

FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE, OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd)

"Oh! no, I don't; not just immedjet, my fine madam. Who are you, I'd like to know, as should order me about. I ain't no impostor. I don't creep into people's houses. You ain't no better nor me, when all's said and done. You little think I knows so much but you see I does. Grocers' shops ain't quite as grand as Ripstone 'All, is they, my fine young lady. No, you don't pass," as Nancy made a gesture to wave him aside, "I ain't done with yer. I mean to be even with yer for the dirty trick yer done me—to make me lose my bread and butter, an'—"

"Tell me what you want me to do, and if it is in my power it shall be done," Nancy said, quickly, feeling a not unnatural sense of alarm and deep irritation at the man's vulgar abuse. She regretted suddenly that she had no money with her. "I had nothing to do with you losing your situation; you have yourself to thank for that, William."

"I want no lies," the man replied, brutally; "you can keep 'em for yer grand folk. I wants money, commensation; and money I mean to 'ave by 'ook or by crook, so I warn yer."

Nancy cast a hurried glance from right to left. She was alone—not a soul was to be seen; this man was growing worse, and she had not a soul with her. What was she to do?

"I tell you I am very sorry for you," she said, nervously; "believe me, it was not my fault you were dismissed; but, as you seem to blame me, I will help you till you get another situation. I can say no more."

"A very generous offer," sneered the coward, "but as you've made it, I accepts it. I don't see why I shouldn't live like a gennelman, as you are such a fine lady—come, hand us over some of the tin. Shall we say five pounds to begin with?—and look here, my young madam, hold a close tongue about this, or it will be the worse for yer. I ain't been a pal of Tom Moss' for nothing—ah—ah! I thought as that would change you a little," as Nancy started back with a sudden exclamation. "Didn't know as we were pals, did yer? Come as a sort of blow, ain't it? Well, it's gospel true, all the same, and you knows what to expect for 'aving done me as you did. Come," observed Mr. William, coolly, "out with the money, I ain't wishful to stay 'ere all day."

Nancy had grown pale as death; the very mention of Moss' name had fallen like a black shadow on the brilliancy of the sunshine around. She loathed, she feared this man so much, that the mere thought of him being leagued with the other blackguard against her seemed to sap all her courage. She did not trouble to ask herself what they could do; she only knew she feared Thomas Moss as the dove fears the eagle, and that this man had brought him up as a horrible threat.

"I will give you the money," she said, in faint, low tones, "but I have not got it here. I have not a penny with me."

"I don't believe you!" he almost shouted, "you've got your purse in your pocket. I know, so I'll look for myself. No"—as Nancy drew back suddenly with a wild, helpless longing for aid somehow or somewhere—"no, as you've no money, I'll take this—it'll do just as well."

His large, coarse hand closed over the dangling chatelaine with all the costly appendages.

Nancy gave a little cry. She prized this most highly, not only because Sir Humphrey had given it to her, but because the only portraits she possessed of her mother and father hung in the little locket upon it.

"No—no!" she cried, eagerly, "do not take that—the money I promise. I—oh!" she was checked roughly and suddenly; her voice had been unconsciously raised, and the coward, fearing that its clear, musical tones might attract attention, covered her mouth with his other hand; despite her struggles he held a firm grasp on the watch and other hanging ornaments

and had almost succeeded in jerking it from the slender waistband, when some one ran rapidly forward. A fist shot out against his shoulder, making him loose his hold, and as Nancy, with a cry of joy, clung to Derrick Darnley, the cur had time to pick himself together and run away down the lane at the top of his speed.

Darnley prepared to follow, but Nancy stopped him. "No, no," she whispered, feebly, for her strength was almost spent, and her heart was beating like a sledge-hammer in her breast, "let—let him go."

"To return and insult you again," Darnley asked, his dark face fixed and stern. "Who is the man, Nancy; do you know him? This matter must be put in the hands of the police; such curs as this must be properly handled." Then he turned back to the girl; she had sunk against the stile, trembling in every limb, and had grown ashen white. Not until this moment did she realize how frightened she had been. "You are not hurt, dear?" Darnley asked, gently and tenderly. "By Jove! I was only just in time, then!" he added, as she shook her head; "it was by the merest chance that I came here. I suddenly took it into my head to walk along and meet you as you returned. Dolly told me you would be sure to come this way, and—"

"And," finished Nancy, with a faint smile, though something in his words and tone had brought the faintest tinge of color to her pale cheeks, "and so you are enabled a second time to come to my rescue in the most approved fashion. I am afraid, Mr. Darnley, you will think me an extraordinary person to be perpetually in need of your aid and protection."

"I think you—" the young man began very slowly; and then he checked himself. "Do you feel equal to walking back? I would run and fetch a trap, or something of the sort; but I do not mean to leave you here alone."

"I can walk quite easily," Nancy assured him; and, indeed, she looked her old self now. Not a trace remained of the disagreeable adventure she had just had, save that her pink waistband was almost torn in half by the rough treatment lavished upon the chatelaine.

"We will wait a little. Sit down. Stay. I will make you comfortable," and without any more ado Mr. Darnley simply lifted Miss Hamilton from the ground to her old corner on the stile.

"Now, Nancy," he said, very quietly and determinedly, as her cheeks cooled slowly, and she wondered vaguely why her heart should beat so fast and nervously now, when all danger was gone; "to return to this man. Who was he? I seem to remember his face. Why would you not let me go after him and punish him, the brute?"

"Oh, please do not let us talk about him, Mr. Darnley," Nancy said, earnestly and hurriedly.

That one mention of Thomas Moss had alarmed her beyond all description. The thought flashed through her mind that if she were to give the information Darnley asked, and so get William into more trouble, that he would be revenged on her in even a more horrible way than he had just attempted, and that he would be the means of putting Thomas Moss in her life again.

Of course it was foolish of Nancy. If she had been less nervous, she would have seen how foolish it was to think that these two men could affect her, situated as she was now.

If they dared to molest her, as William had done this afternoon, the matter would soon be settled by Sir Humphrey and the local police; but Nancy's mind had gone back in the last few minutes, to a certain extent, to the condition it was in the old life.

Then Moss' power had seemed to her illimitable; and so she had permitted herself to magnify this; and the probable evils that might arise to her through him, until he was a veritable nightmare to her whenever she permitted herself to think about him.

Darnley saw her hesitation, and was just a little vexed with her.

"Surely, you are not going to be quixotic enough to wish this fellow to go scot-free?" he said, with a shade of annoyance and impatience in his voice.

"If I like to be quixotic it is my own affair, Mr. Darnley," Nancy replied, a trifle hotly.

She was nettled at his tone, and her nerves and mind were so untinged, she felt it almost a relief to be cross.

But Darnley did not know that. He could not see below the surface, and fathom the mental trouble with which she was struggling, and so he was hurt with her, and not unnaturally.

It would have been well for Nancy if she had there and then put the whole matter before Derrick Darnley, and solicited his aid.

She felt sorely tempted to do so; but pride and modesty, mingled, restrained her from letting this man—whom she already saw regarded her as something delicate and delightful—dive into the past, and know all the shame she had been called upon to endure through Thomas Moss.

She felt that Darnley would be visibly shocked were she to speak of that brutal kiss that Moss had dared to press on her face the evening of her flight from her uncle's home.

Had it not been for this, Nancy would have spoken freely, and told the young man exactly all she feared; but, knowing nothing, it was not strange that Mr. Darnley should be both annoyed and pained at her curious hesitation to hand over the miscreant who had attacked her to be dealt with by the proper authorities, for that she knew him he was quite certain.

He kept silent for a few minutes, occupying himself with chopping off the heads of the flowering weeds, bluebells and other pretty blooms growing near.

Nancy saw that he was annoyed, and felt a sense of depression steal over her as she glanced now and then at his moody, downcast face. Presently she roused herself.

"I—I think I must be going, Mr. Darnley," she said, almost timidly.

The young man turned at once. "Allow me to help you; that stile is rather high," he said, with calm politeness; but he did not offer to lift her down, as he had lifted her up, and Nancy felt the chilly depression creep still closer upon her.

As she smoothed down her pink muslin skirts and began nervously to put on her gloves, something fell from her chatelaine.

"You have dropped something," Darnley said, quickly, and thereupon he stooped and handed her the little locket containing her treasured portraits, which must have been loosened during Mr. William's vigorous handling of the chain.

"Oh, my locket!" Nancy cried; then, with deep gratitude, "oh! thank you for telling me. I—I would not have lost that for anything!"

Derrick Darnley bit his lips suddenly.

What secret did that tiny gold casket inclose that made it so dear to her, or whose hand had given it, that it should be prized above all else on earth?

"I am fortunate in having restored it to you," he said, curtly, but not discourteously.

Nancy's blue eyes went suddenly to his face. What had come to him? A chasm seemed to stretch between them and the pleasant, friendly footing of only an hour ago. He did not seem the same man as the Darnley from whose hand she had vainly tried to extract the imaginary thorn.


A mist of tears rose before her sight, and her lips trembled, but Mr. Darnley did not perceive this; they were walking slowly along the homeward road, and her sunshade carefully screened her face, while his head was carried haughtily in the air, the combined effect of indignation and something more disagreeable and undefinable.

He hated himself for doubting her even for an instant. Still, the unpleasant fact remained that very little was known about her past—only what she had chosen to tell them herself. Was it, then, impossible that she should have some friend whom she cherished, some lover? He ground his teeth, and at that moment he caught a glimpse of her face as she lowered her sunshade from the hanging boughs of a tree, and all his doubts went.

"I am afraid you are very tired," he was beginning, but as she turned to him, radiant to think that his

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anger was gone, he got no farther, but, with a quick smile, which transfigured his face, he drew her hand through his arm. "We are a pair of simpletons, aren't we, Nancy?" he observed.
(To be continued.)

STRANGE RUNS OF LUCK ONE OF THE LATEST "WINS" AT MONTE CARLO.

Mr. W. Darnbrough, an Englishman, Said to Have Made \$320,000 in a Month.

Now and again one hears authentic instances of large sums having been won at the gaming tables at Monte Carlo.

One of the most fortunate players at Monte Carlo for a considerable time past has been Mr. W. Darnbrough, whose exploits figured in the newspapers a few weeks ago.

A FORTUNE IN A MONTH.

According to one of the London dailies, he left with \$320,000 in his pockets, as the result of a month's stay and play. But this did not represent all Mr. Darnbrough's winnings.

To go a little into details, on the opening day of his play he staked \$6,000, and won all along the line. Emboldened by this success, he continued playing, winning again and again with marvellous luck.

At one period his credit balance amounted to no less than \$465,000, but from this point Dame Fortune ceased to smile upon him. He steadily lost from \$60,000 to \$80,000 per day, until, recognizing that luck had turned against him, he had sufficient strength of mind to turn his back on the tables and strike for home with the very substantial winnings that still remained.

On another occasion a certain well-known member of the London Stock Exchange was said to have walked off from Monte Carlo with little short of \$200,000. This remarkable performance occasioned no small amount of excitement in the rooms, as such an unusual incident invariably does.

Bent on embarking in more or less of a "plunge," he went from one table to another, placing the maximum on the same number. Marvellous to relate, at each table this number came up.

MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK.

Recognizing that this might be his lucky day, the fortunate player wended his way to the gaming room and put the maximum on three of the tables there. To his amazement he found that at each he had selected the right color.

According to one of the head croupiers, this was the worst day that the rooms had had for a long time. He gave it as his opinion, too, that what the London stock broker had netted by his spirited play was little less than the amount above mentioned.

One of the most successful players at the Monte Carlo tables was Wells, who, according to the once popular music-hall song, "broke the bank" there. He was at the zenith of his fame about twenty years ago, when his doings—and winnings—were widely talked about and envied.

In ten days he was said to have made upwards of \$200,000 at the tables after starting with so mod-

est a capital as \$2,000. It must not be forgotten, however, that Wells denied this at his trial, stating that all he made was \$35,000 at three or four consecutive sittings. Even then he claimed to have in the end run out a loser.

The reader can take his choice of the two statements; but amongst frequenters of the rooms at Monte Carlo it is generally considered impossible to amass large winnings without risking large stakes. Even then the chances are a thousand to one in favor of the bank.

Yet there undoubtedly are occasionally wins running into four or five figures.

REMEDIES FOR SEA-SICKNESS English Princess Royal Had to Endure Some Odd Ones.

Perhaps the most curious remedy for seasickness ever prescribed was that arranged by Sir Theodore Mavern for the English Princess Royal when she crossed to Belgium in 1642. Cinnamon, coriander, anise, ambergris, musk and sugar were to be made up into long tubes for her to munch on the voyage; a plaster of balsam of Peru, gum mastic and laudanum was to be applied to the pit of the stomach and, in addition, she was to inhale the comforting vapors arising from a hash of toast, orange and citron peel, roses, lavender and cloves, mingled with wine, cinnamon water and elderflower vinegar.

There was a time when it was believed possible to prevent seasickness by means of specially constructed vessels. The Calais-Dover, a twin ship, was used on the channel service for many years. Great things were expected from this, but she proved a slow boat, and her passengers were by no means immune from seasickness.

Another attempt in this direction was the Castala, in which the saloon was suspended like a hammock with a view to minimizing the pitching and rolling. This turned out an utter failure. If the rolling was less than in ordinary vessels the pitching was quite as bad, and, moreover, the swinging mechanism occasionally stuck.

FIRST FRICTION MATCHES. Made in the U.S. in 1836 by Massachusetts Man.

Friction matches are a comparatively modern invention. They were first made by John Walker in England, in 1827, but were rather crude affairs. He improved them somewhat in 1833 by using phosphorus. The first really practical friction match was made in the United States in 1836 by L. C. Allen, of Springfield, Mass. Before this time a clumsy form of match was imported from France, which had to be dipped into a bottle of sulphuric acid before it could be lighted.

This took a great deal of time and trouble, and Allen, seeing the necessity for friction matches, set about to make them, and succeeded. He neglected to patent them, however, and on finally applying for letters patent, found that a man named Alonzo Phillips, who was a pedlar, had discovered through a third person the secret of making the matches and had already obtained a patent. Thus Allen, though the real inventor, was forced to become a mere manufacturer under another man's patent.

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