THE JEFFERSONIAN

A. H. BALSLEY.

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JEFFERSONIAN
Steam Printing Office

THOSE who recognise the magic power of printers' ink, (and all successful business men do,) are informed that we have refitted our office, which is now furnished with the latest and most beautiful styles of type, Taylor Mammoth Drum Cylinder, Nonpareil Half Medium and Gordon (latest improved) Presses run by steam, under the supervision of an experienced and careful foreman, and together with our low rents added to the fact that we use steam power, gives us a great advantage over city offices. Call and examine our work

Fine Job Work a Specialty.

City and County Directory.

Arrival and Departure of Mails at the Findlay Post-Office.

DEPARTURE.

Carey Branch C. S. & C. R.R., 9:15 a. m.
L. E. & I. R.R. going South, 11:15 a. m.
" " " *North*, 4:27 p. m.

ARRIVALS.

Carey Branch C. S. & C. R.R., 5:00 p. m.
L. E. & I. R.R. going South, 11:15 a. m.
" " *North*, 4:28 p. m.

DEPARTURE.

Van Buren, Portage, Mungen and Rowling Green—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 a. m.
Mt. Blanchard, Huncktown and Ewing's Corner, Wednesday and Saturday, at 1 p. m.
Arlington, Williamstown and Dunkirk Tuesday and Saturday, at 1 p. m.
Oak Ridge, Glenwa, Roanoke, Belmore, and Gilboa—Tuesday and Friday, at 7 a. m.
Benton Ridge, Stanley and Pendleton—Friday, at 5 a. m.
McComb and Portage Center—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 1 p. m.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Common Pleas Judge—James Pillars.
Auditor—George S. Mosher.
Clerk of Courts—Scott W. Preble.
Treasurer—Peter Hosler.
Recorder—Paul Kemerer.
Probate Judge—Samuel B. Huffman.
Sheriff—Samuel Myers.
Prosecuting Attorney—Henry Brown.
Coroner—D. F. Cline.
Commissioners—Joseph Saltzman, John D. Bishop and John Edgington.
Infirmary Directors—Jacob Thompson, R. M. Watson, and J. R. Buskonog.
Infirmary Superintendent—R. M. Lee.
School Examiners—J. A. Pittsford, J. R. Kagy and Dorilas Martz.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

Trustees—Wm. Marlin, John Larkins and Job Chamberlin.
Clerk—H. H. Metzler.
Treasurer—Hugh Newell.
Justices—D. S. Beardsley and O. A. Ballard.
Constables—Joel Markle and J. M. Byal.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Mayor—Jacob Carr.
Clerk—John A. Meeks.
Treasurer—M. D. Sours.
Marshal—James Wilson.
Solicitor—James A. Hope.
Council—E. Palmer, P. Carlin, John Parker, J. L. Linville, A. Brown and V. H. Coons.
Board of Improvements—Jacob Carr, E. P. Jones and J. A. Hope.

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Hall located in third story of Gage's Block, Main Street.

FINDLAY COUNCIL, R. & S. M., No. 56, Regular Council second Monday evening in each month.

FINDLAY CHAPTER, R. A. M., No. 57, Stated Convocation first Monday evenings in each month.

FINDLAY LODGE, F. & A. M., No. 227, Stated communication first and third Wednesday evenings in each month.

Odd-Fellows' Hall east side of Main Street, between Sandusky and Crawford Streets.

GOLDEN RULE ENCAMPMENT, No. 92, I. O. O. F. meets second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

HANCOCK LODGE, No. 73, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday evening.

FINDLAY LODGE, No. 85, K. of P., meets every Monday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall.

FINDLAY SAVINGS AND BUILDING LOAN ASSOCIATION meets at the Court-house on the third Monday in each month.

THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION meets at the League Rooms, opposite the Joy House. General prayer meeting every Sabbath afternoon at 5 o'clock. Women's prayer meeting Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Children's meeting first Saturday afternoon in each month at 3 o'clock.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—Rev. William Jones.
Presbyterian—
Lutheran—Rev. G. W. Miller.
Congregational—Rev. H. D. Kutz.
Evangelical Church—Rev. Samuel Cocklin.
United Brethren—A. W. Holden.
German—L. Konetzka.
Church—Kline.
German—M. Buerkle.
African Methodist Episcopal Church—J. B. Young.

Findlay Business Directory.

W. H. HAVEN,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST, DIRECTLY OPPOSITE the Court House Findlay, Ohio. Physician's Prescriptions compounded carefully. Full stock of Drugs, Oils, Paints, Perfumery, Soaps, &c. 19

E. W. ADAMS'

BARBER SHOP IS THE PLACE WHERE you can get the best of work done in the neatest possible style. Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting and Shampooing a specialty. Shop Opposite Old White Corner, Two Chairs always found ready for business. Call and see him and get a Good Job. Ladies desiring work done, by leaving word at the shop he will call at their residence. 19

D. H. GILMER,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Office over Fellers, Johnson & Co's store, West Side Main Street, Findlay, Ohio. April 14, 1876-6m

E. SHIFER,

SURVEYOR. Office in first block South of Court House. Attention given to retracing the lines of old surveys, laying out, parting off, and dividing up lands, leveling for profiles of roads and ditches.

March 10, 1876-6m

JOHN M. HAMLIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, FINDLAY, OHIO. Makes regular professional calls in adjoining counties. Nov. 19-tf.

D. B. SEARDSLEY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW and Claim Agent. Will practice law in State and U. S. Court, and attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. As Justice of the Peace, will attend to conveyancing and taking depositions. Office—Room N. 1 Melodeon Building, Findlay, Ohio. May 5, '76—tf.

E. T. DUNN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in New Bank Building, West side of Main Street, No. 69 (Nov. 22-tf.)

J. H. JOHNSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Findlay, Ohio. Office in "Headquarters" Building, North-east of Court House. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. April 26, 1872.

JAMES A. HOPE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office over W. L. Davis & Co's Store, Main Street, Findlay Ohio. April 14 '71

JACOB F. BURKET,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, and Notary Public. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Particular attention given Collections, Partitioning of Lands, and business in Probate Court. Office on Main Street, in Rossman's Block, nearly opposite the Court House. [May 7.

HENRY BROWN. G. F. PENDLETON.

BROWN & PENDLETON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office up stairs, first Door South of Court House, Findlay, O. November 24, 1876-tf.

WM. M. DETWILER, M. D.,

HOMOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Main Street, two doors North of Karst's Grocery Store, Findlay, Ohio.

Office hours—From 6 to 7½ a. m., 11 a. m. to 1 p. m., and 3 to 9 p. m. May 1673-tf

DOCTOR WAUGAMAN.

OCULIST AND AURIST.

Studied the Eye with Dr. Meiz at Massillon, Ohio.

Long, Short and Weak Sight Corrected by the aid of French Pebble Glasses.

OFFICE F[illegible] 4 P. M.

13y1 [illegible] St., Thic. O.

[illegible] M. L. DETWILER.

DAVIS, DETWILER & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS, and Dealers in Flour, Provisions, Woodenware, Willow and Stone Ware, Confectionery, Fruits, and a General Variety Goods at Wholesale at Cleveland and Toledo prices. Nos. 21 and 24 Main Street. May 5, '76—tf.

D. L. JUNE. D. S. JUNE.

D. L. JUNE & SON,

MANUFACTURERS of and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in the Celebrated FREMONT WHITE LIME, the best brands of Cement for sale. Also manufacturers of Fire Stone of all kinds, shapes and sizes for building purposes. The best Building Material now in use. Office near L. S. & S. R. R. Fremont Ohio. June 4, 1875.

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Main Street, FINDLAY, O.

E. P. JONES Pres. | CHAS. E. NILES, Cash.

FRANK L. KARST, Teller.

Authorized Capital, - - $100,000.

Bank of Discount, Circulation, Deposit and Exchange.

Interest paid on Savings Deposits. Good paper bought. Drafts on cities in Europe and America for sale.

Directors.—E. P. JONES, ISAAC DAVIS, CHAS. E. NILES, J. F. BURKET, and J. H. WILSON. Jan 24, 75-tf

Glorious News!

Victory has perched upon our banner, and in order not to suffer defeat, we hereby announce to the citizens of Hancock and surrounding counties, that the cheap Tin and Stove firm of

R. W. VANCE & CO.,

At the Old Stand of Rickets & Scothorn'

Opposite the Court House,

Will, on and after the FIRST DAY OF APRIL, sell all goods in their line

STRICTLY FOR CASH,

Believing it to be the best for both debtor and creditor. Our stock consists in part of

Cook AND Heating Stoves,

Of the very best quality, and at prices to suit every one. A full line of

TIN AND COPPER WARE

House Furnishing Goods, Well, Cistern and Stock Pumps,

All of which will be sold right down to "Hard Pan Prices."

JOB WORK,

of all kinds done on short notice, and in the best style. We make a specialty of

Roofing and Spouting,

And the Manufacture of Mill Stacks.

Sewing Machines Adjusted and Repaired.

☞ Look to your interests and call and see us, as we will make our words good. Remember "The proof of the pudding is in chewing the end of the string." Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to us, we ask a continuance of the same, in this, our "New Departure," knowing it to be to the interests of all concerned.

R. W. VANCE & CO.

March 10, 1876.

THE FULLEST STOCK

—OF—

Boots and Shoes

Ever offered in Findlay, and at a price

LOWER THAN EVER HEARD F

Having failed to close out our entire stock, we have again

FILLED UP

—WITH—

NEW GOODS

—AT A—

GREAT REDUCTION

We would especially call your attention to our

Hand-Made Mens' Shoes

—AND—

CUSTOM KIP BOOTS.

Call and examine our stock and be convinced.

EWING & REDICK.

19-30

TO CALIFORNIA.

The Prophet Not Without Honor in His Own Country.

The Opinion of Those Who are Right on the Ground.

Unsought Testimony in Favor of the "Old Reliable" North-West.

We don't give this for an *ou fait accompli*, but it is very strongly rumored that Cedar Rapids is to be the *half-way* station between Chicago and Council Bluffs.

If this is to be, and some experiments have been made to that end, we suppose it is on account of the superior condition of the road. A trip on the steel railed and well ballasted road, is not any more now, it as much, wear and tear on the employes and machinery to a train, from Chicago to Cedar Rapids, 238 miles, as it was on the iron rails from Chicago to Clinton, 135 miles, in the olden time.

It is not necessary for us to say that the C. & N. W. R'y is a first-class road in every particular, that it rides as easy as sitting in a rocking chair, that its coaches are parlors, that its employes are the most polite and affable gentlemen the traveling public can meet or will meet in a lifetime of travel—the *esprit de corps* of the employes, I we say say is at a high standard; we say we need not say this in a newspaper, it is self-evident to every traveler on the road. *But in the future these are to be increased; we suppose the speed will be increased; if possible, the superb trains will be more superb; there is to be no train more complete, either for comfort or safety, since the world's commercial metropolis for the* GOLDEN GATE, THAN THE GREAT TRAINS ON THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY—THE ONLY COMPANY RUNNING OUT OF CHICAGO THAT HAS A ROAD SO RELIABLE THAT THEY ARE NOT AFRAID TO RUN AT ANY SPEED CAPABLE OF BEING ATTAINED BY ENGINES OF THE MOST IMPROVED CONSTRUCTION, RUN WITH THE HAND OF THE ENGINEER, AND A HEAD OF BRAINS, WITHOUT ANY FEAR OF ACCIDENT OR INCONVENIENCE.

Every employe on the road feels a personal interest in the North-Western Railway; it's the "clipper" road in the West, and so far as anything can do it will continue so to be.

This is THE TRANS-CENTENNIAL LINK FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE GREAT MISSOURI RIVER.

The old-time trave er speaks in high glee of the "ease and comfort" of these days of steel in contrast with the pioneer days of the pioneer road in the days of iron. *The comforts of travel on the North-Western Railway are in every traveler's mouth from the Atlantic to the Pacific.* It must be a proud compliment to the efficient management, and that is the reason every officer or employe feels so happy and obliging.

It is with pride we mention these things, and join the general shout along the line, Hurrah for the "OLD RELIABLE.—*Cedar Rapids Republican, Aug. 14, 1876.*

Manhood. How Lost. How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of SPERMATORRŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.

☞ Price, in sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically*.

☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps.

Address

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St., New York, Post-office Box, 4586. Jan. 14, 1876-1y

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Guaranteed Capital, $100,000

OFFICERS:

H. P. GAGE.....President
M. C. WHITELEY.....Vice President
ALFRED GRABER.....Cashier

DIRECTORS:

PARLEE CARLIN, CHAS. ŒSTERLEN, ALF. GRABER, M. C. WHITELEY, H. P. GAGE, JOHN D. BISHOP, ABRAM GRABLE, A. R. BELDEN.

THE OLD RELIABLE!

Still Ahead.

Notwithstanding the fact that goods have dropped and dropped, grown cheaper and cheaper, yet

A. EBLING,

At the "Old Reliable," has kept pace with the decline, and always led the market.

HE STILL LEADS!

As customers will discover who will give his home-made

Ready-Made Clothing

A trial. Bear in mind most of his clothing is made under his own supervision, and by his own workmen, yet the prices are down to a par with the prices of Eastern made goods.

His Merchant Tailoring Department

is always well supplied with

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings and Other Seasonable Goods.

while the man or woman who wants a

TRUNK OR VALISE,

Would waste time and squander money by going elsewhere. His stock of

HATS and CAPS

and his supply of

Gents' Furnishing Goods

Will bear the closest inspection, and give the best return for the money invested. Don't fail to look in and

See the Best White Shirt for the Least Money that can be found in the County.

Remember the "Old Reliable" and call in.

A. EBLING.

Findlay, O., Aug. 17, 1876.—15

FEVER AND AGUE

The Chickahominy Fever and Ague Cure is the only remedy ever offered to the public that will, without a single exception, completely rid the system of Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, and all malarious diseases, and effect a radical and

PERMANENT CURE.

No matter how stubborn or old the case may be, this medicine will give prompt and perpetual relief. This remedy is

PURELY VEGETABLE.

Therefore, stop dosing yourself with Calomel, Strychnine, Quinine, Arsenic, and other powerful and dangerous drugs. The proprietors offer this medicine purely upon its merits. If it does not give perfect satisfaction, the price paid will be cheerfully refunded.

CHICKAHOMINY MEDICINE CO.,
Price, $1.00. PALMYRA, N. Y.
SOLD BY S. & J. M. HUBER.

MOTHER'S RELIEF

OLD DR. JOHN HOWARD'S

Celebrated favorite Prescription and Preparation of

HAMBURG BIRTH ROOT

This time-worn and thoroughly-tested old English Female Remedy, after having been recognized and recommended by the highest medical authority of London and Paris, is now offered to our American mothers as a reliable anodyne for use before and after confinement.

Terror, Suffering and Danger

of Child Birth effectually avoided by the timely used of this Golden Remedy. Prepared in strict accordance with the original prescription and special directions from Old Dr. John Howard, of London, England, by the

MEDICAL BUREAU & STATE DISPENSARY,
Price, $1.50. PALMYRA, N. Y.
☞ Send three cents stamp for Circular.
SOLD BY S. & J. M. HUBER.

WORTHY OF REMEMBRANCE.

Why will you suffer violent pain, or be made uncomfortable, distressed in mind or body, when you can be instantly relieved and quickly cured by Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters. The ordinary Porous Plaster is an article of merit, yet its action is too slow, requiring days and weeks of continuous wear to effect a cure. Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster being a great improvement over them relieves you instantly and cures you quicker than any known plaster, liniment or compound.

Their action is more powerful than electricity and more certain. They are purely vegetable, contain no mineral or metallic poisons. Three composition and properties are founded upon true medical skill, and are in no sense a patent medicine. They are endorsed by thousands of Physicians and Druggists of unimpeachable reputation, as being an article of genuine merit and worthy of public confidence. Try them and be convinced. SEABURY & JOHNSON,

5-1y Pharmaceutical Chemists, N. Y.

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER.—HEAR WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY!

"The best, cheapest, safest and surest remedy ever offered an intelligent people." "An article of great merit which will in a short time be found in every household." "They are all that the manufacturers claim for them whose name alone is a sufficient endorsement of their genuine merits." "The best remedy known for all external difficulties or local disturbances." "They are vigorous, removing almost instantly the most violent pain and ensuring a speedy cure." "I consider them a great and needed improvement over all other porous plasters, they give prompt relief and cure quickly; they are held in high esteem." "They are now preferred over all others. They cure where other porous plasters simply relieve." When suffering try them and you will not be disappointed. Price 25 cents SEABURY & JOHNSON,

5-1y Pharmaceutical Chemists, N. Y.

$999 Can't be made by every agent every month in the business we furnish, but those willing to work can easily earn a dozen dollars a day right in their own localities. Have no room to explain here. Business pleasant and honorable. Women, and boys and girls do as well as men. We will furnish you a complete Outfit free. The business pays better than anything else. We will bear expense of starting you. Particulars free. Write and see. Farmers and mechanics, their sons and daughters, and all classes in need of paying work at home, should write to us and learn all about the work at once. Now is the time. Don't delay. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 19

Educational Column.

Conducted by C. F. PALMER.

WRITE we know is written right,
When we see it written w-r-i-t-e;
But when we see it written w-r-i-g-h-t
We know it is not written right.
For write to have it written right,
Must not be written r-i-g-h-t or w-r-i-g-h-t,
Nor yet should it be written r-i-t-e;
But write, for so 'tis written right.

M. Waddington is the Minister of Public Instruction in France.

Lessons in cookery and swimming are given in the schools of London England.

SUPERINTENDENT ROSS, of Fremont, has recently recovered from a severe illness.

THE government of France has decided to adopt the principle of compulsory primary education.

THE superintendent of Columbus and Indianapolis each recieve $3,000 and the assistant superintendents each $2,000.

THE teachers and pupils of the Findlay Public Schools, have organized a Literary Society. There were fifty one members enrolled.

M. A. WARREN, editor of the *Carolina Teacher*, prints it at his own house a page at a time. There is, evidently, nothing in its neat appearance to denote amateur work.

THE question whether Gaelic shall be taught in the Scottish Highlands is engrossing considerable attention. There are now in the Highlands 300,000, of whom half speak only Gaelic.

THE first Teachers Institute held in the State of New York, and probably the first in the world, according to the *present mode of organizing them and conducting their exercises in detail* was in Tompkins County, in April, 1843.

AT a school examination a young tyro in declamation, who had been told by the teacher that he must gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with, "The comet lifts its fiery tail," lifted the tail of his coat to a horizontal position, causing roars of laughter.

A BEAUTIFUL and easily produced exhibition of crystal formation may be seen under the microscope, as follows: Upon a slip of glass place a drop of liquid chloride of gold or nitrate of silver, with a particle of zinc in the gold and copper in the silver. A growth of exquisite gold or silver ferns will spring up under the delighted eye.

A simple and ingenious microscope is suggested by a writer in the *Scientific American*. Two metallic strips form a sort of a forceps, in which two holes are bored opposite each other; a drop of glycerine is put in each of these holes, and the drops act as convex lenses, which can be adjusted at will by pressing the strips together.

A COMPUTATION of the time required for the formation of a seam of coal has been made by Mr. E. A. Wunsch, of the Glasgow Geological Society, based upon his own observation in the Isle of Arran. He thinks that as many as twenty generations of trees are compressed into three to four inches of coal there, and that eighteen centuries are requisite for the formation of one foot of coal.

SOME of the teachers of Findlay Public Schools and their pupils are taking quite an interest in decorating the walls of their rooms with pictures, and their windows with plants. A teacher who has succeeded in enteresting her pupils in the school room in this way has taken a very important step toward good order and willing work. Our school rooms should be made so pleasant by these and other means that parents cannot keep children away from them.

THE impression seems to prevail, that getting a lesson is like knitting a stocking—so many rounds, so much work done. Hence, John is often excused after he has studied his lesson over half a dozen times; or the unlucky urchin is reproved with the question, "How many times did you study your lesson over?" By such means scholars are taught to measure their effort by a false standard. Repetition is not a substitute for concentration and reflection. The evil effects of such a habit can hardly be estimated. The thought is not grasped. The words are not really signs of ideas to the child. A given amount of time spent in going over a lesson once slowly and thoughtfully, is of infinitely more value to a student, than the same time spent in rapid repetition. Not only will the lesson be better prepared; but a habit of mind will be encouraged that the pupil will not have to break up, before he can become a thoughtful and observing man. Teachers, be careful how your scholars prepare their spelling lessons It is there the vicious habit is begun; but it soon is carried into every study.—*E. O. Vail.*

LET me say to parents over again what they must have heard a hundred times already, but what will need to be said a great many hundred times yet—that every unnecessary absence is a serious injury to the pupil, and a robbery to the whole school. If you decide to send the child to a public school rather than educate him yourself, you must conform to the prescribed regulations. That is implied in the contract between you and the teacher, and between you and the whole school. You have no more right to break into the order of school by irregularity then you have to stop a train of cars between two stations for your own convenience and to the inconvenience of the rest of the passengers. But not to insist longer on this view of the case, it is important that your child should understand that, while he is attending school, school is the main thing. You cannot impress him with the idea that education is something to value, and be prized, and striven for with earnestness and patience; in other words, you cannot educate him at all, unless it is made the great thing to which other things, your convenience and his fancies, must bend. If it makes no great matter if he is an hour late, or if he stays out a day now and a day then, to do some errand for you or to gratify some whim of his own, why the whole thing becomes of no great consequence in his estimation, and to awaken and keep alive in him any high purpose or worthy aim in education is an utter impossibility

Select Story.

WARNED OF A WARNING.

If the reader who has this page before his eyes be one of those who will believe only what they understand, or who—because some imposters, pretending to deal with the supernatural, have been exposed—treat with ridicule the idea that spirits can or will interpose in the affairs of mortals here below, let him skip the whole article, and go on to the next. He will have a very good dime's worth without it. To the more tolerant I would explain that I tell this tale as it was told to me, suppressing real names and altering the scene, according to a promise I have made. I will not attempt to account for anything. The main facts were narrated by a person sane in mind and strong of body—a man of singularly truthful disposition. The sequel I witnessed with my own eyes, so you may be quite sure that you will not come across the old familiar "dodge" of making wonders turn out to be "the baseless fabric of a vision."

In the year 1854, when I first met Frank Conroy, he was a handsome, brave, simple minded boy. Eleven years later I saw him again. He was a great deal bigger, but very little changed. The same dark brown curly hair with a glint of red in it, the same laughing blue eyes, the same almost girlish smile, the same contempt for all that was mean or cruel; only he didn't burst out crying now when touched with such things. He stood six feet in his rowing shoes and I would just as soon have a mule kick me as feel the full weight of his arm. A gentle giant, this Frank Conroy, with fair abilities, good prospects, a happy home, troops of friends, and the sweetest girl in Virginia loving him with all her heart. This was Annie Annesely, the only daughter of a planter whose fortunes had survived the ravages of civil war and who lived in a grand old house on the James River, some fifty miles above Richmond. Her mother died when she was a child. Annie was *petite*, of course, or she would not have had big Frank at her tinny feet; and there was a roundness and softness about the lower part of her face, which appeared to be of the wax-doll order until you had taken in her eyes and brow. I say "taken in," because they grew upon you. She was not a reigning belle, however. Frank snapped her up as soon as she came out—that was one reason. She did not consider dancing the German as the end and object of existence; and she carried too many guns for the beaux of the period—that was another. There were ups and downs, ins and outs, in the characters of this pair which favored the forging of an excellent weld when the great hammer man, Love, should place them, all aglow, on his anvil. At first big Frank was insolent, little Annie ambitious; he was realistic, she romantic; he somewhat too easy going to keep off foes, she somewhat too given to cynicism to gain friends. In a short time they began to rub off each other's deficiencies. He was 21 she 18, and they were to be married as soon as he had taken his degree.

In all sorts of athletic contests and exercises he had already graduated with the highest honors. In public little Annie rather discouraged these pursuits, but her heart glowed with delight when the Harvard boat dashed first under the string, and No. 3, the captain, was carried out of it in triumph. She tore her pretty lace handkerchief into shreds during the first laps of the three mile foot race, as the runner who wore her colors on his great heaving chest appeared fifth in the contest. She couldn't bear to see him beaten, and when at last he put on his spurt and went through his men like a rocket her heart beat faster than his own. At the time when this account commences he was in training for another great boat race, and reading hard, too; for your rowing man can be a good book worker if he please.

Now staying on a visit at the home of your betrothed is both useful and charming; useful because it gives you an insight into her character which is not to be gained out in society; and charming—well, there is no need to elaborate that cause. But it does not conduce to close study. St. Anthony himself could not keep his eyes on his book when the Father of Evil took the shape of a pretty woman—to whom, by the by, he was not engaged, so how can you expect that a warmhearted young fellow from Harvard could work in the presence of his lady love? Why did he not lock himself up in his room? He did, but what was the use? If she went about singing, as was her wont, he listened, and Plato might reason as he pleased unattended to. If she was silent, he (big Frank, not Plato) wandered what she was doing, and Orestes raved in vain. The only chance for work was when she went away from house and grounds visiting some neighbor; and this when she knew the consequences she did as often as she could. She was proud of her lover, and wanted him to take a good degree.

These absences generally lasted till luncheon time; but one day she came down to breakfast in her riding-habit, and told him she was going to see the Melvilles. Seeing the Melvilles meant a ride, out and more, of two and twenty miles.

"Mayn't I go with you?" he asked.

"No, sir. You have been shamefully idle lately; besides, I have lots of things to say to Janey," (her chief bridesmaid elect), "and you would be in the way. You need not expect to see me again till dinner time," she replied.

Seven o'clock was their usual dining time. Frank improved the shining hours—read till noon; then he took a brisk walk till 2; then he read till 5; then, like a wise man, he put away his books and packed up what he had learned into his brain.

It was autumn, when the twilight comes soon and quickly deepens into night. The time slipped away, as it will do when one's mind is busy, and when Annie came into the room, dressed for the evening, he was quite surprised.

"Back again so soon! and dressed already!" he exclaimed, rising to greet her; but she moved away from him toward the window, and stood there silent, gazing into the rapidly deepening twilight.

"Frank, dear," she said," after a pause, "I want to warn you about something."

"All right; go on," he replied again advancing.

"No, do not come near me. Stay where you are. Do not be surprised if some day you see a lady in your room."

"A lady!"

"Who will be there," she continued, not heeding his interruption, "for no light purpose. If she should speak to you, take good heed of what she says, for—for the sake of her who loves you."

"Why not say for my sake."

"Well, then for my sake."

"And who is this mysterious counselor?"

"Never mind."

"Oh, but I do mind. If there is anything I do hate, it is the idea of any one coming between you and me. When I have something to say to you I say it right out, and I want you to do the same. Is this person a friend?"

"A great friend."

"Then introduce us, and let us all three talk it over, whatever it is; or, better still, hear what she has to say, and tell me yourself."

"We cannot always manage that such things as these should come exactly as we wish," she answered, in a low and sad voice.

"No; but don't you think, Annie, that my receiving a lady in my room is not as good an arrangement as could be made?"

"I told you not to be surprised if she came. I did not say positively that she would come."

"If she does come, it will be with your consent?"

"She could not do so without."

"Then you won't be jealous?" he asked with a smile.

"There will be no cause for jealousy."

"You seem to be in a very strange humor to-day, dear."

"Why do you think that."

"Your voice and manner are changed. Are you ill, darling? Is—"

"Stay where you are," she again interrupted, motioning him back to his seat. "This will pass. Let us say no more on the subject. Give me your solemn promise that you will not say another word about it—only remember."

"Well, dear, I think that is the very best thing I can do, for really—"

"Promise."

"I promise—there! And now—"

"No, you shall not move. Let me go. I will come down in a few minutes. Be a good boy, Frank, and let me have my way."

He turned round, half vexed, to put away his notes, and when he looked up again she was gone.

He kept his promise, and he had his reward. Annie was even more than usually bright and loving all the rest of that evening. The next day passed as usual, and on the next one there was a pic nic, which would not have ended as pleasantly as it began but for big Frank. Returning by the light of the moon, the negro coachman (who had taken more champagne heel-taps than conduced to careful driving) managed to put the two off wheels of the carriage which contained the Annesley party into a ditch at a turn in the road where the horses could not get a straight pull at it, and ten miles from home! Frank just lifted the whole thing out bodily—Annie and all; for (as he said with one of his cheery laughs) "You don't weigh anything." Then he drove them home, leaving Sambo to sober himself by a walk.

"I wonder if Sampson was much stronger than you are?" said Annie, as he kissed her good night, looking up, full of love and pride, into his hand some face.

"Poor old Sampson! His strength did not do him much good, after all," he laughed.

"Oh, Frank! It saved his country, and helped him to a glorious end. I think there is nothing in history so splendid as the retribution he worked on his persecutors—crushing them, in the hour of triumph, with the temple of their false gods."

"The muff! he should have gone outside and pushed," said the prosaic Frank.

When he opened the door of his room he found that the lamp was alight. This was unusual, for he always lit it himself. There were French windows on two sides of this chamber opening into the gallery. Two faced him as he entered; the other pair were hidden by the bed and its mosquito bar. They were all wide open; for he loved fresh air, and laughed colds to scorn. It was almost as light as day. The full moon filled the veranda with its soft, silvery beams, and the dark evergreens below were ablaze with fireflies; a night which tempts one to do anything but go to bed. Frank took off his coat and boots, made himself comfortable in the rockingchair, filled his big pipe with perique, and thought he would read a little, as he had passed an idle day. As he rose to get his book he heard a gentle tap at the venetian blinds outside. Flying moths, blundering after a light, as is their wont, made such noises; so he did not notice it. After a moment or two it was repeated louder, and a woman's voice said, "May I come in?"

Now, by this time he had forgotten all about the visit he might receive, but was not surprised when a lady walked in without waiting for an answer. It does not take long to say—"May I come in?" yet as she spoke those few words the whole of his conversation with Annie on the day before yesterday came back to his mind.

"You are not surprised at this invasion?" asked his visitor. She was apparently about 30 years of age—tall, slight, and elegantly dressed. A laced-edged handkerchief was loosely knotted round her throat, and in hand she carried a common palmetto fan. She spoke in that subdued tone of assertion which a well bred woman of her age has generally acquired without knowing how, and shoddy folks labor after in vain all their lives. Grant that a stranger could adopt this mode of presenting herself—and had not Annie told him that she might?—and nothing could be more natural.

Frank replied that he was not a bit surprised, and advanced his best chair, which she declined.

"No, thanks," she said, leaning one hand against the side of the window space, and fanning herself. "I won't come in any farther. Do *you* sit down and listen to what I have to say. I won't keep you long. Oh? you may smoke. I don't mind that in the least. But I insist! I will not say a word till you have made four good puffs. That is right—One—two—three—four; now for it."

Frank began to feel that he must have known this lady for several years so completely did she put him at his ease.

"Don't you think," she continued, "that when a man is engaged to be married, it is high time for him to leave off playing like a boy?"

"Certainly it is."

"That's right. All the running and rowing and jumping is well enough in its way. It makes boys men, but it makes men just a little bit coarse; at least that is my view."

"May I ask if Annie shares that opinion?"

"Let us leave her out of this discussion. She knows nothing about it."

"And yet she prepared me for this—pleasure." Said Frank, pryly.

"Never mind. I repeat, she knows nothing about my present object. If she did, I am afraid she would not much assist me, for she is proud of her great athlete. I am old enough to be her mother, and" (with a bright smile) "am not in love with you, so I can talk sense. Now, really, what is there worth winning that you have not already won? Why risk defeat?"

"I am not afraid of that."

"The confidence of the man!—Well I'll put it in another way. Why not give some one else a chance? Do you think it is fair to monopolize all the glory and silver cups? You greedy giant!"

This shot went home. Frank despised "pot-hunters." Was he not a pot hunter himself?

"There, I see you are coming round," his visitor resumed, pursuing her advantage. "Promise me that you will stick to your books, like a good boy, take a splendid degree, and give up rowing and all that sort of thing, once and forever."

"Would it be indiscreet to inquire whom I have been so fortunate as to inspire with such a deep interest in my affairs?"

"Ah! do not be sarcastic. You cannot tell how it pains me," she said. He looked up and felt a power of tender sad pleading which quite subdued his impulse to resent her interference. "I have no right," she continued, "to ask this promise for myself. I am nothing to you; but I love Annie—oh! how fondly! I pleaded for *her*, and this I say, solemnly, Frank Conroy, if your affection be as deep as she deserves it should be, you will not hesitate. Man, man, what is success in a game that you should prefer it to the happiness of the woman you love?"

"You seem in earnest."

"I am in earnest."

"Well, I'll talk it over with her."

"Think it over by yourself first," said his visitor, after a pause, during which she seemed to be struggling with something she wished to add and dared not.—"And if you cannot resolve—I pray you may—then you can tell her what has passed to night.—Good by. God bless and guide you!" She kissed her hand to him, and passed out into the bright moonlight.

"I ought to have thanked her, anyhow," he mused, when she had gone. "What an unmannerly dog she'll think me! She's not far wrong. I ought to give other fellows a turn, and I'm sure whether a lighter man at No. 3—Well, I'll sleep on it. Who the duce can she be?"

Who the duce can she be? was the question which filled his mind when he woke—much earlier than usual—in the morning, and diligent inquiries made of all the servants about failed to satisfy it. Should he ask Annie? No; he was a little piqued with Annie. It was absurd to suppose that these two were not in concert. And how unfair to make him promise not to speak of what should pass, and then send this person to lecture him! True, he had "this person's" permission to talk it over with Annie if he could not make up his mind to follow her advice; but he had done so and there was an end to that part of the case. He had made a sacrifice much against the grain, and therefore—man like—he hedged by getting cross with a woman.

He wandered about from one room to another, fretting, fidgeting, unsettled. He tried to read. He opened one book, and it was too heavy, another, and it was too flippant. He went out into the garden, and the chirruping of the birds annoyed him. He returned to the house and made for Mr. Annesley's study. His host was an early riser, and he wanted some one to talk to. Mr. Annesley was not down yet. On his table lay a black leather case, with silver clasps, that Frank had not noticed before. He undid the clasps and opened it. It contained a photograph of the woman who had visited him the night before. "Now I can find out all about you," he chuckled, without breaking any promise. As he gazed at the picture, and took in its details, a recollection arose which puzzled him. Man as he was, he remembered that his visitor's dress, though of costly materials and in excellent taste, was made in a fashion which had long since gone out.—The dress of the picture was in the same style. How was this? As he mused, Annie tripped in, gay and bright as ever, and laid a soft little hand on his shoulder.

"Up so early?" she cried, gayly. Then as she saw what he held, her face became suddenly sad.

"Whose likeness is this?" he asked, not noticing the change.

"Poor dear mamma's," she replied, with a sob. Then his heart gave a great bound, and a cold, sickening stupor fell upon him.

"Annie dear," he said, when, after a mighty effort, he regained some command over his suspense (she, poor child, only thought he was sharing her sorrow, which the sight of that loved and long-lost face had awakened), "you must give me back my promise."

"What promise?"

"What I made you the day you rode over to see the Melvilles."

"I don't remember you promising anything