

# **THE WHITEST MAN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649733477

The Whitest Man by Carrie J. Makepeace

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**CARRIE J. MAKEPEACE**

**THE  
WHITEST MAN**



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By  
CARRIE J. MAKEPEACE

O. J. F. 3-21-07



BOSTON: RICHARD G. BADGER

*The Gorham Press*

1905

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PRINTED AT  
THE GORHAM PRESS  
BOSTON, U. S. A.

065,

TO  
THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND  
THIS STORY IS  
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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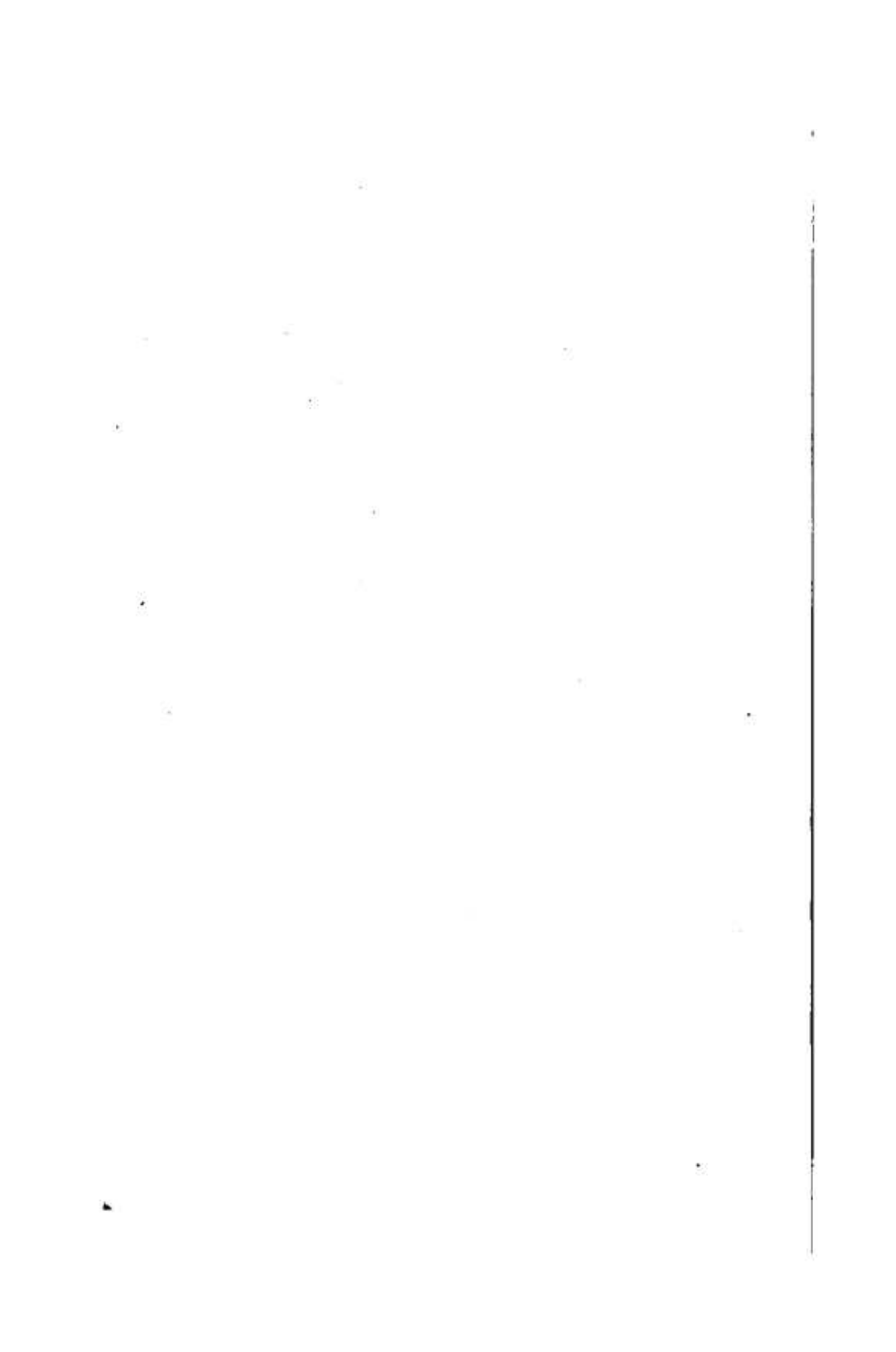
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PREFACE.

The chief purpose of this book is the exaltation of  
motherhood.

CARRIE J. MAKEPEACE.



## CHAPTER I

### *Love's Labor Lost*

IT WAS twilight in dear old Boston, and the lights had just been turned on outside our home on Huntington Avenue, but not within, where I was sitting, pensive and alone. I heard in the hall the slow, soft footsteps of my friend, Helen Greenwood, and rose to receive her. As she entered the drawing-room the gleaming light outside shone through the window, resting on her face, and revealed a vision of perfect loveliness. "I have good news," she exclaimed, "and I know you will rejoice with me, for my brother whom I have not seen for three years is on his way to Boston." "I am glad for your sake that Fred is coming," I replied, not knowing it would mark an epoch in my life. I had never seen Helen look so happy and beautiful. Her face was radiant with joy, her voice full of melody and love as she announced the happy tidings. Fred Garland and Helen Greenwood were orphans: neither could remember their parents, who were lost at sea while on a voyage to England to say "farewell" to the maternal grandmother of Fred and his sister, when Fred was three years of age and baby Helen but eleven months, and during the parents' absence they were left at home in the care of the nurse. The aged grandmother, waiting anxiously for her beloved daughter and son-in-law, whom she had not seen since their wedding-day, never knew the reason they