

Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd)

Ackroyd had been busy in the City. He was now quite resolved that he would speculate no more. To his delight the copper shares had risen a little, and he hoped that in a few weeks they would be at a sufficiently high price to allow him to realize, and retire.

His business finished, he hastened to his chambers, and there found Rebekah. In her hand she held the notes, and she mutely placed them on the table.

Neither said a word, but Ackroyd took his keys from his pocket and unlocked the safe. He produced the photographs, which he gravely handed her. He was not able to keep his countenance, for he blushed with shame as she pushed the notes towards him. He did not take them up, but allowed them to lie there.

Rebekah examined the photographs.

"Are these all?" she demanded curtly.

"Yes."

"And there are no others in existence?"

"None."

With a sigh of relief she began to tear them into little pieces.

"I wish you every happiness, Miss Josephs," he said diffidently.

"In what?" she asked coldly.

"In your marriage, of course," he replied with surprise at the question.

She gave him a look of contempt, and without another word left him. She travelled home as fast as her car could take her.

She found awaiting her a telegram from Lord Harecastle to say that he would arrive some time in the afternoon and that the Earl would accompany him. The news gave her no pleasure, but only added to her difficulties, for she had no desire to see him until she had had her talk with her father.

The sooner that was over the better, and she hastened to her father's library. He was writing at his table and glanced up as she entered.

"Where have you been?" he asked pleasantly.

"Father, I cannot marry Lord Harecastle," she said firmly.

Joel leapt to his feet, and looked at her in consternation.

CHAPTER XVII.

"What do you mean, child? You are mad!" Joel cried furiously.

"No. I am quite sane, but I am going to ask Lord Harecastle to give me my freedom," Rebekah replied firmly, and with a brave look at her father.

"You haven't spoken to him, then?" he broke in quickly, and his voice expressed great relief.

"He is coming here this afternoon, I shall ask him then. I thought it better to tell you first," she said with a wistful glance.

"I am very glad you did," he said grimly. "You had better understand that you must do nothing of the kind. Your marriage shall take place."

He spoke with fierce determination, but Rebekah faced him unflinchingly.

"I have quite made up my mind, father. Won't you consider my happiness? I should be utterly miserable if I married Lord Harecastle; surely you don't want that," she said pleadingly.

She saw at once that she might as well have remained silent, for Joel was eyeing her sternly.

"Pray what reason have you for this sudden change?" he asked coldly. "Please remember that the marriage is to take place in a few days' time. Some of the guests are arriving this evening; you have received numberless presents. The idea is impossible. Be sensible, my child."

He wound up less angrily, and Rebekah hoped that he was relenting.

"I should be miserable—utterly miserable if I married him," she repeated dully.

"You must be frank with me. What is actuating you in this? There must be something," he asked sharply.

"Only that I have suddenly realized its impossibility," she answered slowly.

"Has Harecastle been speaking to you? Is it anything that he has said or done?"

She shook her head in reply and approached her father. She laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You are fond of me, father. You cannot be cruel. Fall in with my wish, and let us at once send out an announcement that the marriage will not take place."

"Never!" he cried emphatically. "I swear that you shall marry Harecastle, and nothing shall turn me from my decision."

"I refuse," she answered proudly; "you will find that I, too, can be obstinate. I am not your daughter for nothing. You cannot drag me to the church, besides you will have Lord Harecastle to deal with."

"I can easily manage him," he said jeeringly, "and you will find that you, too, will have to do what you are told. You love the man, and through your love I will make you do my bidding."

He watched the color slowly mount to her cheek.

"I thought so. There's a mystery somewhere, and you had better say what has happened."

"I have already told you," she said wearily, "and you must reconcile yourself to the marriage being broken off."

"You've given no reason, absolutely none. I demand to know," he cried furiously.

"And I refuse to tell you," she answered defiantly.

She understood that a meek and pleading attitude was not one with which her father should be met, and she determined to brave him.

"You shall tell me," he shouted hoarsely.

He seized her by the arm, and she drew back, for she thought that in his anger he was about to strike her. He saw her action and he let her arm fall. Suddenly he became calm, and sitting down, motioned Rebekah to a chair.

"Let us talk it over calmly," he began quietly. "I am sorry I lost my temper, but you must own that I have reason. Come, dear, I haven't been a bad sort of father to you, have I?"

"No."

"Then trust me. Tell me what is wrong. I may be able to set matters right. I am sure you love him, so it can't be that. What is it?"

"Put it down to a woman's whim. Are we not allowed to change our minds?" she answered with an attempt at playfulness that was pitiful in the extreme.

"No. Not in a matter like this. Everything has been arranged; the lawyers have prepared the deeds; Lord Wolverholme comes to-day; Royalty has consented to be our guests on the day of the wedding. You are not some unknown Miss whose marriage is of little account. You have been paraphrased and photographed. At the present moment you are deemed one of the luckiest girls living. In a few days you will be able to call yourself 'My lady.' What more can you want?"

"It is no use talking, father. Nothing you can say will alter my determination."

"We shall see," he cried vindictively. "So far you have found me an indulgent father. Every caprice and whim has been gratified as soon as expressed. But now I shall show the reverse of the picture. I repeat to you in cold blood that you shall marry Harecastle."

She shook her head wearily.

"But you will," he continued in a cold, cutting voice, "and I know how to make you. You love him, that is sure. Very well. Break off the marriage. Do it."

"I am so glad, father. I knew that you could not be so unkind as to force me into it," she said joyfully.

"Yes. Break off the marriage, and I will announce to the world the reason."

"We can make up some excuse," she said quickly.

"No, my reason is to hand. Just listen to a little history," he continued, and his voice was coldly threatening.

Rebekah could not repress a start. Her hope was dashed to the ground and she dreaded to hear what was coming.

"Some thirty years ago Lord Wolverholme was sent to St. Petersburg to make an agreement for the British Government. I won't give you details, but it is sufficient to say that he sold his country; that he was an infamous traitor, and that if it were known he would be hounded to death."

"Why do you tell me this?" she gasped.

"I am merely telling you the reason that I shall give to the world for the breaking off of the marriage. My discovery in time of this treachery rendered such a marriage impossible. I could not allow my daughter to ally herself with the son of a man who had been guilty of such dastardly conduct."

He stopped to watch the effect of his words, and by the blanching of her cheeks he saw that his shot had hit the mark.

"Do you understand now?" he asked with a malevolent smile.

"You can't mean it. Such an act would be infinitely worse than the Earl's, bad as that was. Say you don't mean it," she pleaded.

She dropped on her knees beside him, and buried her face on his knees.

"You are doing more than you think, father. You are robbing yourself of my love for you. Don't be so cruel, dear. I am only a girl, and I'm all that you have. Do be kind to me."

"Will you marry him?" he insisted more quietly.

"I can't; oh, I can't. Don't you understand? I appeal to you, to the memory of my mother whom you loved. Don't do this base deed. Let us go away together. I will be content to live with you always, and I will lavish my love on you. You shall never have cause for complaint. Just grant me this one wish."

Sobs broke from her and she clutched at his hand.

"I am trying to save my love for you, don't kill it utterly. Let me be your little girl again, I'll never want to be anything else."

He shook her from him and rose to his feet.

"It is of no use. Nothing will change me. Have you decided to be sensible?" he asked coldly.

"Can I say nothing that will move you? Do you wish to drive me to desperation?" she cried hoarsely.

At that moment the door opened and Mrs. Goldberg entered. She ran forward when she saw that Rebekah was in tears, and took her in her arms.

"What is the matter, dear?" she asked tenderly.

"Matter enough," Joel answered. "She says that she won't marry Harecastle. Do you know anything about it?"

"No, Joel, but I am not sorry to hear it," Mrs. Goldberg answered firmly.

Rebekah gave a cry of joy.

"You will support me, aunt. I can't marry him. I really can't. And father wants to force me to."

"Shame! Joel. I told you from the first that I did not like this engagement, and I'm not surprised to hear this."

"She shall marry him. It would be as well that you should understand this, Rachel. And I forbid you to encourage Rebekah in her disobedience. You and I have lived together for many years and we have not quarrelled. Don't let us commence now."

"Realize that I mean every word that I said just now," he continued, turning to Rebekah. "Please leave the room for a moment, Rachel."

Mrs. Goldberg looked hesitatingly at Rebekah, a world of pity in her eyes, but she knew sufficient of her brother not to cross him in this mood, so she went out with a backward look of concern at her niece.

"This is the position," Joel said firmly. "You can break off this marriage if you like. I give you a free hand. In the event of your doing so, I shall immediately give forth the reason that I told you. Such an announcement would naturally ruin Harecastle. You don't want to injure him, do you?"

She shook her head, and a cowed look came into her eyes.

"I thought not. All you have to do is to marry him. Will you do so?" he asked quietly.

"I must," she answered in desperation. "You leave me no alternative, but you have broken my heart, father."

She burst into a flood of tears and rushed from her father's presence.

Alone, Joel did not feel pleased with himself. He hated having to take such a stand, but he felt that he would do so again should occasion arise. He realized that there was something contemptible and paltry in bullying a girl with such a threat. But such was the nature of the man; he could not see that he was ruining his daughter's happiness by forcing her into this marriage. He had arranged it only after much strenuous exertion, and a great expenditure of money, and why should he forgo the fruits of victory when they were so ripe for plucking?

Her appeal to the memory of his wife had touched him, just for the

moment; but he had conquered the feeling with an effort. Yes. He would pursue his course to the bitter end, be the result what it might.

A knock at the door called him from his unpleasant thoughts. A servant entered.

"Lord Wolverholme," he announced, and the peer walked slowly in.

"I have come earlier than I expected, Joel. I suppose I'm none the less welcome."

"I am glad to see you about again, Wolverholme. You are looking much better."

"I'm beginning to feel quite fit. How is Rebekah? I haven't seen her yet."

"She's very well," Joel replied. "She was here a minute ago. Where's Cyril?"

"He came down with me. I suppose he must be looking for your daughter. That's the natural thing for him to do, isn't it? When he went into the drawing-room, I thought I would come along to you."

The Earl made himself comfortable in a chair, and took a cigar from the box that Joel handed to him.

"I am really feeling very happy, Joel. All my wishes seem to be gratified. I only want to live to see a grandson, and hold him just once in my arms, and I shall die content."

"Don't talk of dying. You've years of life before you yet, if you take care of yourself," Joel said heartily.

(To be continued.)

COUNTRY DRIVE IN RUSSIA.

Speed Proportionate to Price—

"Through Village" Roads.

The Russian popular idea of driving horses to it flog them along mile after mile without a moment's breathing space. The speed is proportionate, within limits, to the price paid, but the horses are never at any speed allowed to slacken, writes a correspondent of the London Standard.

The high road to Ruza runs in a series of up and downs like an endless "switchback," yet the "jamshirk" (driver) never once allowed his horses to rush the last of a declivity to carry them up the next rise, but kept the pace steady up hill or down, a regular rate of one verst in five minutes. We insisted several times on giving the poor brutes a few yards at a walk, but at last had to acquiesce in the custom of the country, with the result that at Ruza it seemed better to take another team for the remaining four miles across country.

The way now lay over what are called "through village" roads. These are simply a tract of Mother Earth bounded on one, sometimes on both sides by a rough ditch, and only otherwise differentiated from the surrounding arable land by the surface being cut up by wheels instead of ploughs—and the Russian plough hardly cuts a deeper furrow in the fields than wheeled traffic on such a "read."

In order properly to understand some of the conditions of rural life in Russia it is necessary to travel in the simplest manner of the native; our impressions of the same road when we returned behind a pair of fine horses in a properly balanced carriage with a sufficiency of springs were wholly misleading, if more enjoyable.

SO EXPLICIT.

The tradesman had rendered his bill, waited a month, and then wrote:—

"Please, sir, I want my bill."

Dack came the bill with these words:—

"Certainly; here it is."

The bill was again returned, and in a month the tradesman again wrote:—

"Kindly send me the amount of my bill."

And the answer came promptly and politely:—

"Certainly. It is \$15.00."

The third month the tradesman again wrote:—

"Will you send me a cheque for the amount of my bill?"

The answer came, with a blank, unsigned cheque:—

"Certainly. Here is the cheque. I have kept the amount of your bill."

The fourth month the tradesman wrote:—

"I want my bill paid."

And the answer came back:—

"So do I."

Then the tradesman gave it up.

SEE?

"If you want to see de bright side o' life," said Uncle Eben, "you's got to be willin' to put in a little patience an' hard work to help keep it polished up."

On the Farm

COST OF RAISING A COW.

A great deal of profit is lost on account of failure to figure the cost of handling live stock, or rather, we should say, if we stopped to figure what it costs to feed a cow or raise a calf we would be awakened to the value of raising a better class of stock which would in turn mean increased profits. Any farmer will agree that the keeping of live stock on our farms is necessary for the maintenance of fertility. This is one step in the right direction. However, after once determining on a system of diversified farming and the keeping of live stock, the farmer should endeavor to grade up his herd by the use of pure-bred sires until his cattle attain a quality which will give him dollar for dollar for feed consumed. There is more money in selling grain than feeding to some classes of stock.

The Michigan Experiment Station kept an accurate account of the expenses of feeding a dairy calf for one year from the date of its birth. The amount of feeds used in that time was 381 pounds of whole milk, 2,568 pounds of skim milk, 1,262 pounds of silage, 210 pounds of bet pulp, 1,254 pounds of hay, 1,227 pounds of grain, 147 pounds of roots, 14 pounds of alfalfa meal and 50 pounds of green corn. The grain ration was composed of three parts each of corn and oats, and one part of bran and oil meal. The calf weighed 800 pounds as a yearling, and the cost of the feed was just \$28.55.

This calf was, of course, well raised, which is the only kind of raising that pays.

Ex-Gov. Hoard, of Wisconsin, who has had years of experience in handling dairy stock, estimates that it costs about \$50.00 to raise a two-year-old heifer under average farm conditions, and that it costs \$40.00 a year to keep a cow when she is in milk.

Here are two views on the cost of raising calves and an estimate of the cost of keeping a cow. Apply these figures, or your own figures in case of a difference of opinion, to your herd and see if your cattle are paying market prices for the feed consumed. It is the best illustration we know of for urging the interest of good blood and good care, the two great essentials in the profitable handling of live stock.

Employ a first-class sire, breed up your cows, raise alfalfa, test your cows and watch the effects of the feed to get best results.

COST OF PRODUCING MILK.

After a years observation with the herd at Cornell University experiment station, H. H. Wing, professor of dairy husbandry, reaches the following conclusions:

1st. With a fairly good herd, carefully fed and kept, milk can be produced for sixty-five cents per cwt., and fat for sixteen cents per pound for the cost of food consumed.

2nd. That individuals of the same breed vary more widely in milk and butter production than do the breeds themselves.

3rd. The large animals consumed less pounds of dry material per 1,000 pounds live weight per day than did the smaller animals.

4th. That in general the best yields of fat were obtained from cows that gave at least a fairly large flow of milk.

5th. In general, the cows consuming the most food produced both milk and fat at the lowest rate.

6th. For the production of milk and fat there is no food so cheap as good pasture grass.

Note particularly "6th." This being the case does it not stand to reason that the best results in winter months must come from feeding the nearest approach to green pasture grass? And is that not silage and properly cured alfalfa? Two years ago there were in Blackhawk county, Iowa, two silos, while to-day there are seventy-five.

Customer—"What do you mean by selling me that stuff you called fair-restorer, and telling me it would restore my head to its original condition?" Chemist—"Didn't you like it?" Customer—"No, I didn't. If I had kept on much longer I should have been entirely bald. Original condition, indeed!" Chemist—"Most people are born bald, sir. That is the original condition."