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Being a carefully prepared blend of Manitoba Spring wheat and Ontario Fall wheat, Beaver Flour is also an ideal pastry flour, making the most delicious cakes, pies and biscuits.

Keeping two flours—one for bread and one for pastry—involves unnecessary expense and bother. Beaver Flour is best for both.

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A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

GIRLHOOD.

Maggie obeyed, and walked slowly homeward, feeling greatly relieved that her suspicion was false, and experiencing a degree of satisfaction in thinking that she, too, had a secret, which she would guard most carefully from her grand mother and Theo. "She would never tell them what she had seen and heard—never!"

Seated upon the piazza was Madam Conway and Theo, the former of whom chided her for staying so late at the cottage, while Theo asked what queer things the old witch woman had said to-night.

With a very expressive look, which seemed to say, "I know, but I shan't tell," Maggie seated herself at her grandmother's feet and asked: "How long has Hagar been crazy? Did it come upon her when her daughter died?" she inquired; and Madam Conway answered: "Yes; about that time, or more particularly, when the baby died. Then she began to act so strangely that I removed you from her care, for, from something she said, I fancied she meditated harm to you."

FACTORY GIRL GIVES UP

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For a moment Maggie sat wrapped in thought; then clapping her hands together, she exclaimed: "I have it; I know now what ails her. She felt so badly to see you happy with me that she tried to poison me. She said she was sorely tempted—and that's the secret which is killing her."

"Secret! What secret?" cried Theo, and, womanlike, forgetting her resolution not to tell, Mag told what she had seen and heard, adding as her firm belief that Hagar had made an attempt upon her life.

"I would advise you for the future to keep away from her, then," said Madam Conway, to whom the suggestion seemed a very probable one.

But Maggie knew full well that whatever Hagar might once have thought to do, there was no danger to be apprehended from her now, and the next day found her as usual on her way to the cottage. Bounding into the room where the old woman sat at her knitting, she exclaimed: "I know what it is! I know your secret!"

There was a gathering mist before Hagar's eyes, and her face was deathly white as she gasped: "You know the secret! How—where? Have the dead come back to tell? Did anybody see me do it?"

"Why, no," answered Mag, beginning to grow a little mystified. "The dead have nothing to do with it. You tried to poison me when I was a baby, and that's what makes you crazy. Isn't it so? Grandmother thought it was, when I told her how you talked last night."

"There was a heavy load lifted from Hagar's heart, and she answered, calmly, but somewhat indignantly: "So you told. I thought I could trust you, Maggie."

Instantly the tears came to Maggie's eyes, and, and, coloring crimson, she said: "I didn't mean to tell—indeed I didn't, but I forgot all about your charge. Forgive me, Hagar, do, and, sinking on the floor, she looked up in Hagar's face so pleadingly that the old woman was softened, and answered, gently: "You are like the rest of your sex, Margaret. No woman but Hagar Warren ever kept a secret, and it's killing her you see."

"Don't keep it, then," said Mag. "Tell it to me. Confess that you tried to poison me because you envied grandma, and the soft eyes looked with an anxious, expectant expression into the dark, wild orbs of Hagar, who replied: "Envy was at the bottom of it all, but I never tried to harm you, Margaret, in any way. I only thought to do you good. You have not guessed it. You cannot, and you must not try."

"Tell it to me, then. I want to know it so badly," persisted Mag, her curiosity each moment increasing. "Maggie Miller," said old Hagar, and the knitting dropped from her fingers, which moved slowly on till they reached and touched the little snow-like of a hand resting on her knee. "Maggie Miller, if you knew that the telling of that secret would make you perfectly wretched, would you wish to hear it?"

For a moment Mag was silent, and then, half laughing, she replied: "I'd risk it, Hagar, for I never wanted to know anything half so bad in all my life. Tell it to me, won't you?" Very beautiful looked Maggie Miller then. Her straw hat sat jauntily on one side of her head, her glossy hair combed smoothly back, her soft, lustrous eyes shining with eager curiosity, and her cheeks flushed with excitement. Very very beautiful she seemed to the old woman, who, in her intense longing to take the bright creature to her bosom, was for an instant sorely tempted.

"Margaret!" she began, and at the sound of her voice the young girl shuddered involuntarily. "Margaret!" she said again, but ere another word was uttered the autumn wind, which for the last half hour had been rising rapidly, came roaring down the wide mouthed chimney, and the heavy fire board fell upon the floor with a tremendous crash, nearly crushing of Hagar's foot, and driving for a time all thoughts of the secret from Maggie's mind. "Served me right," muttered Hagar, as Maggie left the room for water with which to bathe the swollen foot. "Served me right, and if ever I'm tempted to tell her again may every bone in my body be smashed!"

The foot was carefully cared for by Maggie's own hands tenderly bandaging it up, and then, with redoubled zeal, she returned to the attack pressing old Hagar so hard that the drops of perspiration gathered quick on her forehead and lips, which were white as ashes. Wearing at last, Mag gave it up for the time being, but her curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and for many days she persisted in the importunity, until at last, in self-defense, old Hagar, when she saw he coming, would steal away to the low-roofed chamber, and hiding behind a pile of rubbish, would listen breathlessly, while Margaret hunted for her in vain. Then, when she was gone she would crawl out from her hiding place, covered with cob-webs and dust, and muttering to herself: "Never expected this, and it's more than I can bear. Why will she torment me so, when a knowledge of the secret would drive her mad!"

This, however, Maggie Miller did not know. Blessed with an uncommon degree of curiosity, which increased each time she saw old Hagar, she resolved to solve the mystery which she felt sure was connected with herself, though in what manner she could not guess. "But I will know," she would say to herself when returning from a fruitless hiding of old Hagar, whose quizzing place she had at last discovered. "I will know what 'tis about me. I shall never be quite happy till I do."

CHAPTER V.

Trifles.

Very rapidly the winter passed away, and one morning, early in March, Mag went down to the cottage with the news that Madam Conway was intending to start immediately for England, where she had business which would probably detain her until the fall.

"Oh, won't I have fun in her absence!" she cried. "I'll visit every family in the neighbourhood. Here she's kept Theo and me caged up like two wild animals, and now I am going to see a little of the world. I don't mean to study a bit, and instead of visiting you once a day, I shall come at least three times."

"The Lord help me!" ejaculated old Hagar, who, much as she loved Maggie, was beginning to dread her daily visits. "Why do you want help?" asked Maggie, laughingly. "Are you tired of me, Hagar? Don't you like me any more?" "Like you, Maggie Miller! like you," repeated old Hagar, and in the tones of her voice there was a world of tenderness and love. "There is nothing on earth I love as I do you. But you worry me to death sometimes."

"Oh, yes, I know," answered Mag; "but I'm not going to tease you awhile. I shall have so much else to do when grandma is gone that I shall forget it. I wish she wasn't so proud." she continued, after a moment. "I wish she'd let Theo and me see a little more of the world than she does. I wonder how she ever expects us to get married, or be anybody, if she keeps us here in the woods like two young savages. Why as true as you live, Hagar, I have never been anywhere in my life, except to church Sundays, once at Douglas' store, in Worcester, once at Patty Thompson's funeral, and once to a Methodist camp-meeting; and I never spoke to more than a dozen men besides the minister and the schoolboys. It's too bad!" and Maggie pointed quite becomingly at the injustice done her by her grandmother in keeping her thus secluded. "The don't care," she said. "She is prouder than I am, and does not wish to know the Yankees, as grandma calls the folks in this country; but I'm glad I am a Yankee. I wouldn't live in England for anything."

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