THE JEFFERSONIAN

A. R. MAXLEY.

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The Findlay Jeffersonian.

VOL. 24. FINDLAY, OHIO, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1878. NO. 12.

City and County Directory.

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

DEPARTURES.

Carey Branch C. S. & C. RR., 9:00 a. m.
L. E. & I. RR. going South, 11:15 a. m.
" " *North*, 4:45 p. m.

ARRIVALS.

Carey Branch C. S. & C. RR., 6:15 p. m.
L. E. & L. RR. going South, 11:15 a. m.
" " *North*, 4:45 p. m.

DEPARTURE.

Fostoria, Portage, Mungen and Bowling Green—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 a. m.
Mt. Blanchard, Houcktown and Ewing's Corner, Wednesday and Saturday, at 1 p. m.
Arlington, Williamstown and Duskirk Tuesday and Saturday, at 1 p. m.
Oak Ridge, Ottawa, Roxanke, Belmore, and Gilboa—Tuesday and Friday, at 7 a. m.
Benton Ridge, Stanley and Pendleton—Friday, at 8 a. m.
McComb and Port age Center—Daily at 1 p. m.

BOROUGH OFFICERS.

Mayor—William Vance
Clerk—W. T. Platt.
Treasurer—Irwin T. Davis.
Marshal—James M. Byal.
Street Commissioner—John Acker.
Attorney—James A. Bope.
Council—E. Palmer, A. Brown, S. D. Houpt, F. W. Firmin, Frank Karst, Sen., and C. E. Seymour.
Board of Improvements—Wm. Vance, J. A. Bope, and S. F. Kimmons.
Board of Health—William Edwards, D. C. Fraser, J. L. Linville, Dr. T. C. Ballard, Wm. Vance, M. D. Shafer, W. S. Parker.
Park Commissioners—Milt. Gray, David Fellers, Henry Kob.
Cemetery Directors—Charles B. Hull, J. R. Clark, L. A. Baldwin.
City Engineer—Milt. Gray.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Common Pleas Judge—D. H. Dodge.
Auditor—Joseph R. Kelly.
Clerk of Court—Levi W. Preble.
Treasurer—Peter Hoefer.
Recorder—Joseph R. Guisewhite.
Probate Judge—Samuel E. Huffman.
Sheriff—Parlee C. Trites.
Prosecuting Attorney—Henry Brown.
Coroner—Dr. T. G. Barnhill.
Commissioners—Ross W. Moore, John D. Bishop and John Edington.
Infirmary Directors—Campbell Byal, R. M. Watson and J. R. Bushong.
Infirmary Superintendent—James L. Henry.
Clerk of Examiners—W. T. Platt, R. R. Sutherland, and Dorilus Martz.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.

Trustees—Samuel Howard, C. Jordan, and H. Byal.
Clerk—Henry H. Louthan.
Treasurer—Henry Schwartz
Justices—D. R. Beardsley and O. A. Ballard
Constables—R. L. Byal, and Wm. Alspach.

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Hall located in third story of Gage's Block, Main street.
FINDLAY COUNCIL, R. & S. M., No. 50, Regular Council second Monday evening in each month.
FINDLAY CHAPTER, R. A. M., No. 58. Stated Convocation first Monday evenings in each month.
FINDLAY LODGE, F. & M., No. 277. 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 3 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. Parker P. Pope.
Presbyterian—Rev. R. R. Sutherland.
Lutheran—Rev. G. S. Sprecher.
Congregational—Rev. D. F. Davies.
Evangelical Church—Rev. J. A. Heusel.
United Brethren—Rev. T. D. Ingle.
German Reform—Rev. A. Konetzka.
Church of God—Rev. W. P. Burchard.
German Lutheran—Rev. M. Buerkle.
St. Michael's Catholic Church—J. B. Young.

Findlay Business Directory.

W. WALTMAN, M. D.

OFFICE—In Kerr's block, up stairs, first door to the right.
Office hours from 8 o'clock A. M. till 9 o'clock P. M., when not otherwise engaged.
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PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

OFFICE—Over John Rathbun's Hardware store.
RESIDENCE—Main Cross street, 3rd house East of Head Quarters
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T. C. BALLARD,

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OFFICE—80½ Main Street, entrance 1st stairs North of C. D. Hall & Co's Confectionery.
RESIDENCE—South Main Street, 1st house North of furniture rooms.
Will respond promptly to calls at all hours. When not otherwise engaged can be consulted at his office between the hours of 8 A. M. and 9 P. M. 19-tf

D. H. GILMER,
SURGEON DENTIST.

Office over A. C. Cummin's Grocery Store, one door North of Dr. Detwiler's old office, West Side of North Main Street, Findlay, O. April 14, 1876 6m

E. PHIFER,

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 to profiles of roads and ditches.
Mar 9-10 1876 6m

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. BOPE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Findlay, Ohio.
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, directly opposite the Court House. [May 7.

HENRY BROWN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office upstairs, first door South of Court House, Findlay, O. November 24, 1876-tf.

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FREMONT, OHIO.
June 27, 76-tf

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American Mechanical Dictionary.

PUBLISHED BY

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H. O HOUGHTON & COMPANY, Boston
THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, Cambridge.

[From the Scientific American.]

The completion of Knight's "American Mechanical Dictionary" is an event in the annals of literature in this country, as it marks the substantial completion of a great and elaborate undertaking, the labor on which has extended over a period of eight years. It is difficult to realize how colossal is the task involved in the preparation of a work of this description. Thousands of patents, American and foreign, have been digested, industrial processes of every nature have been examined, and the latest improvements therein noted. Engineering works, scientific discoveries, and tools of every craft have been studied; and finally, all this immense collection, gathered from the whole field of applied science, has been subjected to careful revision and condensation, and by means of ingeniously contrived systems of indexing, rendered invaluable for purposes of reference and research. Add to this the labors of artist and engraver, and there is little food for marvel that the work has cost $100,000; that it treats of 30,000 subjects; contains 7,400 engravings; and that its three volumes include 2,800 pages. It is more an encyclopædia than a dictionary; it is, in fact, a mechanical and scientific library, carried up to the latest dates. A just estimate of the comprehensive nature of the work, and its importance to inventors, engineers, and artisans of every class and in all libraries, can only be gained by careful examination of the volumes themselves.

The scope of this work concerns Agricultural Machinery, Wood, Metal, Glass, Stone, Clay, Cement, and Leather Working; Mining, Hydraulic, Railway, Marine, and Military Engineering; Working in Cotton, Wool, Silk, Flax, Hemp, and Paper; Steam, Air, and Gas Engines, and other Motors; Lighting, Heating, Drying, and Ventilating; Fine Arts; Photographic, Electric, Telegraphic, Optical, Horological, Calculating, Surgical, and Dental Instruments, etc.

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NOTICE to TEACHERS

THE BOARD OF SCHOOL EXAMINERS will hold their examinations for the ensuing year as follows:

The third Saturdays of August, December, January, February, June and July.

The first and third Saturdays of September, October, November, March, April and May.

☞ Examinations will be held in the "A" Grammar Room of the Central Union School Building, commencing at 8.30 A. M.

☞ Certificates will not be antedated nor extended.

☞ All applicants are required to bring recommendations from their last employers or teachers.

By Order of the Board,
W. T. PLATT, Clerk.

Poetical

FORTY, LESS ONE.

Over by the tangled thicket,
Where the level meets the hill,
Where the mealy alder-bushes
Crowd around the ruined mill,
Where the thrushes whistle early,
Where the midges love to play,
Where the nettles tall and stinging,
Guard the vine obstructed way,
Where the tired brooklet lingers
In a quiet little pool,
Mistress Salmo Fontinalis
Keeps a very private school.

Forty little speckled beauties
Come to learn of her each day,
How to climb the foaming rapids,
Where the flashing sunbeams play—
How to navigate the eddies,
How to sink and how to rise,
How to watch for passing perils,
How to leap for passing flies—
When to play upon the surface,
When beneath the stones to hide—
All the secrets of the water,
All brook learning, true and tried:

"That's a good-for nothing shipper,"
"That's a harmless yellow bird;"
"That the flicker of the sunshine,
When the alder leaves are stirred;"
"That's the shadow of a cloudlet;"
"That's a squirrel come to drink;"
That—look out for him, my darlings!—
He's a fierce and hungry mink;"
"That's the ripple on the water,
When the wind the wavelets stir;"
"That—snap quick, my little hearties!—
That's a lucious grasshopper."

So the elder Mistress Salmo
Gives her council, day by day—
Teaching all the troutly virtues,
All life's lessons, grave and gay.
Well she knows the flashing terror
Of King Fisher's sudden fall!
Well she knows the lurking danger
Of the barb'd hook, keen and small!
Well she tries to warn her pupils
Of all evils, low and high!
But, alas, the vain young trifiers
Sometimes disobey—and die!

What was that which passed so quickly,
With a slender shade behind?
What is that which stirs the alders
When no ripple tells of wind?
What send Mistress Salmo darting
Underneath the stones in fear?—
Crying: "Hide yourselves, my darlings!
Our worst enemy is near!"
"I am bound to understand it,"
Says one self-proud speckle side;
"When I see the dangers real,
Then, if need be, I can hide.

So he waits alone and watches,
Sees the shadow pass again,
Sees a fly drop on the water—
Dashes at it might and main.
"Missed it! Well," he says, "I never!
That's the worst jump made to day!
Here another comes—now for it!"
Splash! He's in the air—to stay!
When the alders cease to tremble,
Silence comes and sun-glints shine,
Mrs Salmo Fontinalis
Calls the roll—just thirty-nine!

—J Richardson, St Nicholas for July.

Select Story.

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

[From Cassell's Magazine].

Maggie Denne was standing on the terrace in the rectory garden at Wittesleigh, gazing over the lovely bay, when a young man came close and placed his hand over her blue eyes.

"Frank, how dare you!" she exclaimed, "let me go this instant!"

The hands were immediately withdrawn, and the fair girl turned round, half angrily, to encounter the rude disturber of her reverie.

"Why, Algy, is it you? How did you get here? I thought you were at Motcombe. This is a surprise!" she added; "papa will be so glad and Frank, too."

"And you, Maggie?" said Algy as he shook hands with her warmly, venturing upon a gentle pressure of her taper fingers.

"Of course, I am delighted, particularly as Jessie Hamblyn is coming to-day. You recollect her?"

"Oh! perfectly; she used to be my ideal of beauty until—". He stopped.

"Until that terrible attack cost her eye sight, you mean. Yes, indeed, she was a lovely girl. I admire your taste, Algy."

"I did not exactly mean that," he replied. "I meant—"

"Never mind just now, but tell me, like a good fellow, is that the smoke of of the steamer over there? If so, I must go and tell Robert to get the pony chaise ready."

Algy shaded his eyes from the glare and bent all his powers of vision upon the tiny cloud on the horizon.

It was indeed a fair scene upon which his eyes rested. The blue waters of the bay were flecked with foam as the brisk breeze met the restless sea on the flood-tide. Till now, Maggie had in vain sought for a token of the vessel, and with shaded eyes had watched the wide ex expanse, at times almost despairing. But now all doubt was removed. The black streak grew more and more defined; a long trail of smoke extended far across the blue distance.

"Come along," said Maggie, "we must tell papa and Frank. They will be astonished to see you. By the way, do you generally greet your lady friends at Metcombe as you did me just now?"

Algy blushed as he replied, "Of course not; besides, I have no particular friends there."

"Oh! Not Miss Luttrel? and Miss Alice—is it Alice—Carrington? Fie, Algy, fie! what would they say to hear you disown them thus? But here is Frank."

As she spoke her cousin, Frank Carson, appeared. He walked slowly and with a peculiar watchful gait, but he turned his head neither to the right nor left, as he approached the merry pair.

"Well, Frank, old fellow, how are you?" exclaimed Algy heartily, as he extended his hand.

"Why, Algy Vernon, back already! We thought you were studying medicine, or cutting people's legs off to keep your hand in for surgery. Oh, you truant."

The young men shook hands warmly.

"Have you been here long this time?" asked Algernon.

"About a fortnight," was the reply; "Maggie's school chum is coming—I am very anxious indeed to make her acquaintance. I understand that she's lovely—not that her good looks matter to me—"

Algy was about to make some reply when Maggie made him a sign not to speak.

"Will you come and meet her, Frank? We are going!"

"Of course; I shall be delighted to welcome her. I'll go and get some flowers for her—a bunch of roses will do." As he spoke he walked quietly away.

"What did you mean by telegraphing to me in that mysterious manner?" asked Vernon.

"Frank doesn't know that Jessie is blind now, so don't tell him. She may recover her eyesight, the doctors say. Perhaps your skill may prove of use."

"Not much, I am afraid," said Algernon, sighing. "But I've made the eyes my study, too. Now your eyes—"

But whatever compliment he intended to convey was cut short by Maggie's sudden departure.

In half an hour the party were all ready to proceed to the wharf. The pony chaise led the way at a brisk pace, while a cart for the visitor's luggage followed more soberly.

The steamer soon came alongside, and Maggie's quick glance at once described her friend.

"There she is, Algy, and Barton is with her as usual. What a kind creature she is!"

Barton recognized the party at the same moment, and told her young mistress, who turned round and waved her hand.

Jessie Hamblyn must have possessed no ordinary share of beauty before the fell ravages of small pox had deprived her of sight. Even now her almost classic features were very striking, and her open lids at a distance did not betray the terrible trial to which she had been subjected. Fortunately the disease had not marked her to any perceptible extent, and had her eyes been spared, her beauty would have remained almost unimpaired. Her tall, well formed figure was drawn up as if in defiance of the pity she knew was felt for her, and of many kind expressions which her quick sense of hearing caught and resented. At first she had rebelled terribly against the Will that had mercifully chastised her, but lately she had bowed her head to the decrees of Providence, and almost without a murmur.

"How glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed—"I mean, to know that I am with you once again, dear Maggie! How kind you are!"

"Dearest Jessie," whispered her friend, "we are all delighted that you have come, and you are looking so well, too. Here are two young gentlemen waiting to be introduced; though I think you have met Algy Vernon before."

"Oh, yes! I recollect Mr Vernon quite well. We had a famous picnic at the Glen, I think it was."

"Quite right, Miss Hamblyn. What a memory you have!" replied Vernon as he shook hands with her.

"This is my cousin, Frank Carson, of whom you may have heard," continued Maggie. "He has brought you a bouquet."

Maggie took them from her cousin and placed them in the blind girl's grasp. Jessie inhaled the perfume for a few moments, and then placed them in the bosom of her dress. "Oh, what lovely roses!" she cried. "Thank you so much, Mr Carson!"

"Now, dear, let me escort you," said Maggie. "I see your invaluable Barton has already got your luggage ashore. This way, dear."

"Algy, you and I must follow as we cannot lead," said Frank, as he took his friend's arm. "I say" he whispered, "what a beautiful voice she has, hasn't she? You'll be falling in love, old fellow, eh?"

"Not I," replied his friend; "I'm not equal to a goddess like Miss Hamblyn. Besides, you know—" He stopped, suddenly, remembering Maggie's caution.

"Well, besides what? Don't mind me," said Frank.

"Oh, dear, no; the fact is, I am rather sweet on some one else, you see. She was delighted with those roses, I can tell you. What a thoughtful fellow you are. I never can do those pretty things."

"Then, friend Algy, take a lesson now and a rose the next time."

They all drove rapidly back to the Rectory. Mr Denne met them on the steps.

"Welcome to Wittlesleigh," he exclaimed in his cheery voice. "Jessie, my dear, I am delighted to see you. Come in;" and pressing a fatherly kiss on her wide forehead, he led his beautiful visitor into the drawing room.

"Luncheon is ready," he said, "so when you young ladies have exchanged confidences we will sit down. Do not be too long, dear," he added to his daughter.

"We shall be ready in a minute, papa," replied Maggie.

"Scarcely, I think," said the Rector, laughing. "But do not forget I breakfasted at seven this morning."

"What a nice fellow your cousin must be, Maggie! fancy his taking the trouble to gather these lovely roses! I wish I could see," she added with a sigh. "But Maggie, dear, what do you think? one doctor in London told papa that perhaps I might some day recover my sight—I do so hope he is right. He wanted to galvanize me, or something!"

"Of course he is right, dear; he never would have been so cruel. He could not have held out hopes if he were not quite sure!"

"Oh, Maggie, fancy! Just fancy being able to see the sea, the sky, the flowers and you, you darling, once again. But it is too good to be true. It is quite impossible!" A weary sigh closed the sentence.

"Not impossible, dear. So let us hope for the best. Hope and pray, and trust in God's mercy."

Jessie bent down and kissed her kind friend, and then the two girls had a "good cry" together.

Nearly two months passed away and still the party at Wittleleigh Rectory remained the same. To those of my readers who have stayed in sweet South Devon, I need not explain the pleasant life which young people can, and I believe do, lead in the land of picnics. Love in these latitudes ripens with the strawberries, and comes as naturally as cream; so the young couples at the Rectory paired off almost unconciously. Such an arrangement in the case of Algy Vernon and Maggie Denne was not surprising, for they had been acquainted from childhood. Mrs Vernon and the late Mrs Denne had been schoolfellows. They had never severed the friendship thus initiated, and what was more natural than that, the affection entertained by their parents should descend to the children? At any rate, Algy was deeply in love with the pretty Maggie; and she, though not so preoccupied respecting him, thought her old friend very nice indeed, and, if the truth were told, preferred him to all her numerous admirers.

But Frank Carson and Jessie Hamblyn had no such excuse. Yet the influence of the Devonshire air was such as to kindle a spark, which showed symptoms of bursting out into a very decided flame indeed. The train of sympathy was laid, it required but that spark to be applied to it, then the barriers of prudence would give way before the explosion. If Algernon and Maggie understood each other, so did Frank and Jessie, and the numerous excursions only served to rivet their bonds closer.

One sultry afternoon a last excursion was planned to the Fairy Glen. The party had been increased on this occasion by three couples from a neighboring parish, and despite the threatening appearance of certain huge masses of cloud, the expedition started. The romantic spot in which Maggie—no mean judge in these matters—had selected for the afternoon meal was one of those lovely bits of landscape so familiar to many of us. A brawling stream makes its sparkling way amidst moss covered boulders, the wild flowers beneath its banks. Then gliding calmly to an unruffled pool, it lazily creeps beneath a picturesque bridge, through the single arch of which ancient structure the moor is extending its wild and undulating curves. And then the water, secure in its pride of high birth in yonder hills, takes no heed of the narrow passage till, before it is aware, it is caught in a rapid and hurried over the cascade to the sea where it is lost forever.

Such were the features of the woodland dining room on that eventful day—a day never to be forgotten by any member of that merry party.

The cloth was soon laid beside the stream, and when all was ready full justice was done to the *al fresco* meal. More than once a muttering growl or subdued roll as heard over the hills but the suggestion of thunder was met by the reply that the sound was merely the echoes of the blasting operations at the quarries, or the rattling of the trucks on the neighboring tramway.

The air got more and more sultry, and even the insects seemed to sleep. The trees whispered to each other, and even their topmost branches waved a gentle welcome to the scarcely felt breeze that stirred the leaves. The picnic party broke into groups after dinner; the groups into pairs, each cautioning the others not to go too far, as there was a storm brewing. Frank and Jessie did not wander away. Escorted by Algernon and Maggie to a rustic seat above the stream, close to a tall and sheltering tree, they sat together while the more venturesome of the party climbed the tall rocks or wandered up the stream, leaping from stone to stone, where assistance and much holding of hands was a necessity.

Oh, ye Devon streams, for what are ye not responsible? How many happy faces ye have mirrored in your sparkling waters.

Frank and Jessie chatted for some time on indifferent subjects, until at last she sighed deeply, and said half absently:

"Oh, how very sorry I shall be to leave here! I have been so happy!" Then she added, suddenly: "Every one has been so very kind to me!"

"I am dreadfully sorry you must go," he said, with an answering sigh, and, somehow, as he spoke, we know not how,—how does it ever happen?—their hands touched; his fingers clasped hers and hers were not withdrawn. The train was fired!

"Jessie, dearest Jessie," he whispered, "can you love me? Will you be my wife?"

There was no reply, unless an almost impreceptible pressure of the taper fingers could be so termed. Frank took it for assent, and bending down he kissed the face once, twice, thrice, till the cheeks were as brilliant as the crimson rose Jessie wore in her dress.

"My own, my darling!" was all he said. A sharp peel of thunder passed away unheeded as he spoke. After a pause he resumed:

"So you do love me, Jessie! I never thought you would care for me, dear."

"Indeed I do," she whispered, "why should I not? But I often wonder that you selected me as your companion all these weeks, for I am so unfortunate."

"Why, my darling, how are you unfortunate?" and he passed his arm around her taper waist.

"Because—because—oh! I cannot bear to mention it; though I do not mind now—at least, not nearly so much."

"But what is this terrible reason why I should not love you, Jessie? Tell me dearest."

"Oh, Frank! that is like your kind sympathy for me. Of course, you guess. It is because I am blind, you know!"

Frank recoiled as if he had been stung, a choking gasp escaped him, and he could not speak for a moment.

"Blind!" he repeated at length, as if in a dream; "blind! Oh, Jessie! So am I."

It was too true. Blind from his birth, Frank Carson had never dreamed that Jessie was afflicted like himself. Maggie had never told him this, and the terrible fact was now revealed to the lovers for the first time. Frank's knowledge of the ground and neighborhood in which he had lived for years had enabled him to keep Jessie in ignorance of his infirmity, which he, of course, fancied she was aware of.

And had it come to this after all!

Jessie seized his hand. "Oh, do not tell me that! Frank, dear Frank, say that you can see me! Have you never seen me, never at all?"

She waited breathless for his answer. It fell almost like a blow.

"Never!"

And this was the end of her dream of love! She had been so very happy to think that one man at least had been so kind and sympathetic; that one man had seen her vacant eyes and scarred face, and had loved her for herself alone, not for her beauty and wealth. But now—the charm was snapped—the golden bowl was broken! She bent her head. A great warm drop fell upon her hand, now clasped in his once more. She started as she felt it. He was suffering too. She drew herself up, a beautiful smile upon her face, then bending towards him she pressed a kiss, the first kiss of her pure lips, upon his forehead.

"'For better, for worse, till death do us part,' dear Frank, I am yours, if you will take me so!"

"Till death do us part,'" he repeated, solemnly, and he in turn was stooping to his love when—

A hot and brilliant flash of light rent the cloud overhead, a rattling peal of thunder followed it to earth, and Frank and Jessie lay extended beneath the river tree, hand in hand, to all appearances locked in sleep—the sleep that knows no waking.

Till death did them part! Was this to be their parting, on the threshold of their lives?

Peal after peal of thunder rattled over head, the lightning flashed around them, the rain poured down in torrents, and there they lay unconscious of the elemental war—asleep!

"Merciful heaven, have pity on them!"

It was the rector who spoke, as he and some others of the party came suddenly upon the senseless forms beneath the tree.

Was the prayer heard? We dare not speculate on subjects such as this, who can tell?

The bodies were born to a cottage close by; the light clasp of the fingers were unloosened at length. Jessie, the bunch of roses contrasting so with her pallid face, was laid upon a bed, Frank was in the next room, insensible still.

A stifled sigh first proclaimed to Maggie Denne had been answered, and Jessie sat upright, Turning to her kind attendant, she said faintly:

"Maggie, dearest!"

Maggie, full of joy, hastened to the bed. There was Jessie Hambly, indeed; but it was the Jessie of old. Her eyes were open wide and full of life!

"It is true, Maggie, darling, it is true, and I can see you once again—I can, I can! Look, here are my roses, there you stand. Oh, thank heaven. I can see the sky once more!"

She fell back, exhausted, then, rising again, cried:

"Is it true about Frank? I love him, he loves me, the lightning struck us—yes, but gave me sight for him. Thank God! Where is Frank?" she inquired after a pause.

"In the next room," said Maggie as she wiped away her happy tears. "Oh, Jessie! how thankful we all are! We feared the worst for both!"

At this moment the rector entered softly.

"Oh, come in, papa, come in; darling Jessie can see us all again. Is it not wonderful? I am so thankful!"

"It is indeed wonderful," replied Mr Denne. "And now," he said, after he had affectionately congratulated Jessie. "I have more good news; Frank has recovered, and has asked for Jessie. May he come in?"

"I will go to him," she said, rising from the bed. And before they could stop her she had hurried away to the next room, where, lying upon a sofa, was poor Frank Carson. She hastened towards him. "Oh, Frank," she cried, dearest Frank, I am so glad." Then, blushing