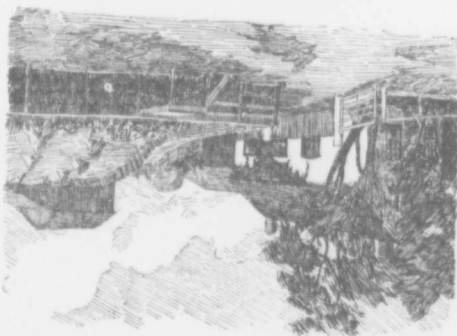
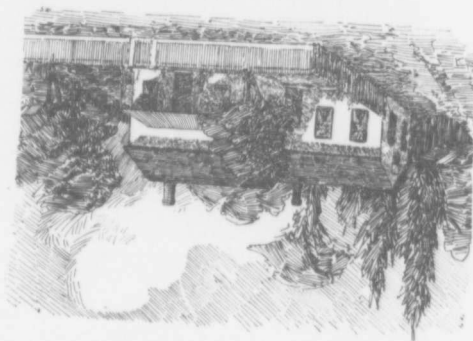




THE GOODERHAM HOMESTEAD.

The clouds already are creeping up, the light as the setting moon,  
They make one feel there is something  
saying, "move on, I must have  
And show's too well old Boreas can tell  
ing who is keeping the elements mov  
But its color is changed to a yellowing  
The stillness is somewhat alluring,  
By the rattling switch on yonder hub  
It as readily dismissed  
that shows it brooks no turning.  
See? It's central now over the distant  
pinet, and its carrying a streak of  
dust that shines,  
And shows too well old Boreas can tell  
ing who is keeping the elements mov  
But its color is changed to a yellowing  
The stillness is somewhat alluring,  
By the rattling switch on yonder hub  
It as readily dismissed  
that shows it brooks no turning.  
Kearer and nearer that dull grey line is  
horribly moving along,  
Now the willows are bending almost to  
breaking as in its rage it strikes  
Bar look! The wind that was lagging  
is now bursting forth with a visible  
cloud of dust,  
And as if to make up for the time it had  
lost, seems to double its speed as  
the roadway is crossed  
With a dash and a crack the storm center  
he moves, while the rain goes past  
us in sheets.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. TREVAHROW.