

FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd)

Nurse Wortley was delighted to see the girl and welcomed her warmly.

Nancy debated in her own mind whether she should speak of the wonderful offer that had been made to her, and decided not to do so.

"Perhaps by to-morrow Dorothy will have forgotten all about it," she thought; "least said soonest mended."

There was a long letter from the doctor to give them food for conversation, and they chatted on so long that it chimed half-past five before Nancy imagined it was nearly so late.

"Take care of yourself, dearie," Nurse Wortley said. "Ah! Miss Hamilton, my dear, you have won golden laurels for yourself over this case. Ripstone does nothing but talk about you; and as for Sir Humphrey—well he was riding past here yesterday and he told me you were an angel."

Nancy laughed, then kissed Nurse Wortley, and took her departure. It was just growing dusk when she started on her long walk, but she did not mind that, she was afraid of nothing or of no one living except Thomas Moss, and he was not likely to trouble her now.

She hurried on through the village till she reached a small gate that admitted her into the Hall grounds, and pushing this open, passed through. As she did so she heard two men's voices speaking, and stopped involuntarily to listen; the next instant she was trembling all over and blushing crimson with shame and mortification.

Just to her right hand were two men sauntering along slowly, and smoking.

"The whole thing is preposterous!" one was saying, in a clear, sharp voice. "Leicester must be out of his senses to entertain it for a second."

"Or at least until he has discovered something more about this nursing girl," answered the other. "But Dolly seems to have set her mind on it."

"The mind of a child! Why, she would tire of this Hamilton woman in a week, Merefield. But that, after all, is aside from the question. The thing is that Leicester must be made to see how wrong it would be to have a person of this stamp brought into his house as a daily, hourly companion for his daughter. Good gracious! for aught we know, she may be one of a gang of thieves, or something worse! I shall be very firm to-night, and—"

And the two young men paced slowly away into the dusk and shadows, and Nancy heard no more. She was very pale as she roused herself and continued her walk to the Hall.

"Was I not right? How well I know the world!" she said, bitterly. "I am condemned already. Well, perhaps it is for the best. It would have broken my heart to have listened to such words after I had agreed to stay! Now my decision is taken. I shall refuse Dorothy's offer; and Mr. Darnley's annoyance and anxiety about me shall be at rest."

She found her patient very tired, and rather cross, and Nancy understood at once that something had been said to vex her. But Miss Leicester made no remark, only sighed with relief as she laid her golden head on the pillow and dropped into sleep, while Nancy sat in the twilight by the fire, and tried to read her future in the blazing coals.

She heard the young men return to the house and go up to their rooms to dress for dinner; and seeing that the invalid was not likely to want her for some time, she stole softly away, and went downstairs to find Sir Humphrey.

She knew where to look for him, in his cosy "den," where the trophy of many a splendid run hung on the walls, and the dogs slumbered and reigned monarchs of all the chairs and cushions they could find.

Knocking, she entered quietly, and found the genial owner was not there, but her mind was made up, and she determined to wait and speak to him without delay.

She moved up to the fire, and kneeling down, patted and caressed

the dogs, who all knew her well, and a tear rose to her eyes as she realized how great was the gift held out to her, and the difference in the lot she refused from the one she would call her own. Then, hearing footsteps, she rose to her feet, and turned as the door opened and some one came in.

This some one, however, was not Sir Humphrey Leicester, with his bluff, cheery manner, his mane of white hair, and white beard, and his handsome, pleasant face, but a young man, tall, dark, with a pair of deep-gray eyes that attracted immediate attention.

"I beg your pardon," he said, drawing back. Nancy colored vividly, bowed very faintly, and prepared to go.

"Pray do not let me intrude," Derrick Darnley hastened to say. "I have only sauntered in here from sheer idleness, while you, no doubt, have another and better reason for your presence."

"I wonder who she is," he thought to himself. "Leicester did not tell me he had any guests here." "I wish to speak to Sir Humphrey on business, certainly," Nancy replied, coldly, after a moment's pause, "and, therefore, with your permission, I will remain."

So saying she turned to the fire again, leaving Darnley staring at her graceful back and the loose coil of red-brown hair that finished off her dainty little head. She had not had time to change into her nurse's dress, so there was no outward sign to indicate who she was.

"By Jove!" the young man said to himself, "it's very odd, but I could declare I have met her somewhere before; yet she doesn't know me."

Sir Humphrey bustled in at this moment.

"Hello, Derry, my boy! Ah! Nancy, child; so you two have made friends already I see; come, that is good—very good."

Darnley started as if he had been shot. This girl was Nurse Hamilton, the nursing girl, the adventuress—it was impossible. She looked a mere child.

"I have not had the honor of an introduction to Miss Hamilton, Leicester," he said, hurriedly, "and so, perhaps, you—"

"It is scarcely needed," broke in Nancy, clearly, fixing her magnificent blue eyes on him proudly, "since it is not likely that Mr. Darnley and I shall ever renew our acquaintance; there is nothing in common between us; for aught he knows about me, I may be one of a gang of thieves or, perhaps, worse."

Darnley started as if he had been shot; he recognized his own words, and his brows contracted, but before he could say anything Nancy had gone quietly on, and in gentle and grateful terms had begged leave to refuse the offer made to her by Sir Humphrey and his daughter. Sir Humphrey was more than disappointed, and urged the girl in every way he could to reconsider this decision.

"My darling will break her heart," he said, in a troubled way; then, turning to the young man, "Derry, won't you try and persuade Miss Hamilton to do as we wish?"

Mr. Darnley was silent while his uncle did all in his power to induce the girl to throw aside her objections and gratify Dorothy and himself.

"I cannot, Sir Humphrey," Nancy said, over and over again; "I cannot. Please let me thank you for the kindness, the generosity which prompts your offer, but the suggestion you have both made to me is an impossible one. I am not your daughter's equal; I am a woman who must work for her living, and I do not fear to work—indeed, I would rather have to do it than lead a life of luxurious dependence."

"Well, well, my dear, you know best, of course, but we will not decide this to-night; sleep on it, things always look different after a good night's sleep. What is it, Chadbrand?"

And Sir Humphrey went out of the room to speak to the butler. Left alone with this strange girl, Mr. Darnley stood staring at her until she grew uncomfortable, and

as she moved to leave the room he stopped her.

"Tell me," he said, quietly, "if you had not overheard my words to Merefield, would you have been inclined to accept my uncle's offer?"

"I do not recognize your right to question me," the girl answered haughtily.

"Because I feel that I was both unjust and unwise," the young man went on. "There is an old proverb that says, 'never judge by appearances,' in which I have firmly believed up to now; but since I have had the pleasure of seeing you—"

Nancy Hamilton put up her hand.

"Please spare me the insult of flattery," she replied, shortly.

"On my honor, I mean no insult," he replied, hotly. "And as a proof of that, I beg to add my voice to that of my uncle's and my cousin's, and ask you to reconsider your decision and stay here."

"Thanks, you are very kind."

He flinched at her sarcasm.

"Will you not believe me?" he asked, slowly.

"I really cannot see what it matters whether I believe you or not."

As she spoke she lifted her eyes to his face, and the blaze of the fire fell on them.

In an instant he had recognized her.

"Stop one moment," he said, hurriedly. "I own I am a conceited fellow to imagine that you would care one way or the other, but will you answer me just one question, Miss Hamilton?"

"If I can," Nancy replied, interested almost against herself.

"I think I can pride myself on my knowledge of character, and so I venture to say that your nature is one that would never forget a service rendered, however small. Am I right?"

Nancy nodded her head.

"Yes, with all my faults, I don't think I number ingratitude among them," she said, smiling faintly.

"And that if it were in your power to return that service, however difficult, you would do it? Once more, am I right?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," Darnley said, quickly, "I want you to do me a kindness in return for a slight service I was fortunate enough to render you one night, some time ago, when a cowardly rascal was endeavoring to—"

Nancy gave a little cry.

"It was you—you who helped me, then? Ah! how can I ever thank you!"

Her voice, full of gratitude, rang in his ears like heavenly music. He suddenly experienced a curious yet delightful sensation.

"You can best thank me by showing that you forgive me for the unjust suspicions I entertained against Miss Hamilton in consenting to become Sir Humphrey's daughter and giving my pretty little Cousin Dorothy the dearest wish of her heart."

He stretched out his hand as he spoke, and Nancy put hers into it shyly.

"How do you know that you will not tire of your new acquaintance in a week?" she said, rather tremulously.

For answer his fingers closed over hers, and the compact was sealed in that mutual handclasp.

(To be continued.)

OCEAN MIGHTY MONSTER.

What Sea Asks in the Way of Ships and Men.

In a year, of the men that go down to the sea in ships as a trade, well up to three thousand were drowned, and the sea took toll also of about two thousand passengers.

Ten or eleven thousand accidents to the world's shipping are recorded each year. Three-quarters of them are unimportant and seven or eight hundred are total losses. More than half the disasters happen to British ships, of which there have been lost over eight thousand, or more than three million tons in twenty years.

In the same time, 19,000 sailors and over 4,000 passengers have met a watery grave in British hulls alone.

EUROPEAN OSTRICH FARM.

The first European ostrich farm has just been established within a few miles of Stockholm by a Swedish company, which has purchased 10 birds from the zoo at Hamburg.

A man who gets a black eye generally earns it.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.



Cures

Booklet "Distemper: Causes, Cure and Prevention," FREE. All druggists, harness dealers, etc. \$1 and 50c a bottle. \$11 and \$5 a dozen. Distributors—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Indiana, U. S. A.

INFLUENZA
CATARRHAL FEVER
PINK EYE
EPIZOOTIC
DISTEMPER
CHRONIC COUGHS

MAPLEINE

A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla by dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send 50c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wa.

MR. MIDDLELIB'S CURE

BEE STING A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Householder Who Tried It Got Money's Worth and Then Some.

One day last summer Mr. Middlelib reading in his favorite paper a paragraph stating that the sting of a bee is a sure cure for rheumatism decided to try the new remedy.

He contracted with Master Middlelib for a limited supply of bees. For the small sum of one dime Master Middlelib agreed to procure several, to wit, six bees, sex and age not specified; but Mr. M. did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off on his mission with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlelib with a short wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlelib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands.

PUT BOTTLE IN POCKET.

Mr. Middlelib put the bottle in his coat pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person who said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of the family. He hid his bees in his bedroom, and as he looked at them just before putting them away he half wished the experiment was safely over.

SLOWLY DISROBED.

Bedtime at last and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretences, Mr. Middlelib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the lamp down until its feeble ray shone as a death-light.

Mr. Middlelib slowly disrobed—very slowly.

It is not an easy thing to do to pick one bee out of the bottleful with his fingers and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlelib got was a little brown honey bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind leg would weigh as much as the last end of a bay mule. Mr. Middlelib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife. It was very hard for Mr. Middlelib to say he only felt hot, but he did it. He didn't have to lie about it either. He did feel very hot indeed, about 85 all over and 197 on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against the rheumatic knee. It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would. It didn't hurt at all.

COULDN'T FIND BOTTLE.

Then Mr. Middlelib remembered that when the honey bee stabs a human foe it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound, and the invalid knew that the only thing this bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb. He reached his arm out from under the sheets and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel around for the bottle, and he wished he knew what he did with it.

In the meantime strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Middlelib, for reasons, drew it out with such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncoiled in the bed, between himself and his innocent wife. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlelib had poured upon them to cool and tranquilize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlelib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled, and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed, "murder. Oh, help me! Help! help!"

Mr. Middlelib sat bolt upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where in thunder," he said with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste—"where in thunder are them infernal bees?"

And a large bumble, with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then climbed up the inside of Mr. Middlelib's nightgown, until it got squarely between his shoulders, and then it felt for his marrow, and he said calmly, "Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Middlelib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middlelib threw up both arms with a howl that made both windows rattle, roared:

"Take him off! Oh, land of Scott, somebody take him off!"

THOUGHT HOUSE BEWITCHED

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Middlelib's foot, she so shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The household were aroused by this time. Miss Middlelib and Master Middlelib and the servants were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion of howling at random and asking questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man a little on in years, arrayed in a long night shirt, pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird, wicked-looking jig by the dim, religious light of the night lamp. And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp that Master Middlelib had put in the bottle for good measurement and variety and to keep the menagerie stirred up, and dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, and, after a preliminary circle or two around the bed to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, he fired himself across the room, and to his dying day Mr. Middlelib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlelib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. But his boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlelib does not like to talk about it.

Bob Burdette.

LATE KING STILL UNBURIED.

His Resting Place Has Not Yet Been Settled.

The Marquis de Fontenoy writing to the New York Tribune says: "King Edward is still unburied, although he has been dead for nearly nine months. His coffin still rests on a slab of stone before the altar, in the centre of the royal vaults, beneath St. George's Chapel, in Windsor Castle. Neither King George nor Queen Alexandra has come to any decision as to the ultimate disposal of the body, and while on the one hand it is possible that the coffin may be left in the royal vault, it is still more probable that it may be entombed in a granite or marble sarcophagus in the Albert Memorial Chapel, where the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Albany already rest.

The royal vault beneath St. George's Chapel is far from being a gloomy chamber. The walls are painted white, and the place is brilliantly lighted by means of electricity, while by order of Queen Alexandra, who is very High Church in her ideas, a lamp has been kept burning night and day before the altar ever since her consort's body was consigned to the vault.

Edward VII., although he would have preferred to have been interred beside his little son, Prince Alexander, in the village churchyard at Sandringham, realized that his ultimate resting place would either be in the royal vault beneath St. George's Chapel or in the adjacent Albert Memorial Chapel.

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Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.