

# Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

The Joels went to Leighton Manor, and both Rebekah and Harecastle were glad of the respite, for the latter stayed in town. He was beginning to feel that Rebekah was not satisfied that all was right. At times he almost wished that she would break off the engagement. He had vainly endeavored to forget Ethel Fetherston. He felt thankful that Fate had not thrown them together since their last interview.

A few days quiet in the country enabled Rebekah to come to a decision. She determined to set her mind at rest, for once and for all. She wrote to Harecastle to meet her at their house in Park Lane and went there with a foreboding of evil. She found there many packages containing wedding presents, to be opened. One was from Ethel Fetherston, and her memory went back to the rumor which she had heard of the engagement between her and Harecastle. The uncertainty was making her utterly miserable, and she longed to be able to satisfy herself that her suspicions were unfounded.

Harecastle was astonished at the change that a few days had made in Rebekah's appearance. He missed the frank, open look, the welcoming smile, and he wondered what had caused the alteration.

"Cyril," she began quickly. "I want to ask you a question. Do not answer without thought, dearest. I implore you to be frank with me."

"I always try to be, Rebekah." "I know that. I have been very miserable lately. Sometimes I fear that you do not really love me," she said sadly.

Should he accept his liberty? The thought leapt at him, for here was a chance. He had but to say that he did not love her, and he would be free. The temptation was acute, and for a moment he wavered. But then he remembered all that depended on this marriage. Joel would never believe but that he himself had caused the rupture. He must lie, and lie firmly.

"Do you love me, Cyril?" she asked pleadingly. "Don't hesitate to give me pain. Speak the truth. It will be kinder. I could bear it now, but to discover later—" She broke off and looked at him appealingly.

"I love you," he said in a hoarse voice, but his eyes did not meet hers, and she sighed deeply.

He went on to speak of the arrangements for the marriage, and he affected an interest that deceived her into believing, for the moment, that he spoke the truth. But then it was her desire to do so, and it is easy to persuade oneself that a state of affairs exists, when it coincides with one's passionate wish.

With an effort Harecastle redoubled his attentions, and in the end succeeded in smothering her suspicions.

He took her in his car, and as they were making their way along Bond Street, they were pulled up by the traffic. A lady, in a victoria, passed them, just as they commenced to move again. She looked at Harecastle and bowed. His face flushed, and he turned away, but not before Rebekah had observed his confusion.

"Who was that?" she asked quietly.

"Miss Fetherston," he replied. She made no comment, but this accidental encounter once more aroused her suspicions.

During the afternoon she chanced to call upon Miss Stanton, the friend who had told her of Harecastle's engagement to Miss Fetherston.

She had been there a few minutes when she saw the object of her thoughts enter the room.

"Please make me known to Miss Fetherston," she said to her hostess, and the introduction was effected.

"We passed you in Bond Street this morning," Rebekah remarked. "I was with Lord Harecastle."

"Yes, I saw you," Ethel replied quietly.

"You are an old friend of Cyril's, are you not?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes, we have known one another for years," Ethel answered rather coldly.

"I wish so much that his friends should be my friends," Rebekah said pleadingly. "You know that

I do not really belong to your world."

Ethel looked at her curiously, and was agreeably surprised at the refined beauty of the daughter of the Jewish millionaire. She felt nothing but contempt for the way she had been treated by Harecastle, but this girl was not to blame, for she could not have known of their engagement. She would have forgiven anything, save that he should go straight from having jilted her to bind himself to another.

"Will you come to see me at Leighton Manor? May I send the car for you?" Rebekah asked eagerly. "Any day this week will suit me. To-day is Tuesday. Shall we say Thursday?"

Ethel was possessed by a natural desire to know more of the woman that Cyril was about to marry, and she decided to accept the invitation, so she consented to go on the Thursday.

Rebekah returned at once to Leighton Manor. She did not quite know why she had asked Ethel Fetherston to visit her, but deep in her heart there was an intention of trying to ascertain if there was any truth in her suspicion that Harecastle cared for her.

CHAPTER XV.

When Ackroyd received Joel's second cheque né had fully determined to invest the proceeds and to retire into the country, where he could live on the interest in comfort. But he was inoculated with the fever of gambling and his good resolutions vanished. He changed nothing of his extravagant manner of living, and he revelled in luxuries. The City once more engaged his attention, and he launched forth into speculation. At the outset he was fairly cautious, and if he had continued to be so all would have been well. It might have been thought that he would have learnt a lesson from his former experience, but such natures are not easily taught even by such a hard task master.

Copper mining shares were then the rage, and he decided to buy largely. Their value at once increased, and in consequence he gratified a desire for an expensive touring car. For a while everything succeeded, and in his dreams he saw himself rivalling Joel Josephs in wealth. But that imp of ill luck that had pursued him all his life determined to have a say in the matter. Down came the shares like a rocket. Paper that had represented forty thousand pounds was soon worth but twenty, then fifteen and finally ten thousand pounds. But this was not all for there was a liability attached which would more than swamp all the money that he possessed.

He was confident that all would come right if he only had sufficient capital to tide over this bad time. Writs were issued and judgments for large amounts were signed against him. Then came threats of bankruptcy, and he began to realize that he was in a tight corner.

Five thousand pounds would tide him over his present difficulties, and he felt that in a few months he would once more be in affluence.

But where to get this money? His thoughts naturally turned to the Earl, and he determined to go and see him. He found him at Wolverholme Castle, but when he presented himself he was informed that the Earl was unable to see him. In vain he sent a pressing note demanding an interview. The reply was a curt refusal. He wrote a long threatening letter, but this was returned to him, enclosed in another envelope.

"He evidently does not know that I got back the letters. Shall I tell him?" Ackroyd ruminated. "But perhaps he is acting under Joel's advice. I think I had better deal with the Jew."

This course was not at all to his liking, for he held Joel in profound respect. If he could have seen any other alternative he would have avoided the interview. He had the utmost fear of getting himself into his clutches, and he was sufficient of a lawyer to know that he would be rendering himself liable to a long term of imprisonment if they should dare to have him arrested.

That was the crux of the matter. Would they dare? Joel was just about to ally himself with the Earl's family, and he would naturally be desirous that nothing should

be made public that would reflect upon his daughter.

Yes, he would take the risk and beard Joel.

As soon as he had come to this decision he drove in his car to his chambers in St. James'. By the use of the telephone he ascertained that Joel was at present staying at Leighton Manor, and he decided to go there to see him.

He went to his safe and took out a large envelope, which he opened, and from which he took some photographs.

They were copies of the cipher letters which he had had taken before he had handed the originals over to Joel.

And so Ackroyd still possessed irrefutable evidence of the Earl's treachery.

Soon after lunch Ackroyd started in his car for Leighton Manor. He was not possessed of the self-confidence that sustained him upon his first journey to blackmail the Earl, for in Joel he realized that he was dealing with a man of different calibre.

He had heard the news of Harecastle's engagement to Joel's daughter with great interest, for it explained what had hitherto puzzled him, namely the reason that had animated Joel in buying the cipher letters for so large a sum. Naturally he had no idea that the letters had been used as a lever to force Lord Harecastle to marry the Jew's daughter. He merely thought that the engagement was on the tapis and that Joel had thought it advisable to destroy evidence that might injure the family with which his daughter was about to ally herself.

During the journey Ackroyd carefully thought out his plan of campaign. He looked with interest as he approached the palace that housed the famous millionaire, but it was with trepidation that he asked the footman, who answered the door, to send in his name to his master.

He had not long to wait, and was ushered through the vast hall into a cosily furnished library. The room was a large one, and was evidently the one in which Joel worked. On the writing-table rested a telephone, and an open door led to another room, which Ackroyd imagined might belong to a secretary.

Joel was evidently in no hurry to see him, for a half an hour passed and still he did not come. Ackroyd's nervousness increased and he dreaded the interview more than ever. Were his need not so desperate, he would have turned tail and fled, but money he must have, and quickly. The luxury which he had employed for the last few weeks had become a necessity to him. The thought that he might have to return to his former poverty struck terror to his heart.

If this delay was intentional Joel was acting astutely, for each moment rendered Ackroyd less fit mentally for the battle which he knew he would have to wage. But at last a termination was put to his suspense, for Joel entered briskly.

"A surprise visit, Mr. Ackroyd. What can I do for you?" he asked curtly. "I am very busy and cannot spare you much time."

"First I must congratulate you upon your daughter's engagement to Lord Harecastle," Ackroyd began coolly. "It supplied a motive that was puzzling me."

"I am glad that your curiosity is satisfied," Joel said sarcastically. "But surely you haven't come down here to tell me that."

"Not entirely, Mr. Josephs. In fact I am here to throw myself on your mercy."

"That means more money. I understand you've been making a fool of yourself by investing largely in copper mines. You should have asked my advice. I should have told you to leave them alone."

"I am in a tight corner," Ackroyd said quickly.

"You must remain there then, that is if you are relying upon my help to get out of it. We have had our little business transaction together. That is terminated, and I take no further interest in you, Mr. Ackroyd."

"But you took an advantage of me. If I had known that Lord Wolverholme's treachery interested you so personally, you would have had to pay a much larger sum before I should have handed the evidence over to you. I asked you to give me the balance."

"Mr. Ackroyd," Joel said coldly, "your impertinence approaches the sublime. I have every mind to telephone to the police station and give you in charge for blackmail. Your punishment would not be a light one."

(To be continued.)

And the average small boy dislikes to part his hair almost as much as a man dislikes to part with his.

## THE WEALTH OF FRANCE

SHE HAS LENT \$3,200,000,000 IN SIXTEEN YEARS.

Collects Annually in Interest Something Like \$300,000,000 From That Source.

M. Edmond Thery, one of France's soundest experts on economic and financial statistics, has just published a book on "The Economic Progress of France Since 1892," which tells once more the story of the enormous increase in the wealth of the country.

It shows that in the last sixteen years France has lent \$3,200,000,000 in gold to foreign countries after making deduction for repayments during that period.

At the same time the gold in France has increased by \$785,800,000 for the same sixteen years.

This means that between the end of 1891 and the end of 1907 France's balance of accounts with foreign countries leaves her nearly \$4,000,000,000 to the good, of which these foreign nations have paid her four-fifths in securities and

ONE-FIFTH IN GOLD.

The world's production of gold for the same period was about \$4,500,000,000.

Of the \$785,800,000 gold which France has received, \$411,800,000 has been converted into French coins, \$224,000,000 has been absorbed by the artistic industry (jewelry, gold and silver manufactures etc.), and the surplus, \$150,000,000 remains in the form of ingots or foreign gold money in the Bank of France or the vaults of other big banking firms.

M. Thery explains the origin of these large revenues from abroad in this way: Before 1892 France exported every year an average of \$153,600,000 worth of food products (wines, butter, fruits, vegetables, etc.) and bought an average of \$297,600,000 worth of wheat, cattle, coffee, tea, etc. Thus she paid out every year a sum of \$139,000,000.

Since 1892 the annual production of wheat has increased by 11,000,000 hectoliters, wine has increased by an annual average of 17,000,000 hectoliters, sugar by 275,500 tons, alcohol by 286,000 hectoliters, and all export food products have increased to a great extent, so that France now pays for her coffee, tea and all imports by the surplus of

HER OWN FOOD PRODUCTION.

M. Thery points out that on the other hand Germany's annual deficit in food products has increased in the same sixteen years from \$161,400,000 to \$381,600,000 and England's deficit has increased from \$651,400,000 to \$937,200,000.

Another source of France's wealth and one that cannot be valued with any accuracy is the immense amount spent by strangers who come to visit the country or to settle down in it. Public wealth has developed enormously in the last sixteen years in America, Canada, Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Australia, South Africa, etc., and France has benefited by this development, which has allowed the inhabitants of these countries to visit Europe.

The French in 1891 drew an annual revenue of \$220,000,000 from their investments in foreign countries, while to-day they collect something like \$360,000,000 from that source.

RE-TRIAL ORDERED.

A soldier was recently tried by a court-martial for stealing money, the property of the canteen.

The case was fairly gone into, and eventually the court found him not guilty, and told him that he left the court without a stain on his character.

After a little while a sergeant came in and said to the president: "Please, sir, Private Murphy (the late prisoner) would like to speak to you."

Private Murphy was marched in, and, saluting the Bench, he said: "Beg pardon, sir; I wish to thank you for your kindness, and to ask you what I ought to do with the money?"

A man addicted to walking in his sleep went to bed all right one night, but when he awoke he found himself in the street in the grasp of a policeman. "Hold on," he cried, "you mustn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist." To which the policeman replied, "I don't care what your religion is—you can't walk the streets in yer night-shirt."

## ON THE FARM

HORSES FED TOO MUCH HAY.

Farmers, and horsemen generally, have very much to learn about feeding hay to horses. Too frequently the horse himself is left to judge how much he shall eat, and that means all he can stuff into himself, and in this way many a good animal is ruined.

The writer has had sixteen years experience handling draft horses, under all sorts of conditions, including four years at a state experiment station, and has found that it answers all purposes best to feed not over one pound of hay for each hundred pounds of the horse's weight. A thirteen hundred horse would receive thirteen pounds of hay daily, and so on. This amount of hay and a grain ration composed of corn, oats and bran, mixed in the proportion of fifteen pounds of corn, fifty pounds of oats, and twenty-five pounds of bran, will make any horse fit for a hard day's work. One will generally have to feed from one to one and a half pounds of grain per day to every hundred weight of horse. The smaller amount may do when he is at light work and the larger amount when at heavy labor. Such a mixture as this fed along with the amount of hay mentioned will keep a horse in good spirits. The grain ration is sufficiently fattening, while it is also flesh-forming enough in character to impart a decidedly wearing quality to the muscles.

It is true that some horses will eat much more hay than amount mentioned, but it is a mistake to give him any more, as a horse can only digest and assimilate a certain amount. Keep in mind that his appetite is like that of many of his drivers generally bigger than his powers of assimilation. In many cases horses that eat large amounts of hay become hard-looking, while they have little life or snap in them. Men go on from year to year with horses in this condition without knowing what causes it.

It is usually advisable to feed only a small amount of hay in the morning and at noon, making the night feed more liberal, though not so much so that the horse will not clean it up in a reasonable length of time and then lie down for a comfortable night's rest.

It should be mentioned in this connection that horses should be watered before and never immediately after a meal.

It goes without saying that hay should always be clean and bright, and if this is the case the kind of hay does not matter so much, though I have a preference for timothy and clover mixed in about equal parts. Timothy is not really so very rich in nutrients, but there is something about it of which the horse is exceedingly fond, and as palatability has much to do with digestibility it is wise to cater to some extent to the animal's tastes.

Those who feed thirty and forty pounds of hay a day to a work horse will have little faith in the weights above mentioned, but, as already stated, this has not been guess work with me, as it has been necessary here, in connection with our experiment work, to weigh all the feeds used for the live stock on the experiment station. Under such treatment our horses have always looked well, while they have been obliged to put in a good ten-hour day through the season of the year when they had work on the land.

Contractors and draymen who do heavy work will tell you that a horse works better if he is not fed too much hay. One especially careful and successful contractor that we have in mind never feeds hay to his horses in the morning or at noon, but feeds about fifteen pounds at night. He claims that on this ration he can get much better work out of his horses than if he kept his mangers stuffed with hay, and his horses always look well.

By overfeeding hay you not only injure your horses, but you waste hay that is always worth good money. Remember it is not what an animal gets down into his stomach that gives him health and strength, but that it's only that part that he fully digests and assimilates.

Think this over carefully and make a test of it for yourself. You know there are some facts that are better than our own ideas at least sometimes.

SCIENTIFIC.

To say that love is a disease Arouses thoughts ironic: But every scientist agrees That it is rarely chronic.