

**EAST AND WEST; A  
STORY OF  
NEW-BORN OHIO**

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East and West; a story of new-born Ohio by Edward E. Hale

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**EDWARD E. HALE**

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# EAST AND WEST

*A STORY OF NEW-BORN OHIO*

BY

EDWARD E. HALE

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TO YOU  
ALWAYS

THE MERRISON COMPANY PRESS,  
RAHWAY, N. J.

# EAST AND WEST.

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## CHAPTER I.

‘GOOD-BYE,’ said Jane as she opened the front door.

“Good-bye,” said Sarah as she stood in the hall. “Shall I see you to-morrow?”

“Why, yes,” said Jane, “I shall see you at Ipswich, if not before.”

“Ipswich?” said Sarah. “What is Ipswich?”

“I mean the sleigh ride, you goose. You do not mean you are so interested in your Cowper and your Adam Smith and your other stuffs, that you have forgotten the sleigh ride? Be sure you wear your best bib and tucker. Good-bye.”

“Good-bye,” said Sarah, and Jane closed the door, and went on her way. Sarah returned into the house.

No, she had not forgotten the sleigh ride, for the simple reason that she had never heard of it. And now it seemed that all the girls in Salem knew that there was to be a sleigh ride, and she did not know. That was not very satisfactory, to a girl who had a right to consider herself one of the best beloved and most esteemed of the Salem girls; the general favorite, who had no enemy. At the very bottom of her heart, of course Sarah Parris knew why she had not heard of the sleigh ride. She knew perfectly well, at the very bottom of her heart, that the young men had had a talk after the party at the Norrises' and had agreed that, if the sleighing lasted, there should be a ride to Ipswich and a dance there. This she knew "of native impulse, elemental force"; she constructed it from the law of the instrument, the moment that she knew that there was to be a sleigh ride. In the same way she also knew, at the very bottom of her heart, that Harry Curwen had said to the other young men, in his off-hand dictatorial way, "I shall ask Sarah Parris, and you can ask whom you like." Then she knew



that Harry Curwen had gone up to Boston the next morning with his uncle, and that he had taken it for granted that she would go with him on the drive; and so had not so much as taken the pains to write her a note to tell her to hold herself engaged to him. And so it was that she had the mortification of being the only girl in Salem, who was worth asking, who had not been asked to the sleighing party.

All this, I say, she knew from native impulse; but it was not very satisfactory, to have thus to construct for herself the picture of what was going on in the town. Least of all was it satisfactory that the news should have been given her by Jane Endicott. Sarah did not ask herself in what way she would have liked to have the news come, but she did know that it could not have come to her in a more disagreeable way. And at the very bottom of her heart, she had a provoked feeling, that it was not the first time that Harry Curwen had treated her in this off-hand and take-for-granted way.

Here was nice, sweet, pretty Sarah Parris

left in the lurch, and yet not left in the lurch. She must have all her things ready for a long sleigh ride, and yet she must pretend that she did not know there was any sleigh ride. She must meet her aunt and her cousins, and talk of the party or not talk of the party, as she thought best, while she knew at the bottom of her heart, that, as surely as three o'clock came around the next day, Harry Curwen would arrive, with his elegant horses and beautiful sleigh, and would take it for granted that she would be capped and coated and ready to go with him.

Now, it is perfectly true that, in a regulation story, Sarah would have at once administered to the young man a proper rebuke. She would not have made ready to go, she would not have been ready to go ; and, when he came with his span of horses and his sleigh, he would have been told to go about his business, and would have lost the party to Ipswich. But that was not what Sarah Parris determined, and this was not what Sarah Parris did.

When, on the afternoon of Thursday, he

did come around just before three, Sarah ran down the steps to meet him, exactly as if he had written the little note to her, which he should have written. She had her hands in her muff, she had her pretty fur hood upon her head, she had her heavy shawl and the rest of her wraps, and her pretty little feet were in the carpet moccasins, and even these were pretty, because everything she had was pretty. And Harry Curwen lifted her into the sleigh, with the expression, to which she was not unaccustomed, of perfect satisfaction with her appearance. They bade good-bye to the home party on the steps, and drove away. They were among the first at the place of rendezvous, but the last were not two minutes behind them; and then, with great shouting, cheering, and calling back and forth, the long procession took up the line of march, if march it may be called, and swept out over the South Danvers road toward Ipswich.

So soon as the long line was under way, Harry Curwen, having made sure for the tenth time that the bearskins were well tucked in on the weather side of the lady, said to her with