

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

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd)

Dorothy was disappointed beyond expression, and Mrs. Darnley was annoyed. It hurt her to think that any woman should have such power over her son, and that he should have gone without a word or sign to her; a sense of vexation, too, mingled in with her satisfaction in that she was effectually parted from that designing girl, vexation new to her proud nature in more senses than one.

It was from Baines that Nancy learned of Darnley's departure, and, though her face made no sign, she felt a wave of relief pass through her; it would not be so difficult to bear now he was gone, she told herself. The torture of seeing him day after day, reading his utter contempt and disgust, would have been too great.

The maid imparted the news very cheerily; but her sharp eyes were not to be deceived by any acting, however good. She had grown very fond of Nancy, and, woman-like, she had conjured up a romance for the girl in which Derrick Darnley took a prominent part.

They would make a handsome pair, she had determined over and over again, as she had watched Nancy walk across the grass, the sun glinting her russet curls, the sky above not bluer than her eyes. Any one could see Miss Hamilton was a lady born, and she was as sweet as she was beautiful. There might be a double wedding, for all they knew, when the Earl of Merfield led Miss Dorothy to the altar.

But all these dreams vanished when Baines beheld Nancy's white face, and told her that Mr. Darnley had gone away; gone for good he had, so Foster said. Something had happened, and when Baines knew what that something was she was thunderstruck with horror.

"It ain't natural!" she cried, to her fellow servants; "and she'll break her heart, see if she don't."

"If it ain't already broke," observed old Foster, shrewdly. "Don't Miss Dorothy take on, too; I never see two such pretty faces so changed. Lord 'a' mercy on us, what does a nice young woman like that want a-marryin' that beast; like enough he'll kick her as he did poor Zoe."

And at this notion Baines turned pale with horror.

"I wish I might go with her when she goes," she thought to herself; but she said nothing to either her young mistress, who had grown strangely quiet or constrained, or to Nancy, when she went in to help the girl dress for dinner. It was Baines, and Baines alone, who noticed how wan and weary Miss Hamilton was becoming. She knew just how much value to put on the red patches which decorated the fair young cheeks; she knew that it was no amount of heat which brought the dark circles round those blue eyes. Her heart beat in sympathy with the girl's, though she said nothing; she noticed the quick, hungry look that came in Nancy's face when Dorothy's voice sounded outside or her step came on the stairs—Dorothy, who used to rush in every other moment laughing and romping, but who never came near the room now, and, indeed, rarely addressed Nancy at all.

For Dorothy was simply overwhelmed with grief and disappointment. She had to listen, day after day, to bitter remarks about Nancy Hamilton, and hear her summed up as mercenary, heartless and ungrateful, knowing all the while she could not contradict the slander.

"I tried to make her happy, and I failed," she used to say to herself; "she wants more than we can give her—with that man she will have every luxury possible—that is why she is going. If she had not told me herself it was her own wish, I would never have believed it; and even now she is longing to be gone. She never comes near me. Oh! Nancy! and I loved you so dearly!"

Well was it for Nancy she was spared these laments, or her burden would have been still heavier! It was a horrible time—a living nightmare! She shrank from mingling with the flow of guests, yet she was compelled to do so; and all the time

she was conscious of Dorothy's changed face, Sir Humphrey's astonishment and undisguised regret, Mrs. Darnley's contempt, and the curiosity bestowed on her by all the rest. Awful as the future seemed, the present was to her more terrible, and she grew to long for the moment when she could escape all this, even though in that escape she found herself Crawshaw's wife.

The marriage was to be immediately—the first week in September—and Dorothy had one interview alone with Nancy when this was announced.

"I have written and asked Madam Celeste to come to us here, Nancy," she said, gently. "She will take the whole of your trousseau in hand. No—no, please"—as Nancy's pale lips opened to speak—"please do not deny me this one pleasure. I entreat you, for the sake of the love and friendship that once existed between us, to allow me to act toward you as I should act to a sister."

Nancy's eyes were blinded by tears. She bent and kissed Dorothy's hand.

"Do as you will, dear. I accept," she said, in choked, miserable tones.

Dorothy grasped her hands.

"Nancy!" she began, eagerly. Was the moment come when Nancy would throw aside this horrible mystery that hung over her actions? She waited almost breathlessly, but the other girl made no sign, and, with a deep-drawn sigh, Dorothy moved to the door and went out.

If she could but have heard the moan that broke from Nancy's overcharged heart, and seen her arms outstretched in an abandonment of tenderness, she would have been happier than she had been ever since that memorable night; but seeing, knowing nothing of this, she remained in the same state of disappointed pain—a pain that was not lessened by the triumphant expression on her Aunt Priscilla's and her Aunt Anne's respective faces; they said as plainly as though the words were written there:

"This comes of quixotic kindness! Ah! we always knew that girl would turn out badly."

And to Dorothy, in her simple truth, it seemed as if she must, against all love and loyalty, agree with this, for she felt that Nancy must be sacrificing her very soul to gain this man's money.

Mrs. Darnley watched the rift widen between these two girls with intense satisfaction.

"Once married, Dorothy will have done with her for ever."

And Nancy, alone in her room, the night before her wedding morn, with none but the stars to shine in on her solitude, spread her arms and bowed her head upon them.

"Only give me strength to bear it all!" was her prayer. "Oh, Father, above, do not Thou desert me utterly."

CHAPTER XV.

It must not be imagined that Nancy had calmly accepted Crawshaw's statement concerning her uncle as complete and final. She had received a letter from Henry Chaplin, as we know, giving here a rather incoherent account of his crime, and imploring her, by everything she held sacred, to save him from dishonor and open shame; but when the first sharpness of the blow had worked off, Nancy set about procuring further information from her uncle.

She found it very hard in her own mind to reconcile the thought of Henry Chaplin with so mean and base an act; and thought she could not deny the authenticity of his letter, yet she could not crush down a strange suspicion and doubt that Crawshaw was deceiving her somehow in this matter.

When the first week of her most miserable and comfortless engagement had passed, Nancy wrote to Dr. Grantley.

She dwelt but briefly on her present position, but asked him many questions about her uncle—always, of course, repressing any mention of his crime—and ended by saying how glad she would be if Dr. Grantley would prevail on Henry Chaplin to come down to Ripstone vil-

lage and see her, if only for a few moments.

The answer to this letter arrived the night preceding her marriage. Dr. Grantley had been abroad, hence the long silence.

Her old friend wrote his congratulations on her good fortune; but they did not sound altogether sincere, for he was in reality astounded at the news, knowing, as he did, how the girl had loathed and detested her future husband when he had been simple Thomas Moss, of the timber yard. Then he went on to say that, immediately on receipt of Nancy's letter, he had gone in search of her uncle, only to find, greatly to his astonishment, that the little grocer's shop was empty, and that the Chaplin family had gone away, some said to America, some to Australia; but no one quite knew where.

"The neighbors hint at some pecuniary trouble which lately befell your uncle," Dr. Grantley wrote, "and are of opinion that he was compelled to go away. Of course, my dear child, you may rely on my doing all in my power to discover his whereabouts, however difficult a task it may prove to be. I only regret that I was not at home when this crisis, whatever it was, came upon him, poor man. I had a strong feeling of friendship for Henry Chaplin, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart; he was an honest and honorable gentleman, and must ever remain so, despite a hundred grocer's shops."

And with a few more kind and affectionate words to herself, the letter ended.

Nancy's heart beat with a sudden hurriedness as she read that simple testimony to her uncle's truth and honor, but the faint gleam of pleasure did not last long.

Her uncle was gone, flown to distant lands, without a word or sign. What further proof of his guilt was necessary?

To Nancy this news dropped the last stone to the barrier that stood irrevocably between her and happiness; it was enough, and her final hope, faint and feeble though it had been, was killed entirely.

The night before her marriage! What a dark, close, sombre night it was!

One by one the glittering stars faded out of the gloomy, clouded sky, and the sound of pattering rain on the leaves outside reached the girl's ears as she sat keeping her lonely, miserable vigil until morning broke. She was very weary, but sleep was impossible to her. Her hot, sad eyes went round the dainty room. How dear, how inexpressibly dear, it looked to her! Here had been spent the happiest moments of her young life, such moments as she could not understand now, they seemed so far away, as if they had belonged to some other creature—not to her, poor, helpless, hopeless Nancy!

She was tired of thinking, tired of dwelling on the past—the future she would not even let enter her thoughts; she shivered with dread and fear at the bare mention of the word.

She was such a poor, young creature to fight against so many and hideous difficulties.

"Oh, if I could only open my heart to her!" she cried, as Dorothy crept into her mind; "if I might only tell her all and hold her clasped in my arms, it would be almost happiness. She would know then I am not the worldly, mercenary, ungrateful creature she must think me now. She would sympathize with me, and heal my aching wounds with her sweet love; it is the very hardest of all that I must be misjudged, that I must watch them growing cold and hard toward me, and yet never move my

PURIFIED HIS BLOOD

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills Healed Mr. Wilson's Sores

When the sewers of the body—bowels, kidneys and skin ducts—get clogged up, the blood quickly becomes impure and frequently sores break out over the body. The way to heal them, as Mr. Richard Wilson, who lives near London, Ont., found, is to purify the blood. He writes:

"For some time I had been in a low, depressed condition. My appetite left me and I soon began to suffer from indigestion. Quite a number of small sores and blotches formed all over my skin. I tried medicine for the blood and used many kinds of ointments, but without satisfactory results. What was wanted was a thorough cleansing of the blood, and I looked about in vain for some medicine that would accomplish this.

At last Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills were brought to my notice, and they are one of the most wonderful medicines I have ever known. My blood was purified in a very short time, sores healed up, my indigestion vanished. They always have a place in my home and are looked upon as the family remedy."

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills cleanse the system thoroughly. Sold by all dealers at 25c a box.

2 in 1 SHOE POLISH

Sold in all parts of the World.

Canada's Most Brilliant Representative.

It has proved its superiority over scores of other makes, and has won popularity solely on its merits.

It's good for your shoes.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited,
HAMILTON, Ont., BUFFALO, N. Y. and LONDON, Eng.

IS THIS YOURS?



Is what yours? Is this house that needs painting yours? Be good to it! It is your home! Nothing is too good for it. Make it beautiful. How? Use

RAMSAYS PAINTS

Don't hesitate, they are fully guaranteed. No other paints possess those sterling qualities for beauty, durability and covering power so well known for over seventy years as Ramsay's Paints. Everybody uses them. Write and ask us for our beautiful Booklet ABCDE on house painting. We mail it free. It will help you.

A. RAMSAY & SON CO.,
THE PAINT MAKERS, Montreal, Est'd 1842.

THE RIGHT WAY

In all cases of
DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, INFLUENZA,
COLDS, ETC.

of all horses, broodmares, colts, stallions, is to
"SPOHN THEM"

on their tongues or in the feed put Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routes the disease by expelling the disease germs. It wards off the trouble no matter how they are "exposed." Absolutely free from anything injurious. A child can safely take it. 50c and \$1.00; \$5.50 and \$11.00 the dozen. Sold by druggists and harness dealers.

Distributors:
All Wholesale Druggists
SPOHN MEDICAL CO.,
Chemists and Bacteriologists
GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.



lips to test them my story. Perhaps if he were to know, he would be less cruel in his anger. Derry! oh, Derry! my dear heart, my lost love!"

The rain fell steadily outside, weeping, as it were, for her wrecked youth and gladness. The cool, damp night air stole in through the open window to greet her with a chilly touch, the clock from the tower chimed the quarters and the hours, and she still sat on, crouched in her chair, battling with her grief with all her strength, and longing with a dumb, great longing that it might end even by death, she cared not how, so that she might be free.

The morning broke radiant after the torrents of rain that had fallen in the night.

Ripstone Hall and Ripstone village were awake early, and busy preparations commenced with an eagerness that bespoke excitement.

And is not a wedding always an excitement, come when it may? Of course, there would have been considerably more of this had the bride been Miss Dorothy, their golden-haired mistress and idol; but as it was, there was a good briskness prevailing, and every one had a kind wish for Nancy, who had endeared herself to all with her quick sympathy and generosity.

Sir Humphrey and Dorothy were determined on doing everything as well as it could be done, despite the very disagreeable remarks passed on their folly by Lady Merfield, and the sneers with which Mrs. Darnley watched the proceedings.

"It is scandalous," the Countess of Merfield declared; "there could

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

Here's a Home Dye

That
ANYONE
Can Use.

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

DIYOLA
ONE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

JUST THINK OF IT!
With DIYOLA 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.

IODINOL \$1 a box IODINOL 6 for \$5

The most highly efficient application for the reduction of Swellings, Goitre, Thick Neck, Glandular Enlargements. It's Positive.

PILES of all kinds, in any and all stages, quickly relieved and positively cured. Cure your suffering and live quietly. "Common Sense" for Piles will do it. \$1 a box, \$5 for 6 boxes. Mailed on receipt of price.

LYLE MEDICINE COMPANY, TORONTO
718 WEST QUEEN STREET

not be more fuss or expense if Dorothy herself was going to be married; it is passing all comprehension! What claim has this girl upon them that they should make fools of themselves about her in this way? She is a very lucky person, and it would have been more becoming altogether had she gone to church simply, without all this show and noise."

(To be continued.)

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