

POOR DOCUMENT



Rev. J. T. CARP, PITTSTOWN, ME.
LIVER and KIDNEYS.
Two Bottles Groder's Syrup Cured Him.
Badly Affected.
FOOD WOULD NOT STAY IN HIS STOMACH.

It don't pain you, said Minnie—it don't pain you at all. You're always teasing me. You never do what I want you to. You wouldn't even give me a chair. Also, sometimes she'd tell me to go. Why, here is Ethel; she has been in a village where there are houses, and people, and as many chairs as she wants.

Oh, mees, see you will but wait an' be patient—I will be, an' how I love you. You don't love me, said Minnie, or bit. Is this love—not to give me a chair? I have been standing up till I am nearly ready to drop. And you have nothing better than some wretched promises—on't care for tomorrow; I want to be comfortable to-day. You won't let me have a single thing. And now you come to tease me again, and frighten poor, dear, darling Ethel.

Let me because she deceiv me—she was with a plot—she stole in here. She had wait, all would be well. You mustn't dare to touch her, said Minnie, vehemently. You shall leave her here. She'll stay with me. I am ver pain—on, very; but oh, my angel—sweet—charming mees—eat—danglers to my life. She plot to take you away. An' all my life is in you. That I had to do to gain you!

Minnie looked upon Girsale, with her large eyes dilated with excitement and resentment. You are a horrid, horrid man, she exclaimed. I hate you. Oh, my angel, pleaded Girsale, will beg pardon, take back that word. I'm sorry you ever saved my life, said Minnie, very calmly, and I'm sorry I ever saw you. I hate you.

Ah, you give me torment. You do not mean this. You say you love me. I did not say I loved you. It was you who said you loved me. I never like you. And I don't really see how I could be engaged to you when I was engaged to another man before. He is the only one whom I recognize now. I don't know you at all. For I couldn't be bound to two men; could I, Ethel dear?

Ethel did not reply to this strange question. But upon Girsale's effect was very great. The manner of Minnie had been extremely perplexing to him all through this eventful day. If she had stormed and gone into a fine frenzy he could have borne it. It would have been natural. But she was perfectly unaccountable, and her complaint was about trifles. Such trifles. Such trifles! He felt ashamed to think that he could have been subjected to such annoyances a woman whom he so dearly loved. And now he was once more puzzled. Minnie confronted him, looking at him fixedly, without a particle of fear, with her large, earnest, innocent eyes fastened upon him—the calm, cool gaze of some high-minded child rebuking a young child-companion. This was a proceeding which he was not prepared for. Besides, the child-innocence of her face and of her words actually flustered him. She seemed so fearless because she was so innocent. She became a greater puzzle than ever. He had her before him, and he had actually daunted him and confounded him. And what was the worst to him of all her words was her calm and simple declaration. I hate you.

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