



pat- ntion ne.	Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair— Little ones in the nest.	moss so 'twould look like a picture. I never knew there were so many pretty	1
e re- ecent tling	Select Tale.	things in the woods, and when I'd tell her of something I'd found in my tramps nothing would do but 1 must get it for	a
Y.	Judge Reed's Daughter.	her, and if it wasn't to be far away she'd go with me. There was only one thing that she didn't do right. About half a	eau
Lea e	A REPORTER'S STORY. The L. W. A. Railroad was to be open- ed and 1 had been detailed to write it up.	mile from the shanty back almost to the hills, was an old hollow log among a lot of spruce trees. I'd been telling her	tfi
s l	When I left the city I took with me, be- side the conventional travelling-bag. my fishing-rod and book of flies, for I had	how it used to be a bear's nest, and that I'd got two cubs out of it, and then shot the old bear. She wanted to see the	ta
00	determined to have at least one day's trouting in the comparative wilderness	place, and I took her over one morning. She had her drawing things with her, and said she was going to make a picture of	a fi t
ave ifac-	which lies about the northern terminus of the new road. The "opening" passed off in the ortho-	the place. She did draw the tree and the rocks and the hollow log mighty nice, but she spoiled it by putting in the	n t t
lity. ston- give	dox manner, with a good deal of talking about the undeveloped resources of the country, a speech by the oldest inhabit-	old bear just a crawling into the log front end first. But then she didn't know the	y t t
ets,	ant, who had settled at Shebano when there "wasn't a house nigher'n thirty mile," and a regular country spread in	ways and nature of the varmints as well as I did. "She was as tender-hearted as she	t y v
class that hing all.	the school house. A slightly metaphorical report had been dispatched for the office, and I felt	was pretty. One morning just before sun-up, we started over to the runway on Kelly's pond, hoping to pick up a lit-	e tia
R.	free for one day's sport. The same even- ing I wet my line in the river which brings the logs down to the saw-mills.—	tle fresh deer meat. I fixed her up nice and comfortable behind the blind, and she sat there quiet as a wood-mouse.—	nwi
n Dr nasi d say	The landlord at the Eagle, the only hotel in the place, told me I "couldn't catch no fish," and, however wrong he may	We hadn't waited long before a two- year-old came picking her way up the path. Just as I drew down my rifle the	k
T.	have been in grammatical construction, he was right in regard to the fact he en- deavored to convey. After a half-hour's	girl put her hand on my shoulder, and whispered : " ' Don't shoot.'	I N y
b/.	work, and before the day light had quite faded out, I became disgusted, and be-	"Well, we didn't have any venison that day. "But what I liked most was her read-	n fe p
Dost,	gan to reel up. Then for the first time I noticed a man sitting on the bank be- hind me. He was a youngish sort of a	ing. I was a good deal of a scholar, hav- ing had two winter's schooling and read a good deal; the city gents who came	y en
old, unt- ears ton,	chap, and rather good-looking; but his dress, which was similar to that of the loggers in that region, led me to believe	out my way hunting and fishing always left a heap of books and papers after them. Her reading was of another kind,	d y w
;ood this	he was one of that class. "Driving on the river?" I inquired. "No."	mostly poetry. She read to me very of- ten, and about three days before she	n ci h
NE	"Working in the mills ?" "No." "Tending store ?"	went back to the city she read me one of Mr. Longfellow's pieces about a girl called Evangeline. It's a mighty pretty	p
	"No." "What are you doing ?" "Nothing."	story, and it riled me up to think of that poor girl going all over the wide conntry looking for her lover, and then not find-	
E,	"Rather a poor way of getting one's living," I muttered; but the young fel- low did not seem to notice me, and I	ing him until he was dying in a hospital. We were sitting close together when she finished, and I was so touched up about	h
ro ybun guich guich	thought that was the last I would have to do with him. The total depravity of inanimate things upset the surmise, for	it that I spoke my mind right out. Then she turned a little towards me, and lay-	e
	one of the joints of my rod stuck, and defied all my efforts to pull it apart.	black paw, said ; "There are a great many who look	n

with them, but he was no use; always in with the weekly papers. Once or it; you hear me?" eyes looking at him and beseeching to have Ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. De Superior Stabling and a careful hostler. complaining there were no conveniences, twice I found out something about the The chickens were at once locked up. them taken away. stains from white cloth, also from the hands. JOHN LOANE. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 1yp-24 -15 Woodstock, June 8, 1877-23