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Those who create Empires shave themselves."

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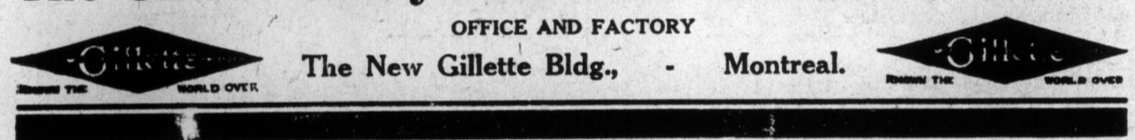
The busy men who are doing the world's big work to-day—who are creating Empires of commerce and finance—have little time to waste with the barber. They shave themselves with the GILLETTE, not because it saves them money, but because it saves them time and trouble.

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A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.
The Peddler.

(Continued.)
Fainter and fainter grew each succeeding word, and when the last was spoken, she fell again upon her face, unconscious and forgetful of her woes. Higher and higher in the heavens rose the morning sun, stealing across the window sill, and shining aslant the floor, where Hagar still lay in a deep, deathlike swoon. An hour passed on, and then the wretched woman came slowly back to life, her eyes lighting up with joy as she whispered, "It was a dream; thank heaven, 'twas a dream;" and then growing dim with

tears, as the dread reality came over her. The first fearful burst of grief was passed, for Hagar now could weep, and tears did her good, quelling the feverish agony at her heart. Not for herself did she suffer so much as for Mag, trembling for the effect the telling of the secret would have on her. For it must be told. She knew that full well, and as the sun fast neared the western horizon, she murmured, "Oh, will she come to-night, will she come to-night?"
Yes, Hagar, she will. Even now her feet, which when they backward turn, will tread less joyously, are treading the woodland path. The half-way rock is reached—nearer and nearer she comes—her shadow falls across the floor—her hand is on your arm—her voice is in your ear—Maggie Miller is at your side—Heaven help you both!

CHAPTER XIX.

The Telling of the Secret.

"Hagar! Hagar!" exclaimed Mag, playfully bounding to her side, and laying her hand upon her arm. "What aileth thee, Hagar?"
The words were meek, for never Hagar in the desert thirsting for the gushing fountain, suffered more than did she who sat with covered face and made no word of answer. Maggie was unusually happy that day, for but a few hours before she had received Henry's letter, making her free—free to love Arthur Carrolton, who she well knew only waited a favorable opportunity to tell her his love; so with a heart full of happiness she had stolen away to visit Hagar, reproaching herself as she came for having neglected her so long. "But I'll make amends by telling her what I'm sure she must have guessed," she thought, as she entered the cottage, where, to her surprise, she found her weeping. Thinking the old woman's distress might possibly be occasioned by her neglect she spoke again: "Are you crying for me, Hagar?"
"Yes, Maggie Miller, for you—for you!" answered Hagar, lifting up a face so ghastly white that Maggie started back in some alarm.

"Poor Hagar, you are ill," she said, and advancing nearer she wound her arms around the trembling form, and pillowing the snowy head upon her bosom, continued soothingly: "I did not mean to stay so long. I will not do it again, but I am so happy, Hagar, so happy that I half forgot myself."
For a moment Hagar let her head repose upon the bosom of her child, then murmuring softly, "It will never lie there again," she arose and, confronting Maggie, said: "Is it love which makes you so happy?"
"Yes, Hagar, love," answered Margaret, the deep blushes stealing over her glowing face.
"And is it your intention to marry the man you love?" continued Hagar, thinking only of Henry Warner, while Margaret, thinking only of Arthur Carrolton, replied, "If he will marry me, I shall most surely marry him."
"It is enough. I must tell her," whispered Hagar; while Maggie asked, "Tell me what?"
For a moment the wild eyes fastened themselves upon her with a look of yearning anguish, and then Hagar answered slowly: "Tell you what you've often wished to know—

my secret!" the lost word dropping from her lips more like a warning hiss than like a human sound. It was long since Mag had teased for the secret, so absorbed had she been in other matters, but now there was a prospect of knowing it, her curiosity was awakened, and while her eyes glistened with expectation, she said: "Yes, tell it to me, Hagar, and then I'll tell you mine; and all over her beautiful face there shone a joyous light as she thought how Hagar, who had once pronounced Henry Warner unworthy, would rejoice in her new love."
"Not here, Maggie—not here in this room can I tell you," said old Hagar; "but out in the open air, where my breath will come more freely;" and leading the way, she hobbled to the mossy banks where Mag had sat with Arthur Carrolton on the morning of his departure for Montreal.

Here she sat down, while Maggie threw herself upon the damp ground at her feet, her face lighted with eager curiosity, and her lustrous eyes bright as stars with the excitement. For a moment Hagar bent forward, and folding her hands one above the other, laid them upon the head of the young girl as if to gather strength for what she was to say. But all in vain; for when she essayed to speak, her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and her lips gave forth unmeaning sounds.
"It must be something terrible to affect her so," thought Mag, and taking the bony hands between her own, she said, "I would not tell it, Hagar; I do not wish to hear."
The voice aroused the half-fainting woman, and withdrawing her hand from Maggie's grasp, she replied, "Turn away your face, Margaret Miller, so I cannot see the hatred settling over it, when I tell you what I must."

"Certainly, my back if you prefer it," answered Mag, half playfully; and turning around, she leaned her head against the feeble knees of Hagar.
"Maggie, Maggie," began the poor old woman, lingering long and lovingly over that dear name, "nineteen years ago, next December, I took upon my soul the secret sin which has worn my life away but I did it for the love I had for you, more than for my own ambition;" and the long fingers slid nervously over the bands of shining hair just within her reach.
At the touch of those fingers, Mag shuddered involuntarily. There was a vague, undefined terror stealing over her, and impatient to know the worst, she said, "Go on. Tell me what you did."

"I can't—I can't—and yet I must," cried Hagar. "You were a beautiful baby, Mag, and the other one was sickly, pinched and blue." I had you both in my room the night after Henry died; and the devil—Maggie, do you know how the devil will creep into the heart and whisper, whisper till the brain is all on fire? This thing he did to me, Maggie, nineteen years ago; he whispered—whispered dreadful things, and his whispers were of you."
"Horrible! Hagar!" exclaimed Maggie. "Leave the devil, and tell me of yourself!"
"That's it," answered Hagar. "If I had but left him then, this would never have come to me; but I listened and he told me that a handsome, healthy child would be more acceptable to the Conways, than a weakly, fretful one—when he said that Hagar Warren's grandchild had far better be a lady than a drudge—that no one would ever know it, for none had noticed either—I did it, Maggie Miller; I took you from the pine board cradle where you lay—I dressed you in the other baby's clothes—I laid you on her pillow—I wrapped her in your coarse white frock—I said that she was mine, and Margaret—oh, Heaven! can't you see it? Don't you know that I, the shrivelled, skiny hag, who tells you this, am your own grandmother!"

There was no need for Maggie Miller to answer that appeal. The words had burned into her soul—scorching her very life-blood and maddening her brain. It was a fearful blow—crushing her at once. She saw it all, understood it all, and knew there was no hope. The family pride, at which she had so often laughed, was strong within her and could not at once be rooted out. All the fond household memories, though desecrated and trampled down, were not so soon to be forgotten. She could not own that half-crazed woman for her grandmother! As Hagar talked, she had risen to her feet, and now, tall and erect as the mountain ash which grew on her native hills, she stood before her, every vestige of color faded from her face, her eyes dark as night and glowing like coals of living fire, while her hands, locked despairingly together, moved slowly toward Hagar, as if to thrust her aside.
"Oh, speak again," she said, "but not the dreadful words you said to me just now. Tell me they are false—say that my father perished in the storm, that my mother was she who



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held me to her bosom when she died—that I—oh, Hagar, I am not—I will not be the creature you say I am. Speak to me," she continued; "tell me, is it true?" and in her voice there was not the olden sound.
Hoarse—hoarse—full of reproach—anguish it seemed, and bowing her head in very shame, old Hagar made her answer: "Would to Heaven 'twere not true—but 'tis—I! Kill me, Maggie," she continued; "strike me dead, if you will, but take your eyes away. You must not look thus at me, a heartbroken wretch."
But not to Hagar Warren was Maggie thinking then. The past, the present, and the future were all embodied in her thoughts. She had been an intruder all her life; had ruled with a high hand people on whom she had no claim, and who, had they known her parentage, would have spurned her from them. Theo, whom she had held in her arms so oft, calling her

sister and loving her as such, was hers no longer; nor yet the fond woman who had cherished her so tenderly—neither was hers; and in fancy she saw the look of scorn upon that woman's face when she should hear the tale, for it must be told, and she must tell it, too. She would not be an impostor; and then there flashed upon her agonizing thoughts, before all else seemed as naught—in the proud heart of Arthur Carrolton was there a place for Hagar Warren's grandchild? "No, no, no!" she moaned; and the next moment she lay at Hagar's feet, white, rigid and insensible.
"She's dead!" cried Hagar; and for one brief instant she hoped that it was so.
But not then and there was Margaret to die; and slowly she came back to life, shrinking from the touch of Hagar's hand when she felt it on her brow.

"There may be some mistake," she whispered; but Hagar answered, "There is none;" at the same time relating so minutely the particulars of the deception that Maggie was convinced, and covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud, while Hagar, sitting by in silence, was nursing herself to tell the rest.
The sun had set, and the twilight shadows were stealing down upon them, when, creeping, abjectly upon her knees towards the wretched girl, she said: "There is more, Maggie, I have not told you all."
But Maggie had heard enough, and exerting all her strength, she sprang to her feet, while Hagar clutched eagerly at her dress, which was wrested from her grasp, as Maggie fled away—she knew not, cared not whether, so that she were beyond the reach of the trembling voice which called after her to return.
(To be continued.)

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SUPER &

Love Marriage and the

BY RUTH CA

The talk ran on loveless marriages. The Enthusiastic Young Person was bitterly condemned in a marrying without love as a sin against one's self and society, and sure to bring its punishment in the form of unhappiness. And then the

Man of Many Travels told his story: "Six years ago, when I was sailing in France, I was entertained by one of my customers at a pension in a suburb of the city.

"The pension was built about a courtyard. Our apartments were on the second floor and had a little balcony upon which I used to sit in the evening watching the people in the courtyard.

"One among them in whom I took an especial interest was a pretty young girl who, instead of talking and laughing with the other young people, continually sat by herself and moped. I asked my host about her and he told me that she had fallen desperately in love with a young military officer and that her people would not hear of the match because they had already planned her betrothal to the son of some old family friends, a man some ten years older than she and of extremely good prospects.

"Of course I railed bitterly at this example of the abominable French custom of marrying girls against their will, and being a good deal younger and even more foolish than I am now, conceived some insane idea of assisting at an elopement.

"Fortunately my business interests called me away before I had a chance to make seventy different kinds of a fool of myself.

"Last year I was again in Paris and was again entertained by my hospitable customer. We went out on the

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