FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER XIX.

It was Nancy who spoke first.

She was leaning against the massive tree, a world of emotion and agitation expressed in her sweet face.

"What—what are you doing here?" she asks, feebly, almost inaudibly. "How did you get in?"

Derrick looked mystified, but only for an instant; his heart was beating almost to suffocation; strong man as he was, he trembled at the violence of the joy and bitterness mingled that suddenly came upon him.

"I beg your pardon for intruding. Believe me, I had no idea you were here, or I should not have come."

Nancy was breathing in short gasps, her eyes had left his and were wandering round in a nervous, hunted way, which sent an angry pang to his heart.

"You—you have startled me!" she murmured. "No one ever comes here. How did you come? Why did you come?"

There was a desperate ring of sorrow in that last question.

"I jumped the gate over there," he explained in low, eager tones. "I want to get back to the Hall, and thought this part of the grounds was a short cut. I——"

"Part of the Hall grounds," Nancy repeated, with her eyes still going about nervously, as if in search of something or some one. "You—you have made a mistake—this is not Ripstone property."

"Not Ripstone! Then where am I?"

He went a step nearer to her in his surprise.

"These are the manor grounds, and—and my home!"

Nancy's lips trembled as she uttered the words that should have been pregnant with tenderness, but which, uttered in her low, pathetic voice, carried only too truly the sad plaint of despair.

Derrick stepped back involuntarily; he was utterly surprised and overwhelmed with pained annoyance.

"I entreat you to pardon me," he said, in tones that were choked beyond recognition. "Indeed, I knew nothing of this—it is a terrible blunder to have made; but, believe me, I have blundered in ignorance. I did not know that this was the manor property. I did not know that—that you were even in the neighborhood. I can but offer my sincere apologies and depart at once."

He had half turned aside as he spoke, and, therefore, did not see her sudden gesture of despair and anguish—nor the tears which welled up in her glorious eyes and blinded her so that she had to press her hand over them to relieve them; but as he waited a moment for her to answer, and found she was silent, he turned again, and then he saw that she was utterly powerless to speak, for she was weeping—weeping very silently, but none the less bitterly.

In one stride he was beside her—honor, self-restraint, everything forgotten in the rush of mad, passionate love and emotion that swept over him.

"Nancy—Nancy! Oh God! don't—don't, I can't bear it—I can't bear it!"

He had her two trembling hands in his firm grasp, robbed of their shelter, Nancy bowed her head to hide her tears. Now her self-reproach, her remorse was gone, for Derry did not, could not surely hate her if he spoke like this.

For an instant they stood quietly, though the pulses of each thrilled with mingled ecstasy and misery.

"I have frightened you by my sudden appearance, dear," the man said at last, speaking in tones of the deepest tenderness and sadness. "I who would sooner cut off my right hand than give you a moment's pain. Can you forgive me, Nancy?"

Her fingers closed round his for an instant.

"Oh! don't speak like that!" she cried, brokenly. "Forgive you—you!" Then she wrenched her hands from his grasp. "Go—go at once," she whispered, eagerly, intensely; "don't ask me why—only go."

He hesitated for an instant.

"I can't go," he muttered, almost fiercely; "you ask too much of me; think of all I have endured, of all I have suffered since that summer night! Nancy, you wrecked my life then. Now that we have met, I have a right to know why you did this; why you—you who love me—yes, who love me still—you can't deny it!—why you acted as you did and married this man—this awful brute! Answer me — I will know!"

Nancy's two hands were clenched together against her heart; two fierce spots of color burned on either white cheek; she was swaying to and fro uncertainly in her agitation.

"What if I say I will not answer you?" she murmured, huskily. Then, with a sudden change, she held out one hot, trembling hand toward him. "Derry, my — my darling!—yes, my darling!—do you love me?" she asked him, with strange, unnatural calmness. Then, before his lips had time to open even, while he held her hand in an iron grip between his own: "Yes—yes, I know your answer. You are true, stanch, loyal—my brave, my hero! Then—if you love me—you—you will not make me suffer more—you will not stay now to question me on the past, the present or the future! You will leave me at once—when—when you know what pain your presence brings!"

Derry stood for one instant silent, motionless. He was barely conscious of what fierceness he put into the agony of the grasp that held her hand; a lump rose in his throat and nearly choked him; her pale, pathetic face, so sweet, so pure, so wholly given up to the intensity of her love for him, struck his heart with the deepest pain he had ever felt in his life.

The sudden gleam of happiness that would come when he learned that this girl was still his—his by love's powerful right—did not linger long. It was followed by a rush of despair, of anguish.

Her eager, strangely nervous appeal gave him an additional pang.

"It is very, very hard," he muttered, when at last speech came, "to find you, to know that all these past weeks, when I have been reviling you, you have been true in your dear heart—to me!—to stand beside you and hold your hands, and yet to hear you say that I must go at once!—go! Nancy, do you understand what that means? We may never meet again—try and realize what that will mean to both of us!"

He was quivering from head to foot. The events of the last few minutes had completely and utterly unnerved him. The sudden shock of coming upon Nancy, the anguish that followed on the brief ecstasy awakened by her avowal of love, all acting on a mind already nervous and unhinged with the struggles it had undergone and endured of late, robbed him of every scrap of strength.

His face had grown paler even than the girl's wan one looking up at him. The flushed, stalwart young fellow who only a few moments before had leaped the gate so lightly and easily seemed to have no kinship with this pale, haggard creature.

The very dogs seemed to understand that something dreadful was happening, for they stood with sad, patient eyes, gazing up at those two distraught faces as though they offered silent sympathy and help.

The man's weakness gave Nancy strength.

"I know—I understand," she said, in quiet, low tones. "But even so—dearest—it yet must be done!"

"Then your words were false just now! You do not love me! You could not love me, and tell me to leave you!"

He loosened his hold on her as he spoke.

Tears welled into Nancy's blue eyes and rolled down her cheeks—those pale, wan cheeks, that were so different from the rosy ones she had owned back in the summer months.

She made a little gesture of despair—so forlorn, so full of desolation, that it struck him to the heart.

His arm went out suddenly toward her, as if to infold her and hold her to his breast; but she did not see the movement, for her head was bent, and some innate touch of purity and delicacy withheld him from his purpose.

"Forgive me, dearest one!" he said, in low, hurried tones. "I—I did not know what I was saying, Nancy! Tell me that you forgive me, dear!"

"There is no need for forgiveness between us," the girl answered, gently, choking her tears with difficulty. Then she turned to him: "But you must go. Yes—yes, for my sake, you will go! Do not make my——"

She stopped; it almost seemed as if she choked herself.

"Nancy—tell me—does—he—oh! I can't say it! You are unhappy with him. I will not ask you again to give me the reason of this marriage, the reason for ruining our love, our life! But this you must answer me—it is my right—I demand to know—does he treat you well?"

She was silent for a moment. Ah! if she could but have flung herself on his broad breast, and have wept out all the horrors, the miseries, of her brief married career, what a comfort, a relief, it would have been! But she dared not do this. Were she to tell Derry one quarter of the truth of her wretched existence, who knew what he might not do?

Besides this, her honor compelled her to be silent. Whatever happened, she was Crawshaw's wife! She had married him knowing what he was. To utter complaint was therefore out of the question. And even were this not so, she would have shrunk from letting Derrick Darnley, of all people, into the dark truths of her present life.

With a magnificent courage she conquered her longing to cling to him as the first friend she had met for months, to beg him to shield and protect her, to remove her from the horrible surroundings which made up her daily existence. She even forced a wan, faint smile to her lips.

"Don't—don't," she said, though the smile soon went, and a quiver came instead. "I have everything that money can buy—and what woman wants more?"

Darnley's dark eyes dwelt on her face tenderly.

Then, with a sudden movement, full of chivalry and homage, he stooped and kissed her hand; the next moment he would have turned away, but she stopped him.

"Derry, tell me—tell me of Dorothy—my sister, my more than friend! She is in trouble, and I am here—here, so close, and yet so far away from her! Ah! in all my trials, there has been none greater to bear than this!"

The words seemed to escape her unconsciously, forced from her overcharged heart by the fulness of her bitterness, and Darnley was more than answered. He knew then that his fears had been only too well founded ,and that Nancy had more to fight against in her present life than vulgarity and uncongenial surroundings.

But as she had been brave and refused to complain, so he would honor her courage. He saw she did not know how plainly she had given him the knowledge for which he had asked. She had been thinking of Dorothy, and in the sympathy and love she gave to her girlfriend, her sister, her bitter cry of despair had escaped her unnoticed.

In a few gentle words he gave her the last hopeful news of Sir Humphrey.

"Ah!" she breathed, fervently, clasping her hands together, "that at least is a glimpse of sunshine to me! They were so good—so very, very good to me. Sometimes when I am sitting alone dreaming, it seems as if all that happiness which came to me through their goodness never belonged to me. It was some other creature who lived up at the Hall and basked in the sunshine and flowers, was beloved by dear Dorothy, petted by Sir Humphrey, made much of by every one." Her voice had grown choked as she spoke hurriedly. "Then," she went on, feverishly—"then I wake to know that the sunshine has gone, that I have lost Dorothy, and that though she is in sore distress, I do not even go to her and offer her comfort. It is a horrible thought!" she said, with a shudder. "She has called me—yes, I have heard her voice, and yet—yet I do not move a step to help her. Oh, will God punish me for my ingratitude? Will He make me suffer more?"

(To be continued.)

BOVRIL

Assists Digestion

It makes a gravy or sauce which is delicious in flavor and which also is a great aid to digestion.

A little Bovril makes Soups of all kinds more nourishing.

A SPONGE MARKET.

Bids for "Strings" are Handed to the Auctioneer.

Sponges grow to perfection at the bottom of the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico and are found in greater abundance within a radius of twenty-five miles of Tarpon Springs than elsewhere in the waters of the United States, and are of a superior quality. They are excelled only by those caught in the Mediterranean Sea.

Sponges are taken by divers who go down in waters twenty to fifty feet in depth. These divers often meet with exciting adventures and are constantly exposed to danger from sharks and other denizens of the deep. Their pay is based on the value of the sponges taken, and runs from $50 to $200 a week.

When sponges are first taken they are filled with animal life. They are washed as clean as passible, are assorted, and placed on "strings" four feet ten inches in length. They are then ready for sale. There are four grades, in the following order: Wool, yellow, wire and grass.

The sponge market is a lot about an acre in extent in the centre of which is a large building or shed. The sponges are placed in piles of 100 to 150 "strings" all round this building. The sale is conducted in a peculiar way. The buyers examine the sponges and when the auctioneer opens the market and calls for bids they write their offers on slips of papers and hand them in. The auctioneer examines the highest bid, which may be refused by the owner, but the same sponges are not offered for sale twice the same day. They may be put up once more, and if not sold then must be taken away and incorporated in a new lot. The sales take place Tuesdays and Fridays, and the amount realized averages about $12,000 a week.

THE DIET IN RHEUMATISM.

Red Meats Not the Only Article of Food to be Avoided.

If there is a disease more than any other that is caused by improper diet, and that can be helped most often by a diet properly adjusted to the capacity of the patient, it is rheumatism, in almost every one of its forms.

There is a popular belief that meat, especially red meat, is the only archfiend that carries into the system uric acid and the other members of the purin group, but it is not correct. Tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, peas, beans, asparagus, onions and a few other foods all contain the purin bodies to some extent. Animal soups and malt liquors are also guilty.

All alcoholic liquors are objectionable, some, of course, more than others. By many the white meat or chicken or other fowl is considered much less pernicious than red meat, such as beef, mutton, lamb, etc.; by others this is contradicted. Excellent authorities, however, state that whatever may be true theoretically the so-called red meats seem most objectionable practically.

Increasing the easily digested animal foods, allowing milk, eggs, a small amount of cheese, broiled or roasted meats, beef, lamb and chicken in small quantities once a day often brings a happy result. Combine with these farinaceous foods, such as rice, farina, tapioca, wheat bread, etc., and suitable vegetables and fruits. Such procedure may give just the relief the overworked machine is craving. During acute attacks of rheumatism the diet should consist of milk, buttermilk, milk toast, gruels, etc. This should continue so long as there is any fever. All meats and other objectionable articles mentioned above should be excluded until recovery is assured. Alkaline waters are valuable, and excellent results follow the use of generous quantities (at least three pints daily) of any pure soft water taken between meals.

When we hear some people talk we wonder how it is possible for them to change their minds.

"Let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!" They will if you take SHAKESPEARE

NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

They correct stomach disorders, assist digestion, and make life worth living again for the victim of dyspepsia. 50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet, send us 50c. and we will mail them. 36

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited. • Montreal.

On the Farm

TIME FOR COW TO FRESHEN.

Winter dairying has been advocated for many years on the ground that it is more profitable. In the first place, there is not as much work on the farm in the winter time to claim the attention of the owner as there is in the summer. During the summer months the fields must be tended, the crop gathered, repairs made on building, etc., while in the winter the dairyman has an opportunity to devote the greater portion of his time to his cows.

When proper methods are used in preparing a ration for a cow, it is very doubtful whether it costs any more to feed her in the summer than in the winter, especially when we take into consideration that a drought is apt to come during the month of July and August and force the dairyman to feed grain and hay. Moreover the price of land has been steadily advancing, making pasturage more and more expensive. With the use of the silo the growing of clover or alfalfa makes it possible for the dairyman not only to prepare a very good ration, but a very economical one. Further, cows that calve in the fall will produce more milk in a year, as a rule, than those that drop their calves in the spring. If a herd is properly fed during the winter season the milk yield will be sustained throughout the winter and when they are turned to grass in the spring the stimulating effect of the grass will usually increase their milk flow and there will be no heavy shrinkage in milk flow until the cows are ready to go dry.

Another reason for having the cows calve in the fall is that it gives the calf a better opportunity to develop. When calves are born in the spring they are apt to be troubled considerably by flies to whose ravages they are very susceptible. Fall born calves receive closer attention from the feeder than if born in the spring, as there are not so many things claiming his attention. For the first few months of the calf's existence, it can make but little or no attention, which is no drawback, as the fields are demanding all the time that a farmer can give.

In many respects we consider fly time the hardest and at least the most aggrevating time to produce milk and the more cows that are dry at this season of the year, the better, so far as the milker is concerned. We recognize, of course, there are circumstances and conditions which make it more profitable for men to have their herds calve in the spring, and dairymen supplying cities with milk must have their herds calve at all seasons of the year, but as a general thing we believe it is more profitable and more satisfactory to have the herd calve in the fall.—Hoard's Dairyman.

STOCK IN SUMMER.

Nothing contributes more to the thrift of live stock than persistent attention to its needs. The spasmodic enthusiast whose devotion to his charges is in proportion to the immediate impulse is never a real stockman. Physical well being cannot be administered in bulk. The animal which is comfortable, without hunger or thirst from day to day, and not subjected to disease, maintains a healthy, steady advance in growth, flesh or milk production. Every period of hardship, however short, is accompanied and followed by stagnation of nutritive processes and the possible loss of progress already made.

The pasture season is hailed as a relief from daily ministration to the comfort of stock, but that idea is generally overworked. The natural advantages of grazing and hospitable weather are easily dissipated by carelessness. Short pasture, a stale water supply, insufficient shade and protection from flies, vie with the ravages of disease, parasites and preventable accidents in annoying the stock and robbing the stockman.

As the summer advances there is a strong temptation to allow animals to fare as best they may while the entire attention of the farm help is given over to the crops. This course cannot be safely followed. When attention lapses accidents seem most prone to come.

Even if complete arrangements are made for carrying stock past the harvest rush of work with the minimum of attention, responsibility cannot be laid aside. A few years ago a farmer busy cutting wheat did not see his flock of sheep from one Sunday until the next. In the meantime several lambs were killed by dogs, and a fat ewe, unable to get up after rolling over on her back, had perished after an evident struggle of a day or two. Ponds and streams sometimes go dry with amazing suddenness in harvest time, with consequent suffering to animals. Blackleg may get in deadly work among the calves of a herd when frequent inspection and timely vaccination would have nipped the epidemic at its inception.

In a hundred ways the revenue from summer pastures may be lost by the man who is too busy here and there to attend to all of his interests. The stockman can never shake off responsibility. His fidelity to it measures his success.—The Breeders' Gazette.

Most of us feel that we could get along nicely on double our income.

"What is your idea of a heroine, John?" asked the wife of his bosom, and she looked up from the novel she was reading. "A heroine, my dear," answered John, "is a woman who could talk back, but doesn't."

A Prize Contest open to the farmers of Canada

$3,600 in Cash Prizes for Farmers

READ the conditions of the Prize Contest we are conducting for the farmers of Canada. $400.00 in prizes will be awarded to each Province. These prizes will be divided into four groups, consisting of:

PRIZE "A"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who will use during 1911 the greatest number of barrels of "CANADA" Cement. PRIZE "B"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who uses "CANADA" Cement for the greatest number of purposes. PRIZE "C"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with the photograph showing the best of any kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement. PRIZE "D"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who submits the best and most complete description of how any particular piece of work (shown by photograph sent in) was done.

Every farmer in Canada is eligible. Therefore, do not be deterred from entering by any feeling that you would have little chance against your neighbor. For remember, Prizes "C" and "D" have no bearing whatever upon the quantity of cement used.

As a matter of fact, your success in this contest will depend to a great extent on your careful reading of our 160-page book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." In this book—sent free on request to any farmer, full instructions are given as to the uses of concrete, and plans for every kind of farm buildings and farm utility. You'll see the need of this book, whether you are going to try for a prize or not. If you have not got your copy yet, write for it to-night. Simply cut off the attached coupon—or a postcard will do—sign your name and address thereto and mail it to-night.

Please send Circular and Book.
Name.....
.....
Address.....
.....

Canada Cement Company, Limited
MONTREAL