Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER III.

"You want to see me," Joel said by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, Joel. I am going to trespass on your good nature. Sit down, won't you? You will find cigars on the table," the Earl said nervously, and Joel looked up curiously, as he noticed his unusual manner.

"You know that anything I can do——" he began.

"Yes, I know; you've been a good friend to me in the past, and I am grateful, but——"

He hesitated for a moment.

"What is it?"

"I've made a fool of myself. That's all."

"What particular kind of fool? The species is large."

"A financial idiot. I've been speculating."

Joel looked at the Earl in surprise.

"I thought that you consulted me upon your investments," he said slowly.

"Yes, and I wish to Heaven that I had contented myself with doing so. My expenses are great, as you know, and I was not making money, so I plunged."

"Foolish man, but could you not have asked my advice about the plunge? I know something about financial matters—even the gambling side."

"To be frank, I was ashamed to do so. You have been so very good to me."

"Is it serious?"

"That depends upon the point of view. You would say that it is a mere bagatelle, but to me——"

He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Have you any accounts here?" Joel asked, but there was no sympathy in his manner, for there was a little personal feeling in the fact that the Earl had ventured without consulting him.

The Earl handed him some papers which he quickly mastered.

"It appears to me that you are involved to the extent of twenty-five thousand pounds," he said gravely.

"That is so, and I don't see my way out of it. The estates, as you are aware, are strictly entailed, the Earl said nervously.

"A fortunate thing for Lord Harecastle."

"Yes, and I don't care to ask him to break the entail."

"I should think not, but he would do it like a shot."

"Yes, Cyril is a good son, but there is a reason that prevents me from asking him, even if I cared to do so."

"And that is?"

"I cannot explain, but it exists," the Earl said listlessly.

He meant the state of his health, which he knew would weigh with Cyril to an enormous extent, and a surprising sense of delicacy made him look with repugnance upon the idea of using this as a lever.

They were both silent. The Earl looked anxiously at Joel as though he was waiting for him to speak, but the Jew looked grimly on the ground.

"Can you find any way out of my difficulties?" the Earl blurted out at last, and his breath came quickly as he awaited the reply.

"At the moment, I cannot say that I do. I should like to think it over. Twenty-five thousand pounds is a large sum of money. What do your lawyers say?"

"I haven't dared to tell them of my position, but their cry will be 'Security, Security,' and I have none to offer them."

"What will your position be in the event of your not finding this money?" Joel asked with a keen look.

"There can only be one result—bankruptcy," the Earl said with despair.

"That would indeed be a blow. Your family has held up its head for generations. And then, too, some of the inconveniences are personal. You lose your clubs, you know."

The Earl shrank as if struck by a blow, but Joel went on relentlessly.

"Of course there are many who weather a visit to the Courts. But usually they are of the callous breed. A man of honor must feel it keenly."

"Can't you see your way to help me?" the Earl began.

He seated himself beside Joel; his face was pale with anxiety, and his fingers worked nervously.

"My advice is always at your disposal," Joel replied.

"Man alive, I don't mean that. Must I put it into words? You are not usually so dense. Will you lend me the money?" he said desperately.

"It is a large sum, as I said before. I do not absolutely refuse, but I will make no bargain with you. You shall have my decision within an hour. For the present let us leave the subject alone," Joel said firmly.

A gleam of hope came to the Earl's face. He rose, and going to a side-board, mixed himself a stiff brandy and soda, which he drank at a gulp.

"It is not my habit," he said apologetically, "but I feel the strain. I am not so young as I was."

There followed a silence which was very embarrassing to the Earl, and he fidgetted nervously in his chair.

"By the bye, your son is coming down to-day, is he not?"

"Yes," the Earl replied listlessly. "I expect him this afternoon."

"A fine fellow—Harcastle, a very fine fellow. He must be nearly thirty," Joel said reflectively.

"About that."

"I wonder he does not marry," Joel continued quietly, but his eyes were fixed on the Earl's face.

"I don't believe he has thought of it."

"It is time that he should consider it. There is the title, you know."

"Harecastle is a little difficult to understand. He is exigeant. I suppose he will marry when he meets the right woman."

"He ought to marry money, especially after what you have told me," Joel said pointedly.

"Yes, he certainly ought to marry money," the Earl repeated.

"And if he could combine beauty with the money——"

The Earl suddenly recognized that there lay a meaning in the conversation, and he drew himself up, saying:

"Speak out, man; do you mean your daughter?"

Joel owed his head.

"And would you relieve me of my difficulties?"

"I will make no bargain, but—"

A smile broke over his face, and the Earl approached him with outstretched hand.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than this marriage," he said effusively. "I admire your daughter; and I think Harecastle would make her a good husband."

"That is the great thing. I am not buying her a title," he said a little hastily.

"No, I appreciate that Rebekah would adorn any position, even if she were dowerless. There is no need for the word 'bargain' in connection with your daughter."

"With reference to your son, do you think he cares for her?"

"They have always been friends, I should think that it is very probable. Harecastle is the kind of man who might jib at your vast wealth. He is very touchy, and would imagine that he would be open to the imputation that it was the money that was the attraction."

"I do not fear that, where Rebekah is concerned," Joel said angrily, for his pride was touched.

"No, of course not."

"I may take it then that this match would meet with your approval."

"Of course, my dear fellow. I will do anything in my power to further it; I will speak to Harecastle to-day."

"You will have to handle him delicately."

"You may trust me. As far as we are concerned, the matter is settled. You can answer for Rebekah?"

"I think so, but it is Harecastle who must ascertain her feelings."

"Cyril has always been a good son. I don't think he will be unreasonable," the Earl said, and he looked at the papers which were lying beside Joel.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds will put you straight?" Joel asked.

"Yes, quite," the Earl replied, as he watched him take out his cheque book.

"I am going to give you a cheque now. Remember I trust you implicitly, and you must not play me false," Joel said quietly.

"You may rely upon me, Joel, I give you my word of honor. You cannot realize what a relief this cheque means to me. My worries were beginning to tell upon me, and now, thanks to you, I can have an easy mind. I expect lunch is ready; shall we go?"

Having got what he required, the Earl was only too glad to terminate an interview that had been embarrassing in the extreme. During the meal he was in the highest spirits, and Joel could hardly recognize the half-broken man who had that morning appealed to him so pitifully.

Rebekah had come downstairs, and all trace of her recent agitation had disappeared, save for the dark rims under her eyes that only added to her beauty. The Earl paid much attention to her, and his wittiest sallies were reserved for her benefit. He succeeded in bringing a smile to her lips, and Mrs. Goldberg gave a significant look at her brother. Her eyes asked a question, and in reply he gave an almost imperceptible nod.

"You will be glad to hear, Miss Rebekah, that Harecastle is coming this afternoon," the Earl said to her.

Her face flushed and for a moment her lips trembled. Joel cursed the Earl beneath his breath, and hurriedly changed the conversation. He looked round quickly, but none of the guests appeared to have noticed Rebekah's confusion.

The conversation became general, and Rebekah recovered her composure. She only wondered why the Earl had addressed the remark so pointedly to her. There seemed to be a strange significance in his voice.

When the meal was over, she took her father by the arm, and led him out on to the terrace.

"It is a long time since we had a stroll together, dad. Let us wander for an hour," she said eagerly.

"Very well, dear. Run and fetch my cigar case," he said indulgently.

Joel Josephs had never been know to refuse a request of his daughter, even although his accomplishment caused him some personal inconvenience.

For a time they walked along in silence, for there was that relationship between them, when speech is not necessary to companionship.

"How old are you, Rebekah?" he asked suddenly.

"What a question," she cried merrily. "Surely you know."

"Is it twenty-one or twenty-two?"

"Twenty-two and a half, if you require extreme accuracy."

"I wonder I have not lost you before this," he remarked with his eyes fixed straight before him.

"It is not for lack of opportunity, dad, but I am content to remain with you. I must meet the man that I like better than yourself," she said nervously.

"They are different kinds of affection, dearest. I shall not be jealous of the man you love," he said gravely.

"The man I love," she repeated mechanically.

"I believe he exists, Rebekah," he said quietly.

She made no reply, but her face was turned away from him.

"Does he?" Joel insisted.

"I see that aunt has been speaking to you. I am sorry she did so, father. She surprised me, or my secret would still be my own."

"The man you have chosen is suitable in every way. I have the greatest admiration for him."

"It hurts me that we should discuss it, father. Remember that the affection may be only on one side."

"That is nonsense. I am sure that he loves you."

"Please me, dad. Be silent, but first tell me one thing. Have you spoken to the Earl?" she asked in a low voice.

"The Earl has spoken to me," he said evasively.

"I knew it," she cried indignantly. "I will not be discussed in this way. It is undignified. It is as if you were throwing me at their heads."

"The Earl spoke to me," he repeated stubbornly. "He thinks it time that Harecastle married; and he himself suggested that you would make a suitable wife. I agreed with him. That is all. Surely you do not object."

"Is that all, father?"

"Yes."

She sighed with relief. Joel eyed her narrowly. He hated to have to lie to her, but he knew right well that she would be no party to the bargain that he had made that morning. Yes. To himself he owned that he had made a purchase—the possibility of happiness for his daughter, and he did not repent having done so. He was glad that she referred no more to the subject. Ere long they retraced their steps, and he knew her thoughts. They were of Harecastle and the coming meeting.

(To be Continued.)

ON THE FARM

WINTER FEEDING OF DAIRY COWS.

All feed, in the line of grain and mill feed, is likely to be very high again this winter, but for the matter of that, it is likely to be high for all time to come, because consumption has overtaken production, and the coarser grains, such as corn, oats and barley, are being used for food for human beings, especially in the way of breakfast foods. Formerly this was confined pretty much to oats, but now barley and corn are used extensively for human food, and feeders are offered great quantities of mill by-products. While some of it, no doubt, is all right, most of it is what we might call adulterated. The refuse of oat mills, such as oat hulls are ground up fine and used as a filler. It might be a filler to fill the bags for the miller, but it certainly would not be very nourishing for the stock, nor is there much nutriment for making milk, so that anyobdy who wishes to supply his stock with a sufficiency of feed, must look elsewhere for a feed if he wants an economical ration.

If an animal is not worth feeding well, it is not worth feeding at all, but to feed an animal well it does not necessarily mean one must feed the most expensive feeds; in fact, the most suitable foods are not expensive when grown on the farm, such as corn silage and mangels.

"In time of peace prepare for war," is an old proverb, and the time to prepare for winter feeding of stock was away last spring. It may serve to emphasize this more fully now that the feed should be at hand.

To feed economically the feeder should have silage and mangels for dairy cows. This, with well-saved straw and a little hay, will make the basis of a very economical and suitable ration, and enormous quantities of silage and roots can be grown to the acre, so that a man thereby can increase the production of his farm manifold. True, harvesting those crops is a little hard on the back, and they mean work, but the reason they mean so much work is because they furnish so much feed—suitable food, too.

Whilst these feeds should be the main reliance in feeding stock, some grain or bran should be fed also. At this time possibly bran and oil cake in small quantities are the cheapest foods. Even with silage, roots, hay and straw, the quantity of grain that should be fed will depend upon the production of the cow and her period in lactation.

Although feed is high, milk and its products are also high. Butter is likely to be close to the 30c. per pound mark, and milk is in great demand from the cities and condensaries during the winter, netting the producer $1.50 per cwt., so that it will pay very well to feed large-producing cows considerable grain at the price now obtainable. For instance, if we have good cows fresh, giving 60, 70 and 80 pounds milk per day, which means producing daily from 90c., $1.05 to $1.10 per day, one certainly cannot but realize a profit, no matter how dear the feed. In fact, with the cow producing so heavily, it will be necessary to feed her more grain and not such a bulky ration. Cows have large stomachs, and a fairly bulky ration is suitable to them, but when we come to milch cows, giving their 60, 70 or 80 pounds milk daily, we will at once realize that they should have their feed somewhat more concentarted; that is, if we are to give them more food than those of less production, we must have it in less bulk, because it would be impossible for them to contain enough rough feed to keep up their heavy production, and if they do not get enough feed in one way or another, of course they cannot keep up their production either.

It certainly is a queer state of affairs that farmers should be grumbling about the high price of grain. Nothing shows more clearly what a change has come over the operations of a farm than this. Formerly, about all the grain was sold off the farm, and the money was realized that day, but now things are quite different. In fact, many farmers do not sell off any grain, but make their money out of livestock products. This is better for the farm, as it sells off much less fertility. However, that system of farming has changed. Farmers need to do considerable thinking on how to grow the crop that will furnish the most economical feed. This end is nearly always to be obtained by growing those crops that will give the largest amount of fodder per acre, and for this reason silage and mangels should be grown largely on the dairy farm.—Geo. Rice, in Farmer's Advocate.

HARD WORK.

The boarders were alarmed one night by what sounded like a man running at a tremendous pace in one of the upper rooms. However, as it came from the second floor front room of the new boarder, nothing was said. The next night the same running noises were heard; still it was thought best to say nothing.

But the third night the noise differed; the boarders huddled together in the parlor as the chandeliers shook, for the man above apparently came down at intervals with a thump, thump, that fairly shook the house.

Two men were delegated to see what was the matter.

"What in the world is wrong in here?" asked one of the men as the door was opened by the new boarder, apparently breathless.

"Why," came the answer between gasps of breath, "I'm taking my medicine."

"Medicine?" echoed the men.

"Yes," said the man, as he dropped into a chair from sheer exhaustion. "It's tougher on me than it is on you. But the doctor said I should take it two nights running and then skip the third night."

OUTSIDE HIS LINE.

"I presume, my good fellow, you're a laborer?" said a lawyer to a plainly-dressed witness.

"You are right, I am a workman, sir," replied the witness, who was a civil engineer.

"Familiar with the use of the pick, shovel, and spade, I presume?"

"To some extent. Those are not the principal implements of my trade, though."

"Perhaps you will condescend to enlighten me as to your principal implements."

"It is hardly worth while. You don't understand their nature or use."

"Probably not," loftily, "but I insist on knowing what they are."

"Brains, sir."

HEVIDENTLY HUNEDICATED.

Scene—Soldiers' barrack-room at dinner-time.

Orderly officer (inspecting men's dinner) asks: "Any complaints?"

Voice from the end of the table: "Yes, sir."

Officer—"Well, what is it?"

Voice—"Spuds is bad, sir."

Officer—"Spuds is bad! haw-er," turning to sergeant. "Spuds is bad! Haw! what does he mean by spuds, sergeant?"

Sergeant (glaring at culprit) — "The man is hignerunt, sir. "'E means 'taters.'"

INSULTED.

Andrew Thomas was a great "forgetter." He forgot to pay the money he owed, and to give people back the things he borrowed. Moreover, he was "touchy" on the subject, so that few of his friends liked to hint that he had any of their property in his possession. One day one of them took his courage in his hand.

"Where's that five dollars you borrowed of me last month, Andrew?" he asked. "I don't want to seem tight, but I've just got to—"

Andrew replied with dignity, "Did you ever see anything I didn't return? No, I guess you didn't."

A BRIGHT BOY.

"Say," queried the father, "can't you give my boy a position in your store?"

"I don't know," rejoined the grocer. "What can he do?"

"Well," rejoined the parent, "I don't suppose he could do much at first, except buy and sell goods and manage your business for you, but later on when he gets a little experience and sense he might be able to sweep out, do up packages and run errands."

AMPLE GROUNDS.

A little boy, aged five, had been severely punished by his parents for disobedience, and the next day, without a word to anyone, he hurried off to the family legal adviser, who happened to be a particular friend of his.

"Well, Johnny," said the man of law, after he had shaken hands with him, "what can I do for you?"

"Please, Mr. Brown," said the young litigant, "I want to get a divorce from our family!"

JUST POSSIBLE.

"Honesty is the best policy," remarked the optimist.

"So it was in the days of the proverb maker," rejoined the contrary person, "but I guess the policy must have expired."