THE EASTON STAR

T. K. ROBSON, Editor.

TERMS:

One Dollar and Fifty Cents cash in advance or *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* if not paid within the year. Clubs of Ten *Per Dollar* in advance.

No paper will be discontinued except at the discretion of the editor, until all arrears are paid. No subscription taken for a shorter period that six months. Subscribers out of the county $2 in advance, which includes prepayment of postage.

One square—ten lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

Advertisements sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices in Local columns, 10 cents per line for each insertion.

The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1881. VOL. XVII.—NO 11

Lumber Business.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES. LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

AT LOW PRICES FROM

SAML. BURNS & CO.,

104 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

OAKLAND

STEAM SAW & PLANING MILL.

PINE, HEMLOCK, CYPRESS

AND OAK

LUMBER

SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR,

LOCUST AND CEDAR POSTS.

We have always on hand a full supply of *MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, GEORGIA and WHITE PINE, and HEMLOCK*

Timber,

with facilities unequaled in the State for manufacturing and filling orders promptly and delivering anywhere. We invite a comparison with city or other dealers.

Our constantly increasing business is an evidence of fair prices

We have also *BUILDING HARDWARE* and a full line of General Merchandise for country trade.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO.,
OAKLAND MILLS. *EASTON, MD.*
January 14, 1879-1yr

LUMBER!

--AND--

Building Materials,
Shingles, Laths,
Lime, Hair, &c.

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.

and Mill Work generally.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

My long experience in the Lumber trade should be a guarantee to purchasers of my ability to suit them both in quality and prices.

Prime articles of No. 1 White Pine and White Hemlock Fencing now in stock.

Principal office in Easton and Yard at Easton Point connected by Telephone.

Deliveries made on navigable water free of freight.

Comparison of Quality and Prices Solicited.

ROBERT B. DIXON,
Dover Street, EASTON.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisement. Call or address

J. FRANK LEWIS & CO.,
15 Post Office Avenue, BALTIMORE.
Sept6-4m.

BOARDERS.

MRS. ISABELLA SATTERFIELD, having bought out Mrs. Hall and taken her boarding house, over Messrs. J. W. Chesnutt & Co.'s store, is prepared to take boarders by the meal, day, week or month. She solicits a share of the general custom, and promises to fully maintain the high reputation of Mrs. Hall's house. She can accommodate a few more permanent boarders than she has at present, and any number of transient customers. The attention of traveling salesmen is respectfully called to her commodious house and sumptuously supplied table.

Easton, July 5,81tf

Already for Winter.

James T. Robinson has just received ten cases of Boots at all prices.

James T. Robinson has also a large invoice of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes, lower than elsewhere.

James T. Robinson has a first-class Woman's Calf Shoe at $1.75. Other Women's shoes as low as 75 cents.

James T. Robinson has a full and complete stock of Boys' and Youths' boots and shoes very cheap. Also Misses' shoes of all descriptions.

James T. Robinson has just received a large invoice of dry goods and notions, cheaper than you ever looked at.

James T. Robinson has a full and complete stock of all kinds of groceries. Prices below the market.

James T. Robinson has just received a fine lot of fish of different kinds. Mackerel by the barrel or half-barrel. Also herring.

James T. Robinson has several fine brands of flour at very reasonable prices. Nice sweet cider always on hand.

James T. Robinson has an uncovered ham that cannot be beat.

New Advertisements.

Sept. 20, 1881.

BOOTS & SHOES, BOOTS & SHOES.

COLLINS & WILSON

Wish to inform their friends and the public generally that they have just returned from the city with the largest stock of Boots and Shoes that they have ever had the pleasure to show. Our goods are bought strictly for cash, and we will offer you goods for less money than you have been paying for them.

Coarse, Medium and Fine

BOOTS.

We keep Hand-Made Boots and Shoes for Men, and Fine Hand-Made Shoes for the ladies.

Groceries.

Sugar, Coffee, Flour, Fish, Lard, Bacon and everything kept in the Grocery Line. Call and see our prices.

COLLINS & WILSON,
Dover Street, Easton.

Mr. Ewing's and Miss Mellier's

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,

For Young Ladies and Misses,

DOVER STREET, EASTON, MD.,

Will open Monday, September 12th, 1881. Special attention paid to French, Instrumental Music and Vocalization. A. S. Marye, Professor of Latin and English Literature. For terms apply to either of the Principals. Pupils admitted and classified at any time.

REFERENCES—Dr. L. L. Adkins, H. S. Best, Esq., Rev. Robert Wilson, Dr. E. S. Trippe, Rev. E. P. Aldred, Mrs. N. Tuthill, Rev. E. L. Brady, E. O. Dawson, Esq., G. E. Haddaway, Esq., Capt. C. R. Leonard, R. J. Trippe, Esq.
aug3-3mos

To Farmers.

The attention of farmers is called to the

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN DRILL.

I have sold between one and two hundred of these celebrated drills in the last two years, without a single complaint. They are admitted to be the best in the market. Last year I could not supply the demand for them, because some farmers were late giving their orders. All who want them this season will please give me their orders early, so that there may be no disappointment.

The attention of farmers is also called to the celebrated

Oliver Chilled Plow.

I have sold over five hundred of these plows within the last two years without a complaint. There are none equal to them the farmers say. As I have made arrangements to supply them hereafter at a

REDUCED PRICE,

Those who want will find the present a good time to order.

N. TUTHILL.

Easton, Md., Aug. 9th, 1881.

THE CINCINNATI

WEEKLY TIMES

has for more than forty years maintained its position as the leading paper of the West. It ranks above all others in circulation, influence, and in the esteem of its readers, because it is just the kind of paper the people want. *The Weekly Times* covers the whole ground of a first class family journal. It is larger and better than any high-priced weekly offered the public; its reading matter covers a greater scope, is more entertaining and instructive, and yet it costs

BUT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Our agents everywhere say it is the easiest paper in the field to canvass for, and readers of one year are so pleased that they are sure to renew their subscriptions. *Eight pages—Fifty-six columns for one dollar a year*, and the most liberal terms to club agents.

Specimen copies free. Send for one before subscribing for any paper. Address Weekly Times, 20 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O.

THE DAILY TIMES-STAR,

Eight pages, forty-eight columns. Only six dollars a year, $3 for six months, $1.50 for three months. Has the largest circulation of any paper in Cincinnati. Is the best advertising medium and the best paper for readers who would know of the world's doings as promptly as the news can be imparted. Address Times-Star, Cincinnati, O.

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FOR

WARM WEATHER.

ICE-COLD

Soda Water.

VICHY & DEEP ROCK

ON DRAUGHT AT

Trippe's Drug Store.

Cough Syrups---

Jayne's, Ayer's, Bull's, Sellers', Wistar's, Mason's, German Syrup—for sale at J. C. HENRY'S Drug Store.

ORGANS.

New lot direct from the manufacturers. First-class in every respect. *Warranted Six Years.* I am now giving special attention to this highly interesting line of trade, and will pledge myself to give as entire satisfaction, in both quality or price, as any city dealer or agent.

G. W. MINNICK.

J. C. HENRY, Easton, Md.

SOLE PROPRIETOR OF

Hensley's Celebrated Worm Dettroying SYRUP,

Warranted an infallible Remedy in all cases of Worms. Price 25 cents per bottle, at

J. C. HENRY'S
may 7 Drug Store

Taylor's Ague Mixture,

For sale at Trippe's.

Iron Bitters

For sale at J. C. Henry's Drug Store.

New Advertisements.

A Standing Invitation to Visit

C. N. OEHM & SON

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT. READY-MADE DEPARTMENT.

Fall and Winter Clothing.

An enormous stock. Very Lowest Prices. Fit guaranteed.

LARGEST ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS.

C. N. OEHM & SON,

230 W. Pratt St. extending through to 55 Hanover St., BALTIMORE, Md.

BOYS & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING A SPECIALTY

THE BEST IN THE MARKET!

"EXCELSIOR" COOK STOVES

LEADING FEATURES:

Double Wood-Doors, Adjustable Damper, Interchangeable Feeding Door, Reversible Gas-Burning Mouldings, Nickel Panels, Patent Wood-Grate, Improved Hearth-Plate, Automatic Shaker, Swinging Flue-Stop, Long Cross Piece, Double Short Centers, Heavy Ring Covers, Illuminated Fire-Doors, etc.

Adapted to all Requirements. Priced to suit all Purses.

MANUFACTURED BY ISAAC A. SHEPPARD & CO., Baltimore, Md. and for sale by GEO. W. BECK, Easton, Md.

PLAIN, STAMPED, JAPANNED & PLANNISHED TINWARE,

Roofing and Spouting,

Stove Repairs furnished for any Stove made.

G. W. BECK.

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1882.

THE SUN for 1882 will make its fifteenth annual revolution under the present management, shining, as always, for all, big and little, mean, and gracious, contented and unhappy, Republican and Democratic, depraved and virtuous, intelligent and obtuse. THE SUN'S light for mankind and womankind of every sort; but its genial warmth is for the good, while it pours hot discomfort on the blistering backs of the perpetually wicked.

THE SUN of 1882 was a newspaper of a new kind. It discarded many of the forms, and a multitude of the superfluous words and phrases of ancient journalism. It undertook to report in a fresh, succinct, unconventional way all the news of the world, omitting no event of human interest, and commenting upon affairs with the fearlessness of absolute independence. The success of this experiment was the success of THE SUN. It effected a permanent change in the style of American newspapers. Every important journal already existing has been modified and bettered by the force of THE SUN'S example.

THE SUN of 1882 will be the same outspoken, truth-telling, and interesting newspaper.

By a liberal use of the means which an abundant prosperity affords, we shall make it better than ever before.

We shall print all the news, putting it into readable shape, and measuring its importance, not by the traditional yardstick, but by its real interest to the people. Distance from Printing House Square is not the first consideration with THE SUN. Whenever anything happens worth reporting we get the particulars, whether it happens in Brooklyn or in Bokhara.

In politics we have decided opinions; and are accustomed to express them in language that can be understood. We say what we think about men and events. That habit is the only secret of THE SUN'S political course.

THE WEEKLY SUN gathers into eight pages the best matter of the seven daily issues. An Agricultural Department of unequaled merit, full market reports, and a liberal proportion of literary, scientific, and domestic intelligence complete THE WEEKLY SUN, and make it the best newspaper for the farmer's household that was ever printed.

Who does not know and read and like THE SUNDAY SUN, each number of which is a cyclopedia of interesting literature, with the best poetry of the day, prose every line worth reading, news humor—matter enough to fill a good-sized book, and infinitely more varied and entertaining than any book, big or little?

If our idea of what a newspaper should be pleases you, send for THE SUN.

Our terms as follows:

For the daily SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post-paid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents per month, or $7.70 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at $1.20 a year, postage paid.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is $1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free.

Address I. W. ENGLAND,
Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.
nov15-6t

NEW ENTERPRISE.

GREEN GROCERY STORE

on *Dover* street.

The citizens of Easton and vicinity are notified that I have opened a green grocery on Dover street, next door to Mr. Myers', where will be kept all kinds of fresh and salt meats, poultry, vegetables, cranberries, prunes, oranges apples, &c., &c. Families supplied to order at all times, day or night. The best of fresh beef sold at moderate prices. A share of the town and country trade solicited. The highest market price paid for butter, eggs, poultry, and other country produce.

R. A. BURNS.
jan11,81

Persons having Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaints, Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, &c. would do well to call and get a bottle of HENRY'S VEGETABLE DIARRHŒA MIXTURE. Prepared and sold by

J. C. HENRY,
Druggist.

TUTT'S PILLS

INDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

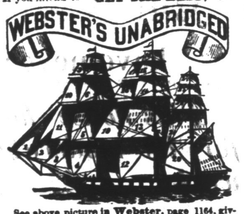
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

(DR. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information sent Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

THE BEST AND THE STANDARD.

If you intend to "GET THE BEST," get



See above picture in Webster, page 1164, giving the name of each sail,—showing the value of DEFINITIONS BY ILLUSTRATIONS.

The pictures in Webster under the 12 words, Beef, Boiler, Castle, Column, Eye, Horse, Moldings, Phrenology, Ravelin, Ships, (pages 1164 and 1219) Steam engine, Timbers, define 343 words and terms.

New Edition of WEBSTER, has 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings, 4600 New Words and Meanings, Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names.

WEBSTER'S is the Dictionary used in Govern't Printing Office. 1881. Every State purchase of Dictionaries is for Schools has been Webster's. Books in the Public Schools of the U. S. are mainly based on Webster. Sale of Webster's is over 20 times the sale of any other series of Dict's. THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND have been put in the public schools of the U. S. Each new edition has become more and more The Standard. Recommended by State Supt's Schools in 36 States, and 50 College Presidents. IS IT NOT THE STANDARD? Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

WEBSTER WEBSTER WEBSTER

Consolidated Subscription Agency.

Having purchased large agencies with various publishers, we will hereafter supply

Papers and Magazines

At greatly reduced prices, giving each subscriber the advantage of lowest club rates, postage free.

G. W. MINNICK & SON,
opposite the Bank.

A LARGE and well selected stock of Imported and American Toilet Soaps at very low prices at Henry's Drug Store.

Select Poetry.

Thanksgiving Day.

I.

Thanks be to God! to whom earth owes
Sunshine and breeze,
The health-clad hill, the vale's repose,
Streamlet and seas,
The snowdrop and the summer rose,
The many-voiced trees.

II.

Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry dower,
And for the sable cloud that heals
Each fevered flower;
And for the rushing storm that peals
Our weakness and Thy power.

III.

Thanks for the sweetly-lingering might
In music tone;
For paths of knowledge, whose calm light
Is all Thine own;
For thoughts that at the Infinite
Fold their bright wings alone.

IV.

Yet thanks that silence oft may flow
In dew-like store;
Thanks for the mysteries that show
And trust Thee all the more.
How small our lore;
Thanks that we here so little know.

V.

Thanks for the gladness that entwines
Our path below;
Each sunrise that encarnadines
The cold, still snow,
Thanks for the light of love, that shines
With brightest earthly glow.

VI.

Thanks for the sickness and the grief
That none may flee;
For loved ones standing now around
The crystal sea;
And for the weariness of heart
That only rests in Thee.

VII.

Thanks for Thine own thrice-blessed Word,
And Sabbath rest,
Thanks for the hope of glory stored
In mansions blest,
And for the Spirit's comfort poured
Into the trembling breast

VIII.

Thanks, more thanks, to Him ascend,
Who died to win
Our life, and every trophy rend
From Death and Sin;
Till, when the thanks of earth shall end,
The thanks of heaven begin.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Select Story.

SAIDEE.

—:o:—

"SAIDEE."

"At your service, Sir Wilfred." From the gay worsted she was sorting, she looked up with a mischievous expression befitting her words, yet underlooking it a goodly measure of the rare tenderness that only a woman's face can wear.

Her's seemed a strange face for a lover to frown upon; but frown he did, ugly, emphatically.

"I am in no mood for jesting, Saidee," he continued, grimly; "nor probably will you be when I tell you that what we have so long debated must be decided between us now."

The sunny smile died from her countenance; the rare tenderness seemed but the rarer for its gravity.

"I am sorry, Wilfred," she answered softly; "I so hoped you would see its possibility and agree with me."

He could but read how she loved him, but he read something else now in look and tone—something that momentarily banishes the frown, and paled his handsome face. With a passionate impulse he arose, and, crossing over to where she sat, took her hands in his, and gazed down into her brown eyes long and steadily.

"Saidee, do you care at all for me?" he asked, finally.

"Do I care for you, Wilfred?" she murmured, reproachfully, yet with the rapture of his touch reflected in her face; "do I care for you? Oh! how can you ask me that, when you know that there is only you—you in the whole wide world for me!"

His hands fell; he turned away from her impatiently, with a bitter smile.

"If I am all the world to you, Saidee, you certainly have a strange way of showing it. Your words are pretty, but they do not weigh at all with me. If you would have me believe you, come and promise to obey me as a woman should the man she loves."

He extended his arms toward her as he spoke; there was a look on his face she could not mistake. She knew it would be the last, last time, but still she took no step forward, she simply stood terrified, appealingly gazing up at him.

"Wilfred—"

He was frowning again, now deeper than before.

"I know what you would say, Saidee," he interrupted, "and it is only a waste of words. As I said before, your words have no weight with me; it is enough for me that you are ready to have me go away alone. And as now I shall go to-morrow, we may as well say good-by."

She had not taken her eyes from his face, and he still looked back at her steadily, relentlessly. At his last word he shivered, a death-like pallor spread over her countenance, and she answered brokenly:

"Wilfred—"

He did not interrupt her now; but bent forward with conscious eagerness for her words. His own were honest, but he felt certain of their effect; he did not doubt that in this decisive moment he would gain her to his will. She would surely not let him go; she was about to yield to him, to say that there would be no good-by between them; that sooner than this, she would adjure all and follow him.

And so he bent forward for the answer, eagerly, with a certain hope.

"Wilfred, if you will, you must go, but I can never say good-by to you."

That was what she said, brokenly, tenderly, yet with a gentle firmness that held so startled him just now.

"If you so will, you must go."

They were little words, but he did not mistake them; the cultured judicial sentence never weighed more heavily. At moment he stood regarding her, thinking with pain and disappointment; a moment paralyzed stayed him, a floating, wavering impulse, but he quickly crushed them down.

"I will do as seems to you fitest, with scornful emphasis; "and since you object to good-by, let us make it good-afternoon."

This was their parting; so he left her, striding out into the storm by which she sat, dazed and stunned, listening to his retreating footsteps, dull as it was a knife stabbing deep down into her heart. As they died away she stood up as if to follow him, her lips parted with a passionate cry, but as vividly his cutting words sounded in her ears, it sank into a moan.

"And this is the end of it all," she murmured, "when he knows how I love him, when he knows I would do all for him, Wilfred, my love, my love, how can you have us so!"

It was not strange that she never thought of rising strictly before that day, six months ago, when in this very room, in first blissful realization of their mutual passion, he had fallen on his knees before her, and solemnly affirmed that, come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from her.

"If ever a woman was sure of man, Saidee, you are sure of me!"

What music the words were, though neither of them could foresee the future and the sore test that awaited them. All seemed bright ahead; they were to be married in six months's time, and she was to go away with him to Brazil, where he had secured a government appointment.

There seemed no need of the passionate protestations, this solemn oath of the fond lover: their truth was to be tried. In the fifth month of their engagement, Aunt Ruth—of whom Saidee was the special pet and protege—was thrown from her carriage and received injuries which, though it was not believed they would prove fatal, left her in a very critical and apprehensive state.

True, the wedding day was named, and Wilfred must go; true, there were loving hearts besides Saidee to care for poor Aunt Ruth, but it seemed to her tender nature almost a crime to leave her, at least until danger was positively past. And when one morning the old lady drew down the fair face to her and whispered imploringly, "You will not leave me, pet, while there is a doubt of my getting well?" she promised unhesitatingly that she would not.

Perhaps, if she had known Wilfred Hare better, she would not have promised so readily. But she knew him only as a tender lover, the man who had sworn come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from her. It could be easily settled, she thought. He, as she, would be very sad and disappointed, but he, as she, must see the impossibility of her going now. They would be married, and as soon as Aunt Ruth was decided out of danger she would go to him.

All this in full trust and faith she confided to Wilfred Hare. She was ill-prepared for the reception her words met, the imperious workings of this man's will. What right had she, without consulting him even, to make a promise to any one that conflicted with her own to him? His love gave him the right to command her; if she loved him she must obey. She must marry him and go away with him, else their present relations must cease.

In vain she pleaded her promise, her tender affection for Aunt Ruth; he would yield nothing to an old woman's whim. So he remained imperious, persistent; she troubled yet hopeful, thinking that finally he must yield; neither believing that separation was possible when the testing time should come.

Saidee strove to smile; she took up her worsteds and continued sorting them, as if thus to begin disciplining herself for the burdens of her new life. It could not be otherwise, she thought—she could not break her promise to Aunt Ruth, she could not leave her now. And as Wilfred willed she must submit. Amid her pain arose a sudden keen feeling of disappointment; it vanished almost immediately in a realization that was born from it.

"I am so glad," she said softly, "that I am not one of those who think a perfect object is necessary for loving; I do not think a perfect object is a test of love. I am not blind; Wilfred is very tyrannical, selfish, very unkind; but never till to-day have I fully realized it, so never has he been so dear to me."

This realization awoke a tender resolve.

"I can never let him go away so; I must prove to him how dear he is and must ever be to me."

From this came the tender note that found its way next morning to Wilfred Hare.

"I cannot let you go away, dear, without one little word. I know you are angry with me, and I am very, very unhappy—for never, since our engagement, have I loved you as to day. My little word is, that I must always, always love you, and that I will never marry any man but Wilfred Hare. Perhaps some day you will understand and forgive me, and then you will be glad to think of this."

There was a great hope in Saidee that this last would be. But it would not be yet, she knew. He would go away, he would not write to her. Very sadly she dropped the tender little note in the small box, very drearily she went back the familiar road to her home.

It seemed but yesterday that she had walked here with Wilfred, so happy and confident. How sad and dark the road seemed now! So absorbed was Saidee that she did not see the man walking ahead, who suddenly turned and paused, as if awaiting her. She started as she drew closer and perceived him; her first impulse was to flee; she shrunk from the sad face that she felt now was so much like hers.

But it was too late. He had retraced his steps to meet her, and was now walking at her side.

"Saidee," he said, softly, "there are not many days now. Do not send me away from you."

He made no effort to cloak his tenderness, either in word or look. He had loved her from the time when, as children they had walked this road together, she knew it, and it had once been the great sorrow of her life that she could not return this love.

Despite the sting of his words, there swelled in her heart a pity for him, such as she had never known before; a wild, regretful longing that, she could not have loved him; a sudden, strange realization that she had wished for anything but a hundred ways of Wilfred Hare.

"Saidee, have mercy upon me! I love you so! Do you care for me at all?"

"Do I care for you, Wilfred?" the same rapture of his touch reflected in her face; "do I care for you? Oh! how can you ask me that, when you know that there is only you—you in the whole wide world for me!"

"Then take me, Saidee, take me, for I love you with a love that is a part of my life. Say you will be my wife, Saidee, say it!"

"Wilfred, I love you, I love you, I love you!"

"Then take me, Saidee, take me, for I love you