

# Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

## CHAPTER XIX.

Rebekah left her father and went straight to her aunt's room. She found that Mrs. Goldberg was anxiously awaiting her.

"You have decided, dear? You are not going to marry Lord Harecastle?" she asked, and her face was expressive of great agitation.

"I must, aunt. There is no alternative," she said dully.

"Confide in me, dear. Tell me everything."

Rebekah shook her head and tears came to her eyes.

"I am very unhappy, and I don't know what to do. Cyril does not love me, and father insists that I must marry him," she said miserably.

"But he cannot compel you to," she cried quickly.

"You do not understand everything. I shall have to do as he says. But, oh dear, the misery of having to live with him, knowing that he does not love me! I cannot bear it."

"I am surprised at Lord Harecastle. I did not think he was the sort of man whom money would tempt, though I always thought that he did not love you."

"It is not the money. I wish I could tell you, but I am afraid. Father holds some dreadful secret, and he is forcing him to marry me."

She burst into sobs, and Mrs. Goldberg took her to her arms, and vainly tried to comfort her. A knock at the door was heard.

"Dry your tears, dear. Remember that you will soon have to receive the guests. I will see that it is."

"Miss Fetherston has come. I have told them to take her to the drawing-room, and that you will be down soon," Mrs. Goldberg said when she returned.

"What shall I do, aunt?" she asked wearily.

"You must talk to Lord Harecastle, or shall I? There is nothing worse than a loveless marriage. What you tell me explains everything. It is a terrible position, and your father is a wicked man. But I never properly understood Joel. There is a cruel taint in his nature when he is crossed, and he will fight for his own way whatever misery he causes. I am so sorry for you, dear. But dry your tears, we will find out a way," she wound up cheerfully, but she had little hope in her own heart.

It was some time before Rebekah succeeded in composing herself. She could come to no determination. She believed that her father would keep his word if she refused to marry Harecastle, and that he would announce to the world that the engagement was broken off owing to the discovery of the Earl's treason. She preferred to suffer herself rather than her lover should incur the ignominy that would be visited upon his family. Of her father she could not think. His baseness utterly dumfounded her. She likened him to Ackroyd, and the latter did not suffer in the comparison, but she determined to make one more appeal to his good feelings, though she had very little hope of moving him from the position he had taken up.

She suddenly remembered that Ethel Fetherston was waiting to see her. She proceeded to bathe her eyes, but there still remained visible the effects of her tears. She sat down once more, for she dreaded the coming interview. She thought of making an excuse not to see her visitor, for she was the last person she wanted to think that she had been crying.

But at last she decided to go downstairs. As she passed the library she caught the tone of the Earl's voice and his hearty laugh. She passed on to the drawing-room. The door was slightly ajar, and she was stopped by the sound of voices. It was Ethel Fetherston that was speaking.

"It is not for me to advise you, dear," she was saying gently.

"But I love you, Ethel, and always shall love you."

These words of Lord Harecastle burst like a thunderbolt on Rebekah's ears.

She stood still for a few minutes, and Ethel's answer was unheeded.

"You must not say that," she was saying firmly.

What should she do? The discovery that she had come between Lord Harecastle and the woman he loved was a terrible revelation.

Her predominant feeling was of increased pity for him.

She suddenly came to a decision, and quietly opening the door, confronted them.

Rebekah moved slowly towards them; and the light of a great resolve shone in her eyes. She approached Ethel and quietly took her hand.

"Forgive him, Miss Fetherston," she said earnestly. "I am glad that I know your secret. Do not look so troubled. It is better that we should face the truth. Lord Harecastle loves you. He has never cared for me."

Ethel Fetherston did not know what to say. She felt utterly mean to think that this girl should have surprised them, in what she must think to be a love scene.

"I did not think that you loved one another, or I should not have accepted Lord Harecastle," Rebekah continued with a simple dignity that was pathetic. "Won't you forget that I ever existed?"

"It is not you alone that have separated me from Lord Harecastle," Ethel said quietly. "He is not the man I deemed him to be. Perhaps we are both better rid of him," she said coldly.

Harecastle flushed hotly and was about to speak, but Rebekah silenced him with a look.

"I love him with all my heart; and could marry him, giving him my respect, if he loved me," she cried warmly, "but he does not. It is you that he worships, and he is deserving of your love."

"We differ," Ethel said relentlessly. "He has acted basely, not only towards myself, but towards you."

"You do not know. You cannot understand. But I tell you solemnly that he is in every way worthy of you. Take him back to your heart," Rebekah said imploringly.

Ethel looked at her wonderingly. What manner of woman was this, who pleaded so earnestly for the man she loved, not for her own sake, but that of another.

"He has behaved from no unworthy motive, I assure you. If you but knew the truth you would cherish him to your heart, for he is acting a noble part," she continued quietly.

"I cannot believe you," Ethel said firmly. "My trust has been dealt too severe a blow."

"Can you really love then? Do you understand the meaning of the word?" Rebekah cried passionately.

"Can you imagine my sufferings? I am not ashamed to own that I worship him, and if he loved me the world would not contain my joy. But alas! it was not so, and I have renounced my hope. But I am not selfish, I long for his happiness, and so I appeal to you to forgive. Have you the heart to resist my plea? Will you let me exceed you in generosity?" she asked with direct simplicity.

"I cannot allow this," Harecastle said quietly. "I deserve your contempt, Miss Joseph, and you are heaping coals of fire on my head. Miss Fetherston has formed a reasonable opinion from my conduct, which must appear to her to have been dastardly, and she is justified in refusing to have anything to do with me."

"But, you see, I happen to know the secret that has impelled you," Rebekah said quietly.

Harecastle moved forward and looked at her in consternation.

"It is safe with me. You can trust me, Lord Harecastle," she said with a pitiful smile.

"Then if you know all, how can we break off this marriage?"

"They cannot force us if we both refuse."

"But the effect—the terrible effect. Your father will never consent."

Her face turned white. She remembered her recent interview with him and the firm attitude he had taken up. Would she be able to move him? If she and Harecastle went together and made an appeal to his better feelings!

"You and I must see him together; he may grant our wish."

But Ethel broke in upon their conversation.

"You may do as you like. But you must not think that if this marriage is broken off, I shall accept your discarded husband, Miss Josephs," she cried fiercely.

Rebekah turned to her with a pained look.

"Some day you will regret your

unbelief. I should trust Cyril, should the whole world be against him," she cried warmly.

"But you appear to have superior information. You share his secret and possess his confidence to the full. You may well trust him. I can only judge him of his actions. Do you think I am unreasonable? There was no happier woman in the world than I, when he asked me to be his wife. I loved, I revered him. When he asked me to trust him and keep our engagement secret, I consented gladly, for I never deemed him capable of an act that was not strictly honorable. Then, too, when he came to me and wished me to give him back his word—although my heart was broken, I consented. But what happened; within a few hours I read of his engagement to the wealthy Miss Josephs. Not a word to me of warning. The blow came and my whole nature was warped. Poverty I never feared, and I told Cyril so. I believed, too, that he would have been content to bear it with me. And yet riches tempted him. He tells me that he never loved you. There might have been some excuse, if your beauty had tempted him and his love had left me. But no, in cold blood, loving me, as he tells me, he asks you to marry him. And you say that you forgive him. You are not a woman. You are an angel," she cried with biting contempt.

"Be silent, Ethel," Harecastle cried fiercely. "You know not what you say. Miss Joseph is so generous and large-hearted, that your attitude seems pitiful beside her self-sacrifice."

"And you thought he was about to marry me for my money," Rebekah said reproachfully. "You understand him so little as that? Miss Fetherston, you make me think that you are not worthy of his love. Have faith in him. I implore you take him to your heart. Blot out these days of misery and be happy with him—then I shall be content."

For a moment Ethel wavered, but Rebekah's appeal only angered her. Then, too, Harecastle's warm defence of the woman to whom he was engaged did not please her. She knew there was a mystery, but she did not think that it could be of such a nature, that it would give her back the respect that she formerly had for him.

The pity of it was that she knew she still loved him, but she hardened her heart and faced them coldly.

"I do not want to hear any more. My mind is made up. I should like to go," she said firmly.

"Lord Harecastle, would you mind leaving us together?" Rebekah asked eagerly.

He hesitated for a moment and looked at Ethel, but she showed no sign of either assent or dissent. He finally went out, and Rebekah eagerly approached the other.

"Sit down, Miss Fetherston," she said softly. "Do let us be friends. I have never had a real friend in my life, except my aunt."

She led her to a seat and sat down beside her.

"I know you still love Cyril, for you cannot help it. Your heart ought to be glad with joy. I throw away my pride and tell you that I would give the world to be in your place—that he should love me. For a time, when I thought that I held his heart this earth was Heaven to me. There is a chance of happiness for you. Grasp it eagerly; sink your distrust and believe. Let nothing turn you, but cling to him, and all difficulties will vanish. Within a day or two, the world will know that our engagement is broken off. Be the result what it may, I tell you that it shall be done. It may entail suffering, but what is that compared with a life's happiness? I tell you frankly that I shall suffer, but if you turn away from Cyril, you will only add to my misery. I don't think I am small-minded. To know that he was with you would bring me comfort, in my sorrow."

"You are a strange girl, and very generous. I cannot understand you," Ethel said in a softened voice, for the appeal had touched her heart.

"We Jews have passionate natures; but we have been brought up to think self-sacrifice a privilege of our race. We are not jealous in the way of other people. My only desire is for Cyril's happiness. He has been cruelly treated, and has behaved nobly."

"In making love to me to-day," Ethel broke in hotly.

"But there was the temptation. One cannot always govern one's feelings. You must forgive him, for is it not my right to be angry rather than you?" Rebekah said simply.

"It was an insult to us both. Ah!

child. I am so miserable," she ended weakly.

Tears came to her eyes, and Rebekah drew nearer to her.

"Just tell me that you will forgive him," she insisted. "I will bring him to you. As for me, you must see that our engagement is at an end. Don't let my consideration for me prevent you from opening your heart."

"No, I cannot say that I forgive him. I have been too deeply wounded."

"Think again, dear. For when you know the truth, you will be proud to take him back to your heart, and you will blame yourself for your unbelief. Be generous. You will never regret it," Rebekah cried passionately.

She might have been pleading for her own life, she spoke so eloquently, but her words appeared to fall on deaf ears, for Ethel turned impatiently away.

(To be continued.)

## SIXPENCE A WEEK.

### All a Family of Five Had to Live on in London.

A remarkable story of poverty was told at the Coroner's Court in London, England, last week at an inquest of Jane Alice Noble, aged three, the daughter of an unemployed bookbinder of Sydney Grove, Goswell road, Clerkenwell.

The mother said that she went out to buy a little coal, and upon her return found her daughter in flames. The child was wearing flannel underclothing, and she could not afford a fireguard. She, her husband and children came out of the workhouse a few weeks before Christmas, since when her husband had been doing a little hawking.

The Coroner—How much does he earn on an average? Witness—Last week we only had 2s. 6d., sir.

The Coroner—How can you live? I suppose you get outdoor relief? Witness—No, sir, we manage as best we can. We have a pennyworth of bread and a pennyworth of coal.

Continuing, the witness said that she, her husband and three children lived in one room at the rent of 2s. a week.

The Coroner—That only leaves you 6d. to live on? Witness—Yes, sir.

The witness told that on one occasion a lady gave her 1s. 6d.

The Coroner's officer said that he found the room very clean. There was, however, hardly a scrap of anything in the room, with the exception of a box, which was used as a cot and table. The latter was used by the man and woman as a bed, the covering being a blanket and a rug. He found not a scrap of food in the place.

### OFFICER MAULED BY A LION. When Wounded, the Savage Beast Sprang Upon Him.

Among the passengers who arrived at Plymouth, England, the other day, by the P. and O. steamer Marmora was Lieut. G. S. Anderson, Eighteenth Hussars, of Dawlish. Lieut. Anderson, who has been attached to the Intelligence Department, is suffering from blood poisoning, the result of a mauling received from a lion a month or six weeks ago, on the borders of Somaliland and Abyssinia.

In company with a native servant, Lieut. Anderson went out for a day's shooting. Finding a lion at short distance, he fired, and the shot grazed the animal's skull, slightly wounding it. The infuriated beast leaped upon the officer, throwing him to the ground, and bit him through the knee just as he fired a charge from his double-barreled sporting rifle through its head. The animal continued to claw and bite him, while Lieut. Anderson, fighting for his life, clubbed the lion with the butt end of the rifle. All the while blood was streaming from the wounds of the lion, which was of unusual size.

The native servant, although practically unarmed, rushed to the aid of his injured master, and at length the animal, exhausted from the loss of blood, slunk away, leaving Lieut. Anderson almost overcome, and in a very precarious condition.

Subsequently the lion was found dead at a little distance from the scene of the encounter. The injured officer was conveyed to the coast, and at Aden embarked for London, where he will be treated in a hospital.

"Mr. Bubkins," said the proud father, shaking the young man warmly by the hand, "let me tell you that you are a man after my own heart." "Oh, no, sir," protested the blushing suitor; "I'm after your daughter's!"

## On the Farm

### PREVENTION OF MILK FEVER.

As the season is approaching when the majority of cows will freshen, a word of precaution for the prevention of so-called milk fever may be seasonable and serviceable. In the first place, it may be said that the common name of the ailment is a misnomer, as there is practically no fever accompanying it. It is a partial paralysis, and is properly named parturient apoplexy, or parturient paresis, and is generally the result of milking the udder empty too soon after calving. It has been noticed that, in the case of cows calving on the range, where the calf does the milking from the first, and takes but a little at a time for the first few days, milk fever is unknown. The same is true, as a rule, in the case of the beef breeds, where the cows are allowed to nurse the calves. The content of the udder at calving is colostrum, a very different substance from normal milk, a substance which is intended by nature for a specific purpose—the moving of the bowels of the calf—and this, if suddenly removed, causes a collapse of the tissues and glands, causing a paralysis of the system. In proof of the correctness of this theory, it is only necessary to recall that, in numerous cases, where the cows had been down, and unconscious for hours, and even days, the simple filling of the udder with air has restored them to health, without the help of any medicine. And in ordinary cases a complete cure has been effected within two or three hours. Prevention is, of course, better than cure, and if the calf is taken from the cow, to be raised by hand, the udder should be only partially milked out for the first three days. It is better for the calf that it be allowed to suck for that time, but not necessary if the dam's new milk be given it in small quantity, and warm. There is very little danger of the udder being spoiled by nature's provision for the occasion, the colostrum contained. It will be noticed, that, when in such case the udder is very large and caked, it is cold, and gives no symptoms of fever, and, by oiling and rubbing it, the caked condition usually gives way in the course of a week or two. Furthermore, it is seldom, if ever, that milk fever occurs in the case of a heifer with her first calf, and seldom in a cow younger than four years. The proper course, therefore, is to prevent the trouble by partial milking for three or four days. And if this precaution has been neglected, and the ailment occurs, a bicycle pump, or a rubber-bulb syringe with a teat tube, disinfected by immersion in boiling water, should be used to fill each quarter full of air, tying the teats with tape, and massaging the udder with the hands to force the air up into the system. A bicycle pump is the most effective, as it does the work quickly and thoroughly. Do not allow dosing with medicine, as, when paralyzed, the cow cannot swallow, and the medicine will almost surely go into the windpipe and lungs, surely causing death. Hundreds of valuable cows have been killed by dosing under such circumstances. The use of pure oxygen or sterilized air for filling the udder is doubtless safer than common air, but if care is taken in disinfecting the milk tube, and gently placing it in the teat, there is very little risk of damage to the udder.—Farmer's Advocate.

### HENS MUST HAVE FRESH AIR.

Fowls are obliged to throw off much of the body waste through the lungs. They do not sweat in the sense that do other animals, but, instead, breathe several times faster than sweating animals when heated. To keep in good health a hen requires nearly seven times the amount of fresh air in proportion to its size as does a horse, and yet as a general thing you can throw your hat through the horse stable almost anywhere, but the hen house is so tight that the stench when first opened up in the morning is enough to knock you down.

None of us get too much fresh air, and none of us are apt to forget that cold air is not necessarily pure.

"You have an enormous appetite," said a thin man, enviously. "What do you take for it?" "In all my experience," replied his plump friend. "I have found nothing more suitable than food."