FREMONT WEEKLY JOURNAL
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
BY A. H. BALSLEY.
Collections in Advertising and Job Work made Quarterly

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL:
One year, in advance, - - - - $2,00
Six months, - - - - - - 1,00
Three months, - - - - - - 50

EVERY VARIETY OF
JOB PRINTING
NEATLY AND QUICKLY DONE.

The Fremont Weekly Journal.

Established 1829. Vol. XLIII. New Series Vol. XX. No. 45.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO; FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1872.

Business Directory.

LEGAL.

J. M. LEMMON. A. B. FRENCH.
LEMMON & FRENCH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND GENERAL AGENTS, CLYDE, OHIO.
Mr. Lemmon will be in his office at Fremont, on Thursday of each week. Prompt attention given to all legal business. 7

JOSEPH R. BARTLETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, White's Block, corner of Front and Croghan streets. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims and all business pertaining to the general law practice.
Fremont, March 1, 1872.

J. T. GARVER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Fremont, Ohio, offers his professional services to all requiring legal business done in any of the Courts of Sandusky County; will also attend to the collection of claims. Office in Tyler's Block, on Croghan street.

J. L. GREENE, SEN.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, will attend to Legal Business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Office, corner Room, upstairs, Tyler's Block.
FREMONT, O.

B. F. BUCKLAND. H. EVERETT. JAS. H. FOWLER
BUCKLAND, EVERETT & FOWLER,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW and Solicitors in Chancery; will attend to professional business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Office, second story, Buckland's New Block.
FREMONT.

MEDICAL.

D. H. BRINKERHOFF, M. D
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
OFFICE IN BUCKLAND'S OLD BLOCK, on Front St. Residence on Birchard Avenue, corner of Wood Street. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M. and 7 to 9 P. M.

DENTISTRY.

DR. A. F. PRICE,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST.—Office over Bank of Fremont, White's block, will be found in his office, at all times.

HOTELS.

KESSLER HOUSE,
E. B. BELDING, Proprietor. Passengers carried to and from the House free of charge. Situated corner of Front and State Sts., FREMONT.

NICHOLS HOUSE,
ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS. GROVER & ELLS, Proprietors, Clyde, Ohio. Population of Clyde, 3,500. Livery Stable in connection with the House.

LINDSEY HOUSE,
LINDSEY, Sandusky Co. Ohio, E. S. BOWRESOX, Proprietor. The proprietor takes pleasure in announcing that he is prepared to accommodate the traveling public. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests of the House. 19y1

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BELLEVUE, O. John Ford, Proprietor. Recently refitted and furnished.

BIRCH HOUSE,
CLEVELAND, O., 124 Water Street, near the Railroad Depot, and in the center of business. L. D. HUNT, H. S. HUNT, } Proprietors.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

L. G. RAWSON, Jas. Moore, Joseph L. Rawson
J. L. RAWSON & CO.,
STORAGE, FORWARDING & COMMISSION Merchants, Dealers in Coarse Salt, Fine Salt, Dairy Salt, Land Plaster, Calcined Plaster, Water Lime, etc. Having purchased the entire property known as the Fremont Warehouse and Steam Elevators, at the head of navigation on the Sandusky River, we are prepared to receive, store and ship Grain, Lumber, Merchandise and other produce. Office, at Fremont Elevators.
FREMONT. 1-1

PHOTOGRAPHER.

A. D. WILES'
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, over Garvin's Store FREMONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PATENTS.
SOLICITORS AND ATTORNEYS FOR
U.S. AND FOREIGN PATENTS.
BURRIDGE & CO.,
127 Superior St., opposite American House, Cleveland, O.
With Associated Offices in Washington and Foreign Countries. 47 47

HO! FOR THE WEST!!
The undersigned would notify all persons who design traveling westward that he is prepared to sell
THROUGH TICKETS
TO ALL THE LEADING POINTS IN Indiana, Illinois Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and California.
W. H. ANDREWS,
33y1 Office in Birchard's Block, Fremont, O.

LEEK, DOERING & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
YANKEE NOTIONS,
Toys & Fancy Goods,
No. 133 and 135 Water St.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
T. W. LEEK, J. C. & W. H. DOERING, S. H. STILSON.

J. C. JOHNSON,
ARCHITECT AND DESIGNER,
Office in Moore and Rawson's Block, Corner of Front and Garrison Streets, Fremont, Ohio. All orders promptly attended to. 52y1

FOSTER & BECK,
Carpenters, Joiners and Builders,
FREMONT, OHIO.
Does all kinds of Contract Building, and all manner of Jobbing Work. Shop on corner of Wayne and Ewing streets. Moving and Raising of Buildings, and all kinds of Tackle work specially attended to. Orders solicited. 18y1

MEAT MARKET.
ON STATE STREET.

A LUHRS takes pleasure in inviting the public to call at his stand on State Street, in Frentzel's Block, when they want PINE STEAKS or EXCELLENT ROASTS. The best quality of
BEEF, PORK MUTTON and VEAL
can be found on his counter, and the public will be served always at
REASONABLE PRICES.
CALL AND TRY ME.
46 A. LUHRS.

E. F. HAFFORD.
CARRIAGE
Factory.
Corner Front and Market Streets.
CARRIAGES, OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES constantly on hand, or made to order in any style. Particular attention paid to repairing. All work done at my factory warranted.
8y1 E. F. HAFFORD.

J. P. MOORE,
MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES & WAGONS
I DESIRE to call the attention of all to the additions I have recently made to my
CARRIAGE FACTORY.
I have enlarged and remodled my shop, as to give me unsurpassed facilities for executing, in a superior manner, every description of Carriages and Wagon work. My workmen are reliable and competent. All material is selected with special care, and throughly seasoned before it is manufactured. My aim is to furnish work which shall have a merited reputation for superior quality and style. I have filter up a large store room and shall keep always on hand,
Every variety of Carriages, Buggies, Lumber, Spring and Market Wagons.
With these newly acquired facilities my prices will be below competition.
J. P. MOORE,
Carriage Factory, cor., Garrison and Water Sts Fremont, Ohio. 50

1865. Established. 1865.
WANTED EVERYBODY TO KNOW that for all forms of private diseases consult Dr. C. A. SMITH. A thorough and permanent cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, Nocturnal Emissions or Self-Abuse, Diurnal Emissions, etc. In short every form of Sexual Disease. A safe and speedy removal of obstructions of the monthly periods, with or without medicine. All communications strictly confidential. Boarding and nursing furnished if desired. No letter will be answered unless it contains a postage stamp. Office No. 91 Michigan street, Cleveland, Ohio. 48y1

GUARDIAN
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., NEW YORK.
Dividends Paid Annually on Contribution Plan on All Cash Policies.

All Policies Non-Forfeitable.
PURELY MUTUAL.
ANDREW W. GILL, President. EVERETT CLAPP, Vice President.
LUCIUS MCADAM, Sec'y and Act'y. H. C. CLENCH, Asst. Sec'y.
HOOD, HAND & MUNGER, Gen'l Agts for Ohio, except Toledo District.
Headquarters, 197 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
DRS. RICE, Medical Examiners. 51-51

REMOVAL.
A. HOOT & SON.
It affords us pleasure to inform our customers and the public that we have secured the ROOM FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY DRYFOOS & BRO., Which we have fitted out with a view to the comfort and accommodation of our customers, making it the finest Boot and Shoe Store in the city. We are now occupying this room with a large stock of
BOOTS & SHOES!
Which we respectfully invite you to call and examine. Our prices are low and goods warranted. In connection we have added a large assortment of
HATS AND CAPS!
The latest and best styles. Also GENTS FURNISHING GOODS of every description, all new and fresh goods. Remember that our prices on everything are low and goods warranted to give satisfaction.
Our Manufacturing Department
Is complete, having a large corps of competent workmen, thus enabling us to turn out work durable and stylish, on short notice.
We are sole agents for this city for the WHITNEY CALF AND KIP BOOTS. They are all hand-made, and every pair warranted. Try them and you will wear no other.
Remember, Dryfoos' Old Stand, next door to the National Bank.
Everybody is invited to call and Examine our stock and prices.
FREMONT, O., Sept. 5, 1872. A. HOOT & SON.

THE
Fremont Weekly Journal
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
IN BUCKLAND'S OLD BLOCK,
(UP-STAIRS),
FREMONT, OHIO.
The Fremont Weekly Journal
Is Republican in Principle,
And will be devoted to Politics, Local Matters, Literature and General News.
The aim of the Publisher is to make the JOURNAL a first-class Family Newspaper.
AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM
THE FREMONT JOURNAL
Is the best in the County.
THE JOURNAL JOB OFFICE
Is well supplied with
NEW TYPE AND GOOD PRESSES,
AND
JOB WORK,
In all its branches, promptly done and neatly executed. Everything from a Triple Sheet Poster to the smallest Visiting Card, will be furnished in the shortest possible time, and
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Persons wanting Job Work done, either
PLAIN OR ORNAMENTAL,
Are invited to call, or address
A. H. BALSLEY,
Publisher Journal, Fremont, Ohio.

FLAGS & BANNERS
WITH CANDIDATES NAMES!
CAMPAIGN UNIFORMS
CHINESE LANTERNS!
ILLUMINATION TORCHES, &c., &c.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
G. W. CROWELL & CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

WHAT I HAVE TO SELL.
The Grocery property on corner of State and Justice streets, 60 feet front. Price $6,000. Will exchange for a good farm.
A TRACT of Land containing 99¾ acres, part river bottom, 40 acres fair timber, two miles below town, east side. Price, $75 per acre.
MY residence farm, 220 acres, or the portion thereof lying outside the corporation (155 acres), which carries all improvements. Price, $125 per acre.
A House and lot in Third Ward. Price $600.
ONE Hundred In-lots, very low.
THREE Hundred Thousand Brick. Price $6 per thousand in yard. Will exchange brick for yearling colts—large sized.
27tf OSCAR BALL.

MONEY CANNOT BUY IT!
For Sight is Priceless!!
But the Diamond Spectacles Will Preserve It.
TRADE MARK
IF YOU VALUE YOUR EYESIGHT USE THESE
PERFECT LENSES,
Ground from Minute Crystal Pebbles.
Melted together, and derive their name "Diamond" on account of their HARDNESS AND BRILLIANCY. They will last many years without change, and are warranted superior to all others in use.
MANUFACTURED BY
J. E. Spencer & Co., Opticians,
NEW YORK.
CAUTION.—None genuine unless stamped with our trade mark.
For Sale by Responsible Agents throughout the Union
L. LEPPELMAN,
Jeweler and Optician, is Sole Agent for
REMONT, OHIO.
From whom they can only be obtained.
No Peddlers employed.

A WORD IN REGARD
TO THE
Sewing Machine Business,
THE SEWING MACHINE is one of the greatest improvements of the age, and at this day and age of the world every family must and will have one. This fact appears to be perfectly understood by all Sewing Machine Companies, consequently every company is making every effort in their power to put their machines forward, and to make sales as rapidly as possible. They employ every person they can get, and three-fourths of those employed are not fit for the business, consequently the country is now overrun with men and boys representing themselves as Sewing Machine Agents, and everyone claiming to have the best machine, when, in fact, they know nothing about machines, consequently the business has become a nuisance—it is overdone and overrun with unprincipled agents, and almost every farmer dreads to see one stop at his gate.
But to lay all prejudice aside, the New Wilson is the only First-class Machine in America that is sold at a reasonable price; a price within the reach of every family. The New Wilson stands to-day at the head as being the best, the simplest, the easiest to manage, the most durable, and by far the cheapest. The Wilson now costs $3.00 more to manufacture than any other machine in America, and is sold for $25.00 less than any other first-class machine. This simply because it is not in the "Combination." This machine is sold for just what it is worth, while all others are sold from $25.00 to $50.00 more than they are worth.
The undersigned has been selling the Wilson for one year at his Grocery and Crockery Store in Fremont, and has sold Five Hundred Machines, and nearly all have been sold in Sandusky County, and I have never yet had an agent out soliciting sales or boring the people to buy. Every machine has been ordered. This, I think, is the largest sale that has ever been made in the county. This fact of itself is certainly sufficient evidence that the machine is a good one. All other companies have drummed and bored the people nearly to death to sell their machines, and in very many instances people have bought simply to get rid of the agent. Now, we claim that the proper way, and the only way, to buy a machine, is to go town and see and try all the machines and select for yourself—buy a machine in the same way that you buy a dress, or a set of dishes, or a dollar's worth of sugar. There are now some six or eight different kinds of Sewing Machines represented in this city, try them all, select for yourself, and do not be humbugged by agents, and nine out of every ten will buy the Wilson. P. CLOSE.

No Cue, No Pay.
DR. C. R. HOADLEY,
WILL BE AT HIS ROOMS,
COOPER HOUSE,
FREMONT, AUG. 28 & 29,
And once in four weeks from the above dates, where the sick and afflicted are invited to call, and have the symptoms and location of their diseases pointed out free of charge. Patients have the choice of paying when they receive prescriptions and medicines, or by securing payment, will only be required to pay when cured.
DR. HOADLEY will treat the following diseases with a strict reference to the application of remedies for each particular disease, viz:
Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Palpitation of the Heart, Liver Complaint, Spleen, Kidneys, Rheumatism and Gout, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Gravel, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, Paralysis, Indigestion, Spitting of Blood, General Debility, Piles, Cancer, Jaundice, Enlargement of the Joints, Opthalmia, Rupture or Hernia, Lumbago, Diseases of the Spine, Scrofula, and all Impurities of the Blood.
DR. HOADLEY has the advantage of a thorough knowledge of both Mineral and Botanical treatments, with important information obtained from celebrated Indian Physicians of various tribes in the West, with 23 years experience in treating both Acute and Chronic Diseases, with a degree of success unequalled by any other Physician. In proof of the above statement he will furnish a few names of the many hundreds treated by him and restored to health, as reference:
UPPER SANDUSKY, January 26, 1872.
DR. C. R. HOADLEY:
DEAR SIR—With much gratitude to you for the successful treatment of my case, I present you with the statement and certificate of cure, which you are at liberty to use for the benefit of others, who may be afflicted as I have been. I have been troubled with hemorrhoids (PILES), and having used various remedies without benefit and applying to eminent physicians who gave me no encouragement, except by the use of the knife, and not being willing to submit to a surgical operation, I have remained a hopeless sufferer until I received treatment from you, and was immediately benefitted, and have not suffered any inconvenience from them since.
Yours with respect,
ELI SMITH.

PRESCRIPTION
DRUG STORE
OF FREMONT.
S. BUCKLAND & SON have fully established themselves as being the only reliable place to have Prescriptions Compounded in the City of Fremont.
DR. G. A. GESSNER has the exclusive charge of this Department, and prepares all the Tinctures, Syrups, Pills, &c. Our Store will also be found the best place to have any Recipes for Dyes, Medicines, &c., prepared, always keeping the very best articles to be procured. Our stock embraces more articles than any other store in the city.
We are sole agents for the celebrated brand of Beymer, Bauman & Co.'s Pittsburgh White Lead. The very best Lead in the market, being the *purest, whitest and finest ground.* It is the cheapest, as it covers more surface than any other Lead sold. If you need any Paints and Oils don't fail to call and see us.
In Wall Paper we have the largest and newest selected stock in the city. Our improved style of showing our samples of paper enables parties to pick out paper with better judgment than they can possibly do by any other plan. Don't fail to look through our samples before you buy.
BUCKLAND'S
COMPOUND ELIXIR OF COLUMBO.
An efficient remedy for the various forms of indigestion, generally known as dyspepsia, and a tonic in low states of the system resulting from acute diseases. It is the very best Tonic in use, and the best bitters made. Try it.
BUCKLAND'S HORSE, CATTLE AND HOG POWDERS. A good and worthy article. To keep stock in good order nothing can equal them.
SEWING MACHINE OIL, the very best that is sold.
BUCKLAND'S TOLU WILD CHERRY BALSAM, the best remedy for Coughs and Colds, 75 cents per bottle. If you have a cough don't fail to try it.
BUCKLAND'S CHAMPION CLOTHES BLUING is the best Bluing in the market. Ten cents a bottle.
Our Lard Oil, Mecca Oil, Neatsfoot Oil, Castor Oil, Linseed Oil, and all other Oils, are the best the market affords, and we sell them at the lowest prices.
By always keeping the best to be had, and selling them at a small profit, has enabled us to build up our large trade, and we shall continue to do so. Any one needing articles in our line should not fail to give us a trial.
S. BUCKLAND & SON.

NOTICE
TO TEACHERS
OF
COMMON SCHOOLS.
THE BOARD OF EXAMINERS for Sandusky County will meet applicants for certificates at the public:
High School Building in Fremont,
The second and fourth Saturdays in October and November, and the second Saturday in December, and at the
High School Building in Clyde,
the third Saturday in October.
Meetings will begin promptly at 10 A. M.
W. W. ROSS, J. B. LOVELAND, F. M. GINN, } Examiners.

THE
REASONS
WHY
IT WILL BE TO
Your Interest to
BUY
GROCERIES
AND
PROVISIONS!
OF
J. K. HEFFNER
ARE
1st. We keep a FULL STOCK of everything pertaining to our branch of trade, and the very best goods that can be bought.
2d. We guarantee every article we sell to give entire satisfaction.
3d. We deliver all goods bought of us to any part of the city free.
4th. We can sell you cheaper than other houses, because we are doing a *strictly cash business.* (Which means that we do not sell any goods on credit).
WE PAY CASH for Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Vegetables, &c., &c.
J. K. HEFFNER,
Successor to Anderson & Co.

I. M. KEELER'S
AGENCY,
2d Story Buckland's Old Block,
FREMONT, OHIO.
Fire and Life Insurance,
Real Estate,
Notary Public,
Collections Made,
Taxes Paid in Sandusky County,
Anchor Line of Trans-Atlantic Steam Packet Ships.
General Information Given by Letter.
Any person desiring Insurance on any description of property, or on their lives, will do well to call at this Agency. The companies represented by me are unsurpassed by any in America.

Home, New York,	$4,672,013.50
Phœnix, Hartford,	1,373,594.04
Phenix, New York,	1,862,660.22
International, New York,	1,065,111.72
Home, Columbus,	871,452.81
Merchants, Providence,	380,982.00
Imperial, London, gold	10,000,000.00
New Engl'd Life, Boston,	9,858,953.38

BUSINESS SOLICITED.
ANCHOR LINE OCEAN STEAMERS,
Leaving New York every Wednesday and Saturday. Passage Tickets can be had on application.
GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—Persons at a distance desiring information from this point, can address me. If the subject does not require much investigation a few postage stamps will be sufficient remuneration.
Resident of Fremont Since 1840.
REFERENCES:—F. S. White, Bank Fremont, A. H. Miller, First National Bank, R. F. Buckland.
RAILORAD, YES!
There is no town in Northern Ohio that has a healthier or steadier growth than Fremont. Manufactures are receiving particular attention. Building is rapidly going on. The great trouble now is to obtain the mechanics to do the work.
WHAT I HAVE TO SELL!
A VALUABLE AND DESIRABLE Building Lot on the north side of Napoleon Street, near June's Lime Kilns, and but a short distance from the Fremont Car Works. There is a building on the lot, nearly new, which can with small expense be converted into a good dwelling house. Price $550, one-half cash and the balance in one year. Call quick if you want a good bargain.
CITY LOTS Nos. 1542, 1543, 1548, 1549, 1530, 1532, 1533, 1536, 1534 and 1543. One-fifth cash, balance in four annual payments.
60 FEET FRONT by 82 1-2 feet deep, on Croghan street, suitable for Stores or other business buildings, $75 per foot.
2½ STORY AND BASEMENT BRICK, 40 feet front, on corner of Croghan and Arch streets, now occupied as a boarding house.
2 STORY FRAME DWELLING on Birchard Avenue, lot 132 feet front, 82½ feet deep, plenty fine fruit, on the finest street in the city, only two minutes walk from post-office, $2,500
FOR SALE.—In the village of Norwalk, on Main Street, one mile east from the Court House. Seven (7) acres of land, in high state of cultivation. House, Barn, Sheds and Cistern, Well and Cistern. A fine Orchard with all kinds of Fruit, Berries, Grapes, &c. Sandy Soil. Just the place for a Gardener, with ready market for all he can raise. Price, $3,000. Terms to suit purchaser.
1,000 LOTS, more or less, in Oak Wood Cemetery, ranging in price from $6 to $100. Plat of Cemetery grounds can be seen at my office.
125 ACRES CHOICE LAND, and the most of it in a high state of cultivation, known as the Birchard Farm, on the west side of the Sandusky River, two miles north of city of Fremont. There is a good two-story frame dwelling house, Barns, sheds and two corn cribs. There is also a good brickyard, which has been successfully worked. An orchard of the choicest fruit, universally known throughout the county as one of the oldest and best in the county. First rate wells of soft water, with 80 rods of river front with 10 to 45 feet depth of water. Terms, $3,000 cash in hand, the balance to suit purchaser. Apply to JOHN WEGER, Sr., on the premises, or June, 28, 1872. ISAAC M. KEELER.
145 ACRES CHOICE TIMBER AND BOTTOM LAND, 2½ miles north of Fremont, 75 acres cultivated, 50 acres choice timber, small orchard, well watered, fine river front, all fenced. No buildings on the place. Price $50 per acre. Terms to suit purchaser.
Call at ISAAC M. KEELER'S Agency.

Real Estate
FOR SALE.
The undersigned has for sale the following real estate, to which he invites the attention of the public:
ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES
of unimproved Timber Land in Laclede county, Missouri, only five miles from Lebanon, the county seat, which has three railroads running through it. This land is in a valuable farming district, near a good market. Price $10 per acre, part of which will be taken in Car Company stock, or real estate in Fremont.
ONE-HALF ACRE
of ground on Croghan St., a half mile west of the depot—eighty rods from the Car Works—good house on the lot. Can be bought cheap for cash.
HENRY W. IMLER,
Real Estate Agent.
Property Sold on Commission. Custom invited.

Poetry.

UNDER THE ICE.

BY L. J. BATES.

Under the ice the waters run;
Under the ice our spirits lie;
The genial glow of the summer sun
Shall loosen their fetters by and by,
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
Rivers of life—rivers of love;
The winter is growing worn and old,
The frost is leaving the melting mold,
And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice, under the snow,
Our lyres are bound in a crystal ring;
By and by will the south wind blow,
And roses bloom on the banks of spring.
Moan and groan in thy fetters strong,
River of life—river of love;
The nights grow short, the days grow long,
Weaker and weaker the bonds of wrong,
And the sun shines warm above.

Under the ice our souls are hid;
Under the ice our good deeds grow;
Men but credit the wrongs we did,
Never the motives that lay below.
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
River of life—river of love;
The winter of life is growing old,
The frost is leaving the melting mold,
And the sun shines warm above.

Under the ice we hide our wrong—
Under the ice that has chilled us through;
Oh! that the friends who have known us long
Dare to doubt we are good and true!
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
Rivers of life—rivers of love:
Winter is growing worn and old,
Roses stir in the melting mold;
We shall be known above.

Selected Story.

From the Galaxy for September.

HAD SHE BUT KNOWN.

A still, quiet day in February; the air mild and soft, and filled with a faint, pearly haze, through which the sun shone with the shy sweetness of a bride half shrouded in her misty veil; crocuses thrusting their white and lilac heads out of the damp mould in London squares and gardens; a faint, rosy flush dimpling the tips of the almond trees in the Park; the mounted policeman in the Row looking very like an ill-stuffed cloth figure of Patience on a monument smiling at emptiness; a small dog barking at the fleets of ducks as they emerged from the mist on the gray silver of the Serpentine; a girl sitting on a bench waiting: that was all. Waiting? Yes; does not every one know the unmistakable something that stamps a person as being in a state of expectancy—be it of a passing cab, a sister in the nearest shop, or a lover always too late? Don't ask me to explain what it is, for I can't tell you. Not restlessness! This girl sat still as if carved out of stone, her hands folded or her knees in perfect, motionless quiet—not an an impatient expression. Her face, a pretty, neat-featured little face, too, was pale and a trifle sad; but no shade of impatience ruffled the folded lips or the steady, far away gaze of the large, gray, misty eyes. No. I don't know what it is, and I give it up; but every man and woman of common discernment knows what I mean, and would have agreed with me that Mazie (pet name for Margaret) Jerningham was waiting, and had been waiting for the last ten minutes; was getting tired of the occupation, too, for her eyes had acquired a deeper shade of pain; the "perfect lips," as Tennyson hath it, were set more firmly; and—but here he was!

A tall, broad-shouldered man of eight or nine and twenty; brown, curly hair, cropped in that peculiarly close, convict cut which our lads assume nowadays; brown mustache; a handsome, hearty face, browned also by outdoor exercise and foreign suns—a face, the expression of which could be sweet and winning as a woman's, but which was clouded now by a look mixed up of annoyance, shame and defiance—an unpleasant combination expressed (need I say it, this being the nineteenth century?) not at all in his greeting.

"Here before me, Mazie! I am so sorry, but I really could not get away sooner. An old friend of mine, Hammond of the Tenth, delayed me at the club."

"I always come here early that Jack may enjoy his swim without running the risk of spoiling any one's fine dress afterward," she said, hardly waiting for his explanation, and taking away the hand he was still holding. Will Travers looked at her more closely, and, as if glad to find an excuse for the pallor on lip and brow, burst out:

You are vexed with me for being late, Mazie, and it was so good of you coming; but indeed——"

"I am not vexed at all, and I came here on Jack's account, as I told you last night," she answered haughtily, and turned away with a slight shrug of her shoulders as Lieutenant Travers cried out: "Hang Jack! You think of nothing but that dog. I asked you if I might come and meet you."

"And I told you the path by the Serpentine was not my property."

"But you never said I was not to." [When men are excited their grammar is generally at fault.] "You knew I would come, that I would not break an appointment with you."

"Mr. Travers," said the girl proudly, "I would not make an appointment with you or any other man; though," her voice changing as she met his startled look, "after all you are right. It comes to the same thing in the end. What humbugs we all are!"

"Don't speak in that way, Mazie," pleaded her lover. "What makes you so strange this morning? Why are you so cold and bitter?"

"Because—because, Will, I am getting very tired of all this," she answered, looking up at him suddenly. They were standing by the water's edge now, with Jack describing frantic circles round them.

"Tired, Mazie! of what? of me?"

"No, not tired of you, but of your ways—the life you are making me lead."

"I don't understand you," he said, flushing up, half in mortification. "You are complimentary this morning, Mazie."

"No, I am not complimentry, only honest," she answered sadly. "Look here, Will," for he was going to speak. "Listen to me for a moment, for I'm going to be very plain with you. You saw I was annoyed at the ball last night, and you asked me to come here to-day. I was annoyed, and I have come"—something choked her for a moment, and she paused—"come to tell you I am tired of all this—this secrecy which I hate, this half and half engagement, which is everything or nothing according to your caprice, and which merely makes me feel a humbug, and gives you the right to make me wretched by your jealousy and your flirtations, your temper and your love—yes, by your love; for if you did not love me a little, or pretend to do so, I should never let you have your own way—never have cared for you as I have done."

"*Have* done, Mazie! Don't you care for me now?"

"That is not the question," she said coldly. "What I was saying comes to simply this: I am weary of it all, weary and heartsick, and I want to put an end to it."

"In fact, to break your engagement and leave me. Oh! Mazie, you don't, you can't mean that!" His voice, his eyes, those brown, bright, beautiful eyes, so wonderfully facinating when they would, were full of passionate reproach; but she never looked at him. The small, gray-gloved hands never trembled as they toyed with Jack's silky ears. The dull lustre of her dress, gray also, lay smooth and unruffled over the shapely bosom. Only she said in the same quiet tones:

"You told me it was not an engagement when we began it, that we were both free to decide as we pleased."

"And you have decided to fling me away; you are tired of even the shadow of a bond to a poor devil with nothing but his love to give you. My God! Mazie, you *can't* be so base, so heartless; or if you are——"

"If I am, I should think you would be better without me," she answered steadily, though the gray silk was heaving now stormily enough; and Will Travers saw it, too, for he caught both her hands in his and cried out:

"Mazie, you are not. I don't believe it. You are too noble, too true, too good. Oh! Mazie darling, if you knew how I love and worship you! I know I did flirt with that little chit of a girl last night; but what will you have? A man isn't a saint, and when a girl flings herself at his head——"

"That's right, Will. It is so gentlemanly, so honorable to excuse yourself to one woman at the expense of another. There! I beg your pardon. I have no right to comment on your words, and what is the use of going on talking when there is really nothing to be said—but good-by?"

"Mazie! Mazie! what would you have me do?"

"Have you do? Nothing."

"What have I done, then? At least tell me that. You won't make me believe (I know you too well) that you would cast me off for one idle flirtation?"

"No, not for one," she said gravely, "nor yet for ten. In themselves they are harmless enough; but if you cannot keep true to me before marriage, you would never do so afterward; and, Will, I am not weak or patient when trifled with. No; if the pleasure of an idle flirtation, of whispering pretty speeches and bringing blushes into pretty girls' cheeks is greater to you than the preservation of your own honor and peace of mind, we are better apart. What would you say, what would you think, if I acted as you do?"

"Women are different from men, he muttered, half apologetically.

"Yes, I suppose they are. At any rate you and I are so different that we could never be happy together. No, Will, it's not the flirtation only. It is the want of firmness, the want of energy and purpose, the selfish (for it is selfish) weakness which ruins your whole life, lets you put aside ambition, duty, and even honor, and keeps you idling on shore while younger men are passing over your head—for what? A few more weeks and months of profitless pleasure."

"You are plain enough now, God knows; and devilish hard on me, too," replied her lover, haughtily in his turn. "Any other woman might have hesitated before blaming me for not exiling myself on a three years' cruise, when it was my love for her which kept me here. But you are so cursedly rigid. One might as well have a stone for a wife as you. Fool that I was to have ever fancied that you had any womanly softness or tenderness in you!"

"It was a short-lived folly," she answered, the utter steadiness of her tone freezing his wrath even as it aroused it. "Good-by."

She held out her hand, and he took it, but only to half crush it in both of his as he cried, "Mazie, do forgive me; I never meant what I said; I think I'm half mad; but I will do better if you will only stay with me. I'll speak out to your step-mother to-day, though I know she will say 'No;' and so do you—don't you?"

"I think so; yes." The girl's face had grown even whiter than before, and her breathing came hard and quick.

"Then what *can* I do? I wish to God I were a rich man, for your sake; but I will apply for a ship to-morrow. I'll never rest till I get my promotion. I—Mazie, darling, don't look like that. I know I said the same a year ago; but I do mean it now. Mazie, won't you believe me? Won't you be mine still?"

Whither and whither still, and the bosom rising and falling in quick, heavy throbs, like the waves of a great ocean; but the answer come steady as a rock.

"No, Will, not yours any more. I do believe you, that you mean what you say now; but would you mean it a week hence? Could you keep true to me—true in *my* sense of the word—during the years we might be parted? Should I be right in unsettling you and deceiving my step-mother—for silence in my case is a sort of deceit—and all for a fancy which would not last, which never does last beyond its own gratification? No, Will, no, a thousand It can't be. Forgive me if I've hurt you, and God bless you. Good-by."

"God forgive *you*, Mazie!" cried the man. "Don't talk of blessings when you curse me as you are doing now. I shall go to the devil fast enough after this, and the faster the better. Who cares? Not you, hard and calculating as you are; and yet—yet, though you don't care enough for me to save me from damnation, I love you. I always shall love you better than any living woman. My own heart's darling, if love will win you, I'll win you yet, in spite of yourself." And then—they were under the arch of the bridge, with the deep shadows round them, and only the gray, trembling water for a witness—Travers caught the girl in his arms, as she was turning from him; caught and crushed her to his heart in a sort of frenzy; kissing brow, lips and cheek, not once but a thousand times, as he did so. The next moment—before she could even cry out—he was gone—passed away into the mist; and Mazie Jerningham was left alone.

* * * * * *

Two years! A short space in a long life. A mere nothing to look back on in general, though a very eternity in prospect. Two years had passed, and Mazie was still Mazie Jerningham; still all alone. It was evening now—a still, sweet, dewy evening, after one of the hottest days of the unusually hot July; and she was seated on the pier at Southsea, gazing over the glittering sheet of deep, molten blue, across which the Isle of Wright rose greenly purple against a background of violet and crimson sky. Behind the dark fringe of trees which crowned its summit the sun was just sinking like a huge globe of lambent flame, tipping the bows and topmasts with a fiery touch, and flinging one broad bar of liqid and across the dimpled waters of the bay to Mazie's feet, as she sat leaning over the railings; the only solitary, the only sad-looking person among the gayly-dressed, gayly-talking groups of people who sprinkled the pier.

She had been rather a pretty girl two years ago—more noticeable perhaps for a certain air of refinement, an unmistakable look of "good style" which clung about her, than for actual good looks. Now, at twenty-four, she was a beautiful woman — beautiful with the added charm of birth and civilization; and she knew it—knew it was as did any of the idle gazers on that fashionable lounge, and valued it—well, rather less than the greenish-white pebbles glimmering through the water under her feet, or the fragments of seaweed flapping to and fro at the will of these same waters. What was beauty or grace to her when she was all alone?

Two years ago—even now looking back it seemed like ten to her—she had rather fretted because her hair was not as curly, her cheeks as fresh and her eyes as blue as those of other girls—girls Will used to admire at the theatre or in the Row. She wanted to be pretty then, just as she wanted to be rich—for Will's sake; just as she thanked God for her birth and talents and the capabilities of good which she felt within her. They were all so much to give Will, and for that reason they were precious to her; not for any other. An orphan with neither sister nor brother, living with a wealthy stepmother, and while enjoying every luxury in that lady's house, fully aware that of her own she had only the prospect of a modest hundred a year, and that contingent on her not marrying without Mrs. Jerningham's consent before attaining her twenty-fifth year, perhaps no human being in this world felt more utterly solitary than did Maize at the hour we are contemplating her. She was thinking, as she did often (much too often), of that parting in Kensington Garden, under the old bridge. Often as she had gone over it again, she could never quite recollect how she got home afterwards, and then what came next; although she could remember well such a trifle as Jack leaping on the foremast damsel of an advancing school-girl just after Will had some pretty, lady-like speech for the dog's rudeness. She could remember that, and also a shiny white lump on the shiny red nose of an old member of Parliament who happened to be seated opposite to her at dinner that day. But everything else, thought and feelings and surroundings, seemed an utter blank, until she found herself lying face downwards on the floor with the door bolted, and a very tempest of sobs and tears tearing her slight frame with the violence of its agony.

He was all she had, her own, her love, her husband in all but in name, the very heart-spring of her existence; and she had sent him from her! No one—no, not even herself—could have told how deeply and passionately she loved that good-for-naught young sailor, with his handsome face and winning manners, till the hour for parting came. She only learned it then, when he was gone from her forever, and she was writhing in her sorrow al lalone; learned it, as we learn most things in the world, too late. Are all women such contradictions, I wonder? Do all of them know their minds—or rather their hearts (for when do mind and heart go together in a woman?)—as little as Mazie Jerningham? No woman could have appeared more cold, more passionless, more unsympathetically hard than Miss Jerningham reasoning coolly with, and as coolly dismissing her loving, passionate, wayward, and half-desperate suitor; and now, that prudent, right-thinking woman of the world was rocking herself to and fro, her eyes blinded with tears, her hair soaked in the same scalding rain, her hands twisted together over her throbbing breast, her breath coming in fast, strangling sobs, her white, parted lips quivering with helpless moans of sheer heart-broken misery. And Lieutenant Travers? *His* bonny brown eyes had been full of tears—tears which were no disgrace to his manhood—when he held his hard-hearted love for the last time in his arms, and as he flung himself away his brain seemed almost on fire with mingled wrath and despair. But ere he got into Piccadilly he met a friend who greeted him jovially, told him he looked "devilish seedy," and asked him to come into the club and have a glass of something. And Travers went in and had, not one glass, but several, of a "something" which cleared his brain for a moment and gave him artificial spirits enough to shake off the memory of his "Amy, shallowhearted;" and afterwards he dined with the same friend and one or two other good fellows at the Solferino, and accompanied them to the French play after that; and later—well, I don't think we need follow him further. He had told Mazie she would send him to the devil; therefore it was probably her fault if he took a long stride in that gentleman's direction the night after their parting; or if, while she was wrestling with sorrow and love and longing for her lost lover, that lover was making a fool, and worse than a fool, of himself somewhere in the vicinity of Haymarket