FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd)

Derrick Darnley threw himself back with a sigh of exhaustion as they departed.

"You may fan me if you like, pretty coz," he observed, languidly; and Dorothy, eager to obey him, took off her broad-brimmed hat and waved it to and fro.

She was not very sorry when she saw Nancy turn and move away; but Darnley, who had caught a glimpse of those wonderful blue eyes, with something very like contempt for him in their gaze, at once roused himself.

"Oh! do be sociable, Miss Hamilton," he pleaded; "it is too hot to do anything industrious, and the shade is delicious here."

"Many thanks, but I must go. Dorothy, I think I shall walk down to the village, if you don't mind; I want to see Mrs. Wortley."

"In all this heat," Darnley began, but Nancy had already disappeared, and with a slight contraction of his brows the young man resigned himself to circumstances.

The smiles and flush had died away from Nancy's face as she walked slowly back to the house. It pained her to see the wealth of love and attention pretty, spoiled Dorothy lavished and wasted on Derrick Darnley—yes, wasted was the right word, for her woman's quick wit showed her that he cared for Dorothy only as a child, and with just as much affection as a brother gives to a sister; while she, who reigned as queen over the hearts and lives of all around her, would have willingly crouched at her cousin's feet if by so doing she could have won a look or word of deeper regard. The proud spirit that was so pre-eminently one of Dorothy Leicester's characteristics, seemed to vanish altogether when she was near Darnley as the snow melts beneath the sun.

Nancy had often wished during the last few months—though the feeling had been more or less vague—that Dorothy had been more guarded in her admiration for her cousin; but she had never experienced the decided sense of pain and annoyance such as came to her now as she left them alone together.

"It will mean grief to her some day," she said, regretfully and tenderly to herself, "and, oh! I cannot bear to think that she should rush blindly forward to meet it. Yet what can I do? She is such a child, she hardly knows herself the truth of her heart; it would be cruel and worse to speak bluntly to her, and, after all, she is not so much to blame; he has no right to accept her adoration in that languid, selfish, conceited manner. I—I did not think he would act like that."

She stopped when she passed the tennis court, and half smiled as she saw Lord Merefield's woe-begone face.

"Why cannot that be?" she thought, half sadly; "it would make Sir Humphrey radiant with happiness and Lady Merefield would be overjoyed. He is a nice boy, too, but——"

And here, be it said, Nancy colored vividly, as she suddenly realized that in that eloquent pause she had contrasted Lord Merefield with Derrick Darnley, very much to the former's disadvantage; and that, finding the young barrister so fair and manly herself, it was no wonder that Dorothy did so also.

"I will not bother my brain about it," she determined; "the future will shape itself whatever I may do to prevent it."

And with this philosophical reasoning she went indoors, and, putting on her hat and gloves, started for her long walk to the village.

She never neglected to pay a visit twice a week to Nurse Wortley, whose kindness to her when she most needed it she was never likely to forget.

As she walked slowly along, her thoughts flew to her uncle, and the wretched, sordid place which for so many dreary years she had learned to call home. Sometimes the past returned so vividly that she would start and look round affrighted, fearing that her happiness was only a dream, and would presently roll away; but these moments were not frequent now, far more keen was a gratitude to her Heavenly Father for having guided her into such a haven, and given her such treasures as undoubted love, appreciation and trust as her own.

She rarely thought of Henry Chaplin without pain. She could not forget that he was her head mother's most beloved brother, that he had done all in his feeble power for her good. It was always a bitter mortification to Nancy to think that her father's relations had practically disowned her. It made her blood boil to remember that Sir John Hamilton had curtly and coldly informed Henry Chaplin that the family did not intend to recognize the broken-hearted widow of Bernard Hamilton, when she came back from that Indian grave, only herself to weaken and die.

"If she had committed some crime—been even of humble birth—they might be forgiven," the girl would say, passionately, to herself; "but her only fault was poverty, and because my father married secretly and against his parents' wish, they vent their displeasure like this on her and on me; but I do not want them—it is I who do not own them of my own free will—I am too proud."

Of course Nancy was not blind to the fact that her uncle's position had materially added to the difficulties which her mother had had to contend against when she wrote her story to her husband's family. Scholar, student, philosopher, gentleman as he was, Henry Chaplin still ranked as a petty tradesman; he had gradually sunk from his proper place, dragged by a rash and unfortunate marriage, into the very gutter of life. It was hardly likely that Sir John Hamilton, proud, haughty, aristocratic to the backbone, would be more easily appeased when his daughter-in-law wrote imploring aid from such a place; it was nothing to him how, by a series of misfortunes, Henry Chaplin had sunk to this level; it was nothing to him that poor Nellie Hamilton had nowhere else to rest her broken heart; it was enough that she was residing at a small grocer's shop, in a fourth-rate London neighborhood; and, incensed and deeply grieved at his son's untimely death, he promptly and curtly cut off all further communication with that son's wife, bidding the rest of his children follow in his steps. He was faithfully obeyed, as we have seen. He had been dead for several years now, and his eldest son reigned in his stead; but he, too, was blind and deaf to the cause of his brother's child; and if he ever thought of poor Nellie Hamilton at all, it was with a sigh of relief that she would trouble them no more in this life.

Was it strange, then, that our heroine, warm-hearted, impulsive, generous, as she was, should have grown to hate the name of her father's people with a hatred foreign to her nature, and to regard her poor, weak Uncle Henry with a still greater affection than she would have bestowed on any relation of her father's?

She had stray news of him now and then from Dr. Grantley, and somehow she felt intuitively that things were not going well with the shop or household, though nothing definite was told her. The doctor never mentioned either her aunt or Thomas Moss; and if Nancy ever permitted them to enter her thoughts, she was not long before she chased them away, supplanting their hideous memories with some fresher sweeter ones.

Deep in her thoughts, Nancy had walked some way before she became fully aware of the intense heat and fatigue of the journey she had undertaken.

"Not halfway, and tired already!" she observed, ruefully, coming to a standstill, and drawing a deep breath. "I wish I had waited now, and come this evening, or taken Dorothy's ponies. The exercise would have done them good," with a smile, as she remembered the two fat, sleek, handsome creatures, metaphorically and actually eating their heads off in their luxurious stalls.

"Just half-past four," she continued, looking at a toy watch hanging from a dainty chatelaine, one of Sir Humphrey's many gifts to her. "I have a very good mind to retrace my steps. It is ignominious, but immeasurably more pleasant. Meanwhile, until I have determined, I will rest me a little. This stile looks comfortable."

She gave another sigh, this time of relief, as she sank back against one of the broad upper posts. Her little hands lay ungloved on her lap, and as she glanced down at their soft, smooth white surface, she smiled.

"How different!" she mused. "They are a fit emblem of the change in my life. Who would think, to look at them, that they have peeled many hundreds of potatoes, scrubbed a few floors, and served out soap and soda behind a counter? Well, life is funny!" She leaned her arms on her knees, and put her fresh young face into her open palms.

"I hope," she thought, soberly, fixing her glorious eyes on a huge stag-beetle, as it ran swiftly through the parched grass below, "I hope I am not growing too proud of myself. I want to remember that I have done nothing to deserve all the marvellous good fortune that has come to me. I want to remember that I am guarded and cared for by One who has never yet deserted me. I feel I am not half grateful enough. I must not grow idle and luxurious. I must never forget that.

"Dorothy is different from me. This life is hers by right. It has come to me as a gift—maybe as a loan—and as such I must value it. Oh, if I had only voice enough," the girl murmured, passionately, yet with true religious fervour, "to sing out all the gratitude and happiness in my heart, I could fill the whole world!—yes, the whole world!"

A glow, born of the emotion within her, flitted across her face and made it beautiful.

In her graceful attitude, unconscious of all but her deep thought, Nancy made a pretty picture enough to satisfy any eye; and yet there was one, who stood a little distance off, looking at her with anything but pleasure or good-will written on his pale, unwashed face.

"Yes, she's alone, sure enuf. Now, to 'ave it out with 'er; and quick, too. I'll let 'er know what she's got to deal with in me."

Still intent on the beetle, and lost in her musings, Nancy did not hear the soft, hasty footsteps come toward her, and she started with something like fear as a shadow fell across the sunlit path, and, raising her eyes, she saw William the dismissed servant, before her.

In a moment, however, her sense of vague fear and aversion vanished in pity for the man's poor-looking condition.

"I am sorry to see you like this, William," she began, gently, gathering together her gloves and sunshade, and stepping to the ground.

The man interrupted her angrily.

"Here, stow that!" he said, insolently. "Sorry, indeed, Miss Upstart, when it was you as got me the chuckout! Sorry, indeed! I ain't to be won over by soft-sawder like that; not me. You've done me a jolly bad turn, and I'll be even with you!"

Nancy drew back, not alarmed, but indignant, at the man's injustice and insolence.

"You do not know what you are saying," she answered, very quietly, but with a full measure of cold haughtiness in her voice. "Let me pass!"

(To be continued.)

THE GARDEN OF THE LORD.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Before our eyes God's garden lies,
He bids us share its fruits so rare.
The Day of Rest yields fruit the best,
The day of pain may yield large gain.
The day of loss leads to His Cross.
The day of toil is fertile soil.
The day of prayer makes sweet the air.
The day of need brings power to plead.
The frailest flower reveals His power.
Of darkest night He is the light.
While nature sleeps, His own He keeps.
The pruning knife brings larger life.
The day of peace makes joys increase.
The day that frowns may win some crowns.
The day of wrong may make us strong.
The day of grief may bring relief.
The lonely day may show His way.
The day well spent brings sweet content.
The wasted day drives bliss away.
Vexation's hour may bring us power.
Temptation's stress our souls may bless.
The day's calm close brings sweet repose.
With power alone sad hearts may moan.
A lack of power is evil's hour.
The power that feels upholds and heals.
Selfseeking strength grows weak at length.
Pity and power are fruit and flower.
To hoard and hold makes hearts grow cold.
To earn and give is just to live.
To get and share drives out despair.
The words that please may cause disease.
The words that sting may healing bring.

T. WATSON.

Uniondale, Ont., 1911.

MADNESS FROM HYOSCINE.

In Twelve Hours Effects of the Drug Wore Off.

Dr. Philippi, a well-known German physician, has just published, in a medical review, some extraordinary details of the effects upon twenty-five men and women visitors at Davos pension of some henbane root accidentally introduced into their horseradish at dinner.

Henbane is the plant from which hyoscine, the drug used by Crippen in the murder of Belle Elmore, is extracted. But in this instance there were no fatalities.

Dr. Philippi states that the poison commenced to act two hours after dinner, and the ladies especially were affected. But all the men and women suffered from hallucinations.

One lady thought herself a living statute and refused to move from her pose. Another went on her hands and knees searching for an imaginery object. An English lady wanted to teach her language to everybody present in turn. A Russian lady, who always spoke German, entirely forgot that language.

Another lady ran to the telephone and put out her tongue at the receiver as though exhibiting it to a doctor. A chambermaid carried away twenty-five hot water bottles in succession to her own bed.

When a doctor was hastily summoned one of the lady patients, to whom he was an utter stranger, insisted that he was an old and dear friend, and would not allow him to leave her.

The men were also caught in the brainstorm. One of them started out for a chemists, but never reached there, forgetting his purpose, and bought quantities of useless things at other shops.

Twelve hours later, having been promptly and carefully treated, the patients had all recovered, but they could none of them remember their extraordinary behavior.

THE POWER OF COMPOUND INTEREST.

Here is a simple rule for finding the number of years in which a sum of money will double itself at compound interest. Divide 69.3 by the rate per cent. and add to this .35. Thus at 3 per cent., we ing 69.3 by 3, which yields 23.1 to find the number of years by dividwhich we add .35 years making the time 23.45 years.

At 3 per cent. simple interest it takes 33 1-3 years for money to double itself. And so you will find that compound interest has a very great advantage over simple interest in doubling power, the ratio of one force to the other being for all ordinary rates of interest about as 10 to 7.

This power of compound interest may be illustrated in another way. Three young men save $50 each a year for 40 years.

A, being a very cautious youth, puts his money in a strong box at home. At the end of 40 years he has saved $2,000.

B places his money with a banker who says he will allow him simple interest at 3 per cent. At the end of the 40 years he has at his credit $3,230.

C deposits his money in the Post Office Savings Bank at 3 per cent., compound interest, and at the end of 40 years he has $3,883 at his credit.

But D has discovered a still more excellent way. He pays his money to the Dominion Government for the purchase of a Canadian Government Annuity. He is now aged 20, and the Government say to him that if he dies during the 40 years of saving his estate will be as well off as C's estate, for it will receive back all that he has paid in with 3 per cent. compound interest, and if he survives to age 60 he will receive from the Government an income of $500 as long as he lives.

At 3 per cent. C's $3,883 would, if he spent a portion of his capital each year, give him $500 a year for less than nine years, and if at 70 he would find himself without a penny and in debt if he had no other means of support. This is worth thinking about, and you may obtain further information on the subject of your Postmaster or by addressing the Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa.

THE ORPHANAGE ALPHABET.

"We are orphans and fatherless."—Lamentations 5: 3.

A is for pure and wholesome Air;
B is for Bread on which to feed;
C is for kind and tender Care;
D is for Dwellings orphans need.

E is for Education wise;
F is for Faith by which we live;
G is for God who hears our cries;
H is for Health His mercies give.

I is for Ink with which to write;
J is for Jackets orphans war;
K is for Kindness always bright;
L is for Love so sweet and fair.

M is for Medicine and for Meat;
N is for News from those who roam;
O is for Oatmeal made to eat;
P is for Parents safe at home.

Q is for Quarts of flowing milk;
R is for Raiment sometimes red;
S is for Syrup smooth as silk;
T is for Tables freely spread.

U is for Use that in us lies;
V is for Virtue made to shine;
W is for Work that wins the prize;
X is for eXcellence the sign.

Y is for Youth that fears no frown;
Z is for Zeal which wins the crown.

T. WATSON.

Uniondale, Ont., 1911.

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

"Eat and Be Merry!"

Stop starving yourself—stop suffering the pangs of indigestion—stop worrying about what you dare and dare not eat.

Eat hearty meals of wholesome food, take

NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

and you'll feel like a new person. Sour stomach—heartburn—occasional indigestion—chronic dyspepsia—all yield quickly to NA-DRU-CO Dyspepsia Tablets. The properly digested food restores your strength, your stomach regains its tone, and soon requires no further aid.

50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet send 50c. and we will mail them. 37

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED, MONTREAL.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE

FOR **PINK EYE** DISTEMPER CATARRHAL FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES

Cures the sick and acts as a preventative for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50 cents a bottle; $6.00 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and harness houses. Distributors—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, 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 30c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wn.

ALAS, POOR EXPLORERS!

MEN WHO HAVE PERISHED IN "DARKEST AFRICA."

The Greatest of All Was David Livingstone, Who Spent 33 Years in Africa.

We still call Africa the "Dark Continent." We might equally well term it the "Fatal Continent," for it has claimed the lives of a greater number of explorers than all the rest of the wild regions of the earth put together.

The latest victim of the African savage is an Englishman—Lieutenant Boyd Alexander, murdered by natives in the rubber country of the Wadais. Wadai is the last stronghold of the slave trade, and is controlled by the dangerous Mohammedan secret society known as the Senussi. Lieutenant Alexander knew the risk he ran. His death adds one more to the long list of British martyrs to the cause of civilization.

"I mean," wrote Mungo Park, more than a hundred years ago, "to sail east with the fixed determination to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. Near Broussa the natives made a fierce attack upon his expedition, and Park was obliged to fly down stream, taking the risk of shooting the dangerous rapids. His canoe struck a rock, split in pieces, and flung him and his companions into the raging waste of foam. Park made a desperate effort to swim ashore, but was swept away and drowned.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

Twenty years later, in 1826, Major Alexander Laing, another hardy Scot, made a successful attempt to visit the mysterious city of Timbuktu. Before he reached it he was set upon by Tuaregs—those masked bandits of the desert—who left him for dead. But though covered with wounds, he pulled through, and reaching Timbuktu, stayed there for some months until the fanatic inhabitants drove him forth into the desert. He reached El Aruan, a small oasis in the Sahara, and there was literally cut to pieces.

Captain Clapperton was another victim, but his death was due, not to savage spears, but to the fever-laden mists of the Niger. His servant, Richard Lander, tended him to the end, and carried his papers safely to the coast. On his journey, Lander had many thrilling adventures. In one place he was caught by natives, and subjected to the ordeal by poison—that is, he had to eat a portion of the deadly Calabar bean. By a miracle he came through it unharmed, and afterwards, in company with his brother, conducted a fresh expedition, which solved the puzzling problem of the mouth of the great Niger.

HOW LIVINGSTONE DIED.

The greatest of all African explorers was David Livingstone, whose experiences of the "Dark Continent" began in Bechuanaland in 1840, and extended over thirty-three years, during which time he walked tens of thousands of miles over the bush paths of Central Africa.

His last journey was through the upper part of the Congo Basin. He describes the country as "one vast sponge, intersected by countless streams." The blazing sun beat down, and raised a constant stream of mist, and being the rainy season everything was saturated day and night. Under these awful conditions even Livingstone's iron physique broke down, and his devoted servants made a litter, and staggered on through the deep, sticky clay. On April 27th he made his last entries in his notebook; on the 29th he was hardly conscious. On that day they carried him into Chitambo's village, built a bed for him, and aired the hut with a good fire. He revived a little, and lay peacefully all the 30th. In the evening he called to his body servant—Susi—to bring his medicine chest, and from it took a dose, and then dismissed the boy. His pupil—Jacob Wainwright, a colored man—slept in the hut with him, and woke early in the morning to attend his master. He found him kneeling by his bedside. Wainwright waited a while, then, growing uneasy at his absolutely motionless attitude, touched him on the shoulder. The great missionary was cold and dead. He had passed from life in an attitude of prayer.

Wainwright and the others buried their master's heart under a great tree, then, after carefully mummifying the body, carried it to the coast. It was conveyed to England, and buried in the presence of reverend crowds in Westminster Abbey.

LAST OF THE LIEUTENANT.

What is perhaps the most dreadful disaster in all the records of African exploration befell the French expedition of 1881 under Colonel Flatters. After passing safely through the worst parts of the Sahara Desert, the treacherous Tuaregs swept down upon them, and killed nearly all his men, including his thirty camel-drivers, and drove off all the camels. The survivors, numbering fifty in all, started back across the sandy desert known as the "Thirst Country," pursued and harassed day and night by their Tuareg enemies. They met a tribe who professed to be friendly, and who sold them dates. The fruit was poisoned, and many died in agony.

At last they reached the wells, but these were held by the enemy, and in the fight that ensued all the Europeans but one—Lieutenant Polguin by name—were killed. He struggled on with a few native porters. But now there was no food. The starving men went mad, fell on one another, and the fate of poor Polguin is too ghastly to be here described. Eventually, four sharpshooters reached the town of Wargla, the sole survivors of eighty-eight persons who had set out full of hope a little more than five months previously.—London Answers.

CRUSHED.

They were a happy pair, bent on enjoying themselves, and they didn't much mind if the other passengers suffered in consequence.

Presently the girl started to criticize the clothes worn by an elderly woman sitting on the opposite seat, and the youth, wishing to please, entered into the thing heartily.

The old lady's last year's bonnet and cloak were fully critised with more or less giggling on the young lady's part; the cut of her skirt was condemned, and there is no telling what might have come next if the woman had not put a sudden stop to the conversation by a bit of clever feminine starategy.

She turned her head, noticed that the girl was older than the youth, and in the smoothest of tones said:

"Madam, will you please stop your son from staring at me? It becomes irritating."

Unshaven Person (entering barber's shop)—"I do not want a hair-singe, shampoo, electric massage, dandruff cure, or head-wash." Barber—"Well, what do you want?" Unshaven Person—"I want a shave." Barber (to assistant—"Shave him, Bill. There's no law to prevent these chaps wasting our time."

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