A Straggler.

I left the throng whose laughter made
That wide old woodland echo clear,
While forth they spread, in breezy shade,
Their plethoric hamperfuls of cheer.

Along a dark, moss-misted plank
My way in dreamy mood I took,
And crossed, from balmy bank to bank,
The impetuous silver of the brook.

And wandering on, at last I found
A shadowy, tranquil, glade-like place,
Full of mellifluous leafy sound,
While midmost of its grassy space,

A lump of rugged granite gleamed,
A tawny-lichened ledge of gray,
And up among the boughs there beamed
One blue, delicious glimpse of day!

In fitful faintness on my ear
The picnic's lightsome laughter fell,
And softly, as I lingered here,
Sweet fancy bound me with a spel

In some bland clime across the seas
Those merry tones I seemed to mark,
While dames and gallants rosmed at ease
The pathways of some stately park.

And in that glimpse of amethyst air
I seemed to watch, with musing eye,
The rich blue fragment, fresh and fair,
Of some dead summer's morning sky!

And that rough mass of granite, too,
From graceless outlines gently waned,
And took the sculptured shape and hue
Of dull old marble, deeply stained,

And then (most beauteous change of all!)
Strewn o'er its mottled slab lay love
A glove, a lute, a silken shawl,
A vellum-bound Boccaccio!

—*Edgar Fawcett, in October Atlantic.*

REDEEMED.

The fact is, we were both too young to marry. She was eighteen, I was barely in my majority; but she was a poor, desolate little orphan, sent out into the cold world to do the best she could for herself as a governess; I was madly in love with her, and I was my own master; we had no wiser heads to advise us and no more experienced hands to guide us—so we took our own way, as was but natural, and married on my clerkship of three hundred a year. I need scarcely say we were happy. For the first two years indeed it seemed to me as if I had really never lived until now. Our pretty little home at Kilburn was bright and cheerful. Edith was always affectionate, always good tempered, and like Annabel Lee, seemed to live "with no other thought than to love and be loved by me." My work sat on me easily, and being young people of moderate tastes, we had money enough for all we wanted. There was not a flaw anywhere, and the days were scarcely long enough for the joys that filled them with sunshine from beginning to end.

All this continued for two years, and then my wife became a mother.

This was the first break in our manner of life, the first shadow cast over the brightness of our happy love. It changed the whole order of things, and the changes told heavily against me. Edith was no longer my companion as she had been. The baby was delicate, and her health also gave way. She was obliged to go to her own room quite early in the evening, sometimes at seven o'clock or so, and even when she was well, she was up in the morning with the child, and the evenings hung on me heavily and long. I was no student in those days. I was social, and if not inordinately yet undoubtedly fond of amusement; hence, sitting alone for all these hours after my solitary dinner—for Edith dined early by the doctor's orders—was dreary work for me, and I grew daily more fretted, by the dulness of my once sunshiny home.

I tell the story just as it was; not to excuse myself, but to explain.

Also, too, the desire for more experience natural to my age began to make itself felt, and more than once I found myself confessing "We married too young." Yet I did not wish for dissipation; I was not conscious of a reserve of wild oats that I was longing to sow, but I did want a little change from the dead monotony of my spoiled home. I was yearning for the society of men of my own age and standing, and naturally the boy, though I loved him well enough—for all that I thought him the ugliest and oddest little imp I had ever seen—was not to me what he was to his mother. To her indeed he was everything. The mother had superseded the wife, and the husband was nowhere in comparison with the child. Edith was angry, too, that I did not, as she phrased it, "take to him more," and I was angry that she took to him so much. May be that I was jealous. On looking back I should say that I was.

Just when Bertie was three months old a fellow in our office introduced me to Jack Langhorne. Handsome, well-mannered, rich, gay, good tempered, generous Jack was just the man to fascinate a comparatively raw lad, as I still was. He knew everything, being one of the kind who start at seventeen as men, and "see life" systematically from that time. There was not an accomplishment in which he was not a proficient; not a game he could not play, giving long odds and winning. He was lavish of his money, and a gambler by inbred instinct. He was always staking his fate on chance, and hitherto chance had been his friend. He used often to say that he had been too lucky, and that he should have to pay for it before he had done. Nevertheless, the day of payment had no sign of dawning, and Jack went on staking and landing, backing the right color and the winning horse, as if he had a private Nostrodamus at his elbow, and could read the future as other men could read the past.

I dare say many of my readers will laugh at me for the confession, but I had never seen a race until Jack Langhorne took me down to the Derby on his drag. It was a day both of great enjoyment and great excitement to me, for under his auspices I netted fifty pounds, and I felt a millionaire. I was wild with pleasure; perhaps, too, the champagne counted for something in my hilarity, as I took home to Edith a sixth of my yearly income, made in fewer hours than it took me to earn my paltry diurnal guinea. Visions of fortune, golden and bright, passed before my eyes, and already I saw Edith queening it in the park with her high stepping bays and faultless turnout. She should have everything money could command. Whatever else my visions showed me she was always foremost in my thoughts and highest in my hopes.

But when I gave her the money she turned away from me coldly, and a minute after had buried her face in the pillow of the sofa where she was lying and was sobbing. I was a good deal surprised, a little shocked, and greatly hurt—I had better use the harsher word and say vexed—at this outburst. I did not understand it. Beside, it chills a man so painfully to be received with coldness and tears after such a day as I had spent! It makes the contrast between life inside and outside the home too sharp, and only sends him further off instead of drawing him nearer. However, tears were too scarce yet for me to disregard or withstand them, so I kissed my wife and did my best to soothe her, and by degrees brought her round so far that she left off crying and began to kiss the baby, as if it was something quite new, and she had never kissed it before.

Though I was sorry to see her cry, this vexed me again. She had not seen me all the day, and she had the boy. I thought she might have paid a little attention to the one who had been absent, to put it on no other ground.

But when I remonstrated she only answered, "I know, George, you do not care for baby. You never have cared for him, and if it were not for me he might die of neglect."

I began to laugh at this. It struck me as too comical for a woman to reproach her husband for not taking care of the baby; for surely if there is such a thing as "woman's work" in the world, and they are not meant by nature and the eternal fitness of things to be soldiers and sailors and lawyers and doctors and the Lord knows what beside, that work is to be found in the nursery. But she was angry when I laughed; and raising herself on her elbow, drew a picture of the infamy, ruin, degredation that was to follow on my taking to bad courses, founded on my not caring for baby and my having won fifty pounds at the Derby, that I seemed to be talking to a maniac, not the Edith I had left in the morning and had loved for so long. Perhaps I was too impatient, and ought to have remembered that if I found my life dull, hers was not too gay; I ought to have made allowance for the morbid nervousness and brooding fancies of a woman left alone for the whole day; but I was younger then than I am now, and the thing ended by our having our first grave quarrel, wherein we were both silly, both unjust, and neither of us would give way.

The bad blood made between us to-night grew worse as time wore on; and the circle we were in was a vicious one. I kept away more and more from home, because my wife made it too miserable for me by her coldness, her tears, her complaints, her ill humor, and the more I stayed away the more I resented it. She took an almost insane hatred and suspicion of my friends and my actions, and did not scruple to accuse me and them of vices and crimes because I was often late, from no worse cause than playing pool and billiards. Her reproaches first wearied and then hardened me; and by degrees a kind of fierce feeling took possession of me—a kind of revengeful determination that I would be what she imagined me to be, and give her cause to denounce me as she did.

Harmless amusements became amusements not so harmless; petty little stakes of half a crown and a shilling grew to gold; the glass of beer became the glass of brandy—and more than one; and the *facilis descensus* had one more self-directed victim on its slippery way. Work was intolerable to me. What I did I did badly, and I shirked all I could. I was often late, I as often left too early; and my employers were really good and lenient. As it was, however, I wearied out their patience, and they remonstrated with me firmly but kindly.

This sobered me for a moment; but I had gone too far to retreat; until I came out at the other side I must go on.

The fortune which had so long befriended Jack Langhorne deserted him now, and with his fortune his nerve. Where he had staked with judgment he now backed wildly, recklessly, and the more he lost the more recklessly he staked. His fortune seemed to influence mine. Hitherto I had been immensely successful; now the luck ran dead against me, and I lost more than I could afford, and soon more than I could pay, and so came face to face with ruin.

During all this time the estrangement between Edith and myself grew daily wider. She took the wrong method with me, and being a woman she kept to it. She thought to dragoon me back to the quiet of my former life, and made my private actions personal to herself; seeking to force me into rendering an account of all my doings, and of every item of expenditure, then taking it as an affront when I refused to answer questions. But now there was no hope for it. I must perforce confess. With that writ out against me it was useless to attempt concealment; and if marriage is not feminine superiority, yet it is partnership.

You may be sure it was a bitter moment for me when I had to tell my wife that all her worst anticipations were realized; that she had been right throughout, and I wrong; and that the destruction she had prophesied had overtaken us. In her temper of so many months now, it was doubly hard. But it seems that I knew as little of woman as of man, and had miscalculated the depth of her goodness underneath all her wrong headedness, just as she had miscalculated my power of will and truth of love when fairly pulled up.

She heard me out to the end without making a sign. There was no interruption, no angry expression, no scornful look. I saw the hand with which she held the child tighten round his body; the one playing with his curls tremble. But that was all.

When I had finished she looked up and said quietly: "It is better to know the worst, George; for then we can meet it. Now that I know the worst I know what to do."

"And you do not reproach me, Edith?" I asked.

She rose from her seat and came over to me. Her eyes were full of tears, her lips were quivering; and yet there was more love, more softness in her face through its sorrow than there had been for all these long, bad, dreary months, passing now into years.

She slid the boy from her arms and pressed them round my neck.

"Why should I reproach you?" she said. "Is not your burden heavy enough without that?" While I thought I could help to keep you straight, I tried; if clumsily and to no good, yet loyally. Now I know that all is over; I have only to try and help you, both by my work and my love."

Something seemed to choke me while she spoke. I could have been hard enough if she had been angry, but this sudden return to the old love—this unexpected magnanimity—was too much for me. Still, I am thankful to say I did not break down. I was man enough for that!

"Will you trust me Edith?" said I, in a tone so rough and husky I scarcely recognized it as my own. "Love me as you used, be to me what you were, and I swear you shall never have cause to reproach me again. I am young, I can work, I can be resolute. I have bought my experience of life, and I find the taste too bitter in my mouth. A man may be a man, and yet not be ashamed to think of his wife as well as of his pleasures, and I will think of you now."

She sighed and then she smiled.

"You come back to what you left," she said in a tender, caressing kind of way that seemed as if it buried now forever all that had gone wrong between us.

Of course the struggle was a tremendous one. I lost my clerkship and every sixpense I possessed, both in goods and money. My wife had to give lessons, and I had to accept anything that would keep us from starvation; but we pulled through in time, and the sufferings we had encountered were, perhaps, a good thing in the end. It taught us to value each other in a deeper and truer manner than ever before; and it gave us a friend. For dear, old Jack's luck turned with his uncle's death, and he used his influence to get me a situation that began at five hundred a year, and has steps upward in the future. Things have gone well with me since then. Edith's health has come back, and my boy is at the head of his class. I have traveled a good deal and lately I have taken up chemistry as a study. Edith declares I will blow the house up some day, but I have not done so yet, and I think I am on the track of a discovery that will do a great deal of good—make me a name, and bring me in a lot of money. I find that as one grows older work is a more satisfying thing than pleasure, and knowledge goes further than excitement; and Edith finds that a wife's influence is greatest when least visibly exerted, and that when a woman abandons the persuasion of love for authoritative command, and tenderness for ill temper, she loses her power and only deepens the unhappiness she aims at preventing.

The Iowa Corn Crop.

Iowa is a growing State—scarce thirty years old. Among other products she will this year add to the sum total, will be 140,000,000 bushels of corn. Now let us see what this means when put in a comprehensive form. It will require an army of 150,000 Grangers twenty days to pluck and crib the ears. If shipped, it would require 4,666 ships of 1,000 tons each to carry the crop. If transported upon cars, it will require 470,000 cars, and would make a train 2,750 miles in length, or space nearly across the continent. If loaded upon wagons, with carrying capacity of thirty bushels each, the train would form a line 27,000 miles long, or 3,000 miles more than the circuit of the globe. If emptied down upon the city of New York, it would overwhelm that city as were Herculaneum and Pompeii. If made into whisky, it would float the United States navy, or make every man, woman and child upon the face of the earth drunk. It means fat horses, fat beef, fat hogs, fat poultry, and fat pocketbooks. It means that it will open bank vaults and start the wheels of Commerce. Here in young Iowa are mines richer than California, or Ophir or Peru. Fifty thousand square miles of surface diggin's and all "play dirt." Then why not come to Iowa!—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

Lyman Burkhardt, who without provocation shot his uncle a few weeks since at Ann Arbor, Michigan, has been convicted of murder in the first degree, on his own confession. He was sentenced to solitary confinement for life in the State Prison. He is but 15 years of age. He said on going to jail, "The old Judge may go to hell. I'll be pardoned out in 25 or 30 years."

The Republicans of Scott county have nominated R. S. Newton, Mark Mathews and W. S. Mylon for Representatives.

Something of Interest to Farmers.

Wind Mills as Labor-saving Machines.

The rapid growth of our country and the constantly increasing demand for practical and durable farm machinery has brought the wind mill into almost general use. Their practical value is no longer doubted; no well regulated farm can afford to be without them. By using and applying the free wind which our Creator has given us, (which some day not far distant will be utilized to a surprising extent) we can obtain a strong and cheap power which can be adapted to almost any extent and to every variety of work. Dry pastures can be watered, swampy lands drained, gardens irrigated, water supplied for house and barn, wood sawed, corn shelled, feed cut; meal, Graham and buckwheat flour made at home for your own use and that of your neighbors. In short, all the work that is done on a large farm, and which at some seasons of the year necessitates the employment of two or three extra hands. Farmers who are improving their property and making investments will find wind mills not only a pleasure but a machine of profit. There are so many new and cheap mills in the market that we feel it our duty to caution our farmers that they look at the mill and not at the price, examine the record and know that the mill is one that has been thoroughly tried at least three years by some one. Wind is an unruly element, and unless a wind mill is built upon true mechanical principles and from strong and durable material, they are liable at any time to be destroyed. It costs just as much to erect a poor mill as a good one, and it will not pay to run the chance of losing your labor, time and mill for a few dollars more at the start.

When at Beloit, Wis, a few weeks since, being interested in this rapidly developing business, we spent an afternoon examining and looking over the extensive works of the Eclipse Wind Mill Co., and were surprised to find so large an establishment. We were informed that the business of this company extended into every State and Territory Their factory is one of the finest in the West, built of stone and iron, 100x40 feet, three stories above the basement, with a foundry and blacksmith shop adjoining. The main building is heated throughout by steam, and furnished with the most improved machinery, all especially designed for wind mill and pump work. They employ about 35 men, mostly skilled mechanics, on wind mills of all sizes, from the 10 foot farm pumping mill to the large railway and grinding mills. The capacity of the works is about 1200 mills a year, besides pumps and cylinders, which they also make quite largely. This company are the owners of the celebrated Wheeler patents, under which a dozen wind mill companies are licensed, and are the original inventors of the solid wheel mill. We strongly recommend this company and their mills, for they have had eight years experience and have the name of making good all their contracts. The Eclipse mill is the one that uses the side vane regulator, which is called the safest and surest regulation yet produced. We were told by an old railroad engineer on one of our western roads that the Eclipse mill was about 20 per cent. stronger than any other mill, and was the nearest constructed on mechanical principles of anything in the line of wind mills; and from the numbers of these mills seen on several of our railroads, it would seem others entertained a high opinion of them. We believe the Eclipse mill only costs some $10 more for 10-foot farm mills than others, and we do not think this difference should be considered in buying a good reliable mill for a permanent investment. The company are able and willing to guarantee their work, and farmers who are contemplating buying a wind mill this fall will consult their interests by sending for illustrated circulars to the secretary of the company, C. B. Salmon, Beloit, Wis.

The Latest Out.

We would call especial attention of our readers to the following interesting facts: The Moberly Gift Concert Association and its management, which is endorsed by many of the leading citizens of Missouri, was postponed from July 31st to Oct. 8th, 1875, at which time it will take place, or the money refunded. The McQaid Hotel, which is the capital prize, is a new building just completed; covers one whole block; dimensions, one hundred and twenty feet by ninety; three stories, with a Mansard roof, and contains over one million brick, with sandstone cornice, window caps and sills. It has sixty-five fine large rooms on second and third stories; basement has four elegantly furnished store rooms, 20x80; a barber shop and bath and wash room, 20x40; hotel office, 20 x40, and an immense dining room sixty feet square. In addition to this fine building, the following prizes will be distributed:

1	Grand Gift, McQuaid Hotel		$25,000
4	$5,000 Gifts	.....	20,000
1	Grand Cash Gift	.....	5,000
1	$2,500 Cash Gift	.....	2,500
1	1,000 "	.....	1,000
1	500 "	.....	500
1	400 "	.....	400
1	250 "	.....	250
1	100 "	.....	100
5	50 "	.....	250
10	25 "	.....	250
50	10 "	.....	500
100	5 "	.....	500
100	2 50 "	.....	250
7226	1 00 "	.....	7,226

The drawing will be conducted by six gentlemen who will be unknown to each other until selected by the ticket holders, after the concert performances are over.

There will be 7,831 gifts, 75,000 tickets to be sold at $1.00 each.

For tickets and other information, address A. T. BISSELL, General Manager, Moberly, Mo.

P. S.—Money should be sent by P. O. Money Order or Registered Letter.

MAKE YOUR FORTUNE.—In another column we publish the prizes and date of drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. This is a scheme chartered by the State of Louisiana and endorsed by the first citizens of New Orleans. A prize is fixed for every six tickets, and the drawing will positively take place. So fair and equitable is the plan of this grand golden drawing that tickets are being sold very rapidly, and he or she who invests now in a whole or half ticket may lay the foundation of a fortune. We call attention to the advertisement.

Special Attention is called to the card of the Dexter Copying Book and Ink, which does away with press, brush and water. Every business man should have it. Superior to the old method. Great inducements are offered to agents.

Strawberry Plants.—Mr. E. P. Roe, justly celebrated as author and grower, advertises his plants in this paper. He grows only superior sorts, such as have been well tried. Consult your interests and send to a reliable grower.

Piles Cured.—Drs. J. W. Mitchell & Co. of Chicago have been for some years past treating with extraordinary success those most obstinate of all diseases, piles and fistula. These gentlemen guarantee a cure in every case, and talk no pay until they cure, which appears to be the correct way of doing business. See their card.

Agents, Attention.—There is nothing for rapid sale or money making equal to the Excelsior Copying book and ink advertised in another column. Try it.

St. Joseph's Seminary.—See advertisement of this institution in another column. The instruction in this school is of that thorough character for which the Sisters are noted. A diploma and gold medal are conferred on graduates.

Vegetine.—The great success of the Vegetine as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

Dr. McAFEE—A regular graduate of British and American institutes. 20 years a practicing physician. Treats all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Heart, Throat, Head and Nervous system. Errors of Youth and Abuses of Manhood successfully treated and even after others have failed. $500 forfeit for any case of Seminal Weakness or private disease of any kind or character he undertakes and fails to cure. *Ladies* will find proper treatment for diseases peculiar to their sex. All letters containing stamps for reply promptly answered.
Consultation free. Send for circular. Address Lock Box 260, or call at office, 317 Perry street, Davenport, Iowa.

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FOR SALE by E. P. ROE, author of "Play and Profit in My Garden," "Opening a Chestnut Burr," etc. Plants set out now will bear well next June. Send for Circular. Address at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, Orange Co., N. Y.

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109 YOUNG MEN TO LEARN TELEGRAPHY. Salary paid while practicing. Address, with stamp, C. A. SHERMAN, Supt's U. T.C., Oberlin, Ohio

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THE Fall Term of this Institution will open Sept. 23. This school offers excellent advantages to students. Situated at the Capital, with competent teachers, a college course, and ample facilities in all departments of study.
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Upon improved farms, in sums of $500 and upwards, for a term of 3 to 5 years; interest, at 10 per cent., payable semi-annually.
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Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir: This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" (VEGETINE) in my family for several years, and think that for scrofula and cankerous humors, or rheumatic affections, it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and spring medicine it is the best thing I ever used, and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine. Yours respectfully,
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WHAT IS NEEDED.
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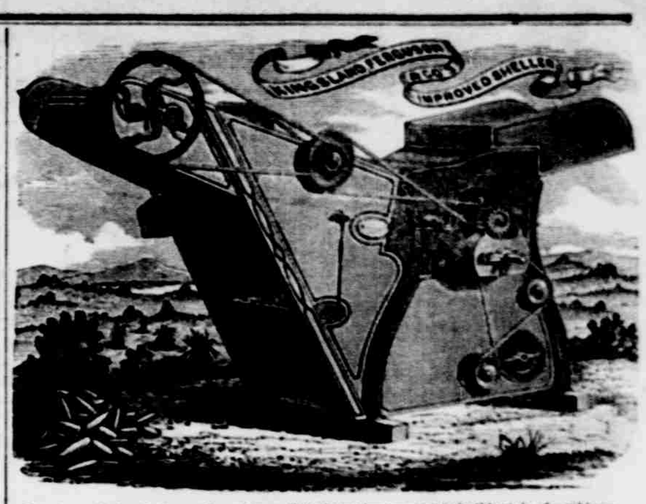

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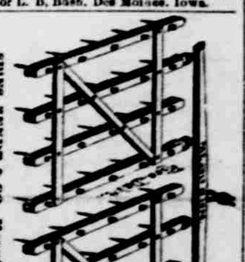
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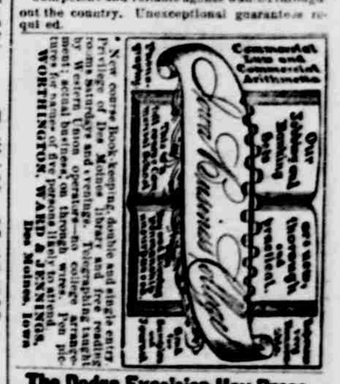
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