

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Terms—Cash in Advance,
One Copy, one year.....\$1.50
“ “ “ six months..... .75
“ “ “ three months..... .45

Reduction to Clubs. See inside.

A Family Newspaper Devoted to Literature, Agriculture and General Information.

VOL. XXXIX.

SALEM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1891.

NO. 31

The St. Louis *Star-Sayings* believes that Germany is threatened with an anti-corn law agitation.

A very large acreage is devoted to grape growing in New Jersey, and the area is extending yearly.

It has been stated that the cipher used by the United States Navy Department cost \$5000, and is so complicated and intricate that it absolutely defies solution.

The Chicago *Herald* has sent out an exploring expedition to discover or ascertain the site of Columbus's first landing-place in the Western hemisphere, a spot supposed by the *Herald* (and by many others until recently) to be as yet unidentified and unknown.

The New Haven brakeman who was crippled in October last and recovered \$10,000 damages from the company at his first trial, is probably glad now, opines the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, that the court granted a new trial to the railroad, for the poor fellow's second verdict is for \$27,500.

The St. Louis *Star-Sayings* makes the astounding admission that the only city in the world that, at all possesses the capacity to ultimately rival London in size and wealth is New York or Chicago. Those who look farthest into the future think that there is nothing to prevent the latter city from having a population of 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 in course of time.

Doctor Emil Laurent, a well-known scientist, has taken General Boulanger for the subject of an elaborate criminal-anthropological study. He finds the General's skull to be of a similar construction with the skulls of the assassins Ravallin, Balthazar, Gerard and Jacques Clement. "Moral sense, rudimentary; forehead, very weak; selfishness, enormous." This is Doctor Laurent's final judgment.

Montagu Williams, one of the best known of London magistrates, has published an interesting volume of his experiences. As human nature is much the same everywhere, so these reminiscences are of value everywhere. Mr. Williams says that the greater his knowledge of the starving poor, and of the criminals who are too often the victim of their circumstances, the more he is disposed to deal leniently with them. He is all in favor of mild sentences, and is persuaded that, except with confirmed reprobates, leniency is more powerful for good than severity.

New York City is making a determined effort to establish cheap lodgings for women, and seems likely to succeed, hopes the Chicago *Herald*. Houses not managed on a philanthropic but on a purely business basis are to be established throughout the metropolis. For from fifteen to thirty cents a woman can secure in one of these houses a decent and private lodging for the night, and can get her breakfast for ten cents in the morning. If well carried out this will be one of the greatest benefactions. The want of decent surroundings drives more women to crime than any other cause.

It is frequently asserted that the college baccalaureate sermon is a distinctive American institution. In the main, admits the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, this is true. But something much like it has lately been adopted at the English institutions of Oxford and Cambridge, though the sermon is more of a general theological nature and less an address of counsel to the graduating class. This change is peculiarly worth notice, in view of the fact that Mansfield College of Oxford has this year broken all English precedents by inviting an American clergyman to deliver the closing address of the college year.

Surgical operations until recently unthought of even in the profession, are reported. A young man was brought to a Chicago hospital suffering from a stab wound which had penetrated the pericardium. One of the attending surgeons, in his examination, actually placed his finger against the living heart. The wound was dressed and the patient recovered at the end of two weeks. In Boston an eleven-year-old boy suffered with a pain in his side and difficulty in breathing, which medicine failed to relieve. An operation was resorted to in which the pericardium was incised, and half a pint of thick pale-colored fluid removed. After the operation the patient fell into a deep sleep, lasting five days, after which he awoke smiling to see his mother at his side. He is reported now out of danger. Such triumphs in surgical science as these, says *Once a Week*, are doubtless owing not only to improved methods and superior knowledge of anatomy, but also to more earnest devotion to their profession, greater courage, steadier nerve, and exalted personal character, among surgeons. English surgical skill, hitherto considered superior to American, must look to its laurels. The list of injuries classed as necessarily fatal must be revised. "While there is life there is hope" will continue to widen if surgery continues to invade the domain of the incurable.

THE OLD DWELLING.

See how the dwelling tumbles to its fall—
The wondrous house of life, now leashed to death.

How brightly in and out moves the light breath,
And gently in the tender-memoried hall
Speaks the loved owner, soon beyond recall!
In the fast closing windows glimmereth
A dying glow, as when sunset shades
Goodnight, sweet dreams, and faith and hope to all.
Thus, full of enterprise and joyous trust,
Perched on a sill, serene and plumed for flight,
A dove will pause while ruin round it flies.
So, too, dear soul, although thy home be dust,
Yet thou, thyself, now free as morning light,
Canst find another home, 'neath other skies.
—Charles H. Crandall, in the Atlantic.

MY SOLDIER.

BY MARY KYLE DALLES.

We had been dancing. My aunt's young people were very fond of dancing, and, in fact, she was herself.

There in the West, they always had a very jolly time, and I, as a guest, had been made a great deal of, and my aunt had especially enjoyed Captain Duncan to "devote himself to me."
He certainly had obeyed her. For two or three weeks he had been walking together, riding together, dancing together, until it was as natural a thing to say "Lucy and Captain Duncan," as though we had been engaged to each other.
And now, on this evening, which was a more important occasion than usual, he had never once left my side, nor had I wished him to do so.

He was best of all to me, that big, handsome fellow, with his spright bearing, who had come down from the fort on leave, and who was a real soldier, not a make-believe one for parade day, such as we had in Edgemoorville.
I forgot everything else when he was with me, and I did not even see how happy in my life only as a child, and the morn'g seized upon me between waking and sleeping, and I cried bitterly, thinking how Dick— "But no matter for that just now. I am at my aunt's ball and we have been dancing, and now as he led me out upon the big veranda, and as he took my cloak that I may not catch cold, and has kept his arm about me longer than necessary, in doing so.

The great vine that drapes the porch throws fitting shadows over us, but the moonlight kisses his black curls, and I can see the glow of his eyes, and the crimson of his lips under his dark mustache, and I am sure he can see my face by the way he looks at me.
From the house the regular beat of the music comes to us. Oh, how well I remember it all, every word he said to me—every word.

"Lucy, I am going back to the fort to-morrow, that is why I speak sooner than I ought. I have not known you long, but I believe that when love comes to a man, it comes out of ambush, as an Indian does, without warning. So it came to me as I saw you—yes, as my eyes met yours. You are the only woman I have ever loved or ever shall love; can't you like me a little? If the red imp do not get my scalp in this skirmish for which we are loaking, will you be my wife?"
He drew me closer to him, he pressed his lips to mine, and all my heart went toward him, and however much I loved me, it could be no more than I loved him.
And then suddenly, all that I had forgotten rushed back upon me, and as the water comes roaring in at a broken dam, and I cried out:
"Oh! Captain Duncan! Don't—don't! You mustn't kiss me—you mustn't talk to me. I am engaged to be married. My promise is given, my wedding day is set, and Dick is true to me—and I cannot—I cannot!"
He had dropped my hand, he had let go my waist, he stood at a distance from me, with so cold a look that my heart stood still.

"What was never so mistaken in woman," he said. "You are engaged to be married, you love another man, and yet have led me on as you have done. What was your object? Do you esteem it a triumph to win a man's heart only to break it? Enjoy it then. I hope that a poisoned arrow is marked for me out on the plains there, for life has lost all its value. Good-bye."
He was gone. I could not call to him to come back. I could not cry out for all the world to hear. "I am engaged to be married," he had said, and I was true to my word.

For a moment I thought I should die of the agony I suffered; then the moonlight grew faint, the sound of the music altered to a wail, I stretched out my hands as a babe does to the mother who has left it alone, uttered a great cry, and fainted away.
And now to explain how all this came about. To do this I must retrace my steps a little.
I was my sister's bridesmaid when she was married. She was just eighteen and the eldest of the family, and I was not much past sixteen.
There were women of sixteen, and children of sixteen.
I was a child in feeling and a woman in looks, for I had grown up tall and slender, and with a manner which my admirers called "queently" and my detractors "arrogant."

People usually treated me as if I were years older than my age, and I, for my part, felt that, with Kitty, with her little tilted nose and dimpled cheeks, could aspire to the dignity of wifehood, I might. Therefore, as Richard Gardner, who was the bridegroom's best man, was of the same opinion, I speedily engaged myself to him, and afterward, in American fashion, "told my mother," who cried a little, and she told my father, who said that it was "the most absurd thing he ever heard of," but made no serious objection to Dick, "since Lucy was set on marrying."

I was of more importance now that I wore Dick's ring.
My parents grew used to the thought, and talked about furnishing a house for us, and the day was set, at what we considered a cruel distance of time.
And we should have been a commonplace couple enough, without any idea

that life might have held anything better for us, but this is a point of mine on which I had forgotten my duty to Dick for my paying her a visit, "before," as she expressed it, "I tied myself down for life."
The result the reader knows.
Captain Duncan had joined the house party. I had forgotten my duty to Dick for my paying her a visit, "before," as she expressed it, "I tied myself down for life."
The result the reader knows.

The cry I gave when I fainted, brought one to my aid.
They talked about the heat, and the delicate New England girls, and I was put to bed by my aunt and cousins.
The next day I was ill, and it made me no better to hear that Captain Duncan and the other officers in town had gone to the fort, expecting trouble with the Indians.
There are more anxious hearts in the house—for two of my cousins were engaged to officers—when we heard that the fighting had begun. But happily no bad news came to Flora or Helen; and once two happy girls came dancing into the house with letters in their hands. The trouble was over for the time, and their promised husbands had written to them.

"Here is a postscript that I did not notice," said Flora, after reading her three times. "Oh, how dreadful! Captain Duncan is killed, and Jack says that if he had wished to throw his life away he could not have acted more recklessly. Every one loved him. The mourning at the fort is general."

"Lucy is going to faint again!" my aunt cried, running to me. But I did not faint; I only wept bitterly. And my aunt wondered. Even an engaged girl might weep for so gallant a soldier.
"And so devoted as he was to you, Lucy," Flora said. "If it had not been for Dick, I used to think something might have come of it."
Little they knew what had come of it, or what an aching heart I carried home with me.

"I'm ashamed that you should go to them looking like that," my aunt said, as we parted. "Dick will never forgive me. I suppose our air is too strong for you."
"Oh, once she gets to Dick, she'll be all right," my Cousin Flora cried.
So they jest; but I knew that though I should keep my secret to myself and marry Dick when the time came, I should never meet him in heaven—never the happy girl I used to be.

"Oh," I sighed a thousand times upon the weary journey home, "oh, if he had not died, believing me a heartless, cruel flirt, I could bear it then, and wait to meet him in heaven."
But still amidst my sufferings, I vowed that Dick should never know that my heart had for a moment swerved from him. I had done harm enough already.

They did not expect me home so soon, and the carriage waited at the station for me, and it seemed to me that it would be a relief to walk, and the shortest and pleasantest way was, after one had gone a block or two, to strike across a park which was used by all the place for festivals and picnics, and by the children for play-ground. But now, in autumn, as quite cold, and late in the afternoon, and it surprised me a little as I reached the heart of the wood, to see two people sitting in lover-like fashion upon a bench that stood there. As I stood still, curiously about passing the couple, I saw that it was Dick and the girl whom I had loved in my infancy, and whom I had loved in my youth, and whom I had loved in my manhood.

They did not expect me home so soon, and the carriage waited at the station for me, and it seemed to me that it would be a relief to walk, and the shortest and pleasantest way was, after one had gone a block or two, to strike across a park which was used by all the place for festivals and picnics, and by the children for play-ground. But now, in autumn, as quite cold, and late in the afternoon, and it surprised me a little as I reached the heart of the wood, to see two people sitting in lover-like fashion upon a bench that stood there. As I stood still, curiously about passing the couple, I saw that it was Dick and the girl whom I had loved in my infancy, and whom I had loved in my youth, and whom I had loved in my manhood.
"I heard Richard say, 'I will keep my promise to her, of course, but I can never love her. I thought I did until I knew you, but it was merely a boy's fancy.'"
"You ought not to talk so, Mr. Gardner," Lily answered. "She is awfully nice."
"Yes—a good girl, and true to me, or I would not make the sacrifice," Richard answered. "As for you, you do not care, I know that."
"I must not care," Lily answered. "We have been foolish, I knew you were engaged," her voice trembled—she was nervous.
"As for me, I felt no anger, only a strange pity for them and for myself, and for all lovers. I allowed impulse to guide me, and the next instant stood behind them, a hand on the shoulder of either.

"Dick," I said, "I have heard every word, and I am glad I have, for I am as weary of my engagement as you can possibly be, and if you will take this ring from me and put it on Lily Bell's finger, you will lift a load from my heart."
I drew off my glove as I spoke and placed the ring in his palm. He only said, "Oh, Lucy!" but he saw as my face that I spoke the truth, and I walked away and left them to do as they pleased.
But once out of sight I cried a little; it was so strange to find that I was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one whom I had grown to be a hated chain. In my depression it almost seemed possible that I might reach home to find that no one there wanted me. However, that was not as I knew when the cry went up, and I had refused the man I loved in order to keep my promise to one