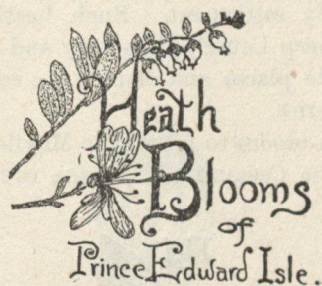


wave in the wind as he claps his hands in childish glee over the mighty thunders' roar—all unconscious of danger.

"Mamma, I'm comin'," he says, waving his hand as if beckoning the lightning. A flash more terrible than any we have seen, follows, and the very air is pregnant with electricity.

* * *

The thunders are o'er; and the stars twinkle on high, but in the house across the way, there is sorrow and death the last flash has done its deadly work.



BY JOHN T. CLARKIN.

With Drawings by the Author.

THE first and sweetest gift of Spring, the May-flower, appeals to the love of the beautiful that exists, active or latent, in nearly every human heart. Thousands in whom the myriad blossoms of summer awake scarcely a particle of interest yield to its charms and for a fleeting season are devotees of Nature.

The delicacy and fragrance of the Mayflower make it a patrician in the Plant-world, and we are loath to acknowledge that it is a near relative to many a plebian bloom. This fact, however, but brings vividly before us, that there is