# The St. Cloud Journal.

VOL. X. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1868. NO. 30.



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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ST. CLOUD, - - MINNESOTA.

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

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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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Residence on Washington avenue. n20

A. T. UPHAM,

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DENTISTRY.

I am now permanently located in this place in the practice of Dentistry, and having had over fourteen years' experience in my profession, hope to gain a fair share of your patronage. My

STOCK OF TEETH, GOLD, &c.,

Is complete, and I am prepared to do work of all kinds as perfect as at any point east of St. Cloud.

ALL WORK WARRANTED,

And at reasonable prices.

Office in Broker's Block, front room on second floor.

DR. A. PELHAM.

St. Cloud, Jan. 15th, 1868. n26

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

RUDOLPH SCHOENEMANN,

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, &c.*

BANK OF ST. CLOUD.

*GENERAL BANKING AND EXCHANGE BUSINESS TRANSACTED.*

GOLD AND SILVER,

LAND WARRANTS,

College Scrip and Foreign Exchange

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Particular Attention given to Collections, and Proceeds Promptly Remitted.

Office open from 9 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 5 P. M.

St. Germain Street, St. Cloud, Minn.

J. G. SMITH, Cashier.

St. Cloud, Sept. 16, 1867. v1

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 a day of payment.

*Office opposite U. S. Land Office,*

ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

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

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.

Office over Edelbrock's store.

Maps of Stearns County for sale.

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

M. P. NOEL,

SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER,

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

Also, Dealer in Real Estate; will give strict attention to locating pine and other lands,

PAYING TAXES FOR NON-RESIDENTS,

Selling property on commission, &c., &c., and is prepared to give information as to the character of Government land throughout the north-western part of the State to parties desirous of locating.

Office on Washington avenue, opposite the U. S. Land Office. v9n48

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.

LATHROP & KINNEY,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

GLENWOOD, POPE CO., MINN.

BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE ON COMMISSION,

Pay Taxes in any part of the State,

Select and Locate Government Lands for Others with Cash, Scrip or Warrants,

*Make out Homestead and Pre-emption Papers*

And Abstracts of Title, and buy and sell County and Town Orders. m26

CITY RESTAURANT.

FRESH OYSTERS,

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

MINNESOTA MARBLE WORKS,

*Corner Robert and Eighth streets, near the International Hotel,*

DESIGNS OF SCULPTURE WORK,

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

J. F. TOSTEVN.

P. O. Box 940, St. Paul

J. E. WEST,

General Insurance Agent,

Represents the

ÆTNA,

Of Hartford, Conn.

HARTFORD,

Of Hartford, Conn.

Also—Life, Accident and Live Stock Insurance Companies. Office in WEST & CO.'S Book Store.

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 AND 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

ST. CLOUD BOOK STORE.

J. M. ROSENBERGER,

*BOOKSELLER, STATIONER & NEWSDEALER*

Has always on hand a full assortment of

Books and Stationery.

—ALSO—

THE LATEST PAPERS & MAGAZINES.

THE STANDARD SCHOOLBOOKS,

And everything usually found in a first class Bookstore. v6n18-tf

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 keep 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. H. HAYWARD, Proprietor.

WILLIAM LEE,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN

DRY GOODS & NOTIONS,

No. 156 Third Street,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

My arrangements with one of the oldest Importing and Jobbing Houses of the East, and having a buyer in the market all the time, and buying my Goods all for cash, Minnesota Merchants will find bargains at all times in my Store. v9n19-tf

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. D. DEAN. P. BERKEY.

v9n10-

G. P. PEABODY,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

167 Third Street,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

STRONG & WILLIAMS,

(SUCCESSORS TO R. O. STRONG,)

235 Third street, St. Paul,

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

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

REMEMBER the place to get a nice set of Silver Coin Jewelry, Breast Pins Sleeve-buttons and Ear-rings, is at BUSH'S Jewelry store. He engraves them beautifully.

SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES.—Genuine Pebble Glasses, Double-Focus, Periscopic and Convex, worth from 5cts to $5,00, for sale at BUSH'S. Cost be exchanged if not found to suit after a thorough trial.

OLD PAPERS for sale at THIS OFFICE.

J. E. WEST & CO.,

Keep constantly on hand a large and fine stock of

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

WALL PAPER,

CURTAINS,

AND

WINDOW SHADES,

FANCY GOODS,

PICTURES and FRAMES,

TOYS, &c., &c.

Also, Agents for

MORTON'S

Celebrated Gold Pens,

GROVER & BAKER'S

SEWING MACHINES.

Call and see Them!

SURE CURE! TRY IT!

Allen's Lung Balsam

*Is the Remedy to Cure all Lung Difficulties It should be thoroughly tested by using any other Balsam.*

IT WILL CURE WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL

Directions Accompany Each Bottle.

Dr. A. L. Scovill, formerly one of the Proprietors of Hall's Balsam, says: "I can truly say that it is by far the best expectorant remedy with which I am acquainted. For coughs and all the early stages of Pulmonary Consumption it must be a certain cure; and if every family would keep it by them, ready to administer upon the first appearance of Symptoms of the Lungs, there would be very few cases of Consumption."

Sterling Bros., Druggists, write from Carrollton, O., Jan. 27, 1866: "Send us six doz. Allen's Lung Balsam. It gives better satisfaction than any other medicine we sell."

Good for Man or Beast

PAIN KILLER CURES SORE THROAT,

Favorite Medicine with all classes,

IS DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

IF you have Painters' Colic,

USE THE PAIN KILLER.

NO Medicine is so generally

USED AS THE PAIN KILLER.

KEEP the PAIN KILLER always at hand.

IF you have a Cough or Cold,

TAKE THE PAIN KILLER

LOOK out and not be caught without a Bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house

GET every body use the PAIN KILLER For Sprains and Bruises

EVERY sailor should carry a bottle of PAIN KILLER with him.

REMEMBER the PAIN KILLER is for both Internal and External use.

The Pain Killer is sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Family Medicines.

Ticknor, Tolman & Co., and S. Marlatt Agents at St. Cloud. Sold by all druggists. n22-2m

MELROSE MILLS

THE NEW

FLOURING MILL

At Melrose, Stearns Co., Minn.,

Has been completed, and is now ready to do Custom Work for the

FARMERS OF SAUK VALLEY.

The Proprietors feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their customers.

*Flour, Corn Meal and Feed for Sale.*

We have commenced the erection of a

First-Class Saw Mill

And will be prepared in the Spring to manufacture Lumber, Lath, Shingles, &c.

E. & W. H. CLARK, Proprietors.

Melrose, Nov. 15th, 1867. n22-1m

GOOD TO

McINTIRE & CASTLE,

*Wholesale and Retail Dealers in*

FARM

MACHINERY,

STOVES,

Tinware, Woodenware, &c.,

ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.

v10n26-tf

BEAVER DAM

BROADCAST

SEED SOWERS!

AND

McCORMICK PLOWS!

FOR SALE BY

J. R. CLARK,

Dealer in

FARM MACHINERY,

Washington avenue, St. Cloud

FOR SALE.

Two substantial, comfortable

DWELLING HOUSES,

With the lot upon which each is situated. Also, a dwelling house for rent. Inquire of

J. R. CLARK,

Washington ave., next door to Fletcher House.

St. Cloud, Dec. 17th, 1867. n22-tf

CHAS. E. FOSTER,

AUCTIONEER,

ST CLOUD, MINN.

WAKE UP.—A lot of ALARM CLOCKS—just the thing to get you up early


### APOSTROPHE TO MINNESOTA.

MAINE PRAIRIE, MINNESOTA, Jan. 20, 1868.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—The following beautiful tribute to the great State of Minnesota was written for the *Christian Monitor*, of Indianapolis, by Elder B. W. Watkins, of Maine Prairie, and was published in that magazine. If you think it worthy a place in your paper publish it. M.

Ho, Minnesota! these thy plains!
How fair they seem! how sweet thy breath!
These boundless prairies, broad forming
Thy mind, long, glad—were once a heath!

The breath of spring upon thy sod,
Dissolves the bands of Winter's king,
And man looks up to Nature's God,
And vocal groves with music ring!

Then summer comes, with generous heat,
And ripens thy fruits to perfectness;
And evening's balmy breathings greet
Our weary heads, not slumberless.

We find a rest, which soothes our souls,
In thy blest bracing air of even—
Something like that which He controls,
Who gives us one day's rest in seven.

I love thy plains, I love thy groves—
Thy prairies wide, and woodlands wild,
Where the red deer majestic roves—
I love them all, as if a child!

Thy hazel copse, and matted vines
Of grape, and wild fruit strangely sweet;
Thy cedar dwarfs and stately pines—
How can I all thy praise repeat?

Thy well springs clear, and cold, and sweet,—
Thy river limpid, lakelets pure—
And swans upon thy waters meet,
And find thy copse a home secure.

Thy fields of waving grain roll out,
Like a great inland sea of wealth,
And thousands raise the cheerful shout
O'er wants supplied, and buoyant health.

Then hail! Sweet Minnesota, hail!
Long life and health to thee be given
Long may thy valiant sons prevail,
In peace on earth, good will from Heaven!

## ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

### CHAPTER XIII.

The country round Etheredge Court was for the most part undulating and well wooded; though here and there a wild spot might be found. And it was to one of these that Adriana was making her way. It was a sort of ravine, whose steep banks, yellow in June with golden gorse blossoms, now rose like walls of purest white that almost touched the low-hanging clouds. A shallow brook that gurgled over the stones lazily in the summer time, was even quieter now, bound in its frosty fetters. There was an air of oppressive stillness about the place, no sound of life anywhere near; and as the clouds grew darker and darker, drawing even nearer to the white walls, their whiteness grew ghastly, and Adriana felt as if she were entombed in a vast sepulchre. Yet on she went, the solitariness suited her; she was alone, she could think. She did not feel the cold, she heeded not the darkness. She would go to the end of the ravine, and return across the fields home.

A strange exhilaration possessed her; a sudden strength seemed imparted to her; her life seemed indestructible.—She realized her being, she realized her two beings—the mortal and immortal; and the one seemed so predominant, so strong, that it bore the other with it, urged it on without a sense of weariness, without a sense of cold, of fear. Lighter and lighter grew her step over the slippery ground; firmly she trod and quickly. The threatening snowflakes came down at shorter intervals, but she did not see them. The dim bars of faded crimson that had been struggling to become bright in the western sky had disappeared, the ghastly white walls were turning gay, and their summits melting into the gray of the descending clouds; faster and faster fell the snowflakes—thicker and thicker; the snow storm had begun.

Two miles from Etheredge Court, and it was growing dark: the snow beat against her face. She could not see the path, but she knew the way so well that she had little uneasiness.

Yet she was going wrong; to turn she had taken did not lead to Etheredge Court, but to a common some miles distant. She did not immediately discover her mistake, and when she turned to retrace her steps, the blinding snow prevented her seeing where she was; she fancied she had come about half a mile since leaving the outlet of the ravine, but her thoughts had so occupied her, that she had not noticed the distance. She was utterly perplexed whether to advance or remain where she was until the storm had a little subsided. She groped about, and, discovering the stump of an old tree, sat down, drew her cloak closely around her, and screened herself as well as she could from the snow.

Then she listened; the silence was intense, not a sound broke the stillness. The snow fell noiselessly, covering over all the land-marks by which she might hope to find her way home when the snow-clouds had exhausted themselves.

Along, alone—she realized it now; she might have to succumb to the biting cold, and morning might find her lying there a frozen corpse. Had her destiny brought her hither to perish? Was it not a sign that Etheredge Court was no place for her? Her morbid fancy strung events together and took it for an omen. It was well she could lie down quietly and take her rest. It was an easy death. Sleep, deep, eternal rest! No waking to trouble to-morrow.

There is a sound, a rustling in the bushes behind her; a thousand fears rise in her mind—perhaps struggle for life! Up leaps the strong pervading influence, the death-antagonistic spirit so strong in man. She can almost feel the assassin's grasp upon her throat, can almost see the flash of the sharp knife up-lifted for the murderous stab; and yet she cowers spell-bound. She has no power to move longer, her faculties seem lost in the absorbing terror. But a moment since and she could have laid down her head on the soft snow and wooed the Destroyer.—And now—but it is so horrible to be murdered, to wrestle agonizingly for life, to clutch the knife, to feel its sharp edge cut through the fingers as all relentlessly it is wrested from them to do its deadly work. To have life torn away bit by bit, each struggle becoming fainter than the last. And still she cannot move; she tries to utter a cry, but no articulate sound comes forth. A low, choking sob rattles in her throat.

The noise grows louder and louder, the bushes crackle, the snow is scattered around her; but it is no human footsteps she hears, only some animal breaking the dead twigs; her heart gives a bound of relief, and then a rough shaggy head is laid in her lap.

"Snap, Snap! good doggy!" and Adriana's tears fell upon Snap's rough coat.

But Snap did not stay long to comfort her; with a quick, short bark he retraced his way through the bushes, and his bark sounded fainter and fainter and soon was lost in the distance.—However, she did not feel so hopeless, for she had strong faith in Snap's sagacity, and he might bring help to her. An hour passed by; the snow was falling thickly; she strained her ears to listen, but the stillness was unbroken. From time to time she shook off the flakes that coated her. Surely the storm was nearly over. The clouds somewhat cleared and the moon tried to shine out through the mist; Adriana looked on every side, but could not determine in what direction to move. So she decided to remain where she was until the moon should throw a clearer light upon the dreary white waste by which she was surrounded.

At length came a faint bark, nearer and nearer. Could it be Snap returning? Once more she was caressing the dog. There was help near; the figure of a man was gradually becoming visible, though indistinctly seen through the fog. Her heart beat quickly, it was Charles Cunningham's walk. She should meet him once more alone, away from the surroundings of Etheredge Court. Was she glad? was she sorry? she scarcely knew which; she was so near what had been her desire for years—to speak to him once more; and yet now that the opportunity seemed within her grasp, she shrank from it and wished herself away.

But it was not Mr. Braddick; the brotherly resemblance had once more deceived her, and there was a shade of disappointment in her tone as she exclaimed—

"Mr. Etheredge!"

"You don't seem very glad to see me, Miss Linden. I should not have supposed you found your quarters so very delightful as to wish to remain in them."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Etheredge."

"To Snap rather than to me, Miss Linden; for I should not have known where to find you."

They walked on for some minutes in silence, then Adriana broke the pause.

"I think I should have found my way home when the moon came out, I know the country so well."

"So it seems," said Mr. Etheredge, dryly.

"In the light, I mean," said Adriana. "It was quite dark when I lost my way."

"People are generally in the dark when they lose their way," said Mr. Etheredge, "bodily and mentally.—Light is the only corrective, either as it affects the outer senses or the mind."

"Not always; people miss their way in the daytime."

"True."

"And do wrong with their eyes open."

"What is conscience?"

"A sort of sun illumining the inner life; but people can manage it as they please."

"I deny that, Miss Linden. The sun may be hidden by clouds, but it is still shining; and conscience may be stifled, but not extinguished."

"Is right right to every one?"

"Rather an obscure way of putting the question. What do you mean by right?"

"Some things may appear right to one person and wrong to another."

"Therefore are they right to each? Ask yourself. Given truth, can any opinion alter it, or does it still remain truth in spite of the various views that are taken of it?"

"To sum it up, truth is truth, right is right, and people are wrong," said Adriana.

"All?"

"Most, I suppose," answered Adriana, reflectively. She shivered as she spoke.

Mr. Etheredge turned abruptly:

"I ought to beg your pardon," said he. "A cold December night is no time for metaphysical disquisitions.—Are you very tired?"

"No."

"I mean physically, not mentally," added he.

"No, to both; yet I shall be very glad to have some rest."

"Miss Linden, I think you are a compound of opposites. There is a contradiction contained even in that sentence."

"I am not logical you know," returned Adriana.

"I never said so."

"But implied it."

"That is not a straightforward accusation."

"I meant no accusation. I merely stated a fact."

"Nothing is a fact until it is proved, and your deduction is merely a surmise at present."

Adriana made no answer. Every step she now took was a greater effort to her; her hands and feet were benumed with the cold, still she battled on. Mr. Etheredge strod along, seemingly unobservant; but he was watching her. At length he said:—

"Will not my arm be of service?"

"Thank you, I can manage better alone, the snow is so uneven," replied Adriana, almost stumbling into a snow-drift.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Etheredge, "but you can do no such thing," and gently taking her hand, he drew it within his arm.

Adriana's first impulse was to draw it away, the old feeling of antagonism was at work; but she was faint and weary, and her very weakness chafed her. She kept a determined silence the rest of the way, broken only by a cold, "Thank you for the trouble you have taken, Mr. Etheredge," when they reached the hall door.

### CHAPTER XIV.

"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," Adriana pondered. Her musings were unsatisfactory, her convictions by no means flattering. "I am a fool," was the summing up; "and Etheredge Court is no place for me."

Then came a curious chaos of feeling, mortification, self-upbraiding, and wounded self-respect, which to a person possessed of a tolerable amount of self-esteem, is far more galling than any amount of blame from others, and so Adriana felt it; yet strange to say, a gleam of triumph mingled with the chaotic elements and counter-balanced them oddly. Still, when the the voice that had once before spoken within her said, "Go!" the yielding spirit answered, "I will go."

True, the dark angel thrust himself forward, and mutterud, "Whither, whither? the world is wide and lonely;" but the guardin-angel bent over and waved his wings, and Adriana fell asleep.

Morning came,—usually the dispeller of so many harassing night-thoughts. The mind of man, renewed, refreshed, rises with fresh vigor to meet the difficulties that in the solemn watches of the night overcome him in anticipation. The nerves are braced by the living power that seems to forsake us in our nocturnal struggles, and yet to return with the dawn of day. And yet at night alone do we seem fully to realize the life of the soul. Then, with the sense of calm, of loneliness, comes also the realization of the immortal, and man wrestles alone with his Maker. No factitious props are near wherewith to stay his arm; the silence and blackness around him are too oppressive; death, as it were, creeps nearer and nearer to him, and amidst the deep-felt quiet he seems to himself the only sentient being in creation. Then he knows himself more intimately than when surrounded by the interest and activity of life. There is nothing to distract his attention from the fact that he, the unit of an unnumbered total, is something more than a component part; he is distinct, individual, isolated,—a soul among many souls unassistable by any human agency.

Adriana collected her straggling ideas. Waking thoughts did not dispel her night determinations.

"I shall leave Etheredge Court."

On the stairs she met Mr. Etheredge. Her reassured step, the flush of confidence in herself that lighted up her face caused Mr. Etheredge to wonder at the change that had come to Miss Linden since the last night. Unconsciously he spent a good deal of time in speculating upon Adriana: she had become a sort of story to him, which he was interested in unraveling

"You seem none the worse for the snow-storm, Miss Linden."

"On the contrary, it has been of benefit to me."

"So it appears. Therefore I suppose you will venture forth again, as the snow shows no signs of disappearing. We may have it for some weeks yet."

"I shall not be here so long."

Mr. Etheredge was surprised. He was not prepared for this sudden turn in the drama, and yet what else could have been expected? As Mr. Etheredge turned into his library, a conviction darted into his mind. He tried to reason himself out of it as a very absurd one; but nevertheless it remained.

Mrs. Braddick's perplexity at Adriana's sudden resolve, which would have been amusing under ordinary circumstances, was now embarrassing in the extreme.

"What had caused Miss Linden to decide so suddenly? What necessity was there for her to go? Anything, everything, should be done in accordance to her wishes, if she would but remain. What would the children do?"

To all which questions Adriana answered as best she might, but was firm in her determination not to remain at Etheredge Court. So Mrs. Braddick turned for help and sympathy to the different members of the family.

"Charles!"

"Yes, my dear," returned Mr. Braddick, looking up from a heap of papers that apparently deeply engrossed his attention.

"Could anything be more unfortunate?"

"Than what?"

"Than Miss Linden's going away just now?"

"Why just now, my dear?"

"I don't mean particularly just now," said Mrs. Braddick; "I mean that she is going at all."

"I suppose you can find some one else," returned Mr. Braddick, diving into a fresh bundle of papers. "It is easy enough to advertise; and you give a good salary."

"It is easy to advertise, but then there is all the trouble of seeing people and arranging, and finding out who will suit and who will not. I don't believe any one will after Miss Linden, and why she is going is more than I can tell."

"I supposed Miss Linden has good reasons of her own."

"I can't think what they can be, then; for it seems to me that no one in her circumstances could be more pleasantly situated than she is with us—more like one of the family. But," said Mrs. Braddick suddenly, "I believe that, after all, the reason she is going is because you have come home, Charles."

Mr. Braddick looked up—a sharp, quick glance, but the impassiveness of Mrs. Braddick's face convinced him that no suspicion of the true cause had entered her mind, so he replied quietly:—

"Perhaps I had better return to India, my love. Shall we suggest it to Miss Linden?"

"Nonsense, Charles. I wish you would be serious when I want your advice and your opinion"

"Well, and have I not given it to you? You tell me that you do not know what you shall do without Miss Linden, and that Miss Linden is going because I have come home; so the only suggestion that offers itself to me is that I should go away again."

"Now you are quite aware, Charles, that you *will* not understand what I mean. I mean that I think Miss Linden must imagine that you have some unaccountable dislike to her. I am sure I should, were I in her place. You are quite unlike yourself with respect to her. Richard, too, took the same prejudice; but I think Miss Linden was beginning not to care for it, though of course it annoyed her at first; and now you who generally differ in opinion from Richard, seem to have entirely entered into his feelings."

Mr. Braddick rose—he came towards his wife—he took her hand in his. Should he tell her the story of the past? For one moment he was even tempted to do so. For one moment there came into his mind that it might be the beginning of a fresh life to them both if he could pour out his heart freely to the wife whom he had taken. But would it do any good? He began to look with a man's eyes upon the subject, and arguments came fast to turn him from his momentary impulse. There was the effect it might take upon Mrs. Braddick to be considered. Women can never be answered for: they may see a matter in an entirely different light from what you wish; they may take just the opposite line of argument to the one you think most clear and logical. Then there was the possible injury it might be to Adriana; and, lastly he was not quite sure whether confessions were altogether pleasant.

Mrs. Braddick remained in some perplexity. She saw that something had made Mr. Braddick feel as serious as she could wish; but as she never leaped to conclusions, she waited patiently until her husband should speak.

After a slight pause, still holding her hand, he spoke:—

"I am quite serious now, Margaret. I have no dislike to Miss Linden; but I discovered, even sooner than you did, that her position here is one that for reasons of her own is distasteful to her. Do not distress her by endeavoring to alter her determination. I have seen enough of Miss Linden to know that nothing will deter her from carrying out a purpose when she has once resolved upon it."

Mr. Braddick had made the best speech possible on the occasion, still he could not help feeling that it was slightly jesuitical.

Mrs. Braddick still wondered.

"I do not understand you in the least Charles. Has Richard been saying anything to you against Miss Linden?"

"Nothing."

"You think she has some reason? You think nothing will induce her to stay?"

"I am sure that nothing will."

"It seems strange that you should understand Miss Linden so much better than I do, when I like her so much better than you do. I think I have the same sort of feeling I should have had towards a sister if I had ever had one. Yet I did not like her at first, but she gains upon one; she is a person I could trust in, and I do not often feel great faith in any one."

Certainly Mrs. Braddick did not.—It was curious to see the influence that the woman to whom (had she known it) she should have been most alien had exerted over her. Scarcely exerted either, for Adriana had used no effort to gain her rival's good opinion. She had pursued straightforwardly and conscientiously the duties she had undertaken. She had devoted herself lovingly to the children, and yet had not weaned their affections from their mother; indeed, that mother felt that they were nearer and nearer to her now than when she had given them into Adriana's care. And her increased love for her children had opened other sources in her heart, and a warmth seemed to be infused into all her life. Mr. Braddick saw it and wondered. Adriana knew that there was some change in Mrs. Braddick, but did not trace it to herself. She felt no love towards her; but the increased kindness of Mrs. Braddick's manner, and her utter ignorance of Adriana's previous acquaintance with Mr. Braddick, made her feel a sort of instinctive respect and admiration for her, whilst she fell proportionately in her own estimation. Had she not acted dishonorably after all! And what had she gained? Confident in her own strength, she had undertaken a part beyond her power to carry out, which she must now give up, and retreat as best she might.

Pondering over the events of the last few months, Adriana commenced her packing. The black dress of gauzy material lay upon the bed, ready to be folded. That dress, how much of sweet and of bitter it brought back to her, and how much of condemnation! It was, as a silent witness, becoming evidence against her. She took it up, as she had once taken it up before, and gently smoothed its folds. As she did so, something dropped on the floor; she stooped to see what it was. It was the locket her cousin Katy had given her at parting. As she picked it up, the words of her cousin came to her mind—"You must not open it until some great stumbling-block has come in your way, over which you have fallen."

Had she not fallen now? Had there not been a stumbling-block? Had her own pride of will been sufficient to bear her triumphantly through the ordeal to which she had subjected herself? No; she was miserably weak; she felt it, she owned it; her strength had utterly failed her, and she had fallen. She touched the spring, a tiny scroll of paper, with still tinier characters clearly traced on it, was in her hand, and she read these words:

Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.

"Poor little Katy! She had not trust in her own strength," mused Adriana, "and why should I have? Has it not left me at the time I needed it most? Have I conquered?—nay, am I not rather conquered?" "Thou shalt not covet," sounded once again in her ears. She started up; a sudden gleam of light shot up from the fire that was burning brightly in the grate; it fell upon the soft gauzy dress. Away with all the memories of the past! blot them from your mind! The care of the present is for the future, not the past.

She grasped the dress that brought back so many memories, that raised such painful emotions. How small a thing can have an influence! She dashed it down, as though it had some power of injuring her.

"Oh, if I could forget, forget!"

Another blaze of light sprang up, still illuminating the gauzy dress; it seemed like a living, haunting thing to Adriana's excited imagination. She gathered it up again, and, crushing its soft folds, deliberately rolled it into a heap of gray ashes. Then she laughed.

"How absurd!"

The sense of mock-heroism struck upon her senses so keenly. She had sacrificed a good dress for the sake of an idea! The act was a ridiculous one. She knew it, but nevertheless she did not wish it undone. It had destroyed one link with the past, and the more links that were broken the better. She was almost beginning to hate Charles Cunningham. Very prosaic was the domestic life at Etheredge Court. She was glad it had not been her lot. Why had she endured it so long? Was the remembrance of the past really so powerful?

"May I come in?" said Mrs. Braddick at the door. Adriana opened it. "What a smell of something burning. I hope there is nothing on fire."

"I have been burning a dress," said Adriana, rather bluntly, some inward feeling prompting her to state the exact fact.

"A dress!"

"Only my old black gauze."

"That gauze dress!—my dear Miss Linden, what were you thinking of? I never saw you look better in any dress than you did in that. I remarked both to Mr. Braddick and Miss Etheredge that it was perfection; and Richard, who never knows what any one has on, actually admitted that he had noticed it."

"I did not like it. There were painful associations with it," said Adriana, shortly.

"That is a pity, for it was a very pretty dress. I was going to ask for the pattern of the sleeve. You are a strange person, Miss Linden, but do you know I like you excessively, and I regret that you are going to leave us.—"No," continued she, seeing that Adriana was about to speak, "do not be afraid, I am not going to try to