FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Darnley was sitting in her charming little drawing-room, which, all dismantled as it had been when she had departed for Nice, yet looked cosy and pretty in the afternoon dusk and the fireglow. She was resting back luxuriously, glancing through a pile of letters which awaited her, one of which was from Lady Burton, giving a long and exultant account of dear Maude's engagement to the young Sir Richard Boothby, one of the catches of the matrimonial market.

"Boothby!" sneered Mrs. Darnley, as she flung the effusion into the fire. "It should be Boodle, as being nearer noodle! Poor creature! I suppose he has been caught blindfolded. Well, if all reports concerning him are true, they will be well matched—not a brain between them!"

With which kind remark Mrs. Darnley took up her tea and sipped it.

The sneer left her face after a while, and a frown came instead, contracting her smooth, handsome brows.

"After all, brains do not mean everything; if one's children are lunatics—well, they can be managed so much the better."

It had been a bitter blow to Mrs. Darnley that her son should have been so utterly crushed by Nancy Hamilton's apparent falseness and her speedy marriage, and in her heart there was a strong wave of jealousy to strengthen the dislike she had always felt for poor Nancy.

"I shall speak openly to Derrick," she mused on, "and tell him it is his bounden duty to marry Dorothy. The girl is over head and ears in love with him, and the marriage is desirable in every way. Thank Heaven that creature is safely out of his path; it was a strong measure, but a good one, and I don't regret my share in having given her a husband and a fortune."

And yet an uncomfortable expression passed over Mrs. Darnley's cold, haughty face as she said this to herself, an expression which deepened into something almost like consternation, as the door was opened at that moment and her maid announced:

"Mrs. Crawshaw."

Mrs. Darnley put down her tea cup with a hand that trembled slightly, then rose to her feet.

"Mrs. Crawshaw!" she repeated, as if doubting her ears; then suavely, "This is indeed a surprise! To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

Nancy flung back her thick veil; her face was very pale, but calm.

"I wish to speak to you on a very important subject," she answered, quietly; "I shall detain you only a few moments. The importance of my business must be my excuse for this intrusion."

Mrs. Darnley bowed.

"Will you sit down, and may I give you some tea? Pray excuse the very bald appearance of my room, Mrs. Crawshaw, I really did not anticipate any visitors; I am returning to Nice almost immediately."

Nancy did not take the chair placed for her, she felt she must get to her subject at once. She came a step nearer, refusing with a gesture the offered tea.

"Mrs. Darnley," she said, hurriedly, "will you answer me one question? You must forgive me for putting this question to you, but my position is a desperate one, and it is no time for false sentiment.

"What question can you have to ask me?"

Mrs. Darnley spoke coldly and resentfully, but her hands moved nervously, all the same, as she replaced the tea cup on the tray.

Nancy's blue eyes rested upon her for an instant.

"I want to ask you this — were you aware of the reason which forced me to become Thomas Crawshaw's wife?"

Mrs. Darnley paused, then she prevaricated.

"This is, indeed, an extraordinary question," she said, in sharp, clear tones; "I really fail to understand you, Mrs. Crawshaw."

"Under ordinary circumstances I grant it would be extraordinary; under the present ones, no," the girl answered, feeling all at once that she was getting close to the truth. "Two nights ago my husband, in a drunken fit of madness, attempted to take my life; before he did this, however, he poured out a torrent of abuse upon me, and mingling in with this he taunted me with having been easily deceived, declaring that he had tricked me into marrying him, and that you—you, Mrs. Darnley, had helped him. I have come to you to know if this be true? If I am wronging you by asking the question, I will humbly beg you to pardon me."

There was dead silence in the room, broken only by the ticking of the clock; then Mrs. Darnley rose from her chair and faced the girl.

"And if I say that it is true," she said, with strange deliberation, "what then?"

Nancy shrank back from her.

"What—what could have made you do such a thing?" broke from her pale lips. "What had I ever done to you that you should deliberately wreck my life, my whole happiness, as you have done?"

"I will tell you what you did," the other returned, fiercely, "you stole my son's heart from me; you crept in where I should have been alone; you bewitched him, and it was necessary to save him from you."

Nancy stood motionless, speechless, and the other woman, seeing this, went on swiftly, moving restlessly to and fro as she spoke.

"I did not intend to stand by and see my son ruin himself and his career for you; if it had to be done again, I would do it. After all, what do you want more? You have money, and money can do much for persons of your status."

The insult made Nancy wince. She half turned away, but as she was going she looked back.

"I beg to tell you that my solicitors will require you to confirm what you have just told me," she said, in a quiet, very cold tone.

Mrs. Darnley started as if she had ben shot.

"What—what are you going to do?" she asked, hurriedly, for once frightened out of her calmness. "You surely are not mad enough to think you can get freedom through this?"

"Mad or no, I am going to try," was the girl's firm answer.

Mrs. Darnley gasped.

In that second, visions of disgrace, public dishonor, perhaps punishment—for if she had not actually forged that letter of Henry Chaplin's, which had been the chief instrument in working on the girl's mind, she had been a consenting and active party to the fraud — flashed hideously clear before her eyes. This must be prevented at all hazard—at any cost.

"And Derrick—have—have you no thought for him?" she murmured, huskily. "If—if you do this—I shall be disgraced, and my shame will be his shame."

A mist rose before Nancy's eyes, she paused. Then she said in a low voice:

"Your son has nothing to fear; he has done nothing dishonorable—your shame cannot touch him."

Mrs. Darnley drew a deep breath.

She had one more card left, she must play it without delay; it was a cruel, a wicked act, but there was no other escape from the net that was closing round her.

Bending forward, her face white to the lips, she looked at Nancy.

"Don't be so easily deceived," she murmured, "if I am dishonored, so will Derrick be also, since—since he too, was party to the trick, as you call it, which gave you, a penniless girl, such a magnificent fortune! Yes—Derrick stands with me in this."

"It can't be true—it can't be true!"

Nancy stretched out her hands and retreated till she reached the wall, where she rested a moment, stunned, overwhelmed with this awful statement.

The mother waited with sickening anxiety for the girl to speak, and as no words passed the strained, white lips, she spoke herself:

"Do you know why he did this?—because he wished to be free, and yet see you well cared for. He thought it was for your good to marry this other man—my son is poor and——"

But Nancy stopped her with an imperative gesture.

"Don't say another word," she said, in low, husky tones; "I—I have heard enough."

"And you will do nothing? Promise me you will do nothing."

Mrs. Darnley almost knelt in her eagerness and despair.

Nancy looked at her in silence. There was no need for words. Her eyes spoke when her lips refused to move, and after a while she turned away and walked steadily out of the room, out into the cheerless streets, with a heart as cold as ice in her young breast. Mrs. Darnley stood motionless for nearly a quarter of an hour when she was alone. Then she shuddered. She felt abased, degraded by what she had done.

"Derrick, it was for you — for you!" she whispered, and she shivered again. "What an escape!" she muttered, pacing to and fro. "But am I safe? Will she betray me?" She passed her hot hands over her eyes, then, as the vision of Nancy's face returned to her, she drew a deep breath; it was an expression of convincing relief: Derrick would never know the truth from Crawshaw's wife.

Then Mrs. Darnley started, and came to a standstill. Her quick ears had caught the sound of footsteps running up the stairs. She had forgotten until then that the hour she had appointed to see her son was near.

"He is coming," she said to herself, and with a swift movement she flung herself into her chair and took up her book.

The strong call on her nerves brought back her real self.

"How fortunate that she has been gone so long! A quarter of an hour earlier they must have met," she thought, and the next moment she was greeting Derrick with her usual cold smile, and not a sign of the humiliation she had felt so surely left on her handsome face.

* * * * *

Janet watched and waited for Nancy's return, and as hour passed hour she grew nervous.

"What can have happened?" she mused, anxiously. She stood all the time at the little window gazing down the street, and in her hand was crushed a telegram.

"Can she have seen? Can she know already?" she muttered again and again. "But it seems impossible. Who could tell her? Thank Heaven I sent that young lady at Ripstone Hall our address! If I hadn't done that we should never have known this news. Dear—dear! I wish she would come!"

And at that very moment her sharp eyes described the slender, black-robed figure walking wearily along.

"I have been nearly frightened out of my life, ma'am," she cried, as she ran to greet Nancy and draw her into the room. "Dear heart, how cold and white you look!"

And, forgetful of all else, Janet began to chafe the girl's icy hands and remove her bonnet and cloak.

"I am all right only tired—only tired!"

Then Nancy's eyes fell on the buff-colored envelope Janet had thrown hastily on the table.

"What is that, Janet? What has happened?"

Her eys grew wide with fear. Was she traced already?

"Can you bear some great news, ma'am? Yes, I see you can. You are as strong and brave as a lion. You see, I disobeyed you, ma'am, and let Miss Leicester know you were safe, for I thought the poor young lady would fret her heart out, maybe, when she heard what had happened that night. I've heard from her every morning since I wrote, God bless her! and now she has sent this. Let me hold your hand, child, while you read it."

Nancy's heart seemed to rise in her throat. For one instant she could see nothing plainly, the next moment she was staring down at the written words, her fatigue, misery, Derrick Darnley's cruel treachery, all forgotten, as she read:

"Bring your mistress here at once. Mr. Crawshaw died this morning."

(To be continued.)

CURED OF CONSTIPATON

Mr. Andrews praises Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Mr. George Andrews of Halifax, N.S., writes:

"For many years I have been troubled with chronic Constipation. This ailment never comes single-handed, and I have been a victim to the many illnesses that constipation brings in its train. Medicine after medicine I have taken in order to find relief, but one and all left me in the same hopeless condition. It seemed that nothing would expel from me the one ailment that caused so much trouble, yet at last I read about these Indian Root Pills.

That was indeed a lucky day for me, for I was so impressed with the statements made that I determined to give them a fair trial.

They have regulated my stomach and bowels. I am cured of constipation, and I claim they have no equal as a medicine."

For over half a century Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have been curing constipation and clogged, inactive kidneys, with all the ailments which result from them. They cleanse the whole system and purify the blood. Sold everywhere at 25c. a box. 2

THE BARGAIN HUNTER.

Story of a Man Who Bought a Book from Franklin.

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, etc., and finally, taking one in his hand asked the shop boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounger; "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed when the lounger said:

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the lounger.

The shop boy immediately immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger, with book in hand, addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why your young man only asked me a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said: "Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounger paid down the price, and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin into the printing-office.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

Our Father in heaven, to Thee
Our hearts and our voice we raise,
For Thou hast ordained us to be
Employed in the service of praise.

For us Thou dost all things provide,
While unto Thy promise we cling;
For Thou art our Keeper and Guide,
Our Father, and Saviour, and King.

A path for our feet Thou dost make;
Thou rulest the land and the sea:
We know Thou wilt never forsake
The souls that are trusting in Thee.

Help us in all knowledge to grow
And set our affections above:
And through us lead others to know
The measureless wealth of Thy love.

T. WATSON.

Iona Station, Ont., 1911.

FALSE HUNGER.

A Symptom of Stomach Trouble Corrected by Good Food.

There is with some forms of stomach trouble, an abnormal craving for food which is frequently mistaken for a "good appetite." A lady teacher writes from Carthage, Mo., to explain how with good food she dealt with this sort of hurtful hunger.

"I have taught school for fifteen years, and up to nine years ago had good, average health. Nine years ago, however, my health began to fail, and continued to grow worse steadily, in spite of doctor's prescriptions, and everything I could do. During all this time my appetite continued good, only the more I ate the more I wanted to eat—I was always hungry.

"The first symptoms of my breakdown were a distressing nervousness and a loss of flesh. The nervousness grew so bad that finally it amounted to actual prostration. Then came stomach troubles, which were very painful, constipation which brought on piles, dyspepsia and severe nervous headaches.

"The doctors seemed powerless to help me, said I was overworked, and at last urged me to give up teaching, if I wished to save my life.

"But this I could not do. I kept on at it as well as I could, each day growing more wretched, my will-power alone keeping me up, till at last a good angel suggested that I try a diet of Grape-Nuts food, and from that day to this I have found it delicious, always appetizing and satisfying.

"I owe my restoration to health to Grape-Nuts. My weight has returned and for more than two years I have been free from the nervousness, constipation, piles, headaches, and all the ailments that used to punish me so, and have been able to work freely and easily." 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.

THE BEST PRESERVES

DURING THE PRESERVING SEASON

Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar

IS DAILY WINNING FRESH LAURELS.

Its uniform high quality commends itself to all good housekeepers.

"BEST FRUIT, BEST SUGAR, BEST PRESERVES."

Ask your Grocer for Redpath Extra Granuated Sugar

The Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal

Established in 1854 by John Redpath.

THE FARM

Useful Hints for the Tiller of the Soil

THE ORCHARD.

Three years of spraying, pruning and cultivation will bring an orchard that you are ashamed of into a condition that you will be proud of.

If you think of setting out an orchard and have had no experience, better hire a good man to show you how.

If you can get a man from your neighboring experiment station you will indeed be fortunate. If not, the ntry to get the man who grows the best fruit in your country.

The inexperienced planter thinks he is getting a bargain when he buys trees three or four years old, but experience will show him that yearlings are better and he should never plant anything over two-year-olds.

Always buy clean, straight trees with short stems and even then do not be afraid to prune before planting.

POTASH AND ITS USES.

All fruit crops and most vegetables where starch is a constituent part require the presence of potash as one of the mineral elements of the soil. The only known source of potash was wood ashes when the value of this element of plant food was first recognized, but ashes now play but a very unimportant part commercially, having been superseded by the potash salts from Germany. This does not mean that they should be disdained by farmers having even a limited supply, such as comes from the fires for domestic use, but should be carefully saved and applied where most needed.

Kainit is a form of potash fertilizer which is extensively used as a direct application, especially on cotton as a specific to prevent blight, and on corn to drive away cutworms and rot lice, as a constituent of home-mixed fertilizers, and is also an ingredient of low-grade commercial fertilizers. It is not the best form in which to secure potash when it has to be shipped far, as the available plant food consists of about 12.5 per cent. of actual potash, equal to 23 per cent. sulphate, the remainder being sulphate and chloride of magnesia and chloride of sodium, all of little if any value as plant food.

It is best therefore, when a high grade article is desired, to use sulphate or muriate of potash. Sulphate of potash is suitable for every crop and soil. It contains forty-eight pounds of actual potash in each 100 pounds. It is the right form to use for tobacco, potatoes and fancy fruit and vegetables. The manufacture of sulphate is more costly than that of muriate, hence the selling price of sulphate is somewhat higher. Its mechanical condition is the best of any of the potash salts, it being in the form of a fine, heavy, dry powder.

The muriate of potash used for fertilizing purposes contains 50 pounds of actual potash in each 100 pounds, a higher per cent. of actual plant food than is furnished. It is suitable for all crops except tobacco, potatoes and a few fruits and vegetables raised for exhibition urposes. It can be applied long in advance of planting the crop without danger of loss by leaching. It is suitable for use on swamp-land, and a pound of real potash in this form costs less than in any other. At the low cost of potash, and since it may be bought direct from the importers, it seems wise on the farmer's part to "get a plenty while getting it."

This is also true in applying potash; use plenty, for it unites with other elements in the soil, forming combinations which are available for plant food, but are not quite so foluble in water as the potash alone. Of course in sandy soils the loss of any plant food is greater than in soils of a clayey nature, hence the former soils must be fertilized mostly for present needs, unless care is taken to apply barnyard manure or to otherwise fill the soil with humus. The humus question is one, however, that deserves the consideration of every farmer, whether he uses commercial plant foods or not, for decaying vegetable matter in the soil improves its mechanical condition, thus making it work easier, and it also is a medium through which the roots of plants can secure air, and, more than all, it fortifies the soil against both deluge and drought and prevents the baked condition which users of commercial fertilizers sometimes complain of, and which is so easily prevented.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE TARIFF.

Manufacturer and Farmer Should Have Protection.

It was Abraham Lincoln who gave popularity to the Protectionist side of the tariff question when he said:—"When we buy goods abroad we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money; but when we buy goods at home we get back the goods and the money." This sound philosophy characterizes another of the late President's famous homilies:

"The farmer and the manufacturer," the president once said, with his chaacteristic shrewdness, "are both in the same boat and I reckon they've got to learn to navigate the craft together or they'll upset." "He compared the case of a Pennsylvania farmer," continues the historian in question, "and a Pennsylvania iron implement maker whose properties adjoined. Under a protective policy the farmer supplied the ironmaker with bread, meat, vegetables, fruit, fodder for horses, etc. and the ironmaker supplied the farmer with all the iron, iron implements, etc., which he needed. Assuming that a change is made and the Protective policy abandoned, the farmer then discovers that he can buy his iron implements cheaper from Europe than from his neighbor, assuming that he sells a sufficient quantity of flour in Europe to enable him to effect the purchase of the iron. He ultimately discovers that the cost of carriage to the coast, transportation by sea to England, insurance and cartage on arrival, does not enable him to receive such a good reward for his labor as he formerly did when selling his flour to his neighbor, the ironmaker. He therefore, determines to sell his flour as before to his neighbor. But meantime the farmer discovers that while he has been purchasing his iron implements from Europe his neighbor, the ironmaker, has been compelled to stop his works and dismiss his employees not having sufficient work for them. The farmer, therefore, now finds that he has more wheat than he knows what to do with; also, that he is no longer able to sell his fruit vegetables, fodder, meat, horses, etc., to his neighbor, the ironmaker, as he has gone out of business. In fact, he finds that through buying abroad in the cheapest market he has destroyed the home market for his own products and thrown a number of his fellow-countrymen out of employment."

Many a man who isn't a liar doesn't tell all the truth he knows.