THE SIN OF HAGAR

SYNOPSIS.—CHAPTER I.—At Chudleigh Salterton, in Devonshire, England, Lord Straubenzee and his daughter Nannie become interested in a strange couple, father and daughter, the father being called the Wizard. II.—The Wizard is murdered, and the murderer is unknown. Lord Straubenzee in pity takes the Wizard's daughter Hagar home to live with him. III and IV.—Will Cassalis, Nannie's lover, is warned against Hagar and Will warns off. V, VI, VII and VIII.—Hagar goes to school with Nannie, and Will Cassalis is ordered by Lord Straubenzee to go abroad for a year in order to test the strength of the affection between Will and Nannie. IX and X.—Nannie and Hagar return from school, where Blake Trelawney, Cassalis' rival, has an opportunity to try to win Nannie. He declares that he will gain her by hook or by crook. XI and XII.—Cassalis returns. Trelawney tries to induce Hagar to use a malign influence she possesses to compel Nannie to marry him in preference to Cassalis. XIII, XIV and XV.—Nannie feels Trelawney's power over her, and to escape it she consents to marry Cassalis clandestinely.

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Lord Straubenzee tried very hard to simulate anger when the culprits appeared before him, but he was at heart a simple, sincere man, so he soon gave up the effort and blessed them instead. He thought them very sensible to go straight to Cassilis castle, which was hardly a dozen miles away, and he hoped they would come over for the 1st and stay as long as pleased them. Nannie's fortune was her own, so no formalities were required, while as to the new clothes they could be finished at leisure, and, in short, everything arranged itself with an ease that might have alarmed those persons who vow that the course of true love never did run smooth.

Even Hagar partly erased the ill impression she had made by declaring she had danced herself to death overnight and got a fit of nerves next morning in consequence, and Lady Lirriper openly admired the lover's sense and announced that as she did not mean to stay and be wet blanketed by Straubenzee after the shooting party had separated she should see a great deal of Nannie and Will when she came to the Bachelor's cottage, which was only a stone's throw from the castle.

And yet on this the happiest, most keenly longed for day of his life was it a presage of misfortune that as he and his darling Nannie drove through the gates to that home where they were so eagerly expected a glimpse of the gables of Bachelor's cottage, showing through the park, should vividly remind Will that here, under shadow of his very roof tree, Blake Trelawny was sure to be a constant and welcome guest? Thrusting the thought from him, he turned suddenly and clasped his young wife in his arms. Even if she were not strong enough to take care of herself he was, as he had told his unprincipled rival, strong enough to keep fast hold upon what he had won, and he could almost forgive Blake's passion and despair, for had he not lost the dearest little girl in the whole world?

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"You must not go back to Shorter, my dear," said Lady Lirriper to Hagar that evening. "Straubenzee wants you to stay here till I go to the cottage, and you must come too. Then if you have not made a selection from the well born jokels of the neighborhood you can come to South Audley street, and be my companion, and mend my lace—if you insist upon being independent—but if you'll take my advice you'll marry well, and forget Will Cassilis," she added below her breath. But Hagar heard her as she turned away, and a strange, wild, wicked look came into her face. She drew in her breath hard, and stood stock still, then as one who thrust aside a frightful thought passed one hand across her brow. Why not?

The moon was still in the sky. She would have opportunities by the score. That which she had thought to bury fathoms deep in the well at Chudleigh Salterton leaped up and seized her by the throat. For a moment she saw red, then all at once she seemed to find herself standing on a seashore watching the miracle of day breaking upon the waters, and heard her own voice beseeching God to give her a chance. And God had given it her—in spite of everything. He had trusted her once more, and given it her. The chance was not her own to be flung into the abysses of hell. She might not, she dared not, break faith with him.

CHAPTER XVII.

Blake Trelawny had disappeared. His servants, accustomed to his eccentric appearances and disappearances, began at last to grow uneasy when a week passed and his bed was unslept in and the meals laid for him each day remained untouched.

And Lirriper howled for her Trelawny and would not be comforted, wanted to have all the ponds in the neighborhood dragged and rewards for his discovery offered, and went over twice to upbraid Nannie with her wickedness in driving to despair the only man worth speaking to in the county.

But Nannie and Will were hard to catch, and beating the grounds for them was of little use, seeing that, as Lady Lirriper disgustedly affirmed, those graceless young people spent their whole time in sliding down haystacks, hiding in barns and effacing themselves generally when, after a decent pause, the county rushed en masse to call upon them.

And I am afraid that the thought of Blake at the bottom of a pond, with pike and gudgeon for bed companions, did not greatly trouble either of these happy young people. They were only thankful that nothing intruded on their bliss, and life just then to the slim girl and her strapping lover was one long golden hour in which the pain of the past year was utterly forgotten.

The young men of the county came over in quite large detachments to see the dear little girl who had so neatly become Lady Anna Cassilis without giving any of them a chance, and a good deal in the way of gayety was expected of the young pair in the future, and the castle was eyed prospectively as a distinct gain to the neighborhood.

One and all, however, retired discomfited, as even on wet days the Cassilises were not to be found at home, and as Will had invited no guns and did not go out himself the keepers scratched their heads and vowed it was a rare unseasonable September.

Well, the little brown birds had a respite, and looking back across long days of agony the lovers were able later to thank God that for a time they had been utterly, perfectly happy, as many of us, looking back, say grace for the happy childhood that was our one buckler against the storms and miseries of after life.

This state of beatitude lasted a fortnight precisely, the first note of discord being struck by Lady Lirriper's announcement that she should either murder herself or her brother if she staid at Straubenzee much longer, and the cottage must be got ready without delay, the town servants being under orders to come down at a moment's notice. Will's jaw dropped as he read the letter at breakfast, their table drawn close up to the open window which looked out on the park.

"Our holidays are over, Nannie," he said ruefully. "She will turn the place upside down, and we shall not be able to call our souls our own. Fool that I was to offer it her."

"We can always run away," said Nannie, whose blond, curly head showed out delightfully against the oak wainscoting of the quaint room, "and it won't be for long. She is due at South Audley street in October."

"Well, the only comfort is she won't have Trelawny running in and out." He paused, then said: "I've been rough on that poor chap, darling. Suppose he is dead after all?"

"Not a bit of it," said Nannie heartlessly. "He has probably gone off to the other branch of his family in Cornwall, and there I hope he'll stop," she added, nodding with all the irreconciledness of a woman who has been offered a personal insult from one she does not love.

Involuntarily she put up her hand to her shoulder as if she still felt the caress Blake had burned upon it, and concerning the cause of which she had been forced to lie to her husband, and for both of these things she never would forgive Trelawny—never.

"Poor devil," said Will, not knowing her thoughts, "but he loved you before I did, little one, and always thought he had a claim upon you. It was your father's obstinacy that gave him his chance, and after all one can't blame him for trying to win you," he added, happiness and Trelawny's admirable absence having greatly softened his feelings toward that gentleman.

Nannie tossed her head and Will rushed round the table to remove the first frown he had ever seen on the forehead of his beloved.

"Nasty people," she said, rubbing her cheek against Will's like one young donkey browsing affectionately against another. "Why can't they stop away? Though you'd get awfully sick of me if something or other didn't happen! You must really take your gun and go out today; your head gamekeeper comes up every day for orders and is sent empty away."

"If you'll come to," said Will reluctantly—"to luncheon, I mean, and walk as far as the woods with me and fetch me home early"—

They both burst out laughing, and Nannie went back to her seat.

"And I'll go over to the cottage," she said, "and take the housekeeper to see what is wanted. It's to be hoped there are plenty of card tables anyway."

Compton came in with a hot dish, and Will sent word to the keeper that he would shoot that day, then fell into low spirits and declared Nannie was a little beast to drive him away and reminded her that firearms sometimes went off unexpectedly, at which Nannie laughed, for she had not been brought up in the country and among sportsmen for nothing.

"Just think," she said, "last year this time I was at school, and my dear boy was popping away at the birds in a very bad temper, whereas today"—

They flew into each other's arms, scared by the thought, and by slow degrees made elaborate preparations for saying farewell to each other for half a morning, and then having spent an hour or so in seeing one another off, Will at last, keepers, beaters and dogs at his heels, tore himself away, while Nannie, furtively wiping away a tear, walked across the little park to inspect the little pied a terre that Lady Lirriper condescended to lend.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Waiting alone in his warm corner and thinking of Nannie, Will heard a snapping of twigs, a crackling of boughs hard by, and the next moment Blake Trelawny was standing before him.

He carried a gun and looked calm and in his sane mind, though his ebon hair had become streaked with gray, and his face was livid and seamed as it had not been a few short weeks ago.

"Cassilis," he said abruptly, "I was mad and a blackguard the other day. Forget it; make her forget it if you can. A man does not deliberately hound down the woman he loves, and she's safe from me. I have been away, where God knows, I don't, and I can go again if you have any doubts of me. But I have myself well in hand now," he smiled grimly, "and the grip I've got of myself—it wasn't lightly obtained—I'll keep."

He paused, and Cassilis was about to speak when Blake put up his hand.

"We may as well have it out now," he said, "and then it's done with." The clinched hand, the starting veins on his forehead, bespoke rebellious blood and denied his words, but he went steadily on:

"You see, from the time when I was a great, ugly, hulking devil of a schoolboy and she a little toddling, motherless thing with a head like a soft yellow duckling, she would hang on to my finger and go anywhere with me. I've loved her and taken care of her—and you were a boy in white nankeen breeches when I was a man—and as I watched her growing up it never occurred to me how much nearer in age you were. By every earthly law she seemed to be mine, but there's no reason, there never is any reason, why a girl loves one man and dislikes another, as she came to dislike me. And still," his voice changed, "I thought I had a chance—she had latterly experienced only my roughness, she did not know what my tenderness could be—and the man isn't born who would have neglected the chance I had in your absence, but now it's over, all over," his voice rang out harsh and masterful. "Will you shake hands, man?"

Trelawny held out his hand, and as Will gripped it all that was best in him rose up in answer to that almost stern look of trust as between man and man in Will's eyes, which, to the honor of man be it said, is very rarely betrayed or only on greatest provocation.

"There is only one thing," said Blake, still holding Will's hand in that close grip—"if ever you treat her ill, if ever of her own free will she turns to me without my lifting a finger, mind, to beckon her, I will take her. Nor man nor devil shall hinder me. So be kind to her, man; cherish her. Remember you have made pitch black one man's dwelling to illuminate your own, and never, never let that sweet, that tender and holy light grow dim for lack of tending."

"Please God, I never will," said Cassilis, strangely moved by the fire and passion, held well in leash, that spoke in this strange man's voice, yet how impossible to think that Nannie and himself could ever fall out. Then they talked of other thing, of the shyness and scarcity of the birds, of Lady Lirriper, after which they shot together, and when luncheon time arrived they had become keen over their sport, and Nannie, coming suddenly upon them talking as friends, stood petrified, gazing from one to the other.

Blake Trelawny came forward, and she knew in a moment that this was not the Trelawny of the past year, but that other and kinder one whom in her childhood she had loved and trusted.

"Your husband has forgiven me," he said. "Will you not give me your forgiveness also? I will try to deserve it."

He had gone white under his dark skin. It tore his heartstrings to look at her, so sweet, so lovable, the property of another man, but his hand did not falter as she laid hers within it and looked up in his face, as she had done long, long ago. "What Will forgives I forgive," she said simply. And then the servants came up, and the thing was over, but once she moved her shoulder restlessly. Trelawny saw it, and she knew that the saint's good intentions will not wipe out the sinner's memory, and that he remembered.

CHAPTER XIX.

Lady Lirriper expressed herself enchanted with the cottage, which was indeed as thoroughly cozy as most bachelors' diggings usually are—if the average male understands one thing thoroughly it is his own comfort—and loudly congratulated herself on her exchange of domicile, while it took a very short time to beat up those choice spirits in the neighborhood who at some period or other of their existence had experienced the delights of town and were therefore civilized and unhappy.

Some barracks were within an easy drive, and a crack, extremely go ahead cavalry regiment quartered there whose officers greatly appreciated a house where you could get a first rate dinner, do a gamble at roulette or plunge wildly on poker, which was, moreover, presided over by a witty old woman assisted by the loveliest young one ever seen in those parts.

Lady Anna, too, was a great attraction when with Will she would walk across to one of these giddy festivities, and sometimes the venue would be shifted to the castle, and impromptu parties got up at which Compton stood aghast, seeing that his young mistress and master had not yet been respectably dined by or given return feeds to the county.

Only one grievance had Lady Lirriper, and this was that out of Trelawny all the virtue, otherwise the wickedness, had departed, leaving him dull as ditch water and without a spark of life left in him.

"It doesn't suit you, my dear," she said one day, "to be moral and pious and cast down those dangerous eyes of yours. One of these days you'll burst out worse than ever, and there'll be a terrific conflagration in these parts. I see you look out of the corners of your eyes at that little fool sometimes—a mere blink—but there's hell behind. I'll give those lovelorn idiots two years at the very outside, and then"— She shrugged her shoulders and spread out her palms significantly. "Every woman wants three husbands, my dear Blake, the emotional, the intellectual and the financial—there might be some chance of happiness between 'em. I wish Gregorias would make up her mind to take Dalrymple. He is an ugly man, of course, and his nose always looks as if it wanted a saddle and bridle to finish it. It's quite naked as it is, in fact. Still she might do a great deal worse. I sometimes think that when you cast out your devils they betook themselves to her," added the old lady, eying him shrewdly, "and that she's the more dangerous of the two now. A woman takes the lead in badness as in everything else when she once gives her mind to it."

Trelawny shrugged his shoulders.

They were sitting in a charming little morning room, of which the walls and carpets were in faded yellowish neutral tints, the mantelpiece and all the woodwork a vivid and peculiar shade of blue green, and the china in it old blue, the flowers on the table white with green foliage, the whole effect being delicious and the result of an artist's brains, who had spent a month here a couple of years ago.

"She can't do any harm now," he said indifferently. "She played for Cassilis, of course, as I did for"— He stopped abruptly, and Lady Lirriper thought how old he looked for his years, though the lines of his features consorted extremely ill with the virtuous role he was now playing.

"And I tell you she's more mad about Cassilis than ever," she said tartly, "and he likes her; there's no question about that. The least vain man on earth knows when he is the sun that lights up a woman's heaven, and every day I'm expecting to see Nannie jealous."

Blake moved restlessly in his chair.

"It's the women who are at the bottom of everything," he growled. "Cassilis is all right if she'll only let him alone."

"Matrimony again," said Lady Lirriper dryly. "A woman is an angel when she is out of your reach; a very ordinary woman when she is within it. If babies will get married, they must learn their experience—after."

"She shall not," cried Trelawny, starting to his feet. "If Cassilis dares"—

He looked so black and menacing that Lady Lirriper clapped her hands for joy and laughed delightedly.

"Your old lawless self," she said. "I see you are not quite reformed yet. You may think the hatches are safely battened down, but smoke issues occasionally. You have made a compact with the devil, my Lord Trelawny. If Cassilis kicks over the traces, you feel at liberty to persuade Nannie to do the same. Is that the bond?"

"Persuade? Never," he said fiercely, "and you are a wicked old woman, and this especial form of your wickedness does not please me. Is not Nannie your own sister's child, yours to protect, instead of prophesying to her evil? And sometimes such half formed wishes fulfill themselves, remember that."

"I know my world," she said tartly, "and do you suppose it is going to be remade because you want your Nannie to escape disillusion and be happy? She's at springtide now, but there's summer to come, and autumn." She shrugged her shoulders and got up, shaking out her skirts as one who dismissed the matter from her mind.

In the garden they saw Miss Gregorias and Will walking together. She wore a white gown and no hat, but the sun could search out no flaw in her skin, while the rippling masses of her hair, growing low on her brow like Clytie's, and untouched by scissors, started that famous line of beauty which flowed unbroken from head to foot and made her every movement a joy to the beholder.

She was laughing, she was happy, she had that peculiar radiance and warmth that only love can bring to a woman's face, and only in its full strength when one man out of the whole world is in the flesh beside her. What wonder if Nannie, looking out from a distant window, felt her heart sink at sight of those two loitering figures and turned hastily to look in the glass, questioning what was there?

"You're horribly burned. You've got a blister on your idiotic nose. Your head's too curly by half. You look a dolly and a dully beside that piece of perfection out yonder," she said, with spiteful emphasis, "and do you suppose, though you are married to him, that Will has no eyes in his head and doesn't see the difference? Didn't he say at breakfast this morning, 'I don't think that frock is as pretty as the ones you generally wear,' and it's the prettiest one I've got? It's the person inside who is getting uglier. Oh, dear, and we've not been married three weeks! Is it coming true what Trelawny said—that Will would turn to other women in time. It isn't! It can't be true!" She stood still, throwing out her arms in the middle of her white bedroom, all pure white from the satin lined paper on the walls to the furniture and brocaded hangings and velvet carpet at her feet, no color anywhere save in the flowers that showed their tints royally in that white setting.

She shrugged her shoulders and got up.

The door opened quickly behind her, and the next moment she was in Will's arms. His face was a little flushed, his glance strange, but he took a long drink of kisses as if he were dying of thirst and clasped her to him with all his earliest passion. "Why have you been hiding yourself, little one?" he said. "Hagar and I looked for you everywhere out of doors."

"So I saw," said Nannie, who had not returned one of his kisses. "You were hurrying all you knew when I saw you walking in the garden with her for the last hour."

Will colored, but looked at his wife steadily and did not let her budge an inch when she tried to free herself.

"You asked me to be kind to her," he said reproachfully. "At one time you were always quarreling with me because I did not like her."

"And now you like her too much!" burst out Nannie, who was nothing if not jealous, and the more odious she felt the more odious she longed to appear. Such is human nature. "Why didn't you marry her when you had the chance and leave me to Blake, who never looked at Hagar—wouldn't look at Venus herself if I were by?"

"Nannie!" exclaimed Will in horror, and putting her from him.

Nannie caught a glimpse of her little red nose in the glass opposite, and it did not sweeten her temper.

"I mean it," she said, all the more positively because she did not in the least, "and you can go and flirt with your Gregorias as much as you like. I shall talk to Trelawny."

Suddenly there flashed through Will's memory the words, "If ever you treat her ill, if ever of her own free will she turns to me, without my lifting a finger, mind, to beckon to her, I will take her, nor man nor devil shall hinder me," and pale, distracted, inwardly angry with himself for something, he scarcely knew what, that had passed between him and Hagar that morning, he stood downcast before Nannie, an image of apprehension and guilt.

Nannie had heaps of pluck, and she wanted it, too, as she turned away, and putting a large dab of powder on her nose because she knew he hated her using it she marched grandly to the door, making, however, an inglorious exit as Will, recovering himself, made a grab at her, barely escaping pinched fingers as the door shut smartly in his face.

"Confound that woman!" cried Will, fuming and chafing as he walked over to Nannie's silver covered table and absently began to brush his hair. "What does she mean—what do I mean, tomfooling round with her? Every beat of my heart is Nannie's, and yet the woman is getting some confounded influence over me, and if I don't fight it tooth and nail"—

He sat down, a queer nervelessness about his attitude, his muscles flaccid and unstrung.

"Thank God she'll be gone soon," he said aloud, "and that old sinner as well. Strange that Trelawny seemed the only danger, and now he's behaving as well as possible, while I"— In his mind he lashed Hagar with words of obloquy, but deep in his man's vanity—and it is to be found in the noblest and best of men—he knew that he forgave her for loving him. The gift was one of rarity and value from such a woman and had not been thrust upon him, nay, it had not yet been offered. He closed his eyes, he saw the privet white purity of her skin, the sea blue of her eyes, the cleft chin that is love's sign manual of temperament, and yet, and this was the strangest thing of all, he had been aware of all this a year ago, and it had not moved him one jot. With what new forces was she charged to make her dangerous to him today?

They must be resisted. He set his teeth hard, and with all an honorable, dogged Englishman's strength of will he resolved that they should be, then he rose, and looking out of that window which had surely played a considerable part in that day's drama saw his wife and Trelawny walking together below.

Their faces were turned toward each other, they looked happy, and memory, by no means a kind friend to Will that day, supplied him with another significant fragment:

"She has latterly experienced only my roughness; she does not know what my tenderness could be."

He turned abruptly away, and in that moment it seemed to him that the furies had crossed his threshold and his dream of happiness was over.

CHAPTER XX.

Some passions have to be learned, jealousy never. It springs to life full grown, blind, deaf, destructive, and when two persons who love each other very dearly get a simultaneous attack they are neither to be held nor bound by the ordinary laws of reason. Utterly wretched, furiously hot headed, Will and Nannie gazed upon the ruins of their happiness, and in a very sensuality of suffering piled more fuel upon the flames, which they would have liked to see reach up to heaven. A month married, and already they owned up to a fatal mistake their only aim being to hide from their little world the shipwreck to which they had come.

Had even one of the two kept his head all might have come well, but both were angry, both undisciplined, and both, alas, so very, very young and lacking entirely in sound common sense. If Nannie would only lay her head on Will's breast and talk it out with him what the trouble was, but a barrier had been raised between them, and now try as he would he could not grope his way through it. Every day he went out with his gun—sometimes with a neighbor, sometimes alone—but Nannie never came out with the luncheon now, and the keepers and servants looked askance at him and for once were really sorry for the trouble that had evidently befallen their betters.

If that old heathen, Lady Lirriper, had been a woman of the right sort, she could have put things right in a trice, but the follies, not the virtues, of mankind furnished her amusements, and she was only maliciously glad that everything was turning out precisely as she had foretold.

"Only it's so indecently soon," she said one day to her maid, who was her bosom friend and entirely after her own heart, "and I do hope the fools won't make a scandal—at least while I am here. Malleable! Tallant! Why, my niece is a perfect little c[illegible], and, as to that old sarcophagus stuck up on end among his books, he won't see anything till he's told, and then he'll have to sit up and no mistake."

"Well, I don't hold with unmarried ladies carrying on with married gentlemen," said Josephine as she deftly applied a touch of rouge to her mistress' cheek. "It breaks up the home, and I call it a shame, my lady, with plenty of single men about as there are here. And it's my belief Sir William don't care a fig for Miss Gregorias and is just eaten up with love for his wife, and Lady Anna don't care for Milord Trelawny, only she wants to take a leaf out of her husband's book"—

"Talk about what you understand," said Lady Lirriper tartly as Josephine laced her into her dinner gown; "you've got to be civil to the Gregorias, mind, in town; she'll wake me up and bring men around and be a new sensation, and I can't do without her."

Josephine, buxom, unprincipled, but still human, sniffed, for every servant in the house hated the woman whose position was so anomalous, and put upon her those impalpable but very real slights and snubs with which servants so well know how to serve an interloper and make her feel a hundred times a day how unwelcome and despised a creature she is.

"Didn't I hear some one arrive? Quick, the chrysoprases, stupid! I don't wear emeralds with peach color. Is that you, Hagar? Go down and talk to Dalrymple till I come."

Hagar, who wore black gauze, against which her neck and arms showed like alabaster, and who carried a great cluster of orange colored roses at her breast, nodded and retired, both the women looking after her with that slight indrawing of breath which betokens astonishment.

"And look at that," said Lady Lirriper, nodding at her own enameled, cleverly painted face, "and at her age I made more hearts beat in a week than she will in a year."

Down stairs in the little chintzy drawing room Dalrymple was saying urgently:

"For God's sake, give me some sort of answer tonight! Do you mean to play with me forever?"

But when Lady Lirriper came in he was saying hurriedly:

"Heard such a joke today. Had to punish a man for a drunk, and what do you think his excuse was? That he had got drunk on port wine! How do you do, Lady Lirriper? Tallant's awfully sorry he can't come. Wired for to his governor, who is mortal bad."

"We are an odd number, then," said Lady Lirriper, "for I expect Trelawny and the vicar—not the vicar's wife, of course. He plays a capital rubber. Trelawny hates cards, so I'll send round a line to the curate to come in by and by. The Cassilises can't come. They have a duty dinner at a distance. Ugh! They forgot the dinners when they decided to honeymoon at home."

For, as if to make them more miserable still, the county was dining the young pair with a vengeance, and the hardest part to both of them was the long drive to and from the mockery of baked meats to which they were bidden.

They conversed, of course, for Nannie had developed an unexpected amount of courage in dealing with the situation, but only of outside things, never by word or look seeking to bridge over that gulf which, in the height of their happiness, had suddenly yawned between them.

Will firmly believed she loved Trelawny and had entirely mistaken her feelings toward himself. She was equally certain that he adored Hagar and only bitterly regretted the haste that had put her out of his reach, and both were too proud to thrash the matter diligently out, and with the finality of youth regarded life as done with, anticipating for each other the worst calamity that could befall and not in the least knowing how to avert it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Oddest Monument in the World.

Perhaps one of the very oddest monuments is the tablet in a Welsh churchyard in memory of a soldier who had his left leg taken off "by the above ball," the actual cannon ball being inserted at the top.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

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