

H.P. Sauce



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A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XI.
Unexpected Guests.

Robbery was nothing to insult, and forgetting entirely the wine, she gasped, "Stars and Stripes in this house! In the house of my grandfather, as loyal a subject as King George ever boasted! What can Margaret be doing to suffer a thing like this?"

A few steps further on, and Margaret herself might be seen peering out into the darkened upper hall, and listening anxiously to her grandmother's voice. The sound of the rattling old wagon had aroused her, and curious to know who was stirring at this early hour, she had cautiously opened her window, which overlooked the piazza, and to her great dismay had recognized her grandmother as she gave orders concerning her luggage. Flying

back to her room, she awoke her sister, who, springing up in bed, whispered faintly, "Will she kill us dead, Maggie? Will she kill us dead?"

"Pshaw! no!" answered Maggie, her own courage rising with the fear. "She'll have to seek a spell, I suppose, but I can coax her, I know!"

By this time the old lady was ascending the stairs, and closing the door, Maggie applied her eye to the keyhole, listening breathlessly for what might follow. George Douglas and Henry Warner occupied separate rooms, and their boots were now standing outside their doors, ready for the chore boy, Jim, who thus earned a quarter every day.

Stumbling first upon the pair belonging to George Douglas, the lady took them up exclaiming, "Boots, boots! Yes, men's boots, as I am a living woman! The like was never seen by me before in this hall. Another pair!" she continued, as her eye fell on those of Henry Warner. "Another pair, and in the best chamber, too! What will come next?" And setting down her light, she wiped the drops of

perspiration from her face, at the same time looking around in some alarm, lest the owners of said boots should come forth.

Just at that moment Mrs. Jeffrey appeared. Alarmed by the unusual noise, and fancying the young gentlemen might be robbing the house, as a farewell performance, she had donned a calico wrapper, and tying a black silk handkerchief over her cap, had taken her scissors, the only weapon of defence she could find, and thus equipped for battle she had sallied forth. She was prepared for burglars—nay, she would not have been disappointed had she found the young men busy engaged in removing the ponderous furniture from their rooms; but the sight of Madam Conway, at this unseasonable hour, was wholly unexpected, and in her fright she dropped the lamp which she had lighted in place of her candle, and which was broken in fragments, deluging the carpet with oil, and eliciting a fresh groan from Madam Conway.

"Jeffrey, Jeffrey!" she gasped, "what have you done?" "Great goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Jeffrey, remembering her adventure when once before she left her room in the night. "I certainly am the most unfortunate of mortals. Catch me out of bed again, let what will happen!" and turning, she was about to leave the hall, when Madam Conway, anxious to know what had been done, called her back, saying rather roughly, "I like to know whose house I am in?"

"A body would suppose 'twas Miss Margaret's, the way she's conducted," answered Mrs. Jeffrey; and Madam Conway continued, pointing to the boots: "Who have we here? These are not Margaret's, surely?" "No, ma'am, they belong to the young man, who have set the house topsy-turvy, with their tableaus, their Revolution celebration, their banner, and carousing generally," said Mrs. Jeffrey, rather pleased than otherwise at being the first to tell the news.

"Young men!" repeated Madam Conway, "What young men? Where did they come from, and why are they here?"

"They are Douglas & Warner," said Mrs. Jeffrey, "two as big scapgraces as there are this side of Old Bailey—that's what they are. They came from Worcester, and if I've any discernment, they are after your girls, and your girls are after them."

"After my girls! After Maggie! It can't be possible!" gasped Madam Conway, thinking of Arthur Carrollton.

"It's the very truth, though," returned Mrs. Jeffrey. "Henry Warner, who, in my opinion, is the worst of the two, got to chasing Margaret in the woods, as long ago as last April; she jumped fretty across the gorge, and he, like a fool, jumped after, breaking his leg—"

"Pity it hadn't been his neck," interrupted Madam Conway, and Mrs. Jeffrey continued: "Of course, he was brought here, and Margaret took care of him. After a while, his comrade Douglas came out, and of all the carousals you ever thought of, I reckon they had the worst."

"'Twas the fourth of July, and if you'll believe it, they made a banner, and Maggie planted it herself on the housetop. They went off,

next morning; but now they've come again, and last night the row beat all. I never got a wink of sleep till after two o'clock."

Here entirely out of breath, the old lady paused, and going to her room, brought out a basin of water and a towel, with which she tried to wipe off the oil. But Madam Conway paid little heed to the spoiled carpet, so engrossed was she with what she had heard.

"I'm astonished at Margaret's want of discretion," said she, "and I depended so much upon her, too."

"I always knew you were deceived by her," said Mrs. Jeffrey, still bending over the oil; "but it wasn't for me to say so, for you are blinded toward that girl. She's got some of the queerest notions, and then she's so high strung. She won't listen to reason. But I did my country good service once. I went up in the dead of night to take down the flag, and I don't regret it either, even if it did pitch me to the bottom of the stairs and sprained my ankle."

"Served you right," interposed Madam Conway, who, not at all pleased at hearing Margaret thus censured, now turned the full force of her wrath upon the poor little governess, blaming her for having suffered such proceedings. "What did Margaret and Theo know, young things as they were? and what was Mrs. Jeffrey there for if not to keep them circumspect? But instead of doing this, she had undoubtedly encouraged them in their folly and then charged it upon Margaret."

It was in vain that the greatly distressed and astonished lady protested her innocence, pleading her sleepless nights and lame ankles as proofs of having done her duty. Madam Conway would not listen. "Somebody was, of course, to blame," and as it is a long-established rule that a part of every teacher's duty is to be responsible for the faults of the pupils, so Madam Conway now continued to chide Mrs. Jeffrey as the prime mover of everything until that lady, overwhelmed with the sense of injustice done her, left the oil and retired to her room, saying as she closed the door: "I was never so injured in all my life—never! To think that after all my trouble, she should charge it to me! It will break my heart, I know. Where shall I go for comfort or rest?"

This last word was opportune and suggestive. If rest could not be found in "Baxter's Saints' Rest," it was not by her to be found at all; and, sitting down by the window in the grey dawn of the morning, she strove to draw comfort from the words of the good divine, but in vain. It had never failed her before; but never before had she been so deeply injured, and closing the volume at last she paced the floor in a very perturbed state of mind.

Meantime Madam Conway had sought her grand-daughter's chamber, where Theo, in her fright, had taken refuge under the bed, while Maggie feigned a deep, sound sleep.

A few vigorous shakes, however, aroused her when, greatly to the amazement of her grandmother, she burst into a merry laugh, and winding her arms around the highly scandalized lady's neck, said: "Forgive me, grandma; I've been awake ever since you came home. I did not mean to leave the dining-room in such disorder, but I was so tired, and we had such fun—hear me out," she continued, laying her hand over the mouth of her grandmother, who attempted to speak. "Mrs. Jeffrey told you how Mr. Warner broke his leg, and was brought here. He is a real nice young man, and so is Mr. Douglas, who came out to see him. They are partners in the firm of Douglas & Co., Worcester."

"Henry Warner is nothing but the Co., though Mr. Douglas owns the store, and is worth two hundred thousand dollars!" cried a smothered voice from under the bed, and Theo emerged into view, with a feather or two ornamenting her hair and herself looking a little uneasy and frightened.

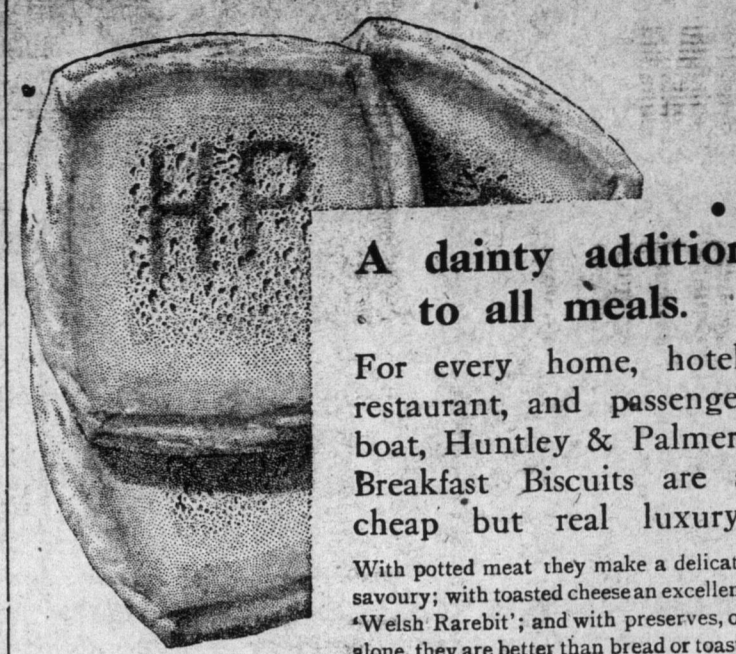
The two hundred thousand dollars produced a magical effect upon the old lady, exonerating George Douglas at once from all blame; for, coward-like, Theo charged him with having suggested everything, even to the cutting up of the red coat for a banner!

"What!" fairly screamed Madam Conway, who in her hasty glance at the flag had not observed the material. "Not taken my grandfather's coat for a banner?"

"Yes, he did," said Theo, "and Maggie cut up your blue satin bodice for stars, and took one of your fine linen sheets for the foundation."

"The wretch!" exclaimed Madam Conway, stamping her foot in her wrath, and thinking only of Henry Warner. "I'll turn him from my door instantly. My blue satin bodice, indeed!"

"'Twas I, grandma—'twas I," interrupted Maggie, looking reproachfully at Theo. "'Twas I who cut up the bodice. I who brought down the scarlet coat."



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"And I didn't do a thing but look on," said Theo. "I knew you'd be angry, and I tried to make Maggie behave, but she wouldn't."

"I don't know as it is anything to you what Maggie does, and I think it would look quite as well in you to take part of the blame yourself, instead of putting it all upon your sister," was Madam Conway's reply; and feeling almost as deeply injured as Mrs. Jeffrey herself, Theo began to cry, while Maggie, with a few masterly strokes, succeeded in so far appeasing the anger of her grandmother that the good lady consented for the young gentlemen to stay to breakfast, saying, though, that "they should depart immediately after, and never darken her doors again."

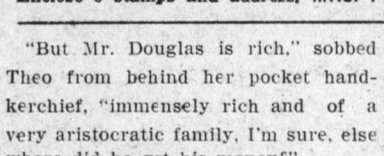
dragon!" But this time both the sun and the servants had arisen, the former shining into the disorderly dining-room, and disclosing to the latter the weary, jaded Anna, who, while Madam Conway was exploring the house, had thrown herself upon the lounge and had fallen asleep.

"Who is she, and where did she come from?" was anxiously inquired, and they were about going in quest of Margaret, when their mistress appeared suddenly in their midst, and their noisy demonstrations of joyful surprise awoke the sleeping girl, who, rubbing her red eyelids, asked for her aunt, and why she did not come to meet her.

To be continued.

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Methodist's Strong For Church Union.

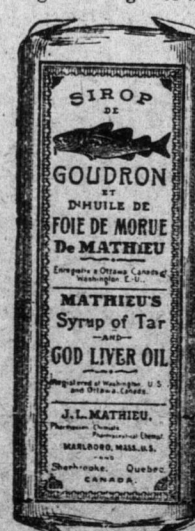
Toronto, April 8. — Although the general vote of Presbyterian Church was not adequate to warrant Church Union between the Methodist, Presbyterian and the Congregational Churches of Canada at the present time, the Methodists are not in any way lacking away from the amalgamation. They are continuing their vote as if the Presbyterians had voted unanimously for union.

Official figures of the Methodist vote to date were compiled to-day and they show that 88 per cent. of the general membership favors the union, on the proposed basis. Ninety-five per cent. of the quarterly official boards have also voted in favor.

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ST. JOHN, N.B., Jan. 10, '07.
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The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9235.—A Dainty Lingerie (ORIGININATION).



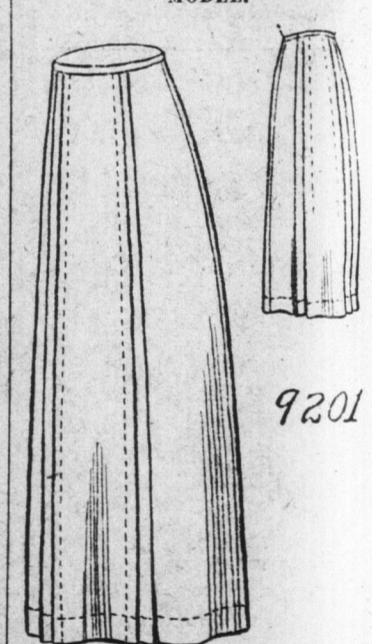
Ladies' Corset Cover and Skirt.

The Simplicity as well as the practical features of this model will readily appeal to the home dressmaker. Lawn, Irish dimity, nainsook, percale or china silk may be used, with lace or embroidery for decoration. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium, and Large. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Suitable materials for any of these patterns can be procured from AYRES & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

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Ladies' Six Gore Skirt with Plaided Panels.

This design makes a good skirt for utility or general wear. It is cut on straight narrow lines, but the fullness of the plaits give freedom in walking. The model is suitable for silk, cloth or wash fabrics. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for the 24 inch size.

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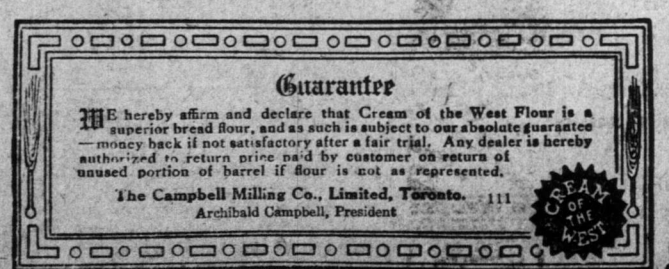
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