Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XII.

Far into the night Harecastle thought deeply, but he could not find any solution to his difficulty. One moment he would cry that it was impossible to give up Ethel, and he would determine to hurl defiance at Joel, but then the thought of the disgrace would intervene, and the struggle once more began.

It hurt him to think that he would be unable to offer any excuse for the breaking of the engagement. He would be compelled to baldly announce the fact, and to leave her to draw her own conclusions, which must naturally reflect vitally upon her opinion of him. He cursed Joel's unscrupulousness, and a bitter hatred seized him.

For his father, pity predominated. Had the Earl been a younger man, he might have found it difficult to forgive, but he knew that his father would not live for many years. Then he remembered that he must have borne this secret for so many bitter years; with always the possibility present that an untoward accident might give it to the world. Many little traits in his father's nature were explained. Loathing dishonor as he did, he found that he could not hate him. Naturally his respect had diminished, but luckily for many of us, affection does not disappear with respect. He remembered his father's good qualities, his uniform kindness to him, and he determined to try hard to forget this stain on his honor. He told himself that he did not know the power of the temptation which had assailed his father, and he endeavored to make every possible excuse for him.

The morning came, but he would not own to himself that he had come to a decision. Deep in his heart he knew that he would have to consent to this marriage, unless a kind Providence intervened, and performed a miracle. But he hoped against hope, and put off the evil [illegible] possible mo-

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character.

He seemed to see her with different eyes, as she slowly approached him, and raised her face for his kiss. She radiated happiness, and he drew her to him with a passion that he was unable to control.

"You are not looking at all well, Cyril," she said softly. She led him to a couch and sat beside him.

He feasted his eyes on her beauty. Never had her loveliness so appealed to him. The purity of her eyes, the sweet smile that dimpled her cheeks. His love surged to his heart.

Her fingers caressed his hair, and he quivered at her touch. A sudden longing came to him to blurt out the whole miserable story, but he dared not. for the secret was not his. No—he must take courage and be prepared to bear her scorn, and to take the blame on his own shoulders. But he could not deprive himself of these last few moments of happiness. He forced himself to speak, and fought hard to make his manner as natural as possible.

"I am worried, dearest, terribly worried," he began in a voice that he had difficulty in recognizing as his own.

"Tell me your troubles—I am to share them with you," she said softly.

"I can't, Ethel, I dare not," he said bitterly. "Always remember, dearest, that I love you with my whole being."

"What is the matter, Cyril? Do confide in me," she said appealingly.

"I am in terrible trouble, and I fear that I cannot ask you to share it with me," he said huskily.

"What do you mean?" she cried, and a terrified look came into her eyes that pierced him to the quick.

"I do not know how to tell you, darling. You will think me a blackguard, and justly so, for I cannot defend myself. Ethel, I ask you to give me back my word, for I cannot marry you."

With a startled cry she rose to her feet. Her hand was pressed to her bosom, and she looked wildly at him. Harecastle turned away his eyes. It was like looking at some poor stricken animal, to see her dumb suffering, for she had not uttered a word.

He approached her side, and placed a hand on each shoulder.

"Dearest," he began quietly, for the sight of her pain had forced him to control himself, "Fate has dealt us a cruel blow, an undeserved one. I curse the day we met that I should bring such misery to you. I know how deeply you love me."

She sobbed quietly, and drew herself away from him: an act which brought vividly to his mind their approaching separation. With an effort she composed herself, and sought to read in his face the meaning of what had happened. Could she have been utterly mistaken in her judgment of this man? Had she built her house on sand, to be swept away by the first storm that raged? No. She saw the evident signs of suffering, the lines that had come, and the tense, drawn expression.

"What is it, dear one? What has come between us?" she asked piteously.

He attempted to draw her to him, but she again repulsed him. Suddenly she sank back into a chair, and sobbed hysterically. She was a woman not easily moved to tears, and Harecastle drank the bitter cup to the full. He longed to be able to comfort her, and for a moment he wavered in his decision to sacrifice himself. Why should they suffer this cruel torture to save his father? Why should not the Earl pay the penalty for his crime?

No, he would choose the better course, and bear his sufferings as bravely as he could. He drew himself together, and once more approached her. The violence of her weeping was past, and she sat staring into vacancy.

"Will you forgive me?" he asked brokenly. "God knows I would have given my life to save you this, but it is forced on me. Say you forgive me, dearest."

"I have nothing to forgive," she said dully. "You gave me a happiness, that I did not dream this world possessed. Now you have taken it away. That's all."

"Yes, I have taken it away. But with it goes my pleasure in life. Will you believe that I have no other alternative?"

"I do believe that, but you must be impelled by a terrible power. Cannot you tell me? At present my mind is in chaos. I cannot understand. I am bewildered. I cannot think, I can only feel—this bitter, bitter, pain.'

"I cannot explain, and I can only implore you to have faith in me."

"I have faith in no one, in nothing. I cannot realize it yet—that I have lost you. I suppose in time I shall understand," she said wearily.

She took her ring from the engagement finger, and held it silently towards him.

"Keep it," he said hoarsely.

"No," she said, as she raised it to her lips. "It has been my symbol of perfect love. I shall not want to be reminded of my misery. It will be ever present. Take it."

She dropped the ring into his reluctant hand.

"I had better go," he said miserably.

"Yes," she answered, but there was no expression in her voice.

"I can't leave you like this. Say you forgive me."

"I forgive you," she repeated mechanically.

"Speak to me, dearest," he cried passionately.

"Do you wish me to be joyful? I will laugh if you like. It is all a grim joke. Perhaps I am dreaming."

A defiant look came into her eyes, but in a moment to be replaced by one of dull despair.

"Ethel, I will give it all up. Forget what I have said," he said desperately.

A wondrous light swept over her face, and she jumped joyously to her feet.

"Oh, Cyril, say it is a bad dream. That you have been joking, and we are going to be happy together after all."

"Yes, it is a bad joke," he said defiantly.

Just a few moments she gave herself up to her love. She pressed herself closely to him, and their hearts beat in unison. A radiant love beamed on him from her eyes, and their lips met in the ecstasy of their passion.

Yes, he would choose his own happiness, and Joel could hurl his thunderbolt. His love would be compensation for the dishonor of his name. He strained her to him, and smothered her face in kisses, while she lay peacefully in his arms.

But would love compensate? When the blow fell, would she think that he had taken the right course? Would she turn from him, the son of a traitor? He knew her upright character and her love of honesty. Would she be content if she knew that her happiness had been purchased at the price of his father's disgrace? He cursed himself for his weakness, and quietly unfolded her arms from his neck.

"It is impossible, Ethel."

"Yes, it would be too good to be true. I must not make your task more than you can bear. We must give it up, Cyril. In my heart I know that you must have some good reason for your action. It is cruel of me to tempt you."

"Try to forget me. Time heals even such a wound. Perhaps you may meet one who is more worthy of you, but never one who loves you more devotedly."

She shook her head sadly.

"I do not change so easily. Until I met you, I thought I should never marry."

"So it is to be 'good-bye.'"

"Good-bye," she cried, and she bravely tried to keep back the tears.

He took her face in his hands, and pressed his lips to her forehead. She wrenched herself from his arms.

"Go, at once," she cried brokenly.

With one last look, Harecastle left the room, and the closed door shut out her sobs, but they were to ring in his ears for many a long day. He felt benumbed with his misery. When he left the house rain was falling in torrents. He walked aimlessly on, for he felt that he must be moving, in a vain attempt to lessen the pain that was consuming him.

On and on he tramped, until he found himself in an unknown suburb, where he was compelled to inquire his way.

Yes, he had done rightly in making his sacrifice, and that must be his only comfort.

He found himself near a District railway station, and he entered a train to return to town, for he must be in time to keep his apointment with Joel. The carriage was nearly empty, and he seated himself without looking at the only other passenger, but he was startled by being addressed.

"Good afternoon, my lord. It is a miserable day," said Ackroyd, for it was he.

At first Lord Harecastle did not recognize him.

"Let me see—Mr. —— ' he began.

"We met in the train, and afterwards at Wolverholme Castle," Ackroyd broke in.

"Yes, I remember you now," Harecastle said with an attempt at a smile. Ackroyd was watching him, and noticed the havoc the last few hours had made. He could see the signs of mental suffering, and at once came to the conclusion that Joel had lost no time in using the letters.

"Have you seen Mr. Joesph lately?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes—no. Why do you ask?" Harecastle replied in suspicion.

"I have no particular reason, but I understood that you and he are great friends. Every one in the City takes a great interest in him, you know."

"I suppose so," Harecastle replied indifferently, and lapsed into silence. Ackroyd was revelling in his restored fortunes, and he was in a most genial mood. He made one or two attempts at opening a conversation, but Harecastle's replies were in monosyllables, and so he gave up the effort in disgust. But he felt convinced that his companion's evident discomposure was due to Joel, and he would dearly love to have known what was going on.

Harecastle left him at Charing Cross with a curt nod, and entered a cab outside. He drove straight to his chambers in the Albany, for the town house was closed. By the time he had had a warm bath, it was five o'clock, and he would soon have to leave to keep the dreaded appointment.

Joel was not in when he arrived, and he was received by Mrs. Goldberg and Rebekah.

"My brother has telephoned that he cannot get here till seven-thirty. He wished me to ask you to dine with us, without ceremony," she added as Harecastle glanced at his morning clothes.

Rebekah looked at him shyly, but was very silent. Harecastle was forced to regard her with renewed interest, for it was the first time he had seen her, now that she was to be his wife. She made an absolute contrast to Ethel's fair beauty; but to an unprejudiced observer she was none the less charming. Her fine black hair was smoothly coiled and her finely-arched brows gave her a majestic appearance. She was tall, with a splendid carriage, and her figure was gracefully rounded.

Harecastle felt impelled to pay her attention; for he must under this engagement appear as natural as possible. He was the kind of man who once having consented to a certain course, would pursue it whole-heartedly. He watched the result of his words, and felt indescribably mean, as her color came and went, showing only too clearly her love for him. Mrs. Goldberg looked on in perplexity. Not for one moment did she think that Lord Harecastle loved Rebekah, but she had seen something in his manner that had never before been present.

(To be continued.)

"After taking three bottles of your wonderful medicine, our baby was entirely well and needed no more medicine. At sixteen months of age she weighed thirty pounds. She had cried eight months, night and day, and nothing did her good until we tried *Scott's Emulsion*."—MRS. E. C. SMITH, Villa Rica, Ga.

Scott's Emulsion

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ON THE FARM

PRINTING BUTTER DIRECT FROM THE CHURN.

Whether butter should be printed direct from the churn or after it has cooled a few hours is one of the questions discussed in a recent issue of the New York Produce Review. Some correspondents favor one method and some the other. Making up the prints after the butter has been hardened in a refrigerator for some hours tends to lessen the loss of moisture and give a print with better edges and one that will wrap and handle better than prints made from the fresh butter. There are machines made now for printing butter and these make the printing of refrigerated butter comparatively easy. There is much to be said on both sides, however, and if the butter is firm and the moisture well incorporated satisfactory work can be done by printing direct from the churn. One correspondent puts the case for printing after cooling as follows:

"Packing the butter in the boxes is the same as packing into tubs, the moisture cannot escape so easily and thus is retained in the butter. Butter can be packed into tubs and set in the refrigerator to harden, then the tub stripped and the prints cut into the desired size, but this makes another loss besides the inconvenience of having a lot of odd shaped pieces left to sell either as bulk butter or to repack, which cannot be done satisfactorily when it is hard. Another thing in favor of the box print is that after the butter has become hardened one can obtain a much nicer looking print—one that has sharp edges and is true on all sides, perfect in its shape. This kind of a print can be wrapped a great deal better, easier and nicer, and makes a neater appearing package to present to the consumer, which goes a long way on building up and retaining a reputation for the creamery goods. In shipping prints locally or to eastern markets, it adds considerably to the price of the butter if upon opening up a box the dealer and purchaser both see a nice, even lot of prints, all of them folded with cream-cut and sharp points, all lying the same way either on ends or flatways. The same applies to tub butter; the appearance goes a good way with a prospective buyer.

"This cannot be obtained when the butter is printed direct from the churn, as one cannot print it unless it is in decent shape to handle. Then one cannot turn out as nice a sharp-edged print, nor will it wrap so easily as it will after being let stand in boxes to harden. Of course, with the 24-pound printers having the butter upon expanding trays, it can be set away to harden, but at the same time the butter is exposed to the conditions of the air in the refrigerator whether good or bad."

ONE OF CANADA'S GREATEST BANKS.

The shareholders of the Merchants' Bank held their annual meeting on December 16th last and the year's operations show net profits of almost three quartes of a million. These profits are slightly less than the previous year, but conditions have not been so favorable for profitable operations, owing to increase on interest bearing deposits and smaller earnings from call loans.

The Merchants' Bank has the reputation of having looked after its own discounting clientele particularly well during the troubled times of the past eighteen months which undoubtedly points to far seeing and careful management. With the revival in trade and the clearing financial horizon they will probably extend every encouragement for the development of sound business enterprise. We would particularly recommend farmers to bring their business to this bank if they wish assistance to help them over the winter season.

With deposits of over $40,000,000, and resources of over $56,000,000, (including immediately available funds of over Twenty-four millions) surely the Merchants' Bank is an absolutely safe repository for the people's savings. We wish the authorities of the Bank all the success they deserve for their liberal, cautious and successful management.

FIRE 50,000 SHOTS A MINUTE.

Model of a New Rapid-fire Gun Promises New Departure.

Engineers are familiar with the tremendous destructive force in a fly-wheel rim when it bursts; but it has remained for an inventor to apply this to a useful (?) purpose.

A 10-inch model of a rapid-fire gun gives promise of a new departure if the full-sized article will work like the model. Bullets of lead are poured into a large wheel which is revolved at high speed by means of a crank. They come out in a steady stream, and the inventor states that a gun with a 50 h.p. motor will fire 50,000 shots a minute. Even at this rate, almost absolute accuracy of fire is claimed. Those who have seen the results of a fly-wheel wreck would certainly hesitate to charge into the mouth of a battery of guns which were offering that kind of a warm reception to casual callers.

Percy—"Have you ever loved before?" Edith—"No, Percy. I have often admired men for their strength, courage, beauty, intelligence, or something like that; but with you, Percy, it is all love—nothing else!"

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

The King's lucky number is nine. Both his parents were born in 1819, he was born on a 9th, his marriage took place in the year '63, which numbers added the one to the other make nine; his reign commenced in 1901, he was to have been crowned on the 27th, which figures added together make nine, and he was actually crowned on the 9th of August.

There is no one so handy at paying a quaint compliment as Mark Twain, and the simple sincerity of his kindness of heart adds much to his charm of speech. A clergyman of Hartford, Conn., gives an instance of this. He says: "He waited for me at the church door at the service's end, and shaking me by the hand, said gravely: 'I mean no offence, but I feel obliged to tell you that the preaching this morning has been of a kind that I can spare. I go to church, sir, to pursue my own train of thought. But I couldn't do it. You forced me to attend to you, and lost me a full half-hour. I beg that this may not occur again."

The German Emperor is getting more afraid of microbes than ever, and he will not even touch the most elaborately bound volume, newspaper or magazine until it has gone through a certain disinfecting process. For this purpose on his travels he always carries an apparatus for disinfecting books and newspapers. This consists of a receptacle and battery, capable of generating 95 degrees of heat. The book, newspaper, or magazine is placed in the apparatus for a longer or shorter period, according to size, style of binding, etc.

General Kuropatkin, who is giving to the world a good deal of interesting matter concerning the late Russo-Japanese war, has the reputation of being the most persevering man in the Russian Army. When he was an obscure lieutenant he once went with some comrades to the colonel to ask permission to join a certain expedition that was then being organized. The colonel refused their request, and Kuropatkin's friends departed, but the future General remained standing at the bottom of the steps where the colonel had left him. Eighteen hours afterwards the colonel came downstairs and found the lieutenant still waiting patiently there to speak to him. "Very well, you can join the expedition," he said, "you're the sort of man the army wants."

One of the most notable achievements of Sir Walter Hillier, who has succeeded Sir Robert Hart as Inspector-General of Customs in China, was the taking of the forts of Shan-hai-Kwan and 5,000 men without the firing of a single shot. During the Peking troubles some years ago he was political adviser to General Gaselee, and was sent out with a gunboat from Taku to reconnoitre the coast. At Shan-hai-Kwan Sir Walter went on shore with an officer and only eighteen men and requested an interview with the Chinese general, which was granted. "The allied forces will be here in twenty-four hours," said Sir Walter. "The forts are bound to be taken. Why not surrender now?" The Chinese general thought the matter over for a while, and his fear of the English made him agree. "But where shall I surrender?" he asked, "and to whom?" "To me, and now," replied Sir Walter, firmly; "otherwise I shall be compelled to open fire upon you." A few minutes later the British flag was flying over Shan-hai-Kwan.

The most costly wardrobe in the world belongs, without a doubt, to the Pope. Etiquette compels him to wear different garments each day of the year, and, as nearly all of them are ornamented with rich and rare gems, no millionaire could hope to purchase them—even if a value could be placed on them. The Pope's little skull-caps are of the finest silk, while his embroidered slippers of velvet are gorgeous to look at. Still more costly are his gloves, made of white wool, embroidered with fine pearls in the shape of a cross. A special herd of fifty sheep is kept, from which all the Papal woollen garments are manufactured. The surplices are of the most valuable and beautiful lace; while one long cape—the "cappa magna," which is rarely worn—hangs straight from the shoulders, and literally gleams from top to bottom with gold and precious stones. The rings, too, which the Pope wears are priceless, containing as they do many stones of matchless quality.

GRATEFUL REJECTED ONE.

"I am truly sorry to give you pain, Mr. Hankinson," said the young lady, "but please do not allude to this subject again. I can never be your wife."

"That is your final answer, Miss Irene?"

"It is."

"Nothing can induce you to change your decision?"

"My mind is finally and unalterably made up."

"Miss Irene," said the young man, rising and looking about for his hat, "before coming here this evening I made a bet of five dollars with Van Perkins that you would say 'No' to my proposal. I have won. It was taking a risk, but I was dead broke. Miss Irene," he continued, his voice quivering with emotion, "you have saved a despairing man from the fate of a suicide, and won the life-long respect and esteem of a grateful heart. Good evening."

In London, there is an average of one clergyman to every 2,000 persons.