

A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Home.

Hagar's mind was wandering amid the scenes of bygone years, but it soon came back again to the present time, and she asked of Margaret whence that picture came. In a few words, Maggie told her, and then for a time there was silence, which was broken at last by Hagar's voice, weaker now than when she spoke before.

"Maggie," she said, "what of this Arthur Carrolton! Will he make you his bride?"

"He has so promised," answered Maggie. Hagar continued: "He will take you to England, and you will be a lady, sure. Margaret, listen to me. 'Tis the last time we shall ever talk together, you and I, and I am glad that it is so. I have greatly stinned but I have been forgiven, and I am willing to die. Everything I wished for has come to pass, even the hearing you call me by that blessed name; but, Maggie, when to-morrow they say that I am dead—when you come down to look upon me lying here asleep—you needn't call me 'Grandmother'; you may say 'poor Hagar,' with the rest. And, Maggie, is it too much to ask that your own hands will arrange my hair, fix my cap, and straighten my poor old crooked limbs for the coffin? And if I should look decent, will you, when nobody sees you do it—Madam Conway, Arthur Carrolton, nobody who is proud—will you, Maggie, kiss me once for the sake of what I've suffered that you might be what you are?"

"Yes, yes, I will," was Maggie's answer, her tears falling fast, and a fear creeping into her heart, as by the dim candle light she saw a nameless shadow setting over Hagar's face.

The servant entered at this moment, and glancing at old Hagar, sunk into a chair, for she knew that shadow was death.

"Maggie," and the voice was now a whisper, "I wish I could once more see this Mr. Carrolton. 'Tis the nature of his kin to be sometimes overbearing, and though I am only old Hagar Warren, he might heed my dying words, and be more thoughtful of your happiness. Do you think that he would come?"

Ere Maggie had time to answer, there was a step upon the floor, and Arthur Carrolton stood at her side. He had waited for her long, and growing at last impatient, had stolen to the open door, and when the dying woman asked for him he had trampled down his pride, and entered the humble room. Winding his arm round Margaret, who trembled violently, he said, "Hagar, I am here. Have you aught to say to me?"

By the side of Hester Hamilton they made another grave, and with Arthur Carrolton and Rose standing at either side, Margaret looked on while the weary and worn was laid to rest; then slowly she retraced her steps, walking now with Madam Conway, for Arthur Carrolton and Rose had lingered at the grave, talking to gether of a plan which had presented itself to the minds of both as they stood by the humble stone which told where Margaret's mother slept. To Margaret, however, they said not a word, nor yet to Madam Conway, though they both united in urging the two ladies to accompany Theo to Worcester for a few days.

"Mrs. Warner will help me to keep house," Mr. Carrolton said, advancing the while so many good reasons why Margaret at least should go, that she finally consented, and went down to Worcester, together with Madam Conway, George Douglas, Theo and Henry, the latter of whom seemed quite as forlorn as did she herself, for Rose was left behind, and without her he was nothing.

Madam Conway had been very gracious to him; his family were good, and when, as they passed the Charlton depot, thoughts of the leg-horn bonnet and blue umbrella introduced themselves upon her, she half wished that Henry had broken his leg in Theo's behalf, and so saved her from hearing the name of Douglas.

The week went by, passing rapidly as all weeks will, and Margaret was again at home. Rose was there still, and just as the sun was setting, she took her sister's hand and led her out into the open air toward the resting-place of the dead, where a change had been wrought, and Margaret, leaning over the iron gate, comprehended the feeling which had prompted Mr. Carrolton and Rose to desire her absence for a time. The humble stone was gone, and in its place there stood a handsome monument, less imposing and less expensive than that of Mrs. Miller, it is true, but still chaste and elegant, bearing upon it "Hagar Warren," and her daughter, "Hester Hamilton," with the years of their death. The little grave, too, where for many years Maggie herself had been supposed to sleep, was not beneath the

pine tree now; that mound was levelled down, and another had been made, just where the grass was growing rank and green beneath the shadows of the taller stone, and there side by side they lay at last together, the mother and her infant child.

"It was kind in you to do this," Margaret said, and then, with her arm round Rose's waist, she spoke of the coming time when the sun of another hemisphere would be shining down upon her, saying she should think often of that hour, that spot, and that sister, who answered: "Every year when the spring rains fall, I shall come to see that the grave has been well kept, for you know that she was my mother, too," and she pointed to the name of "Hester," deep cut in the polished marble.

"Not yours, Rose, but mine," said Maggie. "My mother she was, and as such I will cherish her memory;" then, with her arm still around her sister's waist, she walked slowly back to the house.

A little later, and while Arthur Carrolton, with Maggie at his side, was talking to her of something which made the bushes burn on her still pale cheeks, Madam Conway herself walked out to witness the improvements, lingering longest at the little grave, and saying to herself, "It was very thoughtful of Arthur, very, to do what I should have done myself ere 'his, had I not been afraid of Margaret's feelings."

Then turning to the new monument, she admired its chaste beauty, but hardly knew whether she was pleased to have it there or not.

(To be continued.)

H.P. SAUCE

THE NEW SAUCE
Is the sauce of the 20th century.
Grocers all over the world are selling it freely.

Connoisseurs prefer it, in fact, they always use it. Do You?

Quickly the glazed eyes turned toward him, and the clammy hand was timidly extended. He took it unhesitatingly, while the pale lips murmured faintly: "Maggie's, too."

Then holding both between her own old Hagar said solemnly: "Young man, as you hope for heaven, deal kindly with my child," and Arthur Carrolton answered aloud: "As I hope for heaven, I will," while Margaret fell upon her knees and wept. Raising herself in bed, Hagar laid her hands upon the head of the kneeling girl, breathing over her a blessing; then the hands pressed heavily, the fingers clung with a loving-grasp, as it were, to the bands of shining hair—the thin lips ceased to move—the head fell back upon the pillow, motionless and still, and Arthur Carrolton, leading Margaret away, told to her gently that Hagar was dead.

Carefully, tenderly, as if she had been a wounded dove, did the whole household demean themselves toward Margaret, seeing that everything needful was done, but mentioning never in her presence the name of the dead, and Margaret's position was a trying one, for though Hagar had been her grandmother, she had never regarded her as such, and she could not now affect a grief she did not feel. Still from her earliest childhood she had loved the strange old woman, and she mourned for her now as friend mourned for friend, when there is no tie of blood between them.

Her promise, too, was kept, and with her own hands she smoothed the snow-white hair, tied on the muslin cap, folded the stiffened arms, and then, unmindful who was looking on, kissed twice the placid face, which seemed to smile on her in death.

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SURE CURE FOR THRUSH

Worst Cases Yield To Douglas' Egyptian Liniment

Mr. J. L. Boyes, secretary of the Napaeue Driving Park Association has had a good deal of experience with thrush on horses' feet, and has tried various remedies. He writes:—

"I have cured bad cases of diseased feet or thrush on horses with Douglas' Egyptian Liniment with two or three applications, after calomel, salt, coal oil, etc., had completely failed to do the work. I consider it a waste of time to use anything but Douglas' Egyptian Liniment for thrush."

Such an emphatic statement from an experienced horseman speaks volumes for Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. Another man who has found it most effective is Mr. John Garrison, Morven, Ont. He says:—

"One of my horses had thrush so bad that his feet became offensive, and the neighbours advised me to shoot him. Before doing so I decided to try Douglas' Egyptian Liniment, and in a short time my horse's feet were as sound as ever."

Twenty-five cents at all Druggists. Free sample request. Douglas & Co., Napaeue, Ont.

CHAPTER XXV.
AUGUST EIGHTEENTH, 1858.

Years hence, if the cable coil, resting far down in the mermaid's home, shall prove a bond of perfect peace between the mother and her child, thousands will recall the bright summer morning, when through the caverns of the mighty deep, the first electric message came, thrilling the nation's heart, quickening the nation's pulse, and with the music of the dejected bell the noise of the cannon's roar, proclaiming to the listening multitude that the Isle beyond the sea, and the lands which to the westward lie, were bound together, shore to shore, by a strange, mysterious tie. And two there are who, in their happy home, will oft look back upon that day, that eighteenth day of August, which gave to one of Britain's sons as fair and beautiful a bride as e'er went forth from the New England hills to dwell beneath a foreign sky.

They had not intended to be married so soon, for Margaret would wait a little longer; but an unexpected and urgent summons home made it necessary for Mr. Carrolton to go, and so by chance the bridal day was fixed for the eighteenth. None save the family were present, and Madam Conway's tears fell fast, as the words were spoken which made them one, for by those words she knew that she and Margaret must part. But not forever; for when the next year's autumn leaves shall fall, the old house by the mill will again be without a mistress, while in a handsome country seat beyond the sea Madam Conway will demean herself right proudly, as becometh the grandmother of Mrs. Carrolton. Theo, too, and Rose, will both be there; for their husbands have so promised, and when the Christmas fires are kindled on the hearth, and the ancient pictures on the wall take a richer tinge from the ruddy light, there will be a happy group assembled within the Carrolton halls; and Margaret, the happiest of them all, will then almost forget that ever in the Hillside woods, sitting at Hagar's feet, she listened with a breaking heart to the story of her birth.

To be continued.

Nine Moors Condemned.

FEZ, Morocco, May 17.—A court martial sitting here to-day condemned the Moors to death for participation in the massacre in the middle of April, when fifteen French officers and forty soldiers were killed and 12 French civilians massacred, while our French officers and 7 soldiers were wounded and over a hundred Jews slain and a large number wounded and mutilated. The houses in the Jewish quarter were burned and thousands were rendered homeless. The heads of the slain Europeans were carried on pikes by the native troops through the streets of the city.

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If you want to have a beautiful head of hair, free from Dandruff, use SALVIA once a day and watch the results.

SALVIA is guaranteed to stop falling hair and restore the hair to its natural color. The greatest Hair Vigor known.

Amherst Boy Drowned in Tub of Water.

Amherst, May 15.—A sad accident occurred near the Victor Wood Working Company's plant this morning when George Henry, the three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Burgess, met with a sudden death under very painful circumstances. The little boy was out playing about the yard when he fell head first into a tub of water, a portion of the tub being below the level of the earth, and used as a well. He was not discovered until some minutes afterwards, and notwithstanding the efforts that were made to regain life, death ensued. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Burgess in their sad bereavement.

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Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food will enable you to avoid such extreme nervous trouble as prostration and paralysis. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50; at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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