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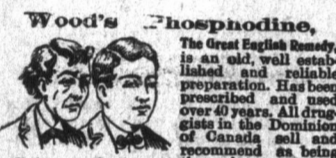
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the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method entirely free to all men who send him their name and address. He wants to hear from men who have arthritis that they have been unable to get cured, prostatic trouble, sexual weakness, varicose, lost manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, emaciation of parts, impotence, etc. His wonderful method not only cures the condition itself, but likewise all the complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous debility, etc.

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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.

"The fall alone would not kill him," she said, as her eye measured the distance, and then she looked anxiously round for water with which to bathe his face.

But water there was none, save in the stream below, whose murmuring flow fell mockingly on her ears, for it seemed to say she could not reach it. But Maggie Miller was equal to any emergency, and venturing out to the very edge of the rock she poised herself on one foot and looked down the dizzy height, to see if it were possible to descend.

"I can try at least," she said, and glancing at the pale face of the stranger, unhesitatingly resolved to attempt it.

The descent was less difficult than she had anticipated, and in an incredibly short space of time she was dipping her tasteful velvet cap in the brook, whose sparkling foam had never before been disturbed by the touch of a hand as soft and fair as hers. To ascend was not so easy a matter; but, chamois-like, Maggie's feet trod safely the dangerous path, and she soon knelt by the unconscious man, bathing his forehead in the clear, cold water, until he showed signs of returning life. His lips moved slowly at last, as if he would speak; and Maggie, bending low to catch the faintest sound, heard him utter the name of "Rose."

In Maggie's bosom there was no feeling for the stranger, save that of pity, and yet that one word, "Rose," thrilled her with a strange, undefinable emotion, awakening at once a yearning desire to know something of her who bore that beautiful name, and who, to the young man, was undoubtedly the one in all the world most dear.

"Rose," he said again, "is it you?" and his eyes, which opened slowly, scanned with a eager, questioning look the face of Maggie, who, open-hearted and impulsive as usual, answered somewhat sadly: "I am nobody but Maggie Miller. I am not Rose, though I wish I was, if you would like to see her."

The tones of her voice recalled the stranger's wandering mind, and he answered: "Your voice is like Rose's, but I would rather see you, Maggie Miller. I like your fearlessness, so unlike most of your sex. Rose is far more gentle, more feminine than you, and if her very life depended upon it she would never dare leap that gorge."

The young man intended no reproach; but Maggie took his words as such, and for the first time in her life began to think that possibly her manner was not always as womanly as might be. At all events she was not like the gentle Rose, whom she instantly invested with every possible grace and beauty, wishing that she herself was like her, instead of the wild-cap she was. Then, thinking her conduct required some apology, she answered, as none save one as fresh and ingenious as Maggie Miller would have answered: "I don't know any better than to behave as I do. I've always lived in the woods—have never been to school a day in my life—never been anywhere except to camp-meeting, and once to Douglas's store in Worcester."

This was entirely a new phase of character to the man of the world, who laughed aloud, and at the mention of Douglas's store started so quickly that a spasm of pain distorted his features, causing Maggie

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to ask if he were badly hurt.

"Nothing but a broken leg," he answered; and Maggie, to whose mind broken bones conveyed a world of pain and suffering, replied: "Oh, for I am so sorry for you, and it's my fault, I ought to have been more careful." And her little chubby hands clasped his so pleadingly that, raising himself upon his elbow, so as to obtain a better view of her bright face, he answered: "I'd willingly break a hundred bones for the sake of meeting a girl like you, Maggie Miller."

Maggie was unused to flattery, save as it came from her grandmother, Theo or old Hagar, and now, paying no heed to his remark, she said: "Can you stay here alone while I go for help? Our house is not far away."

"I'd rather you would remain with me," he replied; "but as you cannot do both, I suppose you must go."

"I shan't be gone long," said Maggie, "and I'll send old Hagar to keep you company." So saying, she climbed the bank, and mounting Gritty, who stood quietly awaiting her, she seized the other horse by the bridle and rode swiftly away, leaving the young man to meditate upon the novel situation in which he had so suddenly been placed.

"Ain't I in a pretty predicament?" said he, as he tried in vain to move his swollen limb, which was broken in two places, but which, being partially benumbed, did not now pain him much. "But it serves me right for chasing a heron-scarum thing when I ought to have been minding my own business and collecting bills for Douglas & Co. And she says she's been there, too. I wonder who she is, the handsome sprite. I believe I made her more than half jealous talking of my golden-haired Rose; but she is far more beautiful than Rose, more beautiful than any one I ever saw. I wish she'd come back again, and shutting his eyes he tried to recall the bright, animated face which had so lately bent anxiously above him. "She tarries long," he said at last, beginning to grow uneasy. "I wonder how far it is, and where the deuce can this old Hagar be of whom she spoke."

"She's here!" answered a shrill voice, and looking up he saw before him the bent form of Hagar. Warded for a moment while she told of the accident and begged of Hagar to hasten.

Accordingly, equipped with a blanket and pillow, a brandy bottle and the camphor, old Hagar had come, but when she offered the latter for the young man's acceptance, he pushed it from him saying: "Camphor was his detestation, but he shouldn't object particularly to smelling of the other bottle!"

"No, you don't," said Hagar, who thought him in not quite so deplorable a condition as she had expected to find him. "My creed is never to give young folks brandy except in cases of emergency." So saying, she massaged him more comfortably by placing a pillow beneath his head, and then, thinking possibly that this, to herself, was "a case of emergency," she withdrew to a little distance, and sitting down upon the gnarled roots of an upturned tree, drank a swallow of the old cognac, while the young man, maimed and disabled, looked wistfully at her.

Not that he cared for the brandy, of which he seldom tasted, but he needed something to relieve the death-like faintness, which occasionally came over him, and which old Hagar, looking only at his mischievous eyes, failed to observe. Only those who knew Henry Warner intimately gave him credit for the many admirable qualities he really possessed, so full was he of fun. It was in his merry eyes, and about his quizzically-shaped mouth, that the principal difficulty lay; and most persons, seeing him for the first time, fancied that in some way he was making sport of them. This was old Hagar's impression as she sat there in dignified silence, rather enjoying than otherwise, the occasional groans which came from his white lips. There were intervals, however, when he was comparatively free from pain, and these he improved by questioning her with regard to Maggie, asking who she was and where she lived.

"She is Maggie Miller, and she lives in a house," answered the old woman, rather pettishly.

"Ah, indeed—snappish, are you!" said the young man, attempting to turn himself a little, the better to see his companion. "Confound that leg!" he continued, as a fierce twinge gave him warning not to try many experiments. "I know her name is Maggie Miller, and I supposed she lived in a house. But who is she, anyway, and what is she?"

"If you mean is she anybody," I can answer that question quick," returned Hagar. She calls Madam Conway her grandmother, and Madam Conway came from one of the best families in England—that's who she is. And as to what she is—she's the finest, handsomest, smartest girl in America; and as long as old Hagar Warren lives, no city chap with strapped down pantaloons and sneering mouth is going to fool with her, either!"

"Confound my mouth! It's all ways getting me into trouble," thought the stranger, trying in vain to smooth down the corners of the offending organ, which in spite of him, would curve with what Hagar called a sneer, and from which there finally broke a merry laugh, sadly at variance with the suffering expression of his face.



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Vin St. Michel

(St. Michael's Wine.)

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This old trade mark, showing St. Michel destroying the Dragon, remains the same to this day, and is on the label of every bottle of the genuine Vin St-Michel.

The quality of the wine, too, is the same as it was when it cured King Louis XI. If you feel languid and out of sorts try a wine glass of Vin St-Michel three times a day—ask your grocer for it.



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sion of his race.

"Your leg must hurt you mightily, the way you go on," muttered Hagar, and the young man answered: "It does almost murder me, but when a laugh is in a fellow he can't help letting it out, can he? But where the plague can that witch of a—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hagar," he added, hastily, as he saw the frown settling on the old woman's face. "I mean to say where can Miss Miller be? I shall faint away unless she comes soon, or you give me a taste of the brandy!"

This time there was something in the tone of his voice which prompted Hagar to draw near, and she was about to offer him the brandy when Maggie appeared, together with three men, bearing a litter or small cotbed. The sight of her produced a much better effect upon him than Hagar's brandy would have done, and motioning the old woman aside, he declared himself ready to be removed.

"Now, John, do pray be careful and not hurt him much," cried Maggie, as she saw how pale and faint he was, while even Hagar forgot the curled lip, which the young man bit until the blood started through, so intense was his agony when they lifted him upon the litter. "The camphor, Hagar, the camphor," said Maggie, and the stranger did not push it aside when her hand poured it on his head, but the laughing eyes, now dim with pain, smiled gratefully upon her, and the quivering lips once murmured as she walked beside him: "Heaven bless you, Maggie Miller!"

Arrived at Hagar's cottage, the old woman suggested that he be carried in there, saying, as she met Maggie's questioning glance: "I can take care of him better than any one else."

The pain by this time was intolerable, and, scarcely knowing what he said, the stranger whispered: "Yes, yes, leave me here."

For a moment the bearers paused, while Maggie, bending over the wounded man, said softly: "Can't you bear it a little longer, until our house is reached? You'll be more comfortable there. Grandma has gone to England, and I'll take care of you myself!"

This last was perfectly in accordance with Maggie's frank, impulsive character, and it had the desired effect. Henry Warner would have borne almost death itself for the sake of being nursed by the young girl beside him, and he signified his willingness to proceed, while at the same time his hand involuntarily grasped that of Maggie, as if in the touch of her snowy fingers there were a mesmerizing power to soothe his pain. In the meantime a hurried consultation had been held between Mrs. Jeffrey and Theo as to the room suitable for the stranger to be placed in.

(To Be Continued.)



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