FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd)

If Mr. Crawshaw's household had been differently arranged these vague fears would never have come; but the curious way in which he buried himself and his belongings in the Manor House, was alarming to a heart so anxious as Darnley's.

It was altogether so unlike what one would have imagined Thomas Crawshaw would have done. People had expected a flare and a fuss to be going on perpetually at the parvenu's house; this extraordinary isolation of himself, with all his pomp and glory, was altogether not to be accounted for.

For all the outside world knew there might not have been a soul at the Manor House, and yet Darnley was only too well convinced, by careful watching in his long walks, from every one of which he scanned the manor grounds, that Mr. Crawshaw was still there.

A hundred times he had gone forward, intending to jump the gate and search once again in the gloomy woods for even one glimpse of his beloved; but he had restrained himself. His vague fears might be, after all, myths, and were he caught trespassing on the manor property, the position would neither be beneficial to Nancy, nor dignified for himself. Once again his mind was forced back to the old point; there was nothing to be done nothing! nothing!

All this old, weary turmoil of thought came to him as he walked on by his cousin's side.

Few men would have resisted the pleasure of glancing now and then at the lovely girl so close at hand; but Darnley even forgot her very existence, to say nothing of her presence.

It was a cold, raw morning, and the empty branches of the trees waved and moaned in the bleak wind, making a sort of sad harmony to his thoughts.

"You are not very lively to-day," Dorothy laughed, slightly, after a while, breaking the long pause.

The man started.

"I beg your pardon, Dolly," he said, hurriedly, "I—I did not sleep very well last night, and I am not up to much this morning."

Dorothy loked at him anxiously.

"I wish you would see Dr. Roberts when he comes to-day," she said, slowly.

Darnley laughed outright at that; it was not a very merry laugh, however.

"Dear little coz, I am all right, nothing the matter with me except laziness. I have been idle too long; I must get back to work as soon as Uncle Humphrey is a bit stronger."

"I—we hoped you would have stayed over Christmas, Derry."

"Why, that is weeks on yet, and, to tell you the truth, Dolly, I have a fancy I shall go abroad at Christmas this year."

Dorothy made no answer at first; the bright, happy look had gone out of her face as quickly as the sun hides behind a cloud.

"You will join Aunt Anne?" she questioned, after a pause.

He shook his head.

"No, I shall go East, if I go at all."

"And meet Merefield," Dorothy added, her manner grown very quiet all of a sudden.

"And meet Merefield, as you say. By the way, Dolly, what took Merefield away?—It was quite a new idea of his. I always look upon our dear old Merefield as the most conservative man I know, and the least adventurous. Travelling seems quite out of his line."

Dorothy had grown very red for a moment, but the color was dying away again quickly.

"Merefield went because—well, because he is a stupid boy."

Derrick Darnley looked at her confused face.

"Which, being translated, means," he said, gently, "that Miss Dorothy Leicester is at the bottom of this sudden and wild visit to the East. Am I not right?"

Dorothy nodded her head.

"Quite right," she repeated, briefly.

Darnley paused for an instant, then he said, with almost a touch of tenderness in his voice:

"Poor old Merefield; I am sorry for him: he is such a good chap, Dolly. I wonder you have the heart to treat him badly."

"Is being honest and true to myself treating him badly?" asked the girl, suddenly; her lips were trembling, and her breath came quick and short. "I could not do as he wanted, Derry, so there was an end of the matter."

"I am sorry," was all Darnley could say, as he ceased, "not only on his account—your father had set his heart on the match, Dolly."

"I would do much to save my father any pain, but this I cannot do."

The man beside her gave her an impatient glance; it seemed to him that she was strangely obstinate on this question, with the obstinacy of a spoiled child.

"What is there against Merefield?" he asked, urged, he knew not exactly by what feeling, to get to the bottom of this matter; "he is as good a man as ever walked the earth, and simply worships you, Dorothy."

She made no reply, and her silence suddenly assumed a new aspect in Darnley's eyes.

He came to a standstill—a wave of sympathy and affection swept over him. Was he wronging her?

"Dear little Dorothy," he said, taking her hands in his, "forgive me for probing the wound so closely; I see, I understand there is some one else who comes before Duncan, is that not so, dear?"

Dorothy's cheeks were glowing with a lovely color, her eyes were downcast, he could not read the expression in them, but he had no need to do that, for she answered him very softly, and he knew that he had guessed right the very first time.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "there is some one else who—who comes before Duncan."

Darnley gripped her hands still closer.

"Dear little cousin," his voice was as tender as a woman's, "how blind I have been not to see this! Won't you confide in me, Dolly, trust in me? Perhaps I might help you, dear, and if there is any difficulty smooth it away."

The girl looked up at him startled and pale.

"Don't you understand?" she whispered, with a blush of modesty coming and going on her face, her heart thrilling at his firm clasp. "Don't you understand that it is——"

Dorothy stopped, it was not easy to go on.

"Do not be frightened; speak out, dear."

Once more she glanced up at him, there was nothing to help her in his face, nothing but kindly sympathy and brotherly affection.

"There is nothing to say," she murmured, almost with a sob. "Let us go on."

"Wait!"

Like a flash of lightning across a dark sky the truth had suddenly come to Derrick Darnley. He loosened his hold, and almost staggered back in the sudden amazement and pain that the knowledge brought. It was an impossibility to speak at first; but he roused himself—this matter must be put right without an instant's delay.

"Wait, dear," he said, gently, "there is no need to put your thoughts into words. I have guessed your secret, child, and I am sorry. How sorry you can never — never know, my dear little cousin. My sister Dorothy, whom I have loved ever since she was a golden-haired baby, listen to me now." He came nearer again, and took her hands in his once more. "You must root out this folly from your young life—root it out now, at once. I know this man for whom you have, perhaps, broken poor Merefield's loyal, loving heart. We will not utter his name, it is enough I know him well—none better—and knowing him, I tell you, dear, that if you refuse to believe me you will bring nothing but blight and disappointment on your future. He can be nothing to you, for he is not free; it is best to tell you this, dear," as poor Dorothy flinched and tried to draw her hands away. "Yes, best, cruel as I may seem now, for his life, his heart, his very soul has passed out of his keeping, and he belongs absolutely to another woman. He can't help himself; it is fate—blame fate, not him; but you are so young, a mere child. You have drifted into the madness of loving this man as a leaf drifts down the stream. Then, dear cousin, be warned, be guided by me—cast him out of your heart as worthless and dead, for such he will always be to you. Dear—dear Dorothy, forgive me"—for the girl had wrenched her hands from his and buried her face in them—"don't make my unhappiness still greater by the reflection that I have hurt your gentle, loving self. Only tell me that you will forgive me, dear, and I shall be satisfied."

Dorothy hesitated a moment, then lifted her face from her hands; there were tears on her dark lashes, but a wan, faint smile was round her pretty lips.

"Forgive you, Derry," she repeated, rather weakly. "Why, of course, dear—there is nothing to forgive—it—it has all been one foolish mistake, and the sooner I forget it the better."

She drew her cloak round her with a trembling touch.

"I—I think we have been out so long papa may want me," she said, uncertainly.

She turned to go back, but she had only taken one step before she was beside him again.

"Derry," she whispered, her face dyed with a deep red flush, "promise me—promise me that you will not despise me for—for—my——"

The man bowed his head and pressed his lips to her small, trembling fingers.

"Dear Dorothy, dear, sweet Dorothy, what brother ever despises his sister?—and you are my sister, you know."

Dorothy gave him one glance of thanks from her moist eyes, then turning, ran swiftly away, leaving Darnley almost overwhelmed with regret and vexation that he should have been so blind.

"Poor child," he muttered, sorrowfully, "but, thank God! she is only a child, and will grow out of this strange fancy. Ah! if my path could only be as straight and happy in the future as Merefield's will be! I must bring him home—Dolly is really fond of him, and all will go well yet."

His eyes went across the wintry landscape to the corner which held his very life, and the old troubled shade fell over his face again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

To Lady Merefield's inexpressible delight, at the end of a fortnight's stay, Derrick Darnley suddenly declared his intention of returning to London.

Sir Humphrey was now so well on the road to convalescence that there was no excuse ready to urge the young man to reconsider his proposal, and to the countess' surprise, Dorothy seemed to offer neither remonstrance nor objection to her cousin's departure.

"You are quite right to go," she said briskly, as they sat at luncheon. "It must be very dull down here, Derry; and you can do a heap of things for me in town."

No one, seeing her bright face, with its pretty smile, could have guessed how much it cost Dorothy to utter these commonplace words.

Darnley himself felt a sense of complete satisfaction as he heard them.

"It was only a fancy—a child's fancy," he told himself. "She has forgotten all about it," and he dismissed the matter from his mind henceforth forever, which was just what Dorothy wished him to do.

Now that the scales were fallen from her eyes the girl had time and comprehension to see the change in this man.

She noticed his deep, troubled silences, his worn, anxious face, and the pain that never left his mouth. It scattered at once the sensation of shamed modesty that had followed on that brief conversation in the avenue, and it went very far to help to cure Dorothy of her hopeless love for him. Very far, but not far enough; for, despite her brave, calm bearing, the proud, spoiled child of fortune was suffering almost more than she had done in the first days of her father's illness.

But Dorothy had more than thought for herself in her heart, and when she had got over the first sharp pangs her one desire was an earnest one to help him in some way; she did not care how.

She was musing over this while Darnley assured her that Ripstone was never dull, and chatted away to Lady Merefield—suddenly grown most gracious towards him—about his plans and projects for the future.

Lady Merefield was pleased to be much interested in these.

"You must be a very clever young man," she declared, "to get so much money for a few designs."

Derry laughed shortly in reply.

His hopes and ambitions had all gone to the wall of late. He had lost many a good thing while he had been away on his American trip. For a time he had loathed his profession, and all belonging to it, but all at once a curious hatred of inactivity, and a longing to be back at work, had come to him; and so he was going.

If he stayed on here, so near to Nancy, he should end by losing all self-control, and acting in some desperate way that would be but adding, perhaps, fresh sorrow to her lot.

Yes, he must go, and go quickly. Yet he dreaded to leave her alone, without even a friendly hand to comfort and console her.

Once or twice he had longed to break the silence, and utter her name to Dorothy; but something—he scarcely knew what—had checked him. Perhaps it was a conviction that Dorothy had made several overtures of friendship to the Manor House, and had had to submit to insolence and vulgarity which her love for Nancy alone prevented her from resenting.

(To be continued.)

BOVRIL

Makes

Tasty Dishes

Soups, hashes and chowders of all kinds are made more appetising and more nutritious by stirring in a little Bovril.

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BOVRIL is the concentrated flavor and strength of prime beef.

Mix a little Bovril with your favorite salad dressing.

EXPECT AND ATTEMPT.

Almighty One, from Thee we draw
Each breath by which we live:
We thank Thee for the man who saw
This light which Thou dost give.
He said, while he so bravely trod
Where other lights were dim,
"Those who expect great things from God
Attempt great things for Him."

And we who in Thy name believe
Shall find it even so;
We shall all needful strength receive
As forth for Thee we go.
With this in view our feet are shod,
While all our lamps we trim;—
"Those who expect great things from God
Attempt great things for Him?"

"Increase our faith," O Lord, we pray;
With power our lives enfold:
Take all our doubts and fears away
And make us brave and bold.
Henceforth in Thee we put our trust,
Our all Thine own shall be:
Since we "expect great things," we must
"Attempt great things" for Thee.

Until each soul that yet survives
Is taught Thy name to own,
Our gifts our treasures and our lives
We yield to Thee alone.
That which of old Thy servants heard
We now expect to see:
Let us according to Thy word
"Attempt great things" for Thee.

T. WATSON.

Iona Station, Ont., 1911.

MANY KINDS OF KNIVES.

One Firm Has 9,000 Patterns on Its Books for Germany Alone.

An extraordinary thing about the cutlery trade is the variety of knives made. At the Suffolk works in Sheffield, for instance, they have 10,000 different patterns on the books. They make sometimes 3,000 patterns to order at one time, says Cassier's Magazine.

The same thing is true of the large cutlery works at Solingen, in Germany. One firm has 9,000 patterns for Germany alone. New ones are constantly coming out.

The Suffolk works have averaged ten new patterns a week for two years. This is a trade that will not be standardized, which is one reason why America has failed hitherto to compete.

POOR BABY.

"Nurse, has the baby had a powder?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And those hypophosphites?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"And the magnesia?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you put a poultice on his back?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And a cold compress on his chest?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And he's no better?"

"No, ma'am."

"How strange! I think we had better send for the doctor."

Mother—"Don't you think you've had enough pudding?" Freddie—"No, ma; I don't feel ill yet!"

PURIFIED HIS BLOOD

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills Healed Mr. Wilson's Sores

When the sewers of the body—bowels, kidneys and skin ducts—get clogged up, the blood quickly becomes impure and frequently sores break out over the body. The way to heal them, as Mr. Richard Wilson, who lives near London, Ont., found, is to purify the blood. He writes:

"For some time I had been in a low, depressed condition. My appetite left me and I soon began to suffer from indigestion. Quite a number of small sores and blotches formed all over my skin. I tried medicine for the blood and used many kinds of ointments, but without satisfactory results. What was wanted was a thorough cleansing of the blood, and I looked about in vain for some medicine that would accomplish this.

At last Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills were brought to my notice, and they are one of the most wonderful medicines I have ever known. My blood was purified in a very short time, sores healed up, my indigestion vanished. They always have a place in my home and are looked upon as the family remedy."

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills cleanse the system thoroughly. Sold by all dealers at 25c a box. 6

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It contains no Turpentine. Try it with a match.

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Established in 1854 by John Redpath

THE FARM

Useful Hints for the Tiller of the Soil

THICK VS. THIN FARMING.

"Thick" and "thin" farming sounds like very awkward terms, but after all are not such a bad way of putting it. When we spread out our work becomes thin and our crop thinner. If we concentrate our work on a small crop the crop is heavier.

It is hard to say just how much crop one man and team can tend, as conditions vary with the locality. In one locality one man may handle twice as much crop as in another, owing to difference in soil condition, length of season, rankness of weeds, climate, length of droughts, length of days. It is safe, however, to say that when a man is planning his work for the season and is planning for the full capacity of his team, if he will reduce his crop a generous third he will find that the crop is still beyond the capacity of his team and many things must be neglected.

If the season is favorable the thin farmer does well. If the season is a bad one he cannot save his crop and may have a complete failure. If crops are well put in, well tended and well drained they may be cut short by extremes of drouth and moisture, but failures are almost impossible.

NEWLY HATCHED CHICKS

Remember that when the chick is hatched it has enough food supplied by nature in the yolk of the egg to last it for several days. It is, therefore, not necessary to crowd a lot of food into the chick for fear that it will die from hunger. There seems to be an inclination on the part of beginners to force the little chick to eat. They are overloaded. It has been demonstrated that a chick will live without food for five days, but on the sixth will begin to droop and finally die from starvation, it simply means that it is not necessary for chicks to be forced to eat before the third or fourth day. At the end of 24 hours or even 36, it may be well to give them a little water or milk slightly warmed, and then a little egg and bread crumbs mixed together and placed where they can get it if they want it. If they do not care to eat or do not seem to know enough to eat just let them go. Don't force them to stay out and keep putting them back where the food is when they want to take a rest and sleep. They are little and look as though they did not know what to do, but nature has provided some intuitive power that makes them want to eat a little and rest and doze for a time. They are like a baby who eats a little and then sleeps only to awaken to eat a little more. Little and often is the rule for feeding the baby chicks.

Cleanliness is an essential factor in having success with baby chicks. The brooder house must be kept clean and free from litter that has been soiled and droppings that have not been absorbed. Many diseases will crop out through foul conditions. The runways should be well spaded daily to insure fresh ground and pure conditions. The best litter for the young chicks to work in is cut clover and later when they get a little older barn sweepings. The cut clover is a good absorbent and will keep dry a long time if the coop is properly ventilated. There should not be too much litter on the floor of the brooder house while the chicks are a few days old, but as they grow the amount should be increased in order to make them scratch harder for their food. This exercise makes for strong legs and good appetites.

WASTED HINTS.

A sea captain's wife tells this story of a maiden lady, sister of one of the owners of the ship on which she once made a long voyage. She had very decided opinions on most matters, and she and the captain had many spirited arguments at the dinner-table.

The captain's wife, a meek, submissive little soul, fearing that in the heat of argument her husband might say something to offend their august passenger, was in the habit of kicking him on the shins to hint at moderation. Nevertheless, all these reminders passed unheeded.

One day she administered a more vigorous kick than usual, and noticed an expression of pain flit across the face of the mate, who sat opposite her.

"O, Mr. Brown, was that your shin?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Blaikie," said the mate, meekly "hit's been my shin hall the voyage, ma'am."