

# A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER II.

## Hagar's Secret.

(Continued.)  
In the pine cradle there was a rustling sound; the baby was awaking, and taking it upon her lap, Hagar soothed it again to sleep, gazing earnestly upon it to see if it were like its mother. It was a bright, healthy-looking infant, and though five days younger than that of Mrs. Miller, was quite as large and looked as old.

"And you will be a drudge, while she will be a lady," muttered Hagar, as her tears fell on the face of the sleeping child. "Why need this difference be?"

Old Hagar had forgotten the words "Lead us not into temptation;" and when the tempter answered "It need not be," she only started suddenly as if smitten by a heavy blow; but she did not drive him from her, and she sat there reasoning with herself that "it need not be." Neither the physician nor Madam Conway had paid any attention to Margaret's child; it had been her special care, while no one had noticed hers, and newly-born babies were so much alike that deception was an easy matter. But could she do it? Could she bear that secret on her soul? Madam Conway, though proud, had been kind to her, and could she thus deceive her? Would her daughter, sleeping in her early grave, approve the deed. "No, no," she answered aloud, "she would not;" and the great drops of perspiration stood thickly upon her dark, haggard face, as she arose and laid back in her cradle the child whom she had thought to make an heiress.

For a time the tempter left her, but returned ere long, and creeping into her heart sung to her beautiful songs of the future which might be, were Hester's baby a lady. And Hagar, listening to that song, fell asleep, dreaming that the deed was done by other agency than hers—that the little face resting on the downy pillow, and shaded by the costly lace, was lowly born; while the child, wrapped in the coarser blanket, came of nobler blood, even that of the Conways, who boasted more than one lordly title. With a nervous start she awoke at last and creeping to the cradle of mahogany, looked to see if her dream were true; but it was not. She knew it by the pinched, blue look about the nose, and the thin covering of hair. This was all the difference which even her eye could see, and probably no other per-

## WOMAN'S MOST SUCCESSFUL MEDICINE

Known All Over The World—Known Only For The Good It Has Done.

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or received so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In nearly every community you will find women who have been restored to health by this famous medicine. Almost every woman you meet knows of the great good it has been doing among suffering women for the past 30 years.

Fox Creek, N. B.—"I have always had pains in the abdomen and a weakness in my stomach, and often after meals a soreness in my stomach. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me much good. I am stronger, digestion is better and I can work with ambition. I have encouraged many mothers of families to take it as it is the best remedy in the world. You can publish this in the papers."—Mrs. WILLIAM S. BOUTIQUE, Fox Creek, N. B.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, many of whom state that it has saved them from surgical operations.

## How a cut led to 4 years of suffering

Mr. J. E. Arsenault, a Justice of the Peace and station master at Wellington, on the P. E. I. Ry., says: "Four years ago I fell on a freight truck, sustaining a bad cut on the front of my leg. I thought this would heal, but instead it developed into a bad ulcer, and later into a form of eczema which spread very rapidly and also started on the other leg. Both legs became so swollen and sore that I could only go about my work by having them bandaged."

## How Zam-Buk cured.

"This was my condition when I got my first box of Zam-Buk. Greatly to my delight that first box gave me relief. I continued to apply it to the sores, and day by day they got better. I could see that at last I had got hold of something which would cure me, and in the end it did."

"It is now over a year since Zam-Buk worked a cure in my case, and there has been no return of the eczema."

Purely herbal in composition, Zam-Buk is a sure cure for all skin diseases, cold sores, chapped hands, ulcers, blood-poisoning, varicose sores, piles, ringworm, inflamed patches, cuts, burns and bruises. All druggists and stores sell it. See box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., St. John's, Nfld.

St. John's, Nfld., for price Address all applications for sample and retail orders to T. McNEIL & CO., St. John's, Nfld.

Hagar's face, and instead of reproving her for her boldness, she said gently, "you have, indeed been sorely tried. Shall I send up Bertha to relieve you?"

"No, no," answered Hagar, hurriedly. "I am better alone."

The next moment Madam Conway was moving silently down the narrow hall, while Hagar, on her knees, was weeping passionately. One word of kindness had effected more than a thousand reproaches would have done; and wringing her hands, she cried, "I will not do it; I cannot."

Approaching the cradle, she was about to lift the child, when again Madam Conway was at the door. She had come, she said, to take the babe to Margaret, who seemed better this morning, and had asked to see it.

"Not now, not now. Wait till I put on her a handsomer dress, and I'll bring her myself," pleaded Hagar.

But Madam Conway saw no fault in the fine cambric wrapper, and taking the infant in her arms, she walked away, while Hagar followed slowly. Very lovingly the mother folded to her bosom the babe, calling it her artless one, and wetting its face with her tears, while through the half closed door peered Hagar's wild, lark eyes—one moment lighting up with exultation as she muttered, "It's my flesh, my blood, proud lady!" and the next growing dim with tears, as she thought of the evil she had done.

"I did not know she had so much hair," said Mrs. Miller, parting the silken locks. "I think it will be like mine," and she gave the child to her mother, while Hagar glided swiftly back to her room.

That afternoon the clergyman, whose church Mrs. Conway usually attended, called to see Mrs. Miller, who suggested that both the children should receive the right of baptism. Hagar was accordingly bidden to prepare them for the ceremony, and resolving to make one more effort to undo what she had done, she dressed the child, whom she had thought to wrong, in its own clothes, and then anxiously awaited her mistress's coming.

"Hagar Warren! What does this mean? Are you crazy?" sternly demanded Madam Conway, when the old nurse held up before her the child with the blue nose.

"No, not crazy yet; but I shall be, if you don't take this one first," answered Hagar.

More than once that day Madam Conway had heard the servants hint that Hagar's grief had driven her insane; and now, when she observed the unnatural brightness in her eyes, and saw what she had done, she thought it possible that her mind was partially unsettled; so she said gently, but firmly, "this is no time for foolishness, Hagar. They are waiting for us in the sick room; so make haste and change the baby's dress."

There was something authoritative in her manner, and Hagar obeyed, whispering incoherently to herself, and thus further confirming her mistress' suspicions that she was partially insane. During the ceremony, she stood, tall and erect, like some dark, grim statue, her hands firmly locked together, and her eyes fixed upon the face of the little one, who was baptized "Margaret Miller." As the clergyman pronounced that name, she uttered a low, gasping moan, but her face betrayed no emotion, and very calmly she stepped forward, with the other child upon her arm.

"What name?" asked the minister.

## Nerves Are Exhausted

And nervous prostration or paralysis is creeping steadily upon you. You hear of people suddenly falling victims of nervous prostration or some form of paralysis. But when you get all the facts of the case you find that they have had months or years of warning.

They haven't slept well. There has been frequent attacks of nervous headache. Digestion has failed. They have been irritable, easily worried and excited and have found memory and concentration failing.

Had they but known that these symptoms tell of exhausted nerves or had they realized their danger they would have restored the feeble, wasted nerves by use of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This great restorative treatment cures by forming new, rich blood and by rebuilding the wasted nerve cells. No medicine is more certain to prove of lasting benefit to the system. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50; at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co. Toronto.

## H.P. SAUCE

is the new Sauce imported from England. It is made by blending together the most delicious Oriental fruits and spices, with Pure Malt Vinegar by a secret process. The Grocers and Stores over here are already selling H.P. Sauce. Buy a bottle to-day!

and she answered, "her mother's call her for her mother!"

"Hester," said Madam Conway, turning to the clergyman, who understood nothing from Hagar's reply.

So "Hester" was the name given to the child, in whose veins the blood of English noblemen was flowing; and when the ceremony was ended, Hagar bore back to her room "Hester Hamilton," the child defrauded of her birthright, and "Maggie Miller," the heroine of our story.

## CHAPTER III.

### Hester and Maggie.

"It is over now," old Hagar thought, as she laid the children upon their pillows. "The deed is done, and by their own hands, too. There is nothing left for me now but a confession, and that I cannot make;" so with a heavy weight upon her soul, she sat down resolving to keep her own counsel and abide the consequence, whatever it might be.

But it wore upon her terribly—that secret—and though it helped in a measure to divert her mind from dwelling too much upon her daughter's death, it haunted her continually, making her a strange, eccentric woman, whom the servants persisted in calling crazy, while even Madam Conway failed to comprehend her.

Her face, which was always dark, seemed to have acquired a darker, harder look, while her eyes wore a wild, startled expression, as if she were constantly followed by some tormenting fear. At first, Mrs. Miller objected to trusting her with the babe, but when Madam Conway suggested that the woman had charge of little Hester should also take care of Maggie, she fell upon her knees and begged most piteously that the child should not be taken from her. "Everything I have ever loved has left me," said she, "and I cannot give her up."

"But they say you are crazy," answered Madam Conway, somewhat surprised that Hagar should manifest so much affection for a child not at all connected to her. "They say you are crazy, and no one trusts a crazy woman."

"Crazy!" repeated Hagar, half scornfully, "crazy—'tis not craziness—'tis the trouble—the trouble—that's killing me. But I'll hide it closer than it's hidden now," she continued, "if you'll let her stay; and fore Heaven, I swear, that sooner than harm one hair of Maggie's head, I'd part with my own life!" and taking the sleeping child in her arms, she stood like a wild beast at bay.

Madam Conway did not herself really believe in Hagar's insanity. She had heretofore been perfectly faithful to whatever was committed to her care, so she bade her be quiet, saying she would trust her for a time.

"Warren, I'll stop it; I'll be as still as the grave, and when next they gossip about me, it shall be something besides my craziness."

To be continued.

To make gelatine harder quickly, use only half the boiling water called for. When the gelatine is dissolved and the other ingredients added, mix in the rest of the water, cold, and in a few minutes, instead of a half hour, the jelly will be cold enough to put on the ice.

## AN EASTER OFFERING TO THE LADIES.

OUR STYLISH

# Two-and-a-Half Boots

FOR

## 2 and a 1-4.

SEASONABLE.—Gun Metal, Blucher and Buttoned, with dull kid slant tops.

DRESSY.—Patent Leather, Blucher and Buttoned, dull kid slant tops, opera toe.

# C. L. MARCH Co., LIMITED

# Balance Stock

—OF—

## Fur Coats, Furs, Muffs, Persian Lamb Caps, Collars, etc

Will be cleared at a Discount of from

# 20 to 33 1-3 per cent.

OFF REGULAR PRICES.

# U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.



THE NEARSIGHTED OR MYOPIC EYE, GLASSES NEEDED.



THE FARSIGHTED OR HYPERMETROPIC EYE GLASSES NEEDED.

There is the Stigmatic Eye, under which heading comes compound and simple Hypermetropic, Myopic and Mixed Astigmatism. These cause much suffering. Diplopia or double vision and strabismus are also accountable for a great deal of pain and annoyance. The remedy is properly fitted Glasses. Why do you suffer when the relief is so near at hand. Go to

**R. H. TRAPNELL,** Eyesight Specialist  
Water Street

All kinds of Frames and Mountings kept in Stock All kinds of Lenses ground at an hour's notice.



We THE G you STYLE WORK large TA GO in t good Mail pror Samp meas sent JOHN Tailor Dnclaw

MASSEY-HARRIS CO. Farming Implements



We are now booking over those High Grade and well Implements, and would re- tending purchasers to place order as soon as possible. Catalogue and Prices on application

**MARTIN HARDWARE**  
mch21

## NEW GOODS

JUST OPENED THIS WE

Ladies' Straw Hats, Dress Blouse Cloths, M Lawns, Rib

All very newest and up-to-date goods. Quality

**WILLIAM FREW, WA**

## The Public Demand

is for pr in times of distress—a w is in value as big as a c any of my policy holders taken me to square up am willing to stand or say.

**PERCIE JO**

## FIRE INSUR

FIDELITY (FIRE) UNDERWRITERS. CAPITAL: \$4,500,000.00. Ever Ready to Meet the Largest Losses in

**CYRIL J. CAHILL, Agent** Offices: Law Chamber O. Box, No. 8 Telephone No. 374.

# FUSSELL

FULL CREAM MILK CONDENSED MILK

IS THE CREAM OF MILK

Advertise in The Evening Telegram