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************ Old Hagar's Secret...

By Mrs. M. J. Holmes...

Her struggle had been a terrible one, and it was not over yet, for with her it was more than a matter of pride and love. Her daughter's rights had been set at naught: a wrong had been done to the dead; the child who slept beneath the pine had been neglected; nay, in life, had been, perhaps, despised for an intruder, for one who had no right to call her grandmother; and shudderingly she cried, "Why was it suffered thus to be?" Then, as she thought of white-haired Hagar Warren, she raised her hand to curse her, but the words died or her lips, for Hagar's deed had brought to her much joy; and now, as she remembered the bounding step, the merry laugh, the sunny face, and loving words, which has made her later years so happy, she involuntarily, stretched out her arms in empty air, moaning sadly. 'I want her here. I want her now, just as she used to be." Then, over the grave of her buried daughter, over the grave of the sickly child, whose thin, blue face came up before her, just as it lay in its humble coffin, over the deception of eighteen years, her heart bounded with one wild, yearning throb, for every bleeding fibre clung with death-like grasp to her, who had been so suddenly taken from her.

"I love her still," she cried, 'but can I take her back?" And then commenced the fiercest struggle of all, the battle of love and pride, the one rebelling against a child of Hagar Warren, and the other clamoring loudly, that without that child the world to her was nothing. It was the hour of Madam Conway's humiliation, and in bitterness of spirit, she groaned, "That I should come to this! Thee first, and Margaret my bright, beautiful Margaret next. Oh, how can I give her up when I loved her best of all—best of all."

This was true, for all the deeper, stronger love of Madam Conway's nor yet a Davenport. A servant girl had been her mother, and of her father there was nothing known. Madam Conway was ene who seldom wept for grief. She had stood calmly at the bedside of her dying husband, had buried her enly daughter from her s

firm. and sanction his decision. "But when he's gone." she whispered, "when he has left America behind, I'll find her, if my life is spared. I'll find poor Margarct, and see that she does not want, though I must not take her back."

This resolution, however, d'd not bring her comfort, and the hands pressed so convulsively upon er side could not ease her pain. Su

could not ease her pain. Su

ALMOST AFRAID TO GO TO SLEEP FOR FEAR SHE WOULD NOT WAKE UP.

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Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence E Mailman, New Germany, N.S., writes:—I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared.

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nefore had so dark an hour enfolded that haughty woman, and a prayer that she might die was trembling on her lips, when a footfall echoed along the hall, and Arthur Carrollton stood before. His face was very pale, bearing marks of the storm he had passed through; but he was calm, and his voice was natural as he said: "Possibly what we have heard is false. It may be a vagary of Hagar's half-crazed brain."

For an instant Madam Conway had

was calm, and his voice was natural as he said: "Possibly what we have heard is false. It may be a vagary of Hagar's half-crazed brain."

For an instant Madam Conway had hoped so, too; but when she reflected, she knew that it was true. Old Hagar had been very minute in her explanations to Margaret, who, in tuin, had written exactly what she had heard, and Madam Conway, when she recalled the past, could have no doubt that it was true. She remembered everything, but more distinctly the change of dress, at the time of the baptism. There could be mo mistake. Margaret was not hers, and so she said to Arthur Carrollton, turning her head away as if she, too, were in some way answerable for the disgrace.

"It matters not," he replied, "whose she has been. She is mine now, and if you feel able, we will consult together as to the surest method of finding her."

A sudden faintness came over Madam Conway, and while the expression of her face changed to one of joyful surprise, she stammered out, "Can it be I hear aright? Do I understand you? Are you willing to take poor Maggie back?"

"I certainly have ne other intention," he answered. "There was a moment the memory of which makes me ashamed, when my pride rebelled; but it is over now, and though Maggie cannot in reality be again your child, she can be my wife, and I must find her."

"You make me so happy, eh, so happy!" said Madam Conway. "I feared you would cast her off, and in that case it would have been my duty to do so too, though I never loved a human being as at this moment I love her."

Mr. Carrollton looked as if he did not fully comprehend the woman, who, loving Margaret as she did, could yet be so dependent upon his decision; but he made ne comment, and when next he spoke he announced his intention of calling upon Hagar, who possibly could tell him where Margaret had gone. "At all events," said he, "I may ascertain why the secret, so long kept, was at this late day divulged. It may be well," he continued, "te say nothing to the servants as yet, save that Maggie

Madam Conway bowed, and Mr. Carrollton left the room, starting immediately for the cottage by the mine. As he approached the house, he saw the servant whe for several weeks had been staying there, and who now came out to meet him, tell-ing him that since the night before Hagar had been raving crazy, talk-ing continually of Maggie, who, she said, "had gone where none would ever find her."

sat, had gote sever find her."

In some anxiety, Mr. Carrollton pressed on, until the cottage door was reached, where for a moment he stood gazing silently upon the poor woman before him. Upon the bed, her white hair falling over her round, bent shoulders, her large eyes shing with delirious light, old Hagarsat, weaving back and forth, and talking of Margaret, of Hester, and "the little foolish child," whe, with a sneer upon her lip, she said, "was a fair specimen of the Conway race."

race."
"Hagar," said Mr. Carrollton, and at the sound of that voice Hagar turned toward him her flashing eyes, then with a scream, buried her head in the bed-clothes, saying: "Go away, Arthur Carrollton! Why are you here? Don't you know what Margaret is, and don't you know how preud you sree?"

"Hagar," he said again, subduing, by a strong effert, the repugnance he felt at questioning her, "I know all, except where Margaret has gone, and if on this point you can give me any information, I shall receive it most thenefully."

any information, I shall receive it most thankfully."

"Gone!" shrieked Hagar, starting up in bed; "then she has gone. The play is played out, the performance is ended and I sinned for nothing!"

"Hagar, will you tell me where is ended and I sinned for nothing!"

"Hagar, will you tell me where said that levingly enough, but there's a catch somewhere. He does not wish to follow her for any good—and though I knew where she has gone. I'll surely never tell. I kept one secret for minsteen years. I can keep another as leng," and felding her arms upon her chest, she commenced singing, "I know full well, but I'll never tell."

Biting his lips with vexation, Mr. Carrollton tried first by persuasion, then by flattery, and lastly by threats, to obtain from her the desired information, but in vain. Her only answer was, "I know full well, but I'll never tell," save once, when tossing toward him her long white hair, she shrieked. "Don't you see a resemblance—only hers is black—and so was mine nineteen years ago—and so was Hester's too—glossy and so was mine nineteen years ago—and so was Hester's too—glossy and black as the raven's wing. The child is like the mother—the mother was like the grandmother, and the grandmother is like—me, Hagar Warren. Do you understand?"

Mr. Carrollton made, no answer.

mother is like—me, Hagar Warren. Do you understand?"

Mr. Carrollton made, no answer, and with a feeling of disappointment walked away, shuddering as he thought, "And she is Margaret's grandmother."

He found Madam Conway in strong hysterics on Margaret's bed, for she had refused to leave the room, saying, "she would die there or nowhere." Gradually the reality of her loss had burst upon her, and now gasping, choking, and wringing her hands, she lay upon the pillows, while Mrs. Jeffrey, worked up to a pitch of great nervous excitement, fidgeted hither and thither, doing always the wring thing, fanning the lady when sl did not wish to be fanned, and saing to fan her just when she was "dying for wast of air."

As yet, Mrs. Jeffrey knew nothing

As yet, Mrs. Jefrey knew nothing definite, except that something dreadful had happened to Margaret; but very candidly Mr. Carrollton told her all, bidding her to keep silent on the subject; then, turning to Madam Conway, he repeated to her the result of his call on old Hagar. "The wretch!" gasped Madam Conway, while Mrs. Jefrey, running in her fright from the door back to the window again, exclaimed, "Margaret not a Conway, nor yet a Davenport, after all! It is just what I expected. I always knew she came annestly by those low-bred ways!"

ed. I always knew she came monestly by those low-bred ways!"
"Jeffrey," and the voice of the hysterical woman on the bed was loud and distinct, as she grasped the arm of the terrified little governess, who chanced to be within her reach. "Jeffrey, either leave my house at once, or speak more deferentially of Miss Miller. You will call her by that name, too. It matters not to Mr. Carrollton and myself whose child she has been. She is ours now, and must reated with respect. Do you understand me?"

(To Be Continued.)

NEW SENSATIONS IN MEDICAL WORLD

Collingwood Bright's Disease Cure Brings to Light Others Equally Wonderful

Mrs. Fred. Philip of Eglinton Tells Of Her Remarkable Experience.

Discharged From Two Toronto Hospitals-Dodd's Kidney Pills brought Back Her Health.

Toronto, April 21.—(Special.)— The report from Collingwood of the wonderful cure of Mrs. Thomas Adams of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills has aroused great interest here and the discussion of it has brought out the fact that Mrs. Adams' case is not an isolated one, that right in Toronto there are people who, suffering from the most dreaded and fatal of Kidney Diseases, have found a positive and permanent cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

One of the most striking cases that has been brought to light is that of Mrs. Fred. Philip, now residing on Broadway avenue, Eglinton, one of the northern suburbs of the city. That Mrs. Philip was suffering from Bright's Disease and was in a most dangerous state, there is not the shadow of a doubt. She was in two city frospitals, Grace and the General, and left both places without a hope for the future.

IN THE HOSPITALS. In Grace Hospital the doctors wish ed to operate on her but she objected, and leaving the hospital called in another doctor. He told her at once that she had Bright's ibisease and had her removed to the General Hospital. The doctors here demurred

Hospital. The doctors here demurred to an operation on account of the danger.

On being dischared a second time without benefit Mrs. Philip stopped the doctor and started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. The result is that today all the terrible swelling is gone, she is able to do tall her lown work as well as 'look after her bright little four-year-old child.

In an interview Mrs. Philip spoke freely of her terrible trouble and gave unstinted praise to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

MRS. PHILIP'S STORY.

MRS. PHILIP'S STORY.

MRS. PHILIP'S STORY.

"I was sick for six months," she said, "before taking Dodd's Kidney Pills. During that time I was six weeks in, Grace Hospital and two months in the General Hospital. I was told in both places that nothing more could be done for me. I started taking Dodd's Kidney Pills in April and am still using them. They have done me a world of good. The Dropsy has all left me and I am now doing all my own work just the same as I was before I was sick."

The talk these cases has caused has also served to show how general the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills has become and how numerous are the cures effected of Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Dropsy, and all the other results of diseased Kidneys. In fact, cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills can be found by the hundred, but a case in which they have failed to oure has yet to be reported.

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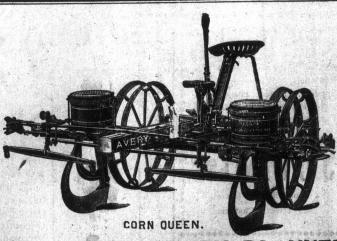
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