

Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XI.

Joel stopped at the first telegraph office and sent off a telegram to Lord Harecastle.

"I must see you at once upon a matter that vitally concerns your father. I shall expect you to call at my house this afternoon."

"I think that is strong enough; and it ought to fetch him," he said to himself. He then proceeded to his house in Park Lane for lunch.

It was a magnificent palace that Joel had built for himself, but he had not made the usual mistake of the nouveau riche. The decorations were quiet and subdued, and in spite of the money that had been so freely lavished, there was a home-like air that appealed to one.

"I expect Lord Harecastle will stay to dinner to-night, Rachael," he said to Mrs. Goldberg, but his eyes were on his daughter, and he noticed the evident pleasure that the news gave to her.

While they were at lunch a telegram arrived from Lord Harecastle to the effect that he would call at six o'clock. Joel had not a doubt but that he possessed a weapon in the cipher letters that would compel Lord Harecastle to do his bidding. He did not like the course that he was about to pursue. He knew that he would be guilty of blackmail, although what he thought to be his daughter's happiness, and not money, was to be his payment. It never occurred to him that Rebekah might resent a husband brought to the altar in such a manner. He thought that his daughter was still but a child, and he had mistaken her sweet disposition and kindly nature for pliability. He never imagined that she possessed any of the strength of character that had brought him his wealth.

He deceived himself in thinking that his sole idea in bringing about this marriage was her happiness. He was not guilty of self-analysis or he would have been compelled to own that a desire to have his own way, to overcome opposition, animated him to a great degree.

He approached the interview with the utmost confidence, and he received Lord Harecastle with a genial smile that did not receive a flattering response.

"Of course I had to come when I received your wire, Mr. Joel, but—" Lord Harecastle began coldly.

"You took a wise course, my lord. What I have to say is of the utmost gravity; but before I begin, I want to impress upon you that I have none but the most friendly feelings. I shall probably cause you pain, but you must remember that I warned you at our last interview."

"I have come at some inconvenience to myself, and I must ask you to be as short as possible," Lord Harecastle said frigidly.

"With pleasure. I ask you to reconsider your decision. Will you marry my daughter?" Joel asked bluntly.

"No," was the decisive answer. "You must. I appeal to you to consent. I do not want to be compelled to pursue a distasteful course, one that will cause you much suffering."

"You will please yourself, Mr. Joseph. I have given you my decision until I am sick of doing so. You are very persistent."

"If you refuse I shall be compelled to ruin your father and yourself."

Lord Harecastle laughed contemptuously.

"That sounds rather like blackmail," he said incisively.

"You may term it what you like, but it will not turn me from my purpose. Unless you give me your word of honor that you will marry my daughter I will make your father's name stink in the nostrils of every decent man," Joel said with cold menace.

"You are talking rubbish," Lord Harecastle replied, but there was uneasiness in his demeanor.

"I never talk unless I mean to act. You thoroughly misunderstand my character. I possess certain information, backed by indisputable evidence, that, if published to the world, will have the effect that I have stated. Upon my honor, I am speaking the truth!"

"Honor!" Harecastle laughed disdainfully. "Your very words convict you of being devoid of such a thing. Do your worst, Mr. Joel Joseph."

"Very well. Good evening, my lord," Joel said coolly.

But his guest made no movement to go. Harecastle was preserving a bold front, but Joel's words had carried conviction with them. This man held a secret? but was it as terrible as he tried to make out? It was a matter to be sifted to the bottom, and distasteful as it was, the task must be carried out.

"Let us understand one another. You suggest that unless I marry your daughter, you will publish to the world certain facts that will ruin my father?"

"That is so."

"What are those facts?" Harecastle asked sternly.

"Believe me I would much rather not answer that question. Trust me, and do what I ask."

"That is impossible." Whatever happens, I must know."

"As you please, but don't say that I did not warn you."

Joel produced the cipher letters from his desk.

"I believe that I am doing right in the course that I am taking. My daughter loves you, and you are responsible for that. I must consider my daughter's happiness before everything," Joel said as if he were excusing himself.

For a moment he almost appeared to waver as he noticed the tense drawn face with which Lord Harecastle was awaiting him to continue. At last he began to speak slowly and impressively.

"Your father has been guilty of the blackest treachery. He sold his country to Russia. There lies the proof."

Harecastle sprang to his feet, and he stood towering over the Jew with clenched fists.

"How dare you say that, you liar, you scum of the earth!" he cried passionately.

Joel did not move a muscle.

"I speak the truth," he answered solemnly.

His victim looked at him wildly. Too stunned for words, he sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands. Joel maintained silence, looking on with a mingling of pity and triumph. The latter feeling predominated, for he now felt convinced that he would win.

"Let me see," Harecastle said huskily, and he held out his hand for the papers.

"The letters are in cipher, but here is a decoded copy."

His fingers trembled as he took the typewritten piece of foolscap. For a while the letters danced before his eyes, and he passed his hand wearily over his forehead.

It was not necessary for him to read the document, for he had already realized that Joel was speaking the truth. The words before him burnt themselves into his mind, and as he rose to hand it back he staggered. The blow had been a terrible one and he was only beginning to realize what this meant to him. A life's respect, honor and love to be blasted in a moment. True that his fathers' conduct with reference to his debts had been far from satisfactory, but that did not prepare him for this awful revelation.

Joel gave him ample time to recover himself, but he intended to strike home while the wound was still fresh. He wished first to obtain Harecastle's promise, and then he would give him a little rope.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked at last.

"I must believe it," he replied dully.

"What have you to say? Are you prepared to do what I ask?"

"You can't mean it, Mr. Joseph. Do you think that your daughter's happiness would be made by forcing a husband upon her by such terrible means?"

"That is not the point that we are discussing. I am satisfied that you shall be her husband."

"I can't marry her, Mr. Joseph. I am engaged, and my honor is bound to Miss Fetherston."

"Do you think she would marry the son of a traitor?"

"She would marry me, for she loves me. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed," Harecastle said bravely.

"I am awaiting your decision. You know the alternative," Joel said impatiently.

"Do you wish to drive me mad? Can't you leave me alone? I must think," Harecastle said impetuously, and he began to pace restlessly to and fro.

His first feeling was one of gladness that his engagement to Ethel Fetherston had not been made public, for the choice before him was a terrible one—between the disgrace of his family and the repudiation of his own plighted word. He must consent either to the dishonor of his father's name, or to sacrifice his own dearest hopes and inflict an irreparable injury on the girl he loves.

"I will settle a million on Rebekah," Joel broke in on his reflections.

"Confound your money! Can't you be quiet?" Harecastle cried savagely, for he felt nothing but hatred of the man who was calmly watching his agony of soul.

The happiness that had so recently come to him. What would Ethel think? She would deem him a scoundrel, for how could he explain to her his position? It would be impossible to tell her of his father's dishonor and she would be forced to believe that he was fickle.

Should he dare Joel to do his worst? He looked at the keen face, the firm chin and mouth. No. This was a man who could be ruthless, who would fulfill his threat, be the result what it might. Then there was his father to consider; such a disclosure would mean his death-blow. He looked again eagerly to see if there might be any trace of weakening on Joel's face. He decided to sink his pride and to make a final appeal to his compassion.

"You have me in your power, Mr. Joseph. I appeal to you for mercy. Be generous and forgo your desire. If she knew, your daughter would join with me in my appeal. She will be certain to find out that I do not love her, for one cannot always simulate an affection. Then she will curse the day that I married her, for, if I understand her rightly, she is proud."

"It will be your place to see that she never discovers it. She is a girl whom you will soon learn to love, and there will be no necessity for simulation. Am I to understand that you consent?"

"But what can I say to Miss Fetherston?" he asked helplessly.

Joel shrugged his shoulders but made no reply.

"You must give me time for consideration," Harecastle said desperately.

"How long?"

"Twenty-four hours. I will come here to-morrow night and give you my decision. Does my father know that you have those papers?"

"No, and I do not think it would be wise to tell him."

"I do not intend to do so. This subject will never be mentioned by me to the Earl; I shall do my utmost to keep him in ignorance of my knowledge."

"I think you are wise. Before you go let me repeat that I am sorry for the necessity of the course that I have taken. If you come to me to-morrow and say that you consent, we will allow the matter to rest in oblivion; the papers shall be destroyed on your wedding day. There is one other thing. I shall expect you to carry out your part in no grudging spirit; there must be nothing in your manner that will lead Rebekah to believe that it is not a love match. I shall trust you to do everything in your power to make her happy. Good-night, my lord."

Joel Joseph sat for a while with his thoughts. He knew that he had gained the victory and had not a doubt but that the answer on the morrow would be in the affirmative.

He dressed for dinner in a contented state of mind, and when he joined his daughter and sister he was in the best of tempers.

"Lord Harecastle could not stay to-night, and he asked me to make his excuses, but he will be here to-morrow, probably to dinner."

He playfully pinched Rebekah's cheek and watched the mantling color on her cheek. Mrs. Goldberg looked at him questioningly, but he only laughed.

After dinner she joined him in his study.

"What is passing between you and that young man? Does it concern Rebekah?" she asked anxiously.

"It does," he replied laconically.

"I believe you are up to some trick, Joel. Don't play with Rebekah's happiness; she is as dear to me as if she were my daughter. Tell me what is happening."

"I may have news for you to-morrow night, Rachel. Don't ask any questions now. Is she as much in love with him as ever?"

"Rebekah does not talk; she is very reserved. Have you noticed that in the last few months she has become a woman? She had developed qualities of which I never suspected the existence. Joel, she has your will and strength of character. I had thought that she resembled her mother. I sometimes wonder what would happen if it came to a fight between you."

"That's not likely to happen. Rebekah is my own dear little girl,

and she shall always have her own way if I can accomplish it for her."

"You misunderstand yourself, Joel; I know you better. It is your way that you will force, but when her way does not go with yours, what will happen?"

She shook her head sadly, but Joel only laughed.

(To be continued.)

ON THE FARM

COST OF PRODUCTION.

At various times dairymen have discussed the influence of large or small yielding cows upon the cost of production. We often hear the contention that, with large yields, the increase of cost of food overtakes the profits. Carefully conducted experiments have shown that it is not necessarily the case. Occasionally an unprogressive man when urged to stock up with large yielding cows has sought refuge behind the statement that his animals, even though their yield is meager, produces with great economy. In order to throw light upon this point, if possible, the Purdue Experimental Station has prepared tables of figures showing the value of the butter and the cost of food for two groups of cows. In the first group were 12 cows that produced 350 or more pounds of butter fat in the year. Their average yield was 388 pounds of butter fat. The return for butter fat average \$100.15 and the cost of food \$45.29. This gave an average cost of 11 cents per pound for butter fat and a profit of \$57.80 per cow.

In the second group were 49 cows that produced less than 200 pounds of butter fat in the year. Their average yield was 170 pounds of butter fat. The return per cow was \$43.78, with a food cost of \$33, leaving an average profit of \$10.75. The average cost to produce a pound of butter fat with these cows was 19 cents.

According to the figures the large producers have an advantage of eight cents per pound over the small producing cows. In other words, every man with a herd averaging only 170 pounds of butter fat, is losing \$13.60 per year on each cow. These figures do not, of course, take into account the greater value of the calf, manure and by-products from the large-yielding group. As in many other activities economy of production in dairy cows seems to be associated with the liberal yield.

FARM HORSE IN WINTER.

If the farm horse is kept working in cold weather the same as in warm weather there is no particular reason why he should have treatment different from that he receives in summer. But many farm horses are not worked so much in winter.

They are worked irregularly and fed regularly. This is not a good system to follow. A working horse should not be fed in the same way as an idle horse. It is a waste of feed and endangers the health of the horse.

Many a horse has died from azoturia because he was highly fed when being worked, and the same feed given when he was idle for a few days. This is particularly true of feeds rich in protein, such as clover hay, blue-grass hay and oats.

The word "azoturia" comes from the French word "azote," meaning nitrogen. Azoturia is a disease in which there is so much nitrogen present in the muscles of the horse that derangements of the system follow. During his months of hard work the horse has had feed rich in nitrogen (the base of protein) and has needed it, for he was using it up in the expansion and contraction of muscles; but when idle, on account of stormy weather or leisure, and fed his working ration, too much nitrogen has accumulated in the muscles. Therefore a hard working horse that has been well fed should, on being given a holiday for several days, have his ration changed. Corn is a good substitute for oats in such a case. If clover hay has been fed; timothy hay should be substituted.

RHEUMATISM SECOND-HAND.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Queer-case, "you can talk as you like about physical affliction; but the largest that ever struck me was when I had the rheumatism in my brother."

"Rheumatism in your brother?" exclaimed his auditors in concert; "what are you telling us?"

"I'm just giving you a case of stalwart affliction that ought to

bring your sympathy out by the roots," was the reply.

"The kind of rheumatism that he had was the kind that haunts ever edges and treads on adjacent martyrs. Why, the way he'd yell and keep me awake at nights, and have me tying on bandages, and rubbing joints, and smelling all sorts of lotions, and the way he would kick me out of bed when his other leg hurt too much, was energizing. Primary rheumatism is bad enough, but to have to take it in a secondary form is petrifying."

KNOWN FOR A CERTAINTY.

There is something so honest and bold in the self-criticism of a man who appreciates his own virtues that it may well appal the soul unaccustomed to confidence.

A well-known general, in reviewing a corps of cavalry, suddenly stopped before a splendid-looking fellow, and asked abruptly:—

"Which is the best horse in the regiment, my man?"

"Number Forty, sir."

"What makes you think that he is the best horse?"

"He walks, trots, and gallops well, is a good leaper, has no vice, no blemish, carries his head well, is in his prime."

"And who is the best soldier in the regiment?"

"Tom Bodgers, sir."

"Why?"

"Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, tidy, takes good care of his equipment and his horse, and does his duty well."

"And who is the rider of the best horse?"

"Tom Bodgers, sir."

"And who is Tom Bodgers?"

"I am, sir."

The general could not help laughing, but he gave \$5 to his informant.

ALWAYS POLITE.

The coolest man I ever saw, said a veteran fireman, I met at a fire in a dwelling-house. We found him in an upstairs front room dressing to go out. The fire by this time was rushing up through the house at a great rate.

"Halloa, there!" we called to him when we looked in at the door, "the house is afire!"

"Would it disturb you if I should remain while you are putting it out?" he said, lifting the comb from his hair and looking around at us.

He had on a low waistcoat, and his dress-coat lay across a chair.

Seeing us staring at him, he pushed his comb into his hair again and went on combing. But, as a matter of fact, he was about ready. He laid down the comb, put on his coat and hat, and picked up his overcoat.

"Now I'm ready, gentlemen," he said.

We started, but the stairway had now been closed up by fire. We turned to the windows. The men had got a ladder up on the front of the house.

"Now, then," we said to him, when we came to the window.

"After you, gentlemen," he said, standing back.

And I assure you we had to go down the ladder first and let him come last.

WHO BREAKS THE DISHES?

"Jason," said Mrs. Calliper to her husband as they sat at dinner.

"I went this afternoon to the china closet to get a certain glass dish that I wanted. When I picked it up I lifted only half of it; the other half remained on the shelf. Somebody had broken it, and then placed it there in that way so that they wouldn't have to tell me about it. Now, of course, neither you nor I broke that dish, the children didn't break it, the servants didn't break it. Now, how did it get broken?"

"Expansion and contraction—"

"Jason!"

"Well, Cynthia," said Mr. Calliper, soothingly, "you ought not to worry about that dish. Science has in recent years made great advances, and many things which were once mysterious are now as clear to us as the pages of an open book; but the question, 'Who breaks the dishes?' has never been answered, and it is not likely that it ever will be; and why, my dear, should you waste your time in trying to discover the undiscoverable?"

A lady who kept a little curly poodle lost her pet, and called on the police to find it. The next day one of the force came with the dog, very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked a number of silly questions—among others:—

"Where did you find my dear d-dling?"

"Why, ma'am," said the officer, "a fellow had him on a p-p, and was washing windows with him."