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 ceremonious 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 "annoyed." 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; 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 prevarication.

"And you like him?"

(To be continued.)

SENTENCE SERMONS.

A good man only punishes when he dare not pardon.

Love for the truth often means liking for my own notions.

Most of our thorns get at us in our attempts to sleep on roses.

It takes more than pious wishbone to make moral backbone.

A good many who are saying "cheer up" ought to cash up.

The more you think of money the more you miss true riches.

It is not what you say to men but what you are to men that counts.

Life is all wasted when every to-day is a funeral over yesterday.

It is always much easier to rewrite a creed than to keep an alley clean.

It's no use lauding recording angels if you're afraid of a business auditor.

The graces of character grow not through special efforts but in ordinary duties.

It is better for the preacher to know to-day's children than all the church fathers.

When the church acts like a circus the side shows always swallow the main tent.

He who has many strings in his hands is sure to get his feet mixed up with some of them.

If we were not so anxious to seem what we are not we might become what we should be.

Glasses which are used for milk or any milky substance should always be washed in cold water in preference to hot, as the latter is apt to leave a cloudy appearance, and necessitates a great deal more labor in the washing. The same rule applies to perfectly new glasses which have not been used.

GLOOMY VIEW OF ABYSSINIA

CONDITIONS THAT PREVAIL AT THE COURT.

Menelik Alive and the Empress an Intriguer, Says a Mining Man.

F. Marquordt, who for three years was employed as a general mining director by the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, has just returned to England. His description of the state of affairs in Abyssinia is gloomy. In an interview he told an amazing story of the conditions that prevail at the court and the intrigue for power conducted by the Empress.

"The Emperor," he said, "is certainly alive, despite the many rumors of his death, but for all practical purposes he is dead. For many years past he has been the victim of an insidious disease, which has played havoc with his mental faculties.

"Menelik at his best was probably never anything more than a somewhat astute aboriginal, and unfettered by ill health and domestic millstones about his neck he might have carried through the task of reclaiming the country from savagery.

NOW IT IS TOO LATE.

When the Emperor dies the majority of the tribes in the kingdom will instinctively rise up in revolt against the Abyssinian section, numbering about one-tenth of the population, and a new government will be established.

"At any moment Menelik II. may succumb to his malady. He has been at death's door many times in recent years, and on each occasion one has gleaned something of the remarkable precautions taken by the Empress to remain one of the dominating powers in the land.

"The Emperor, a tall, hard faced but decrepit figure, played his cards very well until the Empress crossed his path. She is one of the wiliest women I have ever met. Add to her cunning the whole gamut of unscrupulous devices and you will get somewhere near an approximate estimate of the lady's character. For diabolical subtlety the Emperor cannot compare with her.

"He still wields sufficient influence, mainly armed, to carry his point when occasion arises, but for the rest he is cajoled into doing the bidding of the Empress, whose domination is very hard to explain. She is neither young nor pretty. Before she cast the bewitching spell of her dusky personality over the Emperor she had been

MARRIED SOME NINE TIMES,

even according to her own reckoning. From the moment of this singular combination Menelik's power waned.

"The Empress gathered around her a court clique, making her position secure, and thenceforth the Emperor has had to pay due regard to the foibles of his royal consort in the matter of royal prerogatives."

Mr. Marquordt has a very low opinion of the morality of the Abyssinian.

"The capacity for thieving is the Abyssinian hallmark," he says. "The people thieve from the cradle to the grave and vary a career of dishonesty with almost every known vice.

"The King apparently enjoys the privilege of being able to dishonor his own obligations, and the Queen invariably tries to go one better. As general mining director to the Emperor, I developed one of his gold fields and showed that it would produce as much as nine ounces of pure gold to the ton, thereby ranking as one of the richest gold centres in the world. Love of gold is one of his Majesty's weaknesses. I have seen in his treasure house no fewer than thirty bags of gold, each bag sufficiently capacious to hold a couple of hundredweight of coal.

"The gold was probably worth millions, but instead of regarding it as national wealth Menelik, backed by his wife, perceived a source of danger in mining success. Every form of security was thereupon destroyed, all compacts denied and there was

AN END OF THE MATTER.

The Abyssinian court enjoys the possession of immensely rich gold fields, but no one will invest a penny for their development. I have a deed bearing the Emperor's personal seal, but the document is not worth anything beyond what a curio dealer would put upon it."

Mr. Marquordt is equally severe upon the legal system of Abyssinia, which he declares is as vile as any that can be found. He says:

"The person accused of theft is branded on the forehead; to be deemed a purveyor of court gossip ends in the culprit's tongue being cut out, and every one suspected of having overheard unpleasant truths is deprived of his ears. or various accusations, however ill founded, the punishment may mean either poisoning, decapitation, hanging or stoning to death.

"The cutting out of the eyes or the amputation of hands and feet are also among the barbaric modes of meting out justice. When I resolved to quit the country a plot was formed by the court to have me assassinated, and only the great firmness of Sir John Harrington, the British Consul, prevented it being carried out."

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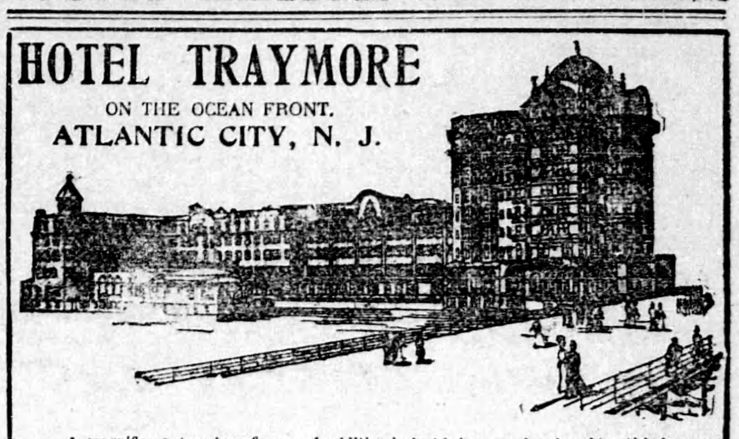

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EXISTENCE.

Hebrews 11: 6.

Though all external things may glide
Beyond the range of mortal sight,
One great Existence must abide
And shine in everlasting light:
Our gifts and lives and days are His;
And we rejoice to know "He is."

When to our fellowmen we turn
And view each face and form and limb,
This precious truth we soon may learn:—
Their lives are all sustained by Him:
Though frail and weak and scattered far,
This fact remains, they surely "are."

The soul awakened from its dream
With fear surveys the press and strife:
Placed in the vortex of the stream
It learns the deepest things of life:
Beyond the changing dross and sham
The living soul can say "I am."

And in that Ocean grand and deep
Which throbs with all-existing love;
The soul its onward course can keep,
And seize the prize all else above:
And grateful praise each soul may give
To that great One in whom "we live."

T. WATSON.

Uniondale, Ont., 1910.

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JEST COST GIRL HER LIFE.

Young Woman Had Dressed Up as a Brigand.

From Paftinico, in Sicily, comes news of a very sad affair in which an innocent jest has cost one young woman her life and left her sister seriously wounded. The two women, Anna and Antonina Polizzi, the latter being only 16 years of age, took it into their heads to play a joke upon the tenants of a house not far from their own. They dressed themselves up as brigands, and directed their steps towards the neighboring dwelling. They had disguised themselves so well that they completely duped a man named Savarino who was walking about with a gun in his hand looking for game. He asked the supposed brigands the reason of their visit, but without deigning to reply the young women continued their walk. After again calling upon them to stop, Savarino placed his gun to his shoulder and fired twice. The fictitious brigands fell to the ground. One of them, Antonina Polizzi, was shot through the heart, while Anna was seriously injured. It was from her cries of terror that Savarino recognized her voice as that of a woman, and realized the terrible nature of his mistake. He has now fled from the neighborhood.

LIGHTING THE FARM HOUSES.

With the increasing education of farmers' children, and the increasing intellectual and social life in farm-homes, the use of artificial light in farm houses is increasing, and the money economy, but more the sanitary economy of artificial lighting is of increasing importance. Nor may the aesthetic element, the effect on life of attractive lighting, be left unconsidered.

All kerosene lights without mantle are very unlike daylight, hard on the eyes, and hence likely to produce pain and nervous irritation and injury to health.

Paste to Keep.—Make half a pint of good flour and water paste. Boil it well and be careful that there are no lumps in it. When cool add ten drops of oil of cloves, and put in a wide-mouthed bottle for use.

Don't stitch skirt seams all in one direction; the bias side should be held under the straight edge, which means that the seams of half the skirt should be stitched from top to bottom and the other half from bottom to top.

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