

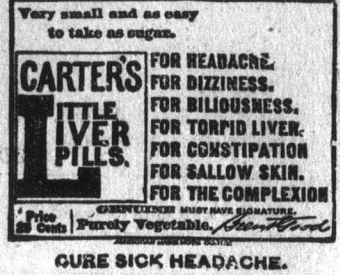
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LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

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Buff Plymouth Hock, the Overbaugh Strain, a few young stock for sale. Also eggs in season, \$1.50 and \$1.00 per setting.

RALPH McCUBBIN,

MEDFORD STREET FLOURY YARD

Old Hagar's Secret...

By Mrs. M. J. Holmes...

"Yes, very," he answered, coming to her side. Happy in my wife, and he laid his hand on hers, with something of his former familiarity. But the olden feeling was gone, and Maggie could now meet his glance without a blush, while he could talk with her as calmly as if she had never been taught to him save the sister of his wife. Thus often changed the human heart's first love.

After a time, Rose returned, bearing a silver tray heaped with the most tempting viands; but Maggie's heart was too full to eat, and after drinking a cup of the fragrant black tea, which Rose herself had made, she laid her head upon the pillow, which Henry brought, and with Rose sitting by, holding lovingly her hand, she fell into a quiet slumber. For several hours she slept, and when she awoke at last, the sun was shining in at a western window, casting upon the floor a glimmering light, and reminding her so forcibly of the dancing shadows on the grass which grew around the old stone house, that her eyes filled with tears, and thinking herself alone, she murmured, "Will it never be my home again?"

A sudden movement, the rustling of a dress, startled her, and lifting up her head she saw standing near a pie-sant-looking, middle-aged woman, who, she rightly guessed, was Mrs. Warner, her own aunt.

"Maggie," the lady said, laying her hand on the fevered brow, "I have heard a strange tale to-day. Heretofore I had supposed Rose to be my only child, but though you take me by surprise, you are not the less welcome. There is room in my heart for you, Maggie Miller, room for the youngest born of my only brother. You are somewhat like him, too," she continued, "though more like your mother; a flush stole over the lady's face, for she, too, was very proud, and her brother's marriage with a servant girl had never been quite forgiven."

Mrs. Warner had seen much of the world, and Maggie knew her to be a woman of refinement, a woman of whom even Madam Conway would not be ashamed; and winding her arms around her neck, she said, impulsively, "I am glad you are my aunt, and you will love me, I am sure, even if I am poor Hagar's grandchild."

Mrs. Warner knew nothing of Hagar, save from Henry's amusing description, the entire truth of which she somewhat doubted; but she knew that whatever Hagar Warren might be, the beautiful girl before her was not answerable for it, and very kindly she tried to soothe her, telling her how happy they would be together. "Rose will leave me in the autumn," she said, "and without you I should be all alone." Of Hagar, too, she spoke kindly, considering, and Maggie, listening to her, felt somewhat reconciled to her fate which had made her what she was. Still there was much of pride to overcome ere she could calmly think of herself as other than Madam Conway's grandchild; and when that afternoon, as Henry and Rose were sitting with her, the latter spoke of her mother, saying she had a faint remembrance of a tall, handsome girl, who sang her to sleep on the night when her own mother died, there came a visible shadow over Maggie's face, and instantly changing the conversation, she asked why Henry had never told

Had to Give up and go to Bed.

Several Doctors Attended But Did No Good.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills CURED.

Read what Miss L. L. Hanson, Waterbury, N.B., says: "I feel it my duty to express the benefit I have received from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. A year ago last spring I began to have heart failure. At first I would have to stop working and lie down for a while. Then I got so bad I had to give up altogether and go to bed. I had several doctors attend me but they did me no good. I could get no relief until urged by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before I had used three quarters of a box I began to feel the benefit and by the time I had taken three boxes I was completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure nervousness, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, skip beats, and all troubles arising from the heart or nerves.

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THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited,

TORONTO, ONT.



Miss Rose Hennessy, well known as a poetess and elocutionist, of Lexington, Ky., tells how she was cured of uterine inflammation and ovaritis by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For years I enjoyed the best of health and thought that I would always do so. I attended parties and receptions thinly clad, and would be suddenly chilled, but I did not think of the results. I caught a bad cold eighteen months ago while menstruating, and this caused inflammation of the womb and congested ovaries. I suffered excruciating pains and kept getting worse. My attention was called to your Vegetable Compound and the wonderful cures it had performed, and I made up my mind to try it for two months and see what it would do for me. Within one month I felt much better, and at the close of the second I was entirely well."

"I have advised a number of my lady friends to use it, and all express themselves as well satisfied with the results as I was."—Miss Rose NORA HENNESSY, 410 S. Broadway, Lexington, Ky.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

her anything definite concerning himself and family.

For a moment Henry seemed embarrassed. Both the Hamiltons and the Warners were very aristocratic in their feelings, and by mutual consent, the name of Hester Warren was by them seldom spoken. Consequently, if there existed a reason for Henry's silence with regard to his own and Rose's history, it was that he disliked bringing up a subject he had been taught to avoid, both by his aunt and the mother of her father, who for several years after her son's death had lived with her daughter in Leominster, where she finally died. This, however, he could not say to Margaret, and after a little hesitancy he answered, laughingly, "You never asked me for any particulars; and then, you know, I was more agreeably occupied than I should have been had I spent my time in enlightening you with regard to our genealogy; and the saucy mouth smiled archly, first on Rose and then on Margaret, both of whom blushed slightly, the one suspecting he had not told her the whole truth, and the other knowing he had not."

Very considerate was Rose of Maggie's feelings, and not again that afternoon did she speak of Hester, though she talked much of her father; and Margaret, listening to his praises, felt herself insensibly drawn toward this new claimant for her filial love. "I wish I could have seen him," she said, and starting to her feet, Rose answered, "Strange I did not think of it before. We have his portrait. 'Come this way,' and she led the half-unwilling Mag, in an adjoining room, where from the wall a portly, good-humored-looking man gazed down upon the sisters, his eyes seeming to rest with mournful tenderness on the face of her whom in life they had not looked upon. He seemed older than Mag had supposed, and the hair upon his head was white, reminding her of Hagar. But she did not, for this, turn from him away. There was something pleasing in the mild expression of his face, and she whispered faintly, "Tis my father."

On the right of this portrait was another, the picture of a woman, in whose curling lip and soft-brown eyes Mag recognized the mother of Henry. To the left was another still, and she gazed upon the angel face, with eyes of violet blue, and hair of golden brown, on which the fading sunlight now was falling, encircling it, as it were, with a halo of glory. "You are much like her," she said to Rose, who made no answer, for she was thinking of another picture, which years before had been banished to the garret by her haughty grandmother as unworthy a place beside him who had netted and caressed the young girl of plebeian birth and kindred.

"I can make amends for it, though," thought Rose, returning with Mag to the parlor; then, seeking out her husband, she held with him a whispered consultation, the result of which was that on the morrow there was a rummaging in the garret, an absence from home for an hour or two, and when about noon she returned there was a pleased expression on her face, as if she had accomplished her purpose, whatever it might have been.

All the morning Mag had been restless and uneasy, wandering listlessly from room to room, looking anxiously down the street, starting nervously at the sound of every footstep, while her cheeks alternately flushed and then grew pale as the day passed on. Dinner being over, she sat alone in the parlor, her eyes fixed upon the carpet, and her thoughts away with one who she vaguely hoped would have followed her ere this. True, she had added no postscript to tell him of her new discovery; but Hagar knew, and he would go to her for a confirmation of the letter. She would tell him

where Mag was gone, and as, it was love could survive that shock, would follow her thither; nay, would be there that very day, and Maggie's heart grew weaker, fainter, as time wore on, and he did not come. "I might have known it," she whispered sadly. "I did know that he would never more think of me," and she wept silently over her ruined love.

"Maggie, sister," came to her ear, and Rose was at her side. "I have a surprise for you, darling. Can you beat it now?" Oh, how eagerly poor Maggie Miller looked up in Rose's face. The car whistle had sounded half an hour before. Could it be that he had come? Was he there? Did he love her still? No, Maggie, no; the surprise awaiting you is of a far different nature, and the tears flow as she looks at Rose, in reply to the question, "What is it, darling?" "It is this," at the same time placing in Maggie's hand an ambrotype which she bade her examine. With a feeling of keen disappointment, Maggie opened the casing, involuntarily shutting her eyes as if to gather strength for what she was to see.

It was a young face—a handsome face—a face much like her own, while in the curve of the upper lip, and the expression of the large black eyes, there was a look like Hagar Warren. They had met together thus, the one a living reality, the other a semblance of the dead, and she who held that picture trembled violently. There was a fierce struggle within, the wildly-beating heart throbbing for one moment with a new-born love, and then rebelling against taking that shadow, beautiful though it was, in place of her whose memory she had so long revered.

"Who is it, Maggie?" Rose asked, leaning over her shoulder.

Maggie knew full well whose face it was she looked upon, but not yet could she speak that name so interwoven with memories of another, and she answered mournfully, "It is Hester Hamilton."

"Yes, Margaret, your mother," said Rose. "I never called her by that name, but I respect her for your sake. She was my father's pet, they say, for he was comparatively old and she his young girl-wife."

"Where did you get this?" Maggie asked, and, coloring crimson, Rose replied: "We have always had her portrait, but grandmother, who was very old and foolishly proud about some things, was offended at our father's last marriage, and when, after his death, the portrait was brought here, she—forgive her, Maggie—she did not know you, or she would not have done it."

"I know," interrupted Maggie. "She despised this Hester Warren, and consigned her portrait to some spot from which you have brought it and had this taken from it."

"No," cried Rose, in great distress, as she saw a dark expression stealing over the face of Maggie, in whose heart a chord of sympathy had been struck, when she thought of her mother banished from her father's side. "Grandma could not despise her," continued Rose, "she was so good, so beautiful."

"Yes, she was beautiful," murmured Maggie, gazing earnestly upon the fair, round face, the soft, black eyes, and raven hair of her who for years had slept beneath the shadow of the Hillsdale woods. "Oh, I wish I was dead, like her," she exclaimed at last, closing the ambrotype and laying it upon the table. "I wish I was lying in that little grave in the place of her who should have borne my name, and been what I once was," and bowing her face upon her hands, she wept bitterly, while Rose tried in vain to comfort her. "I am not sorry you are my sister," sobbed Margaret through her tears. "That's the only comfort I have left me now; but Rose, I love Arthur Carrollton so much—oh, so much, and how can I give him up?"

(To Be Continued.)

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"For two years I was troubled with my kidneys," Mr. Perkins states, "and at last became so bad that the doctor gave me up and said I was incurable."

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"While in this condition a friend persuaded me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had little faith in them, and it was more to please him than anything else I gave them a trial."

"To my surprise the first box did me so much good that I felt like a new man. Five boxes cured me completely."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life and I cannot praise them too much."

"Thousands of cases similar to that of Mr. Perkins are the proof that any Kidney Disease from Backache to Bright's Disease yields readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

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