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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 46): May 28, 1857

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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As distant lands beyond the sea,  
When friends go hence, draw nigh,  
So Heaven, when friends have hither gone,  
Draws nearer from the sky.  
And as those lands the dearer grow,  
When friends are long away,  
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,  
Draws nearer day by day.  
Heaven is not far from those who see  
With the pure spirit's sight,  
But near, and in the very hearts  
Of those who see aright.  
January, 1857. C. D. STUART.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,  
Author of "The Lost Helms," "The Deserted Wife," "The  
Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

CHAPTER I.

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.  
It was the first of May, the marriage day of  
the Viscount Montessor of Montessor Castle,  
Dorsetshire, and Estelle, only daughter and  
heir of Sir Parke Morelle, Hyde Hall, Devon-  
shire.

A glorious morning! the cloudless, blue sky  
smiled down upon the green hills and dewy  
dales and deep woods of Devon; and the park  
around the Hall was all alive and musical, with  
the joyous songs of birds, and the merry  
laughter of young men and maidens gathering  
to celebrate their May-day festival, and to do  
honor to the marriage of their landlord's daugh-  
ter.

The elm-shaded, winding avenue that led  
from the highway to the house, was arched at  
each terminus by a mammoth wreath of flow-  
ers, and many were the carriages that passed  
under them, on their way to assist at the wed-  
ding; and these contained only the brides-  
maids, and the nearest relatives of the family,  
whose relationship or position gave them the  
right to attend the bride to church;—for a  
still more numerous party had been invited to  
meet her at the altar. The villagers and ten-  
ants, grouped about under the shade of the  
great old trees, or wandering over the green-  
ward on either side the avenue, watched these  
equipages as they rolled on, commenting as  
usual on such occasions.

"Oh—dear me! the weddingers won't pass  
till nearly twelve! and here we are to the  
gamekeeper."

"Hush! my darling! look, here comes his  
Lordship's carriage, itself, just as sure, as you're  
the prettiest lass in the country."

It was Lord Montessor's carriage.

Early that morning a note from his affianced  
bride had been put in his hands summoning  
him to a private conference with her at the  
Hall, before they should proceed to the church.  
Surprised and filled with vague uneasiness,  
his lordship lost no time in obeying the behest.

Within the most secluded of her suite of  
richly furnished apartments at the old Hall,  
half buried in the depths of a cushioned chair,  
reclined the bride expectant, in bridal array.  
She was alone, her attendants having, by  
her own desire, withdrawn.

Estelle Morelle—or "la belle Estelle," "Beau-  
tiful Stella," the "Midnight Star"—as, for her  
resplendent dark beauty, she was poetically  
named—was at this time twenty-five years of  
age, and more lovely than a poet's or an ar-  
tist's ideal. Her form was of medium height,  
and very slender, though well-rounded, with a  
graceful head, over which fell rich masses of  
jet-black silken ringlets, shading a face of  
pure, pale olive complexion with large mourn-  
ful dark eyes, habitually veiled by the long,  
drooping lashes, and delicate, though full-curved  
lips, ever patiently closed as in silent resigna-  
tion. The prevailing expression of her dark,  
brilliant countenance was a profound mel-  
ancholy.

The announcement of Miss Morelle's ap-  
proaching marriage with the Viscount Mon-  
tessor had created a profound sensation in the  
fashionable and aristocratic circles. A peer-  
less beauty, the only child and heiress of the  
oldest, wealthiest and haughtiest baronet in the  
West of England, her heart had been as much  
the object of aspiration to the youthful and ar-  
dent, as her hand and fortune had been the  
end of desire to the mercenary and ambitious.

At the early age of seven years, Estelle  
had been placed at one of the first-class female  
institutions of learning at Paris, then as now,  
considered among the very best of their kind  
in the world, and there had been left to re-  
main until her sixteenth year, when the sud-  
den and calamitous breaking up of the insti-  
tution, and her own severe illness, had oc-  
casioned her removal. That illness had been  
attended with marked changes in the constitu-  
tion and temperament of the young girl.

Estelle, previously the most careless, light-  
hearted and capricious of children, left her  
chamber of convalescence a subdued, thought-  
ful, melancholy woman! The laughing lips of  
girlhood closed in patient sadness; the spark-  
ling eyes sheathed their beams under long,  
shadowy lashes, now seldom lifted; the silvery,  
elastic voice, sank into deep and thrilling tones;  
the free, glad motions were measured and con-  
trolled.

She never entered another school, but com-  
pleted her education under the best masters,  
at home. To dissipate what was considered a  
transient melancholy, her parents traveled with  
her over Europe, pausing at each capital and  
chief town, to show her all that was interest-  
ing and instructive. But though their daugh-  
ter repaid their attentions with the sweetest  
gratitude, and obeyed them with the gentlest  
docility, she showed no interest in the passing  
scenes. And though everywhere her extreme  
beauty and sweetness of disposition, not less  
than her fortune and position, drew around  
her many friends and admirers, Estelle re-  
mained alone in her isolated thoughts and feel-  
ings. Every most distinguished physician in  
Europe had been consulted upon her case, and the  
result of their wisdom was a decision that  
this melancholy was not the effect of ill health,  
still less of secret sorrow, but that it was a  
constitutional phase that would probably pass away  
with maturing years.

They returned to England, presented their  
daughter at Court, and introduced her into all  
the gaieties of fashionable life. But with no  
happy effect upon the spirit of Estelle, who  
remained profoundly unmoved amid the cele-  
brated graces of her debut. Her picturesque beau-  
ty was the theme of all tongues—her mourn-  
ful glance was fascinating—her deep tones  
thrilling—her touch magnetic; all felt her  
power, yet she who could move all others, re-  
mained unimpressed. She who sought no com-  
pensation, for that very reason perhaps made  
wary. A peer and two commoners, in suc-  
cession, laid their fortunes at her feet, and  
were in turn kindly and firmly rejected.

So passed her first season in London, at the  
close of which her parents took her down to  
their seat in Devonshire. Here, in her thou-  
ful quiet, unostentatious manner, she engaged  
in works of benevolence among the villagers  
and tenants. And her father, hoping much  
from this employment, gave her full liberty of  
action, and smiled to see that she seemed less  
pensive than before.

At the beginning of the parliamentary term,  
the family went up to London.

And it was here in her second season in  
town that Estelle formed the acquaintance of

Lord Montessor, a young nobleman but lately  
acceded to his titles and estates, but already  
known as a man of the most high-toned moral  
and intellectual excellence, as a righteous, as  
well as a rising statesman, and as one, who in  
the event of a change of ministry would be  
likely to fill a high official position in His  
majesty's cabinet. Aside from the glare of  
rank and wealth and power, Charles Montres-  
sor was a glorious specimen of the Creator's  
workmanship. Above the average standard of  
height among his countrymen, broad-should-  
ered and deep-chested, with a noble head,  
and a face full of wisdom and goodness, his  
appearance truly indicated the warm benevo-  
lence, clear intelligence, and pure spirit of the  
man. His presence soon inspired Estelle with  
a faith that she had not been able to feel in  
any other that approached her. He drew nearer  
to her than any other had been permitted to  
come; he crossed the magic circle of her isola-  
tion, and conversed with her as no other had  
been allowed to do. The world looked and  
said that the beautiful Stella had at last met  
her master and was conquered.

At this stage of affairs, the parliamentary  
term being over, Sir Parke Morelle and his  
family left London for Hyde Hall.

Lord Montessor asked and received per-  
mission to follow them, and in less than a  
month availed himself of the privilege to do so.  
Thus it was in the home of her ancestors,  
after having obtained the cordial sanction of  
her parents, and believing himself sure of the  
affections of their daughter, Lord Montessor  
offered his heart and hand to the lovely Es-  
telle, and was to his profound astonishment  
instantly and firmly rejected! In thus rejecting  
his suit she wept long and bitterly, praying  
his forgiveness, that the happiness she had ex-  
perienced and exhibited in his society should  
have betrayed him into making this declara-  
tion, and beseeching him never to renew his  
suit; but to leave and forget her. There was  
something in the tone of her refusal which con-  
firmed and deepened his previous conviction  
that—even in rejecting him—she loved him!

But with his high-toned sentiments he would  
not in the least degree presume upon that  
knowledge. Taking her hand with deferential  
tenderness, he said:

"Stella! a man never but once, in his whole  
existence, loves a woman as I love you! I will  
not inquire the cause of the rejection, which  
you have certainly a right to make without as-  
signing any reason for the act. And after  
having received this repulse, I may not in  
honor distress you by a renewal of my suit.—  
But this, in parting, I must say to you—that,  
though I go hence, I shall not go out of the  
reach of your friends; I shall never address  
another woman; so if ever in the course of  
future weeks, or months, or years, however  
long, you may think proper to review the de-  
cision of this evening, Stella, I implore you to  
let me know! Write but one word, "come,"  
and I will return to lay an unchanged heart at  
your feet!"

Estelle was weeping too bitterly to reply.  
"Stella! will you promise me to do this?"  
"Lord Montessor, best and dearest friend!  
I do not seek to bind myself to one who can  
give you nothing in return! Try to think of  
the melancholy girl whom you have pitied and  
loved—only as a shadow that fell for a moment  
across the sunshine of your path, and then  
passed away forever!—and so forget her!"

"Stella! I have pledged my honor never to  
renew this suit, unless you reverse in my favor  
the sentence you have pronounced upon it;  
but, inspired by the deathless love I bear you,  
and "hoping against hope," I feel impelled to  
implore before leaving you, that, in the event  
of a favorable change of sentiment or purpose  
towards me, you will not hesitate to give me  
leave to return. Stella, will you promise me  
so much as that?"

"Noblest friend that I have in the world!  
how gladly would I promise, but I must not,  
Montessor. Were I to do so, you would feel  
bound to wait the changes of my mood, and so,  
for a most undeserving love, might miss, in  
some nobler woman's affections, the happiness  
in store for you!"

"Stella, will you raise your sweet, mournful  
eyes to mine, one moment, that you may read  
my soul while I speak?"

Estelle lifted her dark orbs to meet the clear,  
pure, blue eyes bent with so much love and  
candor upon hers, and read the deep, unchang-  
ing truth of the constancy of his soul as he said:

"Stella, in the presence of the heart-search-  
ing God who sees and hears me, I assure you  
that I shall never love another woman as I love  
you, and therefore, of course, can never wed  
another; so that whether you give me this  
slightest of hopes or not, I am equally and for-  
ever bound! Now will you promise, Stella?—  
Remember, it is only to let me know in case of  
a change in your sentiments."

For an instant the light of an unutterable  
love and joy broke on her beautiful, dark face,  
and her smiling lips parted to speak—when—  
as if a sudden memory and warning had gripped  
her very heart—she uttered a low, sharp  
cry, turned paler than before, and then said—

"No! no! my Lord! Stella cannot even  
give you that! She is poorer than the poorest,  
in gifts to you! She can only pray that you  
may forget her and be happy."

He looked profoundly disappointed and trou-  
bled. But soon mastering his despondency he  
said hopefully:

"Well, dearest Stella, although you reject  
me without apparent promise, and refuse to give  
me the slightest promise or the most distant  
hope, yet I repeat—should you in the long fu-  
ture, change your purpose, and write to me  
one word—"come," I will hasten to lay at  
your feet an unchanged heart! Good bye!—  
God be with you! and raising her hand, he  
bowed over it, pressed it to his lips, turned and  
left the room.

Some moments after, Lady Morelle, who  
came to seek and congratulate her daughter  
upon what she imagined to be the only possi-  
ble result of the interview—found Estelle lying  
in a swoon upon the floor! It was followed  
by a long and terrible illness, terminating in a  
tediously protracted convalescence. The town  
season was at hand before Estelle was able to  
re-enter society.

They went up to London, and once more the  
"star of beauty" arose upon its world. And  
though the cloud upon her life settled darker  
and heavier day by day, she was more follow-  
ed and courted than before.

Thus three years had passed away, when  
one morning, while the family, then occupying  
their town house in Berkeley Square, were seat-  
ed at a late breakfast, and Sir Parke Morelle  
was engaged in reading aloud from the *London Times*  
an account of the saving of the French Ship—

*Le Duc D'Angou—wrecked off the coast of  
Algiers—Estelle uttered a low cry and sank  
fainting from her seat.*

This attack was not, as the other had been,  
followed by illness; on the contrary, from that  
day, the cloud seemed lifted from her head,  
and even those who had most admired her bril-  
liant in its shadow, were enchanted to see how bril-  
liant was her beauty in its sunshine! Her  
health and spirits daily improved, yet in the  
midst of all this flowing tide of new life, Es-  
telle astonished her friends by suddenly, in the  
height of the London season, retiring to her  
father's country seat, where she remained in  
strict seclusion from the world for eighteen months.

At the end of this period, Lord Montessor,  
who had never left England, or lost trace of  
his beloved Stella, and who was now staying  
at his castle in Dorsetshire, was one day seated  
at breakfast when the morning mail was bro't  
him. Among a score of letters the first that  
attracted his attention was a dainty white en-  
velope superscribed in a delicate handwriting.  
He took it up first and opened it—it con-  
tained but one word: "Come."

The light of an ineffable joy broke over his  
face! Oh! he had waited, patiently, hope-  
fully, years, for that word, and at last he re-  
ceived it! Thanks to heaven in the first in-  
stance! and then pushing all the other letters  
unopened aside he sprang up, rang for his  
valet, and ordered his valise packed and horses  
put to the carriage.

In twenty more minutes he had reached the  
railway station just as the cars were about to  
start, and in three hours he was at Hyde Hall  
and standing in the presence of Estelle!—she  
looking so beautiful and happy!

With the old chivalric enthusiasm of devo-  
tion, he dropped, at once, upon his knee, and  
raised her hand to his, saying:

"For four years I have hoped and waited  
for one word from you, and at last, beloved,  
you have written—"Come," and I am at your  
feet, as I said, with an unchanged heart!"

"But I," she said, deeply blushing, while she  
held both hands to raise him, "I Lord, have  
not an unchanged heart! for longer than  
four years I have loved you more than wom-  
an's tongue may tell—and never more than at  
the hour in which we bade farewell, as I tho't,  
forever!"

"I know it, beloved! I knew it then! I knew it  
always! I never doubted it! Could I be de-  
ceived in the dear heart of the woman I loved!  
No! and that was the secret of my patience!"  
he replied, taking his seat on the sofa by her  
side.

"And yet you never inquired and do not  
even now inquire, why, without explanation  
and without hope, I sent you from my presence,  
and why now, without apparent reason, I sum-  
mon you back!" she said, as a shade of the old  
sadness fell upon her beautiful face.

"Your motives, dearest, were, and are your  
own. Not until your spirit moves you to do so,  
shall you give them to me! I have full  
confidence in you, beautiful Stella!"

"Confidence! oh my God!" she exclaimed  
in a low, deep, thrilling voice.

"Why, what is the matter, dearest?"

She looked up suddenly, a smile of worship-  
ping love, breaking like sunlight over her dark  
face, and said:

"Nothing, nothing, my lord! but that all  
your thoughts and feelings are so elevated be-  
yond your poor Estelle's! And yet she would  
almost choose it so! for could she be an angel,  
she would wish you to be something far higher  
—a god!"

"Sweet enthusiast! moderate your aspira-  
tions, or the world and its people will disap-  
point you! Be not an idolator; worship only  
God, my Stella!"

Such was their meeting!

Yet, occasionally, throughout the interview,  
a sudden shadow like the recurrence of a pain-  
ful thought, would fall upon her bright face  
and then pass as it came.

They were engaged, and within a few days  
the marriage was announced to take place on  
the first of May.

But it was observed by the nearest friends  
of the bride, that from the day of her betrothal,  
her spirits had been marked by the strangest  
fluctuations. Sometimes with her beautiful  
dark face illumined with a deep, still, almost  
religious joy, she moved about, as it were, on  
"winged feet," or sat brooding in a happy  
trance. At other times, she fell into deep  
gloom and anxiety, as inexplicable as it was  
alarming to her friends, who greatly feared her  
relapse into the deep melancholy that had so  
long overshadowed her, and that they had  
grown to dread as a serious constitutional mal-  
ady. But they hoped everything from her ap-  
proaching marriage with the man she loved.

Lord Montessor observed with the deepest in-  
terest the uncertain moods of his betrothed;  
but with the high-toned sentiments that distin-  
guished him, refrained from inquiring, and  
awaited her voluntary revelations.

At last the first of May, the marriage day,  
upon which I have presented the parties to the  
reader, arrived, and all the *haut ton*, as I said,  
were gathered at the Hall or at the Church to  
do honor to the solemnities.

And the expectant bride, in her bridal robe  
and veil, waited within her boudoir the arrival  
of the bridegroom, whom she had summoned to  
a private interview before they should proceed  
to the church. She had not long to wait. He  
who quickly responded to her slightest inclina-  
tion, immediately obeyed her call.

Yet when she heard his firm elastic step ap-  
proaching:

"Now God have mercy on me!" she prayed,  
and covered her face with her hands.

He entered, unannounced, and saying—  
"My beautiful Stella! I am here, you per-  
ceive, by your commands!"

She dropped her hands, and revealing a face  
pale with misery, spoke in a thrilling, deep,  
impassioned tone:

"You are here by my supplication, my lord!  
I have no right to command!"

"We will waive that! What is your will,  
my dearest Stella?"

"My prayer, my lord—is first, for your for-  
giveness."

"Forgiveness?—my Stella!"

"Ay! my dear lord! you see before you a  
penitent and a suppliant, who may soon be  
something far more wretched!"

"My Stella! what mean you?"

"Come to the window, Lord Montessor!"  
she said, rising and preceding him. "Look  
out!" she continued, putting aside the rose-  
colored hangings, and revealing a view of the  
park below, alive with its restless multitude.

"What are all these people waiting for, my  
lord?"

"What are they waiting for, my Stella?—  
for that, for which I also wait, with how much  
more impatience!" he answered, while a deep  
flush of love and joy, for an instant, supplanted  
the anxiety on his face.

"They wait to see a bride pass, where a  
bride may never go!" she said, in a solemn  
voice.

"Stella! great Heaven! what say you!" he  
exclaimed, gazing on her with profound aston-  
ishment.

"That the bride they expect is unworthy to  
stand before God's holy altar beside Lord Mon-  
tessor!"

"Unworthy, Stella! You!" he said, drop-  
ping her arms, and dropping her head in an  
attitude of the deepest misery. "I should have  
made this confession long ago, Lord Montres-  
sor; but I have deceived you!"

"In what respect, Stella? My God! It  
cannot be! No, it cannot be! that while be-  
trothed to me, you do not love me!"

"Not love you! Oh! my dear lord!" she  
murmured, in a voice of thrilling tenderness  
that carried conviction of her truth to his deepest  
heart.

"What mean you then, dearest one? if in-  
deed you return my deep love?"

"Oh! I do, I do, Montessor; whatever  
happens, wherever you go, take that assurance  
with you! I love you, my lord! I shall ever  
love you, even though after what I shall have  
told you, you repulse and hate me, and go to  
our friends and say—"That woman whom I  
was about to wed, is but a white sepulchre,  
whom I have proved, and whom I now reject  
—and so leave me to the scorn of men, still I  
say—ever shall say—I love you, Lord Mon-  
tessor!" I love you, and the consciousness of  
being unworthy of your love is the bitterest  
element in my punishment," she said in a voice  
of such profound misery, that Lord Montres-  
sor could scarcely continue to believe her agi-  
tation unfounded or exaggerated.

He dropped upon a seat, and sitting still  
and white as a carved image of stone, gazed  
upon her, waiting her further communications.

The above is all of this beautiful and inter-  
esting story that will be published in our col-  
umns. We give this as a sample. The con-  
tinuation of it can be found only in the New  
York Ledger, the great family weekly paper,  
for which the most popular writers in the  
country contribute, and which can be found at  
all the stores throughout the city and country,  
where papers are sold. Remember to ask for  
the New York Ledger of May 30, and in it  
you will get the continuation of the story from  
where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a  
copy at any news office, the publisher of the  
Ledger will mail you a copy on receipt of five  
cents. Fanny Fern writes only for the New  
York Ledger; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., writes only  
for it; and nearly all the eminent writers in  
the country, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. D.  
E. N. Southworth and Alice Carey, contribute  
regularly to its columns. Mrs. Southworth  
will write for no other paper hereafter. Geo.  
D. Prentice, Esq., of the Louisville Journal,  
prepares the Wit and Humor Department in  
the Ledger. It is mailed to subscribers at \$2  
a year, or two copies for \$3. Address Robert  
Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann St., New York.

It is the handsomest and best family paper in  
the country, elegantly illustrated, and charac-  
terized by a high moral tone.

ONLY MEETING TALK.—Everybody in  
Rhode Island remembers the anecdote of a  
man distinguished in political life, who was  
equally eminent in the Church, and gifted in  
conference meeting as he was active in the  
catholic room. In the course of one of his ex-  
ercises in the former he enlarged greatly upon  
the value of repentance enforced by restitution,  
and in a moving appeal he declared his readi-  
ness, if he had wronged any man, to restore  
three-fold. The exhortation produced a cap-  
ital effect; the brethren were greatly edified,  
and the sisters were in tears at the delightful  
exhibition of piety and good works. After  
meeting, one of his hearers, who felt a person-  
al as well as a general gratification at the pro-  
fessions and promises of the speaker, approach-  
ed him with many compliments, but attribut-  
ing nothing for himself, but attributing  
all his excellence to the sanctifying influences  
to which he had been subjected, and which,  
perhaps, might have made him, merely as an  
instrument, of course, in the hands of Divine  
Providence, a little better than the ordinary  
run of men. The following day the same man  
called upon our pious brother and presented an  
old claim that was undoubtedly in justice, but  
not so clear in law. Referring to the exhorta-  
tion of the previous evening, he suggested that  
a favorable opportunity was offered to put such  
professions into practice. He would only ask  
the simple sum; he could not think of taking  
advantage of so good a man by exacting the  
threefold which he had offered in such cases.  
"Ah, my dear friend," was the affectionate re-  
ply, "that was nothing but meeting talk!"

IMPORTANT DECISION.—Judge Culver, in  
the City Court of Brooklyn, New York, has  
decided that all those services, usually denomi-  
nated lobby-agent services, whether bestowed  
in procuring the passage of laws, the appoint-  
ment of officers, the pardon of convicts, the  
payment of claims, or the resistance or defeat  
of any of these measures, were against public  
policy, and payment for such could not be en-  
forced in law.

The case upon which this decision was made  
was a suit brought by the Assignee of Hon.  
A. B. Boker against George Law, for services  
rendered by Mr. Boker in negotiating with the  
Government at Washington for extending the  
time of payment by Law to the Government  
of a debt he owed for a quantity of muskets  
furnished.

Mr. Law's counsel raised the question that  
the services were in the nature of lobby agent  
services, and being against public policy, com-  
pensation for them could not be recovered.

The Judge sustained the ground taken by  
Counsel for Defendant and ordered a non-suit.

UGLY WOMEN.—A correspondent of the  
Evening Post, writing on the "Woman Ques-  
tion" says: "I confess, in all sincerity that I  
have never yet seen an ugly woman. This may  
appear paradoxical, and still it is the pure  
truth. I enlarged upon this idea once before  
an audience of women. One who was extren-  
ely fat nosed said to me—"Sir, I defy you  
not to find me ugly." You, Madame, I replied,  
"are an angel fallen from heaven, only you have  
fallen on your nose." Probably she did not  
believe me, and has maintained against the  
whole world that she is ugly."

CHANCES AND CHANGES.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

"I say, Mr. Conductor, when will the next  
express train go out to St. Louis?"

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes, to-night,  
sir," was the gentlemanly reply to the rough  
query."

"Eleven o'clock and thirty minutes! Go to  
Texas! Why, it's ten this very minute. I'll  
bet my boots against a jack-knife the morning  
express is off."

"Yes, sir, it has been gone half an hour."  
"Why in natur didn't you get us here sooner?  
Fourteen hours in Chicago is enough to  
break a fellow all to smash. Fourteen hours  
in Chicago, puffing and blowing! I've been  
told they keep a regular six hundred horse steam  
power all the while a running, to blow them-  
selves up with, and pick the pockets of every  
traveler to pay the firemen and engineers!"

"Wall, I guess I can stand it; I've a twenty  
that's never been broke, I think that will put  
me through. Why didn't you fire up, old  
brag—give your old boss another pick of oats.  
I tell ye, this fourteen hours will knock my  
calculations all into the middle of next week."

"Very sorry, sir—we've done our best; but  
as we are not clerk of the weather, I hope you  
will not lay your misfortunes to our account.  
Snow-drifts and the thermometer sixteen below  
zero, are enemies we can't readily overcome."

"That's so," said the first speaker, with broad  
emphasis, and a good-natured, forgiving smile.  
"Fourteen hours in Chicago!"

The stentorian voice, sounding like a trumpet,  
had aroused every sleeper from elysian dreams  
into which he might have fallen after his long,  
tedious, cold night's travel. Every head was  
turned, every eye was fixed on the man who  
had broken the silence. He was standing by  
the stove, warming his boots. To have warmed  
his feet through such a mass of cow-hide  
and sole leather, would have been a fourteen  
hours operation. Six feet four or five inches  
he stood in those boots, with shoulders (cased  
in a fur coat) that looked more like bearing up  
a world than you will meet ordinarily, in half  
a lifetime. His head Websterian, his shaggy  
hair, black as jet, his whiskers to match, his  
dark, piercing eyes, and his jaws eternally mov-  
ing, with a rousing quid between them, while  
a smile of cheerful good humor, notwithstanding  
his seeming impatience, attracted every  
one's attention.

"Fourteen hours in Chicago, eh? Wall, I  
can stand it if the rest can; I twenty dollars  
won't carry me through, I'll borrow of my  
friends. I've got the things that'll bring 'em.  
That's so."

And he thrust a hand a little less in size  
than a common spade, down into the cavernous  
depths of a broad-striped, daisy pair of pants,  
and brought up that great red hand, full as it  
could hold, of shining twenty dollar gold pieces.

"Don't yer think I can stand these ere Chi-  
cagoers for one fourteen hours?"

A nod of assent from three or four, and a  
smile of curiosity from the rest, answered his  
question in the affirmative.

"You must have been in luck, stranger," said  
an envious looking little man. "You've more  
than your share of gold."

"I have, eh? Well I reckon not. I come  
honestly by it. That's so. And there's them  
living who can remember this child when he  
went round the prairies trapping prairie hens  
and the like, to get him a night's lodging, or  
a pair of shoes, to keep the massasaugers from  
biting my toes; I've hung myself up more nor  
one night in the timber, to keep out of the  
ways of the wild varmints; best sleeping in  
the world, in the crotch of a tree top! Now,  
I reckon you wouldn't believe it, but I've gone  
all winter without a shoe to my foot; and lived  
on wild game, when I could catch it. That's  
so!"

"Didn't stunt your growth," said a voice near.  
"Not a bit of it. It brought me up right.  
These prairies are wonderful roomy. I tho't  
one sp'ill I would let myself out entirely, but  
me and mother held a caucus, and decided that  
she was getting old











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deceased, by virtue of license from the Hon. Henry K. Judge of Probate, within and for said county of Kennebec sell at public auction at the dwelling house on the homestead lot of said deceased, in said Waterville, near Crommett's on Saturday the twenty-seventh day of June, A. D. 1887, of the clock in the afternoon, all the right, title and interest said deceased in and unto the following described parcel Estate, together with the reversion of the widow's therein—to wit:—The homestead of said deceased situated

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Waterville, May 13, 1857. 4

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