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JOHN RILEY.

St. Cloud, May 26, 878.

May 29-t

FEEGUS FALLS, MINNESOTA.

The St. Cloud Sournal.

VOL. XVI. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1873.

MINNEAPOLIS. The names given in this column are those of the largest and most reliable house in theirse erallines of business in Minnespolis.

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JOHN W. SCOTT, Land Com., L. L. & G. R. R. CO., Lawrence, Kan. april-24

A NIGHT SCENE. The river hurries swiftly onward Value striving to grass the shadows that deplen her becom And carry them of in her class.

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 subken mounds are seen, Where once two stiff dead bodies Were found by the shuddering stream

No sound breaks the death-like stillness. Only the water's low, hourse murmus And the plaint of a wounded bird. Nature is wrapped in a spectral trance,

A deep and brooding dream las fallen, and holds in breathless spel A grim and gheetly scene: The wan moon struggling with angry clouds The single wail of a dying tird, As it falls in the gloomy waves

FIVE YEARS.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK. It was the day of my marriage. A orilliant day, filled with the bloom of flowers and the caroling of birds. I awoke with the notes of a robin in my

me as I read: car. 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

my new wardrobe. A gray silk shimmered in the sunshine. A large trunk 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 ex-

igencies of the time which were urgent.

health.

news having been received some time previous that Mr. Carle, the partner at Canton, was in the most precarious

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 aunt who was in impoverished circum- he not send for me if it was the first? reality. A fearful fate seemed closing about me from which there was no es- declined my invitation for her to be felt nevertheless neglected. cape. Why had I invited it? Why with me. Her pride was too strong left to myself to make this choice of tor her to give up the independence of isolation? Had I been mad? At least her own home, however poor and scant. in my mirror. I was young, fresh; I felt so now. My pulses were beating But I took Liz, as I had promised in not beautiful like Liz, but attractive. with heavy throbs, my brain whirled. jest long ago. Mechanically I went through my preparations. Morning ran to noon, and fairly settled in our new home; but the of this as a fact. As I looked I thought 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 high festival for three months at Raw- went no farther. I never fancied myheard the piping of the birds, while the sun streamed through the blindbars, 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 kissee 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 thought with it, her eyes, as I breathed the quietness "You will not think of remaining

the fire burst forth. In a passion of tears and sobs I cried : I marry him ! I do not love him. I and mother. They will be back from 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 Lis, Lis! my

of that chamber, never more to be mine,

grandmother has done it : not 1 : I have been in a dream !" As I said this wildly and bitterly, 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

had settled upon me. I opened my eyes. "Is that you, Lis?" "Ob, Kate !" And Lis, I saw, was

Where was 1? Darkness and confusion

I looked about me. I was lying up on the bed in our little room, and there was an odor of camphor. "What is it, Lis? What has happen-

She told me that I had fallen down insensible the day of my wedding. "My wedding-day? When was it

"It is July now, Kate." And she

bent and kissed me. July! My wedding-day I wonder where was Mr. Aye-my with the world. husband. I said, faintly : "Tell me all about it, Lis."

calm. Weeks had passed, and I had tant relative.

been dead to outward life. Where were the actors in that life? I asked the fully, I found that I had many tastes, Lang has nothing by himself; living the hen could not be driven into the question that was thrilling my heart. "Where is he Mr. Ayre, Lie?"

long time A nervous fever of some admired and much sought after. kind. Grandmother says that mamma was subject to them after strong excite- mer again at Langdon Hill, and Mr.

She paused; then, hesitatingly, are able to read it I will-"

But I turned my head away indiffer-I cared to look no further than the more fully of myself. Once I asked manhood that I was sure I had found of them would come off and fly through freedom. I went to sleep, tranquil and swered, vaguely, "When circumstances ished the idea of a masculine character in contact with the cruel gravel, beunthinking. I awoke stronger, and will allow me." The letters were kind; firm and enduring, and strong to con- fore he could stop himself. Then he with a dawning interest in the affairs of life. I began to question myself, band! I saw no particular want in Where was that life to be spent in them until one day, Ashford Lang and tion of a man's character The one these present days? Then I asked for his sister calling upon me, she said : my letter. It was a deep July day; a gold sky, an ardent atmosphere, and go out to your husband, Mrs. Ayre. balmy breaths of summer were all about When our Tom was there he was con-

"THORBURN AYBE."

sudden illness and the sailing of the face. I colored, as I have said, and teamer. I glowed with gratitude at more vividly as I caught the searching the wild sense of freedem it conveyed. glance from Ashford. With effort He was very kind, cortainly; and so said: probable time of return.

sort of the summer. In winter it was en came over me. between Exham and New York.

It was September before we were was called charming. I was conscious season was not yet over in Rawley, of my mate. The thin, dark, oldish and I very soon found myself making man. Who should it have been? Inmany new acquaintances through the stantly my mind shaped an answer. A Carows and the Deerhams, who held man like Ashford Lang. My thought lev beach every summer. There I re- self in love with Ashford. He and his newed my old friendship with Johnny three brothers merely served me as Carew, and there Ashford Lang and models of brilliant, gracious gentlemen. his three brothers, such brilliant, ele- They were not men to carry on intri-

our society. "When does Mr. Ayre return, Mrs. Brilliant, gracious gentlemen, as I have Ayre?" asked Stuart Lang one day, as said. With them and their sister I we stood resting from bowling in the learned what fine society meant. I be-

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

here all winter?" Ashford took up, as he bent his supple figure. "You will "Oh, why did I do this! Why did come to New York, and know my sister

> "I don't know; I am so young, and love, and with Stuart Lang? Then I of their associations to show their re-Mr. Agre away-perhaps-" Ashford smiled.

"Do you fancy there are such special sure that it was a mutual attachment." dangers abroad in New York that you Why that look of pain then? A little can not escape them-roaring lions go- love-cloud, I reasoned. To-morrow or ing about seeking whom they may de- the next day I should have him claimvour ?"

He lifted his eyebrows, and his smile and the next day, and the next, and deepened in amusement as he conclud- the next-a month or more, and Stuart gaucherie at his words—his manner. was disappointed. There could never In a moment my dress felt ill-made, my come such another gallant tellow for hat was unbecoming, my gloves out of Liz. My type for all that was noble place. How stupid I must seem ! How | and manly. little I knew of the world! In books I Months passed, I asked no questions was well educated; but in the million she told me nothing, but her cheek local topics that are the current coin of thinned, and the look of pain broke all general society, which keep it at through when her face was still. One brilliant high-pressure, I knew nothing. day I found her crying in her chamber. Always ambitious of knowledge, of all Then I swept reserve away. conversational power which places one person en rapport with another, I telt and Stuart Lang? He loves you; you defeated, and unsphered as it were. love him." Before the next day I had decided to She turned and faced me. Never

My grandmother made no objection, as I fancied she would; she evidently And she told me. I had fallen in- had perfect faith in me, either through

many qualities which I was before un- with his family he lives elegantly. Do yard, and then he attempted to catch sware of. Through the Langs I was you think for a moment he would con-"He had to go, you know; there was introduced into society both fine and sider it possible for him to make his hands full of feathers, and his chia

so alternative. The physican told him fashionable. I went out a great deal own future? He hates business, he full of sand, but still the hen eluded there was no danger of your dying, but with Liz, who was by this time a hand- has no interest in professions, he is not him. Once he got it cornered, and that you would probably be ill for a some, brilliant young creature, much a worker any way. He can never do thought sure he had it, but it flew The winter passed rapidly, then sum- three."

Ayre still away, and his coming home indefinite. His letters had begun to There is a letter for you. When you lengthen about the time I first went to New York, possibly from the fact that I myself, vivified and amused by my ently. I felt no interest in the letter. new acquaintances and plans, spoke another. Where, then, was my type of his feet, and every once in a while one present; rest was in the present, and him when he would return. He an- in these brothers. Always had I cher- the air, and his naked foot would come those of a friend, not a lover or a hus-"I should think you would want to

tiqually sending for Lon." and overcame all else. "DEAR KATE .- You know how im- I suddenly flushed. I had not perative is the necessity of my leaving thought of it before. My husband had up my mind to go away from New you at this moment, or you will know never sent for me. I had always been York. Her pale face haunted me. My when you awake to consciousness. I leave you free to act, to live as you think fit. Mr. Calvin will be your life but so shoothed had I been in my minds, cut off from all the old landarticles which were to form a part of business man until my return. Choose life; but so absorbed had I been in my minds, cut off from all the old land-street, he jumped out of both slippers your own place of residence, your own new freedom, in following out my tastes marks of belief, as it were, influenced at once, but instead of stopping to go companions. Mr. Calvin will assist and inclinations with my ample means, the extent of your income. Goodshy that I forgot or put aside thoughts Exham for a while; but there, in a stood open, revealing glimpees of linen the extent of your income. Good-by, which in reality were more uninterest- few weeks, the Lange appeared upon to a gateway he hurled the stick, and ing than any others. Words now and the scene, and again resumed some- broke the leg of a strange dog, who It was an odd note, I thought, for then from strangers, like these of Ca- thing of their wonted charm. Liz added its piercing "ki-yi" to the entersuch a long good-by; but then it was mills Lang, awakend me. When she grew restless under it. Fever burned tainment. But Cobleigh didn't stop. writton in the brief interval that in- made this last remark she lifted her in her cheeks and in her eyes. tervened between the excitement of my languid eyes with rare interest to my

absorbed was I in the vista that open- "Mr. Ayre may return at any time ed before me I forgot the reserve and The complications arising from the brevity that conveyed it, and ceased to death of Mr. Carle have kept him be wonder why he had not mentioned his youd his expectations. It would be useless for me to attempt the voyage Consulting with Mr. Calvin, I found when every thing is so unsettled. Mr. my means far exceeded my wildest ex- - my husband may return any day." poctations. The arrangements that enand seemed like a fairy-tale to me. I the searching, incredulous look from was to live in the old Langdon man- Ashford Lang. He had noticed my ing with Liz about some matter of dress sion on the hill that lay between Ex- hesitation. I saw him exchange glanon that momentous day, not long after ham and Rawley. Rawley was then ces with his sister. I felt humiliated. famous for its beaches, and was the re- A sense of being neglected and forsak-

> the link between town and city, lying My husband! How strange it all was. How different from others. By I formed my establishment with con- comparisons I now began to realize my siderable forethought for a girl of eigh- singular lot. My husband! I said it teen. My grandmother's prudence had over and over. Why did he not rebeen effective with me. So I wisely turn. Was it business really, or had chose for a chaperon a middle-aged he repented his marriage? Why did stances, for my grandmother at once I was not sorry that he did not, but I

cess 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 My husband! That thin, dark, oldthe struggle against the old feudalism. ish man. I looked at myself that night Some of the associations formed by them still alarm the organs of despotism, and the ultramontane papers speak I had a good figure, and a fine air. I 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 pruping-hook can not tend to any such wartare: and so far as we have read the roceedings 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 gant men as I had rarely met, sought cate flirtations with married women. the grasping policy of the middle men, They were too high-souled for that. 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 came conversant with the best thoughts, products. It is well that they seek to the best books; with art and all splentake their crops more readily and cheaply to the market, or to bring the my mirror I thought over all this, and market nearer to their crops. What, thought myself fit only for such a type perhaps, is the most remarkable feature of men as they revealed. I sighed. in their present movement is their The next moment I heard Liz's gay eagerness for more fellowship, more voice saying good-night to Stuart connection with each other and the Lang. There was a new tone in it. I press, and all the helps and incentives high." went out and leaned over the balusters. of society, art and literature. It is a She was standing under the gas, moveless and rapt in a dream; but her face great thing for those who own and till the soil to bring true soul to their work, was sad, some deep pain was breaking and even in the symbols and costumes its girlish smoothness. Was she in

the Ceres, Flora, and Pomona of the ed. I felt foolish and afflicted with Lang claimed no audience of me. I grange may do to give woman a style f 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 in-

ran rapidly over my memory for spect 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

to agencies of culture and festivals et

joy. How wise it is to give the farm-

ers the dressing of the church once a

year, as is sometimes done, and what

-Harper's Magazine for August.

-A young man from the country

"Lis, dear, what is it between you

favorable signs on his part. I felt

ing audience of me. But to-morrow,

spend my winter in New York. I shall I forget her look. It was so looked upon it as a necessary part of deep and wise for so young a girl. tion. I must find myself some "He loves me, and I love him." the reply, "but he will never ask me to year! But this is a great matter, and we have only a passing word for it now. marry bim."

"Kate, did you never find out that

"Why, what do you mean?"

The long, unnatural strain had at last natural caution and worldliness. She family is a passive kind of self-indul- nose of the stamp clerk at the Troy after the display of fire-works the old given way, and I had drifted out into seemed to have relinquished me entire- gence. They have no will to conquer, post-office the other day, saying :- "I gentleman called up his class in dancunknown restful regions of spiritual ly. I was no more to her than some dis- to make new conditions; they accord- guess I'll take one of them 'eer pastor- ing and kept time with the halteringly accept circumstance for fate, and | cal cards, Mister!"

MELANCHOLY MISTAKE.

Mr. Cobleigh's Sunday Morning Exer-cise-Caught Out on a Fowl.

From the Danbury News.

NO. 6.

tered forth from her lips.

any thing; and he is but twenty. straight up over his head, and flapped

ed over her face, and a faint sigh flut- Cobleigh was! It was Sunday morn-

Ceasing, a shadow of bitterness pass. eyes with dust. Oh, how mad Mr.

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 In New York my life epened more it overcomes them. I am poor. Stuart fifteen minutes to convince him that

its wings in his face, and filled his

ing. The bells were ringing, people I was overwhelmed with the truth of were going to church, and there he what she said. At once I saw that this was in the street, with no coat or hat analyzation was as true for one as for on, and with nothing but slippers on quer circumstances. This was my would have to hop back on one foot afspecial point, my most vivid expecta- ter that slipper, while the hen stood on the walk and elocuted, and the little quality I considered absolutely indis-Sunday school children stopped and laughed, and their parents reproved pensable to form a rounded nature. Without it, I could not believe in its them and laughed, too. Finally the hen got away from him and started strength. Incompleteness mastered down street at a wonderful speed for a hen, and he started after her, his face After this confession of Liz's I made 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

He tore into the yard after his property in his bare feet, and chased the hen in-(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.) to a woodpile and caught it, just as the FARMERS' ASSOCIATIONS.

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 awaken-

ing 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 ac-

owner of the premises came out and wanted to know what Cobleigh was Thomas Wright calls the workinggoing to do with his hen, and what he men "our new masters," meaning, for meant, anyway, by getting drunk and the most part, mechanics and their kicking up such a hullabaloo in a helpers. It is folly to despise or dispeaceful neighborhood. Cobleigh first parage the working-men in this limited thought he would knock the man down sense, and no wise or good man can with an axe, and what he could not fail to wish them all substantial emaneat of him bury under a barn, but the cipation and welfare. But the largest new comer succeeded in proving to Cobleigh that the hen was his, and The land is our great heritage, and the

tears and limped back home, where

he found his three hens under the

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 PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

The servant has since been induced to

go to the States, where the "wages are

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 seene of Agassiz and his pupils with heads bowed in siharvest-homes our America would show lent prayer for the blessing of the God next November if every farming vil- of Nature to be given to that school lege would do its best to adorn its then opened for the study of nature, is temple with the fruits that crown the a spectacle for some great artist t spread out worthily upon canvass, and to be kept alive in the memories of mankind.

-Two Peoria boys filled their fond sensible as I stood speaking to her. her faith in her own training, or in my the ruling power through the Lang slapped a big copper cent under the father's pipe with gunpowder, and just

DEFECTIVE PAGE