FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd)

Nancy turned to look at her lover.

"Like him?" she said, slowly. "I detest him!"

Darnley heaved a sigh of relief. "Poor fellow!" he said, with almost a feeling of pity for his rival.

"Poor, with all that money"

"I wish it were mine," Nancy."

"Do you" she said, gently. "Why?"

"That I might lavish it on you, dear one. Nancy, do you know I am a poor man?—that I have only a few hundred pounds that I can call my own?"

"And I—have nothing." She smiled, then growing grave, she went on hurriedly. "Don't!—oh, don't talk to me like this! Do you think that all the money in the world could make you dearer to me? No, no. I am glad you are poor. We shall work together. Sir Humphrey has told me all about your wonderful talent. You will rise in the days to come. You will take your rank among the celebrated barristers of the day, and I —I shall be so proud of you!"

Her eyes flashed with imaginary triumph, and her cheeks glowed.

The band struck up again at that instant, and, with a passionate look into her eyes Darnley took her in his arms and they glided away.

Mrs. Darnley had sat very still and cold as her son left her; her encounter with Dorothy had awakened into life every particle of the heavy, revengeful temper she possessed.

Accustomed to rule with the sway of a queen, she resented Miss Leicester's almost arrogant independence, and, with a strange injustice, it was on Nancy Hamilton she vented the most of her anger, as being the immediate cause of the dispute between her niece and herself.

It infuriated her to see the success that this upstart girl undoubtedly made, and she felt inclined to rise and stalk off with Lord Merefield, when he went to get consolation from Nancy. But even this feeling was as nothing compared to her disgust and anger as she saw her son go direct to that corner, and watched his face change as he gazed at the piquant, picturesque one beside him.

Her mother's heart at once took alarm.

She was indescribably proud of Derrick; he was, and had been, everything her son should be; his future was the one matter on which she permitted herself to indulge in any feminine weakness; and that he should not only aid Dorothy Leicester in her foolishness, but find such apparent pleasure in this Hamilton girl's society, was a perplexing and terrible revelation.

At this moment Sir Humphrey came up to her.

"Anne," he said, genially, "Mr. Thomas Moss Crawshaw requests the pleasure of an introduction."

Mrs. Darnley frowned. She felt in no mood to submit to the indignity of meeting this parvenu, but there was no help for it.

Sir Humphrey passed on, and Mr. Crawshaw was left standing beside her chair, with an expression on his swarthy face which vaguely puzzled her.

Perhaps her intuition, that marvellous gift all women possess, warned her that this man might serve her in some way; at any rate, she moved her dress.

"Will you not sit down?" she said, coldly, yet not ungraciously.

Thomas Crawshaw took the chair and sat in it uneasily; his new position had done very little to rub off the edge of his common ways and manners.

It was not for mere fancy that he had commanded rather than asked his host to present him to this lady.

He had noticed her very fixed stare at Nancy, and his quick ears had caught a few words, as Dorothy had poured out her vexation about her aunt's unkind and unjust remarks into Lord Merefield's ready ears just a few minutes previous. Sharp and cunning as a ferret, Crawshaw saw in Mrs. Darnley a willing and useful worker in a little scheme which he had been planning since he had witnessed that love scene down by the lower lake.

"She won't stick at a trifle if I get her on the right track," he said to himself, as he glanced at Mrs. Darnley's haughty, handsome face.

Derrick's mother waited for her new acquaintance to speak first; and Crawshaw was so slow to begin, that she made a plunge into platitudes.

"This is a very fine place," he said, slowly, after a while, "and Sir Humphrey's a good old chap! They tell me that young fellow over at the window will come into everything; is that true?"

That young fellow was Mr. Darnley, who was fanning Nancy and talking quietly at the same time.

Mrs. Darnley drew herself up.

"Miss Leicester will inherit everything on her father's death, Mr. Crawshaw. You have been misinformed; my son, Derrick, is not the heir of Ripstone Hall."

Crawshaw smiled curiously.

"Well, that's perhaps a good thing, seeing as he's likely to make a fool of himself in that quarter," with a comprehensive nod of the head at Nancy's figure.

Mrs. Darnley started, her fan slipped from her fingers and fell to the ground. She was pale to the lips as Crawshaw stooped and handed her her fan.

"Not but what she is pretty enough," he went on, quietly; "he might do worse."

"Sir!" began Mrs. Darnley, trembling with anger.

Mr. Crawshaw shrugged his shoulders.

"I beg your pardon, I am sure," he said, with a sneer. "I only judged by appearance, and if that doesn't look like a case of lovers—well, I'm a Dutchman, that is all!"

Mrs. Darnley closed her hand so suddenly on her fan that the delicate tortoise shell snapped in two.

"You are mistaken," she said again, in a choked sort of way.

"I think not," replied the other, laconically. "Your son is evidently madly in love with this girl, who comes from nowhere, and gives herself the airs of a queen"—there was an ugly look on Mr. Crawshaw's face and his lips twitched nervously—"but"—he paused, and Mrs. Darnley's cold gray eyes met his black ones—"but between being in love and marrying there is a vast deal of difference, you know."

Mrs. Darnley moistened her lips; she felt if she had a dagger in her hand at that moment that she could have willingly struck it into poor Nancy's great, loving heart. She was maddened to think that this girl, whom she already allowed herself to hate so unjustly, should dare to permit Derrick to so abase himself as to love her.

Crawshaw took a long, slow gaze at Nancy's sweet face blushing beneath her lover's eyes; the sight made his fierce jealousy and revengeful passion burn still more furiously. He had long vowed to be even with this girl; he had an old sore to settle up, and the bitter anger he had experienced this afternoon as he had watched Nancy turn to her lover as the flower turns to the sun, and heard her soft, earnest vow of love, had stirred his mean spirit to its uttermost depths. And when he had stood alone by the lake, he had vowed to himself that he would blot out her happiness and bring her to his feet as surely as he lived.

He drew his eyes suddenly from that window in the corner.

"You will never consent to the marriage?" he asked, abruptly.

"Never!" said Mrs. Darnley, forgetting her dignity in her apprehension; "I would sooner die first!"

"Then they must be separated, if it is as I suspect."

Crawshaw dropped his voice.

Mrs. Darnley's cheeks flushed.

"If it is as you suspect they shall be separated."

"Come with me," he said.

Crawshaw rose suddenly.

Mrs. Darnley, carried away by his vehemence, rose, too.

"I will give you proof that what I say is true."

Not until they had passed out of the hot room did Mrs. Darnley question him, but as the cool night breeze met her she suddenly awoke to the fact that this strange, plebeian man was controlling her in a most decided and unpleasant fashion, and, moreover, that he was acting in an altogether unorthodox manner which required some explanation.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, curtly, standing still.

"I am leading you to the terrace beneath that window, where you will have a good opportunity of overhearing your son's conversation with this Nancy Hamilton."

Mrs. Darnley shuddered slightly. She had no heart, but she had a sense of honor.

"Do you want to see her your son's wife?" asked Crawshaw, fixing her with his brilliant black eyes.

"You know I do not," broke from the mother's lips.

"Then come with me; you have no time to lose, if you would prevent him from openly declaring his love to the world."

Mrs. Darnley followed him down the steps.

"What is this to you?" she asked, abruptly, as they reached the bottom; "why are you mixing yourself up in the affair? What is my son's marriage to you?"

"Nothing," was Crawshaw's blunt reply. "I am working for myself; I love this girl, and I've sworn to make her my wife!"

CHAPTER IX.

Night had fallen; outside the trees moved to and fro in the soft breeze, the delicate blooms drank in the refreshing dew, the stars shone out of the dark-blue sky in fullest majesty. The heat of the day was dead, and as the pale moon gathered in strength and silver light, the least of the revellers left Ripstone Hall for their homes, weary with the pleasure which had fallen to their lot.

"It has been a success; yes, I really think it has been a success. But, oh! how tired I am!" yawned Dorothy, when the last carriage had rolled away. "Nancy, you look as fresh as though you had just got out of bed."

They were all assembled in the hall, Sir Humphrey, with old-fashioned gallantry, insisting on lighting the candles himself, and escorting his fair guests to their chamber doors.

Nancy received his good-night kiss and ran fleetly up the stairs, leaving Dorothy, after she had embraced her tenderly, alone with Lord Merefield, Darnley and her father.

The moonlight shone in through the long windows in the corridor, and illumined her as she sped along the passage.

She had not said good-night to her lover, or even given him a glance from her eyes downstairs; she had felt too shy to brave his gaze, but when once she gained the seclusion of her room, she overwhelmed herself with reproach for her unkindness. She might at least have given him her hand, and now it was too late. She put her candle down, and walked to the window with a sense of disappointment and vexation creeping over her. How could she have been so foolish, now that she was separated from him and a long night stretched between their next meeting; her heart suddenly yearned for him; she felt that she had not half expressed her love, that she had not half told him how happy, how indescribably happy he had made her.

Her heart thrilled with a thousand tender impulses—pride—gratitude—amazement—all melted into an ectasy of passionate love.

Alone with that quiet night, the silent stars, the great blue realm that stretched above her, the girl suddenly realized the fulness of this joy that had come to her—her eyes were opened, and she knew how sweet a thing life was when love overshadowed it.

Now so much was explained, her interest—her eagerness to hear his name on other's lips, the indescribable pleasure his presence brought, the vague sensation his frank, manly tones had awakened in her breast; she knew them all now—the veil had fallen, she saw into her very heart of hearts, and knew that Derrick Darnley had not grown suddenly her king, but had crept slowly and surely into her life, there to remain and be treasured for ever.

Still and more silent grew the hour.

Away in the far distance came the misty dawn; the moon's pale rays sank slowly before it; her summer reign is ever short.

"A sense of heavy harmonies
Grows on the growth of patient night,
More sweet than shapen music is."

This unfathomable melody touched the girl's full heart.

"I cannot sleep," she murmured to herself, and, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she went out onto her balcony to watch the birth of the coming day.

"Will it be as beautiful as yesterday?" she thought, wistfully, to herself. Already the canker of fear was creeping into her paradise, it could not last, this sudden happiness, she told herself; no, it was too wonderful—too beautiful.

(To be continued.)

"Alphonse," said the heiress, "I have been thinking." "Thinking of me, precious?" asked Alphonse. "Iidirectly, yes. I have been thinking that, were you to marry me, everybody would say you only did so in order to get my money." "What care I for the unthinking world?" "But, oh, Alphonse, I will marry you." "My own dar—" "And I will not have people say unkind things about you, so I have arranged to give all my fortune to the missionaries. Why, Alphonse, where are you going?" Alphonse paused long enough on his way to the door to look back and mutter, "I'm going to be a missionary."

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"Say, mister, me and me pal want ter buy a pair of shoes."—Life

STANDARD BANK'S RECORD FOR 1910.

1910 a Year of Steady Progress and Expansion.

The past year's business of the Standard Bank as disclosed in the 36th annual statement show this Institution to be making continued and steady progress. During the year eight new branches were opened in Ontario and a corresponding number in the Western Provinces, making a total of 98 offices in the Dominion. The net profits amounted to $373,208.25 after allowing for all charges, which figures out on the basis of 18.66 per cent. on the paid up capital, and which added to the balance carried over from 1909, makes a total of $427,282.48, which was disposed of as follows:— Dividends, $240,000 (12 per cent.); Officers' Pension Fund, $7,500; Written-off Premiums, $25,000; added to Reserve Fund, $100,000; to Profit and Loss Account, $54,782.48.

The general statement shows: Circulation, $1,967,102; Deposits, $20,413,503; Capital, Rest and Surplus Profits, $4,616,556. The total Assets are $23,427,328, of which $9,232,348 is in cash and immediately available securities. The loans and discounts amount to $23,025,354.

Shareholders, customers and friends of the Standard Bank will be much pleased at the strong condition of the Bank in all departments. The same Directorate was re-elected as for 1909 and Mr. W. F. Cowan was re-elected President and Mr. Frederick Wyld, Vice-President.

The annual statement is being printed in booklet form. It contains information of a general and specific nature regarding the affairs of the bank as related to Financial Canada. A copy will be sent free upon application to the Head Office, Standard Bank, Toronto.

PROVIDE THE DUST BATH.

The setting hen should be provided with a dust bath, a place where she can dust herself each day when she comes off the nest. If provided with a proper place and right material she will generally keep herself free from lice, but if she does not do so, she ought to be dusted at least once a week with insect powder. After all the chicks are out of the shells, the hen should be dusted again for fear of lice upon the chicks. The dust left on the hen's feathers will cause the lice on the chicks to die or move away.

At Regina a boy of eighteen charged with forging three cheques amounting to something less than $200, not being a bank president or even a director, he was promptly arrested and convicted and given the terrific sentence of eight years, says the Prince Albert Daily News.

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On the Farm

FROM COW TO CALF.

In order to make a good dairy cow we must start with the calf of some good dairy type. The care that the calf or any farm animal for that matter gets for the first few months will largely determine the quality of the adult animal. Giving the calf a good, strong, healthy start is one of the prime essentials of success in growing it, writes Mr. H. H. Shephard.

The calf need not be kept rolling fat, but it should be kept thriftily growing from start to finish.

Except for beef production with the beef type, it is best to raise the calf by hand method. When it is a day or two old take it away from its dam and teach it to drink milk.

For the first feed take some warm milk fresh from the cow and place some with the hand on the calf's mouth. It will lick this with its tongue and, of course, find that it is good. Then place the pail to its mouth so that the warm milk will touch its lips.

Be patient for the first time. It will require several minutes and possibly nearly an hour, but when once it learns what is in the pail and how to take the food there will be no further trouble in urging it to eat.

It may be necessary the first two times for you to wet two fingers with milk and allow the calf to suck up the milk with the hand partly immersed in the liquid.

Feed whole milk warm from the cow for about two weeks, and then gradually substitute skim milk for the whole till at the end of the fourth week nothing but skim milk is given.

Always warm the milk, as it is most natural for the young animal and demands less energy from the digestive organs.

After the third month the calf will begin to want extra water, and some may be mixed with the milk.

The calf at this age should be allowed access to drinking water every day. At the end of four months milk may be withheld and other feeds substituted, as the calf will then begin to nibble on hay and other feeds.

From this stage on place some fine well cured and preserved hay where it can reach it. When it is six weeks old give it a handful of shelled corn, or place cornmeal in the milk feed.

Skim milk contains all the necessary elements for animal growth, the removed cream furnishing only material for fat and heat. Since the cream has been removed it is well to supply the equivalent material in a cheaper form.

Corn and cornmeal are carbonaceous matter, similar in comparison to that of cream, and there is no feed that a calf likes so well as shelled corn or cornmeal.

Cream is worth twenty to thirty cents a pound, while corn is worth only about a cent a pound, hence the economy of its use. If cornmeal is fed with the milk it should not be stirred much, but allowed to settle at the bottom of the pail so that it will have to be eaten rather than swallowed with he milk.

We have found by experience that whole shelled corn is as good as the meal and that the calf can and will eat it very readily. One value of the whole corn over the meal is that it develops the chewing power of the young animal, which is of great benefit to any animal, since the finer the food can be chewed the finer it can be digested.

Corn will give all the elements for fat and heat to meet the young growing needs.

While milk is being fed there is no need of furnishing the calf any nitrogenous feeds, but after the milk is no longer given wheat, bran and oats will furnish elements for flesh and other nitrogenous growth.

Clean clover hay or alfalfa are excellent at this time to form a well balanced ration, but, of course, a variety should be given at all times.

The calf, too, likes salt as well as older cows, although a small amount is necessary.

The hand fed calf intended for dairy purposes can be made a much better animal than the one allowed to feed from the cow in the natural way.

The main reason for this is that through eating heavier and coarser food its digestive organs are enlarged and strengthened.

Other things being equal, the capacity for digestion of a dairy cow represents her milk producing power. With large, strong digestive organs she is liable to assimilate much food and transform it into more valuable food, milk and butter fat.

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