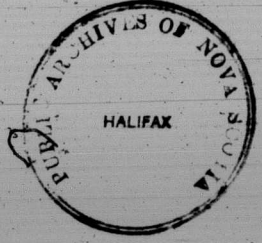


# CHIGNECTO POST.



WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

Deserve Success, and you shall Command it.

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1872.

No. 39.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**International Hotel.**  
(FORMERLY LAWRENCE.)  
103 Prince William Street,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THIS Hotel has, since it changed hands, been thoroughly renovated and furnished, at considerable expense. It is situated opposite the "Empress" Wharf, and within a few minutes walk of the American House, and the Street Car running to the Fredericton wharf, every fifteen minutes. It commands a fine view of the Harbor, and the surrounding country.

The Proprietor having had an extensive experience in Hotels and Steamers, feels confident that none who patronize him will go away dissatisfied.

R. S. HYKE, Proprietor.  
Formerly of the Steamer "Empress,"  
May 26-ly

**HARRISON & BURBIDGE,**  
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,  
NOTARIES, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.  
OFFICE—No. 1, King's Building,  
PRINCE-STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

L. R. HARRISON,  
G. W. BURBIDGE.

**J. T. BURBANK & CO.,**  
Marble and Freestone Workers,  
Point Du Chene,  
WESTMORLAND, N. B.

**MONUMENTS, GRAVESTONES,**  
Fables, Chimney Pieces, Table & Counter  
Tops, Shelves and Brackets

Made of the best Materials, and cheaper  
than at any other establishment in the  
Province.

Sample books to be seen at A. FORD'S,  
Any orders left with him will be filled  
with despatch.

**A. FORD,**  
July 25th, 1871-ly Sackville, N. B.

**George Nixon,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**PAPER HANGINGS,**  
Brushes and Window Glass,  
66 King St. - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

**NEW ERA**  
Nails, Shoe Nails, and  
**TACKS.**

The Goods Manufactured at  
**F. R. FOSTER'S**  
Standard Nail, Shoe Nail  
and Tack Works,  
George's street, St. John, N. B.,  
are pronounced by the Merchants and  
Traders of Canada, England and Australia,  
to stand unequalled for  
**QUALITY FINISH AND DURABILITY.**  
See Price Lists and Samples. Please ad-  
dress as above.

Offers solicited promptly attention and  
satisfaction guaranteed.

The Sole Station given to the want  
of the SHOE TRADE.

**Dixon & Fawcett,**  
GENERAL DEALERS IN  
British, Canadian & W. I. Goods,  
FLOUR, MEAL & COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
Sackville, N. B. - - - N. B.  
H. R. DIXON, H. R. FAWCETT.

**Thos. R. Jones,**  
IMPORTER OF  
British and Foreign Dry Goods,  
**CLOTHING, HAT, CAPS, &c.**  
10 KING STREET,  
St. John, N. B.

**CURRIE & LORD,**  
Confectioners,  
AND  
**FINE BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS,**  
45 Dock St. & 81 King Street, St. John.

We beg to inform our friends and the  
public generally that we have on hand our  
usual large and varied assortment of

**Pure Confectionery!**  
In all its branches, which we will dispose  
of at our usual low rates.

C. & L.  
dec29-ly

**D. R. McELMON,**  
Watchmaker, Jeweller, &c.,  
AMHERST, N. S.

Constantly on hand—A nice assort-  
ment of  
Watches, Clocks and Jewellery.  
Agents at this place for the celebrated  
**BABOLLET WATCHES.**  
Repairing done with neatness and de-  
spatch.

Shop DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE  
Baptist Church.  
may 12-ly

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**ROTHESAY HOTEL.**  
**CHARLES WATTS, - Proprietor**  
(COR KING AND CHARLOTTE STREETS.)

THIS subscriber, in returning thanks to  
his friends and the public generally  
for past favors, while proprietor of the  
ROTHESAY HOUSE, begs to inform  
them that he has leased the above named  
House. The rooms have been fitted up  
and furnished in first-rate style, and the  
situation the best of any Hotel in the City,  
facing King street and the Square, with a  
bird's-eye view of the whole City. Visi-  
tors to this City will find it to their ad-  
vantage to enquire for the

**Rothsay Hotel.**  
may 2-ly

**Kirk Hotel.**  
(FORMERLY THE ADAMS HOUSE.)

Main Street, two minutes walk from the  
Railway Station.

THIS subscriber, in returning thanks to  
his friends and the public generally for  
past favors, while proprietor of the Kirk  
Hotel, begs to inform them that he has  
leased the above named Hotel, and will  
occupy it on and after the first of Decem-  
ber next. The rooms will be fitted up and  
furnished in first-rate style. Visitors to  
this place will find it to their advantage to  
enquire for the Kirk Hotel.

A conveyance will be in attendance to  
carry visitors to and from the Railway  
Station.

**DAVID KIRK,**  
Proprietor.

Shelburne, Dec. 4, 71.

**Paints, Paints.**  
**THOMSON'S**  
**White Lead, Zinc Paint,**  
AND  
**PAINT MANUFACTORY,**  
60 PRINCESS ST. - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Wholesale Only.  
oct 5-ly

**PIANOS,**  
**CABINET ORGANS.**

GRAND,  
SQUARE,  
UPRIGHT

**Pianofortes,**  
Cabinet Organs,  
Agent for the Celebrated  
WM. BOURNE & HALL & SONS'  
**PIANOFORTES,**  
—AND—  
**The Smith American Organ,**  
ACKNOWLEDGED

**The Best in the World.**  
A large assortment on exhibition  
at 77 Prince William Street.  
C. FLOOD, St. John,  
aug 31-ly

**MARBLE & FREESTONE**  
**WORKS,**  
**DORCHESTER, N. B.**

**H. J. McGRATH,**  
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF  
**Grave-Stone & Monumental Work**  
Executed in the best style and  
at short notice.

Having improved facilities for exe-  
cuting the above work, I am furnishing it  
cheaper than any other establishment in  
the Province and in the very latest  
styles.

**Besnard & Co.,**  
Real Estate and Money  
**BROKERS,**  
Princess street, - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Farms and houses to let and for sale.  
Bonds, mortgages and other securities  
bought and sold. 1y-sep22-ly

**Albert J. Hickman,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS,  
Dorchester, N. B.  
may 12-ly

**CARD.**  
**Samuel Legere,**  
**BUTCHER,**  
SACKVILLE, N. B.

On 11th respectfully announce to the  
inhabitants of Sackville, that he has  
opened a shop for supplying all kinds of  
FRESH MEAT, and hopes by strict atten-  
tion to business to merit a share of public  
patronage.  
oct 19-22m

## Literature.

**MISS OR MRS.!**

A Christmas Story, in Twelve Scenes.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

SIR JOSEPH GRAYBROOK—Knight.

Richard Threlkington—Of the Levant  
Trade.

LAIN SLEIGHT LINZEE—Of the College of Sur-  
geons.

JAMES DEAS—Of the Roll of Attorneys.

THOMAS WILKINSON—Superintendent Scam-  
land.

MISS GRAYBROOK—Sir Joseph's Sister.

NATALIE—Sir Joseph's Daughter.

LADY WINWOOD—Sir Joseph's Niece.

ANGELA  
DOROTHY } Lady Winwood's Step-  
daughters.

PERIOD: The Present Time. PLACE: Eng-  
land.

**FIFTH SCENE.**  
Continued.

"It costs perjury, Lady Winwood,  
in my case," said Laurence. "Natalie  
is not of age. I can only get a Li-  
cense by taking my oath that I marry  
her with her father's consent." "I  
turned pitifully to Natalie. 'I  
couldn't very well do that,' he said,  
in the tone of a man who feels bound  
to make an apology, 'could I?'"

Natalie shuddered; Lady Winwood strug-  
gled her shoulders.

"In your place a woman wouldn't  
have hesitated," her ladyship remark-  
ed. "But men are so selfish. Well?  
I suppose there is some other way?"

"Yes there is another way," said  
Laurence. "But there is a horrible con-  
dition attached to it—"

"Something worse than perjury,  
Mr. Laurence?"

"I'll tell you directly, Lady Win-  
wood. The marriage comes first.  
The condition follows. There is only  
one chance for us. We must be  
married by banns."

"Banns?" cried Natalie. "Why  
banns are publicly proclaimed in  
church."

"They needn't be proclaimed in  
your church, you goose," said Lady  
Winwood. "And even if they were,  
nobody would be the wiser. You may  
trust implicitly, my dear, in the  
eloquence of an English clergyman!"

"That's just what my friend said,"  
cried Laurence. "Take a lodging  
near a large parish church, in a re-  
mote part of London—(this is my  
friend's advice)—Go to the clerk,  
tell him you want to be married by  
banns, and say you belong to that  
parish. As for the lady, in your  
place I should simplify it. I should  
say she belonged to the parish too.  
Give an address, and have some one  
there to answer questions. How is  
the clerk to know? He isn't likely  
to be over-anxious about it—his fee  
is eightpence. The clerk makes his  
profit out of you, after you are  
married. The same rule applies to  
the person. He will have your name  
supplied to him on a strip of paper,  
with dozens of other names; and he  
will read them all out together in one  
inarticulate jumble in church. You  
will stand at the altar at your time,  
with Brown and Jones, Nokes and  
Styles, Jack and Gill. All that you  
will have to do is to take care that  
your young lady doesn't fall to Jack,  
and you to Gill, by mistake—and  
there you are, married by banns." My  
friend's opinion, stated in his own  
words.

Natalie sighed, and wrung her  
hands in her lap. "We shall never  
get through it," she said, despond-  
ingly.

Lady Winwood took a more cheer-  
ful view.

"I see nothing very formidable, as  
yet, my dear. But we have still to  
hear the end of it. You mentioned  
a condition just now, Mr. Laurence."

"I am coming to the condition,  
Lady Winwood. You naturally sup-  
pose, as I did, that I put Natalie in-  
to a cab, and run away with her from  
the church door?"

"Certainly. And I throw an old  
shawl after you for luck, and go home  
again."

Laurence shook his head ominously.

"Natalie must go home again, as  
well as you!"

Lady Winwood started. Is that

the condition you mentioned just  
now?" she asked.

"That is the condition. I may  
marry her without any thing serious  
coming of it. But if I run away  
with her afterwards, and if you are  
there, aiding and abetting me, we are  
guilty of Abduction, and we may  
stand, side by side, at the bar, of the  
Old Bailey to answer for it!"

Natalie sprang to her feet in hor-  
ror. Lady Winwood held up one  
finger warningly, signifying to her  
to let Laurence go on.

"Natalie is not yet sixteen years  
old," Laurence proceeded. "She must  
go straight back to her father's house  
from the church, and I must wait to  
run away with her till her next birth-  
day. When she's turned sixteen,  
she's ripe for elopement—not an  
hour before. There is the law of Ab-  
duction! Despotism in a free coun-  
try—that's what I call it!"

Natalie sat down again with an air  
of relief.

"It's a very comforting law I think,"  
she said. "It doesn't force one to  
take the dreadful step of running away  
from home all at once. It gives one a  
time to consider, and plan, and make  
up one's mind. I can tell you this,  
Laurence, if I am to be persuaded into  
marrying you, the law of abduction  
is the only thing that will induce me  
to do it. You ought to thank the law  
instead of abusing it!"

Natalie sat down again with an air  
of relief.

"It's a very comforting law, I  
think," she said. "It doesn't force  
one to take the dreadful step of run-  
ning away from home all at once.  
It gives one a time to consider, and  
plan, and make up one's mind. I can  
tell you this, Laurence, if I am to be  
persuaded into marrying you, the law  
of abduction is the only thing that will  
induce me to do it. You ought to thank  
the law, instead of abusing it."

"It's a pleasant prospect," he said,  
"to put at the church door, and to  
treat my own wife on the footing of a  
young lady who is engaged to marry  
another gentleman?"

"Is it any pleasure for me," re-  
torted Natalie, "to have Richard  
Turkington courting me, when I am  
all the time your wife? I shall never  
be able to do it. I wish I was dead!"

"Come! come!" interposed Lady  
Winwood.

"It's time to be serious. Natalie's  
birthday Mr. Laurence, is next Christ-  
mas-day. She will be sixteen—"

"At seven in the morning," said  
Laurence; "I got that out of Sir Jo-  
seph. At one minute past seven,  
Greenwich mean time, we may be  
of together. I got that out of the  
lawyer."

"And it isn't an eternity to wait  
from now till Christmas-day. You  
get that by way of completing the  
list of your acquisitions, out of me.  
In the mean time, can you, or can  
you not, manage to meet the diffi-  
culties in the way of the marriage?"

"I have settled every thing,"  
Laurence answered, confidently.

"There is not a single difficulty  
left."

He turned to Natalie, listening to  
him in amazement, and explained  
himself. It had struck him that he  
might appeal—with his purse in his  
hand, of course—to the interest felt  
in his love affairs by the stewardess  
of the yacht. That excellent woman  
had volunteered to do all that she  
could to help him. Her husband had  
obtained situations for his wife and  
himself on board another yacht, and  
they were both eager to assist in any  
conspiracy in which their late mer-  
ciless master was destined to play the  
part of victim. When on shore they  
lived in a populous London parish,  
far away from the fashionable district  
of Berkeley Square, and farther still  
from the respectable suburb of Mus-  
well Hill. A room in the house could  
be nominally engaged for Natalie un-  
der the assumed character of the stew-  
ardess's niece—the stewardess under-  
taking to answer any purely formal  
questions which might be put by the  
Church authorities, and to be

present at the marriage ceremony.

As for Laurence, he would actually, as  
well as nominally, live in the district  
close by; and the steward, if need-  
ful, would answer for him. Natalie  
might call at her parochial residence  
occasionally, under the wing of Lady  
Winwood, gaining leave of absence  
from Muswell Hill, on the plea of pay-  
ing one of her customary visits at  
her aunt's house. The conspiracy,  
in brief, was arranged in all its de-  
tails. Nothing was now wanting  
but the consent of the young lady;  
obtaining which, Laurence would go to  
the parish church and give the neces-  
sary notice of a marriage by banns on  
the next day. There was the plot—  
What did the ladies think of it?

Lady Winwood thought in perfect  
silence.

"My father has always been so  
kind to me," she said. "The one  
thing I can't get over, Laurence, is  
distressing papa. If he had been  
kind on me—as some fathers are—I  
shouldn't mind." She suddenly bright-  
ened, as if she saw her position in a  
new light. "Why should you hurry  
me?" she asked. "I am going to-  
day to my aunt's to-day, and you  
are coming in the evening. Give me  
time. Wait till to-night."

Laurence instantly entered his  
protest against waiting a moment  
longer. Lady Winwood opened her  
lips to support him. They were  
both silenced at the same moment  
by the appearance of one of Mrs.  
Sauceroff's servants, opening the gate  
of the square.

To be Continued.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LOVE.—That  
a man should express his readiness  
to marry a woman immediately after  
getting her convicted as a thief looks  
odd, to say the least. It is, however,  
precisely what a Sheffield grunter  
has declared his intention of doing.  
He was engaged to be married to a  
young woman, and they had taken  
a house and partially furnished it.  
Among other things which came to  
the house was the young woman's  
box, and when it was opened he  
found "a much larger number of  
articles in it than he had anticipated;  
and his inquiries about their falling  
to elicit a satisfactory explanation  
from his fiancée, he went next day  
(without telling her where he was  
going) and brought to the house  
the master in whose service the girl  
had lived as a domestic servant. The  
master soon discovered that many  
of the articles in the girl's box were  
his property, and the result was  
that the young woman appeared in  
the prisoner's dock at the Sheffield  
Towhall, crying most bitterly,  
and pleading guilty to a charge of  
having stolen them, she was sent to  
prison for a month. The man de-  
clared that he had had no quarrel  
with the prisoner; and when asked  
whether he intended to carry out his  
engagement with her, his cool reply  
was, "Well, yes; I have not con-  
sidered anything to the contrary."  
Well might the stipendiary express  
his astonishment at that, having entered  
into an engagement to marry her,  
he should find some constitutional  
torturement, exhibit the most  
perfect indifference to her fate. The  
story is at once painful and unique.  
—Sheffield Laborer.

A very remarkable "dream story"  
is this narrated by the *Over-Sea* At-  
tention.—Mr. Arthur Gilmore, a  
prospector and miner at Stanley,  
went to Scotland in the ship *Sapient*  
a few months since. On board he  
made the acquaintance of a young  
man, who turned out to be the  
nephew of a former Stanley mine-  
owner, and the two became friends.  
During the voyage the  
young man, whose name has not  
reached us, was afflicted with a sort  
of religious mania, which at last  
made it necessary to use a strait  
waistcoat, and eventually irons.  
Two days afterwards he died. On  
Mr. Gilmore's arrival at home,  
the mother of the deceased went to  
see him. He was about to describe to  
her the circumstances of her son's  
death, when she stopped him, asking  
that he would first hear her descrip-  
tion of what had occurred. She  
then described the closing scene in  
detail, as exactly—Mr. Gilmore  
says in a letter to a Beechworth  
friend—as he could have done him-  
self, and told him that she had wit-  
nessed it all in a dream.

A Western editor speaks of his  
rival as "mean enough to steal the  
swill from a blind hog!" The rival  
retorts by saying, "He knows he  
lies; I never stole his swill!"

On Wednesday night, the 3rd,  
Massaro, a lion-tamer, performing  
at Mulder's Menagerie, was wor-  
ried to death while performing at  
Bolton in a den of five lions. He was  
caught by one arm by one of the  
lions and dragged round the den;  
the other four animals then attacked  
him, and the scene in the menagerie  
for some moments is described as  
being one of the most awful descrip-  
tion. The poor man was got out of  
the den alive, but died on his ad-  
mission to the infirmary. At the in-  
quest it was stated that the poor  
man's real name was John M-Carty.  
He was a native of Cork, and was  
thirty-three years of age. He had  
been drinking before entering the  
den. The lion which attacked him  
on Monday, and he had often told  
his wife that he was afraid of it.  
Nine years ago, while engaged in  
Liverpool as a keeper of lions, he  
had one of his arms torn off, two  
lions attacking him; but the lions  
were driven off by heated fumes. On  
the present occasion it had not been  
deemed necessary to prepare for  
such a contingency.

A waiter at one of the London  
taverns, was early given to drink.  
A party of young men determined to  
reform him, and one day read an in-  
cumbent paragraph from a paper re-  
lating a terrible case, in which an  
inebriate, in blowing out a candle,  
was killed by the flame lighting the  
alcoholic fumes of his breath. Jerry  
pricked up his ears at this, and re-  
quested that the paragraph might be  
read to him again, which was done.  
The inebriate, in honor of the man  
who immediately went in search  
of a Bible. Returning with  
this, he expressed a desire to take a  
solemn oath upon it, to become tem-  
perate. He had been a sorry tippler,  
and was bringing himself to ruin,  
and then swore that, never again, so  
long as he lived, would he attempt  
to blow out a candle!

Money-making appears to have  
been equally the mania of all the  
Rothschilds. It is related of James  
who died in Paris in 1868, leaving,  
according to public rumor, a colossal  
fortune of £11,800,000, that, foresee-  
ing his death would cause a great  
fall in the shares of the Lombard  
Company, of which he was the pre-  
sident, and chief support, he specu-  
lated largely for the fall, just before  
he died; by which means the im-  
mense profits accruing therefrom  
went to the benefit of his heirs.

A funny thing happened at a  
Presbyterian church the other day.  
The new steam heating apparatus  
was in use for the first time, and  
after service one lady meeting an  
elder in the aisle, said, "That boiler  
and under our seat, is it?" "No,"  
was the reply, "it is under the pulpit  
platform." "Well, if it blows up,  
we shall have a good man to go ahead  
of us," was the reply.

Daniel Drew is a different man  
from Fisk. No doubt he is as much  
of a rogue in financial affairs, and it  
is said that he taught Fisk the  
secrets of stock exchange; but Daniel  
is careful of his reputation, gives  
largely to religious objects, and will  
have a first-class funeral. Fisk only  
learned half of his lesson, and his  
life was a failure because he did not  
conceal his evil doing under a cloak  
of religion.

DEATH OF NEW YORK.—A Western  
paper has the following:—Charles  
New York? They are having  
\$100 to \$50 on Wall Street that  
Stokes will be hung. If the Twelve  
Disciples had lived in that neighbor-  
hood, they would not have back-  
ed up against the field and given  
long odds on his winning the game.

"I think," said a farmer, "I should  
make a good Parliament man, for I  
use their language. I received two  
bills the other day, with requests for  
immediate payment; the one I order-  
ed to be laid on the table—the other  
to be read that day six months."

The New York *Evening Post* is  
wrestling with this dilemma:—"No  
Reward for an Answer.—If a mil-  
lion, four feet ten inches in height,  
while sitting on a three-legged stool,  
took four pints of milk from every  
fifteen cows, what was the size of  
the field in which the animals grazed,  
and what was the girl's age?"

In describing a young man's love  
affair with an actress, a Western  
reporter says:—"His heart still  
wallowed faithfully for the actress,  
and as soon as his returning feet  
hoisted our shore he flew to her on  
the wings of love and impatience."  
Ought not some lover of the English  
language wallow that reporter?

A schoolmaster in Ohio advertises  
that he will keep a Sunday-school  
twice a week, Tuesdays and Satur-  
days.

## Communicated.

**CUR ST. JOHN LETTER.**

LOVE, LITERATURE, AND ROMANCE.

Dear Post—

I would not write a letter this  
week were it not for a little literary  
gossip that I am in a position to fur-  
nish you with, and I fear that if I do  
not succeed in reaching this week's  
Post with it some of the restless and  
biting geniuses of the St. John  
dailies will get ahead of me. My  
last letter was made up of general  
topics, but as I have now to speak  
of love and romance I will not mar the  
gentler influence of those delightful  
themes by blending them with the  
base elements of politics, sporting,  
or common-place news. I presume  
that my many friends of the *Planet*  
and those exiles follow, the orna-  
mental feelings of the *Liberal*, as well  
as the many other literary  
blades, that dwell so nearly beneath  
the shadow of Mount Athos, as to  
be unable to resist the influence of  
its leading column, have en-  
joyed their attention, and I am  
glad to hear that the *Planet*, as  
their contribution to the *Post*, is a  
worthy companion of the *Planet*,  
who, like that time I have, has been  
introduced to the public by the *Post*  
and the *Planet*.

Unlike "English," the identity of  
"Daisy" is not likely to puzzle the  
quintessence of the Press, and the chief  
reason is, I presume, because that  
"Daisy" is a woman and Daisy loves.  
The radiant little stars of the  
*Planet* who are away from their  
homes and who think, in their lon-  
gitudes, after the studies of the day  
are over, about some one longed  
away, to whom their hearts cling and  
around whom their "affectionate  
tears" clasp can realize that "Love  
is not love."

Which place when it alternative finds,  
Or leans with the remembrance to re-  
move?

O no! it is an ever-faded mark  
That looks on tempests and is never  
shaken!

It is the star to every wandering bark  
Whose world's unknown, although  
his height be taken."

And so to my romance. Five  
years since, I met a few ladies  
from London and in a suburban house  
shared with by claret and lunch by  
well-dressed ladies, two persons  
were walking together. One was a  
young man of about twenty-two and  
the other a girl perhaps two years  
younger. The girl was of rather  
poor appearance, of a graceful form  
and a face not handsome, but pre-  
serving its chief attraction con-  
sisting rather in an air of ingenu-  
ity and modesty, than in the beautiful  
beauty of the full-blown flower.  
They were walking in the full moon-  
light, and the girl's face was  
faded or heavy of complexion. The  
young man was of aristocratic ap-  
pearance, and the meeting appeared  
to be that of lovers, for his arm  
was walked along was pressed closely  
against the side of the young lady, and  
his words were uttered in a low  
and with eagerness, he pressed her  
fingers and clasped her hand in an  
abstract manner. Soon they  
passed the young girl entering a  
well-furnished house, and the young  
man, with a look of anxiety, and  
apprehension, two-story house of  
splendid and easy appearance while  
her companion walked with quick-  
ened pace towards the centre of the  
town without appearing to notice  
anything or anything and a few min-  
utes later he passed along the high-  
way, he being in London, driving a  
light, elegant horse attached to an  
elegant carriage. A day or two after  
it became known that Daisy Hare's  
lover, Edward Litton, (these are fic-  
tious names of course) was about to  
depart for India. It was further  
said that Edward's father, Sir Henry  
Litton, had become convinced that  
the India service was the only fitting  
one for his only son and heir, after  
he had discovered that Daisy Hare  
and their young gentleman were on  
terms of intimacy more close than  
he cared to have, existing between a  
member of his family and that of an  
ordinary landscape painter, such as  
was William Hare, Daisy's father—  
Sir Henry had heard of the meetings  
in the lane, beneath the shadow of  
the elms, and at that referred to  
above, Edward had been farrowed to Daisy  
and a week after was on his way to  
India. Edward would one day in-  
herit his father's ample property and  
when he parted with Daisy he vowed  
fidelity to her and she said she  
would wait.

A friend in Liverpool who knew of  
Daisy's waiting and who thought a  
change of scene would tend to ren-  
der her more happy