

A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XVI.

Perplexity.

'On the contrary,' he replied, 'I should be sorry to leave America just yet. I have, therefore, decided to remain a little longer,' and his eyes sought the face of Maggie, who, in her joyful surprise, dropped the knife with which she was helping herself to butter, while Anna, Jeffrey, quite as much astonished, upset her coffee, exclaiming: 'Not going home! What has changed your mind?'

Mr. Carrollton made her no direct reply, and she continued her breakfast in no very amiable mood; while Maggie, too much overjoyed to eat, managed, ere long, to find an excuse for leaving the table. Mr. Carrollton wished to do everything honourably, and so he decided to say nothing to Mag of the cause of this sudden change in his plan until Henry Warner's answer was received, as she should then feel free to act as she felt. His resolution, however, was more easily made than kept, and during the succeeding weeks, by actions, if not by words, he more than once told Maggie Miller how much she was beloved; and Maggie, trembling with fear lest the cup of happiness just within her grasp should be rudely dashed aside, waited impatiently for the letter which was to set her free. But weeks went by, and Maggie's heart grew sick with hope deferred, for there came to her no message from the distant Cuban shore where, in another chapter, we will for a moment go.

CHAPTER XVIII.
BROTHER AND SISTER.

Brightly shone the moonlight on the sunny side of Cuba, dancing lightly on the wave, resting softly on the orange groves, and stealing gently through the casement into the room where a young girl lay, whiter far than the flowers strewn upon her pillow. From the commencement of the voyage, Rose had drooped, growing weaker every day, until at last all who looked upon her felt that the home of which she talked so much would never again be gladdened by her presence. Very tenderly Henry Warner nursed her, bearing her often in his arms upon the vessel's deck, where she could breathe the fresh morning air as it came rippling o'er the sea. But neither ocean breeze nor yet the fragrant breath of Florida's aromatic bowers, where for a time they stopped, had power to rouse her; and when at last Havana was reached, she laid her weary head upon her pillow, whispering to no one of the love which was wearing her life away. With untold anguish at their hearts, both her aunt and Henry watched her; the latter shrinking ever from the thoughts of losing one who seemed a part of his very life.

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Mrs. C. Cole Tells How Her Daughter was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Fitchville, Ohio. "I take great pleasure in writing to thank you for what your medicine has done for my daughter. Before taking your medicine she was all run down, suffered from pains in her side, could not walk but a short distance at a time, and had severe pains in head and limbs. She came very near having nervous prostration. She had begun to cough a good deal and seemed melancholy by spells. She tried two doctors but got little help. "I cannot find words to express my gratefulness for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for my daughter. She feels and looks like another girl since taking it, and I shall always feel that I owe you a great debt. "You can use this letter for the benefit of others if you wish, as I shall always recommend your medicines for female troubles."—Mrs. C. COLE, Fitchville, Ohio.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

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Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



H.P. SAUCE
At Lunch Time make a point of trying H.P. Sauce, you will be delighted with the new and delicious flavour, quite different from ordinary sauces.

"I cannot give you up, Rose. I cannot live without you," he said, when once she talked to him of death. "You are all the world to me," and laying his head upon her pillow he wept as men will sometimes weep over their first great sorrow.

"Don't, Henry," she said, laying her tiny hand upon his hair: "Maggie will comfort you when I am gone. She will talk to you of me, standing at my grave, for, Henry, you must not leave me here alone. You must carry me home and bury me in dear old Leominster, where my childhood was passed, and where I learned to love you so much, oh, so much!"

There was a mournful pathos in the tone with which the last words were uttered, but Henry Warner did not understand it, and covering the little, blue-veined hand with kisses, he promised that her grave should be made at the foot of the garden in their far-off home, where the sunset light fell softly, and the moonbeams gently shone. That evening Henry sat alone by Rose, who had fallen into a disturbed slumber. For a time he took no notice of the disconnected words she uttered in her dreams, but drew near, and bending low, listened with mingled emotions of joy, sorrow and surprise to a secret which, waking, she would never have told to him, above all others. She loved him—not as a sister loves, and now, as he stood by her, with the knowledge thrilling every nerve, he remembered many long scenes, where, but for his blindness, he would have seen how every pulsation of her heart throbbled alone for him whose hand was plighted to another, and that other no unworthy rival. Beautiful, very beautiful, was the shadowy form which, at that moment, seemed standing at his side, and his heart went out toward her as the one above all others to be his bride.

"Had I known it sooner," he thought, "known it before I met the peerless Mag, I might have taken Rose to my bosom and loved her, it may be, with a deeper love than that I feel for Maggie Miller, for Rose is everything to me. She has made and keeps me what I am, and how can I let her die, when I have the power to save her?"

There was a movement upon the pillow. Rose was waking, and as her soft blue eyes unclosed and looked up in his face he wound his arms round her, kissing her lips, as never before he had kissed her. She was not his sister now—the veil was torn away—a new feeling had been awakened, and as days and weeks went by there gradually crept in between him and Maggie Miller a new love—even a love for the fair-haired Rose, to whom he was kinder, if possible, than he had been before, though he seldom kissed her lips or caressed her in any way.

"It would be wrong," he said, "a wrong to himself—a wrong to her—and a wrong to Maggie Miller, to whom his troth was plighted," and he did not wish it otherwise, he thought; though insensibly there came over him a wish that Maggie herself might weary of the engagement and seek to break it. "Not that he loved her the less," he reasoned, "but that he pitied Rose the more."

In this manner time passed on, until at last there came to him Maggie's letter, which had been a long time on the sea.

"I expected it," he thought, as he finished reading it, and though conscious for a moment of a feeling of disappointment, the letter brought him far more pleasure than pain.

Of Arthur Carrollton no mention had been made, but he readily guessed the truth; and, thinking 'it is well,' he laid the letter aside and went back to Rose, deciding to say nothing to her then. He would wait until his own feelings were more perfectly defined. So a week went by, and again, as he had often done before, he sat with her alone in the stilly night, watched her as she slept, and thinking how beautiful she was, with her golden hair shading her childish face, her long eyelashes resting on her cheek, and her little hands folded meekly upon her bosom.

"She is too beautiful to die," he murmured, pressing a kiss upon her lips. This act awoke her, and, turning towards him, she said: "Was I dreaming, Henry, or did you kiss me as you used to do?"

"Not dreaming, Rose," he answered; then, rather hurriedly, he added: "I have a letter from Maggie Miller, and ere I answer it I would read it to you. Can you hear it now?"

"Yes, yes," she whispered faintly, "read it to me, Henry;" and, turning her face away, she listened, while he read that Maggie Miller, grown weary of her troth, asked a release from her engagement.

He finished reading, and then waited in silence to hear what Rose would say. But for a time she did not speak. All hope for herself had long since died away, and now she experienced only sorrow for Henry's disappointment.

"My poor brother," she said, at last, turning her face toward him and taking his hand in hers, "I am sorry for you—to lose us both, Maggie and me. What will you do?"

"Rose," he said, bending so low that his brown locks mingled with the yellow tresses of her hair, "Rose, I do not regret Maggie Miller's decision, neither do I blame her for it. She is a noble, true-hearted girl, and so long as I live I shall esteem her highly; but I, too, have changed—have learned to love another. Will you sanction this new love, dear Rose? Will you say that it is right?"

The white lids closed wearily over the eyes of blue, but they could not keep back the tears which rolled down her face, as she answered, somewhat sadly: "Who is it, Henry?"

There was another moment of silence, and then he whispered in her ear: "People call her Rose; I once called her sister; but my heart now, claims her for something nearer. My Rose," he continued, "shall it be? Will you live for my sake? Will you be my wife?"

The shock was too sudden—too great, and neither on that night, nor yet the succeeding day, had Rose the power to answer. But as the dew of heaven is to the parched and dying flower, so were these words of love to her, imparting at once new life and strength, making her, as it were, another creature. The question asked that night so unexpectedly was answered at last; and then, with almost perfect happiness at her heart, she, too, added a few lines to the letter which Henry sent to Maggie Miller, over whose pathway, hitherto so bright, a fearful shadow was falling.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Peddler.

It was a rainy April day—a day which precluded all outdoor exercise, and Hagar Warren, from the window of her cabin, watched in vain for the coming of Maggie Miller. It was now more than a week since she had been there, for both Arthur Carrollton and herself had accompanied the disappointed Anna Jeffrey to New York, going with her on board the vessel which was to take her from a country she so affected to dislike. "I dare say you'll be Maggie somebody else ere I meet you again," she said to Maggie, at parting, and Mr. Carrollton, on her journey home, found it hard to keep from asking her if for the "somebody else" she would substitute his name and so be "Maggie Carrollton."

This, however, he did not do; but his attentions were so marked, and his manner toward her so affectionate that there Hillsdale was reached there was in Maggie's mind no longer a doubt as to the nature of his feelings toward her. Arrived at home, he kept her constantly at his side, while Hagar, who was suffering from a slight attack of rheumatism, and could not go up to the stone house, waited and watched, thinking herself almost willing to be teased for the secret, if she could once more hear the sound of Maggie's voice. The secret, however, had been forgotten in the exciting scenes through which Maggie had passed since first she learned of its existence; and it was

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now a long, long time since she had mentioned it to Hagar, who each day grew more and more determined never to reveal it. "My life is almost ended," she thought, "and the secret shall go with me to my grave. Margaret will be happier without it, and it shall not be revealed." Thus she reasoned on that rainy afternoon, when she sat waiting for Maggie, who, she heard, had returned the day before. Slowly the hours dragged on, and the night shadows fell at last upon the forest trees, creeping into the corners of Hagar's room, resting upon the hearthstone, falling upon the window pane, creeping up the wall, and affecting Hagar with a nameless fear of some impending evil. This fear not even the flickering flame of the lamp, which she lighted at last, and placed upon the mantel, was able to dispel, for the shadows grew darker, folding themselves around her heart, until she covered her eyes with her hands, lest some goblin should spring into life before her.

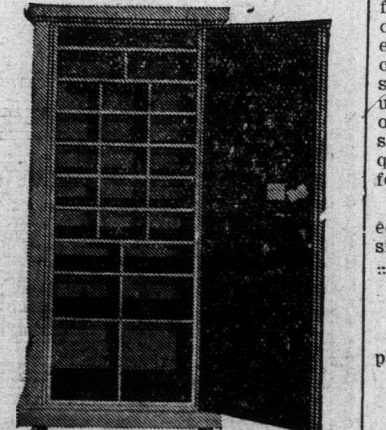
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