

**THE GREATER  
WATERLOO: A  
LOVE STORY**

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The Greater Waterloo: A Love Story by Robert Richardson

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**ROBERT RICHARDSON**

**THE GREATER  
WATERLOO: A  
LOVE STORY**



# *The Greater Waterloo*

*A Love Story*

BY

ROBERT RICHARDSON

M. M. Perkins

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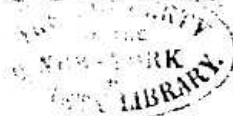
*"'T were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it."*



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*The Greater Waterloo*

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### PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

- HEINRICH GLEBE.....Retired officer living at Waterloo,  
Canada.
- MINA GLEBE.....His spinster daughter.
- GRETCHEN GLEBE.....Niece of Heinrich.
- MARTIN KRANZ (the Abbot).The miser-shopkeeper of Waterloo.
- KARL KRANZ... ..Son of Martin.
- PETER ERB.....The Lutheran Clergyman of Water-  
loo.
- JOHANNA WINKLE.....Family helper at "Glebeholm."
- JOHANN WINKLE.....Her husband.
- GUSTAV HEINK.....Stage driver.
- WALTER WRENN JENNINGS.An Englishman.
- DELLA JENNINGS.....Sister of Walter.

# THE GREATER WATERLOO.

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## CHAPTER I.

KARL KRANZ.

Two candles sputtered on a low mantel-shelf and cast their uncertain, unsteady glimmer upon a face before them. The face was thin, the cheeks pale and the whole countenance expressive of some deep emotion that had just swept over it. There had been storm, then calm, but the calm of anguish rather than the calm of peace. The lips were closed firmly and seemed paler and less sympathetic than their wont, which showed the depths of the emotion and the nature of the determination it had wrenched within the youth. "Yes," said Karl Kranz, pinching one of the candles that had just sputtered its last, "I am resolved to go, come what may, happen what will. I must go."

He turned over a stained almanac which lay before him on the mantel. "The twenty-third of May!" he exclaimed. "I had almost forgotten it was May. I have seen so few flowers and have

heard only the hum of nails and screws, and the song of the old Abbot, raised from flat to sharp, according to my misdemeanor."

The Abbot evidently sat in the adjoining room, the shop-room, for Karl nodded his head toward the half open door in the south wall, and, further, it was evident that the Abbot had been scolding much of late, for as Karl repeated his name his lips tightened and his eyes flashed with youthful indignation and resentment.

"There's the bell," he murmured after a pause, "nails again and screws, I'll be bound. Thank heaven I will hear heavier lead soon, cannon and death-shot."

He nipped the second candle and stumbled in the dark to the shop door. "Good-evening," said a strange, cheery voice, as he entered. "Give me a hammer and some half-inch tacks please."

"Tacks, tacks, nails again," thought Karl, as he mechanically drew out a box labelled "half-inchers." He had, however, caught the tone of the stranger's voice, and the order for a hammer was some variation from the usual one.

"It is still wet," the damsel continued as cheerfully as if it had been moonlight, "but I hope it will be fine to-morrow, for I want to explore the village. I am a stranger and I hear there are pretty woods all about here, full