

Literature.

The Gray Spiders: OR LIFE AND LOVE IN FLORIDA.

What I am about to relate is simply a personal adventure which occurred to me several years ago, while spending the winter in Florida. I was quite a young man then, with a good deal of time on my hands, and a lively appreciation of anything that afforded an hour's excitement. It was not because my constitution rebelled against the rigors of a northern winter that I chose a milder climate, but because my friend, Jules Fessenden, was possessed of a hypothetical notion that the state of his health demanded such a change, that I must accompany him to prevent his dying of ennui.

At the hotel where we took up our quarters was a family from Virginia, named Wharton. The daughter, Amy Wharton, was a pretty, modest girl of nineteen summers, whose engaging manners and sweet disposition made her the pet of the whole house. Having nothing better to do, I allowed myself to drift into a flirtation with this young lady, and followed it up blindly till I had gone too far to retreat. Before I was aware of the risk I incurred by my heedlessness, I made the alarming discovery that I had fallen desperately in love with her.

For awhile she treated me with friendly consideration, and even seemed to prefer my society to that of other men. But at length, without the least apparent cause, her manner changed; warmth and gaiety gave place to cold reserve, and she treated me with distant courtesy, as if I were the least significant of all her acquaintances. Of course this made me miserable, and I passed many a sleepless night gazing my brain for an explanation of the change that had come over Amy Wharton. I could think of nothing I had said or done that would be likely to offend her, and was forced to conclude—although it was a terrible blow to my self-esteem, and did not wish to count me among her friends.

I observed, too, that another young man was paying her marked attention—a young man from her own State, who rejoiced in the appellation of Sidney Spencer. She was evidently pleased with him and received his attentions in a manner which my jealous imagination construed into open encouragement. I had disliked Sidney Spencer from the moment I first met him, and this irrefutable proof that she preferred his society to mine was a bitter pill to swallow.

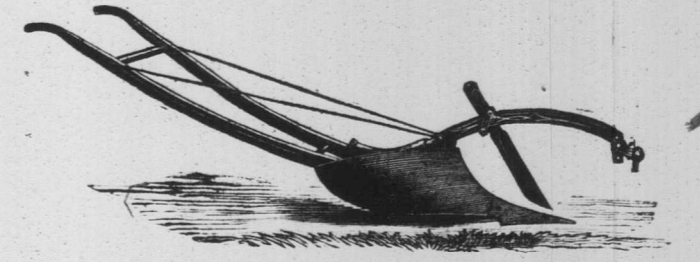
Matters had gone on thus for some time when a party was organized to make a pleasure excursion up the St. Johns River, in row-boats. Nearly all the young people at the hotel, became members of the party, including Amy Wharton, Sidney Spencer, Jules Fessenden and myself. Jules and I took our guns, in the expectation of bagging some game—both being fond of the sport, and possessed of excellent rifles—and an early hour one fine morning we set out.

It was a pleasant row up the broad, winding river, whose banks fairly teemed with luxuriant vegetation, and bright plumaged birds flitted in and out of the green foliage. I cannot say that I was in a mood to enjoy it, but the rest seemed to take a keen pleasure in the excursion, especially the ladies. Sidney Spencer occupied a seat near Amy Wharton, and deluged her with a ceaseless flow of small talk during the whole of the voyage. I tried to appear unconcerned, but an very much afraid that I made a sad failure of it, for I was burning up with jealous rage, and would have asked my pleasant passenger to leave me to wring my rival's neck.

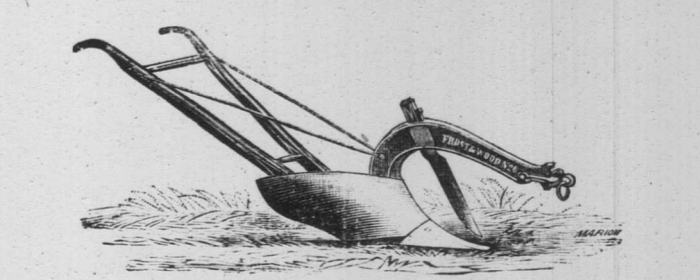
We landed at last, it was a wildly picturesque spot, truly tropical in its nature and very inviting in its general aspect. We struck off through the woods, leaving the boats tied up on the bank. The purpose of the ladies was to gather flowers and mosses, and the better to accomplish it, they plunged deep into the forest.

By some accident I found myself walking beside Miss Wharton. It was no design on my part—certainly not on hers—more like a blunder on both our parts; but certain it was that we were thrown together, and the rest of the party were moving on ahead of us. Neither could so rude as to leave the other, though I could not help seeing that she was annoyed.

PLOWS. PLOWS.

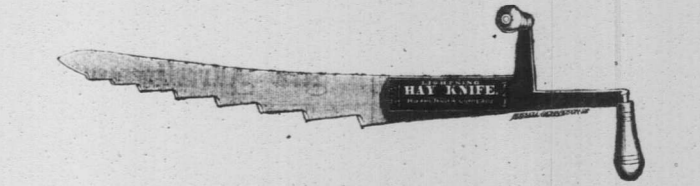


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25 CAST IRON BEAM AND STEEL MOULDBOARD AND END SIDE.

25 CAST IRON BEAM AND CAST MOULDBOARD; 6 DOUBLE MOULD BOARD PLOWS; 6 WOODEN BEAM AND CAST MOULDBOARD.



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25 lbs. Pure Bright Blue (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Green (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Yellow (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Black (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Red (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Blue (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Green (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Yellow (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Black (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Red (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Blue (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Green (the color);

25 lbs. Pure Bright Yellow (the color);

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GRIND STONES. GRIND STONES.