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W. B. MITCHELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The St. Cloud Journal.

VOL. XVI. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1873. NO. 6.

ESTRAY.

STRAYED from Maine Prairie, about the first of May, a RED STEER, three years old, large, white spotted, with large horns. A liberal reward will be paid for the return of the animal to F. Kimball, at Maine Prairie, or to the undersigned at St. Cloud.

JOHN EILEY.

St. Cloud, May 26, 1873. may29-t

A NIGHT SCENE.

The river hurries swiftly onward,
Vainly striving to stay
The shadows that darken her bosom,
And carry them off in her clasp.

The clouds are gathering in huge heaps,
Trying to hide from sight
With their piled-up, sullen masses,
A waning moon's pale light.

By the fitful rays on the shrouded bank,
Two sunken mounds are seen,
Where once two stiff, dead bodies
Were found by the shuddering stream.

No sound breaks the death-like stillness,
Not even a leaf is stirred,
Only the water's low, hoarse murmur,
And the plaint of a wounded bird.

Nature is wrapped in a spectral trance,
A deep and brooding dream
Has fallen, and holds in breathless spell
A grim and ghostly scene:

The wan moon struggling with angry clouds,
Gaunt shadows, and lonely graves;
The single wail of a dying bird,
As it falls in the gloomy waves.

FIVE YEARS.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

It was the day of my marriage. A brilliant day, filled with the bloom of flowers and the caroling of birds. I awoke with the notes of a robin in my ear. As the soft strain pierced the thin veil of morning slumber I felt a pang. What was it? I awoke thoroughly, and realized what it was.

About the room were scattered various articles which were to form a part of my new wardrobe. A gray silk shimmered in the sunshine. A large trunk stood open, revealing glimpses of linen and lace. I sprang out of bed with a confused sense of gathering excitement. It was now six o'clock. At six in the afternoon I was to be married. Our arrangements were completed, and at sunset we should be on our way to my new home for the next five years—the strange Oriental country which all my life had been a subject of fascinated speculation with me. Mr. Ayre would have returned long before, but for his engagement to me; and our wedding-day had been hastened to meet the exigencies of the time which were urgent, news having been received some time previous that Mr. Carle, the partner at Canton, was in the most precarious health.

I was standing by the door consulting with Liz about some matter of dress on that momentous day, not long after I had risen, when Mr. Ayre suddenly appeared, holding an open letter in his hand. His countenance was grave and preoccupied as he said:

"Carle is dead! It is providential that I had arranged to sail in this steamer. I must have gone in spite of every thing, somehow."

The pang at my heart came again. More and more I was waking up to reality. A fearful fate seemed closing about me from which there was no escape. Why had I invited it? Why left to myself to make this choice of isolation? Had I been mad? At least I felt so now. My pulses were beating with heavy throbs, my brain whirled. Mechanically I went through my preparations. Morning ran to noon, and noon to night. I suppose in all these hours I talked, and answered questions much as usual, but I felt in a horrible feverish dream. Thus I found myself standing beside Thorburn Ayre, and heard the piping of the birds, while the sun streamed through the blind-bars, and soft odors of summer wafted in, while farther than all these seemed the voice that was sealing my fate.

"What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

I listened to these words, and knew what they meant. I listened to the words that followed; congratulations and greetings. I felt kisses upon my brow, my cheeks, my lips; but the fearful spell did not break till I entered my room to change my bridal garments. Liz was there pale and watchful of me. I was crimson with fever. As I met her eyes, as I breathed the quietness of that chamber, never more to be mine, the fire burst forth. In a passion of tears and sobs I cried:

"Oh, why did I do this! Why did I marry him! I do not love him. I hate him; and I can not, oh, I can not go from you all with him! I do not know him, I am too young. I am frightened to death! Oh Liz, Liz! my grandmother has done it: not I: I have been in a dream!"

As I said this wildly and bitterly, a flood-tide seemed to mount up from my heart to my brain; my pulses throbbed, a lava stream poured through every vein. Then all sensation stopped. Where was I? Darkness and confusion had settled upon me.

I opened my eyes.

"Is that you, Liz?"

"Oh, Kate!" And Liz, I saw, was crying.

I looked about me. I was lying upon the bed in our little room, and there was an odor of camphor.

"What is it, Liz? What has happened?"

She told me that I had fallen down insensible the day of my wedding.

"My wedding-day? When was it, Liz?"

"It is July now, Kate." And she bent and kissed me.

July! My wedding-day was in May. I wonder where was Mr. Aye—my husband. I said, faintly:

"Tell me all about it, Liz."

And she told me. I had fallen insensible as I stood speaking to her. The long, unnatural strain had at last given way, and I had drifted out into unknown restful regions of spiritual calm. Weeks had passed, and I had been dead to outward life. Where were the actors in that life? I asked the question that was thrilling my heart.

"Where is he—Mr. Ayre, Liz?"

"He had to go, you know; there was no alternative. The physican told him there was no danger of your dying, but that you would probably be ill for a long time. A nervous fever of some kind. Grandmother says that mamma was subject to them after strong excitements."

She paused; then, hesitatingly, "There is a letter for you. When you are able to read it I will—"

But I turned my head away indifferently. I felt no interest in the letter. I cared to look no further than the present; rest was in the present, and freedom. I went to sleep, tranquil and unthinking. I awoke stronger, and with a dawning interest in the affairs of life. I began to question myself. Where was that life to be spent in these present days? Then I asked for my letter. It was a deep July day; a gold sky, an ardent atmosphere, and balmy breaths of summer were all about me as I read:

"DEAR KATE.—You know how imperative is the necessity of my leaving you at this moment, or you will know when you awake to consciousness. I leave you free to act, to live as you think fit. Mr. Calvin will be your business man until my return. Choose your own place of residence, your own companions. Mr. Calvin will assist you faithfully, and acquaint you with the extent of your income. Good-by, and God bless you.

"THORBURN AYRE."

It was an odd note, I thought, for such a long good-by; but then it was written in the brief interval that intervened between the excitement of my sudden illness and the sailing of the steamer. I glowed with gratitude at the wild sense of freedom it conveyed. He was very kind, certainly; and so absorbed was I in the vista that opened before me I forgot the reserve and brevity that conveyed it, and ceased to wonder why he had not mentioned his probable time of return.

Consulting with Mr. Calvin, I found my means far exceeded my wildest expectations. The arrangements that ensued seemed like a fairy-tale to me. I was to live in the old Langdon mansion on the hill that lay between Exham and Rawley. Rawley was then famous for its beaches, and was the resort of the summer. In winter it was the link between town and city, lying between Exham and New York.

I formed my establishment with considerable forethought for a girl of eighteen. My grandmother's prudence had been effective with me. So I wisely chose for a chaperon a middle-aged aunt who was in impoverished circumstances, for my grandmother at once declined my invitation for her to be with me. Her pride was too strong for her to give up the independence of her own home, however poor and scant. But I took Liz, as I had promised in jest long ago.

It was September before we were fairly settled in our new home; but the season was not yet over in Rawley, and I very soon found myself making many new acquaintances through the Carows and the Deerhams, who held high festival for three months at Rawley beach every summer. There I renewed my old friendship with Johnny Carew, and there Ashford Lang and his three brothers, such brilliant, elegant men as I had rarely met, sought our society.

"When does Mr. Ayre return, Mrs. Ayre?" asked Stuart Lang one day, as we stood resting from bowling in the alley. "When?"

How could I tell? Then it first occurred to me that in his few letters my husband did not mention the subject. I never had thought to ask. I put the question aside somehow, and the thought with it.

"You will not think of remaining here all winter?" Ashford took up, as he bent his supple figure. "You will come to New York, and know my sister and mother. They will be back from Europe in a month."

"I don't know; I am so young, and Mr. Ayre away—perhaps—"

Ashford smiled.

"Do you fancy there are such special dangers abroad in New York that you can not escape them—roaring lions going about seeking whom they may devour?"

He lifted his eyebrows, and his smile deepened in amusement as he concluded. I felt foolish and afflicted with *gaucherie* at his words—his manner. In a moment my dress felt ill-made, my hat was unbecoming, my gloves out of place. How stupid I must seem! How little I knew of the world! In books I was well educated; but in the million local topics that are the current coin of all general society, which keep it at brilliant high-pressure, I knew nothing. Always ambitious of knowledge, of all conversational power which places one person *en rapport* with another, I felt defeated, and unsphered as it were. Before the next day I had decided to spend my winter in New York. I looked upon it as a necessary part of my education. I must find myself equal with the world.

My grandmother made no objection, as I fancied she would; she evidently had perfect faith in me, either through her faith in her own training, or in my natural caution and worldliness. She seemed to have relinquished me entirely. I was no more to her than some distant relative.

In New York my life opened more fully. I found that I had many tastes, many qualities which I was before unaware of. Through the Langs I was introduced into society both fine and fashionable. I went out a great deal with Liz, who was by this time a handsome, brilliant young creature, much admired and much sought after.

The winter passed rapidly, then summer again at Langdon Hill, and Mr. Ayre still away, and his coming home indefinite. His letters had begun to lengthen about the time I first went to New York, possibly from the fact that I myself, vivified and amused by my new acquaintances and plans, spoke more fully of myself. Once I asked him when he would return. He answered, vaguely, "When circumstances will allow me." The letters were kind; those of a friend, not a lover or a husband. I saw no particular want in them until one day, Ashford Lang and his sister calling upon me, she said:

"I should think you would want to go out to your husband, Mrs. Ayre. When our Tom was there he was continually sending for Lou."

I suddenly flushed. I had not thought of it before. *My* husband had never sent for me. I had always been aware that there was something rather odd in the circumstances of my married life; but so absorbed had I been in my new freedom, in following out my tastes and inclinations with my ample means, that I forgot or put aside thoughts which in reality were more uninteresting than any others. Words now and then from strangers, like those of Camilla Lang, awakend me. When she made this last remark she lifted her languid eyes with rare interest to my face. I colored, as I have said, and more vividly as I caught the searching glance from Ashford. With effort I said:

"Mr. Ayre may return at any time. The complications arising from the death of Mr. Carle have kept him beyond his expectations. It would be useless for me to attempt the voyage when every thing is so unsettled. Mr.—my husband may return any day."

As I repeated this, again I caught the searching, incredulous look from Ashford Lang. He had noticed my hesitation. I saw him exchange glances with his sister. I felt humiliated. A sense of being neglected and forsaken came over me.

My husband! How strange it all was. How different from others. By comparisons I now began to realize my singular lot. My husband! I said it over and over. Why did he not return. Was it business really, or had he repented his marriage? Why did he not send for me if it was the first? I was not sorry that he did not, but I felt nevertheless neglected.

My husband! That thin, dark, oldish man. I looked at myself that night in my mirror. I was young, fresh; not beautiful like Liz, but attractive. I had a good figure, and a fine air. I was called charming. I was conscious of this as a fact. As I looked I thought of my mate. The thin, dark, oldish man. Who should it have been? Instantly my mind shaped an answer. A man like Ashford Lang. My thought went no farther. I never fancied myself in love with Ashford. He and his three brothers merely served me as models of brilliant, gracious gentlemen. They were not men to carry on intricate flirtations with married women. They were too high-souled for that. Brilliant, gracious gentlemen, as I have said. With them and their sister I learned what fine society meant. I became conversant with the best thoughts, the best books; with art and all splendid accomplishments. Standing before my mirror I thought over all this, and thought myself fit only for such a type of men as they revealed. I sighed. The next moment I heard Liz's gay voice saying good-night to Stuart Lang. There was a new tone in it. I went out and leaned over the balusters. She was standing under the gas, moveless and rapt in a dream; but her face was sad, some deep pain was breaking its girlish smoothness. Was she in love, and with Stuart Lang? Then I ran rapidly over my memory for favorable signs on his part. I felt sure that it was a mutual attachment. Why that look of pain then? A little love-cloud, I reasoned. To-morrow or the next day I should have him claiming audience of me. But to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, and the next—a month or more, and Stuart Lang claimed no audience of me. I was disappointed. There could never come such another gallant fellow for Liz. My type for all that was noble and manly.

Months passed, I asked no questions, she told me nothing, but her cheek thinned, and the look of pain broke through when her face was still. One day I found her crying in her chamber. Then I swept reserve away.

"Liz, dear, what is it between you and Stuart Lang? He loves you; you love him."

She turned and faced me. Never shall I forget her look. It was so deep and wise for so young a girl.

"He loves me, and I love him," was the reply, "but he will never ask me to marry him."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Kate, did you never find out that the ruling power through the Lang family is a passive kind of self-indulgence. They have no will to conquer, to make new conditions; they accordingly accept circumstance for fate, and it overcomes them. I am poor. Stuart Lang has nothing by himself; living with his family he lives elegantly. Do you think for a moment he would consider it possible for him to make his own future? He hates business, he has no interest in professions, he is not a worker any way. He can never do any thing; and he is but twenty-three."

Ceasing, a shadow of bitterness passed over her face, and a faint sigh fluttered forth from her lips.

I was overwhelmed with the truth of what she said. At once I saw that this analyzation was as true for one as for another. Where, then, was my type of manhood that I was sure I had found in these brothers. Always had I cherished the idea of a masculine character firm and enduring, and strong to conquer circumstances. This was my special point, my most vivid expectation of a man's character. The one quality I considered absolutely indispensable to form a rounded nature. Without it, I could not believe in its strength. Incompleteness mastered and overcame all else.

After this confession of Liz's I made up my mind to go away from New York. Her pale face haunted me. My own disappointment, and that feeling of desolation, of being adrift in our minds, cut off from all the old landmarks of belief, as it were, influenced me in this choice. We went back to Exham for a while; but there, in a few weeks, the Langs appeared upon the scene, and again resumed something of their wonted charm. Liz grew restless under it. Fever burned in her cheeks and in her eyes.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

FARMERS' ASSOCIATIONS.

Thomas Wright calls the working-men "our new masters," meaning, for the most part, mechanics and their helpers. It is folly to despise or disparage the working-men in this limited sense, and no wise or good man can fail to wish them all substantial emancipation and welfare. But the largest and most important class of workers are the farming class and their associates. The land is our great heritage, and the true use of it is our most essential need. Our people ought to be trained for this more thoroughly, and there are signs all over the world of the awakening of the farming interest to its rights and its duties. The mechanics have made more mark upon public opinion, perhaps, because they hang together more closely, and live in towns—and cities, where they readily combine with money and fellow-feeling, and have access to the press and public agitation. The mechanics have done a great work for modern liberty, and their guilds have been for ages mighty powers in the struggle against the old feudalism. Some of the associations formed by them still alarm the organs of despotism, and the ultramontane papers speak with anxiety of the warfare of the trowel against the cross, and some somber moralists share their solicitude. They that use the plow and the pruning-hook can not tend to any such warfare; and so far as we have read the proceedings of the granges of husbandry that are rising by thousands among our farmers, they promise well for the future of the tillers of the ground and for the nation at large. It is well for them to guard themselves against the grasping policy of the middle men, who come between them and the markets, and take more than their share of the farmer's profits, and exact more than their due for the manufacturer's products. It is well that they seek to take their crops more readily and cheaply to the market, or to bring the market nearer to their crops. What, perhaps, is the most remarkable feature in their present movement is their eagerness for more fellowship, more connection with each other and the press, and all the helps and incentives of society, art and literature. It is a great thing for those who own and till the soil to bring true soul to their work, and even in the symbols and costumes of their associations to show their respect for themselves and for their calling. It is well that women as well as men join in this movement, and out of all this ceremonial of the crook and pruning-hook, the sash and pouch, some substantial grain for agriculture in ideal dignity and social refinement will be won. Who knows how much the Ceres, Flora, and Pomona of the grange may do to give woman a style of dress that is good for something besides mere show, and which may join use with beauty in the future of the sex? The farm surely has all the elements of the beautiful if they are only sought out, and orchards, groves, lawns, flowers, brooks, rocks, hills, and lakes, offer charms that need only good taste and social sympathy to exalt them into agencies of culture and festivals of joy. How wise it is to give the farmers the dressing of the church once a year, as is sometimes done, and what harvest-homes our America would show next November if every farming village would do its best to adorn its temple with the fruits that crown the year! But this is a great matter, and we have only a passing word for it now.

—*Harper's Magazine for August.*

—A young man from the country slapped a big copper cent under the nose of the stamp clerk at the Troy post-office the other day, saying:—"I guess I'll take one of them 'eer pastoral cards, Mister!"

MELANCHOLY MISTAKE.

Mr. Cobleigh's Sunday Morning Exercise—Caught Out on a Fowl.

From the Danbury News.

Mr. Cobleigh, of Nelson, bought three hens on Saturday night, and put them under a box until he could build a coop. Sunday morning he saw one of them in the street, and bestowing a brief curse on the somebody who had overturned the box and jeopardized his property, he started out after it, to drive it back into the yard. It took fifteen minutes to convince him that the hen could not be driven into the yard, and then he attempted to catch it. Three times he rose up with his hands full of feathers, and his chin full of sand, but still the hen eluded him. Once he got it cornered, and thought sure he had it, but it flew straight up over his head, and flapped its wings in his face, and filled his eyes with dust. Oh, how mad Mr. Cobleigh was! It was Sunday morning. The bells were ringing, people were going to church, and there he was in the street, with no coat or hat on, and with nothing but slippers on his feet, and every once in a while one of them would come off and fly through the air, and his naked foot would come in contact with the cruel gravel, before he could stop himself. Then he would have to hop back on one foot after that slipper, while the hen stood on the walk and cloeuted, and the little Sunday school children stopped and laughed, and their parents reproved them and laughed, too. Finally the hen got away from him and started down street at a wonderful speed for a hen, and he started after her, his face redder than ever, and every time he cleared a rod he would stop and hop back two after one of those slippers. When he reached the corner of Essex street, he jumped out of both slippers at once, but instead of stopping to go back he picked up a stick of wood, and kept on. Then as the hen dodged into a gateway he hurled the stick, and broke the leg of a strange dog, who added its piercing "ki-yi" to the entertainment. But Cobleigh didn't stop. He tore into the yard after his property in his bare feet, and chased the hen into a woodpile and caught it, just as the owner of the premises came out and wanted to know what Cobleigh was going to do with his hen, and what he meant, anyway, by getting drunk and kicking up such a hullabaloo in a peaceful neighborhood. Cobleigh first thought he would knock the man down with an axe, and what he could not eat of him bury under a barn, but the new comer succeeded in proving to Cobleigh that the hen was his, and then the miserable man burst into tears and limped back home, where he found his three hens under the box.

MRS. CAUDLE SILENCED.

The Brantford (Canada) *Courier* tells of a gentleman of that town who recently tried an experiment which he says has completely cured his wife of jealousy. He says he was subject to a nightly curtain lecture from his bette half, at a time when he wished to be wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, for returning an affection for an old lady friend. He bore it for several nights with a Christian-like resignation, but he at last devised a plan for putting an end to it. He procured a piece of wood formed in the shape of a human being, and dressed it in some of his wife's wardrobe, and then placed it in the garden, sitting in an arm chair. To this garden image he knelt down and poured forth impassioned addresses. The servant girl was standing at the kitchen-door at this time, and overheard these appeals. She immediately notified her mistress of the fact. Presently both of them emerged from the kitchen, armed with broomsticks, and made an attack upon the "dummy woman," while the husband who had retired in good order, sat at the back enjoying the scene. After knocking the inage down, they pounced upon and tore the clothing in rags. They soon discovered the cheat, and rushed into the house terribly mortified. The husband followed them and said exasperating things. Whenever she shows any disposition to be jealous he has only to mention the little scene in the garden, and she changes the topic. The servant has since been induced to go to the States, where the "wages are high."

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

The *Christian Union* (H. W. Beecher,) speaking of the speech of Professor Agassiz, at the opening of the Anderson School of Natural History, says: After a few opening words, felicitously suited to put all their minds into fellowship, Agassiz said, tenderly, and with touching frankness: "I think we have need of help. I do not feel that I can call on any one here to ask a blessing for us. I know I would not have any body pray for us at this moment. I ask you for a moment to pray for yourselves." Upon this the great scientist—in an age in which so many other great scientists have concluded that praying is quite an unscientific and entirely useless proceeding—bowed his head reverently; his pupils and friends did the same; and there, in a silence that was very solemn and very beautiful, each spirit was free to crave of the Great Spirit the blessing that was needed. For our part, it seems to us that this scene of Agassiz and his pupils with heads bowed in silent prayer for the blessing of the God of Nature to be given to that school then opened for the study of nature, is a spectacle for some great artist to spread out worthily upon canvass, and to be kept alive in the memories of mankind.

—Two Peoria boys filled their fond father's pipe with gunpowder, and just after the display of fire-works the old gentleman called up his class in dancing and kept time with the halter-strap.