St. Cloud Journal.

Published Every Thursday,
AT ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.

Office--Corner of Washington Avenue and St. Germain Street.

W. B. MITCHELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION:
TWO DOLLARS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

An Extra Copy will be sent GRATIS to the getter up of a club of Five Subscribers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Square.	1 w	2 w	3 w	2 m	3 m	6 m	1 yr
1 "	1 00	1 50	2 00	4 25	6 00	10 00	15 00
2 "	1 75	2 75	3 50	5 00	8 00	14 00	22 50
3 "	2 50	3 25	4 50	8 25	11 00	18 00	30 00
4 "	3 25	4 75	6 25	10 00	12 50	22 50	33 00
¼ col.	4 75	7 00	9 25	12 00	16 50	30 00	40 00
½ "	6 00	9 00	11 00	14 00	22 50	37 50	52 50
¾ "	7 50	11 25	14 00	25 00	30 00	45 00	75 00
1 "	1100	16 50	20 00	40 00	50 00	75 00	125 00

1. Legal and Government advertisements, 75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 37½ cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

2. Attorneys ordering in legal advertisements are regarded as accountable for the cost of the same, unless there is a special agreement to charge the same to another party. Payment in all cases to be made in advance or upon delivery of the affidavit.

3. Local Notices, 15 cents per line to transient, and 10 cents per line to regular advertisers.

4. Notice of death [simple announcement] 25 cents; obituary notices, 5 cents per line; marriage notices 50 cents.

5. Special place and double column advertisements to be inserted at rates agreed upon.

6. Yearly advertisers to pay quarterly.

7. Strangers must pay in advance, or give satisfactory references.

JOB PRINTING

Of all kinds, plain or colored, executed on short notice, in the best style, and at St. Paul prices.—Printing done in German and Norwegian, as well as in English, and warranted to give satisfaction.

The St. Cloud Journal.

VOL. XVII. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1874. NO. 5.

EPITHALAMIUM.

A hare-bell held its slender cup
To the azure blue of heaven,
The azure tinged, and filled it up,
With its hue from Nature given!
And thus two hues grew into one,
Nursed by showers and genial sun.

A dew-drop, prismed on quiv' ring spray,
Hung in dyes of amethyst,
Beneath it bloomed a flowret gay,
And the dew the flower kissed,
A flowret rare and sparkling dew
Together mingle, pure and true.

I saw two waves on ocean's breast,
'Neath a cloudless, noonday sun,
And joyous moved they without rest,
Till they floated on in one.
May thus thy wedded joys unite
And blend, in Heaven's pure light.

A BRACE OF BOYS.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Daniel knew how much his parents wished him to make a figure in the world and only blamed himself for his failure, magnanimously forgetting that they had crushed out the faculties which enable a man to mint the small change of everyday society to the exclusive cultivation of such as fit him for smelting the ponderous ingots. With that merciful blindness which alone prevents all our lives from becoming a horror of nerveless self-reproach, his parents were equally unaware of their share in the harm done him, ascribing to delicate organization the fact that, at an age when love runs riot in all healthy blood, he could not see a Balmoral without his cheeks rivaling the most vivid stripe in it. They flattered themselves that he would outgrow his bashfulness; but Daniel had no such hope, and frequently confided in me that he thought he should never marry at all.

About two hours after Bill's disappearance under his mother's convoy the defender of the oppressed returned to my room bearing the dog under his arm. His cheeks shone with washing like a pair of waxy spitzenbergs, and other indignities had been offered him to the extent of the comb and brush. He also had a whole jacket on.

"Well, Billy," said I, "what are you going to do with your dog?"

"I don't know what I'm a-going to do. I've a great mind to be a bad, disobedient boy with him, and *not* have my days long in the land which the Lord my God giveth me!"

"'Oh, Billy."

"I can't help it. They won't be long if I don't mind ma, she says; and she wants me to be mean, and put Crab out in the street to have Patsy catch him and tie coffee-pots to his tail. I—I—I"

Here my small nephew dug his fist into his eye and looked down.

I told Billy to stop where he was, and went to intercede with Lu. She was persuaded to entertain the angels of magnanimity and heroism in the disguise of a young fighting character, and accept my surety for the behavior of his dog. Billy and I also obtained permission to go out together and be gone the entire afternoon. We put Crab on a comfortable bed of rags in an old shoe-box, and then strolled hand in hand across that most delightful of New York breathing-places, Stuyvesant Square.

"Uncle Teddy!" exclaimed Billy with ardor, "I wish I could do something to show you how much I think of you for being so good to me. I don't know how—would it make you happy if I was to learn a hymn for you—a smashing big hymn—six verses, long metre, and no grumbling?"

"No, Billy; you make me happy enough just by being a good boy."

"Oh, Uncle Teddy!" replied Billy, decidedly, "I'm afraid I can't do it. I've tried so often, and I always make such an awful mess of it."

"Perhaps you get discouraged too easily—"

"Well, if a savings bank won't do it there ain't any chance for a boy. I got father to get me a savings bank once, and began being good just as hard as ever I could for three cents a day. Every night I got 'em I put 'em in reg'lar, and sometimes I'd keep being good three whole days running. That made a sight of money, I tell you. Then I'd do something, ma said, to kick my pail of milk over, and those nights I didn't get any thing. I used to put in most of my marble and candy-money too."

"What were you going to do with it."

"It was for an Objeck, Uncle Teddy. That's a kind of Indian, you know, that eats people and wants the gospel. That's what pa says, any way; I didn't ever see one."

"Well, didn't that make you happy—to help the poor little heathen children?"

"That's just it, Uncle Teddy; they never got a cent of it. One time I was good so long I got scared. I was afraid I'd never want to fly my kite on the roof again, or go any where where I oughtn't or have any fun. I couldn't see any use of going and saving all my money to send out to the Objecks, if it was going to make good boys of 'em. It was awful hard for me to have to be a good boy, and it must be worse for them 'cause they ain't used to it. So when there wasn't any body up stairs I went and shook a lot of pennies out of my chimney and bought ever so much taffy, and marbles, and pop-corn. Was that awful mean, Uncle Teddy?"

The question involved such complications that I hesitated. Before I could decide what to answer, Billy continued:

"Ma said it was robbing the heathen, and didn't I get it! I thought if it was robbing I'd have a cop after me."

"What's a 'cop?'"

"That's what the boys call a policeman, Uncle Teddy, and then I should be taken away, put in an awful black place under ground, like Johnny Wilson, when he broke Mrs. Perkins's window. I was scared, I tell you! But I didn't get any thing worse than a whipping, and having my savings bank taken away from me with all that was left in it. I haven't tried to be good since, much."

We now got into a Broadway stage going down, and being unable on account of the noise to converse further upon those spiritual conflicts of Billy's which so much interested me, amused ourselves with looking out until just as we reached the Astor House, when he asked me where we were going.

"Where do you guess?" said I.

He cast a glance through the front window, and his face became irradiated. Oh, there's nothing like the simple, cheap luxury of pleasing a child, to create sunshine enough for the chasing away of the bluest adult devils!

"We're going to Barnum's!" said Billy, involuntarily clapping his hands.

So we were—and, much as stuck-up people pretended to look down on the place, I frequently am. Not only so, but I always see that class largely represented there when I do go. To be sure they always make believe that they only visit it to amuse the children, or because they've country cousins visiting them, and never fail to refer to the vulgar set one finds there, and the fact of the animals smelling like any thing but Jockey Club; yet I notice that after they've been in the hall three minutes they're as much interested as any of the people they come to poh-poh, and only put on the high-bred air when they fancy some one of their own class is looking at them. I boldly acknowledge that I go because I like it. I am especially happy, to be sure, if I have a child along to go into ecstacies, and give me a chance, by asking questions, for the exhibition of that fund of information which is said to be one of my chief charms in the social circle, and on several occasions has led that portion of the public immediately about the Happy Family into the erroneous impression that I was Mr. Barnum explaining his 500,000 curiosities.

On the present occasion we found several visitors of the better class in the room devoted to the Aquarium. Among these was a young lady apparently about nineteen, in a tight-fitting basque of black velvet which showed her elegant figure to fine advantage, a skirt of garnet silk looped up over a pretty Balmoral, and the daintiest imaginable pair of kid walking-boots. Her height was a trifle over the medium—her eyes a soft expressive brown, shaded by masses of hair which exactly matched their color, and, at that rat-and-miceless day, fell in such graceful abandon as to show at once that nature was the only maid who crimped their waves into them. Her complexion was rosy with health and sympathetic enjoyment; her mouth was faultless, her nose sensitive, her manners full of refinement, and her voice musical as a wood-robin's, when she spoke to the little boy of six at her side to whom she was revealing the palace of the great show-king. Billy and I were flattening our noses against the abode of the balloon-fish, and determining whether he looked most like a horse-chestnut burr or a ripe cucumber, when his eyes and my own simultaneously fell on the child and lady. In a moment, to Billy, the balloon-fish was as though he had not been.

"That's a pretty little boy!" said I. And then I asked Billy one of those senseless routine questions which must make children look at us, regarding the scope of our intellects very much as we look at bushmen.

"How would you like to play with him?"

"Him!" replied Billy, scornfully, "that's his first pair of boots; see him pull up his little breeches to show the red tops to 'em! But, Crackey! isn't *she* a smasher!"

After that we visited the wax figures and the sleepy snakes, the learned seal and the glass-blowers, every where enjoying what we saw all the more because that beautiful girl and child were not far from us. Whenever we passed from one room into another, Billy could be caught looking anxiously to see if they were coming too.

Time fails me to describe how Billy was lost in astonishment at the Lightning Calculator—wanted me to beg the secret of that prodigy for him to do his sums by—finally thought he had discovered it, and resolved to keep his arm whirling all the time he studied his arithmetic lesson the next morning. Equally inadequate is it to relate in full how he became so confused among the wax-works that he pinched the solemnest showman's legs to see if he was real, and perplexed the beautiful Circassian to the verge of idiocy by telling her he had read all about the way they sold girls like her in his geography.

We had reached the stairs to the subterranean chamber in which the Behemoth of Holy Writ was wallowing about without a thought of the dignity which one expects from a canonical character. Billy had always languished upon his memories of this diverting beast, and I stood ready to see him plunge headlong the moment that he read the sign-board at the head of the stairs. When he paused and hesitated there, not seeming at all anxious to go down till he saw the pretty girl and the child following after—a sudden intuition flashed across me. Could it be possible that Billy was caught in that vortex which whirled me down at ten years—a little boy's first love?

We were lingering about the elliptical basin, and catching occasional glimpses between bubles of a vivified hair trunk of monstrous compass, whose knobby lid opened at one end and showed a red morocco lining, when the pretty girl, in leaning over to point out the rising monster, dropped into the water one of her little gloves, and the swash made by the hippopotamus drifted it close under Billy's hand. Either in play or as a mere coincidence the animal followed it. The other children about the tank screamed and started back as he bumped his nose against the side; but Billy manfully bent down and grabbed the glove not an inch from one of his big tusks, then marched round the tank and presented it to the lady with a chivalry of manner in one of his years quite surprising.

"That's a real nice boy—you said so, didn't you, Lottie? and I wish he'd come and play with me," said the little fellow by the young lady's side, as Billy turned away, gracefully thanked, to come back to me with his cheeks roseate with blushes.

As he heard this Biliy idled along the edge of the tank for a moment, then faced about and said.

"P'raps I will some day—where d'you live?"

"I live on East Seventeenth Street with papa—and Lottie stays there too now—she's my cousin—where d'you live?"

"Oh, I live close by—right on that big green square, where I guess the nurse takes you once in a while," said Billy, patronizingly. Then, looking up pluckily at the young lady, he added, "I never saw you out there."

"No, Jimmy's papa has only been in his new house a little while, and I've just come to visit him."

"Say, will you come and play with me sometime?" chimed in the inextinguishable Jimmy. "I've got a cooking stove—for real fire—and blocks and a ball with a string."

Billy, who belonged to a club for the practice of the great American game, and was what A. Ward would call the most superior battist among the I. G. B. B. C., or "Infant Giants," smiled from that altitude upon Jimmy, but promised to go and play with him the next Saturday afternoon.

Late that evening, after we had got home and dined, as I sat in my room over Pickwick with a sedative cigar, a gentle knock at the door told of Daniel. I called "Come in!" and entering with a slow, dejected air he sat down by my fire. For ten minutes he remained silent, though occasionally looking up as if about to speak, then dropping his head again to ponder on the coals. Finally I laid down Dickens and spoke myself.

"You don't seem well to-night, Daniel?"

"I don't feel very well, uncle."

"What's the matter, my boy?"

"Oh—ah—I don't know. That is, I wish had words to tell you."

I studied him for a few moments with kindly curiosity, then answered.

"Perhaps I can save you the trouble by cross-examining it out of you. Let's try the method of elimination. I know that you're not harassed by any economical considerations, for you've all the money you want; and I know that ambition doesn't trouble you, for your tastes are scholarly. This narrows down the investigation of your symptoms, listlessness, general dejection, and all to three causes—Dyspepsia, Religious Conflicts, Love. Now, is your digestion awry?"

"No, Sir, good as usual, I'm not melancholy on religion, and—"

"You don't tell me you're in love?"

"Well—yes—I suppose that's about it, Uncle Teddy."

I took a long breath to recover from my astonishment at this unimaginable revelation, then said.

"Is your feeling returned?"

"I really don't know, Uncle. I don't believe it is. I don't see how it can be. I never did any thing to make her love me. What is there in me to love? I've borne nothing for her—that is, nothing that could do her any good—though I've endured her on account, I may say, anguish. So, look at it any way you please, I neither am, do, nor suffer any thing that can get a woman's love."

"Oh, you man of learning! Even in love you tote your grammer along with you, and arrange a divine passion under active, passive, and neuter heads!"

Daniel smiled faintly. "You've no idea, Uncle Teddy, that you are twitting on facts; but you hit the truth there—indeed you do. If she were a Greek or a Latin woman I could talk Anacreon or Horace to her. If women only understood the philosophy of the flowers as well as they do the poetry—"

"Thank God they don't, Daniel!" sighed I, devoutly.

"Never mind—in that case I could entrance her for hours talking about the grounds of difference between Linnæus and Jussieu. Women like the star business, they say—and I could tell her where all the constellations are; but, sure as I tried to get off any sentiment about them, I'd break down and make myself ridiculous. But what earthly chance would the greatest philosopher that ever lived have with the woman he loved, if he depended for her favor on his ability to analyze her bouquet or tell her when she might look out for the next occultation of Orion? I can't do any thing that makes a man even tolerable to a woman!"

"I hope you don't mean that nothing but bread-and-butter talk is tolerable to a woman?"

"No: but it's necessary to some extent—at any rate the ability is—in order to succeed in society; and it's in society men first meet and strike women. And oh, Uncle Teddy, I'm such a fish out of water in society!—such a dreadful floundering fish! When I see her dancing gracefully as a swan swims, and feel that fellows, like little Jack Mankyn, who don't know twice two is four, can dance to her perfect admiration; when I see that she likes ease of manners—and all sorts of men without an idea in their heads have that—while I turn all colors when I speak to her, and am clumsy, abrupt, abstracted, and bad at repartee—Uncle Teddy! sometimes (though it seems so ungrateful to father and mother who have spent such pains for me)—sometimes, do you know, it seems to me as if I'd exchange all I've ever learned for the power to make a good appearance before her."

"Daniel, my boy, you make it too much a matter of reflection. A woman is not to be taken by laying plans. If you love the lady (whose name I don't ask you, because I know you'll tell me as soon as you think it best), you must seek her companionship until you're well enough acquainted for her to have her regard you as something different from the men whom she meets merely in society, and judge your qualities by another standard than that she applies to them. If she's a sensible girl (and God forbid you should marry her otherwise!), she knows that people can't always be dancing, or holding fans, or running after orange-ice. If she's a girl capable of appreciating your best points (and woe to you if you marry a girl who can't!), she'll find them out upon closer intimacy, and, once found, they'll a hundred times outweigh all brilliant advantages kept in the show-case of fellows who have nothing on the shelves. When this comes about you will pop the question unconsciously, and, to adapt Milton, she'll drop into your lap 'gathered—not harshly plucked.'"

"I know that's sensible, Uncle Teddy, and I'll try. Let me tell you the sacredest of secrets: regularly every day of my life I send her a little poem fastened round the prettiest bouquet I can get at Haupt's."

"Does she know who sends them?"

"She can't have any idea. The German boy that takes them knows not a word of English except her name and address. You'll forgive me, uncle, for not mentioning her name yet? You see she may despise or hate me some day when she knows who it is that has paid her these attentions; and then I'd like to be able to feel that at least I've never hurt her by any absurd connection with myself."

"Forgive you? Nonsense! The feeling does your heart infinite credit, though a little counsel with your head would show you that your only absurdity is self-depreciation."

Daniel bid me good-night. As I put out my cigar and went to bed, my mind reverted to the dauntless little Hotspur who had spent the afternoon with me and reversed his mother's wish, thinking—

"Oh, if Daniel were only more like Billy!"

It was always Billy's habit to come and sit with me while I smoked my after-breakfast cigar, but the next morning did not see him enter my room till St. George's hands pointed to a quarter of nine.

"Well, Billy Boy Blue, come blow your horn; what haystack have you been under till this time of day? We sha'n't have a minute to look over our spelling together, and I know a boy who's going in for promotion next week. Have you had your breakfast, and taken care of Crab?"

"Yes, Sir; but I didn't feel like getting up this morning."

"Are you sick?"

"No-o-o—it isn't that; but you'll laugh at me if I tell you."

"Indeed I won't, Billy!"

"Well"—his voice dropped to a whisper, and he stole close to my side "I had such a nice dream about *her* just the last thing before the bell rang; and when I woke up I felt so queer—so kinder good and kinder bad—and I wanted to see her so much that if I hadn't been a big boy I believe I should have blubbered. I tried ever so much to go to sleep and see her again; but the more I tried the more I couldn't. After all, I had to get up without it, though I didn't want any breakfast at all, and only ate two buckwheat cakes, though I always eat six you know, Uncle Teddy. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, dear, so you couldn't get it out of me if you were to shake me upside down like a savings bank."

"Oh, ain't you mean! That was when I was small I did that. I'll tell you the secret, though—that girl and I are going to get married. I mean to ask her the first chance I get. Oh, isn't she a smasher!"

"My dear Billy, sha'n't you wait a little while to see if you always like her as well as you do now? Then, too, you'll be older."

"I'm old enough, Uncle Teddy, and I love her dearly! I'm as old as the Kings of France used to be when they got married—I read it in Abbott's Histories. But there's the clock striking nine! I must run or I shall get a tardy mark, and, perhaps, she'll want to see my certificate sometime."

So saying he kissed me on the cheek and set off for school as fast as his legs could carry him. O Love, omnivorous Love, that sparest neither the dotard leaning on his staff nor the boy with pantaloons buttoning on his jacket—omnipotent Love, that, after parents and teachers have failed, in one instant can make Billy try to become a good boy!

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

WHERE A GREAT DANGER LIES.

Some Thoughts Suggested by the Topic of the Hour.

From the New York Observer.

It is doubtless known to the most distant and secluded of our American readers that the religious and irreligious community in New York and Brooklyn, and the country generally, is just now agitated by an inquiry into the moral character of the most conspicuous preacher of the age. Reserving all expression of opinion on the merits of the case for another time, we have a serious sermon to deliver, at least a great inference to draw, in the midst of the melancholy proceedings.

The relations into which a pastor is brought with members of his flock, and the power which he prossesses when he has inspired them with strong personal affection for him as a man, place him in circumstances demanding the utmost circumspection and discretion. Ministers are censurable in a high degree who encourage their people, men or women, to come to them with family matters or secret sores. Some men are themselves gossips, and delight to get and give all they can of social news, and the more secret, the richer the prize. They encourage revelations when their ears should be deaf to everything approaching to scandal. All judicious pastors discourage familiarity on the part of their people, especially of the female denomination.

For this way lies the danger. A silly woman, pious perhaps, but very soft and shallow, hears the stirring words of her eloquent pastor; is roused, warmed, soothed, exalted—she thinks *edified*—and straightway she believes him to be the man sent to do her good. She goes to his study to tell him so: how much enjoyment she finds in his words; or she writes him a letter and pours out her little soul-full of twaddle about her gratitude for what her dear pastor has done for her: how she "is lifted up" by his instructions: how she loves him as a friend given to be her guide and comfort, and so on, and so on, more and worse, running into a mawkish sentimentality, a sickening man-worship, disgusting to every sensible person, but very nectar to a vain, worldly preacher, who seeks only to make his hearers "feel good." Such people never go to their pastor to ask "what they must do to be saved?" It is to tell him how good they feel; how he is "exalting" them, "filling them with joy, peace and love." We cannot go into particulars without offending the tastes of every reader. We make our meaning plain. We wish to be understood as saying that what worldly preachers and sentimental women call "communion of soul" and "kindred spirits," "mutual help" and "holy sympathy," and words in the same strain, is not religion—it is not even religious. It is of the earth, earthly. It is "carnal conceived in sin." It is simply the lower nature, the human passion of one creature toward another. God is not in it. God never led a man or woman to desire forbidden fruit. "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; every man, when he is tempted, is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. Then lust, when it hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." It is in immediate connection with those divine teachings that the inspired writer goes on to say: "Wherefore lay aside all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness and receive with meekness the engrafted word which is able to save your souls."

Religion is not a passion. It is a principle. Religion does not consist in feeling. Religion is the intelligent belief of truth that leads to right doing; the very meaning of the word is "binding or drawing back" to God: receiving such views as constrain the soul to obey God. He who adopts views or has feelings which lead him to do wrong, to covet another man's house or wife or anything that is his, is not a religious man. He may be a priest at the altar, but he is not religious. And a woman whose "heart goes out" after another, and then turns away from her husband to find "sympathy" and "support" in the society of her "beloved pastor," and writes him sickly notes and letters revealing her thoughts and trials, and declaring her "ardent attachment" to him as the friend whose words are such "a precious revelation to her thirsty soul"—such a woman is on the verge of ruin. There is not a thought in her heart that God loves.

A very large part of the fiction of our day encourages this morbid sentiment. In many modern novels a story of impossible "love" is the ground-work. Parties who cannot be lawfully joined in marriage are made the lovers of the book. The intrigues, crimes, soul-sufferings, and ultimate ha; piness of the guilty are wrought up in the exciting pages of the novel. Women read these books more ravenously than men. They feed upon them. Their effect is evil and only evil, and that continually.

The number of ministers who have brought disgrace upon the pulpit and religion by vice fostered in the pages of fiction which weak women and young people devour with a morbid appetite insatiable as the grave, is evidence of an enormous evil that demands the best wisdom of philosophy and the highest virtue of religion to arrest and remedy. But if there were not a novel in the world, though the evil would be less, it would not cease. Human nature would be what it is. And given the same circumstances, similar consequences will result. The warning is to ministers and their admiring parishioners. There is a line, clear as a sunbeam, between right and wrong. In a christian community there is no ignorance so blind as not to see it. Conscience and common sense reveal it. Experience shows its value. History ancient and modern, sacred and profane, is full of illustrations. On one side of the line is love, usefulness, honor, peace and life immortal. On the other side is secret pleasure, remorse, shame, blasted households, tears that God never wipes away, and damnation just and eternal.

BY CONTRARIES.

One long summer afternoon there came to Mr. Davidson's the most curious specimen of an old bachelor the world ever heard of. He was old, gray, wrinkled and odd. He and Aunt Patty had it hot whenever chance threw them together; yet still he came, and it was noticed that Aunt Patty took unusual pains with her dress whenever he was expected.

One day the contest waged unusually strong, and Aunt Patty left in disgust and went out into the garden.

"That bear!" she muttered to herself, as she stopped to gather a flower which attracted her attention.

"What did you run for?" said a gruff voice behind her.

"To get rid of you."

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"No; you are worse than a burdock burr."

"You won't get rid of me, either."

"I won't, eh?"

"Only in one way."

"And that?"

"Marry me."

"What! we two fools get married! What would people say?"

"That's nothin' to us. Come, say yes or no; I'm in a hurry."

"Well, no, then."

"Very well; good bye, I shan't come again."

"Stop a bit—what a pucker you're in."

"Yes or no!"

"I must consult—"

"All right; I thought you were of age. Good bye."

"Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool. Come back, I say. Why, I believe the critter has taken me for earnest. Jabez Andrews, I'll consider."

"I don't want any considering; I'm going. Becky Hastings is waiting for me. I thought I'd give you the first chance, Patty. All right; good bye."

"Jabez! Jabez! That stuck up Beck Hastings shan't have him! Jabez, yes! Do you hear—Y-e-s!"

—A drought is apprehended in some parts of England. Water is already being carried from the brooks and rivers for domestic purposes. The hay harvest has in many places been a failure, and it seems to be generally supposed that improved drainage, combined with the felling of woods and forests, which have been proceeding *pari passu* during the last twenty years, are in a measure answerable for these results. The prospects of partridge shooters are deplorable, for under the modern conditions of agriculture a want of cover is experienced more or less every year. On the upland pastures, the thick tufts of grass, so lively both for hares or birds, are all worn away, and in the meadows the young grass is thin and feeble.

—It is irreparably disastrous to Mr. Beecher, and might serve as a warning to men like him, if there were any such, that he had admitted the intimates of Tilton to too great familiarity with himself. Think of intrusting delicate matters, involving the peace of families and the fair fame of women, to a dull blunderer like Moulton, or an empty-headed blabber like Carpenter.—*New York Tribune.*

—The new and handsome postal-card—handsome enough, one paper says, to use for a valentine—will be ready in September.