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A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XX.
THE RESULT.
(Continued.)

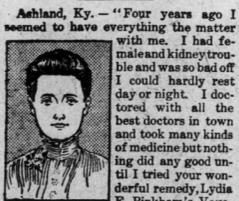
But Margaret was not so much affected as Hagar had anticipated. She had suffered severely, and could not now be greatly moved. There was an involuntary shudder as she thought of her escape, and then her next feeling was one of satisfaction in knowing that she was not quite friendless and alone, for Henry would protect her, and Rose, indeed, would be to her a sister.

"Henry Warner my brother!" she exclaimed. "How came you by this knowledge?" And very briefly Hagar explained to her what she knew, saying that Hester had told her of two children, but she had forgotten entirely their existence, and now that she was reminded of it, she could not help fancying that Hester said the step-child was a boy. But the peddler knew, of course, and she must have forgotten.

"When the baby they thought was you died," said Hagar, "I wrote to the minister in Meriden, telling him of it, but I did not sign my name, and I thought that was the last I should ever hear of it. Why

WIFE'S HEALTH RESTORED

Husband Declared Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Would Restore Her Health, And It Did.



Ashland, Ky.—"Four years ago I seemed to have everything the matter with me. I had female and kidney trouble and was so bad off I could hardly rest day or night. I doctored with all the best doctors in town and took many kinds of medicine but nothing did any good until I tried your wonderful remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My husband said it would restore my health and it has."
—Mrs. MAY W. WATT, Ashland, Ky.
There are probably hundreds of thousands of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over thirty years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering.
Read What Another Woman says:
Camden, N. J.—"I had female trouble and a serious displacement and was tired and discouraged and unable to do my work. My doctors told me I never could be cured without an operation, but thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am cured of that affliction and have recommended it to more than one of my friends with the best results."
—Mrs. ELLA JOHNSTON, 324 Vine St.
If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (consultants) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

around a curve the cars appeared in view. Fearing lest she should be too late, she quickened her footsteps when to her great surprise she saw that the train was stopping! But not for her they waited. In the bright moonlight the engineer had discovered a body lying across the track and had stopped the train in time to save the life of the man, who, stupefied with drunkenness, had fallen asleep. The movement startled the passengers, many of whom alighted and gathered around the inebriate. In the meantime, Margaret had come near, and knowing she could not now reach the depot in time, she mingled unobserved in the crowd, and entering the rear car, took her seat near the door. The train at last moved on, and as at the station no one save the agent was waiting, it is not strange that the conductor passed unheeded the veiled figure which in the dark corner sat ready to pay her fare.

"He will come to me by and by," thought Maggie, but he did not, and when Worcester reached she was still debtor to the Boston & Albany Railroad for the sum of seventy cents bewildered and uncertain what to do next, she stepped upon the platform deciding finally to remain at the depot until morning, when a train would leave for Leominster, where she confidently expected to find her brother. Taking a seat in the ladies' room, she abandoned herself to her sorrow, wondering what Theo would say could she see her then. But Theo, though dreaming, it may be, of Maggie, dreamed not that she was near and so the night wore on, Margaret sleeping toward daylight, and dreaming, too, of Arthur Carrolton, who she had thought had followed her, nay, was bending over her now and whispering in her ear, "Wake, Maggie, wake."

Starting up, she glanced anxiously around, uttering a faint cry when she saw that it was not Arthur Carrolton, but a dark, rough-looking stranger, who rather rudely asked "when she wished to go?"

"To Leominster," she answered turning her face fully toward the man, who became instantly respectful, telling her when the train would leave, and saying that she must go to another depot, at the same time asking if she had not better wait a some hotel.

But Maggie preferred going at once to the Fitchburg depot, which she accordingly did, and drawing her veil over her face, lest some of her few acquaintances in the city should recognize her, she sat there until the time appointed for the cars to leave. Then weary and faint, she entered the train, her spirits in a measure rising as she felt that she was drawing near to those who would love her for what she was and not for what she had been. Rose would comfort her, and already her heart bounded with the thought of seeing one who she believed was her brother's wife, for Henry had written her this his homeward voyage was made, Rose would be his bride.

"Ah, Maggie! there is for you a greater happiness in store—no brother, but a sister—your father's child is there to greet your coming. And even at this early hour, he snow-white fingers are arranging the fair June blossoms into bouquets with which she adorns her house, saying to him who hovers at her side that somebody, she knows not whom, is surely coming there to-day;" and then, with a blush stealing over her cheek, she adds: "I wish it might be Margaret;" while Henry, with a peculiar twist in his comical mouth, winds his arm around her waist, and playfully responds, "Any one save her."

Why Not be Well and Strong

When weak and run down DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD will help you back to health. This letter tells of two women who have proven this.
"Mrs. D. Stott, Cobourg, Ont., writes: 'After recovering from typhoid fever I was left in a very low state of health. I was weak, nervous and not fit to do any work. A friend of mine, Mrs. G. M. Brown, had used DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD and told me that it benefited her wonderfully. I took courage and began the use of the medicine. After taking the first box I began to feel an improvement in health and now after using four boxes I am completely cured. I now feel like myself once more and believe that I can attribute the cure to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.'
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wondering how thoughts of any other could ever have filled his heart. There was much to be done about his home, so long deserted, and as Rose was determined upon a trip to the seaside, he had made arrangements to be absent from his business for two months or more, and was now enjoying all the happiness of a quiet, domestic life, free from care of any kind. He had heard of Maggie's illness, but she was better now, he supposed, and when Theo hinted vaguely that a marriage between her and Arthur Carrolton was not at all improbable, he hoped it would be so, for the Englishman, he knew, was far better adapted to Margaret than he had ever been. Of Theo's hints he was speaking to Rose, as they sat together at breakfast, and she answered, "It will be a splendid match," when the foot-ball rang, and the servant announced: "A lady in the parlor, who asked for Mr. Warner."

"I told you some one would come," said Rose; "do pray see who it is. How does she look, Janet?"

"Tall, white as a ghost, with big, black eyes," was Janet's answer; and with his curiosity awakened, Henry Warner started for the parlor, Rose following on tiptoe, and listening through the halfclosed door to what their visitor might say.

Margaret had experienced no difficulty in finding the house of Mrs. Warner, which seemed to her a second Paradise, so beautiful and cool it looked; nestled amid the tall, green forest trees. Everything around it betokened the fine taste of its occupants, and Maggie, as she reflected that she, too, was nearly connected with this family, felt her wounded pride in a measure soothed, for it was surely no disgrace to claim such people as her friends. With a beating heart, she rang the bell, asking for Mr. Warner, and now, trembling in every limb, she awaited his coming. He was not prepared to meet her, and at first did not know her she was so changed; but when, throwing aside her bonnet, she turned her face so the light from the window opposite shone fully upon her, he recognized her in a moment, and exclaimed, "Margaret, Margaret Miller! why are you here?"

The words reached Rose's ear, and, darting forward, she stood within the door, just as Margaret, staggering a step or two toward Henry, answered passionately, "I have come to tell you what I myself but recently have learned; and wringing her hands despairingly, she continued: "I am not Maggie Miller, I am not anybody, I am Hagar Warner's grandchild, the offspring of her daughter and your own father! Oh, Henry, don't you see it? I am your sister. Take me as such, will you? Love me as such, or I shall surely die. I have nobody now in the wide world but you. They are all gone, all—Madam Conway, Theo, too, and—and—" She could not speak that name. It died upon her lips, and tettering to a chair she would have fallen had not Henry caught her in his arms.

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