Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

Joel at last arrived, and he greeted Harecastle with effusion, but he carefully hid the triumph that he felt. Dinner was served immediately, and Joel was the life and soul of the table, for the others were strangely quiet. He, however, did not appear to notice this, but entertained them with an account of the day's doing in the City and how he had succeeded in adding a modest hundred thousand pounds to his already huge fortune.

He sent the footman to fetch a parcel that he had left outside. When dessert was on the table, he opened it, and disclosed a case of morocco leather. A magnificent tira of diamonds glittered on its cushion of velvet.

"This is for you, Rebekah," he said, as he passed it over to her.

"How lovely!" she said quietly, for she was not fond of jewellery—strange as it may seem in one of her race.

"Yes. They are magnificent stones."

"But it is hardly suitable for me, father," she said timidly.

"Not at present, dear, but shortly——"

He did not finish his sentence, but looked significantly at Harecastle. Rebekah did not see this, but Mrs. Goldberg rose hastily, and she followed her from the room.

The two men were alone together. For a while neither of them spoke. Joel handed over a cigar, took one himself, the end of which he snipped methodically. Then he filled their liqueur glasses and leant back comfortably in his chair.

Still he did not speak, and Harecastle waited impatiently, for he was determined that he would not be the one to break the silence.

"Capital cigars, aren't they?" Joel remarked casually. "I bought up the whole crop of this particular brand. I can let you have a few thousand."

"You are very kind," Harecastle replied absently.

They looked at one another expectantly, and still Joel did not speak. He felt sure of what the answer would be, and he was thoroughly enjoying the situation.

He looked with pride at Harecastle's clear-cut, aristocratic face, his quiet well-bred manner, and he felt proud of this man whom he would soon call his son-in-law.

Yes, the blood of the Joel's—his blood—commingled with his guest's would flow in the veins of a future Earl of Wolverholme.

"Well," he said at last.

He laid down his cigar, and leant forward with an affable smile.

"I am prepared to do your bidding, and to marry your daughter," Harecastle said grimly.

"Don't look so miserable," Joel said cheerfully. "We will both forget the little unpleasantness of yesterday. I am prepared to like you, Harecastle, and you will find that I can be a good friend. With the wealth that will be at your disposal you will be able to gratify your every ambition."

Harecastle moved uneasily and again lighted his cigar, which seemed to draw with difficulty.

"Take another weed, my boy. There is just one other thing that I want to say. Can I rely upon your doing your best to make Rebekah believe that you are a free party?" Joel asked anxiously. "I don't want her to think that there has been any compulsion."

"I will carry out my promise to the best of my ability. Of course I cannot swear that I shall succeed in blinding Miss Josephs to the true state of my feelings. Love has very keen eyes and never sleeps."

"That's all right, then; I know I can trust you. Don't you think we had better go into the drawing-room? I will make some excuse to call my sister away."

"Do you mean me to speak to your daughter to-night?" Harecastle asked with ill-concealed anxiety.

"No time like the present. We'll get everything fixed up, and to-morrow I will set the lawyers to work. There is no necessity for a long engagement."

"But we can't be married at once."

"Why not?" Joel asked laconically.

"My father's health, and——"

"You will find the news of your engagement will act as a wonderful tonic. I think I'll send him a wire at once, it will be delivered to-night."

"But I have not yet asked Miss Josephs if she will marry me," Harecastle expostulated.

"True, true. I suppose I had better wait till the morning," Joel said regretfully, for he was anxious to let the Earl know that he had succeeded where failure had been anticipated.

He pushed back his chair and rose from the table. He slipped his arm through Harecastle's and led the way to the drawing-room. His face was flushed and he laughed hilariously as he opened the door.

"You two look very comfortable," he remarked pleasantly.

Mrs. Goldberg was busy with some silk embroidery, while Rebekah was idly playing the piano. The latter rose as she saw them enter.

"Rachel, I want a word with you, will you come into my study?" Joel said, and his sister obediently followed him.

"What is it?" she asked anxiously, for to-night she could not understand her brother.

"Nothing," he replied with a laugh, "I only wanted to get you away."

"Is he going to ask her to marry him?"

"Yes, that's his intention. A fine young fellow, isn't he?"

"Poor Rebekah!" Mrs. Goldberg said sadly.

"What do you mean?" he demanded angrily.

"A loveless marriage. It is what I have always dreaded would happen to the child. Sometimes I have thought that your wealth was a curse, and that it would buy her a life of misery."

"But she loves Harecastle," he cried impatiently.

"Yes. She worships him, and I believe that he is a good man, but he does not love her. Why is he going to marry her? Surely money has not tempted him?"

"You had better attend to your own business, Rachael. One would think that I was not doing my best for the girl. She will have a good husband, a future Earl with a clean reputation. That's good enough for me."

"Poor Rebekah!" Mrs. Goldberg repeated. "I feel that we shall rue this, Joel."

He made no reply, but every now and then would look expectantly at the door.

CHAPTER XIII.

Alone with the girl that he seemed fated to marry, Harecastle felt that the better portion of his life had closed, but he turned to her with a brave attempt at a smile. He wanted to get his task over at once, but decided that he must prepare the way before making his proposal. Deceit was foreign to his nature, and he loathed himself as he framed a commonplace sentence. Was he not one of a conspiracy to rob this girl of her right to a husband's wholehearted devotion? And he madly hoped that she might refuse him.

But as he looked at her that hope fled. There was such an air of quiet dignity in her manner as she gravely replied to his remark. She too, seemed to be laboring under some emotion, and her eyes refused to meet his diffident look.

"I hope the Earl is better," she said sympathetically.

"Yes, he is stronger. He is rather worrying about me, he wants me to marry," Harecastle answered, and noticed that she flushed at his words.

"We have been great friends, Miss Josephs," Harecastle ventured to say timidly. "I have so enjoyed your companionship," he went on hurriedly.

But she was silent and gave him no assistance.

"I hope we shall see much of one another in the future," he continued desperately.

"I hope so, Lord Harecastle," she replied shyly, "I have not many friends."

"You must all come back to the Castle again."

"Did not father tell you that he has just bought a place in the country?" she said brightly.

"No. Where is it?" he asked eagerly, for he was thankful that she had given a change to the conversation.

"In Sussex. Leighton Manor. Do you know it?"

"Yes, very well indeed."

"Do tell me about it," she said eagerly, "I haven't seen it yet."

"It's a magnificent place, quite a palace. No one but a millionaire could afford to keep it up."

"I am going down to see it in a day or two."

"May I take you and your aunt in my car? It will be a jolly run," he asked with a smile.

"I'm sure that aunt will be delighted."

A silence ensued embarrassing to both of them. Harecastle rose nervously and took a step forward. He was summoning his courage to take the plunge.

"Miss Joseph," he began quickly. "I have your father's consent to ask you to be my wife. Will you marry me? I will do my best to make you happy."

He took her hand in his which trembled at his touch. She gave him a fleeting look, but her eyes were immediately turned away — not before they had told their tale.

"Will you marry me?" he repeated tonelessly.

"Yes," she whispered softly, and the word seemed to be a knell to all his hopes.

He was no actor, and for the moment was at a loss what to do. At last he drew her to him and touched her cheek with his lips. How different to the passionate embrace of the morning!

But Rebekah saw no coldness in the man she thought to be her lover. She was filled with delirious joy to think that she would marry the man she loved. It had been such a surprise after weeks of despondency that her mind was in a whirl. They sat down side by side in silence.

"I am very happy, Lord Harecastle," she said shyly.

"You must call me Cyril, dear," he said with a forced smile.

"Cyril, dear," she repeated obediently, and then blushed.

Harecastle felt that the situation was more than he could bear, and he longed for an interruption.

"Tell me when you first loved me," she asked pleadingly.

"Does not your heart tell you?" he replied evasively, and hated himself for his hypocrisy.

"I always loved you, Cyril. I could not hide it, and I was ashamed when I thought that you did not care for me. How miserable I have been no one will ever understand."

"I will make up for it, Rebekah. You won't misunderstand me. I am afraid I am not very demonstrative."

He held her hand in his, and wondered that she did not see the total lack of passion in his demeanour. Was it in him to live this life of a simulated love? He asked himself the question and despaired.

"What a small hand it is! I will bring you a ring to-morrow. Shall it be diamonds?"

"No," she replied with decision. "Anything else. I think I would like a pearl."

"Do you think the Earl will be pleased at our engagement?" she asked shyly.

"It is the wish of his heart," Harecastle replied fervently, for he was only too glad to think that he could for once speak truthfully.

"I am so glad. I like him very much."

Again an embarrassing silence, and Harecastle looked towards the door.

"Perhaps you would like to tell Mrs. Goldberg," he suggested for he felt that he could not sustain the strain any longer.

"Yes. She will be pleased, I'm sure."

She stood beside him, her face nearly on a level with his. Their eyes met, and Harecastle was drawn towards her by the world of passionate love that greeted him. Instinctively she swayed towards him and their lips met. He felt a cur as he tasted the first fruits of this virgin love, and the only comforting thought was that he had brought her a delirium of joy.

She left him at the door, and ran to look for her aunt whom she found was still in the study with her father. They instinctively rose to their feet as she entered. There was no need to ask a question, for her face told an eloquent story.

"I am so happy, father, dear. Kiss me," she cried as she embraced him. "Wish me joy, aunt!"

"I do, child, every joy that life contains. So you are going to be my little girl no longer, but will blossom into a Countess. I feel that I have lost my own ewe lamb."

"Don't say that, aunt. We shall always be together."

"Come to my room, dear," Mrs. Goldberg said tenderly. "We will have a nice comfortable chat."

(To be continued.)

"I can testify to the great merits of your Emulsion, especially in all diseases of a pulmonary nature. It has saved many lives that otherwise would have yielded to consumption . . . we keep *Scott's Emulsion* in the house all the time and all the family use it."—MR. C. J. BUDLONG, Box 158, Washington, R. I.

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does ALL it does by creating flesh and strength so rapidly that the progress of the disease is retarded and often stopped. It is a wonderful flesh builder and so easy to digest that the youngest child and most delicate adult can take it. If you are losing flesh from consumption or any other cause take SCOTT'S EMULSION. It will stop the wasting and strengthen the whole system.

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CATARRH IN HEAD.

Pe-ru-na---Pe-ru-na.

MR. WM. A. PRESSER.

MR. WILLIAM A. PRESSER, 1722 Third Ave., Moline, Ill., writes:

"I have been suffering from catarrh in the head for the past two months and tried innumerable so-called remedies without avail. No one knows how I have suffered, not only from the disease itself, but from mortification when in company of friends or strangers.

"I have used two bottles of your medicine for a short time only, and **it effected a complete medical cure,** and what is better yet, the disease has not returned.

"I can most emphatically recommend Peruna to all sufferers from this disease."

Read This Experience.

Mr. A. Thompson, Box 65, R. R. I., Martel, Ohio, writes: "When I began your treatment my eyes were inflamed, **nose was stopped up half** of the time, and was sore and scabby. I could not rest at night on account of continual **hawking and spitting.**

"I have tried several remedies and was about to give up, but thought I would try Peruna.

"After I had taken about one-third of a bottle I noticed a difference. I am now **completely cured,** after suffering with catarrh for eighteen years.

"I think if those who are afflicted with catarrh would try Peruna they would never regret it."

Peruna is manufactured by the Peruna Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio.

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WHY HE WEARS A BEARD.

The ever-impecunious man sat one day in a barber's shop waiting to be shaved. He was lathered, when the door opened and a tradesman entered, whom he recognized as one of his largest creditors.

No sooner did the tradesman see his debtor than he angrily demanded his money.

The debtor calmly begged him not to make a scene.

"Won't you wait for the money until I am shaved?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the other, pleased at the prospect

The debtor then made the barber a witness of the agreement, wiped the lather from his face, and left the shop.

The creditor is still waiting for that debtor to be shaved.

Girlhood Vigor Regained.

Every woman should take Psychine regularly. It creates an appetite and is the greatest of digestants. Psychine is a boon to run-down, tired and overworked women, for there is LIFE IN EVERY DOSE. Mrs. J. T. Miller of 63 Notre Dame St., Winnipeg, proved this, for she says: "I am thankful for what Psychine has done for me. I was laid up with weakness. Oh, how I suffered. My appetite was very poor and my stomach was greatly disordered. To-day I am strong and well, for Psychine has brought me permanent relief. I feel like a new woman now to what I did before taking Psychine. I feel the vigor of girlhood in my veins once more."

Psychine regulates and strengthens the stomach and is an infallible remedy for all disorders of the throat, lungs and chest. All druggists and stores, 50c. Sample sent on application. Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto. Psychine drives away La Grippe!

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AND ARE SECURED ALWAYS?

We put up listed stocks as security. Don't let any one advise you against making money. Make your money work during the Winter months. We know the Banks want you to leave it in the Savings Department. And they are making money by lending yours to other people. Why not lend it yourself and get the profits? We guarantee every loan we make with CASH. Write us.

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ON THE FARM

USE OF MILL FEEDS.

The subject of mill feeds and their value to the stock man is of timely interest. If their purchase is to be a profitable investment from the feeder's standpoint, there are certain facts associated with the trade with which he should be acquainted. In the first place, much will depend on the sort of roughage and grain with which they are to be fed. A knowledge of the different grades on the market is equally essential. It might be added that ability to steer clear of adulterated feeding stuffs would be a very desirable acquisition. This, however, is the weak point in the mill feed business. Good money is paid every year for tons of rubbish that is wholly unfit for feeding purposes. How to work a reformation so as to compel, at least, a modicum of honesty on the part of some dealers is a live question.

The by-products of wheat, viz.: bran, shorts, middlings, and low grade flour, are among the feeds most commonly in use. For dairy cows, sheep and idle horses bran is recognized as one of the very best. Being course and fibrous, it is well adapted for mixing with grains, such as corn and peas. For the same reason, large quantities are unsuitable for work horses or for young pigs. The distinction between shorts and middlings is not always clearly marked. The former is supposed to be re-ground bran and the latter the finer particles of bran with some flour included. Middlings in conjunction with skim milk is an ideal ration for growing pigs. Low grade flour or "red dog," as it is frequently called, contains the germs of the wheat. Owing to its heaviness it should, as a rule, be fed with something else of a lighter character. A small quantity of bran will give it about the consistency of shorts, for which it then makes a very good substitute.

For fattening purposes corn heads the list of cereals. Being used very largely in the manufacture of starch, glucose, beer, spirits, etc., it consequently has a long line of by-products. Gluten meal, popular in some dairy sections, is a part of the residue, from the manufacture of starch and glucose. The process consists of two separations: First, the germ and hull from the starch and gluten; second, the final separation of gluten from the starch. The entire residue is called "glutten feed," or is gluten meal with the hulls and germs of the corn added. Both are rich in protein and fat, but on account of their concentrated nature should be mixed with bran and oats.

By-products of barley, brewers' grains and malt sprouts are largely fed in some sections. These latter are obtained by first causing the grain to sprout, which changes the starch content of the grain into sugar. The sprouts are then removed, and if for immediate consumption are sold in the wet condition. If for shipment or general use they are dried and put up in sacks and barrels. Brewers' grains are simply barley, from which the dextrin and sugar have been extracted. Other things being equal these concentrates provide a comparatively cheap source of protein. As a matter of fact, however, there is a noticeable difference in the composition of sprouts from any two breweries, which, if there is any means of ascertaining, should be taken into account when buying a supply.

Oilcake or oil meal is a by-product of the manufacture of linseed oil from flaxseed. When the flaxseed has passed through the various machines, it is subject to pressure in order to squeeze out the oil. The residue or oilcake is then secured in the form of oblong cakes, some 12 by 20 inches and one inch thick. What is intended for export to the British market is packed in that form. For the home trade they are ground into two grades: oilcake meal and nutted oilcake. The latter is not ground so fine as the former and for that and other reasons seems to be preferred by the majority of feeders. It is a very rich and healthful feed, especially for fattening cattle and sheep. For dairy cows its high protein content makes it valuable when fed in moderate quantities along with corn silage.

The richest of all concentrates is cotton seed meal, a by-product in making cotton seed oil. The process by which it is obtained is very similar to that described in connection with oilcake. It must be fed with caution, especially to calves and pigs. Indeed so far as these are concerned, it would be better to dispense with it entirely. A few pounds per day will give good results when fed to dairy cows. Even then it is rather dangerous to place in the hands of the hired man who is inclined to be careless. Good cotton seed may be recognized by its bright lemon-yellow color, and a certain freshness of taste.—J. H. M.

HISTORY OF CANADIAN JOURNALISM.

Everyone who is interested in the history of Canada will welcome a new book, "A History of Canadian Journalism," which has just been issued. The volume, which furnishes in permanent form the first comprehensive history of the press in Canada, covers a great deal of ground not dealt with in any other extant publication. The reader, as he peruses its pages, is constantly surprised to find in it hitherto unpublished sidelights on the careers of our public men, as well as full and first hand information regarding our great journalists and our great newspapers. Altogether, it is one of the most valuable historical works which has appeared in Canada.

Not only is the matter fresh and interesting and important, but the style throughout is quite equal to the best. This will be better appreciated when it is stated that the contributors include Goldwin Smith, Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario; John Reade, F.R.S.C., Montreal Gazette; Arthur Wallis, Toronto Mail and Empire; J. E. B. McCready, Charlottetown Guardian; J. P. Robertson, Winnipeg; Robert Sellar, Huntingdon Gleaner; J. K. McInnes, Regina Leader; J. W. Bengough, Toronto, and R. E. Gosnell, Vancouver.

One portion of the book presents an exceedingly interesting history of the Canadian Press Association, in honor of whose 50th birthday the book was first projected, with other sections devoted to the press in each of the Provinces.

The book includes 268 pages with over 40 half-tone portraits of prominent journalists. Typographically the book is very pleasing with its large type, heavy paper with rough edges and gilt top, and its handsome cloth binding. Orders may be sent in care of John R. Bone, Secretary Canadian Press Association, Daily Star, Toronto. The price is $2.00 a copy, postage 15 cents extra.

POSTMISTRESS KNEW.

Mrs. Gaybird burst into the village postoffice all out of breath.

"Anything for me?" she asked in anxious tone.

The postmaster shook his head. "Narthin'," he replied.

"Goodness, gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Gaybird, "I was expecting a letter from my husband as to when he was coming home."

"Wall, I'll ask Mirandy," said the old man. And he called to his wife in the kitchen: "Say, Mrs. Gaybird's called to know if there's any mail—sez she's lookin' fer a letter or somethin' from her husband as ter when he's comin' back. Is there anythin' fer her?"

"Yes, there is," called the postmistress, "He sez he'll be to home this comin' Friday!"

WHAT A CROWD WEIGHS.

In the building of theatre-galleries and grand-stands the supporting strength of the structure has to be carefully worked out. This is done by multiplying the area in square feet by the pressure which it is estimated a crowd exerts per square foot, and making the supports proportionately strong. At one time the weight of a crowd was determined at between 82 lb. and 102 lb. per square foot, but recent experiments in Germany go to show that this is a great under-estimation, and the weight exerted is now calculated at from 123 lb. to 133 lb.

A shabby coat may cover a fat purse, but the combination isn't always a safe one to bet on.