

Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd).

"I am confident you won't do that. My hand is not a weak one. Such a course would render public the fact that the Earl of Wolverholme sold his country for a bride, and the Earl, in a short time, will be your daughter's father-in-law. I am not to be bluffed, Mr. Josephs."

"Neither am I, sir. I absolutely refuse to be blackmailed. You seem to imagine that the twenty-five thousand pounds was obtained from me by threats. You had something to barter, I valued it at the price and bought it from you. That's all. What is your position if I refuse to give you money? You can do two things. You can publish to the world the Earl's infamy, or you can keep silence. The former will do you no good. In fact it will give you a couple of years' hard labor. That is not in your line, Mr. Ackroyd. If I am any judge, you will hold your tongue."

"You are quite right, from your point of view. But you forget one thing. I have had a taste of wealth, and I like it; unless I get money I shall be made a bankrupt. I have no intention of going back to my former poverty; I would rather kill myself, but before doing so I should publish my story to the world," Ackroyd said earnestly.

"You have omitted one thing. You handed the proofs over to me, and I do not think your reputation is sufficiently high that your bare word would be accepted as irrefutable evidence," Joel said with a sardonic smile.

"Perhaps not, but for once in your life you were not so careful as you might have been. I'm no fool, Mr. Josephs, and I decided to retain evidence in my own hands."

"You blackguard!" Joel said cuttingly. "But I don't believe you. More bluff."

"Not at all, for I have photographs of the letters. You can see them if you like."

Ackroyd held forward the prints and Joel glanced at them. Then he was silent and appeared to be thinking deeply.

"That does not help you much," he said at last. "I am convinced that a respect for your own skin will keep you quiet. No, it's of no use. I've made up my mind, not another penny."

"Think again, sir," Ackroyd said impressively. "You are naturally proud of this marriage; it is a good one for your daughter to make, much better than you could reasonably expect."

Ackroyd broke off and in a flash he saw the use that had been made of the letters.

"You are a fine fellow to call me names," he said triumphantly. "Now I see why you wanted the letters. It was not to protect the Earl's name, not for a moment. It was to do a bit of blackmailing on your own account, but money was not your object. I suppose you could not get the husband you wanted by legitimate means, so you descend to chantage. There is not much to choose between us. I think you will prefer to pay, and, Mr. Josephs, I am not going to ask you for a large sum again."

Joel was annoyed that his act had been discovered, but his fighting instinct was aroused. Ackroyd had made a false move if he desired the money, for he had touched the Jew on his tender spot, pride in his daughter.

"Again you make a mistake," Joel said coldly. "You really are not fitted for this kind of game. The facts you maintain do not strengthen your hand; you can do nothing."

"I can stop this marriage," the other cried angrily, for he began to think that his errand was likely to be a fruitless one, but he did not yet completely despair of success. "My same argument applies; the fear of imprisonment will prevent you."

"Yes, but there is such a thing as revenge. I suppose your daughter does not know of this little transaction?"

Joel flushed hotly at the insult. "Of course she does not," Ackroyd continued. "I will do you that justice. Come now, be reasonable. Give me five thousand pounds; it will enable me to tide over my difficulties, and the sum is nothing to you. You shall come with me to destroy the negatives, they are in the safe at my chambers."

"How am I to know that you haven't a dozen prints? No, this must be put an end to. I am not going to be worried by you. Good afternoon, sir," Joel said firmly, and rose from his chair.

He moved towards the door, but Ackroyd retained his seat. He would not give in without another effort.

"I haven't finished yet. I will see Lord Harecastle, perhaps he will be more generous," he said reflectively.

"You won't do that, for he will naturally refer to me. If you do that you will force me to violent measures. I am not a patient man, Ackroyd."

"I must have this five thousand pounds. I appeal to you, but at the same time I swear that I will have my revenge if you do not give it me," he cried desperately.

Just for the moment Joel wavered, but it was only for the moment, for his obstinacy reasserted itself, and he closed his lips determinedly.

"Remember what I have done for you. Cwn that if I asked you for fifty thousand pounds you would have given it, if I had stuck out for it."

"Yes, probably I should, but that does not affect the position. I think you've said everything you came to say?" Joel said quietly.

Ackroyd still kept his seat. His brain was busy trying to devise something that would move this man of iron. He realized that he had pursued the wrong tactics in, for a moment, trying to browbeat him, for he was not one to give way to force. He again thought of what this money meant to him, and he would not leave without making another effort.

"Forget all I have said, Mr. Josephs," he began pleadingly. "Will you lend me five thousand pounds? In a few weeks I shall be able to repay you."

Joel laughed harshly.

"I never lend money unless I see a return for doing so. I sometimes give it away, but I usually get a quid pro quo. You rather amuse me, Mr. Ackroyd. You are not strong enough to play the villain, you had better try an easier role."

"You are forcing me to do what you will repent. You seem to think that I am going to accept the position and to tamely sing back into poverty. These photographs are worth a good deal to somebody, and some one will have to pay."

"Weaker and weaker, Ackroyd. Now, if you had come to me with a bold front, and convinced me that you meant business I might have parted. But you see I have built up my fortune by my judgment of men, and in a very few minutes I knew that you were all wind. You've got yourself into a pretty mess, and you won't get any help from me. That's final."

Still Ackroyd would not budge. His brain was working at high pressure, but he could not determine upon his next move. There seemed to be nothing left but an ignominious retreat, and this was but little to his liking. He could imagine himself in the Bankruptcy Court and going through his public examination.

"I shall be made a bankrupt," he began eagerly, "and they will ask me some awkward questions. I shall have to state where I got this money from. My banking account will show two of your cheques, each for twenty-five thousand pounds, and one of them payable to the Earl of Wolverholme. What shall I say when I am asked what they are for?"

"That is your affair. You might tell them that it's hush money. It would be the truth, if that's no objection," Joel said jeeringly.

"Won't you change your mind? It will remove all these complications. It's sheer obstinacy on your part."

"Call it what you like. It's immaterial to me," Joel said cheerfully.

"Very well, Mr. Josephs," Ackroyd said, and at last rose from his chair. "I will give you twenty-four hours before making any move. You will find me at my chambers until this time to-morrow. You are wrong to think I am bluffing. At any rate I will have revenge, he wound up vindictively.

"Just as you please," Joel answered easily. His plan was to make Ackroyd think that he was firm in his decision, and he succeeded in doing so.

Joel accompanied him to the door and watched him get into his car. "A fine 'turn out,' Mr. Ackroyd," he said pleasantly. "Fit for a millionaire. How much do you want for it?"

Ackroyd recognized that the Jew was jeering at him, and his face flushed with anger.

"I am afraid it's too quiet. The colors aren't gaudy enough for men of your race," he answered quickly, but his shot missed the mark, for Joel merely smiled.

Ackroyd gave an order to his chauffeur and they swiftly raced down the drive. Joel watched them disappear and returned to his library well content with the way he had handled his visitor. He felt sure that he had heard the last of him. Just for a moment he wished that he had given him the money, for he knew that if by any chance Ackroyd did carry out his threat the effects would be awkward in the extreme. But he dismissed the idea as absurd.

Once out of sight of the house, Ackroyd gave full vent to his disappointment. In his heart he had never dreamt that he would not succeed in getting the money. His position was dismal in the extreme, and in vain he tried to think of a solution of his difficulties. He knew that it was useless trying the Bank, for no one would lend much on the speculative copper shares that he held.

He pulled up at the first hotel and ordered a stiff brandy and soda for he was feeling the effects of the strain. Just as he was re-starting a large car appeared behind them, and kept them in sight during the run up to London. Even when they reached the outskirts the car still followed. Ackroyd in vain tried to get a glance at its occupant, but the body was closed, and he was unable to do so.

He began to grow nervous. Could Joel be coming after him, and if so, what was his object? He tried an experiment, and just past Croydon he left the main road, but the car took the same turning and he felt convinced that he was being followed. Was it possible that Joel really feared his threats and had been bluffing? A horrible fear seized him that the Jew might be about to take criminal proceedings against him, but he quickly dismissed it.

The pursuing car kept closely in touch with them. Once Ackroyd pulled up and the other did the same.

"If they want me they can come to my chambers," Ackroyd said desperately to himself, and he told his chauffeur to drive straight home. When he reached his chambers he saw the car dash round the corner. He did not wait to see who it was, but at once entered.

He stood expectantly in his room, and in a few minutes his servant entered.

"Miss Josephs to see you," he announced, and Ackroyd was dumb-founded.

"Ask her to come in," he said quietly.

(To be continued.)

ROBBER FOUND IN TRUNK.

Left as "Luggage," He Was Bent on Theft.

Mme. Simon, an innkeeper at Savignysous-Faye, near Poitiers, France, and is congratulating herself on her escape from robbery, if not death.

On a recent morning two men drove up in an automobile with a heavy trunk. They asked the innkeeper for permission to leave the trunk in an upstairs room until night, when they promised to call for it. Mme. Simon, who was alone at the time, consented. Ten o'clock came and there was no appearance of the visitors of the morning, and the woman began to think of closing up and going to bed.

At this moment two gendarmes came along. They enquired why the inn was being kept open after the prescribed hour. Mme. Simon told them the story of the trunk and the gendarmes, their curiosity aroused, decided to examine it. It was long and very heavy, and the gendarmes decided to open it. Inside they found lying at full length, a powerfully built man, who was armed with a loaded revolver and two daggers. He was promptly overpowered and arrested.

Early next morning the man's companions returned to the inn, and were also arrested. There is little doubt that the man concealed in the trunk had intended robbing, if not murdering the innkeeper, some time during the night, and to escape in the automobile with his companions.

"Binks is weak financially, isn't he?" "He hasn't much money, but he gives employment to a great many men." "Who are they?" "Other people's bill collectors."

AFTERSUNKEN TREASURE

SEARCH FOR A MILLION POUNDS OFF ZULULAND.

The Story of the Wreck of a Gold Smuggler's Vessel in 1893.

The first full and complete story of the gold that was smuggled out of the Transvaal just before the Boer war is now forthcoming from the diary of Colonel Clarke, now Chief Commissioner of the Natal Police, and formerly head of the Criminal Investigation Department of the colony. From this it appears that "Kruger's gold" is a myth but that the smugglers were a syndicate of illicit bold buyers who were plundering the Transvaal mines.

The value of the gold is estimated at from £600,000 to £1,000,000, and search for it is now being made off Cape Vidal, St. Lucia Bay, Zululand. The gold, according to the diary, was put on board the bark Dorothea at Delagoa Bay. It was in January, 1893, that the vessel set sail, but she was wrecked the day after her departure.

The gold, it is said, was put in the vessel before the captain and crew engaged for the journey went on board. The treasure was

SECURELY PACKED AWAY

in strong-boxes, which were placed at the bottom of the hold, cemented over, and then covered with stone ballast. The vessel was well out to sea when the strain of the sails caused an opening of the seams (the vessel was a wooden one) and the ship took in water.

Fearing that there was a danger of the vessel foundering, the captain hailed a Union steamship which was passing and asked the captain of it if he would tow the Dorothea back to Delagoa Bay. The Union boat signalled that she was tied to time and could not tow the vessel, but the captain was willing to take off the Dorothea's crew. As there would be too much difficulty in attempting to get the ballast off, and as there was every indication that the vessel would founder, the captain decided to accept the Union captain's offer. The crew of the Dorothea were taken over and the vessel was abandoned.

The vessel went ashore at Cape Vidal and broke up. One side of the ship floated up the coast to a point fifteen miles distant, and on this portion of the vessel two expeditions have worked in the belief that it

CONTAINED THE GOLD.

Colonel Clarke is convinced, however, from what he was told by natives who witnessed the wreck and information obtained from other sources, that the gold went to the bottom off Cape Vidal. In 1899 Colonel Clarke carried out searching operations, but it was necessary to wait for a calm day to permit a diver to go down. Only one such day presented itself, and on that occasion another boat appeared off the cape, and the search was postponed. Subsequently other duties compelled Colonel Clarke to leave the spot.

A syndicate has been formed at Johannesburg with a capital of £3,000, and is now prosecuting the search off Cape Vidal. The expedition has a concession from the Natal Government for a period of one year, and until that period expires no other persons will be allowed to search on the spot.

SHE DID.

Mr. Wise—"I'd invest that little surplus money you have on hand so that you'll have something for a rainy day, if I were you."

Mrs. Wise—"I did so to-day, I bought a new raincoat, a rainy-day skirt and a gold-handled umbrella."

THE IDEA.

Blinks—"He's a pretty good boat builder, but he's very slow."

Jinks—"Slow, eh?"

Blinks—"Well, I should say. If he had had the job of building the Ark we wouldn't have had the flood yet."

"You are an iceberg!" exclaimed her elderly but well-preserved adorer, pale with anger and mortification. "A dozen Cupids, with a hundred arrows each, could never find a vulnerable place in your flinty heart!" "Not if they used an old bean to shoot with," coldly replied the beautiful girl.

ON THE FARM

AMOUNT OF PROTEIN IN CEREALS AND GRASSES.

Alfalfa	21.19 per cent.
Red clover	15.08 per cent.
Oats	13.00 per cent.
Wheat	13.44 per cent.
Sweet corn	13.00 per cent.
Field corn	12.00 per cent.
Barley	11.00 per cent.
Rye	11.00 per cent.
Millet	5.91 per cent.

While alfalfa is a good fattening feed by itself, yet, it is somewhat deficient in carbohydrates, and for this reason it gives the most satisfactory results if mixed with some other feeds, which supply the deficiency.

One ton of alfalfa mixed with two tons of green corn fodder makes a perfect feed for milch cows.

Another common practice is to mix the chopped hay with corn meal and this will make a perfectly balanced ration which is worth more pound for pound, than the original corn meal.

Experiments conducted along certain lines, to ascertain the actual results from feeding alfalfa, either alone or in a mixture, have brought to light marvelous facts. Pigs have gained 150 pounds each from May until October, when turned loose in an alfalfa patch; steers have gained 2½ pounds per day for periods of over 100 days.

It seems as if all domestic animals are only too willing to help convert the offerings of nature in form of alfalfa into money for the practical farmer of to-day.

When quietly making your plans for next season consider your own best interests by arranging for a few acres of alfalfa, if you are not already the happy possessor of a good sized field.

SELECTING THE FLOCK.

Increasing the egg producing capacity of a flock requires selection. The mistake made is not in the selection of the hens, but of the male, as he is the sire of all the chicks hatched. Eggs from the best layers only should be used for hatching, and the male should be hatched from an egg laid by the best-hen in the flock, using only pure-bred fowls, and avoiding kinship if possible, as prolificacy can be transmitted to the progeny.

If this rule is adhered to there will be a marked improvement in the number of eggs laid by each member of the flock. The difficulty is to discover which hen in a flock lays the largest number of eggs.

This cannot easily be done, except by watching the hens, which is impossible; but the difficulty is lessened by using small flocks, as then the hens are known. One method is to have the nests in a location so arranged that after a hen lays she cannot get back into the yard from which she came, but must pass out of an entrance leading into another yard. At night all the hens that have laid will then be together, leaving the others in the first yard.

USES FOR ICE ON FARM.

Among the uses for ice on the farm may be mentioned:

1. To put in tanks of water for cooling the cans of milk as soon as milked. If the ice be broken into small pieces, it will cool the milk more rapidly, because it melts more rapidly.

2. To cool water for raising the cream on milk set in deep cans, by gravity. Ice is almost a necessity for this form of creaming milk.

3. For cooling cream as soon as the milk is separated with a cream separator on the farm. Most of the troubles in cream-gathering creameries are caused by patrons neglecting to cool the cream at once after separating. Cream allowed to stand for some time after separation, without cooling, sours quickly, and usually develops a bad flavor.

4. For keeping butter, cream, milk, meat and other perishable household necessities in hot weather. A great deal of food is wasted in the average house in summer because of lack of ice to keep the food cool, thus causing a loss of what otherwise would be valuable human food.

5. For making cooling drinks in summer. While it is an error to pour icy-cold water down one's oesophagus, a cool drink in hot weather is always refreshing.

Lulu—"Yes, I was introduced to him yesterday, and he told me I was the prettiest woman he had ever met." Celia—"Ah, you see, I was only introduced to him this morning."