FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Cont'd)

It was not exactly the kind of letter a son might expect to receive from a mother who had not seen him for months; but Derrick knew his mother too well by this time to be disappointed at any lack of womanly or maternal warmth.

He folded up the epistle and put it into the envelope, with a tiny sigh that escaped him unconsciously. Perhaps, had his mother been there to hear it, she might have changed a little in her manner towards him; for, as has been stated before, with all her cold worldliness, Mrs. Darnley had some love in her nature, and this love was all her son's.

However, she did not hear it, and Derrick was never likely to woo more warmth from his mother in his present hopeless and unhappy condition of mind.

The fifteenth of December would be due in a week's time, and bearing this in mind, Derrick determined suddenly to accept an invitation contained in another letter to go over to Ireland for a week with a few bachelor chums, their cheery society would at least take him out of himself for a while before finally returning to his work.

How little do we poor mortals know of the strange workings of life!

On the evening of the day following the one that saw Darnley's departure for Ireland a four-wheeler stopped at the door of his chambers, and a tall woman, respectably attired, alighted from it and rang the bell.

On being told that Mr. Darnley had started the evening before for Ireland, she seemed perplexed as to how she should act next, and, turning slowly, went back to the cab, where she held a short, whispered conference with some one inside.

"Can you give me Mr. Darnley's mother's address, please?" was the result of this.

The woman of the house hesitated.

"Is it very important?" 'she asked dubiously.

"Very," was the curt reply.

"Well, Mrs. Darnley lives at either 300 or 305 Park Street, Park Lane, but she ain't at home now, I know. She's coming next week, so Mr. Darnley told me."

With a word of thanks, the inquirer turned and re-entered the cab as the door of the chambers was closed.

"And now, ma'am what shall you do?" asked Janet of Nancy, as they progressed slowly through the streets back to the humble lodging which had sheltered them since their hurried flight from the Manor House the previous night.

"I shall wait and see Mrs. Darnley," was the resolute reply.

Nancy flung back the thick veil that had shrouded her face, and sighed deeply.

"How can I ever thank you, Janet? How can I ever show my gratitude to you?" she said, in low, hurried, nervous tones. "What—what would have become of me but for you?"

"You promised me you would not talk of it again, ma'am," answered Janet in her quiet, stolid way. "After all, I did no more than my duty as a woman."

"And to think I doubted you, and thought you hard and heartless at times!" the girl murmured. "Janet, I shall never forgive myself for those thoughts!"

"Better turn your mind to others, ma'am, now that you are free from your troubles."

"But shall I be free long?"—the old hunted look came into those sweet blue eyes. "Janet, I feel—I know—they will follow me, find me, and take me back, and that will kill me, Janet—it will kill me! I could not go back after all that horror!"

"Now, be comforted, my dear, be comforted. I tell you they won't find you, in the first place; and, in the second, your husband won't be able to leave his bed for weeks, maybe. I know something about delirium tremens, ma'am."

Nancy shuddered.

"You are right, I will not think about it any more, or I shall go mad; only I swear—yes, I swear it—if I am forced to go back, Janet, to—to him, I will kill myself sooner than endure—— Surely—surely!" she exclaimed bitterly, "it cannot be right, it is not human to force any creature to lead such an existence! Oh! Janet, I can feel his arms round me now! I can see that knife flashing in the firelight! It was horrible—so horrible!"

Shuddering and trembling in every limb, the girl crouched back in the corner of the cab, and burst into a flood of tears.

Janet did not check this; indeed, she welcomed it as being a certain relief to Nancy's overcharged heart and brain, she had been growing very anxious all through the long day just passed as she had watched the girl's white, contracted face, and saw the mental suffering in her eyes.

This was the very first moment that Nancy's calmness had given way since she had regained consciousness in the lodge-keeper's cottage, and Janet knew it was the best thing that could happen to her.

The past forty-eight hours had contained enough mental trouble to crush the stoutest heart.

When Nancy had opened her eyes after her second fainting fit, she had been too prostrate to utter a sound for nearly an hour; but, after that, as the full horror of what had occurred returned to her, she had become feverishly awake, and finding that she was actually free from the prison walls of the Manor House, she had determined, without a second's hesitation, to escape from it once and for all before she was drawn back into the mesh again.

And here, in this her hour of greatest need, she suddtnly found a friend.

Janet proved once more the truth of the old proverb of not judging by appearances; her quiet, matter-of-fact manner was the very best nerve tonic to Nancy in her excited, distraught condition.

In a few curt words she explained how it was she had been able to come so effectually to her young mistress' rescue—how she had seen that Crawshaw had been on the verge of madness, as he had been drinking heavily for days, and overhearing him in a quarrel with Fenton declare that he would bring his wife to her bearings, she had waited and watched outside Nancy's bedroom in the passage for his coming.

Her height and strength stood her in good purpose a few moments later, when, having shouted to Fenton to bring help without delay, she had grappled with the infuriated man herself, literally holding him down by almost superhuman force while Nancy had managed to crawl away, and Fenton, for once frightened into sobriety, had rushed in with the two other men and secured the raging drunkard with no little amount of difficulty.

"And now, ma'am, if you will let me advise you, you will go over to Ripstone Hall as fast as you can be driven," she had said, when all was told; but to her surprise, Nancy absolutely refused to do this.

"No, I will not drag Miss Leicester into my trouble and disgrace," the girl had answered, in low, quiet tones. I shall go to London; I have work to do there—will you help me, Janet?" she asked, suddenly, turning to the woman; and Janet's answer had been to hold out her roughened hand in silence and clasp Nancy's slender one.

Without protesting or trying to urge the girl to what was obviously the easiest thing she could do under the circumstances—claim the protection of the house that had been her home—she had set about arranging their speedy departure without more ado.

It was impossible to leave before the morning—no one would stop them, for Fenton had ridden over post-haste to the nearest town for a doctor, and Thomas Crawshaw was lying down tied to his bed, lost to everything in the mad horrors of delirium tremens.

"Yes, I will go to London," the girl said once or twice, as she had sat staring out at the gray, cold dawn that crept above the leafless trees of the manor woods; "I will go to London."

A sudden gleam of hope had come to her. Those words of Crawshaw's about tricking her into a marriage—what if they should be true? They might be the ravings of a lunatic—but again they might have escaped him when he was not master of himself or his secrets.

She would go to London, at any rate, and search it out; her aunt, by this time, might be returned from Australia. Dr. Grantley was there to help, and with grim determination the girl resolved to go to Darnley's mother and question her on this subject to find out if she really had had a share in the matter.

Her heart beat in a quick, nervous way as she planned all this deliberately.

If it should be true—then justice and right should protect her from this man.

If she found this false—the mere mad ravings of a drunken mind—well, there was always one way of escape, and death—dark, mysterious and awful death—would be better than a continuance of her past misery.

So together she and Janet arranged everything, aided and abetted by the lodge-keeper's wife, who herself stood at the door and waved farewell and hearty good wishes to the young mistress of the Manor House as she was borne swiftly away in a humble cart with her new but faithful and good friend beside her.

Arrived in London, Janet had taken the girl to some respectable though poor lodgings, kept by a relation of hers. This was done for two reasons—to escape detection and to avoid expense, for the only capital they possessed was a few pounds Janet had saved from her wages and the diamond rings which Crawshaw had insisted on Nancy wearing above the plain gold one that marked her as his wife.

They had done nothing all through the long day that followed their arrival. Nancy was physically and mentally exhausted, and lay on the small, hard bed with such a set, white face that tears came uninvited to Janet's eyes as she glanced at the girl every now and then. But the next morning all lethargy was gone, and Nancy was excitedly eager to be out early.

She was met by disappointment at the first outset. Dr. Grantley was not in town, and therefore she could discover nothing about her aunt till two days later, when the doctor was expected home, and might be able to tell her if Mrs. Chaplin was back in England. No one else could give her this information.

After this Nancy sat down and struggled with herself. She did not know where to find Mrs. Darnley, but she had carefully treasured the card which Derrick had slipped into her hand that morning in the woods.

From him she could learn his mother's whereabouts at once, yet she shrank from going to him at this moment. Her womanly modesty warned her that it would be a severe trial to both of them, and yet—yet she hungered to know the truth, to learn if Crawshaw's words had been spoken in earnest; it meant so much to her—so very much.

She never doubted that the law, that justice, would come to her rescue if she could prove these words true; or that freedom would be given her immediately, once it was known that she had been tricked into her hateful marriage; and freedom was all she asked at this moment—freedom from the horror of living as she had lived the last few months.

Her eagerness won the day, and so it came to pass that she and Janet drove to Mr. Darnley's chambers together as evening was drawing on.

Nancy had decreed that he was to know nothing of her presence there. Janet was to ask for him, and get his mother's address without disclosing the fact that her mistress was near.

The result of the drive has been seen, and perhaps Nancy's tears came not only from the natural reaction, but from the sense of pain and disappointment that arose when she learned that Derrick was not in London.

Though she was firm as to their not meeting, still it had been an indescribable comfort to her to think that she was near him—her dearest, her living realization of all that was good, noble and honorable.

(To be continued.)

A SPOON SHAKER.

StraightFrom Coffeedom.

Coffee can marshall a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me.

"I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents.

"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood.

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see.

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect.

"I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HEALTH

WATER SUPPLY.

The healthiness of the household is largely affected by the character of the water supply, which must be considered both as regards its degree of hardness and its purity.

Hardness results from the presence of lime and magnesia dissolved in the water.

"Temporary hardness," which is removed by boiling, is due to carbonates, "permanent hardness" to sulphates of lime and magnesia.

Hard water is readily detected by its behavior with soap.

Every householder knows how with certain waters the soap precipitates in flaky particles before it is possible to produce a lather. This means that part of the soap is used up in softening the water, or, in other words, that there is a daily waste of soap.

Hard water causes the limy deposit in kettles and boilers, and in time chokes up the hot-water pipes, involving danger of explosion if means are not taken for clearing them from time to time.

It is also unpleasant for domestic use, causing roughness of the skin and "chapping" in winter, and is a fruitful cause of many bodily derangements, including dyspepsia, glandular swellings, gout, and rheumatism.

Every grain of lime per gallon of water constitutes one degree of hardness, and it has been laid down by authorities that no public water supply should exceed 10 degrees.

When this is exceeded it is worth while to instal a softening apparatus in connection with the domestic system. An efficient water softener consists of a separate cistern in which a certain definite amount of "anticlaire," or other softening agent, is introduced automatically into the water as it leaves the main, and a filter system for intercepting the limy deposit which results.

Well water may be similarly treated if forced into a cistern before use.

Even more important than hardness is purity. This may be affected by the presence of an undue amount of mineral or other matter in suspension, generally visible to the eye, and the remedy is efficient filtration.

On the other hand, the water may be contaminated by the presence of organic matter and disease germs. If this is suspected, it is best to have the water examined by an expert.

Generally, it may be said that water from surface wells should always be viewed with suspicion. Deep well water is safe if not contaminated in the cistern.

"THE BEST HOME PRESERVES"

These are made by rightly combining luscious fresh fruits with

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EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR

The best results are then assured.

Ask your grocer for Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar. He knows then that you want the best.

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Established in 1854 by John Redpath.

THE FARM

Useful Hints for the Tiller of the Soil

UTILIZING FARM WASTES.

When an animal dies upon the farm instead of sending the carcass to the phosphate factory or dumping in some out of the way place, if the body is reduced by the owner, several loads of the best fertilizing material will be the result. The carcass should be drawn to a suitable spot and placed upon a bed composed of four or five loads of soil or muck, then covered thickly with quicklime and at least a dozen loads of soil placed upon it. Let it remain undisturbed for nearly a year and the result will be several dollars' worth of a good fertilizer for all crops. In this way all dead animals may be utilized, using less soil or muck as size of animals warrants.

Bones furnish valuable fertilizing material also, and should be saved. To 100 pounds of bones add the same quantity of wood ashes, 25 pounds of lime, and 12 pounds of salsoda finely pulverized. Let remain about three weeks. Add water to moisten well. After decomposing it should be turned out upon a dry place and mixed withdry soil to prepare it for use.

If diluted sulphuric acid is poured over bones, they will be ready for use sooner, and will prevent escape of ammonia. Caustic lye may be used also in reducing bones speedily.

A good fertilizer is made by gathering the refuse from pigeons and poultry houses, with muck leaves and wastes of different kinds. Stable manure may be added.

Unslacked lime should not be mixed with manure, as better results are had by the use of lime and ashes by themselves; if used together a large portion of the ammonia will be liberated and wasted. But if a large amount of soil, muck or other absorbent matter is added to the compost, then ashes or lime may be used, as the carbonic acid will be produced in decomposition in sufficient quantity to take up the ammonia as fast as it is set free.

A cow produced in a year about 3½ cords of solid manure, and three cords of liquid manure. This if all saved, would equal in value her milk. Yet not one out of 20 farmers save or make an effort to save the liquid manure. It is comparatively easy to construct a water tight basin in the stable yard in which liquids may be deposited. Gutters can be made at the rear of cow stables and the liquid refuse carried from there to the basin in the yard.

By turning to account all the farm "waste" mentioned many dollars can be saved which have been heretofore spent in the purchase of commercial fertilizers.

FOR THE HOG RAISER.

It is common sense that a mature sow will produce larger and more perfect pigs than a very young one.

Do not attempt to raise fall pigs without having first prepared a perfect system of housing for the winter.

Spring pigs can get along very well without shelter except from rain until fall, then if you are so shiftless as to fail to provide shelter they are better able to stand cold and rain.

Some people claim that a hog is a scavenger by nature, but he certainly thrives better on clean feed and decent surroundings.

Free range for hogs does not mean that they should be allowed to run in the highways and through the neighbors' fences.

Every inclosure for the hog should be perfectly tight, and with the excellent wire fences that are now manufactured this is an easy matter.

$3,600

in Cash Prizes for Farmers

Your Photograph May Win a Prize

AMONG the prizes we are offering in our big Prize Contest is one of $100.00 (Prize "C") for the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with a photograph showing the best of any particular kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement. For this prize, work of every description is included.

Now just as soon as you finish that new silo, barn, feeding floor or dairy, that you've been thinking of building, why not photograph it and send the picture to us? The photograph doesn't necessarily have to be taken by a professional or an expert. In fact, your son's or your daughter's camera will do nicely. Or, failing this, you might use the kodak of your neighbor's son nearby. In any event, don't let the idea of having a photograph made deter you from entering the competition. Particularly as we have requested your local dealer to help in cases where it is not convenient for the farmer to procure a camera in the neighborhood. By this means you are placed on an equal footing with every other contestant. Get the circular, which gives you full particulars of the conditions and of the other three prizes. Every dealer who sells "CANADA" Cement will have on hand a supply of these circulars—and he'll give you one if you just ask for it. Or if you prefer, you can use the attached coupon—or a postcard will do—send it to us and you'll receive the complete details of the contest by return mail.

If you haven't received your copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," write for that, too. It's a finely illustrated book of 160 pages full of useful and practical information of the uses of concrete.

Write us to-night, and you'll receive the book and the circular promptly.

Do not delay—sit right down—take your pen or pencil, and fill out the coupon NOW.

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