

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

CHAPTER VIII.

There was no dinner at Ripstone Hall on the night of the fete; that is to say, there was no fixed ceremonial meal, but the large, hospitable tables were spread, and invited all to partake of what they liked best.

Dorothy, highly delighted at the success of the match, had suddenly conceived the idea of having an impromptu dance.

"We have a good band, heaps of dancing people, I know; we have all got on light dresses; the ball-room is in excellent condition. I think it would be a good idea."

"Oh, splendid!"

"Awfully jolly!" chorused the Misses Chester; and their opinion was shared by every one else.

"Then we must set about arranging it at once," Dorothy declared.

"Papa, dear; where is papa?"

"I think Sir Humphrey is out in the grounds with Mrs. Darnley," Nancy replied; she was just passing with some elderly ladies, escorting them to the dining-room; her cheeks were glowing vividly, her eyes shining like stars; she felt so nervous, so irrepressibly happy, it was with difficulty she could restrain her feet from dancing.

She rushed headlong to do something—occupy herself in some way; or she felt that people would be remarking there was something strange about her, and asking her the cause.

Dorothy frowned when she heard that her father was with Derrick's mother.

"Have you been introduced to Aunt Anne, Nancy?" she asked, turning back for an instant.

"Yes, just this very minute. She seems kind, Dorothy."

"Hum!" observed Dorothy to herself; "I have not that keen appreciation of Aunt Anne's kindness that I might have."

And scenting warfare, she drew up her slender form and marched into the gardens.

Her aunt was speaking just as she came up to them.

"Remember, Humphrey, you are a man who has lived all your life in the country, and you cannot be expected to understand these things so well as we women do. I tell you plainly that I foresee great trouble and possibly danger from—"

"From what, Aunt Anne?" inquired Dorothy, sweetly, as Mrs. Darnley came to an abrupt ending.

"What danger is near us?"

Mrs. Darnley bit her lip; she hoped her brother-in-law would have sufficient tact to make some sort of excuse, but Sir Humphrey blurted out the truth, as Dorothy knew he would.

"Your aunt, my darling, has been telling me that she considers we are doing a very foolish thing in having Nancy here," he said, putting his arm round the slender form.

"And you, of course, have been telling Aunt Anne that nothing on earth will induce us to let her go," observed Dorothy, very quietly and determinedly.

"Your father and I will discuss this another time, dear," Mrs. Darnley said, smoothly, speaking in a calm, grown-up air, which had the result of infuriating the lovely little autocratic mistress of Ripstone Hall beyond all description.

"I think not, Aunt Anne," she answered, very shortly. "For there is absolutely nothing to discuss. We have offered Nancy a home, and a home she shall have as long as she chooses to own it. Papa and I are quite at one on that point, aren't we, dear old thing?"

Sir Humphrey who had been fretting and fuming under a rigid cross-examination from his sister-in-law, gave a hearty response:

"That we are, my darling. Why, I wouldn't give up my Nancy now for any one or anything, except to a husband, who unfortunately is bound to come along one of these days."

"Oh, of course," sneered Mrs. Darnley, "adventuresses make proverbially good marriages!"

Dorothy's cheeks flushed.

"I shall not stay to hear Nancy insulted!" she said, hotly.

But Mrs. Darnley herself moved away.

"You are a splendid child, and a very ignorant one into the bargain,"

Dorothy. Some day you will see the wisdom of my remarks, and appreciate them. I always speak out, you know; it is an unpleasant habit, but I can't help my nature; and when I see your father making a fool of himself, why, I tell him so without any ado. Humphrey, I hope you will consider what I have said to you, and adopt my advice."

And with that Derrick's mother sailed away majestically.

"Oh, papa, how angry she makes me!" cried Dorothy, as she followed with her father.

After giving orders to the servants to light up the ball-room, Dorothy was running to her own apartment for a moment, when she caught sight of Nancy still busily engaged in amusing some of the older and duller among the guests.

With her anger still raging against her aunt's injustice and hardness, she went straight up to the girl, and, putting her arms round her, kissed her affectionately.

"Don't tire yourself too much, darling," she said, and she glanced defiantly at Mrs. Darnley, who was sitting close by. "Now, perhaps, Aunt Anne will understand quite thoroughly that I am mistress of Ripstone Hall," she remarked to herself. "I felt that I should have trouble with her. Aunt Priscilla was bad enough, but I can generally manage her—Derry's mother is a different kind of woman."

For the next hour all was bustle and confusion; every one offered assistance to prepare the ball-room, and the Hon. Maude Chester, mindful of her future and her mother's instructions, dragged Mr. Crawshaw into the thick of everything; while poor Lord Merefield struggled in vain to escape from the Hon. Ella, in order that he might snatch at least one word from his cousin and his heart's queen.

Derrick Darnley had wandered about in the cool and darkness after he had seen Nancy run indoors. He felt that he must be alone to scan the golden record of the past few hours; to learn once again the heavenly lesson that doubt and anticipation were ended, and that Nancy was his.

Dancing had already commenced when he returned from his saunter. The soft, voluptuous strains of the music mingled with the fast beatings of his heart; from out on the lawn he could see into the brilliantly lighted room, and his eyes at once went to the one face that made his world.

Nancy was talking to Lord Merefield, evidently soothing him in her gentle way; dozens of couples were gliding round. Darnley saw one man after another approach Miss Hamilton, but she refused them all, and his blood seemed to leap in triumph as he saw her eyes wander round in search of him.

He threw away his cigar and hurried forward; but just as he was about to climb the terrace, he was attracted by the sight of two people staring hard at Miss Hamilton in a fixed and curious manner.

One was a man on whom the well-cut clothes seemed to sit uncomfortably, who was lounging, in an ungainly attitude, against a wall, a fixed, almost malignant look on his dark face, and an air of deep abstraction, which argued unfortunate indifference to Miss Maude Chester and her blandishments. The other watcher was his own mother.

There was something in the expression of Mrs. Darnley's cold, light-gray eyes that annoyed and pained her son; but whatever vexation he might have felt at the knowledge that his mother had conceived a dislike to Nancy, was swallowed up in the more important burst of jealous anger he experienced in that steady gaze which Mr. Crawshaw levelled on his darling.

"Darn cad!" muttered Darnley, furiously. "How dare he stand staring at her in that beastly way? I wish Nancy would let me speak openly to-night, then I could make him answer to me. In any case, he

shan't be permitted to insult her with his odious vulgarity."

Totally unconscious of the proximity of her lover, and the interest she afforded to both Thomas Crawshaw and Mrs. Darnley, Nancy chatted away as easily and as naturally as she could to Lord Merefield. Conversation was, in fact, almost an impossibility to her; but, unselfish, as usual, she buried her own feelings, her desire to be alone in her own room with her wonderful secret, and exerted herself to cheer the doleful young man, who was growing more hopeless every hour.

"Here you are, Derry," Dorothy Leicester cried, with an unmistakable tone of delight in her voice. "Where have you been, truant? Never mind, I won't scold. But for penance you must dance this waltz with me."

"If that be a penance, I welcome it gladly," responded Derrick, as he put his arm round her waist and whirled her away.

His eyes sought Nancy as he passed her, and left her dazed and dreamy with their sweet message. He knew she would understand why he had not gone direct to her; and, indeed, Nancy never gave that a thought. When the waltz was ended he hurried up to her, but as he passed his mother he stopped.

"Are you not too hot here, dear?" he asked, courteously and affectionately.

"No; I am amused."

Mrs. Darnley's voice told him at once that for the word "amused" she should have substituted "amused."

He gave her a sharp glance.

"It has been a successful day, has it not?" he observed. "Dorothy makes a delightful little hostess, mother."

"According to the manners of the new school, I suppose she does," his mother answered, shortly. "To my opinion, Dorothy requires at least two years more in the school-room. She is pert and uninteresting."

"Uninteresting—with that face! Oh, mother!" And the young man passed on, laughing lightly.

"They have come to blows already. What about, I wonder? My darling?" His brows contracted.

"I fear so. Well, after to-morrow, Dorothy will have my help to fight Nancy's battles."

He carefully smoothed all annoyance from his face as he reached the girl.

Let the future bring what it might, they would have no jarring influences on their halcyon dream. All should be beautiful to them to-night. And as he stood looking down at her face, he lost all thought save of her beauty and herself.

"Ah, sweet, who hast hold of my heart!"

For thy love's sake I live; O but tell me, ere either depart, What a lover may give For a woman so fair as thou art?"

He whispered the words very low;



COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The colts are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how "broken," kept from buying the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$11 dozen, of druggists and harness dealers. Cut shows how to position throat. Our free Booklet gives everything. Lastest-selling horse remedy in existence—15 years. Distributors—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

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 1 oz. bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wa.

but Nancy heard them. This love—so new, so wonderful—almost frightened her.

What had she done, she vaguely asked herself, that she should be so thrice blessed? And even in the midst of the ecstasy she faltered and shivered.

"It is too good—too good to last!" she murmured.

But she kept this presentiment to herself. Not through her should the faintest cloud fall over Derrick's happiness—her brave, true, chivalrous Derrick!

"At last," he murmured, as Lord Merefield, seeing Dorothy alone, rushed across the room, "I can speak to you, Nancy!"

"Have you so much to say to me?" she asked, shyly.

"Only the same old theme, darling. I love you. I shall tell it you till you grow weary, Nancy."

"That will never be," she said, with a smile; and then she drew a shade closer.

"Has that man spoken to you?" Darnley asked, eagerly, glaring after the millionaire.

Nancy hesitated. She longed to tell him all; that she knew Crawshaw only too well; that it was he whom Derrick Darnley had stretched low in the mud that by-gone night. But she had no chance. This was no place or opportunity for such a confidence. Yet it seemed as though she were deceiving him.

Ah, well! to-morrow he would know all, and she would breathe more freely, sharing her old trouble with her lover.

"Dorothy presented him to me," she answered, loathing for the pervariation.

"And you like him?"

(To be continued.)

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S PHOTOS

Queen Alexandra is nowadays rarely seen abroad with her camera. For many years past she has snaphotted with avidity, the result being that she now possesses quite a valuable pictorial record of her extensive travels. Among her "victims" are hundreds of European royalties and celebrities, many of them in delightful unconventional poses and attitudes. The collection fills a score of big albums, while numbers of the photographs have been transferred by the Queen herself to porcelain.

Sacrifice and service sanctify. Many are praying for power who only need to get up and perspire.

Here's a Home Dye

That ANYONE Can Use.

HOME DYEING has always been more or less a difficult undertaking—Not so when you use



DYOLA
Send for Sample Card and Story Booklet 5c
The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Can.

JUST THINK OF IT!
With DY-O-LA you can color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods you have to color.

HIS GRUMPY HOUR

Husband Irritable After Hard Day's Work

One woman knows how to manage her husband and she tells how. Says she: "I heard once a wise physician remark that there are five minutes in every day during which more marriages are wrecked than in all the rest of the twenty-four hours. Very soon after marriage I discovered that the most critical period in the relations of husband and wife is the home-coming of the husband from his work. Every wife makes this discovery. She finds that, however sweet-tempered her husband may be at other times, he is almost certain to be irritable when he comes home in the evening."

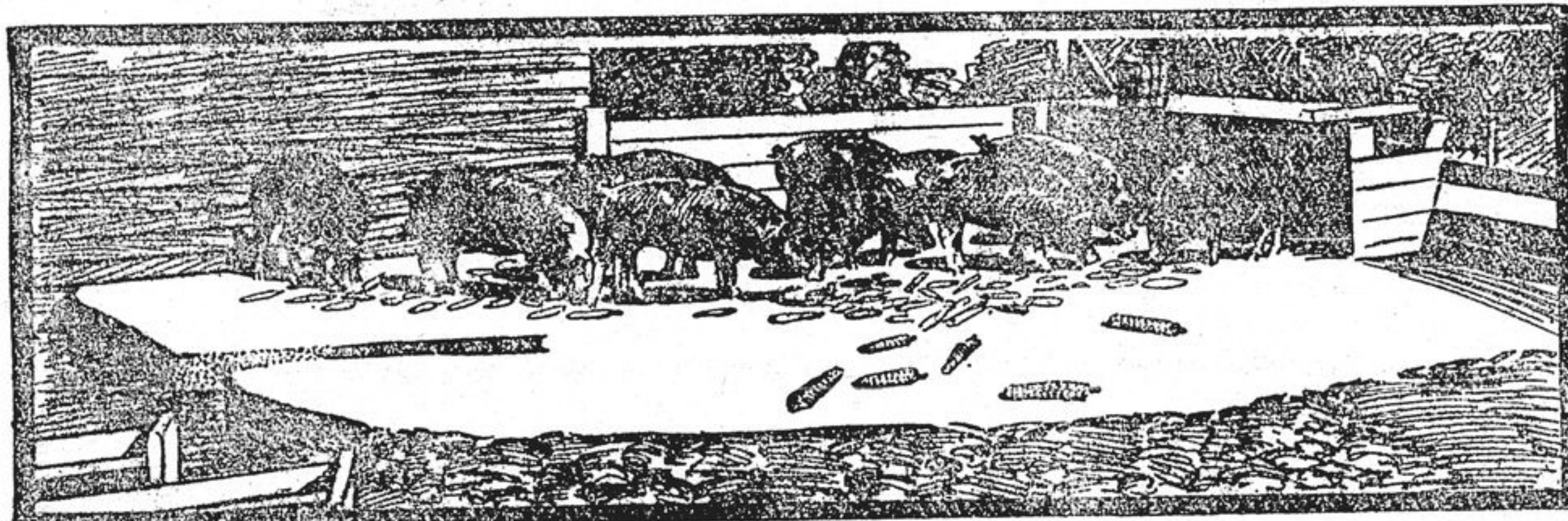
"Very naturally, the thoughtless woman is disappointed. She expects him to demonstrate his great pleasure in rejoining her, and finding him grumpy, she feels slighted. If she be a woman without the good sense and tact that make marriage a success, she pays him back in his own coin, and they are both unhappy for the rest of the evening."

"Fortunately for me, I had worked myself before marriage, and understood how physically low a man or woman feels after a day at business."

"At the beginning of our life together I acted on the advice of the physician referred to, and always have ready a small cup of beef tea or chicken broth or hot milk, which he has to take, willing or unwilling. The effects are marvellous. I do not spoil him, quite the contrary."

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.



This Feeding Floor Could Be Built in The Fall

and it would help greatly to preserve the condition of your live stock in the Spring.

Every farmer knows that in the Spring of the year his barnyard is almost bottomless. The live stock mire down into the mud and almost float around—greatly to the detriment of their physical condition.

By building a Concrete feeding floor in the yard, this trouble is done away with.

A Feeding Floor of comparatively small



Ask for a Copy of This Booklet To-Day

A Postal Will Bring It Promptly

Canada Cement Co., Limited

33-35 National Bank Building, MONTREAL



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