FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd)

Derrick Darnley had been abroad ever since March. Neither Dorothy, Lord Merefield nor Sir Humphrey had the smallest idea where, but by long custom they were never surprised at anything he did; and when they were all out on the lawn having tea in the afternoon, and the omnibus from Ripstone disgorged the guests, no one—except Nancy—was at all astonished to see Mr. Darnley's tall, well-built form saunter across the lawn, chatting lightly to Mrs. Fairfax, also newly arrived.

Dorothy was supremely delighted at his coming, and showed it. Nancy, too, was strangely pleased, though why, she hardly knew herself, but her face wore nothing but the ordinary smile and expression of everyday greeting.

Lord Merefield looked rather glum; lovers' senses are keen, and he knew that Dorothy Leicester thought far more of Darnley than she did of himself.

Sir Humphrey was loud in his demonstrations of pleasure at welcoming his sister's son back to the Hall.

"Here is some one you know, Derry," he said, turning to Nancy.

"How d'ye do?" inquired Mr. Darnley, leisurely.

And after he had shaken Miss Hamilton's hand, he dropped into a chair and commenced talking busily to Dorothy.

"A cup of tea for Derry, Nancy, darling," cried Dolly.

Nancy bent over the tray.

She felt disappointed and angry.

Disappointed at Mr. Darnley's cold manner, and angry with herself for being disappointed.

What did it matter to her what he said or how he looked?

Dorothy's eyes were glowing, her pretty cheeks were flushed with delight, and she hung on her cousin's every word; while he in his turn was feasting his eyes on that girlish form by the tea table.

"She is magnificent," he said to himself; "she eclipses Dorothy with all her dainty loveliness. I would far sooner look at that irregular face with those wonderful eyes, that colored hair, than at the most perfect feautres possible. How these few months have changed her!"

His admiration was universally shared—more, perhaps, by the men guests than the women.

There was a dangerous attraction about this protegee of Sir Humphrey's, the fair sex declared at once, and with great determination.

As the conversation became general, the name of Mr. Crawshaw, the new tenant of the manor, arose.

"Can you tell us anything about him, Mrs. Fairfax?" asked Dorothy, still sitting by Darnley's side.

"I met him only the other day. The man is a boor."

"But we must make allowances for him," interposed Lady Burton. She had two unmarried daughters, who were to follow next day, and so she spoke diplomatically. "Dear Lady Lorrimer met him in Paris the other day and thought him most original."

Darnley's lip curled, and Dorothy noticed this at once.

"Do you know him, Derry?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, quietly. "I know him. I, too, had the misfortune to meet him in Paris. The fellow is a low, vulgar brute. He comes from the gutter. Even his thousands—and he has many thousands, my pretty cousin—will never be able to gild him, or make his society palatable for an hour."

"He made his money with patent pills, didn't he?"

This from Lord Merefield, in a gloomy tone.

"No; varnish," from Capt. Fairfax.

"I heard, from dear Lady Lorrimer, that it was not in trade at all."

"Quite right, Lady Burton; trade had nothing to do with it. Crawshaw has only just come into his money, by the merest fluke; he has literally had no hand in amassing it."

"Oh! tell us all about it, Darnley!"

Mr. Darnley smiled at Dorothy, but his eyes still lingered on Nancy at the tea table.

"Once upon a time," he began, in the most approved fashion, "there was a publican in the East End of London, who married a wife; in due course of time flourished, bought another public house, still another, and then another; in fact, developed into a purveying publican, if I can use such a word; then he died, leaving his widow childless, and worth at least twenty-five to thirty thousand a year. This widow happened to have had a sister, long since dead, and it was to the son of this sister that Mrs. Crawshaw resolved to bequeath all her fortune. She placed the matter in the hands of a good firm of solicitors; her nephew was sought for, was found, and behold him now the temporary owner of the manor, and the friend of that most delightful being, Lady Lorrimer."

There was a supreme touch of sarcasm in Mr. Darnley's voice at the last; but Lady Burton did not seem to notice it.

"Ah!" she said, blandly; "brewers are quite the rage just now. Look at Sir Mulberry Hopkins! No doubt Mr. Crawshaw will be knighted before the year is out."

Darnley's eyes met Nancy's, and they both smiled; both, for some indefinite reason, felt pleased the next moment; but they had no chance of becoming more friendly then, for the dressing gong sounded, and there was a general dispersing of the party to the house.

CHAPTER V.

On the following day the Hon. Ella and Maude Chester, daughters of the Lady Burton, arrived at the Hall.

They were two good-natured, plain girls, with any amount of freckles, lung power and healthy vigor. They had a reckless habit of pouncing on their unwary friends, and submitting them to a rough and hearty embrace.

Nancy was in the garden, culling flowers, when they arrived, so she missed the sight of Dorothy being enveloped in this bearlike hug.

She was humming to herself a little French song she had just learned, and was sauntering away from the house, when she came upon Derrick Darnley, in a cool and comfortable array, lying full length on a grass plot, smoking like a furnace.

Nancy colored and h-sitated; but seeing that his eyes were closed, she resolved to steal past and leave him undisturbed.

As she put this resolve into action, however, the handsome gray eyes opened to their fullest.

"May I not have a rose, Miss Nancy?"

She turned.

"Twenty, if you will."

She threw him a cluster as she spoke.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Darnley, inhaling the sweet perfume. "How delicious! Oh, by Jove!"

"What is it?" asked Nancy.

"Only a thorn!—a very spiteful one!"

"Let me look," she said, dropping her basket, and kneeling down beside him. "Remember I am a nurse, and know all about these things."

The young man relinquished his well-shaped hand to her soft fingers, and Nancy examined it carefully.

"Where does it hurt you?" she asked.

"Nowhere, now," was his answer, given quietly.

Nancy blushed, but still bent her head over the hand.

"I don't see any scratch."

"And I don't feel one," confessed Mr. Darnley, coolly. "It was an artifice to lure you to sit here. I knew I had only to rouse your womanly sympathy, and I should get my way."

Nancy dropped his hand, and would have risen, but his fingers closed on her wrist, and he drew her gently on to the grass again.

"Don't go!" he said, pleadingly. "I want to talk to you. I want to know all about yourself. If you repent your promise to me? If you are happy?"

"Happy? I never knew the real meaning of the word till now; my life is so beautiful!"

"I am so glad!"

Then there was a slight pause.

"And you forgive me for those disgraceful words I said to Merefield before I——"

"I have forgotten all about them," she answered, truthfully.

There was another pause, and a longer, this time. Mr. Darnley had thrown away his cigarette, and pushed himself on his elbow, so that he could see into the girl's face.

"I have thought about you so often," he said, after a while.

"Of me!" Nancy exclaimed, just lifting those blue eyes of hers, and then dropping them again. "How—how funny!"

"Wasn't it?" very dryly. "I wonder if you have ever bestowed a single thought on me?"

"Dorothy is always talking of you," Nancy replied, evasively; "and, of course, I——"

The broken sentence was most eloquent to the man. He looked as if he would say more, and then he checked himself.

"I met some relations of yours in Paris the other day," he said, instead.

Nancy turned a puzzled face toward him.

"Sir John Hamilton and his family."

She grew a shade paler.

"You have made a mistake; they are not my relations, Mr. Darnley; nor do I desire to claim them as such."

"Are you so proud and unforgiving, Nancy?"

"I don't know. But I cannot forget that they disowned both my mother and myself. You did not tell them I——"

"Do you think I—I mean we—are in such a hurry to lose you?"

She looked at him questioningly.

"Of course they would want you to leave us."

"And you think I would go?" she asked, with quiet reproach.

Darnley drew a shade closer.

"I don't know what I think. I only know what I wish, Nancy."

"Here comes Dolly!" Nancy cried, hurriedly.

With deeply flushed cheeks she rose to her feet, accidentally kicking her basket over as she did so.

"With the two cubs," Darnley observed, lazily, pulling himself into a sitting position, so as to pick up the scattered roses, and wishing vaguely that he could banish everybody and everything from the world except this girl, with her wondrous eyes and splendid face. It was a face to die for, he too himself in that moment, he had never met its equal.

"Please don't bother, Mr. Darnley," Nancy said, hurriedly, her cheeks still glowing, like the innermost heart of the exquisite flowers she was engaged in replacing in their basket; "you look so comfortable, and I can manage quite easily;" then, with a shy, nervous laugh, as if she were eager to get on to another topic; "Why do you call them cubs? It is very rude; they look very nice from here."

"Yes, from here," Mr. Darnley agreed, languidly; then he shivered with mock dismay. "Heavens! do listen to their voices. What lungs! what chest notes! Nancy, you are not going?"

"I must set the flowers, and——"

But before she got any further Dorothy came round the corner with a Miss Chester hanging affectionately on either arm.

Miss Leicester's lovely face flushed as she beheld her cousin, and then she smiled in response to his comical glance.

"Don't go, Nancy," she said, affectionately; and then, after Darnley had greeted Lady Burton's daughters, Miss Leicester introduced her new friend and companion to them with an air of pride and love.

The Hon. Ella and Maude were by no means jealous girls, yet they could not prevent a distinct feeling of depression and disappointment from stealing into their breasts as they realized the full strength of Miss Hamilton's fascination.

Dorothy Leicester, single-handed, was a formidable rival enough, but these two faces together would make things a hundredfold worse.

However, they shook Nancy's small hand in their vigorous manner; and as Lord Merefield came up attired in tennis garments, they forgot their momentary discomfiture in the prospects of an exciting and immediate game.

Nancy could not resist a hearty fit of laughter at poor Merefield's miserable face, as he saw his dainty lady-love comfortably ensconced on the grass with Mr. Darnley, while he himself was forcibly carried away to the tennis court by the Misses Chester.

"Won't you come, Darnley?" he cried, feebly, as he went; but his invitation was drowned in a chorus of "Oh, Capt. Fairfax is going to join us; come along;" and so, like a lamb to the slaughter, he was borne away.

(To be continued.)

A WONDERFUL FLOOD.

The French country stationmaster was walking up and down the platform with the air of a director.

"Wonderful floods!" he exclaimed, as he lifted his hat to an extra jaunty angle.

"Beats the record in two ways."

"In two days?" queried a dripping passenger.

"Washed over the level crossing for the first time in living memory, for one, and made the 5.21 late for another," came the explanation.

"That is only one way," growled the passenger. "Nobody ever remembers the 5.21 to have been prompt."

"Very likely, very likely!" agreed the proud official, resuming his strut, "but this is the first time we've been able to find a decent excuse!"

It is useful to remember in cooking potatoes that, after the water has been strained off, the pot should be given three or four sharp jerks so as to toss the potatoes. This has the effect of making them white and floury.

On the Farm

AMOUNTS TO FEED.

Every cow has two limits with regard to feeding. First, there is a limit of capacity; that is the total amount of feed the cow can possibly eat. Second, there is a limit to the amount of feed eaten that can be made use of in keeping up the energies of the body, and in producing milk. All food supplies between these two limits are worse than wasted; because they not only give no return whatever, but once in the stomach it requires extra work for the cow to rid herself of the excess, thus using time when she could otherwise be at rest.

On the other hand when we consider that about sixty per cent. of the food eaten goes to carry on the workings of the different parts of the animal body, and that only the remaining forty per cent. is available for milk production, we see how necessary it is, in order that the cow should do her best work, that the food should be just enough to reach the limit where economical production stops. This limit varies with every cow; for no two cows fed the same amount will both give the most economical returns.

One of the cows, if fed a few more pounds a day, will give larger returns, but this might not be the case with the other cow. Suppose you are feeding each cow 25 pounds a day, one cow giving two and one-half gallons of milk, and the others two gallons; you may find that if you give 30 pounds of feed to the first cow, she will then produce three and a half gallons, while if you increase the amount of food given the other the flow of milk will not be increased. Hence, there may be a considerable waste in feeding for milk.

This brings us to an important point. The dairyman should keep a complete record of each cow in his herd, including both a feed record and a milk record. Then only is he in position to find the standing of each cow and tell which cows are profitable and which are unprofitable. Then only can he know how much feed he can afford to give each cow to make the highest profit. There's a whole lot in knowing what we're doing.

COW A BENEFACTOR.

As population grows, more food is required to sustain it, of which a considerable portion will always consist of animal products of some kind. These would include milk, butter and vegetables as a meat substitute. One pound of nutriment from milk, can be produced more cheaply than one pound of nutriment in meat. The pound of nutriment from milk, however, requires an expenditure of more labor.

Somewhere in the history of man there was formed a lasting friendship between man and the cow. She has ever since been his faithful friend and benefactor. That man was early impressed with the value of the cow is indicated by a discovery of a recent date of a perfectly preserved shrine of the ancient Egyptian goddess Hathor. This shrine dated probably 1500 or 2000 year B. C. History also tells us of ancient Egyptians placing gold leaf on the horns of their cows; and this agrees with the fact that the cow was a great wealth-producer at that early date and has always been man's best friend, feeding motherless children and rewarding her owner. Is this not a truthful representation of the modern cow in her relation to man?

Man has developed the cow by a system of selection, feeding and training for a special purpose. It is the law of nature for all animals to revert to their original type and characteristics, and as the cow is subject to this law, we can keep her up to the standard and steadily improve her offspring only by the most careful selection, feeding and training for higher development. No other animal known to man responds so quickly to his efforts as does the cow, and no animal will record bad treatment like the cow, for she is naturally, and will always remain nervous, as she is never idle in trying to produce for her owner.

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

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SACK FULL OF MONEY.

An aged Ulster (Ireland) farmer staggered into a Belfast bank the other day under the weight of a burden contained in an old potato sack slung over his shoulders. He said that he wanted to lodge some money in the bank. The amazed officials on opening the sack found that it contained 1,200 sovereigns which the old man said were a portion of his life savings he had kept hidden under the floor of his cottage. He has been told by a lawyer when getting his will made, that the money would be far safer in the banks, and that he would get interest on it. The old man also said that he had $2,500 more which he would lodge later.

LONDON'S MILK SHORTAGE.

Owing to a shortage in the produce of milk, English dairy farmers are finding it hard at present to meet London's huge daily consumption. As a result, milk is coming each day from Ireland to help to satisfy the demand of the metropolis. Every night from 250 to 300 churns, each containing about seventy quarts, are being shipped from Ireland by the Fishguard route, and brought by the Great Western Railway to Paddington for distribution in London the following day.

Mrs. Artiess—"The Billoughbys have a grandfather clock that's been in the family for more than 150 years." Mr. Artless—"Humph! They didn't have it a year ago." Mrs. Artless—"Oh, no; but, you see, it was stolen nearly fifty years ago, and Mrs. Billoughby tells me it was by the merest chance they discovered it last week in a second-hand shop."

PRAYING ALWAYS.

Ephesians 6: 18, 19.

Father, we come with one accord
And breathe in faith our earnest plea,
While we according to Thy word
Commit Thy messengers to Thee;
We plead in our Redeemer's name
For all who do Thy truth proclaim

Through them reveal that grace supreme,
Which more than meets the law's demand:
May "Jesus only' be their theme
Which they proclaim in every land:
In His most precious name we pray
For all who preach Thy word this day.

When dangers threaten make them bold;
Discernment to their spirits give;
And may Thy peace their lives enfold
While in Thy cause they work and live:
With grace and strength and wisdom gird
All those who preach the living word.

The heights and depths of truth divine
Enable them to clearly see;
If foes against their work combine
Give them the strength to stand for Thee;
And let Thy saving grace be shown
Through those who make Thy message known.

Coworkers with their risen Head
May all Thy ransomed children be;
May all Thy hosts on earth be led
To join in one unceasing plea:
Inspire in every heart a prayer
For all who do Thy truth declare.

Those who to cultured thousands preach,
And those who for the needy care;
Those who in distant regions teach
The way of life in faith and prayer;
For such may this request be heard:—
Bless all who preach Thy gracious Word.

T. WATSON.

Granthurst, Ont., 1910.

FRUIT TREE BEARING.

Some one has estimated from statistics that fruit trees and bushes will bear for the following periods; Apples, for 25 to 40 years; blackberry, for 6 to 14 years; currant, for 20 years; gooseberry, for 8 to 12 years; pear, for 50 to 75 years; plum, for 20 to 25 years; and raspberry, for 6 to 14 years.

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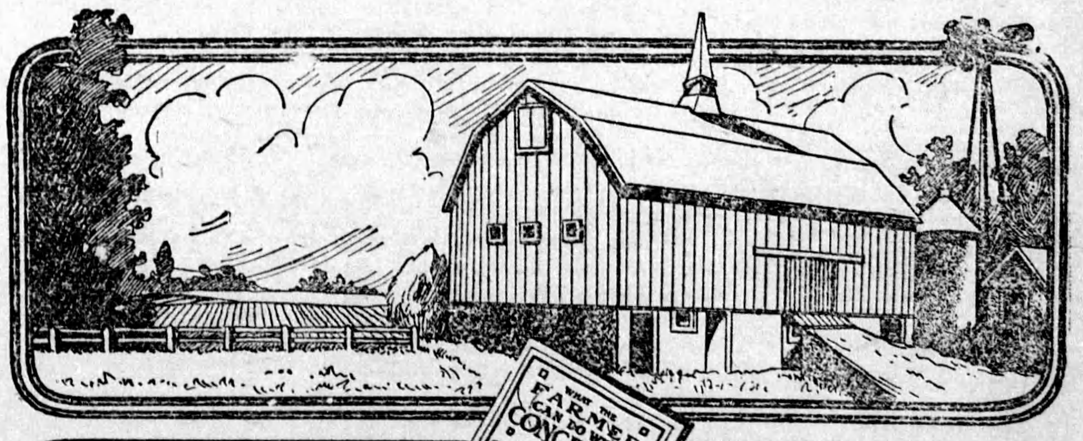

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