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> GAN J one. ck at right WAH!

*++++++++++

Hagar's Secret...

By Mrs. M. J. Holmes...

Yes, Margaret was there there, be-Yes, Margaret was there—there, beneath the same roof which sheltered him, and the same sunshine which filled his room with light had bathed her white brow, as leaning from her window she listened for the roar of the falling water. They had lingered on their way, stopping at the Thousand Isles, for Margaret would nave it so; but they had come at ast, and the tripping footseps in he had, the silvery voice upon the stairs, was that of the golden-haired

Rose, who watched over Margaret with all a sister's love and a mother's care. The frequent jokes of the fun-loving Henry, too, were not without their good effects, and Margaret was better now than she had been for many weeks.

"I can rest here," she said, and a faint color came to her cheeks, making her look more like herself than she had done before since that night of sorrow in the woods.

And so three days went by, and Mr. Carrollton, on his weary bed, dreamed not that the slender form, which sometimes through his half-closed door cast a shadow in his room, was that of her for whom he sought. The tripping footsteps, too, went often by, and a merry, childish voice, which reminded him of Maggie, rang through the spacious halls, until at last the sick man came to listen for that party as they passed. They were a merry party, he thought, a very merry party, and he pictured to himself her of the ringing voice; she was dark-eyed, he said, with braids of shining hair, and when as they were nessing ones. pictured to himself her of the ringing voice; she was dark-eyed, he said, with breids of shining hair, and when, as they were passing once, he asked of his attendant if it were not as he had fancied, he felt a pang of disappointment at the answer, which was: "The girl the young gentleman hears so much has yellow curls and dark blue eyes." 'She is not like Maggie, then," he sighed, and when again he heard that voice a part of its music was gone. Still it cheered his solitude, and he listened for it again, just as he had done before.

Once, when he knew they were going out, he went to the window to see them, but the large straw flats

ing out, he went to the window to see them, but the large straw flats and close carriage revealed no sec-ret, and disappointed he turned

"It is useless to stay here long-

"It is useless to stay here longer," he said; "I must be about my work. I am able to leave and I will go to-morrow. But first I will visit the Falls once more. I may never see them again."

Accordingly, next morning after Margaret and Rose had left the house he came down the stairs, sprang into an open carriage, and was driven to Goat Island, which," until his illness, had been his favorite resort.

ite resort. Beneath the tall forest trees which Beneath the tall forest trees which grow upon the island there is a rustic seat. Just on the brink of the river it stands, and the carriage road winds by. It is a comparatively retired spot, looking out upon the foaming water rushing so madly on. Here the weary often rest; here lovers sometimes come to be alone; and here Maggie Miller sat on that summer morning, living over again the past, which to her had been so bright, and musing sadly of the future, which would bring her she knew not what.

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Five years later, viz., Feb. 28, 1903,

Five years later, viz., Feb. 23, 1903, Mrs. Conrad writes:

Mrs. Conrad writes:

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thinking now. Hagar was shriveled and bent, and old, while the image present in Margaret's mind was handsome, erect and young, like the gentleman riding by—the man whose carriage wheels grinding into the gravelly road, attracted no attention. Too intent was she upon a shadow to heed aught else around, and she leaned against a tree, nor turned her head aside, as Arthur Carrollton went by!

A little further on, and out of Maggie's sight, a fairy figure was seated upon the grass; the flat was thrown aside, and her curls fell back from her upturned face as she spoke to Henry Warner. But the sentence was unitinished, for the carriage appeared in view, and with a woman's quick perception, Rose exclaims: "Tis surely Arthur Carrollton!"

Starting to her feet, she sprang inpresent in Margaret's mind

"Tis surely Arthur Carrollton"
Starting to her feet, she sprang involuntarily forward to meet him, casting a rapid glance around for Margaret. He observed the movement, and knew that somewhere in the world he had seen that face before—those golden curls—those deep blue eyes—that childish form—they were not wholly unfamiliar. Who was she, and why did she advance toward him?

ward him?

"Rose," said Henry, who would eall her back, Rose!" and looking toward the speaker, Mr. Carrollton knew that Henry Warner and his bride were standing there before

bride were standing there before him.

In a moment he had joined them, and though he knew that Henry Warner had once loved Maggie Miller, he spoke of her without reserve, saying to Rose, when she asked if he were there for pleasure: "I am looking for Maggie Miller. A strange discovery has been made of late, and Margaret has left us."

"She is here—here with us," cried Rose; and in the exuberance of her joy, she was darting away, when Henry held her back until further explanations were made.

This did not eccupy them long, for sitting down again upon the bank, Rose briefly told him all she knew; and when with eager joy he asked "Where is she now?" she pointed toward the spot, and then with Henry walked away, for she knew that it was not for her to witness that glad meeting.

was not for her to witness that glad meeting.

The river rolls on with its heaving swell, and the white foam is tossed toward the shore, while the soft toward the shore, while the soft summer air still bears on its wing the sound of the cataract's roar. But Margaret sees it not, hears it not. There is a spell upon her now—a halo of joy, and she only knows that a strong arm is around her, and a voice is in her ear, whispering that the bosom on which her weary head is pillowed shall be her restingplace forever.

It had come to her suddenly, sitting there thus—the footfall upon the sand had not been heard—the shadow upon the grass had not been seen, and his presence had not been felt, till, bending low, Mr. Carrollton said aloud, "My Maggie!"

Then indeed she started up, and turned to see who it was that thus so much like him had called her name. She saw who it was, and looking in his face, she knew she was not hated, and, with a moaning cry, went forward to the arms extended to receive her.

Four guests, instead of one, went forth that afternoon from the International — four guests homeward bound, and eager to be there. No more journeying now for happiness; no more searching for the lost; for both are found; both are there—happiness and Maggie Miller.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Impatient, restless and cross, Madam Conway lay in Margaret's room, scolding Theo, and chiding Mrs. Jeffrey; both of whom, though trying their utmost to suit her, managed unfortunately to do always just what she wished them not to do. Mrs. Jeffrey's hands were usually too cold, while Theo's were too hot. Mrs. Jeffrey made the head of the bed too high. Theo altogether too low. In short, neither of them ever did what Margaret would have done had she short, neither of them ever did what Margaret would have done had she been there, and so day after day the lady complained, growing more and more unamiable, until at last. Theo began to talk seriously of following Margaret's example and running away herself, at least as far as Worcester; but the distressed Mrs. Jeffrey, terrified at the thoughts of being left there alone, begged of her to stay a little longer, offering the comforting assurance that "it could not be so bad always, for Madam Conway would either get better—or something."

So Theo stayed, enduring with a martyr's patience the caprices of her

martyr's patience the caprices of her grandmother, who kept the whole household in a constant state of exhousehold in a constant state of excitement, and who at last tegan to blame George Douglas entirely as being the only one in fault. "He didn't half look," she said, "and she doubted whether he knew enough to keep from losing hinself in New York. It was the most foolish thing Arthur Carrollton had ever done, hiring George Douglas to search!"
"Hiring him, grandmat" cried Theo. "George offered his services for nothing," and the tears came to her eyes at this injustice done to her husband.

But Madam Conway persisted in

But Madam Conway persisted in being unreasonable, and matters grew gradually worse until the day when Margaret was found at the Falls. On that morning Madam Conway determined upon riding—"fresh air would do her good," she said, "and they had kept her in a hot chamber long enough."

Accordingly, the carriage was brought out, and Madam Conway carefully lifted in; but ere fifty rods were passed the coachman was ordered to drive back, as "she could not endure the jolt—she told them she couldn't all the time," and her eyes turned reprovingly upon poor Theo, sitting silently in the opposite corner.

"The Lord help me if she ten't

ner. "The Lord help me, if she isn't

ner.

"The Lord help me, if she isn't coming back—so soon," sighed Mrs. Jeffrey, as she saw the carriage returning, and went to meet the invalid, who had "taken her death cold," just as she knew she should, when they insisted upon her going out.

That day was far worse than any which had preceded it. It was probably her last, Madam Conway said, and numerous were the charges she gave to Theo concerning Margaset should she ever be found. The house, the farm, the furniture and plate, were all to be hers, while to Theo was given the lady's wardrobe, saving such articles as Margaret might choose for herself, and if she never was found, the house and farm were to be Mr. Carrolton's. This was too much for Theo, who resolved to go home on the morrow at all hazards, and she had commenced making preparations for leaving, when to her great joy her husband came, and in recounting to him her trials, she forgot in a measure how unhappy she had been. George Douglas was vastgot in a measure how unhappy she had been. George Douglas was vastly amused at what he heard and resolved to experiment a little with the lady, who was so weak a to notice him only with a slight nod when he first entered the room. He saw at a glance that nothing in particular was the matter, and when toward night she lay panting for breath, with her eyes half closed, he ap-

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proached her and said: "Madam, in ase you die—"
"In case I die," she whispered, indignantly. "It doesn't admit of a doubt. "My feet are as cold as ic-

cles now."

"Certainly," said he. "I beg your pardon; of course you'll die."

The lady turned away rather defiantly for a dying woman, and George
continued: "What I mean to say is
this—if Margaret is never found, you
wish the house to be Mr. Carroll-

"Yes, everything, my wardrobe and all," came from beneath the bed-clothes, and George proceeded: "Mr. Carrollton cannot of course take the house to England, and as he will need a trusty tenant, would you object greatly if my father and mother should come here to live? They'd like

The sentence was unfinished—the bunshes in the throat, which for hours had prevented the sick woman from speaking aloud, and were eventually to choke her to death, disappeared; Madam Conway found her voice, and, starting up, screamed out: "That abominable woman and heathenish girl in this house, in my house! I'll live forever first!" and her round, bright eyes flashed forth their indignation.

"I thought the mention of mother would revive her," said George aside to Theo, who, convulsed with laughter, had hidden herself behind the window curtains.

ter, had hidden herself behind the window curtains.

Mr. Douglas was right, for not again that afternoon did Madam Conway speak of dying, though she kept her bed until nightfall, when an incident occurred which brought her at once to her feet, making her forget that she had ever been otherwise then well



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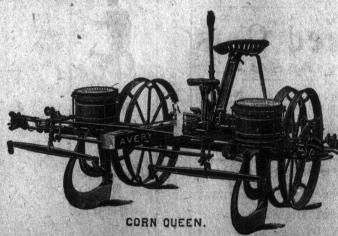
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