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## ST. CLOUD, SEPT. 16, 1867.

## BANK OF ALEXANDRIA.

## General Banking, Exchange and REAL ESTATE BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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## Office on Main St., near 6th Avenue, ALEXANDRIA, MINN.

## ST. P. VAN HORN, Cashier.

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## GLENWOOD, POPE COUNTY, MINN.

## Beautifully located, at White Bear Lake,

## one of the finest lakes in the state. Splendid scenery; excellent water; sail and row boats; plenty of fish and game.

## GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS FOR GUESTS.

## The House is new and well ventilated,

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## Having permanently located in St. Cloud,

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OPPOSITE THE CENTRAL HOTEL.  
METZROTH'S IS THE PLACE.  
A large stock of the finest  
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GENTLEMEN'S SUITS  
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METZROTH'S IS THE PLACE!  
Special attention is called to his stock  
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HATS AND CAPS  
Embracing the most fashionable and sobby  
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Sheet Music, Violas, Guitars, Music Books, strings, &c.

You can buy anything in the Musical line CHEAPER AT

## W. C. FARNHAM'S Music store,

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Than at any other place in the Northwest.

Teachers can order Sheet Music, with the regular discount. Sabbath Schools can order Books here as cheap as from the East.

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## Marble and Granite Works.

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Foreign and American marble monuments, grave stones, cemetery Posts, &c.

Also, Agent for the State of Minnesota for Terra Cotta's Flower Vases, and Ornamented Terra Cotta.

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No. 354 Third Street, Upper Town, St. Paul, Minn.

## CHAS. S. WEBER, M. D.,

## HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

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Office on St. Germain street, 3d door east of Catholic Church.

## Homeopathic Pharmacy.

Medicine Cases and Books,

for use in the family and for the treatment of HORSES, CATTLE and other domestic animals

By C. S. WEBER.

## ROGER SMITH & CO.,

## Manufacturers of

## Fine Silver Plated Ware,

and BRASS, COPPER, and other articles of metal.

Are preparing for the Fall and Winter Trade, a large variety of elegant designs of TEA SETS, JARS, CASTORS, FRUIT and BREAD BASKETS, &c.

together with a complete line of their celebrated SPOONS, FORKS, KNIVES, &c., all warranted full plate, and bearing their TRADE MARK.

which is the oldest and best known of any leading Silver Plate Manufacture in the United States.

GILES, BRO. & CO.,

Agents, 142 Lake St., Chicago.

Dealers may obtain illustrated catalogues and price lists by enclosing business card.

## \$100 REWARD!

Offered to any one who will produce a better Ax made within the jurisdiction of the United States than the

## "Noyes Ax"

Manufactured by

## J. C. WINSLOW & CO'S

Blacksmith Shop, St. Cloud.

## All kinds of

## Blacksmith & Pinery Work.

## SLEDS, WAGONS,

BATEAUX, &c.,  
Kept constantly on hand, and warranted Driving Tools of all kinds, Peavy (or Cant) Dogs, Anchors, Boom Augurs, &c., &c., Made in the Best Style.  
Orders Promptly attended to, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
J. C. WINSLOW & CO.  
Shop on Richmond Avenue, between the Minnesota House and St. Cloud Warehouse. [blank] ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA [blank]

## PICKIT & ABBOTT,

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## Dry Goods

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## HATS AND CAPS,

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

St. Cloud, Minn.

## Careful Attention Given to Orders.

Bell Block, St. Cloud, Minn.

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## H. HERSCHBACH & SON,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE.

[Two Doors East of Brick Church.]

St. Germain Street, St. Cloud, Minn.

## Coffins Made to Order,

IN ANY DESIRED STYLE.

## Repairing Neatly Done on Short Notice.

## WHITE BEECH.

Ten Million Seedlings, at \$100 for one hundred thousand. A very hardy, rapid grower; valuable for timber and protection, fuel and nuts. Its dense, wide-spreading foliage, distributed by bewitching sprays, gives it an enchanting beauty hard to excel.

Multitudes of Forest Trees, and Evergreens without number, 25 Varieties. Our prices are less than ONE HALF the ordinary Nursery rates. Large descriptive Catalogue, containing much valuable information, mailed for 10 cents. Address,

PINNEY & LAWRENCE,

238-4m Surgeon Bay, Door Co., Wis.

## M. BECKER,

## BOOT AND SHOEMAKER.

Made in the latest style and of the best stock. Good fit warranted. Quality of work guaranteed.

EASTERN WORK always on hand at sale cheap.

## ALSO LEATHER AND FINDINGS

Shop on St. Germain Street, next door to Pickit & Abbott's Store.

St. Cloud, April 28, 1868.

## Groceries and Provisions.

## J. G. HUBER

has purchased the stock of Family Groceries and Provisions at Hooper's old stand, and will continue the business at that place. He guarantees to sell as

## GOOD GOODS

as any other house in town, and at as

## LOW PRICES,

and asks a share of the public patronage.

J. G. HUBER,

v13-nd St. Germain street, St. Cloud.

## E. W. CLARK & CO.,

## BANKERS,

## DULUTH, MINN.

Having opened a Branch of our Philadelphia Banking House in the City of Duluth, we are now prepared to receive Deposits, make Collections and furnish Exchange on all the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe.

We are also prepared to make Loans on Grain stored in the Duluth Elevator, and to Negotiate Paper drawn against Shipments of Grain and Flour.

## E. W. CLARK & CO.,

Duluth, Minn.

## "DID IT?"

By H. B. C.

Run aimed the deadly weapon. At the soldier's beating heart, Impaling the crimson throes of life, From the wounded side to start.

Run raised the murderous blade, And struck the terrible blow, Or Hadon's name below.

Run flung the whirling missile Backwards through the air, Calling alike on good and bad, Rough men and mad as fair.

Naught struck the bloody conflict, And none of its fruits remain, But that on the record they may be marked As Tom's bloody gain.

"September 4, 1868, in New York city, a bloody riot took place being mainly confined to members of a New York regiment of soldiers, who were under the influence of liquor, and who, under the leadership of Henry Jones, a well known and notorious ringleader, were engaged in a riotous and lawless manner, and for a time with fearful results. A daily of that date remarked that "Bum did it."

## MRS. STANHOPE'S LAST LODGER.

Mrs. Arnold Stanhope, or as some people persisted in calling her—Mrs. Stanhope—exited out her narrow innobility by taking lodgers. Six years before her husband had died and left her a fine old house at the West End; and just five thousand dollars besides. At the best percentage this was very little with which to take care of herself and her three children—children whose ages ranged from thirteen to seventeen, and whose education was then unfinished. At the first crisis Mrs. Stanhope took counsel with herself and her relatives.

"Sell the house and take a smaller one out of town, on a horse-car route, Kate," they one and all advised.

What was their amazement when, after listening to them in apparent heedfulness and respect, she coolly informed them that she had concluded to keep the house and rent her rooms to lodgers.

"Kate, you are crazy!" exclaimed her brother-in-law. "This house and lot, in this locality, would bring you fifteen thousand, if any day. And with that sum well invested, and with what you have, you can live very nicely out of town."

"But I don't want to live out of town, Tom," she answered.

"We don't want to do a good many things that we are obliged to do in this world," Tom Alroy retorted, a little impatiently.

"Well, I'm not obliged to do this," Mrs. Stanhope returned, rather proudly. "It's a matter of opinion, and I prefer to keep the house. As you say, it is in a very desirable locality. It will be no less desirable for lodgers."

"A matter of opinion, as you declare, Kate; but I should hardly have thought that you would have preferred to fill your house with lodgers."

Then Mrs. Stanhope flushed out all that was in her mind.

"Tom, you may think me wild, or Quixotic, or what you like. But until I am actually obliged to, I will never give up the old Stanhope estate. My Harry is the last male descendant of the name. I know it was his father's desire that he should succeed to it as he had done before him. And, besides that, I am proud of the old place, and I want to keep it in the family. Much too proud to let it go, Tom, though you may think I demean myself by taking lodgers."

This settled the matter. Tom Alroy had nothing more to say, of course, but he nevertheless felt a good deal of disapproval and annoyance. To his wife Mr. Alroy prophesied all manner of ill-success to Mrs. Stanhope's plan. Kate was not a business woman. She would lose money. She would be taken in in all sorts of ways, and lead a vexed and disturbed life, when she might—leading an easy one comparatively, by following his advice. And the rest of the relatives hearing this, thought Kate was "too foolish to run against Tom Alroy's advice—Tom, who was such a safe counselor in all business matters."

Long before the end of the six years when my story opens Tom Alroy was forced to confess that Kate had done better than he thought she would. She had certainly made both ends meet, and she had saved a little. If she was ever taken in, if she was ever vexed and disturbed by the way of life she had chosen, her relatives were none the wiser for it. She never complained to him. At the end of the six years Harry was nineteen, in his senior term at college, and with a good chance before him in a great commercial house, whose firm had known his father, and therefore felt an interest in the son. Harry was nineteen. Then came Ellen, who was two years older; and then Frances, or, as she was always called, Frank, with another two years of seniority.

When Ellen was twenty she considerably surprised her relatives by developing a talent for school-teaching. So, at least, she spoke of it, when she walked in one day with the information that she had been offered a situation in one of the grammar-schools at a salary of \$600. "I always suspected I had a talent for this thing, mother, and you see, other people have suspected it too." She never told how she had been waiting for "this thing" for a year, and how this patient waiting and a really splendid scholarship, and last but not least, the influence of an influential man, who had been Arnold Stanhope's intimate friend, had at the end of the year given her the situation she had sought. She was like her mother in this, that she never made a great thing of what she was doing; never talked about it, and laid before anxious friends her hopes and her fears and her patient womanly virtues. But her mother, who knew what silent courage and persistence she was possessed of, guessed that she had been working hard in many ways for "this thing," and at the last spoke of it in this riant manner to cover her real anxiety and perhaps distaste for it. And so she glanced up quickly at Ellen's information and asked her a plain question, while she watched her with searching eyes.

"Are you sure you have a talent for this, Ellen? do you like it? and shall you be happy in it? Because, if you do not, there is no necessity for it, remember that, for you are not as expensive nearly as you were at a school-girl, you know, and I managed then very nicely. Besides, you are valuable as a helping-hand in the care of the house."

Ellen colored a little at this, for she knew what her mother had thought. But she answered honestly enough. "I really think I love the talent, mother, and I dare say I shall like it; you'll let me try, won't you?"

"Oh yes, if you really are in earnest."

That was all the preliminary talk they had about it. And the next week the young teacher had entered upon her duties.

"What started you so suddenly on that track, Harry?" asked eight-year-old Harry, rather angrily.

"Oh, my talent, Harry. I couldn't hide it in a napkin, you know, any longer." And Elly laughed.

"You see, Elly," Harry went on, still more grudgingly, "in another year, I shall be able to take care of myself, and do something for the rest of you, I dare say. So there is no need of your doing this thing."

"Thank you, Harry, you are very kind," answered Ellen, with a slight twinkle in her practical eye at Harry's swift survey of "doing something for the rest of you." "You are very kind, Harry, but there's my talent! I'm a little strong-minded, you know, and I want work out there in the past."

"Until a year had been passed by Ellen in "developing her talent," as she called it, did she start her "what track." It was Ellen's birthday. She was twenty-one, and her uncle Tom was gayly bantering her as his custom.

"Harry stood in your shoes now, Miss Ellen, it would be worth while. But I can't see why girls should ever be twenty-one. They should keep in their teens, you know, while they are girls. Why, there's your mother and your aunt here were married off long before your age. Let's see, Kate; you were only eighteen, and Mary was but seventeen. Why, what are you two about—you and Frank?—nice-looking young women like you, too."

Ellen answered this with great apparent carelessness; and she would never have thought, as she answered, that she was at all disturbed. Frank, who had been playing softly and fitfully at the piano, heard this last remark of Uncle Tom's, bristled, vehement Frank, who looked much younger than Ellen, but who was two years older, swung herself round on the music stool and cried out in her little funny, quick-tempered way:

"How can you talk in that style, Uncle Tom? As if a woman's whole earthly concern was to get married! I don't think you need be so proud of early marriages in our family if another thing and Aunt Mary's did 'turn out well. There's Aunt Harry's; charming match that is, isn't it? And there's, Uncle Dick, great splendid fellow tied to that little doll. You see, if you suppose if Aunt Harry's she waited until she was in her twenties she would have fallen in love with a man who murders the English language every time he opens his mouth? And do you think Uncle Dick would have married only a pretty doll if he had waited until he was a man?"

Uncle Tom Alroy wasn't very much pleased with this sudden attack; and there might have ensued quite a tilt of tongues if Harry had not just then taken in with a "bee in his bonnet" it always burst very noisily without regard for time or place.

"I say, mother, is he burnt out?" Rob Barker's uncle is coming home from Europe, and Rob wants to get a room for him at the West End here. And I told him I guessed he could have Marchant's room. Marchant's going away, you know, next month."

"Mr. Marchant, Harry. Don't get into that flippant way of calling a man twice or three times your age 'Marchant.' It sounds under-bred," reproved Mr. Stanhope.

"Well, Mr. Marchant, then. But about the room, mother?" persisted Harry.

"How old a man is Rob Barker's uncle, Harry?" asked Mrs. Stanhope, thoughtfully.

"Old? Well, he can't be very young; he stands in the place of Rob's father, you know."

"Oh!"

There was a satisfactory note in this "Oh!" which Mr. and Mrs. Alroy understood perfectly; and the moment they were outside the door they commented upon it freely.

"There's another of Kate's queer tricks, Tom," said Mrs. Alroy to her husband. "The idea of her setting her feet against any lodger, entering her house who isn't elderly!"

never made a great thing of what she was doing; never talked about it, and laid before anxious friends her hopes and her fears and her patient womanly virtues. But her mother, who knew what silent courage and persistence she was possessed of, guessed that she had been working hard in many ways for "this thing," and at the last spoke of it in this riant manner to cover her real anxiety and perhaps distaste for it. And so she glanced up quickly at Ellen's information and asked her a plain question, while she watched her with searching eyes.

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