

Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER II.

Breakfast was over at Wolverholme Castle, and the house party had gathered on the broad terrace and were busy reading their correspondence and the morning papers. The Earl was next to Mr. Joel Josephs, who was scanning the City article of the Times.

"I see that Canadian Pacific have gone up seven points—that ought to suit you," he said to Lord Wolverholme.

The Earl made no reply, and Joel looked keenly at him, but turned away in a moment and gave an affectionate smile to his daughter Rebekah. She was a girl of whom any father might be proud, and Joel possessed to the full that Jewish trait of extreme affection for their offspring. Unlike so many of the mushroom Jewish millionaires, he did not originate from the purlieus of Whitechapel. His father had been a Hamburg merchant of good standing, and given his son a thousand pounds when he started to seek his fortune in South Africa. Success had not come at once, but he had stuck to his work with the grim tenacity of his race. He was in Kimberley at the commencement of the diamond boom. He quickly sized up its possibilities, and realized all his available assets. Every penny he sank in diamondiferous land, and when the famous De Beers mine was formed, it was found that Joel Josephs was a man who counted. There had followed a magnificent game of bluff, with millions as the stake. But Joel knew to the full the value of the land that he possessed, and meant to have his proper share.

The conflict was a sharp one, and those behind De Beers quickly realized that they were dealing with one as clever as themselves. They were men of decision, and at once gave Joel what he asked; indeed the bargain was a good one from their point of view, and at the same time an excellent deal for Joel.

A young man, not yet forty, he found himself many times a millionaire, but his success was spoilt, for within a couple of months his wife died, leaving him with a baby girl. He had been deeply in love with her, and this loss made South Africa hateful to him. Accordingly he returned to England and induced his widowed sister, Mrs. Goldberg, to live with him and look after his child Rebekah.

Gradually he grew reconciled to the loss of his wife, and the love that he had lavished on her he transferred to his daughter. When she was still in her teens, his ambition returned with increased force, and he decided that her future should be as brilliant as money could make it. Nothing had been missed that could give to a naturally clever girl every accomplishment that the world appreciates, and he felt inordinately proud of her as she stood before him in all her fresh young beauty. Her features were not of a pronounced Jewish type, and it would have been difficult to guess that she belonged to the chosen race.

Joel had set out with the firm idea of entering the most exclusive set in Society. He had not tried to dazzle with his wealth, but had gone quietly to work with consummate tact and skill. The Earl of Wolverholme had been a good friend. If there had been anything aggressive in Joel, or if there had been the slightest stain on his name the Earl would not have moved a finger to help him. But his reputation in the City was of the cleanest, and he had never been known to perform a sharp action, or to leave a friend in the lurch.

From their first meeting the Earl had conceived a great liking for him, for he was first rate company, witty, well-read, and with a quiet, dignified manner that instinctively inspired respect. It was Joel who proffered his services. The Earl was not very rich, when one considered his position, and Joel suggested to him certain investments which would be likely to add to his income. The first deal turned out a great success, and he drifted into being his financial adviser, by which the Earl had derived very considerable benefit. Apart from their business relations, a great intimacy sprang up between them, and their families were thrown very much together. From the outset Lord Harecastle and Rebekah had

appeared to like one another; Cyril treated her with frank camaraderie, and gradually began to confide in her as he would have done if she had been his sister. There had never passed between them a word or an act that might have been called flirtation, but Rebekah had lost her heart. Lord Harecastle was her girlish ideal, and as she began to appreciate his straightforward manliness, she fell madly in love with him. Harecastle was the last person who would have suspected this, for he was modest to a degree, and it would have caused him pain to think that, although involuntarily, a great love had been conferred upon him that he could never return.

"You are late this morning, Rebekah," Mr. Josephs said with a smile.

"I've been up for hours. The country is simply perfect this morning. I seem to have wandered miles. Why didn't you get up and come with me, lazy man?" Her father smiled indulgently, and Mrs. Goldberg handed her two or three letters. She sat down beside them, and opened an envelope. Her color left her face as she read, and the letter trembled in her fingers. With an effort she controlled herself, and looked apprehensively at her father and aunt. They had not noticed her agitation, and she sighed with relief. She rose from her chair and walked quietly into the house. As soon as she reached her bedroom and had shut the door, she threw herself on to the bed, and dry passionate sobs racked her frame.

Her life had been one long succession of wishes that had been gratified upon their expression, but now her greatest desire was doomed to disappointment. The letter was from Cicely Stanton, and announced the engagement of Lord Harecastle to Miss Ethel Fetherston. The blow was a sudden one, for there had been no rumor, and no coupling of their names in the way that usually precedes an engagement. She had been living in a fool's paradise, almost content with lavishing her passion upon him, and never considering if it were returned. The mere act of loving had been happiness, and there was always the belief and hope that his kindness, and affectionate manner to her, betokened an affection that would end in marriage.

She looked back upon the past months, and was obliged to own that neither by word or deed had he led her to think that he loved her. The feeling that she had bestowed her passion unasked, and where it was not wanted, added to her anguish of soul. A flow of tears soon came to her relief, and she sobbed as though her heart would break. Hope that had taken months in the building, was shattered in an instant, and the blow was beyond her strength.

The door opened, and Mrs. Goldberg entered. She started violently when she saw Rebekah in tears, and ran quickly to her side.

"What is it, dear?" she asked tenderly. "What has happened? Are you ill?"

The girl made no reply, and her weeping became more restrained. Her aunt took her in her arms, and held her to her breast.

"Tell me, my dear. Surely you can trust your aunt!"

"It is nothing. I suppose I am out of sorts," Rebekah answered despondently. Mrs. Goldberg shook her head, and looked anxiously at her niece. There had been no secrets between them, and she had been a second mother to the girl.

"Shall I send for a doctor?" she asked gently.

Rebekah shook her head.

"No, I am feeling better now, aunt," she answered with a brave attempt at a smile that was pitiful in its sadness, and that told Mrs. Goldberg that this was more than a passing indisposition.

"Now, dear one, just tell me what is troubling you. Think of me as your mother—I am sure I love you as one."

"It is nothing," Rebekah repeated firmly.

"Well, child, I am going to stay in this room till you choose to tell me," Mrs. Goldberg spoke very decidedly, and after another anxious look at Rebekah, who was still lying on the bed, she drew up an arm chair. She noticed a letter lying on the floor, the handwriting of which was large and clear. A

sentence stood out plainly, and she could not help reading it. "You will doubtless be interested to hear that Lord Harecastle is engaged to Ethel Fetherston."

Her suspicions were immediately aroused, for she had long wished that her niece should marry Lord Harecastle, whom she thought was worthy of being her husband. The conviction came to her that Rebekah loved him, and that the news of his engagement was the cause of her agitation. She said not a word, but waited patiently until Rebekah should completely recover her self-control.

At last Rebekah rose from the bed, and walked over to her aunt. "I am heartily ashamed of myself, aunt. You must think me childish, but it shan't occur again. It is nothing to worry about."

Mrs. Goldberg drew her to her, and passed her arm around her waist.

"Do you really love Lord Harecastle?" she asked gently.

A startled flush colored Rebekah's cheek, and she turned away her face.

"Why do you ask that question, aunt?"

"Only for your own good, dear. There is no shame in owning your love to me. He is worthy of it."

"But if he should love some one else?"

"You don't know that. He is not engaged, as far as we are aware, and I have heard no gossip coupling his name with any one. Tell me truly—do you love him?"

"But Cicely Stanton writes that he is engaged to a Miss Ethel Fetherston."

"A little cat. I never liked her. And I am confident that it is not true. The Earl would have been the first to hear of it."

"You think so, aunt?"

Her face was brighter, and hope once more beamed in her eyes. After all, it might not be true, and she might not be doomed to a life of misery.

To the Rebekahs of this world, love is not merely a pastime, an incident; not a joy for an hour—but for a lifetime; they cannot cast off their affections as they would a soiled gown. It is the same quality that fortifies a Jew for life's struggle that raises them above the common ruck of men. Their passions, whether they be of affection, or of a desire for gain, are fierce and steadfast. And in this respect Rebekah was a worthy daughter of Joel Josephs.

"Has he ever said anything that would lead you to suppose that?"

"No, no," Rebekah interrupted hastily. "He has always been kind and affectionate—and who could help loving him?" she burst forth passionately.

Mrs. Goldberg took her hand and gently stroked it.

"My pride is wounded. Why did you surprise my secret? Half the bitterness is that I should love unasked," Rebekah continued more quietly.

"Love does not demand an asking. It creeps on one unconsciously, and there is no shame, dear. The highest in the land would be proud of your love, dearest. Hold up your head and look the world in the face. If you are doomed to disappointment, bear your burden with courage, as befits one of the race from which you spring. Ignorant people revile us, but we love our pride. Suffering is our heritage. Bear it bravely."

There was silence for a while. Each was busy with her thoughts. At last Mrs. Goldberg rose.

"I think you had better rest before lunch. Wash away those tears, and come down looking your own sweet self. It is strange to see you so sad."

She kissed her tenderly, and with a soothing word left her alone. She sought out her brother, who was strolling along the terrace.

"I should like a word with you, Joel. Shall we go into the smoking room?" she said gravely.

With a look of curiosity he followed her. Fortunately the room was empty, and they drew their chairs together.

"What is the mystery, Ruth?" he asked with a smile.

"It's Rebekah."

"Is she ill?" he asked anxiously.

"In mind, only. The child is very unhappy. I found her crying as though her heart would break."

"Rebekah crying!" he cried in amazement. "It must be something serious."

"Have you heard that Lord Harecastle is engaged to a Miss Ethel Fetherston?"

"No, and I don't believe it," he said with vigor. "And I should be very disappointed if it were true. I like that young man, and I had dreamt—"

"Rebekah loves him dearly. After a good deal of pressure she admitted it to me."

Mrs. Goldberg stopped and looked anxiously at her brother.

"Well, what is it?" he said irritably.

"She has received a letter from a friend, which says that this engagement is an accomplished fact."

"I don't believe it. But does Harecastle love Rebekah? That is the question. Has he told her so?"

"No."

"He must have flattered and given her encouragement, for my daughter is not one who would give her affections unasked. If the man has played fast and loose, he shall suffer."

Mrs. Goldberg smiled deprecatingly, and they looked round as a servant approached them.

"His lordship would like to see you, Mr. Josephs."

"Very good."

"He is in the library, and he desired me to say that the matter is of some importance."

"Tell his lordship that I will be with him in five minutes."

For a while Joel appeared to be thinking deeply.

"This is worrying me very much, Ruth. As you know, I would do anything to further Rebekah's happiness. Anything!" he repeated vigorously. "My only pleasure in life is in her happiness. I don't see my way clear."

"The match would be a good one from the Earl's point of view. You are immensely wealthy, and they have not too much money. Although we are Jews, our family is ancient, and our pedigree as long as theirs," Mrs. Goldberg said reflectively.

"Rebekah, too, would be a fit consort for any man."

"I agree with you, Joel. The child's happiness is just as precious to me as it is to you. I do so hope that there is no truth in this engagement."

"I consider it very unlikely to be true. Harecastle is thoroughly straightforward, and Rebekah would not be in love with him unless there had been some encouragement."

"I don't agree with you in that, Joel."

"I know my child," he said impatiently. "And she has our family pride. Harecastle is coming down to-day, and we shall then know for certain. I must say that I like him immensely, and there is no man living that I should prefer for a son."

Brother and sister looked at one another anxiously. Joel was not confident in spite of his words.

"I had better go and see what the Earl wants," he said, as he rose abruptly and left the room.

The Earl was pacing to and fro, now and then giving an impatient look at the door. Of a calm and phlegmatic disposition, his manner denoted unusual nervousness.

"It goes against the grain, but I am afraid it is the only way," he muttered to himself. "Joel is generous, but will my request be too great a tax?"

The door opened, and Joel entered hastily.

(To be Continued.)

ON THE FARM

FALL CARE OF FEEDING CATTLE.

Cattle intended to be fed this winter for the beef market, or any other stock, for the matter of that, should not be allowed to lose flesh by reason of short pasture during the late fall months, as weight so lost will have to be made up later on before any gain can be made; and, as gain cannot be made without cost, there is economy in planning to hold what one has. Even though late fall rains may freshen the pastures for a while, the tender grass so started has not the nutritive qualities of that of summer growth, and especially is it lacking in nourishment after being frost-bitten. It is, therefore, good practice, where practicable, to supplement the pasture by giving the cattle a feed once or twice a day of hay, ensilage, cured cornstalks, and a little meal, to enable them to maintain their weight. The same suggestion, of course, applies to milking cows, and perhaps with greater force, since the milk flow is sure to shrink rapidly when the feed is lacking in nutrition and the animals are chilled by cold winds and frost, and for this reason milking stock should be stabled nights and fed extra when cold weather comes.

In the case of beef cattle, early stabling is not necessary or desirable, provided they are fed in the open something more substantial than frosted grass, as nature provides them with a heavier coat of hair for protection in such a contingency, and the animals are healthier for living in the fresh air, so long as they are sufficiently nourished by suitable food, especially if

they have access to shelter from cold rains or snow storms. This fact has been abundantly proven by experiments in cold countries, where cattle have been successfully fattened in the open, with no other protection than that afforded by hills or woods. From the temporary wooden sheds and stables of earlier years came strong, robust and well-finished beeves, as a rule, showing more vigor, and better enduring the vicissitudes of shipping than those coddled in close, overheated stables. While the elaborate basement stabling so generally provided in these days for cattle have much to recommend them in respect to convenience of feeding and the care and handling of manure, there is reason to fear that the question of providing for abundance of light and fresh air in such structures has been neglected, to the loss of health and vigor in the animals so housed. But this difficulty may be largely avoided by planning for plenty of ventilation and light when building, and may be remedied to a considerable extent in cases where the mistake has been made. In the case of fattening cattle, at least, the maintenance of a high temperature is wholly unnecessary, and a wholesome condition may readily be supplied by means of open windows and top doors.

The feeding of dehorned fattening cattle loose in sheds or roomy box stalls, in lots of five to ten in a group, has been satisfactorily practiced by some feeders, and would appear to commend itself, especially where stanchions provided for keeping the animals in place while feeding. Devices for opening and closing a row of stanchions by means of a lever at one end of the row are on the market, and would seem to be practicable and desirable under such conditions.—Farmer's Advocate.

FARM NOTES.

In mercantile and manufacturing life everything depends upon system and success on the farm is no less dependent upon systematic methods.

Every farmer should gradually increase his stock of tools. Not all can purchase everything needed in a single year. It is a good plan to buy some one tool each year. In a short time one may thus be in possession of all needed equipment.

Heavy cropping with insufficient stirring as well as too little fertilizer have been the rocks on which many an otherwise successful tiller has wrecked his fortune. In these cool days the team is happy at work and the furrows turned up will be mellowed by Jack Frost.

Every farmer will find it to his advantage, not only for cleanliness and comfort of the animals, but also to increase the amount and value of manure. Manure should be so managed that no loss will occur through the heating or leaching, and it should be used for the benefit of growing crops at the earliest practicable opportunity.

Everything that is conducive either to present comfort or future improvement costs money or labor. But what good is your money if it is not to be used for your homelife? Better to spend it now in making your children's home so beautiful and attractive that they will grow to cherish both it and you, than to drive them away by scrimping, saving, keeping their environment bare and desolate, and dwarfing their intellects, in order that you may add acre after acre to your fields, or to accumulate an imposing bank account.

To the moneyless young men who undertake to make a living and fortune out of farming, the same principles apply as to those who start in the trades, in commercial or mercantile business or in the professions. Whatever the line chosen, a stage must be passed through which is little remunerative, which tries the patience of the young men of this rapid age, and which is in a great measure managed by his own labor, the manual or mercantile employment for more rapid advancement.

Where cornstalks have been fed uncut their long, woody substance makes the manure not only difficult to handle, but reduces its value very materially. It is hard work doing good plowing with loose, long stalks covering the surface, and when they are turned under the furrow the effect on light, dry soil is nearly to neutralize the value of the manure. In a dry season such manure often does even more harm than good. On heavy and rather wet land, cornstalks may be beneficial by improving its mechanical condition. But where cornstalks have been cut into short lengths the stubs uncut serve an excellent purpose as a manure absorbent, and make good manure for any crop.

A thunderstorm usually travels at a pace of 28 1/2 miles an hour.