The St. Cloud Journal.

VOL. XVII. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1874. NO. 19.

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.

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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.

L. W. COLLINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.
Office on Second Floor of Bell's Block.

D. B. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ST. CLOUD, MINN.
Office in Edelbrock's Block.

H. L. GORDON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ST. CLOUD, MINN.
Office over Russell's Store St. Germain Street.
Special attention given to Criminal Law and Land Contests. Thorough knowledge of the U. S. Land Laws and Regulations

H. M. ATKINS,
ATTORNEY
AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
ST. CLOUD, MINN.
Office in Bell's Block, over Russell's Store.

EDWIN M. WRIGHT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FERGUS FALLS, MINN.

G. S. MATTOON,
CITY JUSTICE.
Office opposite Rosenberger's Block.
Conveyancing done. Acknowledgments taken, &c., &c. Collections made and proceeds promptly paid over.
Taxes paid for non-residents.

E. K. JAQUES,
SURGEON DENTIST.
WEST'S BLOCK.
ST. CLOUD - - MINNESOTA.

C. SCHULTEN,
DRUGGIST
AND
PHARMACEUTIST,
ST. CLOUD, MINN.
☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded, day or night.

J. W. METZROTH,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Dealer in
CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
and all kinds of
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Opposite Central House,
ST. CLOUD, - - MINN.

A. F. ROBERTSON,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
St. Germain Street, St. Cloud, Minn.
Particular attention given to Repairing
CLOCKS & WATCHES
that have failed to give satisfaction after being repeatedly worked on by incompetent workmen. oct22tf

FOR SALE or FOR RENT
The undersigned offers for sale or for rent the
MINNESOTA HOUSE,
located at the corner of Richmond avenue and Lake street. This is the oldest established hotel in St. Cloud; is of brick; is well furnished throughout and in good condition. A large addition was built only one year ago. Has a good paying patronage. The undersigned intends quitting the business, and for this reason offers a great bargain.
B. OVERBECK.
St. Cloud, Aug. 12, 1874. tf

T. J. BONHAM,
Practical Tinsmith and Dealer in
TINWARE.
Parties needing Guttering, Spouting, or any kind of Job Work will find it to their advantage to give me a call, as I make this work a specialty.

J. F. KENNEDY
is prepared to fill all orders for
PAPERING, PLASTERING OR WHITEWASHING,
in the best manner and at satisfactory prices.
St. Cloud, Minn., April 13, 1874. 6m.

O. O. HINES,
"PAINTER."
Shop on Washington ave.
ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.

WM. HENDERSON,
Dealer in and manufacturer of
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.
☞ Custom work done in the best style. ☜
Repairing neatly and promptly done.
Washington avenue, next door to Metzroth' clothing store n4

BANK OF ST. CLOUD.
Does a
General Banking, Exchange and Real Estate Business.
JAS. A. BELL, President. J. G. SMITH, Cashier.

ROSENBERGER BROS.,
Dealers in
HARDWARE,
ALSO
Stoves and Tinware.
Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware.
of all kinds made to order on short notice.
Corner St. Germain street and Richmond avenue, St. Cloud, Minn.

JAMES CARLISLE,
Manufacturer of
Round Cornered
BEDSTEADS,
and
WOOD SEAT CHAIRS.
Factory on Upper Levee
ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.

ST. CLOUD
MARBLE WORKS.
Joseph Hershbach,
Dealer in
Monuments and Gravestones.
Also, Contractor for all kinds of
Stone Cutting to Order.
St Germain street—two doors east of the Catholic Church.

Barnard, Clark & Cope,
Manufacturers of all kinds of
FURNITURE.
Special attention given to
FINE CUSTOM WORK
CHURCH LODGE & HALL
furniture made to order, on short notice.
Price Lists
to the trade sent on application. All goods delivered at the depots or within the city limits FREE OF CHARGE.
As we manufacture all our goods we
Guarantee Satisfaction.
☞ Highest market price paid for Dry Lumber.
BARNARD, CLARK & COPE.
Factory 4th street, East Side. Warerooms 6 Centre Block.

MINNEAPOLIS
MARBLE WORKS.
G. W. HERRICK,
Dealer in
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN MARBLE,
Monuments,
HEAD STONES AND MANTLES.
Nicolet Street, between 3d and 4th.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Work Set Up in St. Cloud and Vicinity, Without Extra Charge.

F. H. DAM,
Manufacturer of
SASH AND DOORS
BLINDS,
Moldings, Casings,
BRACKETS
STORE FRONTS,
SCROLL WORK,
PUMP TUBING, &c.
Window & Door Frames,
INSIDE & OUTSIDE BLINDS,
CORNICE, STORE DOORS,
PRIMED & GLAZED SASH.
PLANING,
Resawing, Scroll Sawing and Job Work of every description done to order
Dressed Flooring, Siding, Pickets and Lumber ripped to bills, for sale
All Orders by Mail Promptly Filled.
A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO DEALERS.
Office and factory on Washington avenue, next door to the bridge, St. Cloud, Minnesota.

IF YOU WANT SOME
OF THE
BEST LANDS
IN
STEARNS COUNTY,
AT
CHEAP RATES,
Address
Calvin F. How,
Post Office Box 2334, New York City.

A. C. BEVAN,
Having returned to St. Cloud, would announce that he is prepared to do all kinds of
Painting, Graining, Marbling, Decorating and Finishing,
in first class style. Orders left at Overbeck' hotel will receive prompt attention.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS printed in neat style, at the JOURNAL OFFICE

C. F. & W. Powell
Dealers in all kinds of
SHELF AND HEAVY
HARDWARE,
Iron, Nails, Glass,
BLACKSMITHS' TOOLS,
Agricultural Implements.
MOLINE PLOWS.
MINNEAPOLIS PLOWS.
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET-IRON WARE.
Burbank and Powells' Brick Block, St. Germain street.

Reliance Works,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Edward P. Allis & Co.,
FOUNDRYMEN,
MACHINISTS,
Mill Builders,
AND
FURNISHERS.
Manufacturers of Superior
STEAM ENGINES
French Burr Mill Stones,
CAST IRON WATER AND GAS
PIPE!
☞ Everything in our line made and sold. Illustrated catalogue of machinery, 130 pages, sent free on application.

MERRELL RYDER,
Manufacturer and dealer in
FANCY FURS,
FANCY ROBES,
BUFFALO ROBES,
BUFFALO, BEAVER & RACOON
OVERCOATS.
All Kinds of Furs Manufactured to Order.
Cash Paid for all kinds of FURS and SKINS.
55 Jackson Street,
ST. PAUL, - - MINN.

MRS. HERWEGEN,
28 West Third St., two doors above St. Peter St.
BERGMANN'S
ZEPHYR WORSTEDS
AND
EMBROIDERIES.
Yarns, Canvass, Chenilles, Silks, Beads, CROCHET AND KNIT ARTICLES for Ladies, Misses, and children.
FANCY ARTICLES,
GOLD AND SILVER FRINGES, BRAIDS, LACES AND STARS.
Stamping and Embroidering done to order.
Agent for the
"Domestic" Paper Fashions,
which will be
FORWARDED, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF THE PRICE.
Call and see the finest Stock in the City of
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

Blanks.
We keep constantly on hand, printed from new type on the best paper, the following blanks:
DEEDS.
Warranty, Quit-claim, | Mortgage, Chattel Mortgage.
DISTRICT COURT.
Summons, Notices of Trial, Certif'c of Comparison, " Authentication, Notes of Issue, | Executions, Marriage Certificates, Verification by Party, " " Attorney, Transcript of Docket.
JUSTICE COURT.
Appeal—Affidavit for " Notice of " Bond on Attachment—Bond for " Affidavit in " Writ of Replevin—Affidavit in " Bond in " Writ of | Garnishee Summons, Affida't of Garnishment Notice to Defendant in Garnishee Summons, Executions, Summons, Subpœnas.
MISCELLANEOUS.
Power of Attorney, Mail Proposals, | Leases.
TOWN BLANKS.
Orders, with stubs—loose or bound, in books of 50 or 100.
A full set of Road Blanks and Books.
Affidavits to be attached to bills for Town or County.
Bill-heads, with affidavit attached.
Oaths of Office.
Notice of Town Meeting.
Bond of Town Treasurer,
" Constable.
" Justice of the Peace.
Notice to District Clerk of Election of Justice of the Peace.
Notice of Election of Constable.
☞ Orders from the country, for any quantity at filled low prices.
☞ Blanks of all kinds printed to order on short notice.
Address—
W. B. MITCHELL,
St. Cloud Minn

LIBERTY.

BY JOHN HAY.

What man is there so bold that he should say
"Thus and thus only would I have the sea?"
For whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back
The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst;
Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use or stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way
To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
Of ruin drinks the blood of living things,
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore;—
Always it is the sea, and all bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

And so in vain will timorous men essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty.
For Freedom is its own eternal law.
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will,
Let us not then despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like evils hover round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson ax
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings.
For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!

[WRITTEN FOR THE ST. CLOUD JOURNAL.]

THE VACANT PARISH.

A Story Founded on Facts.

CHAPTER II.

GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF A FEW THINGS AND A FEW PERSONS.

On the day after my arrival came the important duty of selecting a "help," as servants are called, *hindrances* as they often *are*. Several applied in answer to our advertisement in the county paper, put in by my thoughtful husband a week in advance. One would like to see her "apartments." Shown them, she disdainfully rejected both them and me with a toss of the head and an elevation of the nose, and formally and with a sweeping stage curtesy, withdrew her application. Another "regretted exceedingly" that she could not "accept my terms." A third objected to "amount of work"—amount of work for a family of two! made me smile. I afterwards heard that she had gone into a family of eight, and am thoroughly convinced to this day that the only object with which she answered our advertisement was to "spy out the land;" in other words see what the "new woman" who had "come from the South" had; what she looked like; and whether she walked on her feet like other civilized Christians or quadruped fashion. But why continue the category? I at last succeeded in getting the services of a damsel of sixteen, a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed imp, the daughter of a prairie sovereign who had "come West," squatted, built a cabin of four logs crossed in the shape of a house, blazed a dozen or so trees, dug a hole and poured in a peck of corn, slept one night on the premises, under an impromptu canopy of oak boughs, on an impromptu bed of dry leaves, piled up on an impromtu stead of poles, and was thereat and thereupon, according to the Homestead Law which, according to Henry Clay's celebrated Irishism made every man "his own seamstress and washerwoman," freely, legally and inalienably seized in indubitable fee simple of the tract of which he had thus taken such primitively simple possession. All that remained for the pioneer now to do was to file his claim and in due time pay the government price and he was "sot up" for life. My help was, as I said, the promising daughter of this American sovereign. The first time she set the table I noticed, with horror indescribable, that she put on three plates, three cups and saucers, and in fact a triplet of every thing belonging to the table paraphernalia. Upon being interrogated as to this waste of material, she quietly informed me that the extra plate was for herself—didn't I expect her to have any breakfast? Surely, said I, you don't expect to eat at the same table as my husband and I? She naively replied that she did. All the girls eat with the family, said she. Sad and almost tearful I left the room to consult my husband, who laughed at me and my dilemma immoderately while the tears ran down his long brown beard, like the ointment down the beard of Aaron. The result of our council of war up stairs was that I should go reason with the enemy down stairs and endeavor by moral suasion and other feminine arts to reduce her to terms. It was an ugly foe to attack. I'o say that I dreaded the mission I was bound on, as I dragged my feet slowly after me, with my heel cracking the edge of every step in deep meditation as to what quarter I should make the assault from, what was probably the weak point in the enemy's camp, and in what manner of domestico-military tactics I should marshal my forces and how long I could with safety defer the charge, would be far from the truth. I trembled literally in body and figuratively in mind, at the prospect. If every flaxen hair of her flaxen mane had been a gun bristling from the ramparts, I could not have approached the castle with much greater fear and trepidation. I was, of course, afraid of offending her; for she would have left me in sad straits if she had deserted on the spot, but to carry the day I was determined, cost what it might. As I reached the bottom of the stairs and my heel had cracked against the last step, a sudden thought struck me and I determined to conduct the campaign upon that principle. Approaching the diningroom, which was to be the Belgium of my operations, I assumed as mild and persuasive a tone, yet decided and dignified, as I could command, and asked Jemima Jane if she had thought carefully over this idea of eating with the family. She thought she had. "But," said I, "have you always been accustomed to do so?" "Well, not exactly always, but most in generally." "Of course, then," said I, scarcely daring to bear down as yet upon the fortress with even so much as a glance, "you will always dress yourself nicely for meals." The fortress was silent—not a gun replied. I thought it would be well to follow up my apparent advantage. I had evidently struck upon the proper system of tactics and was to all appearances at the first fire already master (or mistress) of the situation. So I continued, "And I presume you can converse upon those subjects Mr. Anglesea and myself talk about—you would have no objection to that I am sure." The fortress was still silent, and so I thought I would throw one shell more among the foe,—"And wouldn't it be a little awkward for you to have to get up and wait on the table, especially when we have company; I'm afraid you wouldn't enjoy your meals having to get up and leave them so often." I now charged full upon the enemy with both eyes, and the opposing ranks shook under the fire: I then gave my full consent that she should always eat with us, as she seemed to desire it, only repeating my request that she should be ready to converse with my husband about his books and travels and always dress for dinner, adding, "Now, Jemima, if you think it would be pleasant to you, I shall be glad to see you at breakfast this morning with us." During our brief conversation, which I took care should be conducted on my part with as much courtesy and ladylike deference as if I had been talking with a maid of honor to her Majesty, and without a particle of self-asserted superiority or satire in either my tone or manner, Jemima had blanched and colored alternately; and muttering after I had finished something about "she didn't know it was any harm," walked from the room into the kitchen adjoining. I at once bounced up stairs, hardly daring to feel triumphant, and yet on the whole tolerably well satisfied with the result of my tactics, and found your Uncle Ware standing before the glass and whistling Yankee Doodle against the edge of his razor. He laughed as I came into the room and asked me if the colt was broken in. My coolness gave way after the severe ordeal of playing the female despot over my rebellious colony down stairs, and I replied (I remember it to this day and shall to my last) with a flood of tears. Ware then laughed the harder, which was just the prescription for my case—pitying would have made me feel ten times worse; and so in a moment we were both laughing together. My explanation of how I had surprised the enemy by a flank movement convulsed Ware who held on to the bed post for support in his agony of laughter, and he prophesied the very best results from my original and dexterous (as he called it) plan of assault. When we went down to breakfast, only two plates, and two cups and saucers were visible on the table and I saw that I had carried the day. And it stayed carried, for I never again had even so much as a hint from Jemima Jane of her ambition to "eat with the family," upon terms of prandial equality.

Our arrival in Chatterwild was on Wednesday. On Sunday I prepared to go to service. This I found was held in a small square room, well ventilated but from the most unorthodox quarters, most of the ventilation near me being derived from sundry cracks in the floor and between the laths where the plastering was broken off, and from one or two ornamental mouse-eaten holes in the washboard. The room seated about one hundred persons and about thirty were present when we entered. I surveyed the congregation; and I do assure you that they surveyed me. I feared that the next thing some of the more enterprising would do would be to investigate, by personal examination, the number, quality and material of my books, for I positively believe that was about the only article of my external attire of which they remained in painful doubt and suspense. My neighbors in the rear reached forward and taking hold of my shawl, gave it I should judge by the jerks I felt in that direction, about as thorough an examination as if they were customers upon one side of the counter and I the dry goods clerk on the other offering it for their inspection and purchase. I, however, afterwards found out that this party was a very near-sighted lady, and so I felt obligingly ready and willing to excuse the dear soul. I ceased, however, to be the layfigure with a shawl on exhibition, for the asthmatic melodeon now wheezed out several spasmodic sounds, and in entered from a creaking door the reverend gentleman who, five days before, had been caught in the act of stealing my trunks!

The service over, a mutual recognition took place, the formality of an introduction gone through with and Ware enjoyed the skill with which he had concealed from me the fact that the trunk-stealing parson was destined to be my pastor and spiritual friend and adviser, and left the plot to find its denouement of a Sunday morning, in the very sanctuary itself, and only the chancel rail and the proprieties of the occasion and place between its two leading actors. The clergyman was taken home to dine with the bride, and by Ware solemnly and with much parade conducted into a back room and asked if he had ever seen those trunks before. The parson thought he had and entered into the spirit of the joke he had occasioned at his own expense with such vivacity and good humor that it at once formed the basis of good acquaintance and both soon felt at home in the company of our reverend guest, who turned out to be sociable without being undignified, talkative without being gossipy, and entertaining without being pedantic; and withal had none of that professionalism that is so unpleasant, and even, if carried to an excess, disgusting to *men*. If there is any thing a man is not likely to tolerate it is professionalism. It is a barrier at once to freedom of intercourse between the men of a congregation and the rector. And this opens a place for me, in which I may say a word or two of my husband. Like many American men, he was moral but not religious—*i. e.* not externally religious, tho' with a vein of religion in his nature, as good-hearted and generous-natured as a man could be, with a perfect respect for all sacred things, and always an attendant, when I went, upon the services.

A council of war was held while the Rev. Mr. Winter was on the spot about the shabbiness of the room in which services were held, and it was unanimously agreed that a shabby building was not conducive to a healthy worship or the growth of godliness in the community. So long as the place of worship was the meanest place in the town, that silent sermon which a church edifice preaches to the passer-by was not preached, and we resolutely determined that, please God, that silent sermon should be preached from humble tower or modest spire, in due time, and many were the letters I posted off to my Eastern and Southern friends describing my first Sunday in Chatterwild and begging donations towards getting that silent sermon I was anxious to see begun formally and publicly preached. In about two weeks, I had the text of it at any rate, in the shape of a promise of a bell. Ware teased me unmercifully for a week about the original method in which I set to work building a church—ordering the bell before the corner stone, but I stood it like a martyr. My next donation was fifty cents from my old black nurse at home, a dividend declared by this same faithful retainer on the cash sale of a flock of ducks. Ware was in ecstacies, and vowed he never knew an enterprise start under such brilliant and encouraging auspices and advised me at once to advertise in the New York papers for proposals for the erection of my large and commodious structure, and actually that night, after tea, as we sat around the lamp on the little table, I with my fifty cents ostentatiously spread out on my knee, and he shaking his sides over my dramatic exhibition of it, drew up an elaborate document, which he headed "Proposals for the erection of a cathedral in Chatterwild," and in which the architect and builders of the universe were solemnly invoked to compete for the contract, continuing with the encouraging announcement that the money would be paid in quarterly sums and that the money was already in the hands of the building committee for the payment of the first installment. This imposing document terminated by directing the proposing parties to apply, with the sufficient guarantees for the proper performance of their contract, to Mrs. Ware Anglesea, Building Committee, Chatterwild. "At any rate, you'll see," said I. "We'll see," said he. I think, as I remember right, I called him a dear old brute; and I think, as I remember this, too, that he kissed me. But then brides, you know, will be brides and young husbands young husbands.

A few days after this, who should accost me in the street but—a man! He had his pantaloons rolled up and was ornamented at the other entremity with a slouch hat. A collar disproportionately large and a cravat disproportionately small, decorated his cervical region. Three agate buttons gleamed from his bosom and a seal ring from his left hand little finger. He hoped he did not intrude, but he was the senior warden. I expressed myself as happy to meet the senior warden. He said he stopped me in a semi-official way, if he might express himself so. Just as I was wondering what kind of a way a semi-official one was, he continued by remarking that he was glad to see that I was an Episcopal and was "putty reg'lar to church." I now began to suspect what a semi-official way was, and not knowing what else to remark, remarked "yes!" "My sister is goin' to call." I expressed myself happy to receive the information. "I'm not stuck up at all ma'am, you see; most Episcopals here is stuck up; but I make no pretensions, if I may express myself so; any one can approach me." I thought to myself, I should think so. As he walked off, after a few minutes' further conversation, of a semi-official character I suppose, I enjoyed the view of his tucked-up pantaloons and his graceful slouch hat flapping up and down in the wind like the wings of an immense crow, and consoled myself for his appearance with the reflection that any how one can approach him, for he said so.

I had one or two calls, of which I must say something, since the callers will have to figure now and then in this story.

One of them was that of a Miss Jackson. Now, Miss Jackson was of the *elite*. Her appearance was that of a very tall bean pole, very scantily dressed. She had hair the color of a very poor quality of brown sugar, and eyes more the color of that which cabinet makers achieve when they undertake to imitate maple wood and succeed very poorly. Miss Jackson indulged in curls, consequently Miss Jackson's shoulders were gracefully decorated with ringlets of inferior taffy, which I can't say hung, but rather stood, around her neck with the grace of augers. Owing to the unusual color of her eyes, her expression was not intelligent or calculated to slay a lover at a glance. The consequence of this was that Miss Jackson had never been guilty of slaying a lover. She had now reached, I should judge, her forty and eighth year, and at forty and eight lovers are not so plentiful as at ten and eight; consequently, I safely suspect that a spinster Miss Jackson is bound to remain to the day of her natural demise, and some man's home go unadorned and some man's life go unsweetened by her presence and her smiles, to say nothing of the taffy curls.

Miss Jackson was nearly as deliberate in her choice of words as she was in the choice of a husband, measuring out each sentence with precision, and holding her little round picayune mouth in just the position in which I have no doubt she had previously arranged it at the glass before setting out from home. The consequence of this was that it was somewhat painful to be compelled to enjoy the society of Miss Jackson, and particularly so, since, although Miss Jackson was one of the *elite* (for she told me so, and if *she* didn't know, how was I, a stranger, to do so?) she paid unfashionably long visits—her first being not less than three and a half hours by the clock.

Her conversation was charmingly spiced with French phrases, pronounced *naturally*, that is in English, and with as much airiness as if there was not the slightest idea in the woman's mind that she was not giving the purest Parisienne accent and pronunciation. Such an avalanche of this kind of French the creature did get off in the course of that agonizing three hours and a half I never heard before, and I do sincerely hope I never shall again.

She told me also all the news of the town—went back five years or more and traced the Joneses down and the Williamses down and the Bakers down—then branched off into a minute biography of the Methodist minister (with whom I afterwards learned she was so desperately in love that she doubled the curls and took in a fresh supply of French, in order to catch him—but didn't)—then returned and charged the news of the village once more—then went from limb to limb of her own genealogical tree—clambering about with clumsy slowness from bough to bough—now hanging on to the trunk, now out to the very twigs—and conducting her part of the entire conversation with as much calmness and deliberation as if she were a judge charging a jury in an important murder case.

All the time not a curl moved out of its place, or, I should say, not an auger stirred. I said but little—which was a great relief, and finally she rose and departed, which was a greater.

Miss Mary Primworthy, a young sister of the senior warden, also did me the honor to call, bringing her syke dog. Miss Primworthy was of that species of talkers who have to be put upon the witness stand and questioned, then cross-examined, then recalled to the stand more times than would, I fear, be allowed in a court of justice. In other words, in order to get anything out of Miss Primworthy you had to ask her questions. These she would answer in a simpering little voice, in monosyllables, then relapse into her previous state of silence and barbarism. Her voice always appeared afraid of waking some imaginary sleeper stowed away in some imaginary bed in some imaginary corner of the room—as if, in fact, it were on continual tip-toe.

I soon found out that Miss Primworthy was of the testifying species and I therefore labelled her to that effect in my mind, and of course proceeded to examine her. I found her very gifted in monosyllabic literature. She answered Yes or No, as the case called for, quite readily. Did she ever see so and so? "Yes." Did she ever do so and so? "No." And so it was all through the cross-examination and recall. She stayed three-quarters of an hour, and then she and the syke dog left on tip-toe. I hope she enjoyed the visit—I didn't!

I told Mr. Anglesea if he ever wanted any cross-examination done in any of his law cases, he was at liberty to send for me, for tho' I might not ask just the right questions I thought that I might make up for that slight defect by the number that I was confident from my three-quarters of an hour's practice I could ask.

Mrs. Crump, the deaf wife of the magistrate, is the only other person I shall here introduce to the reader. She was more gaudily dressed than any of my other callers, and such a voluble talker that one found it not only difficult to get a very thin word in edgewise, but even to understand the opposite party. The opposite party talked in cascades. She rained her words upon you. She came down in torrents. You felt drenched before she had been with you five minutes. But for all—and her insurmountable love of gossip—I learned to like the woman. I heard that she was good-hearted and in time found her so, and tho' I am naturally prejudiced against little weazened-up women, that look as if a moderate gale of wind would blow them away and land them somewhere on the other continent, came, in time, to repose great faith in the kind motives and well-meant though awkward acts of my new neighbor.

Getting up after a half hour's call—agreeable, on the whole—to go, she "hoped now, Mrs. Anglesea, you'll come to see me soon, for my house though humble and would have been much less so, but Mr. Crump though a magistrate and would have risen in his profession except for his lameness had slaved hard for his family and the law is a hard profession as both of us can testify having been bound in it, not that I would mention Mr. Crump in the same breath with Mr. Anglesea who is a rising member of the bar, and so I hope you will come and not feel above any of us here in town for there are some good people—Joneses you know and Bakers—and though humble ever open to you—and though as I said it is a slavish profession and its now nine year that we've been in this very place and indeed in the same house, except the yard which has been enclosed and two chimneys back, and not feel above any of us and come. Do now."

And so now, my dears, you are acquainted with my pastor, the servant, the senior warden, my plans for a little church in Chatterwild and two or three of my female neighbors.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

BOSS TWEED'S QUARTERS.

From Harper's Weekly.

From being treated as a man convicted of enormous crimes, Tweed has been allowed to assume the character of a distinguished guest on the island. He occupies a large room in the scond story of the central building of the Penitentiary. This apartment, situated near the head of the stairs, leading from the main entrance, is 20 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 12 in height. It contains a double bed, screened by a sliding curtain, and is furnished with a bureau, washstand, two writing-desks,—one of which is for the accommodation of his private secretary,—chairs, books, etc. The bureau is supplied with all the necessary articles for the toilet. To spare the "statesman's" eyes, the white-washed wall is covered to the height of about 7 feet with maroon-colored muslin. The floor is partially carpeted. The visitor who undertakes to ascend the stairs leading to this room is told that there is nothing there but the private quarters of the officers, and his attention is politely directed elsewhere.

The Warden's house, situated about a quarter of a mile north of the Penitentiary, is reached by a pleasant shaded walk, which in fine weather forms the favorite promenade of the retired "statesman," sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by his private secretary. The screen of trees spare him the gaze of curious visitors, and affords opportunities for a dignified retreat should an outsider chance to come too near. As he has been permitted to let his hair, mustache and beard grow, and to wear the ordinary dress of a gentleman, he might encounter a visitor without being recognized. In the north wing of the Warden's house is the large dining-room where the old "Ten Governors" used to entertain their friends. This is now used by the retired "statesman," who takes his meals there in privacy. It is not to be supposed that the table is furnihsed with the regulation prison fare. That would be too coarse for a man accustomed to Mr. Tweed's former style of living.

—Apropos of the Prince of Wales' recent visit to Chantilla, a Paris paper mentions the torchlight hunt, given under the regency by the Prince de Conde to the Emperor Paul I. At every ten paces a peasant was stationed with a torch. On returning to the chateau a splendid repast was served in what appeared to be a gallery, the beauty of which excited the Czar's admiration. "Where do you think you are?" asked the Prince. "In the finest apartment of the most hospitable of princes," replied his guest. Thereupon the curtain fell, and disclosed 300 horses eating their oats out of marble mangers. The wonderful gallery was the Prince's stable.

SAVED FROM THE SEA.

Exciting Adventure of a Young Midshipman Lost Overboard From the Frigate Omaha.

From the New York Graphic.

Stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city, is a young man whose adventures and escapes pass to the very verge of the marvelous, Harry P. Devol, a recent graduate of the United States Naval School at Annapolis. Last August, after a brief vacation, he was ordered to report to duty at Queenstown. Upon his arrival there he was ordered to report at Nice, where the American squadron in European waters was then lying. At Nice he was ordered on board the frigate Omaha, which was transferred to Queenstown. About the 20th of September, while less than two days' sail from Southampton, a violent squall arose, and during its continuance young Devol was directed by the captain to convey an order to the officer stationed on the bridge.—As he was going forward a huge sea came over the side, and the frigate with its monstrous burden, lurched heavily to leeward. The traffail was low, and being between the masts, the young midshipman was whirled with the wash overboard. The officer on the bridge saw him and did the little he could to save him. He seized a large circular cork life-buoy and hurled it with all his might toward the point where the young sailor was seen strugling with the waves. It was the work of scarely more than a second. To the buoy was fixed a line about ten yards loog, and as the buoy passed over him beyond his reach, this line fell across his back. He caught the end, and while the staggering vessel drove helplessly on in the storm, he drew the buoy to him and placed it over his head. He was now safe for the moment, but he says death itself would have been a pleasing sensation compared to his feelings as he saw the Omaha disappear behind successive hills of angry water. His knowledge of seamanship told him at once that no Captain would dare to put his vessel about, or attempt to lower a boat in the violent wind and sea that were raging.

"In a little while," he relates, "I could only see the masts and cordage whipping against the sky, and I gave up all hope. I tried to swim towards it instinctively, though I knew it was of no use, and that my only hope was to outride the squall on my buoy, if possible, and be picked up after floating a few hours."

The violence of the storm did not last, as he estimates, but two or three hours, although it seemed days to him, but no vessels came near enough to discover him. The water, stirred from beneath by the wind, was cold, and he began to grow numb and weak.—Fortunately, the cork life preserver, which at first was so loose that he had some difficulty in keeping it in proper place under his arms, began to tighten as the cork swelled with the moisture. Subsequently it held itself well in place. It was about four o'clock when he was washed overboard. At nightfall he had grown quite weak and his limbs were very numb.

"As the darkness began to gather," he narrates, "I felt that I would have to drown. Before this I knew that my chances were desperate, but somehow while it was light I had hope.—Then I began to pray. I don't know how long a time elapsed. At times I would pray for several minutes, and then I would find myself thinking of a thousand things about my home and my mother, and my father, and about my past life. It seemed as if all the good things and bad things I had ever done or thought of came back to me. Occasionally I would start up as if from a revery, and strike out to swim. At such times the water and sky would look so black and pitiless that it would seem to fairly frighten me, and I would be forced to shut my eyes. I can't tell how long I suffered in this way, but it seemed ages. Then indistinctly I remember another sensation. My limbs were numb and utterly without strength, but a pleasant, listless, dreamy sort of a feeling took possession of me. My sides, which had been chafed by the movement of the life-preserver, ceased to pain me. I cannot say I was happy, or that I was entirely unconscious of my position, but I didn't seem to care. This state of dim consciousness was the last I remember."

At sunrise the next morning he was found by the United States merchant steamer, Indiana, floating in the water insensible. He had been in the water fourteen hours. A great deal of salt water was found in his stomach, but he was still alive, and after careful medical treatment was completely restored. He arrived in New York a few days ago.

On the 30th of September, his mother, then stopping at Lancaster, O., received a dispatch from the commander of the Omaha, announcing the death of her son, who, it was stated, had been washed overboard in the Irish Sea. This dispatch was published, and was made the occasion of many obituary notices in Ohio papers. The joy of the mother, who happened to be in this city, upon receiving the news that her son had arisen from the dead, need not be dwelt upon.

Mr. Harry P. Devol is looking well after his exhausting adventure and almost miraculous escape. Upon one thing he is certainly to be congratulated. He has read several of his obituary notices, and confesses that he is very well satisfied with them.

—A Detroit young woman tried to be aristocratic and did not look at the money that she gave the horse-car conductor, but he meekly gave her back the lozenge on which was written, "I'll never cease to love thee," and said that he was an orphan with five little brothers to support, and must be excused.

DEFECTIVE PAGE