

A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER IV.
GIRLHOOD.

Old Hagar, in her cottage by the mine, has kept her secret well, whispering it only to the rushing wind and the running brook, which have told no tales to the gay, light-hearted girl, save to murmur in her ear that a life, untrammelled by etiquette and form, would be a blissful life indeed. And Maggie, listening to the voices which speak to her so oft in the autumn wind, the running brook, the opening flower, and the fallen leaf, has learned a lesson different far from those taught her daily by the prim, stiff governess, who, imported from England six years ago, has drilled both Theo and Maggie in all the prescribed rules of high life as practiced in the old world. She has taught them how to sit and how to stand, how to eat and how to drink, as became young ladies of the old world and birth. And Madam Conway, through her golden spectacles, looks each day to see some good from all this teaching come to the bold, dashing, untamable Maggie, who, spurning alike both birth and blood, laughs at form and etiquette as taught by Mrs. Jeffrey, and, winding her arms around her grandmother's neck, crumples her rich lace ruffle with a most unladylike hug, and then bounds away to the stables, pretending not to hear the distressing Mrs. Jeffrey calling after her "not to run, 'twas so Yankeeified and vulgar;" or if she did hear, answering back, "I am a Yankee, native born, and shall run for all Johnny Bull."

Greatly horrified at this evidence of total depravity, Mrs. Jeffrey brushes down her black, silk apron and goes back to Theo, her more tractable pupil, while Maggie, emerging ere long from the stable, clears the fence with one leap of her high-mettled pony, which John, the coachman, had bought at an enormous price of a traveling circus, on purpose for his young mistress, who complained that "grandma's horses were all too lazy and aristocratic in their movements for her."

In perfect amazement Madam Conway looked out when first Gritty, as the pony was called, was led up to the door, prancing, chafing at the bit and impatient to be off. "Margaret should never mount that animal," she said; but Margaret had ruled for sixteen years, and now, at a sign from John, she sprang gaily upon the back of the fiery steed, who, feeling instinctively that the rider he carried was a stranger to fear, became under her training perfectly gentle, obeying her slightest command, and following her ere long like a sagacious dog. Not thus easily could Madam Conway manage Maggie and with a groan she saw her each day fly over the garden gate, and out into the woods, which she scoured in all directions.

"She'll break her neck, I know," the disturbed old lady would say, as Maggie's flowing skirt and waving plumes disappeared in the shadow of the trees. "She'll break her neck some day; and, thinking some one must be in fault, her eyes would turn reprovingly upon Mrs. Jeffrey for having failed in subduing Maggie, whom the old governess pronounced the "veriest mad-cap in the world; there was nothing like her in England," she said, "and her low-bred ways must be the result of her having been born on American soil."

If Maggie was to be censured Madam Conway chose to do it herself, and on such occasions she would answer: "Low-bred Mrs. Jeffrey, is not a proper term to apply to Margaret. She's a little wild, I admit, but no one with

In Dread of Something

You can scarcely tell what it may be Hysteria, Irritability, Nervous Collapse.

You can only throw off this depression when the nerve cells are restored to health by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Your digestive system has failed to supply proper nourishment to the nerves and you are compelled to seek aid from other sources.

It will take some patience and persistent treatment, but there is no way by which you can so certainly restore health and vigor as by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The best time to restore the nervous system is long before such a critical condition is reached. Such symptoms as sleeplessness, headaches, nervous indigestion, muscular weakness, loss of energy, failure of memory and power of concentration, irritability and discouragement tell of a failure of the nervous system and warn you of the approach of serious trouble. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food 50 cents a box, 2 boxes for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the near-nature treatment for Consumption.

The power it creates, its purity and wholesomeness are Nature's greatest aid in overcoming disease.

ALL DRUGGISTS

my blood in their veins can be low-bred," and in her indignation at the governess, madam would usually forget to reprove her granddaughter when she came back from her ride, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining like stars with the healthful exercise. Throwing herself upon a stool at her grandmother's feet, Maggie would lay her head upon the lap of the proud lady, who, very lovingly would smooth the soft shining hair "so much like her own," she said.

"Before you had to color it, you mean, don't you, grandma?" the mischievous Maggie would rejoin, looking up archly to her grandmother, who would call her a saucy child, and stroke still more fondly the silken locks.

Wholly unlike Maggie was Theo, a pale-faced, fair-haired girl, who was called pretty, when not overshadowed by the queenly presence of her more gifted sister. And Theo was very proud of this sister, too; proud of the beautiful Maggie, to whom, though two years her junior, she looked for counsel, willing always to abide by her judgment; for what Maggie did must of course be right, and grandma would not scold. So if at any time Theo was led into error, Maggie stood ready to bear the blame, which was never very severe, for Mrs. Jeffrey had learned not to censure her too much, lest by so doing she should incur the displeasure of her employer, who in turn loved Maggie, if it were possible, better than the daughter whose name she bore, and whom Maggie called her mother. Well kept and beautiful was the spot where the mother lay, and the grave was marked by a costly marble, which gleamed clear and white through the surrounding evergreen. This was Maggie's favourite resort, and here she often sat in the moonlight, musing of one who slept there, and who, she said, had held her on her bosom when she died.

At no great distance from this spot was another grave where the grass grew tall and green, and where the headstone, half sunken in the earth, betokened that she who rested there was of humble origin. Here Maggie seldom tarried long. The place had no attraction for her, for rarely now was the name of Hester Hamilton heard at the old stone house, and all save one, seemed to have forgotten that such as she had ever lived. This was Hagar Warren, who in her cottage by the mine has grown older and more crazy-like since we last saw her. Her hair, once so much like that which Madam Conway likens to her own, has bleached as white as snow, and her tall form is shriveled now, and bent. The secret is wearing her life away, and she does not regret what she has done. She cannot, when she looks upon the beautiful girl, who comes each day to her lonely hut, and whom she worships with a species of wild idolatry. Maggie knows not why it is, and yet to her there is a peculiar fascination about that strange old woman, with her snow-white hair, her wrinkled face, her bony hand, and wild, dark eyes, which when they rest on her, have in them a look of unutterable tenderness.

Regularly each day when the sun nears the western horizon, Maggie steals away to the cottage, and the lonely woman, waiting for her on the rude bench by the door, can tell her bounding footsteps from all others which pass that way. She does not say much now, herself; but the sound of Maggie's voice, talking to her in the gathering twilight, is the sweetest she has ever heard, and so she sits and listens, while her hands work nervously together, and her whole body trembles with the longing, intense desire she feels to clasp the young girl to her bosom, and claim her as her own. But this she dare not do, for Madam Conway's training

has had its effect, and in Maggie's bearing there is ever a degree of pride which forbids anything like undue familiarity. And it was this very pride which Hagar liked to see, whispering often to herself, "Warren blood and Conway airs—the two go well together."

Sometimes a word or a look would make her start, they reminded her so forcibly of the dead; and once she said involuntarily, "You are like your mother, Maggie. Exactly what she was at your age."

"My mother?" answered Maggie. "You never talked to me of her. Tell me of her now. I did not suppose I was like her in anything."

"Yes, in everything," said old Hagar, "the same dark eyes and hair, the same bright red cheeks, the same—"

"Why, Hagar, what can you mean?" interrupted Maggie. "My mother had light blue eyes and fair brown hair, like Theo. Grandma says I am not like her at all, while old Hannah, the cook, when she feels ill-natured, and wishes to tease me, says I am the very image of Hester Hamilton."

"And what if you are? What if you are?" eagerly rejoined old Hagar. "Would you feel badly, to know you looked like Hester?" and the old woman bent anxiously forward, to hear the answer: "Not for myself, perhaps, provided Hester was handsome, for I think a good deal of beauty, that's a fact; but it would annoy grandma terribly to have me look like a servant. She might fancy I was Hester's daughter, for she wonders every day, where I get my low-bred ways, as she calls my liking to sing and laugh and be natural."

"And s'pos'n' Hester was your mother, would you care?" persisted Hagar.

"Of course I should," answered Maggie, her large eyes opening wide at the strange question. "I wouldn't for the whole world be anybody but Maggie Miller, just who I am. To be sure, I get awfully out of patience with grandma and Mrs. Jeffrey, for talking so much about birth and blood and family, and all that sort of nonsense, but, after all, I wouldn't for anything be poor and work at poor folks' do."

"I'll never tell her, never," muttered Hagar; and Maggie continued, "What a queer habit you have of talking to yourself. Did you always do so?"

"Not always. It came upon me with the secret," Hagar answered inadvertently; and eagerly catching at the last word, which to her implied: world of romance and mystery, Maggie exclaimed, "The secret, Hagar, that's a secret! If there's anything I delight in it's a secret!" and sliding down from the rude bench to the grass plot at Hagar's feet, she continued: "Tell it to me, Hagar; that's a dear old woman. 'I'll never tell anybody as long as I live. I won't upon my word,' she continued, as she saw the look of horror resting on Hagar's face; 'I'll help you to keep it, and we'll have such grand times talking over it. Did it concern yourself?' and Maggie folded her arms upon the lap of the old woman, who answered in a voice so hoarse and unnatural that Maggie involuntarily shuddered, "Old Hagar would die inch by inch sooner than tell you, Maggie Miller, her secret."

"Was it, then, so dreadful?" asked Maggie, half fearfully, and casting a stealthy glance at the dim woods, where the night shadows were falling, and whose winding path she must traverse alone on her homeward route. "Was it, then, so dreadful?"

"Yes, dreadful, dreadful; and yet, Maggie, I have sometimes wished you knew it. You should forgive me, perhaps, if you knew how I was tempted," said Hagar, and her voice was full of yearning tenderness, while her bony fingers parted lovingly the shining hair from off the white brow of the young girl, who plead again, "Tell it to me, Hagar."

There was a fierce struggle in Hagar's bosom, but the night wind, waving through the hemlock boughs, seemed to say, "Not yet—not yet," and, remembering her vow, she answered: "Leave me, Maggie Miller; I cannot tell you the secret. You of all others. You would hate me for it, and that I could not bear. Leave me alone, or the sight of you, so beautiful, pleading for my secret, will kill me dead."

There was command in the tones of her voice, and, rising to her feet, Maggie walked away, with a dread feeling at her heart—a feeling which whispered vaguely to her of a deed of blood; for what, save this, could thus affect old Hagar? Her road home led near the little burying-ground, and impelled by something she could not resist, she paused at her mother's grave. The moonlight was falling softly upon it, and seating herself within the shadow of the monument she sat a long time, thinking, not of the dead, but of Hagar and the strange words she had uttered. Suddenly, from the opposite side of the graveyard, there came a sound as if some one walking, and looking up Maggie saw approaching her the bent figure of the old woman, who seemed unusually excited. Her first impulse was to fly, but knowing how improbable it was that Hagar should seek to do her harm, and thinking she might discover some clue to the mystery if she remained, she sat still. While kneeling on Hester's grave old Hagar wept bitterly, talking the while, but so incoherently that Maggie could distinguish nothing save the words, "You, Hester, have forgiven me."

"Can it be that she has killed her own child?" thought Maggie, and starting to her feet she stood face to face with Hagar, who screamed: "You here, Maggie Miller! Here with the others who know my secret. But you shan't wring it from me. You shall never know it unless the dead rise up to tell you!"

"Hagar Warren," said Margaret, sternly, "is murder your secret? Did Hester Hamilton die at her mother's hands?"

With a short, gasping moan, Hagar staggered backward a pace or two, and then, standing far more erect than Margaret had ever seen her before, she answered: "No, Maggie Miller, no; murder is not my secret. These hands," and she tossed in the air her shriveled arms, "these hands are as free from blood as yours. And now go! Leave me alone with my lead, and see that you tell no tales. You like secrets, you say. Let what you have heard to-night be your secret. Go!"

(To be continued.)

BOVRIL IS ALL BEEF.

Questions we are often asked.

Q.—What is the sediment at the bottom of a cup of Bovril?

A.—That is a valuable portion of the nourishment, and should never be left.

Q.—Are you serious when you say that Bovril is more nourishing than ordinary Meat Extract or Home-made Beef Tea?

A.—Certainly! and we have for years offered large rewards to anyone who can prove the contrary.

Q.—But can you prove your statement?

A.—Yes—from the pen of Baron Liebig himself, who told the world that the man who managed to get the nourishing, as well as the stimulating properties of Beef in a liquid form, would produce something far better than Liebig's Extract, and would be a public benefactor.

Q.—And you have done this?

A.—Yes. By a special process, the entire nutritious constituents of prime ox beef are separately treated, pulverized and added to specially-prepared Meat Extract, and what is Bovril.

Don't experiment with artificial imitations of dubious quality (which are dear at any price) when such a tried and proven nutritious food-beverage "made in England" is within your reach.

T. J. EDENS, Agent for Nfld.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9156.—A PRACTICAL WORK APRON.



The busy housewife or the woman who has little duties to perform about the house, will know the value of a protective work apron such as the one here shown. The making is a very simple matter (as will be seen at a glance) and may be easily and readily accomplished. Generous pockets are attached to the skirt and the sleeves are full enough to accommodate the dress sleeves worn underneath. Linen, gingham, and percale are all suitable for the making. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and large. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Suitable materials for any of the patterns can be procured from A. J. HERDER & SONS, Ltd. Samples on Request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

9190.—A GOOD AND POPULAR STYLISH FOR BOYS.



Boy's Suit, Consisting of a Sailor Blouse, with Shield, and Knicker-bockers.

For comfort, ease and good appearance this suit will readily commend itself to the home dressmaker. The design is suitable for linen, galatea, madras, gingham, flannel, velvet or corduroy. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 yards of 6 inch material for the 10 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.

Size.

Name.

Address in full:

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

NEW GOODS

Laundry Baskets, Market Baskets, Clothes Wringers, Washing Tubs, Wash'g Machines, Butter Churns, Ice Cream FREEZERS.

Bowring Bros., Limited Hardware Department

White's Cement

Now landing ex S. S. Rappahannock. 1,500 BARRELS

White's Best Portland Cement

Engineers, architects and users of cement requiring a sound, reliable and genuine article of uniformly high quality should specify "WHITES" Brand.

H. J. STABB & Co.

Royal Victoria College, McGill University, Montreal

For Resident and Day Students. Students prepared for Degrees in Arts, Pure Science and Music. Scholarships are awarded annually.

For all information apply to THE WARDEN

John Collins Old Scotch Whisky.

The kind you get at home in Scotland. Keep on asking for it everywhere.

COLLINS, TODD & CO. 5, 3a, n, w, 1, s Glasgow, Scotland

Infants' Coats and Bonnets.

Blue, Green, Vein Rose, Red, &c. \$1.95 the Set.

Infants' Velvet & Cloth Bonnets and Hats, From 35 cts.

LARACY'S 845 & 347 Water St., opp. Post Office.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-TEMPER

Spring Sewing

Sewing Machines.

We offer the Famous EXPERT--B

BARGAIN FIGURES, To keep step with the times.

CHESLEY WOODS EUROPEAN AGENCY

WHOLESALE Indents promptly executed at lowest cash rates for all kinds of British and Continental goods, including: Books and Stationary, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motors and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metals, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2 per cent. to 5 per cent. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from £10 upwards. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account. (Established 1814.)

WILLIAM WILSON & SONS, Cable Address "ANNUAIRE LONDON" 25 Abchurch Lane, London E. C.

Money to Loan. On good security.

A. J. HERDER, B.A., Barrister-at-Law, Solicitor, &c.

Renouf Building, THE LONDON DIRECTORY

(Published Annually) ENABLES traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Best being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs, the Directory contains lists of

EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply.

STEAMSHIP LINES arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate sailings;

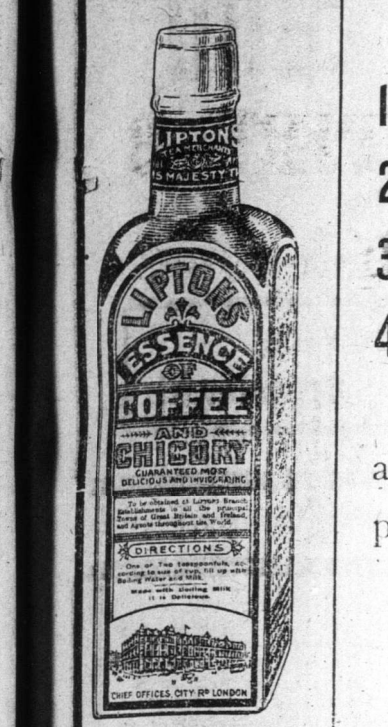
PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

A copy of the current edition will be forwarded, freight paid, on receipt of Postal Order for 20s. Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their trade cards for £1, or large adverts for 5s. THE LONDON DIRECTORY CO. Ltd

BLACK DIAMONDS 350 Tons of Genuine North Sydney Screened COAL. J. J. MULLALY & CO. ANYONE, anywhere, can start a mail order business at home. No canvassing. Be your own boss. Send for a booklet. Tell how to succeed. 173

LIPTON'S ESSENCE of COFFEE

THE FIRST of its kind, and FIRST in its



Four Reasons 1--High 2--Delicious 3--Simple 4--Low

Wholesale and Retail Agent

SLATTERY

WE OFFER to our Customers, the Outports, this Spring, the Regular Dry Goods,--English of all kinds, specially

We also have a very complete assortment of NANTS that will satisfy all classes of

We Invite the Outport Trader to SEE our Stock of Muslins, Embroidered Underwear and Overall Pants

W. A. SLATTERY, Slattery, P. O. Box--236.

Just Received

A Special Lot CUT GLASS JOSEPH R

Inspection Inv

NEW GOODS JUST OPENED THIS WEEK Ladies' Straw Hats, Dress Blouse Cloths, Lawns, Ribbons

WILLIAM FREW, W. ADVERTISE in THE EVENING

Job Printing