

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

CHAPTER XXI.

So the days had gone by in one key, only varied for Nancy by two things—first, the dismissal of Marie, which was an inexpressible comfort; and, secondly, by the news of Sir Humphrey's accident and illness, which was bitter pain.

If she could have crept out at night, she would have walked over the rough, wet country that stretched between the manor and Ripstone, barefooted, to offer her love, help, sympathy to Dorothy; but escape for an hour was impossible, and so she had to live day after day burdened with suspense and self-reproach added to all her other troubles.

She had accepted all the insults and miseries which Crawshaw put upon her as part of the sacrifice demanded for her uncle's safety; and knowing this, she made no complaint, only every now and then, when goaded and tired beyond all endurance, the wild thought came to her to resist it all—to appeal to this man's generosity, his heart, if he possessed one, and entreat him to be more merciful, to lighten her dark path if ever so little. But she never did this.

She knew too well the result of such pleading. She knew upon what terms alone Crawshaw would consent to alter his present conduct, which arose as much from infuriated vanity as any other reason; and sooner than agree to those terms, she resolved to suffer a hundred-fold more than she was called upon to bear now. Even had he been a less pitiful, contemptible creature, she would never have permitted herself to listen to his love. Love! It was such utter degradation to associate the word with such a man as Crawshaw! Would love have tormented and ruined her happiness as his cruel passion and revenge had done! Love is self-sacrificing, self-forgetting, self-abnegating. What claim could Thomas Crawshaw lay to any one of these?

She had been coerced into a marriage, she had accepted the sacrifice with all its attendant miseries. She had—so she imagined, poor child—saved her uncle from shame, perhaps from death—there her task ended. Sooner than let this man touch her lips—the lips which Derry had kissed—she would have fallen dead at his feet.

And Crawshaw knew this was no melodramatic, empty threat. There was an intensity, a quiet passion about the girl as she uttered it which told him she meant every word. When he had realized this he had vowed to himself that, come what may, he would yet break her stubborn will, her disgust and hatred of himself, and bring her humbled at last to the dust at his feet.

Only one gleam of pleasure came to Nancy out of all this grim darkness—the thought that her uncle was safe and happy. Yes, actually happy at last, for Dr. Grantley had written, telling her that he had heard from Henry Chaplin, giving news of himself and his wife. The latter was returning to England at once, but Nancy's uncle had made friends with some scientific and literary men, who found his brain and information so useful that they had offered him the post of secretary to some society in Melbourne, which not only gave him a salary, but sent him into the seventh heaven of delight.

This letter had reached Nancy the very morning on which Derrick Darnley had started off for his walk with the dogs; and having escaped Fenton's lynx eyes, she made her way to a quiet nook in the lonely woods to read it over and indulge in almost the first faint gladness she had felt for months.

"Poor uncle—dear uncle!" she said to herself, with tears in her blue eyes. "I have saved him and made him happy. Does he ever think of me, I wonder? Does he ever realize what I have done? But I won't let myself doubt him. He loves me—he will never forget me!"

But all the same the poor girl's aching heart longed for some warm word of love and greeting from the man who had indirectly been the cause of all her trouble. She had folded the letter up and put it away in her pocket, and then had sat

with bent head thinking, wondering in the old, sad fashion till the dogs had rushed upon her, and with a great start and a mingled sense of fear, ecstatic delight and deep sorrow, she had raised her eyes and seen Derrick standing before her. What followed has been told.

When, at last, she recovered strength enough to conquer her agitation and emotion, Nancy drew her cloak about her shoulders, and turned slowly back along the unkept paths and weed-grown walks to the Manor House.

She had dried her tears, but her face was very white, even her lips were robbed of their pretty red hue, and her eyes were circled with deep, black marks.

As she progressed slowly toward the large, ugly door, she came upon Fenton, who was evidently waiting and watching her.

At first this man's presence had been almost more than Nancy could endure, and she had been vaguely amazed at the familiarity which existed between her husband and his valet; then, for a time, she had grown accustomed to the insolent, sallow face which haunted her wherever she went; of late, however, since her mail had been dismissed, Nancy's horror of this man had increased; he seemed like place, and at night, when she was some evil spirit skulking about the safely locked in her room, she had caught faint sounds of riotous singing and laughing, which told her all too plainly that the master of the Manor House was enjoying himself as he liked best, and that his confidential servant was assisting him in the laudable task of getting loathsomely intoxicated in as short a time as possible.

Nancy never, by any chance, took any notice of Fenton; but she knew that the man hated her for what had occurred in the past, and that he delighted in offering her every conceivable insult and indignity now that he had the chance.

As she passed him silently and entered the house, the man followed her, and with much fuss and noise closed the great door after them, and having shot the bolts and turned the key, took out the latter and put it in his pocket, whistling ostentatiously the while. If he had expected the girl to make any remark he was disappointed.

Nancy went straight upstairs with her usual firm step, but her heart had suddenly sunk. What could this mean but that the very small amount of liberty which she had hitherto been allowed was to be taken from her? Was there more horror and misery to come?

CHAPTER XXII.

Sir Humphrey Leicester improved wonderfully after his nephew's arrival at the Hall.

"And it is all through you, Derry," Dorothy declared, warmly, as each day passed and left the patient a degree nearer recovery. "No, don't shake your head; I know it is!"

And certainly it seemed as if Miss Leicester's words were true, for the sick man was never so happy as when Darnley was sitting at his bedside with Dorothy presiding at her old post.

Dorothy, too, apparently, derived not only pleasure but health from her cousin's presence; her cheeks lost their wan look, her golden curls were no longer dishevelled, her pretty, dainty figure was fresh and trim, and matched her lovely face; indeed, every one in the house declared Miss Dorothy to be her old self, and one and all united with the girl in delighting in Mr. Darnley's appearance; that is, all except Aunt Priscilla, Countess of Merefield. To her Derry was nothing more nor less than an obstructionist.

Why should he be here and Merefield be away? It was altogether wrong!

So opined Merefield's mother to herself, and as Mr. Darnley had an unpleasant habit of diving beneath Lady Merefield's evangelical surface and exposing the very undeniable worldliness that existed there, she may be forgiven for not altogether loving him.

She had not only just recovered from her annoyance over the question of Nancy Hamilton and Sir Humphrey's most quixotic dealings with the girl, when another trouble came in the dogged determination of her son to depart for a lengthened sojourn in foreign parts, and on the top of that and the real anxiety to do Lady Merefield justice she had some affection for her half-brother—about Sir Humphrey came this visit of Derrick Darnley, while her son was miles away and not able to make any stand against this most dangerous young man.

It certainly was enough to try any mother, and it must be admitted that if Lady Merefield had had her way she would have immediately dismissed Mr. Darnley, and brought Merefield back to the Hall without his leave or by his leave.

However, as this could not be managed, the next best thing was to circumvent Mr. Darnley in his supposed matrimonial projects whenever she with accecy could do so.

Lady Merefield's manoeuvres were all lost on the young man; he had too much painful matter for thought to permit himself to notice such a trivial matter, but Dorothy was not so blind.

"Aunt Priscilla might be my governess or my nurse," she declared, petulantly, one cold, blustering morning, as, wrapped up in her fur cloak, and with a cap set jauntily on her golden hair, she went down the terrace, a pretty picture if Darnley had had eyes to see it, to join him for an hour's brisk walk in the grounds.

Derrick Darnley, who had been standing with his hands in his pockets, staring wistfully across to where the Manor House stood and sheltered Nancy, woke from his thoughts with a start; the memory of those deep-blue eyes and that wan face was too keen to be wiped out by Dorothy's fair loveliness.

"What is up now, Dolly?" he asked, half confusedly.

"She actually wanted to come out with me for a walk to see that I did not fall down or catch cold, or some such nonsense. I declare I believe Aunt Priscilla thinks me a baby incapable of taking care of myself."

Darnley smiled faintly. He knew exactly the true meaning of all this solicitude on Lady Merefield's part.

"Perhaps she would not object so much to your taking a walk alone," he said. "It is a certain individual named Darnley whom she regards as being so undesirable a companion."

Dorothy gave him a sharp glance from her beautiful eyes.

"Aunt Priscilla is a silly old thing!" she said, irreverently.

"No, she is only a mother."

They were pacing down the avenue away from the Hall as Darnley said this.

Dorothy Leicester colored faintly, but made no answer, and her cousin, having first asked her permission, took out a cigarette and lit it.

"Aunt Priscilla is possessed of one desire," he observed, as he flung away the match. "She wants to get me away from the Hall again."

Dorothy's cheeks flushed angrily.

"As she is not mistress here," she said, rearing her small head proudly, "her wishes are of very little concern."

"Possibly."

They walked on in silence for a few minutes. The man's thoughts had gone to their only task now dwelling on Nancy—what she was doing, how it was faring with her, and if she had forgiven him his harsh words when they had parted, nearly ten days ago?

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."

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Ten days!—it was more like ten long years!—and not once during that time had he even heard her name breathed by any living soul!

At night, when all was still and quiet, he had stolen down into the damp, cold air, and paced to and fro, thinking of the girl whom he knew now to be his own love—his very own—and yet whom he must not even see or approach, for fear of dishonor and evil falling upon her.

His heart was racked, too, by doubt and fear. He tormented himself by imagining what sort of life the poor child led in that desolate, dismal place—alone, without friend and relation—alone with her husband, and exposed to the insults of his servants.

Her husband! The very word sent a cold shiver through his veins—a shiver of mental agony.

Had Dorothy been less engrossed with her own feelings, she must have noticed the great change that had come upon her cousin, have wondered at his grimly-set face, and marvelled sadly over his taciturn manner, so different from his former brightness and pleasantness. But Dorothy was too happy in the consciousness that he was near her to remark all this, or to imagine for an instant that he had some sorrow so great as almost to crush him to the ground.

For Derrick Darnley was suffering far more now since he had met Nancy again, and discovered that he had wronged her by his harsh thoughts, than he had ever done in the very first moment of his trouble. He was haunted by her sacred, miserable face. He feared and dreaded he hardly knew what. At times the longing to rush over to the manor and bear her away from all her horrible surroundings, became almost unbearable. It was by the greatest effort that he subdued this, and brought himself to realize the fact that he could and must do nothing—absolutely nothing—for this girl, who was more to him than life itself.

(To be continued.)

WHERE TIME IS MONEY.

The Colonia Cosme, on the Paragway, above Asuncion is one of the most curious in the world. The members of the colony make or grow everything they want, and import nothing. The workmen have seven hours' work a day, and earn, not money, but time. Their wages are hours and half-hours. These they save up till they have a week in hand, and then they go off on an excursion. If a man wants a chair or a table, he pays for it in hours of work, which are deducted from the balance to his credit.

LOW PRICES IN CHINA.

In China one may rent a mansion for \$8 a month, hire a very experienced chef for \$12, a good one for \$9, skilled butler for \$8, valet, who is also an excellent tailor, for \$6 and a laundryman for \$3. House servants may be hired for \$4 a month. Eggs cost five cents a dozen. A crate of young chickens may be bought for less than one chicken could be bought for in this country, and vegetables for the whole household will not cost more than \$10 a month.

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SOMETHING LIKE A PLAGUE.

Countless Millions of Locusts on Whirring Wings.

A locust invasion is an event not easily forgotten, says the Cape Argus.

The first sign of the approaching army is usually a long, dark cloud on the horizon. As it comes nearer, it is seen to be composed of countless millions of locusts on whirring wings. Soon the cloud appears overhead, and is sufficiently thick to obscure the sun. Now we are in the midst of a dense swarm of flying, whirring locusts, which dash into our faces, enter our houses, and fill our rooms with their presence; the air is simply alive with them. All open wells must be instantly covered, or they will be polluted by the insects.

Fowls and turkeys, however, welcome the advancing hordes; they simply fatten on the locusts. But their flesh becomes so tainted by this diet as to be quite unsaleable, and even their eggs have an unpleasant taste. As soon as locusts make their appearance in a locality, the price of eggs drops to one-half or one-third of its former value.

Pigs also feed on locusts, and their flesh also becomes affected; in fact, all animals seem to be adversely affected, for horses have a strong aversion to grass which has been polluted by locusts, and, unless very hungry, will not touch it.

ATTENDING THE DEAD.

In Canton, about eighty miles from Hong Kong, there is a place known as the City of the Dead. There are one hundred and ninety-four small houses, in each of which a corpse is lodged, at the rate of twenty-five dollars for the first three months, and then at a reduced rate until the geomancers employed by the relatives of the dead person decide when and where the corpse shall be buried. Silk or paper lanterns and imitation fruit are hung from the roof; there are screens in each room between the door and the coffin; tea, fruit, and any other kind of food which the dead person liked when on earth, are placed on an altar before the coffin each morning. There are cardboard servants standing about to wait on him with pipes or cardboard cups of tea. There are also two handsome paper females placed there to guide his spirit on the way to heaven.

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