FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER XXI.

So the days had gone by in one key, only varied for Nancy by two things—first, the dismissal of Marie, which was an inexpressible comfort; and, secondly, by the news of Sir Humphrey's accident and illness, which was bitter pain.

If she could have crept out at night, she would have walked over the rough, wet country that stretched between the manor and Ripstone, barefooted, to offer her love, help, sympathy to Dorothy; but escape for an hour was impossible, and so she had to live day after day burdened with suspense and self-reproach added to all her other troubles.

She had accepted all the insults and miseries which Crawshaw put upon her as part of the sacrifice demanded for her uncle's safety; and knowing this, she made no complaint, only every now and then, when goaded and tired beyond all endurance, the wild thought came to her to resist it all—to appeal to this man's generosity, his heart, if he possessed one, and entreat him to be more merciful, to lighten her dark path if ever so little. But she never did this.

She knew too well the result of such pleading. She knew upon what terms alone Crawshaw would consent to alter his present conduct, which arose as much from infuriated vanity as any other reason; and sooner than agree to those terms, she resolved to suffer a hundredfold more than she was called upon to bear now. Even had he been a less pitiful, contemptible creature, she would never have permitted herself to listen to his love. Love! It was such utter degradation to associate the word with such a man as Crawshaw! Would love have tormented and ruined her happiness as his cruel passion and revenge had done! Love is self-sacrificing, self-forgetting, self-abnegating. What claim could Thomas Crawshaw lay to any one of these?

She had been coerced into a marriage, she had accepted the sacrifice with all its attendant miseries. She had—so she imagined, poor child!—saved her uncle from shame, perhaps from death—there her task ended. Sooner than let this man touch her lips—the lips which Derry had kissed—she would have fallen dead at his feet.

And Crawshaw knew this was no melodramatic, empty threat. There was an intensity, a quiet passion about the girl as she uttered it which told him she meant every word. When he had realized this he had vowed to himself that, come what may, he would yet break her stubborn will, her disgust and hatred of himself, and bring her humbled at last to the dust at his feet.

Only one gleam of pleasure came to Nancy out of all this grim darkness—the thought that her uncle was safe and happy. Yes, actually happy at last, for Dr. Grantley had written, telling her that he had heard from Henry Chaplin, giving news of himself and his wife. The latter was returning to England at once, but Nancy's uncle had made friends with some scientific and literary men, who found his brain and information so useful that they had offered him the post of secretary to some society in Melbourne, which not only gave him a salary, but sent him into the seventh heaven of delight.

This letter had reached Nancy the very morning on which Derrick Darnley had started off for his walk with the dogs; and having escaped Fenton's lynx eyes, she made her way to a quiet nook in the lonely woods to read it over and indulge in almost the first faint gladness she had felt for months.

"Poor uncle—dear uncle!" she said to herself, with tears in her blue eyes. "I have saved him and made him happy. Does he ever think of me, I wonder? Does he ever realize what I have done? But I won't let myself doubt him. He loves me—he will never forget me!"

But all the same the poor girl's aching heart longed for some warm word of love and greeting from the man who had indirectly been the cause of all her trouble. She had folded the letter up and put it away in her pocket, and then had sat with bent head thinking, wondering in the old, sad fashion till the dogs had rushed upon her, and with a great start and a mingled sense of fear, ecstatic delight and deep sorrow, she had raised her eyes and seen Derrick standing before her.

What followed has been told.

* * * * *

When, at last, she recovered strength enough to conquer her agitation and emotion, Nancy drew her cloak about her shoulders, and turned slowly back along the unkept paths and weed-grown walks to the Manor House.

She had dried her tears, but her face was very white, even her lips were robbed of their pretty red hue, and her eyes were circled with deep ,black marks.

As she progressed slowly toward the large, ugly door, she came upon Fenton, who was evidently waiting and watching her.

At first this man's presence had been almost more than Nancy could endure, and she had been vaguely amazed at the familiarity which existed between her husband and his valet; then, for a time, she had grown accustomed to the insolent, sallow face which haunted her wherever she went; of late, however, since her mail had been dismissed, Nancy's horror of this man had increased; he seemed like some evil spirit skulking about the place, and at night, when she was safely locked in her room, she had caught faint sounds of riotous singing and laughing, which told her all too plainly that the master of the Manor House was enjoying himself as he liked best, and that his confidential servant was assisting him in the laudable task of getting loathsomely intoxicated in as short a time as possible.

Nancy never, by any chance, took any notice of Fenton; but she knew that the man hated her for what had occurred in the past, and that he delighted in offering her every conceivable insult and indignity now that he had the chance.

As she passed him silently and entered the house, the man followed her, and with much fuss and noise closed the great door after them, and having shot the bolts and turned the key, took out the latter and put it in his pocket, whistling ostentatiously the while. If he had expected the girl to make any remark he was disappointed.

Nancy went straight upstairs with her usual firm step, but her heart had suddenly sunk. What could this mean but that the very small amount of liberty which she had hitherto been allowed was to be taken from her? Was there more horror and misery to come?

CHAPTER XXII.

Sir Humphrey Leicester improved wonderfully after his nephew's arrival at the Hall.

"And it is all through you, Derry," Dorothy declared, warmly, as each day passed and left the patient a degree nearer recovery. "No, don't shake your head; I know it is!"

And certainly it seemed as if Miss Leicester's words were true, for the sick man was never so happy as when Darnley was sitting at his beside with Dorothy presiding at her old post.

Dorothy, too, apparently, derived not only pleasure but health from her cousin's presence; her cheeks lost their wan look, her golden curls were no longer dishevelled, her pretty, dainty figure was fresh and trim, and matched her lovely face; indeed, every one in the house declared Miss Dorothy to be her old self, and one and all united with the girl in delighting in Mr. Darnley's appearance; that is, all except Aunt Priscilla, Countess of Merefield. To her Derry was nothing more nor less than an obstructionist.

Why should he be here and Merefield be away? It was altogether wrong!

So opined Merefield's mother to herself, and as Mr. Darnley had an unpleasant habit of diving beneath Lady Merefield's evangelical surface and exposing the very undeniable worldliness that existed there, she may be forgiven for not altogether loving him.

She had not only just recovered from her annoyance over the question of Nancy Hamilton and Sir Humphrey's most quixotic dealings with the girl, when another trouble came in the dogged determination of her son to depart for a lengthened sojourn in foreign parts, and on the top of that and the real anxiety to do Lady Merefield justice she had some affection for her half-brother—about Sir Humphrey came this visit of Derrick Darnley, while her son was miles away and not able to make any stand against this most dangerous young man.

It certainly was enough to try any mother, and it must be admitted that if Lady Merefield had had her way she would have immediately dismissed Mr. Darnley, and brought Merefield back to the Hall without his leave or by his leave.

However, as this could not be managed, the next best thing was to circumvent Mr. Darnley in his supposed matrimonial projects whenever she with decency could do so.

Lady Merefield's manoeuvres were all lost on the young man; he had too muct painful matter for thought to permit himself to notice such a trivial matter, but Dorothy was not so blind.

"Aunt Priscilla might be my governess or my nurse," she declared, petulantly, one cold, blustering morning, as, wrapped up in her fur cloak, and with a cap set jauntily on her golden hair, she went down the terrace, a pretty picture if Darnley had had eyes to see it, to join him for an hour's brisk walk in the grounds.

Derrick Darnley, who had been standing with his hands in his pockets, staring wistfully across to where the Manor House stood and sheltered Nancy, woke from his thoughts with a start; the memory of those deep-blue eyes and that wan face was too keen to be wiped out by Dorothy's fair loveliness.

"What is up now, Dolly?" he asked, half confusedly.

"She actually wanted to come out with me for a walk to see that I did not fall down or catch cold, or some such nonsense. I declare I believe Aunt Priscilla thinks me a baby incapable of taking care of myself."

Darnley smiled faintly. He knew exactly the true meaning of all this solicitude on Lady Merefield's part.

"Perhaps she would not object so much to your taking a walk alone," he said. "It is a certain individual named Darnley whom she regards as being so undesirable a companion."

Dorothy gave him a sharp glance from her beautiful eyes.

"Aunt Priscilla is a silly old thing!" she said, irreverently.

"No, she is only a mother."

They were pacing down the avenue away from the Hall as Darnley said this.

Dorothy Leicester colored faintly, but made no answer, and her cousin, having first asked her permission, took out a cigarette and lit it.

"Aunt Priscilla is possessed of one desire," he observed, as he flung away the match. "She wants to get me away from the Hall again."

Dorothy's cheeks flushed angrily.

"As she is not mistress here," she said, rearing her small head proudly, "her wishes are of very little concern."

"Possibly."

They walked on in silence for a few minutes. The man's thoughts had gone to their only task now dwelling on Nancy—what she was doing, how it was faring with her, and if she had forgiven him his harsh words when they had parted, nearly ten days ago?

Ten days!—it was more like ten long years!—and not once during that time had he even heard her name breathed by any living soul!

At night, when all was still and quiet, he had stolen down into the damp, cold air, and paced to and fro, thinking of the girl whom he knew now to be his own love—his very own—and yet whom he must not even see or approach, for fear of dishonor and evil falling upon her.

His heart was racked, too, by doubt and fear. He tormented himself by imagining what sort of life the poor child led in that desolate, dismal place—alone, without friend and relation—alone with her husband, and exposed to the insults of his servants.

Her husband! The very word sent a cold shiver through his veins—a shiver of mental agony.

Had Dorothy been less engrossed with her own feelings, she must have noticed the great change that had come upon her cousin, have wondered at his grimly-set face, and marvelled sadly over his taciturn manner, so different from his former brightness and pleasantness. But Dorothy was too happy in the consciousness that he was near her to remark all this, or to imagine for an instant that he had some sorrow so great as almost to crush him to the ground.

For Derrick Darnley was suffering far more now since he had met Nancy again, and discovered that he had wronged her by his harsh thoughts, than he had ever done in the very first moment of his trouble. He was haunted by her sacred, miserable face. He feared and dreaded he hardly knew what. At times the longing to rush over to the manor and bear her away from all her horrible surroundings, became almost unbearable. It was by the greatest effort that he subdued this, and brought himself to realize the fact that he could and must do nothing—absolutely nothing—for this girl, who was more to him than life itself.

(To be continued.)

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BOVRIL

It saves time, fuel and trouble.

Your Cream Soups may replace a meat course at luncheon by adding to them a little Bovril, for Bovril is concentrated beef.

"EARTH RECEDES."

(The last words of the late D. L. Moody.)

I know that my Redeemer lives
And soon will unto me appear:
To me the victory He gives;
His perfect love casts out all fear.
My soul to heights of bliss He leads
Where I shall dwell forevermore;
For now from me the earth recedes,
And I behold heaven's open door."

Most gladly I in Him believe
Who did for all my sin atone:
To Him in confidence I cleave;
I stand complete in Him alone.
All that my waiting spirit needs
He gives from love's unbounded store;
And while from me the "earth recedes,
My Lord presents the open door."

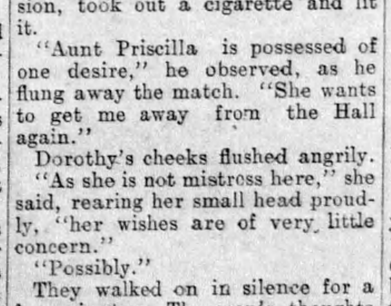
For all the measure of success
Which in His service I have known
His name I magnify and bless
And render praise to Him alone.
For all His own He intercedes;
He brings them to the radiant shore:
He bears me, while the "earth recedes,
In triumph through the open door."

My heart with grateful fervor glows
To Him who led me through the strife:
In grace divine He now destows
Abundant entrance into life.
My soul with living bread He feeds,
And I His wondrous name adore:
While from my sight the "earth recedes,
I praise Him for the open door."

T. WATSON.

Iona Station, Ont., 1911.

"Let us not waste our time," yelled the temperance lecturer. "Let us not waste our time in dealing with small saloons and beershops. Let us go to the fountain head. Let us go to the brewery, my friends." "All right, boss," chimed in an old soaker from a back seat, "I'm with you."



Bald Patron—Here! I've rubbed this dope on my head for three weeks without result, yet you said it would grow hair on a billiard ball.

"Well, how do you expect it to grow hair on a billiard ball when you rub it on your head?"—Life.

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If the house-wife uses her preserving knowledge to best advantage, obtains the best fruit and uses none but

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Extra Granulated Sugar, the preserving will be done right and satisfaction will be hers.

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HEALTH

EXERCISES FOR THE NECK.

It is a fact that most people who have passed the age of childish sport stand in need of some form of definite exercise in order to keep their muscles from settling down into the sluggish inactivity of middle age, which brings so many physical drawbacks in its train. Normal children exercise without being told to do so, because it is their nature to play, and play is the very best form of exercise, especially if it takes place outdoors. But most of those who have passed from childhood do not keep supple and limber with play, and therefore it follows that they must, or should, do it with work.

There are certain special exercises that are not attended to nearly enough. They are the movements of the neck and throat which control the head movements. Any one can test this for himself by slowly turning the chin from shoulder to shoulder and back again. performing what is called the resistant exercise—that is to say, forcing the head slowly round and at the same time making the opposing muscles resist the impulse. The immediate result will in most cases be an astonishing lameness and stiffness, so great as to cause actual pain, but is only the measure maw waf fafw the pain is only the measure of how much the exercise is needed.

The joining of the head to the body is intended to be as supple and as comfortable as it is strong, and when it gives its owner the feeling of being like a lot of old machinery that needs oiling, that is just what it is, and nothing will put it in shape so quickly as constantly repeated resistant exercises.

They should be not only from side to side, but also forward and backward, first pressing down until the chin almost rests on the neck, and then back until the face is almost horizontal. The backward exercise is very valuable, as the muscles at the base of the skull can give a lot of trouble unless they are kept up to their work.

The value of the exercises will be recognized when it is remembered that exercise of the neck muscles must necessarily improve the circulation of the blood through the head. Poor circulation anywhere in the body soon gives rise to pain and trouble, and it is small wonder that that should be the case in the region where the most delicate special organs are placed, to say nothing of the brain, which controls them all.

The exercises should be resistant because twice as much can be done in half the time with them. They are, in fact, exercise with an apparatus, only the apparatus is the muscles themselves, and they can be recommended for the purpose as both inexpensive and handy.—Youth's Companion.

MONEY WEARS QUICKLY.

Wastage Through Circulation on British Coins.

It is the duty of each loyal subject not merely to refuse gold coin that is under a certain weight, but to break it.

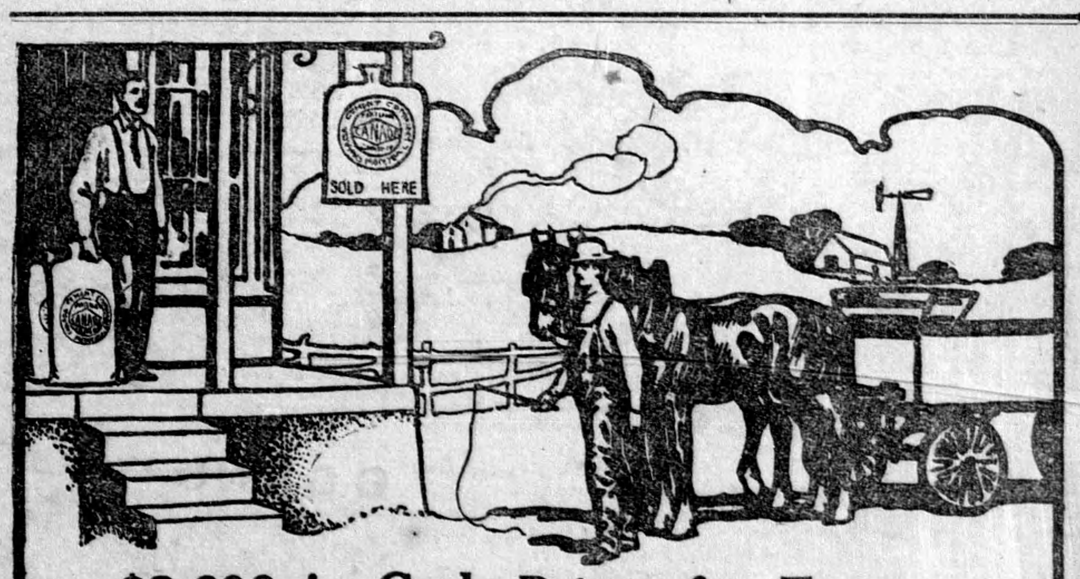
"Every person," the Act reads, "shall, by himself or others, cut, break, or deface such coin tendered to him in payment and the person tendering the same shall bear the loss."

But in spite of this Act it is a risky business interfering with coins which you may suspect to be under weight or spurious. Some months ago a Grimsby woman offered a half sovereign in payment of goods to a local shopkeeper. The latter put the coin in a testing machine, and as it broke in two, refused to take it.

The coin, however, was pronounced by experts to be perfectly genuine, and when the case was taken into a court of law the shopkeeper was ordered to refund ten shillings to the customer.

Money, both gold and silver, wears out at a startling rate. It is reckoned that there is usually a hundred million pounds in gold in England, a very large proportion of which is locked in the strong rooms of banks. Yet of that which is in active circulation the wastage is so great that during every twelve months seventy thousand pounds' worth of gold and silver are rubbed off into fine dust.—Pearson's Weekly.

Etamine is extremely popular in every degree of weave.



$3,600 in Cash Prizes for Farmers

WHEN you enter the Canada Cement Prize Contest, your dealer will assist you. Consult him in reference to conditions of the contest. Refer all questions of doubt to him to decide. Confer with him when his experience and advice and his knowledge of our plan would seem helpful.

Don't hesitate about doing this. We have requested him to assist to the best of his ability any farmer in his locality competing in this contest—whether it's a matter involving the application of cement, or how to go about winning one of the prizes offered in this contest. Do you realize that you have as good a chance as the next man to win one of these prizes? There are four for each Province, as follows:

PRIZE "A"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who will use during 1911, the greatest number of bags of "CANADA" Cement. PRIZE "B"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who in 1911 uses "CANADA" Cement on his farm for the greatest number of purposes. PRIZE "C"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with photograph showing the best of any particular 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 accompanying photograph, was done.

Contest will close on November 15th, 1911, and as soon as possible thereafter, prizes will be awarded.

Be sure and get a copy of our Contest Circular, telling all about the contest. Ask your dealer for one or use the attached coupon, if you find it more convenient.

In writing us, mention whether you have received your copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," a profusely-illustrated 160-page book, which tells you how to build with concrete, so that you can do much of the work yourself. It's a mighty handy and useful book, and should save you many a dollar. Farmers who have received it, say it is splendid. Write to-night and it will go back to you with Prize Contest Folder, by return mail.

Please send Circular and Book.
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