FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER XXVII.

The servants' ball went off right merrily, and Janet was heard to declare that never—no, never—did any one ever dance like Mr. Derrick Darnley!

Once during the evening Nancy had disappeared, and Dolly, giving search, found her in the library, with pen in hand, writing, or pretending to do so, at any rate.

"Now what is it?—what are you worrying about, darling?"

Nancy seemed to wake from some troubled thoughts and start.

"Mrs. Starr tells me that Fenton has been asking for me; she says the poor man is in great poverty and distress."

"And you are goin gto help him, of course!" Dorothy was full of rightenous indignation. "A creature who never lost an opportunity of insulting you whenever he got the chance—who was a spy on you and——"

"Still, Dolly dear, I can't let him starve; and I have so much; what do a few pounds more or less matter? It is Christmas time, remember; and, you know, we must all be charitable and forgive now."

Dorothy's only answer was a kiss, and a very tender one.

"I may argue just as much as I like, but you will be firm all the same; I know you. Now I must go back; you will come, darling, soon?"

"In a moment," Nancy answered.

She filled up the cheque she had written for Fenton, then, putting it in an envelope to give to the housekeeper, she rose to move away, when an uncontrollable impulse made her turn to the fire and stand there.

She was very miserable; with all her heard resolutions and bitter contempt, her love lived as strongly as ever for this man.

Yes, despite everything, and the long year's training she had given herself, she knew she loved him still, her heart was still thrilling with the excitement Darnley's presence brought. Even while she knew him, by his own mother's word, to be unworthy and dishonored in her sight, she yearned for him; his near presence tortured her.

While she was standing quietly, Janet came in with some letters in her hand.

"The second post has just come, ma'am, and brought these. Miss Dorothy thought you might like to have them. The poor man is so overweighted with Christmas cards he could not get here before."

Nancy thanked her maid and took the letters; there were only three for her; one from her uncle, another, full of grateful thanks, from the vicar of the parish, whom she had helped so generously; and the third, with loving greetings, from her old friend, rD. Grantley. Her new relations, Sir John and aLdy Hamilton, had sent her a costly present before she left town. Nancy received it with pleasure, for she had a kindly thought for these people, through her sincere liking for her cousin, Darcy.

She little knew what hopes were built on that liking by the ambitious mother and father!

The inclination to remain alone and continue her sad, hopeless thoughts deepening, Nancy drew up a chair and sat down in it before the fire.

The back was turned to the door, and half-an-hour, perhaps an hour had passed, when some one entered abruptly and Lord Merefield's voice said, sharply and anxiously, as Nancy rose with a start:

"There, old fellow, sit there; I'll be back with some brandy in a second."

He pushed, or helped some one to the couch as he spoke; and Nancy, grown very pale, caught a broken whisper:

"Leave—me—me quite alone, Merefield—quite alone—for—moment."

The whisper was so eager, Lord Merefield could do nothing less than obey; but, as he turned, Darnley's head fell back against the chair, and he had fainted dead away.

In a second Nancy had moved hurriedly forward.

"What is it?" she cried, agitatedly. "What has happened?"

Lord Merefield muttered an explanation hurriedly. One of the wreaths of evergreens had taken fire, and, in falling, had caught a cotton gown, setting it on fire. The whole place threatened to be in a blaze had not Darnley sprung forward and extinguished the flames with his hands.

"And—and has hurt himself! Oh, go and fetch brandy; send Janet with oil and cotton wool. Oh, Lord Merefield, go quickly!"

Nancy's face was white to the lips, and, as Lord Merefield rushed away to do her bidding, she crept back to that still form and bent over it.

How brave, how noble, he had been! He was her hero again—her best beloved! The memory of his treachery was forgotten altogether in that moment.

With a shudder she glanced at the poor, burned hands, then, kneeling down, she bent still lower over the white lips.

Not a breath escaped them. An agony, an awful agony of fear came over her.

"Oh, Derry, Derry, my darling, speak to me! Speak, only speak to me! Oh, God, if he sould be dead!"

Involuntarily her lips touched his, and, as though he had been electrified by that touch, a sigh ran through the man's frame, and he opened his eyes.

At first there was nothing but vagueness, like one who is blind, and then a swift contraction, as pain and sense returned. He closed the lids for a second, then opened them again, before she had time to move from her knees.

"Nancy—is it you—really you, my darling?" came in faint accents fro mhis lips, while such a look of joy came into his eyes as bewildered her, even in the midst of her anxiety.

"You are better," she whispered, as she rose softly.

He gave a quick sigh.

"It—it is nothing. I am all right. I told Duncan not to make a fuss—not to frighten Dolly, or—or any one."

He was trying to move himself into a sitting position. He could not touch anything with his hands; they were covered with blisters, and were completely useless.

Nancy saw his difficulty, and a lump rose in her throat.

"Let me help you," she murmured; and, coming forward, she put her white arms round him.

The man's pale face flushed, his breath came in quick gasps. It was like a glimpse of heaven to be held in that embrace.

"I—I am so heavy," he panted. "You must not. You—you will hurt yourself."

He put out his right and to gently push her back, but as the injured flesh rubbed her gown, he uttered a groan, and his eyes closed again, as in another faint.

Nancy's own eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, what shall I do?—what shall I do?" she cried, in anguish. "Derry! Derry!"

The dark lashes were lifted for an instant.

"You are sorry, dear?" he asked, with a look of unutterable tenderness. "You are sorry for me, Nancy? My darling!—my darling!"

His head sank forward, and was pillowed on the girl's soft, white throat, as the door opened, and Lord Merefield, followed by Janet, came hurriedly in.

Merefield made no sign as he saw Nancy's arms round the half-sunken form; he only poured out some raw brandy and put it to Darnley's lips. Then, as Nancy saw Janet already busy with the poor, maimed hands, she gently disengaged herself and went softly away—a broken sob in her throat and a mist of tears in her eyes.

* * * * *

An hour later a knock at her door aroused her. She had flung herself down in an agony of grief when she reached her room. Her ears rang still with Derry's tender, loving words; her pulses thrilled yet with the memory of how close his dear face had been to hers.

"I love him!—I love him!" she said, over and over again to herself. "He has wronged me more than any woman was wronged before; still I love him! Oh, Derry! if—if only you had been true and noble, as I thought you!"

She started to her feet as the knock came.

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Darnley sent me to ask if you would kindly go and speak to him," said Janet, careful not to notice her mistress' white face and disrodered hair.

"Is he better?" asked Nancy, faintly.

"He seems much easier, ma'am; Miss Leicester has been with him up to now, but he is alone again, ma'am, and wishes to see you very badly; will you go, ma'am?"

"Yes, I will go."

Nancy's heart was beating so wildly she could scarcely speak.

Without a glance at her reflection in the glass, she went down the broad staircase, a lovely vision, with her white neck and arms gleamin gfrom out the black velvet gown, her hair falling in soft, ruffled curls on her brow and round her throat. She hesitated an instant before she opened the library door.

Derry was lying back in a chair as she entered, but as his ears caught the sound of her dress, he rose slowly and with some difficulty; both hands were bound up with lint and white bandages. There was a flush on his face and a strange look in his eyes.

"This is kind of you, Mrs. Crawshaw," he said, in quick, low tones; "I dared scarcely hope you would come so soon."

His eyes went to her delicate throat; was it a dream, or had his lips rested close to it just now?

"You—you want to see me?" Nancy replied, standing, with one hand leaning on the table, a graceful, lovely figure.

The man bowed.

"I have a very painful task to perform," he said, after a pause; "but I owe it to myself to do it." He heaved a short sigh. "A year ago, Mrs. Crawshaw, you went to see my mother, and in that interview, which until to-day I was utterly ignorant had taken place, she—she made a statement to you, did she not?"

How pale his face had grown—white to his very lips!

"She did."

Nancy, too, had become, if possible, paler. Darnley moved a step nearer.

"On the table, Nancy, there lies a letter! It is from my mother—read it—read it, and give me your sympathy, for God knows I nee dit to-night; it is not ofte na man is made to suffer through his mother as I have suffered through mine!"

Nancy picked up the letter with a trembling hand. It was a very long one. Mrs. Darnley had written it many days ago, and, according to his cabled orders, it had been forwarded to him with his other correspondence to Ripstone from his club.

It was a confession, pure and simple, of her share in the fraud which had induced Nancy to become Thomas Crawshaw's wife; and a second one, full of bitter contrition for her falsehood to Nancy, wherein she had dishonored her son to save herself.

Ill and utterly miserable, the mother had at last found strength to own her sin at this Christmas time, and to implore her son's forgiveness.

Nancy's lips quivered as she put the letter down. A flood of self-reproach and remorse rushed into her heart. She moved forward.

"Derry," she whispered, "Derry."

As she lifted his dark eyes, she flung herself at his feet.

"That I should have been so easily deceived! That I should have wronged you so, my own—my best beloved!"

Heedless of onjuring them further, he stretched out his maimed hands to help her to rise, and seeing this, she got up quickly and clung to him.

"Nancy, don't tempt me—is it love that makes you turn to me? Is all doubt dead, dear? Can you take the son, remembering what his mother has——"

She silenced him by putting her fingers on his lips; and, as he opened his arms, she buried her face on his breast and burst into tears.

"Forgive me! Oh! forgive me!" she sobbed.

As he kissed her brow, her wet eyes, and lastly her sweet, trembling mouth, with all the old passion and joy restored, Derrick answered:

"Forgive you, my precious! when I, too, have wronged you! I have called you worldly, mercenary, hard, cruel, I know not what. Ah! we have gone through a great trial, my darling. Thank God! our love has lived through all. Lift up your lips and kiss me, Nancy; if you could only know how I have longed, hungered for their touch, my dearest one!"

Nancy nestled to him, heaving a happy sigh now and then; and then, by slow degrees, Derry drew from her the story of what had passed between his mother and herself. She glanced up at his darkened face as she finished.

"But you will forgive her, dear," she urged, involutarily, as she realized what Anne Darnley must have suffered before she had brought herself to make atonement. "Please—please say you will forgive her."

The man paused.

"She has kept us apart a whole year—a whole terrible year. Ah, Nancy! even now I had not quite believed you were really in my arms. Yes—yes, my sweetheart, I will forgive, and we must teach ourselves to forget—we have so much to forget!"

He held her very tightly in his arms, and kissed her softly, with whispered words of joy that dazed her. And then they were silent—in the heart of both there was a prayer and a great thanksgiving.

THE END.

HEALTH

SHINGLES.

A person of an etymological turn of mind, seeing a case of well-marked shingles, with the little blisters so closely set as almost to overlap one another, might think the affection well named from the shingles of a roof, but the word is really a corruption of the Latin cingulum, meaning a girdle. The term was applied because of the arrangement of the eruption, which encircles the body, or one lateral half of it, like a belt. The scientific term is zoster, or zona, from the Greek words for girdle or belt.

Shingles, or zoster, is a skin eruption due to disease of one of the cutaneous nerves which run from the spinal cord round the body to the middle line in front. The eruption always follows the course of the affected nerve, ceasing abruptly at the front, unless the nerves on both sides are affected, when in encircles the body just like a girdle. This complete form is fortunately rare.

The eruption consists of a succession of hard blisters like those of a cold-sore or fever-buster, so common on the lips. It begins in the form of reddish patches, upon which pimples and then small blisters form. These blisters are arranged in groups along the course of the affected nerve, or they may, in severe cases, run together, forming an almost unbroken line round one-half of the body or face.

For the first three or four days the contents of the blisters are watery; then they become cloudy, the patches turn brown, and finally dry and form yellowish crusts. For a few days or a week preceding the eruption neuralgic pains are felt in the part to be affected, and during the eruption the pain is often very acute. In children, curiously enough, the pain may be absent.

The attack is usually ushered in by fever, sometimes slight chills, and a feeling of general illness. The eruption may appear all at once, or may occur in several successive crops, taking a week or more for its full development.

The most serious form is that of the face, for it often results in severe scarring, and may even attack the eyeball. The pain usually subsides when the eruption appears.

There is no treatment which will certainly cut short the attack, and the most that can be done usually is to protect the blisters from irritation of the clothing or other injury. This is done by applying soothing powders of starch or oxid of zinc, painting the blisters with collodion, or applying court-plaster. After the attack the patient may need tonic treatment for a while.

There is generally only one attack. Where there are repeated recurrences there is usually some underlying fault of constitution which calls for careful, systematic medical treatment.—Youth's Companion.

AT THE PARSONAGE

Coffee Runs Riot No Longer.

"Wife and I had a serious time of it while we were coffee drinkers.

"She had gastritis, headaches, belching and would have periods of sickness, while I secured a daily headache that became chronic.

"We naturally sought relief by drugs without avail, for it is now plain enough that no drug will cure the diseases another drug (coffee) sets up, particularly, so long as the drug which causes the trouble is continued.

"Finally we thought we would try leaving off coffee and using Postum. I noticed that my headaches disappeared like magic and my old 'trembly' nervousness left. One day wife said, 'Do you know my gastritis has gone?'

"One can hardly realize what Postum has done for us.

"Then we began to talk to others. Wife's father and mother were both coffee drinkers and sufferers. Their headaches left entirely a short time after they changed from coffee to Postum.

"I began to enquire among my parishioners and found to my astonishment that numbers of them use Postum in place of coffee. Many of the ministers who have visited our parsonage have become enthusiastic champions of Postum." 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.

A stitch at 9 may prevent a rip at 10.

Children Often Need a laxative—but you cannot be too careful what you give them. Harsh purgatives injure the bowels and pave the way for life-long troubles. The new evacuant in

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

does the work most effectively without irritating the bowels or causing any discomfort. The children like them for they taste like candy. One of the most popular of the NA-DRU-CO preparations. 25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 20

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

FACTS ABOUT OUR HOME MARKETS.

No Need to Turn Elsewhere for Trade in Farm Products.

The old fable about the dog with the piece of meat in his mouth, jumping into the water after a shadow, and in the end losing the good morsel he had at first, may be applied very aptly to the country, which has splendid markets at home, but becomes discontented, and although not half realizing the importance of its natural heritage, looks abroad for trade it knows not of. Such is the position in which some people would place Canada in her present relations with the United States. But the facts do not warrant Canada looking away from her home market.

The home market is taking eighty per cent. of the produce of the Canadian farms at good prices.

The demand of this market is increasing and it will continue to increase as the country grows.

It has the advantage of nearness, stability, cheapness of transportation and quickness of returns.

The Canadian farmer is familiar with its conditions and requirements.

And yet, withal, the Canadian farmer is inclined to look beyond this market with longing eyes to the market of the United States, forgetting, perhaps, that the United States farmer is looking with just as longing eyes at the Canadian market.

There are at least twelve farmers in the United States looking longingly at the Canadian market to one farmer in Canada looking at the United States market.

Let us remember that there are at least twelve times as many farmers in the United States as there are in Canada, and so, while one Canadian farmer will get entrance into the markets of the United States, twelve American farmers will get entrance into our home markets. They have already succeeded in selling immense quantities of farm products in Canada, in spite of the duty. They have sold twice as much in Canada as Canadian farmers have sold in the United States.

With reciprocity in farm products the twelve American farmers will crowd the one Canadian farmer pretty closely in his own home market.

The surplus production of the United States farmer would be liable any time to demoralize the home market of the Canadian farmer.

It will cost the American farmer no more to bring his farm products to Canadian towns and cities than it will cost the Canadian farmer to carry his to the United States.

These American products are pretty well kept out now by the tariff wall. With this removed they will enter twelve to one.

We must remember, too, that the Americans have the earlier season, and that their products will therefore be upon our markets before our products are salable and get the early price.

LITTLE HINTS.

Furniture Polish.—The best and cheapest furniture polish is cedar oil. It can be purchased from any good furniture house. Take a yard of cheese cloth, divide it in half. Now wet one piece in cold water and ring dry; then pour on as much oil as you have water; now rub the furniture lightly; follow with dry cloth. This may be used on the finest furniture, and also on polished floors. It requires very little rubbing.

Caviar Sandwiches.—A dainty sandwich to serve with iced tea is made of caviar. Take a slice of bread and cut from corner to corner, thus making four little diamond shape pieces. Spread the caviar on two opposite pieces of bread, and on the other two pieces place a small piece of lemon. This makes a cool lunch for hot afternoons.

Nut Balls.—One cupful of chopped veal, twelve chopped blanched almonds, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg, pepper to taste, and one cupful of tomato sauce. Mix the meat, almonds, and seasoning and moisten with the well beaten egg. Roll into balls the size of a walnut and set in a baking pan. Pour over them the hot tomato sauce. Cook in a hot oven twenty minutes. Serve on a platter garnished with water cress.

WHEN PRESERVING

USE Redpath

EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR

"THE SUGAR OF NEARLY 60 YEARS STANDING."

Since 1854 this prime favorite has made the preserving season a fruitful source of pleasure in thousands of Canadian homes.

ORDER FROM YOUR GROCER.

THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, Montreal

Established in 1854 by John Redpath.

RECIPROCITY YES OR NO?

The Weekly Sun, the farmers' business paper, is giving unbiased and reliable information regarding this great question, such as is not given in any other Journal.

YOU SHOULD READ THE SUN

10 WEEKS FOR 10 CENTS

SEND IN YOUR ORDER AT ONCE

THE WEEKLY SUN, TORONTO