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# Old Hagar's Secret...

By Mrs. M. J. Holmes...

"Yes, ma am." meekly answered Jeffrey, rubbing her dumpy arm which bore the mark of a thumb and finger, and as her services were not just then required she glided from the room to drown, it possible, her grievance in the leather bound, London edition of Baxter!

Meanwhile Madam Conway was consulting with Mr. Carrollton as to their best method of finding Margaret. "She took the cars, of course," said Mr. Carrollton, adding, that "he should go at once to the depot, and ascertain which way she went. If I do not return to-night you need not be alarmed," he said, as he was leaving the room, whereupon Madam Conway called him back, bidding him "telegraph for Theo at once, as she must have some one with her besides that vexatious Jeffrey."

Mr. Carrollton promised compliance with her request and then want im-

Mr. Carrollton promised compliance with her request, and then went immediately to the depot, where he learned that no one had entered the cars from that place en the previous night, and that Maggie, if she took the train at all, must have done so at some other station. This was not unlikely, and before the day was passed Mr. Carrollton had visited several different stations, and had talked with the conductors of the several trains, but all to no purpose; passed Mr. Carrollton had visited several different stations, and had talked with the conductors, of the several trains, but all to no purpose; and, very much disheartened, he returned at nightfall to the old stone house, where, to his great surprise, he found both Theo and her husband. The telegram had done its mission, and feeling anxious to know the worst, Geerge had come up with Theo to spend the night. It was the first time Madam Conway had seen him since her memorable encounter with his mether, for though Theo had more than once been home, he had never before accompanied her, and now when Madam Conway heard his voice in the hall below, she groaned afresh. The sight of his good-humored face, however, and his kind offer to do whatever he could to find the fugitive, restered her composure in a measure, and she partially forgot that he was in any way connected with the blue umbrella, or the blue umbrella connected with him! Never in her life had Thee felt very deeply upon any subject, and new, though she seemed bewildered at what she heard, she manifested no particular emotion, until her grandmother, wringing her hands, exclaimed, "You have no sister now, my child, and I no Margaret." Then, indeed, her tears flowed, and when her husband whispered to her, "We will love poor Maggie all the same," she cried aloud, but not quite as demonstratively as Madam Conway wished, and in a very unamiable frame of mind the old lady accused her of being selfish and hardhearted.

In this stage of proceedings Mr. Carrollton returned, bringing no tid-

accused her of being seinen accused her of being seinen and hearted. In this stage of proceedings Mr. Carrollton returned, bringing no tidings of Maggie, whereupon another fit of hysterics ensued, and as Theobehaved much worse than Mrs. Jeffrey had done, the latter was finally summoned again to the sick room, where she had last succeeded in quieting the excited woman. The next morning George Douglas visited old Hagas, but he, too, was unsuccessful, and that afternoon he returned to Worcester, leaving Theo with her grandmother, who, though finding fault with whatever she did, refused to let her go until Margaret was found.

found.

During the remainder of the week, Mr. Carrollton rode through the country, making the most minute inquiries, and receiving always the same discouraging answer. Once he thought to advertise, but from making the affair thus public he instinctively shrank, and resolving to

### WAS IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.

System was Run Down.

FELT DROWSY AND MISERABLE.

## Burdock **Blood Bitters**

BUILT UP THE SYSTEM AND ADDED TEN POUNDS IN WEIGHT.

Mr. Ed. J. Harris, Newbridge, Ont., ras in poor health, but has now been estored to full health and vigor. Here is that he writes us: "Last spring I was a very critical condition, roy system was if run down. I felt drowsy and miserable, and thought I would surely die if I

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

spare neither his time, his money, nor his health, he pursued his weary way alone. Once, too, Madam Conway spoke of Henry Warner, saying it was possible Maggie might have gone to him, as she had thought so much of Rose; but Mr. Carrollton "knew better." "A discarded lover," he said, "was the last person in the world to whom a young girl like Margaret would go, particularly as Theo had said that Henry was now the husband of another."

Still the suggestion haunted him, and on the Monday following Henry Warner's first visit to Worcester, he, too, went down to talk with Mr. Douglas, asking him "if it were possible that Maggie was in Leominster."

sible that Maggie was in Leominster."

"I know she is not," said George, repeating the particulars of his interview with Henry, who, he said, was at the store on Saturday. "Once I thought of telling him all," said he, "and then considering the relations which formerly existed between them. I concluded to keep silent, especially as he manifested no desire to speak of her, but appeared, I fancied, quite uneasy when I casually mentioned Hillsdale."

Thus was that matter decided, and while not many miles away Maggie was watching hopelessly for the coming of Arthur Carrollton, he, with George Douglas, was devising tha best means of finding her, George generously offering to assist in the search, and suggesting finally that he should go to New York while Mr. Carrollton explored Boston and vicinity. It seemed gutte grobable that Margaret would seek some of the large cities, as in her

some of the large cities, as in he letter she said she could earn he letter she said she could earn her livelihood by teaching music; and quite hopeful of success, the young men parted, Mr. Carrollton going immediately to Eoston, while Mr. Douglas, after a day or two, started for New York, whither, as the reader will remember; he had gone at the time of Henry's last visit to Worcester.

at the time of Henry's last visit to Worcester.

Here, for a time we leave them, Hagar raving mad, Madam Conway in strong hysterics, Theo wishing herself anywhere but at Hillsdale, Mrs. Jefrey ditto, George Douglas threading the crowded streets of the noisy city, and Mr. Carroliton in Boston, growing paler and sadder as day after day passed by, bringing him no trace of the lost one. Here, I say, we leave them, while in another chapter we follow the footsteps of her for whom this search was made.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

From the seaside to the mountains, from the mountains to Saratoga, from Saratoga to Montreal, from Montreal to the Thousand isles, and thence they scarce knew where, the travelers wended their way, stopping not long at any place, for Margaret was ever seeking change. Greatly had she been admired, her pale, beautiful face attracting attention at once; but from all flattery she turned away, saying to Henry and Rose, "Let us go on."

So, onward still onward they went, pausing longest at Montreal, for it was there Arthur Carrollton had been, there a part of his possessions lay, and there Margaret willingly lingered, even after her companions wished to be gone.

"He may be here again," she said; and so she waited and watched, scanning eagerly the passers-by, and noticing each new face as it appeared at the table of the hotel where they were staying. But the one she waited of for never came, "and even if he

were staying. But the one she waited for never came, "and even if he does," she thought, "he will not

come for me."
So she signified her willingness to So she signified her willingness to depart, and early one bright. July morning, she left, while the singing birds from the treetops, the summer air from the Canada hills, and, more than all, a warning voice within her bade her 'Tarry yet a little, stay till the sun was set," for far out in the country and many miles away a train was thundering on. It would reach the city at nightfall, and among its jaded passengers was worn and weary man. Hopeless, almost aimless now, he would come, and why he came he scarcely knew. The Witness does not reside near Queen's Park and see Mr. Ross as Premier, and Mr. Gibson, as Attorney-General, through their complicity with similar crimes. "She would not be there so far from home," he was sure of that, but he was coming for the sake of what he hoped and feared, when last he trod these streets. Listlessly he entered the same hotel, from whose windows for five long days a fair young face had looked for him. Listlessly he registered his name, then carelassly turned the leaves backward—backward—backward still, till enly one remained between his hand and the page bearing date five days before. He paused and was about to move away, when a : "on hreeze from the open window ... then the remaining leaf, and his eye caught the name, not of Maggie Miller, but of "Henry Warner, lady and sister."

Thus it stood, and thus he repeated it to himself, dwelling upon the last word sister, as if to him it had another meaning. He had heard from Madam Conwey that neither Henry Warner nor Rose had a sister, but she might be mistaken; probably she was, and dismissing the subject from his mind, he walked away. Still the names haunted him, and thinking at last that if Mr. Warner were now in Montreal he would like to see him, he returned to the office, asking the clerk if the occupants of Nos. — were there still.

"Left this morning for the Falls," was the laconic answer, and without knowing why he should particularly wish to ido so, Mr. Carrollton resolved to follow them.

He would as soon be at the Falls as at Montreal, he thought. Accordingly he left the next morning for Nisgara, taking the shortest route by river and lake, and arriving there on the evening of the second day after his departure from the city. But nowhere could a trace be found of Henry Warner, and determining now to wait until he came, Mr. Carrollton took rooms at the International, where after a day or two worn out with travel, arctisment and hope deferred, he became severaly indisposed, and took te his bed. torgetting entirely both Henry Warner and the sister, whose name he had seen upon the hotel register. Thoughts of Maggie Miller, hower were constantly

in his mind, and whether waking or in his mind, and whether waining or asleep he saw always her face, some-times radiant with healthful beauty, as when he first beheld her, and again pale, troubled and sad, as when he saw her last.

"Oh, shall I ever find her?" he would sometimes say, as in the dim twilight he lay listening to the rates hum which came up from the

would sometimes say, as in the dim twilight he lay listening to the noisy hum which came up from the public from below.

And once, as he lay there thus, he dreamed, and in his dreams there same through the open window a flear, silvery voice, breathing the leved name of Maggie. Again he heard it on the stairs, then little tripping feet went past his door, followed by a slow, languist tread, and with a nerveus start the sick man awoke. The day had been cloudy and dark, but the rain was over now, and the room was full of sunshine sunshine dancing on the wails sunshine glimmering on the floor, sunshine everywhere. Insensibly, toe, there stole over Mr. Carrollten's senses a feeling of quiet, of rest, and he slept ere long again, dreaming this time that Margaret was there.

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