HOLMES COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

A Political and Family Journal, Devoted to the Interests of Holmes County, and Local and General Intelligence.

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County Clerk, - JOHN S. ORR.
Sheriff, - - - JAMES S. MCCORD.
Auditor, - - JOSEPH R. NEWTON.
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Recorder, - - W. C. MCDOWELL.
Commissioners, AB'M WOKEMAN, JACOB FISHER, DAN'L BAUGHMAN.
Surveyor, - - JOSHUA SPONAGLE.
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Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH,

G. A. HUGHES, PASTOR, SERVICE EVERY Sabbath at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening.

EVANG. LUTHERAN CHURCH.

SERVICES EVERY OTHER SABBATH, AT 10½ o'clock A. M. by Rev. Isaac Culler. Sabbath School every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock.

U. P. CHURCH,

REV. W. M. GIBSON, PASTOR. HOURS FOR Service at 11½ o'clock, A. M. Sabbath school at 10½ o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. A. S. MILHOLLAND, PASTOR. MORNING service at 11 o'clock. Sabbath school 12½ o'clock. Evening service 6½ o'clock.—Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.

DISCIPLE CHURCH,

ELDER WM. SHARP, PASTOR. HOURS for service 11 o'clock, A. M. Sabbath school 9 o'clock. Evening service 7½ o'clock. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.

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SERVICES EVERY SABBATH AT 11 O'clock, A. M. Sunday School at 10. J. D. Nunemacher, Pastor.

Railway Time Tables.

Cleveland, Mt. Vernon & Delaware R. R.

GOING NORTH.	Ex. & Mail.	Accom'dn.
Leave Millersburg,	5:24 A. M.	1:00 P. M.
" Holmesville,	5:38 "	1:23 "
" Fredericksburg,	5:51 "	1:49 "
" Apple Creek,	6:08 "	2:20 "
" Orrville,	6:28 "	3:06 "
" Marshallville,	7:14 "	3:43 "
" Akron,	8:08 "	5:27 "
Arr. at Cleveland,	10:10 "	8:45 "
GOING SOUTH.	Accom'dn.	Ex. & Mail.
Leave Cleveland,		3:55 P. M.
" Akron,	7:18 A. M.	5:47 "
" Marshallville,	8:06 "	6:48 "
" Orrville,	9:31 "	7:33 "
" Apple Creek,	10:26 "	7:57 "
" Fredericksb'g,	10:35 "	7:44 "
" Holmesville,	11:20 "	7:26 "
Arr. at Millersburg,	11:40 "	8:10 "

H. C. HURD, *President.*
G. A. JONES, *Superintendent.*

Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac. Ex.	No. 5 Mail.	No. 3 Night Ex.
Pittsburg,	1.45 A. M.	9.30 A. M.	7.10 A. M.	2.20 P. M.
Rochester	2.52 "	10.42 "	8.45 "	3.38 "
Alliance,	3.05 "	1.35 P. M.	11.45 "	6.15 "
Orrville,	4.33 "	3.21 "	1.52 P. M.	7.47 "
Mansfield,	5.38 "	5.35 "	4.22 "	9.46 "
Crestline,	arr. 6.10 "	6.10 "	5.00 "	10.10 "
	dep. 30 "	6.35 "	6.10 A. M.	10.20 "
Forest,	10.53 "	8.38 "	7.50 "	11.43 "
Lima,	11.52 "	9.50 "	9.00 "	12.43 A. M.
Ft. Wayne,	2.10 P. M.	12.30 A. M.	11.40 "	2.55 "
Plymouth,	4.17 "	3.05 "	2.20 A. M.	5.10 "
Chicago,	7.20 "	6.50 "	6.30 "	8.20 P. M.

TRAINS GOING EAST.	No. 6 Mail.	No. 2 Fast Ex.	No. 8 Pac. Ex.	No. 4 Night Ex.
Chicago,	3.50 A. M.	9.00 A. M.	5.35 P. M.	3.00 P. M.
Plymouth,	9.45 "	12.05 P. M.	9.05 "	12.40 A. M.
Ft. Wayne,	12.40 P. M.	2.20 "	11.35 "	3.15 "
Lima,	3.05 "	4.30 "	1.42 A. M.	5.05 "
Forest,	4.20 "	5.39 "	2.59 "	6.22 "
Crestline,	arr. 6.00 "	6.45 "	4.20 "	8.05 "
	dep. 11.30 A. M.	7.00 "	4.30 "	8.30 "
Mansfield,	12.06 P. M.	7.38 "	5.00 "	9.04 "
Orrville,	2.25 "	9.20 "	7.00 "	11.12 "
Alliance,	4.40 "	11.00 "	8.50 "	1.15 P. M.
Rochester,	7.17 "	1.04 A. M.	11.16 "	3.37 "
Pittsburgh,	8.35 "	2.10 "	12.10 P. M.	4.45 "

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Chicago,	10.00 a.m.	10.00 p.m.	4.15 p.m	7.00 a.m
Englewood,	10.35	10.50	3.45	6.30
Joliet,	11.00 a.m.	11.55	3.27	5.03
La Salle,	2.19 p.m	2.22 a.m.	12.18	2.38
Bureau,	3.20	3.20	11.30 a.m	‡ 1.50
C.B.&Q.Cross.	4.09	4.08	10.37	12.50
Rock Island,	6.45	6.50	8.00	10.30 p.m
Davenport,	7.45†	7.55†	7.00†	10.15†
Wilton,	8.47	8.40	6.15	8.40
West Liberty,	9.37	9.20	5.28	8.00
Iowa City,	10.00	10.05	4.52	7.20
Des Moines,	3.15 a.m	4.10 p.m	12.35 p.m	1.40†
Avoca,	8.45†	9.45†	7.00†	8.05 a.m
Council Bluffs,	9.50	10.45	5.00	6.00
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PROVISION STORE!

J. P. LARIMER,

HAVING taken possession of the "old Smiley Corner," intends to keep a first-class Flour, Feed and Provision Store.
I have purchased a stock of

GROCERIES,

Such as Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Syrup, Carbon Oil, Kentucky Hominy, Peas, Currants, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Figs, extract, Spices, Starch

Also, Marvin's celebrated SUGAR, LEMON SODA and FRENCH

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Sugar Jumbles, Ginger Snaps, Cigars, *of the best manufacture.* **Tobacco,** *all kinds, at wholesale and retail.*

All goods sold at small profits and delivered to any part of the town.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR

Corn, Potatoes, Beans and country Produce, Furs & Sheep Pelts.

Feb. 9, 1871.—35tf J. P. LARIMER.

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Of the latest Styles at the

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They have everything in the line of Millinery Goods. Particular attention given to

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A full stock of goods kept constantly on hands.

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E. NEGELSPACH,
Has bought at the best time, a full line of

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MEN AND BOY'S CLOTHING,
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Which he offers for

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AT SMALL PROFITS.

Please call and examine. I flatter myself that I can offer you the cheapest stock of goods ever in Millersburg.
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Good Material Used, Good Work Done, Good Pay Wanted.
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SEWING MACHINE!
THE SIMPLEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST
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Rooms opposite New Hardware Store, Commercial Block, Millersburg, Ohio. 17tf

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ALL work entrusted in his hands, will be made up in the latest style, most durable manner, and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction in every case. Give him a trial.
We are also agent for the Howe Sewing Machine, and keep on hand Needles, Fixtures and Findings; Oil by the bottle or gross.
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Cheap Violins,
VIOLIN STRINGS, ACCORDEONS, &c.
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Shatton's Violin No. 206 1-2

IMITATION Inlaying and Imitation Ebony Trimmings. This is a Violin of good tone, suitable for any ordinary use. Finished same as 207. Price $2.50.

VIOLIN NO. 207.

The inside work of this Violin is the same as those of the better qualities; that is, the same as a genuine "Stradivarus," and cannot but turn out valuable instruments, but on account of the low price at which they are sold, not so much pains has been taken with the inside work. The outside finish, excepting the inlaying, will be about the same as the others.
Price of No. 207 $1.00.

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J. & C. SCHULER
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The Hightest Market Price
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COUNTRY PRODUCE.
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Physicians' Attention is Called to His Chemical Department.

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At the Red Warehouse,
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GROCERIES, PROVISIONS
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I would respectfully announce that I keep constantly on hand a good supply of
Fresh Groceries and Provisions
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19tf WM. H. GARD.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CLEVELAND LEADER, 1872.

The Presidential Election Year
Leader and Times $3 25.

The Publishers of the Leader would call the attention of all interested in having the best paper published in Ohio, to the improvements that have been made in their paper. It is one of the largest papers published in the West, and has the best selection of reading matter, consisting of
Stories, by the best of Authors.
Letters from Europe, by Special Correspondents.
Telegraphic News, from all parts of the World.
Full Congressional Reports.
Correspondence, From all parts of the country.
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Market Reports, by the best of Reporters.
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Interesting Miscellany.

THE WEEKLY LEADER

Has more reading matter than any other Weekly published in Ohio.

The most violent contest for the Presidency the country ever witnessed, will take place the coming year. The Copperhead Democracy, with the aid of Millions of the stolen money of the New York City Treasury, will leave nothing undone to carry the election, and thus be enabled to repeal the Reconstruction laws and the laws for the protection of Union men of the South. It behooves all Republicans, after first subscribing for their own county paper, to take a paper thoroughly and earnestly Republican in its views and metropolitan in its character, and such a paper is the CLEVELAND LEADER.

A NEW FEATURE.

The Leader is publishing a story entitled "Poor Miss Finch," by the great English novelist, Wilkie Collins, which is said to be superior to his "Woman in White." This story is received direct from the publishers, Messrs. Harper Brothers, by special arrangement. It has now been published for over two months, and will be finished by March 1st. Every new subscriber will receive, in addition to 52 numbers of the Weekly, back numbers of the Leader Story Supplement from commencement of publication of the story down to the time of his subscription, thus ensuring him a

Complete Story,

worth at the book-store the price of one year's subscription of the LEADER.
Other first class Stories to follow "Poor Miss Finch."

Extraordinary Inducements for Getting up Clubs.

For the purpose of extending the sphere of the usefulness of the LEADER, the Cleveland Leader Printing Company will offer

$25,000 WORTH OF PREMIUMS.

Each Premium ranging in value from $2 50 to $25, according to size of club—Consisting of Younglove, Massey & Co's Agricultural Implements, American Gold and Silver Watches, Masons & Hamlin's Organs, from the General Agents S. Brainard's sons; Hubbard's Reapers & Mower, Howe's Sewing Machine, Wilson's Sewing Machine, China and Glassware, from the establishment of Rice & Burnett, Cleveland; complete setts of Charles Dickens' and Sir Walter Scott's Works, by Peterson, of Philadelphia; and Charles Read's Works, by the Harpers, Websters Dictionary, the best in the English language; Harpers' Pictorial History of the Rebellion; with seven hundred illustrations; Harpers' Illustrated Weekly, the best in the country; Harpers' and Atlantic Monthlies, the best Monthlies in the Union, Harpers' Bazar, the best Fashion Gazette in the World; Moore's Rural New Yorker and the American Agriculturist; the best Agricultural paper published, and the N. Y. Independent; all of which are offered as premiums to getters up of clubs. Any person wishing to see a detailed list of our Premium Scheme, will please send for a Catalogue Prospectus containing full list and directions.

☞ For the purpose of putting sample numbers of the LEADER in the hands of all so that they can judge of the merit of the LEADER as a first class paper, the publishers have adopted a scale of prices for specimen papers, for a short time, as follows:

One Month	15 cents
Two Months	25
Three Months	35

Single Sample Copy sent free.

TERMS.

CLEVELAND WEEKLY LEADER.

For one year, with the Times	$3 25

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Made up of matter from MORNING LEADER with fresh Telegraphic News—the cheapest Daily in the country.

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☞ All money can be sent by postal money order, draft, or enclosed in registered letters, directed to the

Leader Printing Co.,
CLEVELAND, O.

New Grocery
—AND—
PROVISION STORE!
CHARLES HOSE

HAVING PURCHASED THE GROCERY and Provision Store of C. F. Leety, Main Street, and having refitted the rooms in good style, and added largely to the stock, and is now prepared to furnish all who may favor him with their patronage with everything in his line of trade, such as

Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Syrups, Oranges, Lemons, Canned Fruits, Figs, Extracts, Raisins, &c. &c. &c. &c.

All of which will be sold at the

Lowest Market Price! FOR CASH.

He also keeps the very best brands of

Wines and Liquors,

Suitable for medicinal purposes, which he will not sell by the drink.
Give him a call when you want anything in his line.
CHARLES HOSE.
At the old "Herzer Corner."
Millersburg, O., Aug. 1, 1871. 50tf

Mrs. BATTIN,

TAKES this method of announcing to her patrons and the public generally, that she is now receiving a large and splendid assortment of

FALL & WINTER GOODS

French Flowers, Willow Feathers, Ostrich & Vulture Plumes, Sash & Bonnet Ribbons,

Hats & Bonnets

French Corsets, Skeletons, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Elastic Ribbon, Hose and Half Hose and Notions.

Thankful for past patronage, she hopes by strict attention to business to merit of the public favor.

Rooms on Main Street, opposite the Post Office.

Estate of Julia Ann Bell.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Mrs. Julia Ann Bell, late of Holmes County, deceased. B. C. BROWN.
Dec. 25, 1871. 19w3

PERSISTENCE.

Because I begged so hard,
She has at last unbarred
The treasure-chamber of her fastened heart,
And Love's feet enter in,
That waited long to win
Their way, nor would from closed door depart:
His patient, faithful feet
Find favor with my Sweet.

Because I begged so hard,
This, then, is my reward—
Love the wayfarer becomes Love the Guest;
No more in streets of scorn
He turns away forlorn—
His tired feet find rooms of faded rest,
Where all their dusty heat
Is cooled by my Sweet.

Because I begged so hard,
For once my late ill-starred
Is swayed by the mild might of happy moons.
Only one lightest touch!
Only! but, oh, how much!
Love wearies out whom well he importunes;
And well did he entreat
This mercy of my Sweet.

Because I begged so hard,
Years, with sad seasons marred,
Are lightened backward as with sudden suns.
Yea, over life's whole skies
The light of her dear eyes
Travels, like dawn and sunset shed at once
Mixed in one glory, meet
All days, this day, my Sweet!

Because I begged so hard,
The shadow doth retard
Upon the dial one delicious hour;
One hour that is not found
Within the day's dull round
But added by great Love's exerted power.
Let time move on, its best
Is music now, my Sweet!

Still do I beg her hand,
For inner gates still guard,
And as he passed, so Love again would pass;
Entering in fear and bound,
Returning free and crowned.
The going of his feet shall fail, alas!
But now their eagea beat
Must win its way, my Sweet!

—Cornhill Magazine.

EBB-TIDE.

A furious war of seething waters raging around a battlement of hard, wet rocks; a foam-lashed cliff burying its feet in an angry sea; and a long, white fringe of surf drawing a line across the blackness of the night; a sweeping gale of wind howling through the hollow caverns among the rocks, and a great ship going to pieces on the reef outside; an old man stooping over some object which the sea had thrown pitilessly among the stones, and holding his lantern forward as if to see what thing it was he had stumbled over.

"A little brandy, my good fellow!" he shouted, trying to throw his voice above the loud roars of the breakers. "It will do you good. I have it. There!"

He lifted up the thing which he had found, and set it on a rock which the sea in its fury assaulted less mercilessly than others. By the lantern's light it seemed to be a young man, not strikingly handsome, but with well-formed, regular features, and with a mass of brown hair which lay across his face like a drift of matted sea-weed. He opened his eyes a moment in the glare of the lantern, and then dropped backward again in a swoon.

"No use," muttered the old man. 'He's most dead already. The old woman will have to tend to him.'

Like one who was used to such burdens, he lifted the insensible wait lightly in his arms and climbed with him by the steep path to the top of the cliff above. A little cottage, built far back from the edge of the rocks, sent one cheering ray of light cleaving through the blustering, inky night, far out to sea; and towards this the old fisherman made his way.

'Here, mother," he said, bursting open the door with his foot, and depositing his bundle—for it was little else now—upon a couch within; 'take care of this one. He's the first. The vessel's breaking up; there may be more. Hot brandy and plenty of blankets will do it, I guess.'

'Mercy upon us!' cried the old woman, 'what a good-looking man! Lay him down there. That's it. Now leave him to me, Silas Grant, and go back and help the others. I've resurrected more than one young chap, and old ones too, that was nigher gone than this.'

'I know it,' said Silas. Where is Flora?'

'I sent her off to bed. I was afraid some of 'em might be brought in here that even I couldn't resurrect, and there is no use in seeing such things.

'Quite right,' he replied, buttoning up his coat for another rally into the storm. 'Don't let her see him either before morning.'

Wrapped snugly in Dame Grant's warm blankets, and with hot water-bottles at his hands and feet, the rescued man glided, almost without a waking pause, from the unconsciousness of death to the insensibility of sleep. To him the howling gale and beating storm without were as the wind and rain of another world. He heard them not. He knew nothing of the drifting spars and timbers and pieces of wreck that came floating to the shore all night; some with clinging cargoes of breathing, yet half-drowned, life; some with only a freight of ghastly death; some with not even that poor load, but knotted with ends of rope and pieces of torn handkerchiefs from which the owners had lost their hold, and sunk for ever in the boiling, foaming sea. He heard nothing of the crashing breakers on the shore below; saw nothing of the beacon-fires lighted along the cliffs for the guidance of any boat that might be struggling from the vessel towards the shore. It was not till long afterwards that he knew the story of that dreadful night and of his own rescue. Then they told him of the dead mother whom the sea had hurled pitiously ashore with her lifeless infant clasped close to her cold bosom, and her long hair sweeping its baby face; and of that other silent story of a woman's love, where one, when in the heaviest of the surf, and almost within reach of help, on looking round in the glare of the beacons, and seeing that her husband had lost hold upon the slender spar that had thus far borne them both, let go her own grasp also, and followed him to death without a cry. Through all these things he slept in peaceful unconsciousness.

When he awoke, it was to light and life. The first object that met his opening eyes was one so unreal and beautiful that he doubted whether it belonged to heaven or earth. At the window near his bed sat a young and slender figure, with faithful frank blue eyes, bending over some pretty work in worsted. Lovely as was the rosy beauty of her cheeks, yet was it surpassed by the glory of her long and wondrous hair, which dropped downward upon her shoulders in the morning sunlight—for the storm had broken with the day—In a rippling fall of glowing gold. He gazed at her in silence for several moments before he could collect his confused thoughts.

'How long have you been here?' he asked, at length.

She left her seat and came to his side softly.

'For an hour almost. Are you better?'

'Yes. I think so except my arm. I can't litt that. It must be broken, I think. How came I here?'

'Father brought you here last night. Don't you remember? You were thrown on shore from the wreck.'

'Ah, yes; I know. Were there many saved?'

'Not many. Only two or three alive, they say.'

'Who are you?'

'Flora Grant. And you?'

'Nobody.'

'Haven't you a name?' she asked, opening her blue eyes.

'Ah! My name? Yes. Arthur Rolleston. Now I think I will go to sleep. Please sit where I can see you when I wake.

She returned to her window again quietly, and resumed her work, while the patient fastened his eyes upon her with a gaze so rapt that one would think her the last thing he was to look upon this side the grave.

No one will care to hear the story of his long recovery; of the dark, chaotic days that seemed all dreams; of the brighter, pleasanter weeks that were dreams too, but cheerier ones; of the short and swiftly-flying hours that were painless at last, when he could sit bolstered in one of Mrs. Grant's great arm-chairs, and watch Flora as she sat working in the sunlight at the window. Of old Silas he saw little. The weather-beaten fisherman was seldom home during the day, and the young sufferer was left to the gentle ministrations of the old woman and her daughter, more especially the latter, who waited patiently upon him day after day.

And Flora, whose nimble fingers were ever knitting, quickly and surely knitted Arthur Rolleston's heart into the web with her worsted; and Arthur himself, who had nothing to do but sit in his great chair and gaze for hours at her pretty cheeks and hair, saw himself every moment more hopelessly entangled among the brilliant colors which her busy needles were weaving together.

It was a dreamy, languid day in August. He was then able to walk about a little with his broken arm in a sling, and he sat with Flora in the little porch before the house, where they could look off upon the blue, deceitful sea that purred so treacherously along the shore beneath the cliffs.

She had let fall the work, and was gazing thoughtfully at the distant sails far away upon the water. At the same glance, he perceived that she was not the only listener. A rough, sunburned figure, in a coarse blue shirt, was leaning carelessly upon the garden-gate, and steadfastly regarding them with a look which seemed to betoken anything but friendliness of feeling. As Flora saw the figure, too, she gave a frightened little start, and flushed to her very temples.

'Afternoon!' observed the man in the blue shirt.

'Good afternoon, Jethro,' replied Flora.

'I'd stop a few minutes, if I thought I was wanted,' observed the stranger, biting off the end of a wisp of hay which he held in his hand.

'Come in,' she said; 'I should like to have you stop.'

'No,' replied Jethro; 'I don't believe you would.'

Arthur Rolleston, thinking the last remark aimed in his direction, closed his book, and said he thought he would take a stroll. Then he removed his hand from Flora's, which had lain quietly in his own all this time, and sauntered off towards the beach.

'Handsome chap that,' said Jethro. 'S'pose he's nice company, ain't he?'

Flora bit her lips, and made no reply. The man was silent, and then continued, 'He's quite cut me out lately, ain't he? I don't s'pose you care anything about that, though. He's better looking than I be, and I dare say he knows a good deal more. I wish you joy, Miss Grant.'

'Jethro,' said Flora, 'you are forgetting yourself. What right have you to talk this way to me?'

'Forgetting my self? Good Lord! Isn't it enough to make a man forget himself when you drive me mad? Jest think of it awhile. It will do you good. When he first came here, I cared about it. I don't now, after what I've seen this afternoon. Good-bye!'

'Good-bye, Jethro!'

Singular, was it not? That when he was gone, Flora bent upon her hands and cried. Singular, too, that Jethro Butler, instead of returning at once to work in the field, strolled laizily along the cliff after Rolleston, and finally came upon him, unexpectably, of course, sitting upon a great stone on the beach below.

'Hallo!' he said grimly, taking a seat near him.

'Hallo!' replied Arthur. 'Jethro Butler, isn't it? I've heard of you.

'That's my name,' said Jethro. Then, as though his heart and head were both hot with some feeling that was rankling there, he added, 'You seem to like your own company better than you do Flora's.'

'What of it?' asked Arthur, sharply.

'Oh, nothin'! I'm getting that way myself, lately. I didn't used to though.'

Rolleston regarded him for a moment in silence. Then he said, 'You don't seem to like me very much?'

'No,' replied Jethro, dryly.

'Why.'

'You had better ask Flora why. She can tell you as much as I can about it.'

'Jethro,' said Rolleston, suddenly, as if a new light had broken in upon him, 'if I had ever known, or thought, that I was blotting any hope of yours, even though I knew it to be but a delusion, I should have left this place long ago. I have no reason to be other than your friend, and have never had.

'Well said!' replied Jethro. 'I like you for that! but its too late—too late!'

'How do you know? Tell me you love Flora Grant. Assure me of her love for you,—and I am gone to-morrow.'

It's too late,' said Jethro, fiercely. 'Haven't I seen it? Didn't I watch her a while ago, drinkin' in your words with all her soul? She might have thought of me once; but that is all over now.'

'You may deceive yourself,' said Arthur. 'You are not certain that she does not like you still?'

'I am,' he replied. 'It has been a sort of fate. I don't know much about such things, but I am beginning to believe in destiny.'

He raised his arm, and pointed away over the pulsing sea.

"Look there!' he continued. 'Its' ebb-tide. All my life has been one great ebb-tide—everything going out, nothing coming in. It was ebb-tide when I was born. It was ebb-tide when you were thrown on shore to take away what was dearer than life. I've watched every hope and ambition I ever had to drift out to sea beyond my reach.

Nothing has ever been brought to me, and nothing ever will, except, a flood-tide may come in, and bring me in some day."

He said this in a tone of such utter desolation, like a man whose life fate had rendered one long, sad failure, that Rolleston's heart was touched in pity.

'I would help you if I could, Jethro. Can I say any thing to her that would turn the scale for you?'

'No! I should hate you worse than I do now, if I did. I've begun to feel better towards you since I've sat here. Don't make it worse.'

'This, thought Relleston, is one of the problems that try men's souls. Flora is dearer than all the world to me; yet, here is a man who has loved her all his life. His claim to her had grown old before mine was born.

A wild crash from the cliff above startled him, and both men leaped aside for their lifes. A great rock, loosened by the washing of the rains aronnd it, came tearing down upon them like a mass of solid iron. Quick as they had been they had miscalculated its direction. Striking against a smaller stone upon the beach below, it suddenly altered its course, and hurling its victims into the sand beneath it, stopped and lay with all its crushing weight upon them.

'Jethro,' said Arthur, as soon as he could collect his stunned and scattered senses, 'Are you killed?'

He could not see him, but he heard his voice rising faintly from the other side.

'No, not killed! But, oh, my legs! They're gone, I think.'

'Gone?'

'Yes, mashed! Are you hurt?'

'No, but I am fast.'

'What will become of us? Have we got to die here?'

'God knows.'

But there was help at hand. Old Silas, at work at his nets far down the beach had heard the crash and seen the two figures disappear. He came running towards them now, and in a few minutes was on the spot.

'Are ye both alive?' he shouted. 'Answer, somebody.'

'Yes, yes, alive, both of us,' came from the captives, cheerfully.

'Thank God! I'll have ye out of there in a minnit. Keep up your courage men.'

He started away for help as fast as his legs would carry him, and in half an hour came back with five others, who had left their nets to assist him.

'Get him out first,' said Jethro.