - - - MINN

M. C. TOLMAN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

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

ST. CLOUD - v8n52 - MINN.

A. E. SENKLER, M. D., C. M.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

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

Boards at the Central Hous v8n11

A. T. UPHAM,

DENTIST.

ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

WM R. HUNTER

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

ST CLOUD MINN.

DR. DOLPH HAGEMANN

PRACTICING GERMAN PHYSICIAN

Residence on Washington avenue n20

W. T. COLLINS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Ticknor, Tolman & Co.'s Drug Store,

ST. LCOUD, - - - MINN

New Goods! New Styles! Low Prices!

J. W. METZROTH,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

has just received a large lot of

Cloths and Cassimeres,

Of new and fashionable styles, for spring and summer wear—will be sold cheap.

A large stock of

Ready-made Clothing,

obtained specially for this market, and warranted to be of excellent quality.

A complete assortment of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

including

FUR HATS, CAPS, COLLARS & GLOVES,

Cloth, Felt and other Hats and Caps of the latest styles,

And the best KID GLOVES *in the market.*

Call and examine my stock.

J. W. METZROTH.

St. Cloud, Oct. 3d, 1866. v9n11-tf

O. E. GARRISON,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND ARCHITECT,

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

Having had twenty years' experience—ten in Government survey,—I hope to give satisfaction in all branches of Engineering.

Pine and other Lands entered and taxes paid for Non-residents, and full description given from personal examination.

Particular attention given to Plans, Designs, Specifications and Estimates for Buildings, &c.

REFERS TO

Hon. Stephen Miller, Ex-Gov. Minnesota,
H. C. Watt, Register U. S. Land Office,
C. A. Gilman, Receiver " "
W. B. Mitchell, Ex-Receiver "
H. C. Burbank, Esq., Merchant,
T. C. McClure, Esq., Banker,
L. Gorton, Esq.,
Hon. L. Nutting, Surveyor Gen. St Paul.

Office over Edelbrock's store.
Maps of Stearns County for sale.

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-tf

UNION MILLS

Flour and Feed Store.

THE Proprietors of the above Mills have opened a salesroom in the large warehouse on St. Germain street, adjoining the Express Office, 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.

CITY RESTAURANT.

Ice Cream & Soda Water

FRESH AND CANNED FRUITS OF ALL KINDS.

The Choicest Confectionery & Pastry

And Everything usually kept in a first-class Restaurant and Fruit Store.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

JOS. GOYETTE, Proprietor.

St. Cloud, June 5, 1866. v9n26

St. PAUL IRON STORE.

NICOLS, DEAN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Iron, Nails, Steel, Hardware,

Stoves, Tinners' Stock,

RUBBER & LEATHER BELTING, SAWS,

Waggon and Carriage Material, &c.

No. 188 Third st., St. Paul, Minn.

JOHN NICOLS. W. B. DEAN. P. BERKEY.

v9n10-1y

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 Carriagemaking line. Wagons, carriages and sleighs made in a neat and substantial manner at low rates. Particular attention paid to repairing. v3-tf

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. nly

A large lot of Spectacles for sale.

MINNESOTA MARBLE WORKS,

Corner Robert and Seventh streets, near the International Hotel,

DESIGNS OF SCULPTURE WORK,

Monuments, Grave Stones, Mantles, Table Tops, &c., made and furnished to order.

J. F. TOSTEVIN.

P. O.Box 940, St. Paul. v6n16-1y

BARBER SHOP.

Having had long experience in the East, the undersigned is prepared to cut hair, to shave or shampoo in the best and most satisfactory manner. A call is respectfully requested from all who want anything in this line. Shop next door to West & Co.'s Book Store. S. DITCHER.

St. Cloud, Apl. 17, 1867. n39-6m

G. P. PEABODY,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

107 *Third Street,*

v9n10-6m ST. PAUL, MINN

CHAS. E. FOSTER,

AUCTIONEER,

ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

TICKNOR, TOLMAN & CO.

(SUCCESSORS TO E. W. & L. G. SIMS,)

Broker's Block, Saint Germain Street,

ST. CLOUD, - - - MINN.,

Take pleasure in informing their friends and the citizens of St. Cloud and Northern Minnesota that they have just completed their Fall and Winter stock of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,

DYE STUFFS,

Glass, Glassware,

And all other articles usually found in a first-class Drug House.

Agents for all the

POPULAR FAMILY MEDICINES.

A full line of

LAMPS AND LAMP CHIMNIES,

KEROSENE OIL, ALCOHOL,

Pure Wines and Liquors.

TOILET GOODS

From the best French, English, German and American factories, comprising

POMADES, COLOGNES, EXTRACTS for the handkerchief,

SOAPS, TOOTH POWDERS,

And all the latest cosmetics of the season.

The above goods were bought for cash in the Eastern markets, and will be sold at a small margin.

☞ German spoken.

TICKNOR, TOLMAN & CO.

St. Cloud, Oct. 24th, 1866. v9n14

L. HENRY & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Staple & Fancy Groceries,

PROVISIONS,

CROCKERY, TIN, AND SHELF HARDWARE.

A good assortment always on hand.

FARMERS' PRODUCE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

St. Germain st., west of Jefferson av.,

ST. CLOUD. n19 MINN.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.

Chas. E. Foster & Co.

have opened a new

LIVERY, SALE, AND BOARDING STABLE

In Hansons stable on Richmond avenue, where they will keey at all times, for the use of the public, a splendid lot of

HORSES, BUGGIES & CUTTERS,

Which will be let at reasonable rates.

Their stock is all of the very best, and they are confident will be appreciated as such by their customers.

Leave your orders for livery with

CHAS. E. FOSTER & CO.

St. Cloud, Dec. 19th, 1866. v9n22

Livery! Livery! Livery!

CENTRAL HOUSE

Livery and Sales Stable.

My friends and patrons are hereby notified that I am prepared to furnish them with

EVERYTHING IN THE LIVERY LINE,

On the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Office at Central House.

J. E. HAYWARD, Proprietor.

CLARK & KINNEY,

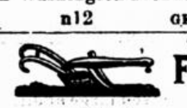
MACHINE AND BLACKSMITH SHOP

Saint Cloud, Minn.

Particular attention paid to repairing Farm Machinery.

Shop on Washington avenue.

CLARK. n12 GEO. KINNEY.

Plow  Factory.

I would call the attention of the Farmers of Stearns and adjoining counties to a large assortment of Cast-steel and German steel Cross and Breaking PLOWS, newly improved, with double durable points, hardened on a most improved principle, etc. Please examine before purchasing elsewhere. You will find that they compare favorably with THE BEST, and are as CHEAP as any in the market.

ALL ARE WARRANTED,

and can be returned if they do not give satisfaction. Repairing done.

NICOLAS LAHR.

St. Cloud, April 10, 1867. v9n38-6m

Boarding and Day School,

202 Madison Avenue,

NEW YORK CITY.

MADAME C. MEARS,

Having increased the accommodations for pupils, desires to inform her patrons that she is able to offer the advantages of her Institution to a larger number of Young Ladies.

French is the language of the school.

Madame M. refers to W. B. Mitchell, Esq., St Cloud, and W. T. Lee, Esq., Minneapolis. n40-3m

STRONG & WILLIAMS,

(SUCCESSORS TO R. O. STRONG,)

225 Third street, St. Paul,

DEALERS in Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings Curtain Materials and Trimmings Upholstering and Furnishing Goods, Window Shades, Wall Paper, Mattresses, Feathers, &c v7n40-1y

FARM FOR SALE.

I will sell my unimproved Farm of 160 acres, lying in the township of St. Cloud, about two and a half miles west from the Court House, for $8.00 per acre. It comprises the North-east Quarter of Section 20, and is mostly

Prairie of first-rate quality for cultivation,

with some meadow. It adjoins the school section. The public road passes through the middle of it.

For further information inquire of

S B. PINNEY,
Dealer in Real Estate, &c.,
St. Cloud, Minn.

9n17-tf

OLD PAPERS for sale at THIS OFFICE

CATHCART & CO.

Are receiving almost daily the most beautiful styles of

Silks and Dress Goods,

HOSIERY AND GLOVES,

Linens, Sheetings, &c., &c.,

SHAWLS,

Bradley's New Style Hoop Skirts

&c., &c., &c.

Their stock is kept so well assorted that you can hardly ask for anything in the Dry Goods line, but you will find there, at the

LOWEST PRICE

Goods can be sold.

Call and see their goods when you go to St. Paul.

CATHCART & CO,

132 Third St.,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

May 10th, 1867. v9n20-1y

INSURANCE

AGENCY.

Office one door south of Clark & Co.'s.

J. E. WEST,

AGENT FOR

ÆTNA,

Of Hartford, Conn.

HARTFORD,

Of Hartford, Conn.

UNDERWRITERS' AGENCY,

Of New York

N. Y. ACCIDENTAL.

UNIVERSAL LIFE,

Of New York.

Policies written on short notice by

9n28-1y J. E. WEST, Agent.

A. W. LATHROP, KIRK J KINNEY,
Attorney at Law. County Surveyor

LATHROP & KINNEY,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

GLENWOOD, POPE COUNTY, MINN.

BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE ON COMMISSION,

Pay Taxes for Non-residents,

And select and locate Government Lands for Others with

CASH, SCRIP OR LAND WARRANTS.

VAN HOESEN & MITCHELL,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

ALEXANDRIA, DOUGLAS CO., MINN.

Buy & Sell Real Estate on Commission,

Pay Taxes for Non-Residents,

And select and locate Government Lands for others with cash, scrip or warrants.

R. P. EDSON, CHARLES WALKER,
Atty. at Law & Notary Public, Atty. at Law.

EDSON & WALKER,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

(Office over Philadelphia Store, 3d Street,)

SAUK CENTRE, - - MINN.

Business Property, Houses and Lots. Farms, Farming Lands, etc., etc., bought and sold on commission.

Government Lands located and entered with Cash, Scrip, and Land Warrants.

We have in our hands, for sale, some of the finest Farms and Farming Lands in this upper country. n47

Z. H. MORSE,

ON

WASHINGTON AVENUE,

One door south of U. S. Land Office, has just opened a new stock of

Choice Family Groceries.

Every one wishing a

Good Article

is invited to call.

—ALSO—

PURE LEAD AND OIL.

Goods delivered in any part of the city.

St. Cloud, Dec. 26th, 1866. v9n20

MEAT MARKET.

FRESH Meat, Hams, Sausage and Vegetables of all kinds, kept constantly on hand. Shop on St. Germain street.

CHAS. LUEG.

A. E. HUSSEY,

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

IS prepared to furnish plans, specifications, and estimates for buildings; also to take contracts, and do all kinds of carpenter and joiner work in the latest and most approved styles. *Prices reasonable.*

Shop—Near the Democrat Office.

ST. CLOUD, - MINN

A WATER LILY.

BY R. K. WEEKS.

Touch it not; too cold and white
It lies in its dreamy, silent sleep,
Over the water still and deep,
Still and deep, and dark as night.
Touch it not, for well I know,
Far away down deep below,
Its roots are tangled in the hair,
(Golden and long like this you wear,)
Floating over a face as fair,
And as white and still and cold, ah, me,
As the voiceless flower reflected there
Dreaming over the mystery.
Touch it not; for such are we:
Beautiful blossoms of life that grow
O'er an unknown depth, with roots that lie
Floating, but linked with a secret tie
To a beautiful death below.

The First Love and the Last.

From Caswell's (London) Family Paper.

It is an old story I am about to tell; that story which, thank heaven! people never tire of listening to any more than we do of seeing the buds swell and the leaves unfolding, and the world made young again by the coming of spring—the story, to which as we listen, our own youth comes back, and once more the flowers bloom, and the skies are blue, and our hearts are beating joyously, and it is May.

I am not young now, neither is the day on which I am soberly writing this little record of a long past period a balmy one of spring, or anything like it; and yet May comes back to me as I recall that day of which I am going to speak.

A lark was singing far up in the blue sky. few sheep were pasturing in the green distance, and a tall figure dressed in gray, with a gun on its arm, and one or two dogs frisking about it, was coming leisurely along the sea wall. I had been fully intent but the minute before upon the sketch of a boat I was making; but now I felt the beating of my heart, and saw nothing but Mark Sutherland coming leisurely along the sea wall, with his dogs playing about him.

The little picture was never finished, for at the instant I became conscious of the advancing figure, I dropped my brush, and hopelessly ruined my distance by a great smear of vankyke brown. It was never finished, no—but I have it yet, and I mean it shall be laid beside me in my coffin.

He was a long way off when I first saw him, and yet it seemed almost the next instant that he was standing beside me speaking. My heart had not left off beating, and I could feel the color hot in my face as I looked up, but my fiery little terrier took exception to his dogs, and flew at them with tumultuous disapproval taking his attention from me for the moment.

When this little fracas was quieted, he put his gun on the bank, made his retrievers lie beside it, and sat down himself beside me.

"Have you had good sport?" I asked, by way of saying something—anything.

"No," he answered, "but I don't complain. I didn't expect any. I came out here because I thought I should see you, and I wanted to tell you a piece of news and ask a question."

"News is a precious commodity, in deed, in these wilds, but please remember my Scotch blood, in expecting an answer to the question."

He did not seem to be attending to what I said; he had taken up one of my brushes and was absently playing with it, and he threw it down the next minute, and said softly:

"Hester, I have got an appointment that I have been trying for, and I shall leave for India next month—that's my news."

My heart, which had been beating so wildly, seemed to stand suddenly still and drop down—down. The water and green marsh rocked, blending nazily into each other and the sky, and then a voice that sounded dim and far off, but was my own, too, said, "It is good news, I suppose?"

"Good news! Well, yes, I hope so." He stopped a minute here. His voice was a very deep one, for he was a large, broad-chested man; but when he spoke again it had a soft undertone in it that tried to ring in my ears afterwards—it does now.

"I thought it good news this morning, for without it I could not think of a wife. That troubled me little enough till lately—till, ah! till I knew you Hester. My dear, I think you have guessed my question."

Guessed it! Ah, yes. But my face was down upon my hands; he could not bear the cry that was stifling in my heart, and he went on gently, pitying-ly—

"But I shall not get an answer to it so. Will you go with me to India?"

I did not answer—I could not. Ah! those who have had determination to kill their own happiness, to raise up themselves the barrier that shuts them out from hope, and love, and life, will know how hard it is—will pity me.

"Will you be my wife, and go with me to India?"

"I cannot." And no wonder that he made a sudden movement of surprise, for I myself wondered to hear the hoarse passion of my own voice.

"You cannot! What a fool I have been then; I hoped—I hoped—Hester, is it possible that you have not known what I have been thinking of all this time?"

Knowing what he had been thinging about! Ah! the light and life, and joy of those moments when I had dared to hope that I did. Ah! the anguish of feeling now that they had been in vain.

"Look at me, Hester; I don't think I understand you, my dear," he said patiently. 'You say you cannot be my wife, and yet—tell me you cannot love me and I am answered at once"

He put his arm over my shoulder as I leaned forward, with my face buried in my lap and whispered.

"I think you don't love me, Hester."

"Oh, I do, Mark, I do!" I cried lifting my head; but I cannot marry you. I shall have to give you up."

"Give me up, my dear love" and he held me closer.

"I cannot go to India."

"Why not?" and he looked half-amazed, half-amused.

I could not bear the glance of his kind, dark eyes, I shrank away from his arm, and said:

"I cannot leave Milly."

To our own thinking, I had pronounced our doom now; but Mark Sutherland could laugh, and said:

"Well, then you shall not; Miss Milly shall go too."

"Ah! if that could only be, but Milly would die in India. We came home because the climate was killing her."

"And you will not leave her?"

"I promised mamma before she died that I never would; that if I married it should not separate us; that my home should be Milly's till she did not need it" I answered, faltering under something in the look of his face that was new to me. Up to this time I had been thinking of myself, now I was reminded that I was giving pain to him

He was silent two or three minutes, looking away into the distance. He had taken his hand away from my shoulder.

"Well, Hester," said he presently, gravely not unkindly—but, ah!—as it seemed to me, very coldly—"you have simply to choose between your sister and myself. You are best able to judge of your sister's claims upon you; of my own, I will only say that I love you. I never thought or cared much about women till I saw you, so I am not likely to change my liking or to forget it; and if you had married me—but I will not try to plead my cause against your sisters. It is for you to decide, and for me to abide by your dicision"

I looked desperately up to the smiling blue heavens, at the calm stream flowing on its path to the sea, at the sunbasking peace around me and prayed with a prayer so passionate that it seemed like a loud demand, that I might not be forced into slaying with my own hands the young happiness of my life. "I cannot and will not do it," I said in my heart; yet knowing at the same time that I must, and could.

Then Mark spoke again:

"Would you like a little time to consider the matter? I need not leave the Hollies till to-morrow evening, or, perhaps the next day."

"No," I answsred—with or without my own will, I never knew. "I know what I must do. I cannot leave Milly."

"And Milly cannot go. That decides it then. Well, I have nothing to say. I am the last man in the world to persuade any one against their judgment."

He rose r liberately, but did not go, for I sat still.

"Are you going home?" he asked after a minute. "Hester, don't look so sad; you are feeling for me—don't do that. I should like to think of you over the sea; as happy as I would have tried to have made you; think of me sometimes as a friend I don't expect to forget you, Hester, Good bye."

His hand, as he held it out, shook ever so slightly, but it held mine in a firm pressure for an instant. Then he let it drop, stooped and picked up his gun, whistled his dogs around him, and strode away again along the sea wall, without one look back.

Milly and I were both orphans. Our father and mother had both died in India, and we were sent home to the care of our sole relative, my father's only sister, an elderly maiden lady, living in a kind of lady-like poverty at a dull little village of Kent. Aunt Dolly died when I was seventeen and Milly twelve, leaving to us the little cottage that had been her home and ours, with everything it contained; no very valuable bequest, but all the poor soul had to leave; and Milly and I—not heiresses, but not destitute neither—continued to live with the dear old servant who had been our aunt's faithful companion, and our kind, affectionate nurse ever since, fatherless and motherless, we had been sent to England.

There were not many people to visit at Hillstead—the rector, the doctor and the family at the Hollies comprised them. I think we were the most intimate at the Hollies; for the children there were Milly's cotemporaries, and her sworn admirers and friends. I first saw Mark Sutherland at the Hollies, he was Mr. Sutherland's cousin, and I had heard of him often before I saw him. He had led a wild, adventurous kind of life, wandering all over the world for his simple pleasure, I suppose since I never heard that he had any object in doing so. I had formed my idea of him; to be sure the reality was not in the least like it. No, quite otherwise, and yet, after the first five minutes, I would not have changed the real man for the ideal of worlds.

Do not suppose that I speculated much on Mark's character in those days such as he was I loved him—ah! he would never know how dearly; for had I not given him up.

As one in a dream I went home; as one in a dream I crawled slowly up the steep winding lawn to our cottage; saw Milly on the garden gate watching for me, come flying out into the lawn to meet me, all her golden hair streaming straight out behind her, heard her call me, scold me for being late, my own voice answered, saw and heard all the familiar sights and sounds of every-day life, as we do sometimes in dreams, all made strange and perplexing by some dreadful sense of pain and trouble

"Het," said Milly, as we sat at tea, "you're not eating anything; you look pale and glum; you've sat out in those horrid marshes till the sun has made you sick. I shall not allow you to go out there again, mind that."

It pleased Milly to play the elder sister, and I was always content that the little one should do what pleased her. She was my darling, the one thing that my solitary life gave me to love till I saw Mark. I had set my idol long ago, but it cost me dear. I remember that the child was in more than usual high spirits on that evening; that she teased me to talk to her, sing to her, and finally flew up to bed in a childish fit of anger, because I could do neither one nor other. At any other time I should have gone after her, coaxed and caressed her into good temper. But now, with a feeling of relief that she was gone, I sat at the window, staring out into the dark, scented night, and counted the cost of the sacrifice. Long, long, I sat there, long after the moon had risen, had set, and the stars began to grow dark before the streak of gray light in the east. I thought of Mark; of what I had done; of what I had given up, until I was nearly mad; for when I stood up and closed the window before going up to my room, I had said to myself that I would write to Mark Sutherland, when morning came, and tell him I had chosen once more between the two I loved and had chosen differently. Therefore I hoped that I was mad; but I went up stairs quite resolved and quiet; I undressed without ever once glancing toward the bed where my little sister lay; I meant to lie down on my pillow without doing so; but oh! I could not say prayers and leave Milly without the kiss I always gave her before I slept.

So I went up to the bed, and drawing back the curtain and looked down upon what had for years been my sole earthly treasure. The child looked pale in the cold gray dawn, her golden hair was tossed wildly back from her face, and covered the pillow; and I stood and gazed, my madness dying away, my old self coming back, she stirred in her sleep, two great tears welled from the closed eyes, and with a heavy sob she murmured, "Hester."

Then I knelt down in the gray dawning and thanked God that my madness was passed, and prayed that He had given me strength to make the sacrifice, so He would help me never to regret it.

I did not see Mark Sutherland again; but the next time that Milly went up to the Hollies she told me on her return "that he had left the Hollies, gone away to that dreadful India, and was never coming back again." My heart echoed the words, but I drew Milly to me and kissed her, and tried to be patient and forget.

I could not forget; my nature was tenacious of what had once taken hold upon it, and the course of our lives was too monotonous to permit change and variety, I scarcely knew, after Mark went away, how the days and years glided sway, their course was so unmarked, and everything seemed so unchanged At first I used to shrink and shiver at the chance mention of Mark Sutherland's name at the Hollies; that passed, and I pined to hear of him with a weary, anxious longing, seldom satisfied. They ceased to speak of him after a while, as people do after a long absent friend, and by degrees it seemed as if he was only remembered in one poor woman's heart, who almost came to think of him as if he had been removed by death. So that one day Milly came back from the Hollies, and said as she untied her hat and threw it down, "Hester, guess; who in the world do you think came to the Hollies last nigtt?" Not even my thoughts suggested the right person.

"No, no," said Milly, as I named one or two, "no; who but Cousin Mark who went away to India years ago! I was a mere child at that time, but I remembered him instantly—a compliment he did not return, by the by; though, when he found who I was he asked after you."

Years ago, was it, since Mark went away? Ah! as Milly spoke it seemed only yesterday; the joy, the sorrow, the old pains, so freshly new, were throbbing so wildly once more in my heart. He had not quite forgotten me, then? but did he remember me as I remembered him?

"I do believe you have forgotten all about him," Milly went on, "and, let me tell you, I wonder at that, for I remember he used to be so fond of talking to you, Hetty, and he is the kind of a man that women may be proud of attracting, none the less because he cares very little, I should say, for women in general."

"Really, Milly, you seem to have studied Mr. Sutherlrnd very closely, considering this may be your first acquaintance with him."

She laughed, blushed, and threw back her beautiful golden hair.

"No, I don't know as I have; he devoted himself to me a good deal this evening, and I couldn't help forming my opinion, you know. There is to be a croquet party to-morrow at the Hollies, and Mr. Sutherland made me promise to come up and bring you, if you would come, but I told him beforehand that I knew you would not, knowing your dislike to that delectable means for the promotion of flirting."

And after this it happened that Milly either went or was sent for nearly every day up to the Hollies—where, indeed, she was very much in the habit of going; while I, who had long ago ceased to care for any companionship beside my sister's, sat at home, longing with a feverish longing to see Mark Sutherland once more, and yet dreading with a sickening dread to meet the careless, estranged glance of the dark eyes that had looked into mine, full of love.

It seemed that Mark not unfrequently accompanied Milly part of the way home: but he never came near enough to our cottage for me to catch even the most distant glimpse of him, and my little sister had somehow ceased to talk of him after the first. So, although I still knew that he staid at the Hollies, he might almost as well have been across the wide ocean as far as I was concerned. And yet, oh, no! the sense of his presence seemed borne to me upon every breath of the sweet summer air that floated into my room. I could not sleep at night, nor rest calmly by day; and often, when Milly sat with her friend, I used to wander out, scarce heeding where I went, impatient only of rest.

One day, when this terrible yearning was strong upon me, from force of habit, and set out to walk to a pretty wood at some distance. The cool, green fragrance of the leafy shadows was grateful after the glaring sunshine, and I sat down to rest where they felt cool-est. But a sudden sound of laughter and merry voices close at hand startled me, and not willing to see who the speakers were, I got up and fled swiftly down the darkest and most tangled paths that branched away into the heart of the wood. I soon left the merry voices far behind me, and slackening my walk, I wandered on, dreamy and absorbed as ever, till suddenly turning into another path, I saw what caused me to stand still and forget everything but what my eyes looked upon. Mark Sunderland! Yes, Mark, older, darker, thinner, but Mark himself. Ah, how the green marshes and the winding sea-wall and the lark singing far up in the sky, all floated before my eyes, as I saw the downward bend of his stately head look into the face beside him—the face that looked up into his, with those soft candid blue eyes, and a smile upon the soft parted lips. The smile seemed to reflect itself upon Mark's grave face for an instant, and then he took up a little hand lying on his arm, and kissed it tenderly. I looked no longer; I crept away; stricken with a dumb anguish, a dreadful sullen despair, I crept away and went home. For I knew the candid blue eyes, the sweet smile, and the floating golden hair; they were my sister Milly's. Oh, had I not sacrificed enough? Was my cup not yet so full but that this bitter drop must be added to its overflow?

So I cried in my anguish, and it was long before better thoughts come to me, or that coming, I could hold them firmly and take comfort But by-and-by I rose from where I had flung myself down, and sat by the window to watch for Milly. She came along presently, in the quiet evening light, and I looked at her with my eyes freshly opened I had never yet ceased to think of her as a child. I realized in one moment how that child was a woman. I looked at the beautiful, fresh young face, and involuntarily glanced at the reflection of my own in the mirror opposite. I never could have been in my best days what Milly was; and now—I turned away with a sigh from the image of that faded woman, with pale lips and weary dark eyes.

Milly came in the next instant, threw off her hat, and coming up beside me, took my face between her two soft hands, looked into it tenderly for a minute, then kissed me, and sat down with her arm around me.

"But, my dear, I have something to tell," she began with a strange tremble in her voice, though she was smiling too; "a wonderful thing."

"Don't you think I could guess it, Milly dear?" I asked, pressing the little one to my breast.

"You never could; and yet how your heart is beating!" she said, looking up at me timidly; "I believe you really do." Then sinking her face to my shoulder once more, she added almost in a whisper, "Hester, he told me to ask you whether you would see him to-morrow."

"He means Mr. Sutherland, of course"

"Of course, Hester do you mean to say yes?" asked Milly, stealing another of those timid glances at me.

"My 'yes' will go with yours, Milly dear."

"God bless you, Hester! my darling, my dear, dear sister!" cried Milly, fervently; and for a long while we were both silent. Nor, indeed, did she mention Mr. Sutherland's name again, nor recur in any way to the subject, till about the middle of the next day she suddenly sprang up from her place by the window, and glancing at me with a vivid glance and a smile, ran out of the room, and I heard her fly up stairs.

Then I knew who was coming, and I sat still, because to move was entirely out of my power. So, when he entered the room, I sat, and though I held out my hand and tried to utter a greeting, I knew that my lips only murmured inarticulately. He looked at me as he held my hand in a momentary grasp, and I thought there was both pain and a shock of surprise in his face, Then he began:

"I have not come unexpected, I hope? Milly promised to ask you to tell you—"

"She did tell me; I expected you," I strove to say; and I hope I said it quietly.

"Did you guess why I wanted to see you," he asked, with that directness of speech I remembered so well.

"Yes, I even went so far as that," I answered and smiled—oh, what a wintry smile, if it did not belie my heart.

"Of course I could only have one purpose in asking to see you again," he went on quickly; "but ah! Hester, what will you say to me this time?"

"What does Milly say?"

"Milly! always Milly still! but Hester it is for you to answer me first," he said, and abruptly walking from his position on the hearth, he came and sat down beside me.

"Hester—I must call you so—did your sister tell you what I said to her yesterday?"

"She let me infer it."

"Infer! Fiddledee! Nothing like plain speaking to express meaning," he spoke out rather impetuously. "But you are so cold, so unlike your own self, Hester, that I could not take it for an answer to what I came to ask. Did Milly tell you that yesterday—for I have grown to love the little girl dearly. Hester! Hester! What have I said? What is the matter?"

I hated, despised myself for the weakness, but the mortal struggle of yesterday was not done yet. I could not hear this man, whom I had loved so long, so deeply, avow to my face his transferred love to my sister and be unmoved. Involuntarily I grasped the arm of my chair for support, for my life seemed fading from me in the struggle. He bent over me, he lifted my faint head on his broad breast, but I shrank from him feebly.

"It is nothing. I am often faint. I am quite well again. You were saying—yes, go on, Mr. Suther and."

"I was saying—ah, Hester—I think I need not go on—you are so changed, dear," he said, looking down at me with sorrowful perplexity. "Well, well, Milly led me on to hope; but I ought to have known better. You never cared for me in the beginning as I did for you."

"Surely, surely, that bygone ought to be a bygone now," I cried bitterly.

"If you say that it ought, it ought, indeed," he answered, turning away from me; "but I told you then, Hester, that I shouldn't forget you: from something Milly said, and your remaining unmarried, I was wild enough to dream—to hope—"

Something—a light dazzled my poor eyes—was breaking in on me as he spoke.

"Mark," said I, "what did you come here to-day to ask me?"

"The same question that I asked eight years ago by the stream in the marshes, Hester I have done with India; I am no longer poor, and I want the woman I have always loved. Hester, is this true? Is she mine at last?"

For a long, long time, I think, after this, we forgot the existence of any besides ourselves. Then I told Mark the little story of cross purposes we had been playing. His incredulous wonder that I could imagine he had ever thought of any one but me, touched me to the heart.

"Poor Milly!" he said; "so you would have put her off with the reversion of a heart. No, when she marries may she be what you are, Hester—her husband's first and last love."

REVIVAL OF AN OLD SUPERSTITION —A YOUNG MAN VISITED BY A VAMPIRE.

The Wheeling (West Va.) *Register* has the following strange story:

There is an old superstition dating back to the Greeks and Romans, that bodies of persons who die under sentence of excommunication do not decay, but devour their own flesh, and during the night leave their graves and suck the blood of living persons. This old superstition has been revived in this city under extraordinary circumstance. A young man who boards at one of our most respectable boarding-houses has for some weeks past been growing weak and pale from the loss of blood during the night. For some time he could not imagine the cause of the lassitude he felt every morning, but about a week ago he discovered a small puncture on his arm, from which it was evident that blood had been drawn, and every morning thereafter he found a new puncture upon some fleshy portion of his body. He was mystified as to how these punctures were made, and what made them.

For several nights he remained awake late in the night for the purpose of solving the mystery, but such was his weak condition he invariably became exhausted and fell asleep before morning, and always found a fresh puncture. He got an acquaintance to sleep with him, but becoming tired of watching, he too fell asleep, and in the morning there was a fresh puncture upon both of them, which so alarmed his acquaintance that he refused to sleep in that room again. Between the loss of blood and his anxiety to know the cause of it, the young man was nearly crazed, presenting haggard and careworn appearance, and he was an object of solicitude to his friends, who sympathized with him in his distress, and advised a change of scene; but such was the fascination with which he had become imbued that nothing they could say could induce him to forego his determination to remain and clear up the mystery. His body by this time was a strange sight, being almost completely covered with small swellings from the punctures, which were a source of irritation. A few nights ago he was awoke by a stinging sensation in his arm between the elbow and the shoulder, and instantly reached his hand to the spot, but could feel nothing, and although a light was burning in the room, could see nothing. The old superstition of vampires at once became fixed upon his mind, and he resolved to leave the house, which he did the next morning, repairing to another part of the city. Strange to say, since his change of quarters he has not been visited by the midnight blood-sucker, and is fast regaining his health. Since his story has become known, we have heard of several other persons, who occupied the same room; they left the house, and said nothing about it for fear of injuring the reputation of the house. We have given the facts as they were related to us, and have no reason to doubt the veracity of the parties; but we have no faith whatever in the superstition regarding vampires, and are inclined to think that the bloodsucking visitant was more of a material than supernatural creature. We have suppressed the names of the parties concerned in this strange affair at their own request.

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