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Old Hagar's Secret

BY MRS. M. J. HOLMES

Author of "For a Woman's Sake," "Love's Triumph," "Purified by Suffering," "A Grass Widow," "Woman Against Woman," Etc.

henceforth Maggie Miller was as safe with him as if she had been an only and well-beloved sister. Thinking him to be asleep, Maggie started to

She did not finish the sentence, nei-

ther did not miss the sentence, here ther did she understand that if Rose to him was something dearer than a sister she, Maggie Miller, did not care to know it.

"Is she beautiful as her name, this Rose?" she asked at last.

"She is beautiful, but not so beautiful as you. There are few who.

riul as you. There are few who are," answered Henry; and his eyes fixed themselves upon Maggie, to see how she would bear the compliment. But she scarcely headed it, so in-

tent was she upon knowing some-thing more of the mysterious Rose. "She is beautiful, you say. Will you tell me how she looks?" she

continued, and Henry Warner answered; "She is a frail, delicate little creature, almost dwarfish in size, but perfect in form and feature."

Involuntarily Maggie shrunk back

Involuntarily Maggie shrunk Dack
in her chair, wishing her own queenly form had been a very trifle shorter, while Mr. Warner continued, "She
has a sweet, angel face, Maggie,
with eyes of lustrous blue, and curls
of golden hair."
"You must love her very dearly,"
said Maggie, the tone of her voice indirections provided great of what the

said maggie, the tone of her voice in-dicating a partial dread of what the answer might be.

"I do indeed love her," was Mr. Warner's reply, "love her better than all the world beside. And she has

all the world beside. And she has made me what I am; but for her, I should have been a worthless, dissipated fellow. It's my natural disposition; but Rose has saved me, and I almost worship her for it. She is my good angel—my darling my——". Here he paused abruptly, and leaning back upon his pillows rather en-

ing back upon his pillows rather en-joyed than otherwise the look of dis-appointment plainly visible on Mag-gie's face. She had fully expected to learn who Rose was; but this knowl-

edge he purposely kept from her. It did not need a very close observer of human nature to read at a glance

human nature to read at a glance the ingenious Maggie, whose speak-ing face betrayed all she felt. She was unused to the world. He was the first young gentleman whose ac-quaintance she had ever made, and he knew that she already felt for him a deeper interest than she supposed. To increase this interest was his ob-ject, and this he thought to do by withholding from her, for a time, a

ject, and this he thought to do by withholding from her, for a time, a knowledge of the relation existing between him and the Rose of whom he had talked so much. The ruse was successful, for during the remainder of the day, thoughts of the goldenhaired Rose were running through Maggie's mind, and it was late that night ere she could compose herself to sleep so absorbed was she in

Maggie's mind, and it was late that night ere she could compose herself to sleep, so absorbed was she in wondering "what Rose was to Henry Warner. Not that she cared particularly," she tried to persuade herself; "but she would like to be at ease upon that subject."

To Theo she had communicated the fact that their guest was a partner of Douglas & Co., and this tended greatly to raise the young man in the estimation of a young lady like Theo Miller. Next to rank and station money was with her the one thing necessary to make a person somebody. Douglas, she had heard, was an immensely wealthy man; possibly the junior partner was wealthy, too; and if so, the parlor chamber, to which he had at first objected, was none too good for his aristocratic bones. She would go herself and see him in the morning.

Accordingly, on the morning of the second day she went with Maggie to the sick-room, speaking to the stranger for the first time.

second day she went with maggle to the sick-from, speaking to the stran-ger for the first time; but keeping still at a respectful distance, until she should know something definite concerning him.

oncerning him.

"We have met belore, it seems," he said, after the first interchange of civilities was over, "but I did not think our acquaintance would be renewed in this manner."

No answer from Theo, who, like many others, had taken a dislike to his mouth, and felt puzzled to know whether he intended ridiculing her or not.

not.
"I have a distinct recollection of

"I have a distinct recollection of your grandmother," he continued, "and now I think of it, I believe Douglas has once or twice mentioned the elder of the two girls. That must be you?" and he looked at Theo, whose face brightened perceptibly. "Douglas," she repeated. "He is the owner of the store, and the one I saw, with black eyes and black hair, was only a clerk?"

"The veritable man himself," cried Mr. Warner. "George Douglas, the senior partner of the firm said by some to be worth two hundred thous.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in

'It's not likely he is much,' said Theo, "and if grandma were here, I presume she would assign him the

presume she would assign him the chamber over the kitchen. The wall is low on one side, I know, but I dare say he is not accustomed to anything better.

Accordingly several articles of stray lumber were removed from the chamber, which the ladies arranged with care, and which, when completed, presented quite a respectable appearance. But Maggie had no idea of putting her guest, as she considered him, in the kitchen chamber; and when, as the party entered the ered him, in the kitchen chamber; and when, as the party entered the house, Mrs. Jeffrey, from the head of the stairs, called out: "This way, Maggie — tell them to come this way," she waved her aside, and led the way to a large, any room, over the parlor, where, in a high, old-fashioned bed, surrounded on all sides by heavy damask curtains, they laid the weary stranger. The villaid the weary stranger. The vil-lage surgeon arriving soon after, the tractured bones were set, and then, as perfect quiet seemed necessary, the as perfect quiet seemed necessary, the grown was vacated by all save Maggie, who glided noiselessly around the apartment, while the eyes of the sick man followed her with eager, admiring glances, so beautiful she looked to him in her new capacity of nurse

Henry Warner, as the stranger was called, was the junior partner of the firm of Douglas & Co., Worcester, and his object in visiting the Hillsdale neighborhood was to collect several bills which for a long time had been due. He had left the cars at the depot, and hiring a livery horse, was taking the shortest route from the east side of town to the west, when he came accidently whom Maggie Miller, and, as we have apon Maggie Miller, and, as we have seen, brought his ride to a sudden close. All this he told to her on the

close. All this he told to her on the morning following the accident, retaining until the last the name of the firm of which he was a member.

"And you were once there at our store," he said, "How long ago?"

"Five years," answered Maggie, "when I was eleven, and Theo thirteen;" then, looking earnestly at him, she exclaimed: "And you are the very one, the clerk with the saucy eyes whom grandma disliked so much because she thought he made the close of her but we didn't think some fun of her; but we didn't think so-Theo and I," she added, hastily, as she saw the curious expression on Henry's mouth and fancied he might be displeased. "We liked them both very much, and knew they must of course be annoved, with sorrandow's

very much, and knew they must of course be annoyed with agrandma's English whims."

For a moment the saucy eyes studied intently the fair, girlish face of Maggie Miller; then slowly closed, while a train of thought something like the following passed through the young man's mind: "A woman and yet a perfect child, innocent and unsuspecting as little Rose herself. In one respect they are alike, knowing no evil and expecting none; and if I, Henry Warner, do aught by thought or deed to injure this girl may I never again look on the light of day or breathe the air of heaven."

The yow had passed his lips. Hen-

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and dollars, and only twenty-eight years old, and the best fellow in the world, except that he pretends to dislike women."

dislike women."
By this time, Theo's proud blue eyes shone with delight, and when, after a little further conversation, Mr. Warner expressed a wish to write to his partner, she brought her own rosewood writing-desk for him to use, and then, seating herself by the window, waited until the letter was written.

written.

"What shall I say for you, Miss
Theo?" he asked, near the close;
and, coloring slightly, she answered:
"Invite him to come out and see

you."
"Oh, that will be grand!" cried
Maggie, who was far more enthusiastic, though not more anxious than

her sister.

Of her, Henry Warner did not ask any message. He would not have written it had she sent one; and, folding the letter, after adding Theo's invitation, he laid it aside.

"I must write to Rose next," he said. ""Tis a whole week since I have written, and she has never been lang without hearing from me."

him to be asleep, Maggie started to leave the room, but he called her back, saying: "Don't go. Stay with me, won't you?"

"Certainly," she answered, drawing a chair to the bedside. "I supposed you were sleeping."

"I was not," he replied. "I was thinking of you and of Rose. Your voices are much alike. I thought of it vesterday when I lay upon the rock."

"Who is Rose?" trembled on Maghave written, and she has never been so long without hearing from me."

Instantly there came a shadow over Maggie's face, while Theo, less scrupulous, asked "who Rose was."

"A very dear friend of mine," said Henry, and, as Mrs. Jeffrey just then sent for Theo, Maggle was left with him alone. rock."
"Who is Rose?" trembled on Maggie's lips, while at the sound of that name she was conscious of the same undefinable emotion she had once before experienced. But the question was not asked. "If she were his sister he would tell me," she thought, "and if she is not his sister—"

him alone. "Wait one moment," she said, as she saw him about to commence the letter. "Wait till I bring you a sheet of gilt-edged paper. It is more wor-thy of Rose, I fancy, than the plain-er kind,"

'Thank you," he said. "I will tell

her of your suggestion. her of your suggestion. The paper was brought, and then seating herself by the window, Maggie looked out abstractedly, seeing nothing, and hearing nothing save the sound of the pen, as it wrote down words of love for the gentle Rose. It was not a long epistle; and, as at the close of the Douglas letter he had asked a message from Theo, so now at the close of this he claimed one from Maggie. "What shall I say for you?" he

asked; and coming toward him, Margaret answered, "Tell her I love her, though I don't know who she

"Why have you never asked me? queried Henry, and coloring crimson, Maggie answered hesitatingly, "I thought you would tell me if you wished me to know." "Read this letter and that will ex-

plain who she is," the young mar continued, offering the letter to Maggie, who, grasping it eagetly, sat down opposite, so that every motion of her face was visible to him. The letter was as follows: "My Darling Little Rose:

"Do you fancy some direful calamity has befallen me, because I have not written to you for more than a not written to you for more than a week? Away with your fears, then, for nothing worse has come upon me than a badly broken limb, which will 'probably keep me a prisoner here for two months or more. Now, don't be frightened, Rosa. I am not crippled for life, and even if I were, I could love you just the same, while you, I am sure, would love me more "As you robably know, I left Worcester on Tuesday morning for the purpose of collecting some bills in this neighborhood. Arrived at Hillsdale, I procured a horse, and was sauntering along leisurely through the woods, when I came suddenly upon a flying witch in the shape of a beautiful young girl. She was the finest rider I ever saw. 2nd

MR. JUSTICE FINNEMORE

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such a chase as she led me, until at

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last, to my dismay, she leaped across a chasm, down which a ner-vous little creature like you would be afraid to look. Not wishing to be airaid to look. Not wishing to be outdone, I followed her, and, as a matter of course, broke my bones. "Were it not that the accident will greatly fidget you, I should not much regret it, for to me there is a peculiar charm about this old stone house and its quaint surroundings. But the greatest charm of all, per-hans, lies in my tair purse. Macri-But the greatest charm of all, perhaps, lies in my fair nurse, Maggie Miller, for whom I risked my neck. You two would be fast friends in a moment, and yet you are totally dissimilar, save that your voices are much alike.

"Write to me soon, dear Rose, and believe me ever.

"Your affectionate brother,

"HENRY."

"Oh," said Maggie, catching her breath, which for a time had been partially suspended, "Oh;" and in that single monosyllable there was, to the young man watching her, world of meaning. "She's your sister, this little Rose;" and the soft dark eyes flashed brightly upon him. "What did you suppose her to be?" he asked, and Maggie answered, "I thought she might be your wife; though I should rather have her for a sister, if I were you." a sister, if I were you.

The young man smiled involuntarily, thinking to himself how his fashionable city friends would be shocked at such perfect frankness, which meant no more than their own studied airs

(To Be Continued.)

MORPETH MAN HURT. MORPETH MAN HURT.

Shortly after starting to work with the heading planer at Cooper's mill, Tupperville, Friday morning. Thos Everitt, a young man who formerly lived at Morpeth, met with a very serious accident. It is not certainly known here how the accident happened, but it is supposed that the young man put his hand into the machine to remove some obstacle. Be that as it may the left hand was caught in the mowing knives and his first three fingers taken off. The doctor at Tupperville was hastly summoned and the wounded hand was dressed.

Miss Flora Byram returned on Tuesday from the Chatham Hospital, where she has been undergoing treat-ment for several weeks. She is much improved in health.—Blenheim Tri-bune.

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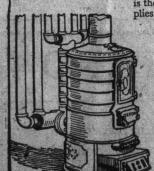
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