The St. Cloud Journal.

VOL. XI. ST CLOUD, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1869. NO. 36.

THE JOURNAL.
Published every Thursday Afternoon

AT ST. CLOUD, MINN.

Office—Corner of Washington Avenue and Chapel Street.

W. B. MITCHELL
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And the best of everything you want in the way of Clothing or Gents' Furnishing Goods.
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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
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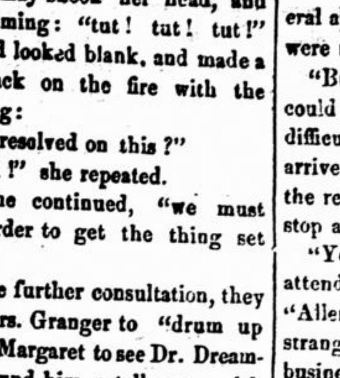

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The rates of premium, being largely reduced, are made as favorable to the insurers as those of the best Mutual Companies, and avoid all the complications and uncertainties of Notes, Dividends, and the misunderstandings which the latter are so apt to cause the Policy-Holders.
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The best location in St. Cloud for a retail grocery business. Will be sold at a bargain. Inquire of
C. F. & W. POWELL.
St. Cloud, Feb. 11, 1869. n30-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE.
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Possession given at any time desired. Inquire of
JOHN R. CLARK.
St. Cloud, Feb. 9, 1860. n30-tf

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SADDLERY HARDWARE,
LEATHER
AND SHOE FINDINGS,
257 East Water Street. MILWAUKEE.
Orders promptly and carefully filled

MINNESOTA
IRON WORKS
Minneapolis.
Iron and Brass Founders
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SHOPS AND OFFICE,
First Street, corner of Marshall Street.
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MACHINERY, MILL STONES,
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BOILERS, ENGINES,
WATER WHEELS, &c.
Address all letters and orders
MINNESOTA IRON WORKS,
11n6 MINNEAPOLIS.

THE DROPPED STITCHES.

BY MRS. M. E. M. SANGSTER.

Sitting alone in the corner,
In her own old easy-chair,
With the firelight softly falling
On her beautiful gray hair,
She's knitting away at a stocking,
Rounding the heel to night;
And nobody knits like mother,
Though age is dimming her sight.

Glancing like silver, the needles
Backward and forward go,
And the rings on her thin white fingers
Are flashing to and fro.
There's the golden band that has never
Been off since her wedding-day,
And the hoop encrusted with diamonds,
From Tom, when he went away—

Away at the beck of fortune,
To the far-off China seas,
While his mother compassed his out-bound ship
Day and night on her knees,
Pleading that wind and weather
For Tom might ever be fair,
And that never the boy might wander
Out of reach of his mother's prayer.

This blue-mixed sock—it reminds her
Of some she sent to the camp,
For Willie to wear, poor soldier-boy,
To keep his feet from the damp,
And Willie, he never wore them,
His tired feet were still—
Oh! so still in a narrow grave
On the side of a Southern hill.

It's wonderful—he remembers
The first little sock she knit,
A wee thing, white and dainty,
Marveling, "would it fit?"
Tucking it by in her basket,
As if half it were a sin,
And fearing lest careless eyes should see
The dreams she was knitting in.

Dear little baby Alice!
Never was babe so sweet.
Alice's own are all very well,
But ah! those dimpled feet
That she fondled and kissed so often,
That she taught to walk alone—
They are walking life's long pathway,
They are hurt by many a stone.

Knitting alone is the mother,
And the firelight softly falls
On the pleasant room of the household,
On the beautiful pictured walls;
But I think, when the lamps of evening
Scatter the shadows there,
They gleam over nothing half so sweet
As the mother's silver hair.

Ah oh! she has dropped her stitches:
To be sure, it is not strange,
Since she herself has been far away
Beyond this world of change;
Away for a half-hour's vision,
To the realms of the brave and leal,
Where the loved of the past are together,
In the land of endless weal.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by Mrs Jane G. Swisshelm, in the year 1868, in the Office of the Clerk of the United States District Court for the District of Western Pennsylvania.]

MARGARET MERLYN.

WRITTEN FOR THE ST. CLOUD JOURNAL,

BY MRS. JANE G. SWISSHELM.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PUTTING A GOOD FACE ON IT; AND A VISIT TO DR. DREAMING.

Margaret awaited with deep anxiety the result of the meeting of the trustees, and next day met Judge Kendon at the office door to learn what had been done. Miss Ironton had asked a postponement. Her witnesses were not all present, and they were to meet on the second day following. The next day Mrs. Bateman called and inquired for Margaret. On finding her she poured out an instant flood of complaints against Miss Ironton. She, Mrs. Bateman, had taken the older children to a little Methodist meeting house which was the church nearest The Home, to attend the morning service on Sabbath; and in the afternoon had collected them in the drawing room to tell them bible stories. To these innovations Miss Ironton objected very decidedly. The Board at first sustained Mrs. Bateman, but afterwards reversed their action, and now stood: Mrs. Paxton, Miss Dugdale and Mrs. Mendit for Miss Ironton, Mrs. Granger and Mrs. Spaulding for Mrs. Bateman. The difficulty had assumed a personal character. Mrs. Bateman was an earnest but very nervous woman; and Margaret felt at once that Miss Ironton, with her cool self-possession, would maintain herself against a hundred such. She therefore readily agreed to aid Mrs. Bateman by giving her testimony before the Board of trustees.

They met at the appointed time, heard the statement of both ladies and examined witnesses apart. They decided unanimously that "the Board of Managers shall request Miss Ironton to resign her position as teacher in 'The Ladies North American Arabia Petrea Home for Destitute Women and Orphan Children.'" Mr. Bullion presented a minority report adding to that of the unanimous verdict, that "the matron, Mrs. Bateman, be also requested to resign." Mr. Bullion was a leading member of Dr. Dreaming's congregation, and his opinion had weight. So at the close of that day the Hon. Matthew Kendon congratulated himself and Margaret, on the auspicious close of that long struggle; for the Weak Indulgence party had never ceased to struggle for the removal of Miss Ironton, since the close of her first quarter's service; but Dr. Dreaming and three thousand dollars had thus far been too strong for them. The whole difficulty and its long continuance had been fully brought to the knowledge of the Trustees in this day's investigation, and Judge Kendon felt a satisfaction in the deliverance of the children from the iron rule of the stern teacher, which made his good face beam. The meetings had been a serious tax on his time, and immediately after tea he went to his library to look up some cases to which his notes referred. Margaret followed him, and after standing some moments watching him arranging his books, she said:

"Could not I take your notes, hunt up all the places for you, and get them so you could look over them in the morning, and let you go with Mrs. Kendon?"

"Oh, dear me no! I have no taste for these gayeties."

"But it would please Mrs. Kendon so much to have you go, and she will look so well. Her dress is beautiful, and it is a pity she should not be as happy as she will be lovely."

He laughed cheerily, but answered: "Oh, I shall see her before she leaves. Her mother will be with her and the De Bauns; people know I am a staid old fellow, and do not expect me at these places."

"Not always of course, but you ought to go as often as you can to please Mrs. Kendon. You think woman have no business capacity; I think some men have very little social capacity; and as long as we are gregarious I do not know but that one may be as important as the other. If some women try to do two or three women's work, and so get nervous and cross and drive their husbands from home, some men perhaps—I do not know—may try to do two or three men's work, and so grow unsocial and leave their wives to mope and seek other society."

She said this in a half-bantering, yet earnest way; and raising his hand with a jesture as he would say "caught in my own trap," he laughed and replied:

"Some women will have the last word!" then added, "Mrs. Kendon has not particularly desired that I should go."

"She will not, of course, particularly desire you to go, when she knows you particularly desire to stay; but if I were married and my husband did not particularly desire to go out with me, and see me when I had taken particular pains to look well, I should particularly desire his lordship to stay at home until doomsday, and put a particularly nice spoonful of salt in his coffee into the bargain."

His face was very bright as he stood and hesitated a moment, then said:

"Zelia certainly is very considerate, and I am something of a Bluebeard. I guess you are right; women understand each other better than we understand them. I suppose I should go out with her more."

"I am very sure you should. She is very bright and childlike, but has a rich vein of deep feeling; and you ought to take more care than you do to make her feel that you love and cherish her, and find no society so pleasant as hers."

She was looking at him through tears, as she ceased speaking; and he answered with a very pleased yet thoughtful expression:

"I see I have been selfish, and shall begin at once to do works mete for repentance. I had proposed to myself an evening of hard study; but often

'Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.'

I do not want to tax you, but if you could find and look over the two decisions, and mark the passages which contain points noted here I can manage."

After giving her some directions and extending his request to a couple of statutes, he went off, looking younger by several years, to dress and accompany his wife to one of the "affairs of the season." Margaret worked with a cheerful alacrity, in hope she might do something to prevent an evil, whose shadow she felt rather than saw lying across his threshold. Sometimes she read to him, but oftener for him, that he might be in his place as the husband of a gay and beautiful woman. She sometimes felt that it was not business like for her to be shivering at shadows as she did; but she was only a woman, and would keep on trying to do several things at one time.

The Board of Managers met the week following the instigation by the Trustees, and what could equal the surprise of the Hon. gentleman to learn, that said Board had not only refused to request Miss Ironton to resign, but had passed her a vote of thanks, three to two; Judge Kendon could not understand it. In all his experience he had not met such a case. The lady managers had been unable to agree on an important question, and had voted unanimously to refer it to the Trustees. At great inconvenience and loss of time, these had met, and partially instigated the question; and now their unanimous decision was cast aside as so much waste paper.

Mrs. Granger, who with Mrs. Spaulding had voted as directed by the Trustees, was so mortified at the result that she resigned on the spot. The Board failed to accept her resignation. She soon found that by leaving the Board, she strengthened Miss Ironton's hands and resumed her place. The majority disputed her right to vote after her resignation and matters were rather tangled. Then Mrs. Bateman resigned in deference to Mr. Bullion's opinion, hoping by her good example to induce Miss Ironton to do likewise; but that lady was so intent upon "forming society," and so well convinced that she was in the proper position to do her work, that she did not hesitate about remaining.

Margaret called upon Mrs. Granger to know what was to be done. That lady begged her to be patient, she would see Mr. and Mrs. Mildmay, both Honorary members of the Institution, and friends of Mrs. Gray, the founder; and the latter an ex-member of the Board. The Quarterly Meeting of the Association would be on the next week. The opposition should be mastered and Miss Ironton voted out of office.

"The case" she continued, "would be easy enough to manage if it were not for Dr. Dreaming; but he is fully enlisted for Miss Ironton. We must keep it as quiet as we can, get out as many votes as possible, and floor them at the Quarterly Meeting."

Margaret thought it all over and said:

"I think I shall go and see Dr. Dreaming."

"Oh, you can do nothing with him," was Mrs. Granger's reply. "He berated Bullion soundly for voting against Miss Ironton, and it would not do to let him know about the Quarterly meeting."

"I need not speak of that; but if he is head of this party he is the person to see. I think the best mode of warfare is to charge squarely down the center, and as we are the attacking party we require motion."

Mrs. Granger proposed that they should go together to see the Mildmay's, and they were soon there. Margaret found them fully informed of the state of affairs at The Home, and listened, while with Mrs. Granger they consulted about the Quarterly meeting. She inquired what was to be done, should they fail in getting a majority of votes at that meeting; and what if they did and Miss Ironton refused to obey the majority."

"Oh," said Mr. Mildmay, "she would not dare do that; and we are almost certain to have a majority. If we fail in the Quarterly meeting we must try in the annual meeting, which is in three months. Try, try again!"

"And in the meantime while we try, she is to go on murdering the children?" inquired Margaret.

He was rubbing his hands vigorously together at the prospect of the good hard work before him; but at this, looked shocked, and his wife put up her hands in a deprecating way.

"You put it strong, Miss Merlyn," he replied; "I know, we all know, it is very bad indeed; but you have not seen the worst of it. If you had seen what Mrs. Mildmay and I have, you would think it bad to be sure; but one must be prudent you know. It doesn't do to expose these difficulties in an Institution, any more than our little family troubles. If you *could* know the cases of cruelty and abuse that we have witnessed there for years; but we have put the best face we could on it, for sake of the Institution;" and both he and his wife assumed such an expression of pious resignation as was truly refreshing. Margaret was shocked and said in astonishment:

"Is it possible that you or any one, has known how those children are treated, and have permitted it to go on?"

"Why, my dear young lady, what could we do? The other side are in a majority; but I tell you we know of cases much worse than those of Peter and Jimmy, and have been silent; and put a good face on matters when our very hearts have bled. Just look! Here is a property worth two hundred thousand dollars—two thousand dollars a year; and last year the contributions all told, reached over six thousand. Yes, Mrs. Mildmay and I have been counting it up; and with the clothing and salaries paid by the people of Denton, it is full that figure. So you see it is a noble Institution, a credit to the city. There is not a city west of the Alleghanies that has such another. Now shall we go and break up this Institution, because we cannot get it managed just as we wish? We may not get it right in this generation, but think of the future. Look at the immense good we may expect it to accomplish if we can hand it down to posterity, which we cannot do if we expose these difficulties to the world." Mrs. Mildmay listened serenely, nodded and smiled her approval, drew her shawl more closely around her, rocked gently, and looked her deep self congratulation at that christian patience which had enabled herself and husband to endure the knowledge of wrongs which excited others to the use of strong language. Mrs. Granger appeared half doubtful, whether she had not committed a grievous error in using her efforts to lay the case before the Trustees; and Mrs. Mildmay was chippery as a sparrow in spring, while guarding the Institution against a threatened exposure.

"Yes, my dear Miss Merlyn," he continued, "when you have seen as much of the world as we have, you will find that there is something wrong everywhere—a skeleton in every house. We must try to keep our little differences amongst ourselves, and settle them as well as we can. If it should get out that there is trouble amongst the managers of the Institution, there would be no use asking the public for contributions, and the funds are low this minute. As it is you see, we enjoy the confidance of the public. We will do all we can to get things right; but we must be prudent."

Margaret was thoroughly amazed at this view of the case, and tried to be as mild as possible; but said:

"You and I differ in our ideas of duty. Had I known what you say you did, I should have thought it a solemn duty to burn down that establishment some sun-shiny day and spend ten years in State's prison if necessary, for the privilege of rending that service to humanity. I can see no duty that could make one a party to the murder of one generation of children, in the vague hope of conferring some benefit on the next. But this I will do. I will aid you in your plan, and postpone mine until the annual election. I will get all the votes I can. I will see Dr. Dreaming, and any one else from whom there is hope of aid; and if she is not removed, or the children taken away at the end of the year, I will publish an account of their treatment, and spread the story all over New England."

Mrs. Mildmay shook her head, and hand, exclaiming: "tut! tut! tut!" Her husband looked blank, and made a vigorous attack on the fire with the poker, saying:

"You are resolved on this?"

"Resolved!" she repeated.

"Well," he continued, "we must work the harder to get the thing set right."

After some further consultation, they separated, Mrs. Granger to "drum up votes," and Margaret to see Dr. Dreaming. She found him, a tall man, with broad, square shoulders, a high massive forehead, and long tapering face, his eyes, a cold grey, with a look of abstraction, his nose aquiline, his lips sarcastic, his whole face at times a frozen sneer; and at best, the indication of a thinking machine—ideal, fanciful, philosophical, imaginative, calculating, cold, biting, bitter. He performed beautiful acts of devotion and humanity, because his reason said they were becoming his position; avoided vice because it was unphilosophical; and recognized his own imperious will as his rule of action on all occasions.

He received Margaret with mild condescension; but when she had stated her errand, his face assumed a sneer. Passing his long thin fingers through each other, and drumming on the back of each hand with the finger points of the other, he leaned his elbows on the arms of his chair, and regarded her steadily, as she briefly stated the abuses at The Home, and referred to the decision of the Trustees as proof.

"Yes," he answered, with a haughty curl of his lip, "I told Brother Bullion he had acted the fool, in that matter."

"Then," she replied "you intend to sustain Miss Ironton to the last?"

"Most certainly!" was his emphatic reply.

"Well, we know where to find you!" was her cool rejoinder. "I felt I ought to see you, as it is freely stated that this is a Sectarian affair, and effort of the Unitarian church to get exclusive control of a valuable property, never designed for, or donated to its guardianship. It appeared best to give you an opportunity to correct the mistake if it were one."

"The Unitarian church is so celebrated for Sectarianism," was his ironical reply, "that it has everything to fear from such a charge."

"Well, Dr. Dreaming," she continued, "I have only to say that from your reputation, I think you know not what you do. It would be much more humane if you would—but I know you will not—take those children for an excursion out on a Lake boat, take one to the side, get him to kneel and his say little go-to-sleep prayer, if he had ever learned it, then drop that one into the Lake just behind the wheel, bring out another and repeat the operation until you left them all under the blue waves."

"I thank you," he replied, with mock courtesy, "for taking it for granted I shall not do this."

"No," she said, "I know you will not; but it would be merciful to the children to drown them, rather than leave them in this woman's power; and feeling this, I shall appeal to the public, if she is not removed."

"I trust," he said, with a bow which brought his forehead against the working rack of his fingers "that the niece of the Hon. Augustus Ironton, sustained by her humble friends, will be able to bear the shock of any such appeal."

"We will see!" was Margaret's answer, and he coldly bowed her out.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE GRANGER'S, BAXTER'S, AND NOTICE TO LEAVE.

The day of the Quarterly Meeting came, and the splendid drawing-room of The Home was filled with earnest people, until extra seats had been brought in. When Margaret entered Mrs. Granger came to meet her saying:

"I was afraid you were not coming, and I want to introduce you to our Postmaster and his lady."

Mrs. Granger was a tall, slight person, with a face which would have looked sharp and eager but for the good-will-to-man, the benevolence, and all the gentler virtues which had been at work, like so many sculptors, for forty years giving expression, touching and retouching every line. Her natural vivacity was held under the strong view of early and thorough cultivation in the rules of good breeding; and so, with scarce one element of what is recognized as beauty, Mrs Granger was an object on which the eye rested with pleasure, and to which it returned with satisfaction. Her husband resembled her in being tall and spare, almost to emaciation; but while her features would have been in no way remarkable without their expression, his were unusually marked and prominent. His Roman nose had an aggressive look. His large mouth and prominent brow would be seen, and the restless energy of his grey eyes, gave one the idea of a boring machine, and made one feel that his vision was more likely to strike the hidden view of a character than anything on the surface. An irreverent scamp had once said, that Granger was the very best fellow in town but he'd be—be—be condemned if he wasn't the ugliest.

It was amusing to hear these two agreeing through a veil of disagreement. As she sat in her low chair by the evening lamp in their parlor, which appeared as though by some mistake, a lawn had been walled in, carpeted, curtained and furnished, while the house, which might have been, had been stowed away in a packing box; and looked over the annual report of some of the charities in which they were interested, and as he walked back and forth, he would stop before her, continuing their comments, and say:

"But you know, my dear, that you were to blame about that!" and as one looked into his face and read the general approbation, one wondered if it were not very pleasant to be blamed.

"But," she would persist, "how could I help it Allen?" and state the difficulty. When he had once more arrived at the centre of the room from the remote regions of the wall, he would stop and answer:

"Yes, I know, my dear, I should have attended to that for you," and presently "Allen" and "my dear" would get so strangely mixed up in the "to blame" business that it was quite out of the question to tell which was which. That discussion would probably last the evening, accompanied by and sandwiched with such matters as one of the disputants playing a game of chess with one of "the girls"—their daughters—or a visitor, some piano music, the solution of a new puzzle, his lying on the sofa while one of the girls petted him and told some amusing incident of the day, or the tea and cream crackers were brought in on an immense silver tray, with its appurtenances, the gift of his fellow citizens for services rendered by himself and lady during the time of, and after a fearful conflagration, in which their house and purse had been thrown open to the houseless. The tea and the trouble would be discussed together, and there was literally no end to the quarreling of Mr. and Mrs. Granger. Not a house in Arabia Petrea had more family jars; but they were all made of very clear glass, and filled with beautiful sweetmeats.

"Our Postmaster and his lady," to whom Mrs. Granger now introduced Margaret, were very different from the Granger's. Samuel Baxter was tall, well built and well supplied with muscle. His face rather round and inclined to the ruddy, his hair and eyes iron grey, and his whole appearance genial and inviting. He was a man of reserved strength; one who never invested all in a business venture; always had money in bank; never was known to be without a dollar in his pocket if a case of distress encountered him face to face, and never turned a corner to avoid such encounter. He always moved leisurely, never slowly, but ever with a force not easily resisted. His wife was fair and fresh, with grey threads in her brown hair, and a quiet light in her blue eyes. She was very like her husband this Mrs. Samuel Baxter, and if he and she had ever had a dispute, nobody knew it, not even themselves; but then they had only been married thirty years, and there was no knowing what would happen when the honeymoon was over. Their opinions and wishes were often quite diverse, and these diversities not unfrequently took form and expression. At first they would be distinct and round as so many grains of shot, and look as firm, but when brought together for comparison were almost certain to become liquid, break and run into each other. So there was no use throwing them into the tin box of contention to get up a rattle. It may probably have been that universal solvent, Love, which melted these little globules, for the Baxter's kept a good deal of it in the house, and found it useful various ways. For the globules which did not dissolve, they had a box like a jewel case, wadded inside and lined with silk. They called it Forbearance; and into it they put the little hard substances which Love could not melt, and generally kept it locked with a key called Silence.

It was a very pretty contrivance, this box; and one such would be useful in any family provided it were used in common. It is essential to its usefulness, that the various kinds of hard opinions which are found in a family should be put into the box together, that they may neutralize each other. Where only one kind is thus put away, they are almost certain to foment, effervesce and burst the box. By making it strong and banding it often with new resolutions, one party may use it for long long years; but the explosion will only be the more destructive when it comes; and the only safe way is to put all the little hard, insoluble opinions of a family into this one receptacle, unless like those belonging to the Granger's they can be converted into amusements, kept bright and used as billiard balls, ten pins, chessmen, marbles, balls, tops; and anon as motive powers, in the prosecution of every good word and work.

One difference between these contrasting, coalescing families was that the Granger's were intensely Presbyterian in their religious connections; and the Baxter's just as intensely Unitarian; and another, that while the home of the one was bright and vocal with the smiles and voices of four daughters, that of the other was silent with that hush which lingers when death has taken the last child from the fireside; but instead of filling their deserted dwelling with the bark of dogs and screams of parrots, their house and heart music was the blessing of Him that was ready to perish, the grateful prayers of the widow and thanks of the orphan. Samuel and Martha Baxter were childless but had a very large family; for they had adopted "the poor and the needy, the

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DEFECTIVE PAGE