

in't read or write was stunned or slow-ot a chance you know; a widow, had to fight we are fighting now for know not pity! 1 a bright bay 's many a sail haven, when d drives the gale ndland.

and sweetheart's, all, soul was opened to my od to see!

ine thoughts. as I wish that I could

art-born phrase; sweetheartred trust! speak the thoughts I sun behind Achi Baba upon the camp awhile, of years of Peace and with her, the glad nis youthful love as

listen for his fin: get her letter, chun

ne day and I my task sheet, affectionate and orth that woman-hood ave, for which the methought I heard a en the wind. Who soiled letter and I read

is!

