

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

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THE JOURNAL.

NEW BERNE, N. C., AUG. 3, 1882.

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It is thought that the present disturbed condition of Egypt will have a disastrous effect on the crops, owing to the neglect of irrigation. It is an ill wind that blows good to nobody, and it is to be hoped that Southern cotton will get the benefit of the breeze from Egypt.

The Sultan is reported to have offered Egypt to Great Britain on the same terms as those wherein Cyprus was acquired. John Bull found so little profit in the transaction of four years ago that he will probably hesitate about buying a bigger and more troublesome elephant of the same sort. He may think it cheaper to use cannon and ironclads than British gold. And then the English sailors and soldiers need a little actual experience in the open field.

Immigration.

The New South has a well considered article on Immigration and near the close adds the following:

We sincerely hope that this editorial may cause Governor Jarvis and the Board of Immigration, if it still exists, and the Department of Agriculture to consider the arguments which we have advanced and may such deliberation result favorably for the immigration prospects of the State.

Vain hope. Governor Jarvis has something else to do in the next few months and has no time to spare on trifles. There are political speeches to be made, and candidates for the Legislature to be seen, and wires to be pulled all over the State. Some people think that a Governor of a great State ought to have too much regard for the dignity of his high office to take the stump and fight and wrangle with other politicians. But we suppose he could get an opinion from the Attorney General, if it were necessary, stating that it was part of the contract that he should wage a vigorous canvass in the summer of 1882.

A HAULED MEALER.

Robert Arnold stood in the doorway of Rodick's Hotel, taking in the scene. Nothing but fog had been visible on his arrival the night before, and all was new and interesting. His eyes dwelt with delight on the plummy islands, the illumined yacht, the exquisite blues and ocean greens, and noted with amazement and curiosity the singularities of Bar Harbor architecture. Fresh from a long course of study in Swiss Seminaries and German mining schools, America to him was less the land of his birth than a problem to be investigated.

America and Americans. He had been at home too short a time to feel familiar with either, and his shy and studious habits and lack of familiarity with society were a barrier to easy acquaintance. He lingered now, watching with a veiled interest the crowd descending to breakfast. Pappas and mammas, with their broods of lively, noisy children; college students brown with tan and muscular with oar practice; girls innumerable, in all styles of blonde and brunette, but all pretty, as it seemed to him, marvelously pretty, and wonderfully well dressed, with ease of manner and aplomb such as no other girls of his limited experience had ever possessed. There was a difficulty in this universal prettiness. Like a bee in a wilderness of flowers, his eyes hovered over the broad field of beauty, sated by possibility, and puzzled where to alight, while gay dog mornings were exchanged and an increasing clatter from the dining-room beyond showed that

the morning meal was well under way.

A rattling sound attracted his attention; and looking out, he beheld a most astonishing carriage drawing up at the door of the hotel. It was simply a broad elastic plank swung between four wheels, fitted with a couple of seats, and drawn by a rough small horse—a "buck-board," in short, familiar enough to New England eyes, but a most remarkable vehicle to those of Robert Arnold, who had never before seen anything like it in any quarter of the globe.

Its occupant, besides the boy who drove it, was a young lady in a careless wrap or shawl, and a hat tied on "anyhow" over a thick knot of auburn-chestnut hair, who descended without a word, and floated past him without a glance, but whose face and air produced a sudden excitement in the breast of our young metallurgist.

"Who was that?" he demanded of the hotel clerk, a true son of the soil, who, availing himself of a brief leisure, had come out to sniff the morning gale.

"That?—who? Oh, her. She's one of them hauled mealers."

"One of—what did you say?"

"Mealers—hauled mealers."

"What under heaven is a hauled mealer?" demanded Robert, completely mystified.

The clerk surveyed him with a contempt but slightly tinged with pity.

"Why, where were you brought up?" he said. "Hain't you never heard before of a mealer? Mealers sleep out, and come in for meals. When they're hauled in buckboards like that one, they're hauled mealers. See! Guess you ain't one of our country people."

"Yes, I am. I was born one, at least; but it's fifteen years since I've been in the United States, and I never came to Mount Desert before, and never heard of a mealer. Do you know this lady's name?"

"Well, yes, but it's kind of slipped my memory for the moment. Musty—Mustard—Musgrove. That's it—Miss Musgrove. She's stayin' over to one of them small cottages on the bank, and she's made an arrangement with Ira Higgins's folks to be hauled down to her meals."

By a happy chance, as Robert considered it, he found himself, when he strolled in to a belated breakfast, seated opposite the "hauled mealer." She seemed to have no party with her, but a pretty girl in a blue boating suit had pulled a chair close to hers, and was chatting away in girl fashion, while Miss Musgrove trifled with her toast and languidly stirred a cup of ambiguous coffee.

A fortnight passed, and the situation remained unchanged. Shy by nature and stiff by habit, Robert made no advances to the closer acquaintance of his fair neighbor at table. A bow when she entered the room, another bow when she left it—that was all, yet gradually there grew over him a sense of intimate relation with her. He knew her dresses, her attitudes; he guessed at her moods, and followed the slight and mobile changes of her charming face. Miss Musgrove neither detected nor suspected this close observation on the part of her silent *vis-a-vis*. She saw only a gentleman-like, taciturn young man, absorbed in his breakfast or his dinner. "Rather an uncommon face," she said to herself, "not quite American," and then she forgot him. She usually brought a book or newspaper with her to table, and busied herself with it when no one was sitting with her; but this was not often, for she had a large following of young girls, who were forever running across the room to discuss plans or whisper important secrets. Several of these girls were pretty, and more than one bit of graceful play was aimed across Miss Musgrove's shoulder at the insensible Robert, but he never found this out. The "hauled mealer" was the first woman whom he had ever looked at closely, and he did not seem able to see any face but hers. Motherless, sisterless, brought up in an almost conventual atmosphere of study, he had seen but shadows in a glass so far; now the shadows were taking substance, and like Philammon, the youthful monk of the Laura, he was filled with zeal and bewilderment. How many things there were that he had not even suspected! Was it possible that the world was full of women like this woman, so sweet, so noble, so entrancing in all their looks and ways? And then he told himself that this could not be. There was but one; she was unique, incomparable, not merely a specimen of a type. How many youthful lovers have thought and will think the same as the tide of life flows on!

Accident did our shy hero a good turn at last, as accident sometimes will. Walking by himself one afternoon along the wild shore beyond Saul's Cliff, he came upon the lady of his thoughts, at a moment of evident difficulty. Her little dog had slipped and fallen to the bottom of a rather high shelving cliff, tide was making in fast, and she was evidently hesitating whether or not

to climb down to his assistance—a question complicated by the doubt as to whether, once down, she would be able to climb up again. Robert grasped the situation promptly, and proffered help, which was gladly accepted. To his experienced powers the cliff presented no difficulties, and in five minutes the rescued toyer was in his mistress's arms, and the sweet voice which Robert knew so well was uttering cordial thanks.

The dog had lamed himself in his fall and limped and whined when set down. Another opportunity. "May I not carry him home for you?" Robert asked. "You are quite too good. I fear you will find him troublesome."

"Oh, not at all. I like dogs." So the two walked on over the cliffs, with sea vistas on one hand, and mountain glimpses on the other, and before they reached the little brown cottage in the field, Robert's shyness had fled under the spell of his companion's cordial ease and tact, and he found himself talking fluently and with pleasure as he had never talked to a lady before in all his life.

"What a beautiful view!" he said, gazing seaward from the door of the cottage.

"I think so. It is my favorite of all the many beautiful views at Bar Harbor. You must come and see it often, Mr. Arnold. My little piazza is quite at your service any afternoon if you want a quiet place in which to study or smoke, and can not find one to your taste at Rodick's. I never use it myself, except in the morning and evening; but I hope you will occasionally come there also to see me. Thank you so much for your kindness to Tatters."

"What a frank, charming creature!" thought Robert, as he made his way across the stable fields toward the hotel. "How few girls are capable of such unaffected sincerity, without any hesitations or *arriere pensees*. Dear me! if they only knew what an attraction it is!" Which reflection might lead to a doubt as to whether Mr. Arnold's experience of the sex at Bar Harbor had or had not been blessed to his perceptive faculties.

"Saw you walkin' with Miss Musgrove, and carry'n her dog?" remarked the clerk, with a grin, as he came in. "Didn't know you at first. Thought maybe 'twas him come back."

"Him?—who? Robert was too proud to ask, but the pronoun rankled in his mind.

Not for long, however. As time went on, and acquaintance progressed with his chamber, and no "him" appeared to mar the harmonious flow of events, the circumstance passed from his memory. He went often to the little brown cottage in the stable field, spending solitary afternoons there with a cigar and a mineralogical treatise, and now and then a morning *tele-tele* with its fair mistress. Sunset usually brought a rush of idlers to the piazza, and their appearance was his signal for flight. Quite at his ease now with Miss Musgrove, he was shy and difficult of access as ever to all others. He invariably reconnoitered the premises from a point of observation in the fields, and the flutter of alien petticoats on the porch would suffice to send him back again to the hotel.

Miss Musgrove, who treated him with the frankness of an older sister, rallied him occasionally on this peculiarity.

"I can't help it," he would say; "it is my bringing up."

"But you are not shy with me."

"No; but that is different. You are so—what shall I call it?—so sympathetic. You understand—you put me at ease."

"So would these other ladies pretty soon if you gave them a chance."

But Robert only shook his head. So, hipped in a foolish paradise, unwilling or unable to analyze the deepening spell which held him, Robert Arnold drifted through July, through August, and into the heart of that golden September which is only known to the dwellers of the North lands, and suddenly, like a frost in ripe roses, came the blight of hope. Miss Musgrove went suddenly away for a couple of days—to Portland, her maid said. People were quitting the island in shoals by that time, the hotels were nearly empty, and the loneliness of those two days was in part accounted for by the empty tables and the closed rooms. But when the third morning came, and Robert, with a sense of reviving life, stood ready to help his friend from her buckboard, the appalling apparition of a gentleman sitting at her side presented itself—a broad-shouldered, handsome, brown naval officer, with an evident air of proprietorship about him, which was as unpleasant as it was incommunicable.

"Who is that?" Robert demanded of the clerk, who had come out, as usual, at the sound of the wheels.

"That? why that's him."

"Her brother?"

"No; she hain't got no brother as over I heard. That's him I tell

you—Miss Musgrove's husband. He's a lieutenant or somethin', and his ship's been cruising down to the Isthmus."

"You said she was Miss Musgrove."

"W'al, so she is."

And then it flashed upon Robert that in the island vernacular married women and girls were alike "miss," with the difference of a letter in orthography, but no difference at all in pronunciation. He saw it all now. Such a stupid, such a ridiculous mistake as it was! But the consequences were no less hard to bear.

He went to his room, and sat down to think it over. The more he reviewed the matter, the more unnecessary his sufferings seemed to him, and the more distinctly his own fault. Beginning with a wrong impression, he had never given himself a chance to correct it. He had shrunk with a foolish shyness from people, when half an hour of their company would have revealed the truth. One question, the most trifling accident, would have revealed it; but he had never asked the question, and always prevented the accident. The girls called her Lila; he had avoided using any name, with the instinct of a lover, when he spoke to her, and had said "you," while of her he never spoke except to himself. So he had gone on and on, plunging deeper and deeper in a vain affection, and what a fool he had been! The only comfort was that she had not been in the least to blame, and that she never knew his mistake, or the pain it caused him.

A little note reached the brown cottage that afternoon.

"DEAR MRS. MUSGROVE,—I am leaving Bar Harbor so suddenly that I have no opportunity to make my farewells to you. A chance has offered for a mineralogical tour in the provinces, and when this note reaches you I shall be on my way to the Grand Menan. Please accept my most cordial thanks for all your many kindnesses to me, and with my congratulations on Lieutenant Musgrove's safe return, believe me, Yours faithfully, ROBERT ARNOLD."

Mrs. Musgrove, sitting on her piazza with her sailor beside her, read this farewell billet smilingly.

"He was really a nice boy," she said, "shy and still, you know, but of good stuff. You would have liked him, Ned."

So, with an unconscious heart on shore, and a sad and sore one at sea, ended the brief and fragile romance of the "Hauled Mealer."—*Harper's Bazar*.

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Apr 8-11

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