

**THE COUNTRY OF
THE POINTED FIRS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649011704

The country of the pointed firs by Sarah Orne Jewett

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

**THE COUNTRY OF
THE POINTED FIRS**

THE COUNTRY OF
THE POINTED FIRS

BY SARAH ORNE
JEWETT

London

CONSTABLE & CO. LIMITED

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PS
2132
C69

COPYRIGHT, 1896, 1899, BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY MARY R. JEWETT

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

YMP80

TO
ALICE GREENWOOD HOWE

9

CONTENTS

	Page
I. THE RETURN	1
II. MRS. TODD	3
III. THE SCHOOLHOUSE	11
IV. AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE WINDOW	15
V. CAPTAIN LITTLEPAGE	20
VI. THE WAITING PLACE	31
VII. THE OUTER ISLAND	42
VIII. GREEN ISLAND	48
IX. WILLIAM	66
X. WHERE PENNYROYAL GREW	72
XI. THE OLD SINGERS	80
XII. A STRANGE SAIL	86
XIII. POOR JOANNA	98
XIV. THE HERMITAGE	115
XV. ON SHELL-HEAP ISLAND	127
XVI. THE GREAT EXPEDITION	134
XVII. A COUNTRY ROAD	144
XVIII. THE BOWDEN REUNION	156
XIX. THE FEAST'S END	175
XX. ALONG SHORE	184
XXI. THE BACKWARD VIEW	207
XXII. A DUNNET SHEPHERDESS	214
XXIII. WILLIAM'S WEDDING	249

THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS.

I.

THE RETURN.

THERE was something about the coast town of Dunnet which made it seem more attractive than other maritime villages of eastern Maine. Perhaps it was the simple fact of acquaintance with that neighborhood which made it so attaching, and gave such interest to the rocky shore and dark woods, and the few houses which seemed to be securely wedged and tree-nailed in among the ledges by the Landing. These houses made the most of their seaward view, and there was a gayety and determined floweriness in their bits of garden ground; the small-paned high windows in the peaks of their steep gables were like knowing eyes that watched the harbor and the far sea-line beyond, or looked northward all along the

shore and its background of spruces and balsam firs. When one really knows a village like this and its surroundings, it is like becoming acquainted with a single person. The process of falling in love at first sight is as final as it is swift in such a case, but the growth of true friendship may be a life-long affair.

After a first brief visit made two or three summers before in the course of a yachting cruise, a lover of Dunnet Landing returned to find the unchanged shores of the pointed firs, the same quaintness of the village with its elaborate conventionalities; all that mixture of remoteness, and childish certainty of being the centre of civilization of which her affectionate dreams had told. One evening in June, a single passenger landed upon the steamboat wharf. The tide was high, there was a fine crowd of spectators, and the younger portion of the company followed her with subdued excitement up the narrow street of the salt-aired, white-clapboarded little town.

MRS. TODD.

LATER, there was only one fault to find with this choice of a summer lodging-place, and that was its complete lack of seclusion. At first the tiny house of Mrs. Almira Todd, which stood with its end to the street, appeared to be retired and sheltered enough from the busy world, behind its bushy bit of a green garden, in which all the blooming things, two or three gay hollyhocks and some London-pride, were pushed back against the gray-shingled wall. It was a queer little garden and puzzling to a stranger, the few flowers being put at a disadvantage by so much greenery; but the discovery was soon made that Mrs. Todd was an ardent lover of herbs, both wild and tame, and the sea-breezes blew into the low end-window of the house laden with not only sweet-brier and sweet-mary, but balm and sage and borage and mint, wormwood