Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lord Harecastle was intensely relieved by Rebekah's change. A burden seemed to have been lifted from his shoulders, and he could breathe more freely. He ran down to Wolverholme Castle and found that his father was much better. The Earl was full of delight at the approaching marriage. Now and then he wanted to know how the engagement was brought about, for of course he remembered Harecastle's strong opposition when he himself suggested this marriage as a solution of their difficulties. Harecastle firmly silenced him, and the Earl abstained from further questions.

At times Harecastle wondered if it could be possible for him to carry out his engagement to Rebekah. The worry was beginning to tell on him physically and he feared that he would break down under the strain.

On all sides he received congratulations, the irony of which sank deeply into his soul. At times an intense desire for Ethel seized him, and he longed to go to her and tell her the truth. He was miserable in knowing that all this time she must be deeming him thoroughly worthless, and the thought rankled. Then, too, his father's cheerfulness hurt him, and he wondered what the Earl would do if he knew that this marriage were due to the crime of his youth.

"This Joel money will make all the difference in the world to our position," the Earl remarked to his son. "You will be able to carry out many improvements that have been standing still for want of capital."

Lord Harecastle uttered an impatient exclamation, but his father continued, for the theme was a congenial one.

"With your brains you ought to make yourself a power in the political world. I am ambitious for you, Cyril, and should like to see you attain the eminence to which I myself aspired, but which Fate decided I should never attain."

They were sitting in Harecastle's chambers in the Albany, for the Earl had come unexpectedly to town, and had declared his intention of going on the same afternoon to Leighton Manor. "I want to see more of the charming girl you are going to marry," he said cheerfully. Then he dragged his son out, and they went to a famous jewellers.

"I must buy Rebekah's wedding present, and I wish to see how they are progressing with the resetting of the family jewels."

The celebrated Wolverholme rubies that had for generations adorned the reigning Countess were displayed to them, and the Earl expressed his satisfaction with the alterations that had been made. He asked for an assortment of tiaras to be shown him, and at last decided upon one composed of diamonds and rubies, that would be en suite with their own jewels.

Harecastle took but little interest in the transaction. He knew that it was Joel's money that the Earl was lavishing so generously, and the idea was utterly distasteful to him. He at last succeeded in dragging him away, and they went to lunch to the Earl's Club.

There, Lord Wolverholme was surrounded by a crowd of his friends, for they were all eager to congratulate him upon his recovery. Then, too, it was his first chance of seeing how the world viewed the approaching marriage of his son. Deep in his heart the Earl hated this Jewish strain that was about to cross the blue blood of the Wolverholmes; but he barely admitted such a feeling, even to himself.

"You've the luck of the devil, Wolverholme," Lord Holmhunt, who was an old friend, remarked confidentially. "I only wish there was another Miss Josephs in the world for my boy, but they are difficult to meet. They tell me she is charming, and as pretty as she is rich."

"Pretty is not quite the word. Handsome, and with little outward signs of her race. Yes, Harecastle is very fortunate," the Earl said reflectively.

"What is the father like? I've never met him," the other asked curiously.

"Quite presentable, and most generous. The settlements are all that one could desire."

"If they satisfy you they must indeed be magnificent," Lord Holmhunt replied with a covetous gleam in his eye, for his only trouble in life was his poverty. "I can't say that Harecastle looks particularly happy," he added grimly.

"Rubbish! He has a lot to think about," the Earl broke in quickly.

"I had heard that he was going to marry Miss Ethel Fetherston," the other said with a sly look.

"An utter falsehood," the Earl cried sharply. "This is a love match."

"H'm, love of what? But you mustn't mind my chaff, Wolverholme. It's my jealousy. Come to lunch."

Lord Holmhunt noticed Harecastle's silence during the meal, and he began to wonder if he had accidentally hit the mark, for he certainly did not look like a bridegroom whose marriage was but a few days distant.

Soon after lunch Harecastle ordered his motor-car, for they were to drive to Leighton Manor. Harecastle himself intended to return on the morrow, for it was necessary for him to run down to make arrangements at Wolverholme Castle, where the honeymoon was going to be spent.

Nothing could damp the Earl's gaiety as they raced rapidly along. Now and then he would look curiously at his son, and wonder what could have induced him to consent to this marriage. He knew that Joel must have had a hand in it, and he could not imagine what argument he had used so effectively. He came to the conclusion that it was no use worrying about it; the marriage was going to take place, and that was all that mattered.

Harecastle's moodiness increased as they approached their distination, and as the Earl noticed it a terrible fear clutched him that something might, at the last moment, interfere with its consummation.

At last they reached the Manor, and Harecastle helped his father from the car.

"I will go and see Joel," the Earl remarked. "I suppose you will be busy with Rebekah."

The Earl crossed the hall, and a servant led the way to the library. Harecastle went to the drawing-room. He stopped for a moment at the door, and then quickly entered.

A tall figure rose to met him.

"Ethel!" he gasped, "you here?"

They stood looking at one another. His eyes pleaded eloquently, but her face was expressive of cold disdain.

"Yes. I am waiting to see Miss Josephs," she answered quietly.

This unexpected meeting was more than he could bear, and he moved impulsively to her side.

"I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you," he began impulsively. "I have been utterly miserable, wondering what you would think of my conduct. I would to God that I could explain everything."

"Your explanations are only due to Miss Josephs. They do not concern me," she said frigidly.

"Do you utterly loathe me?" he asked brokenly.

"You have no right to ask such a question. We shall be compelled to meet, but you must think of me as a formal acquaintance. I think you had better go and find your fiancee, Lord Harecastle."

"You must listen to me, Ethel," he cried passionately. "It may be for the last time, but I want to convince you that I am not utterly bad."

"It is quite useless. I do not see how it can matter what my thoughts are of you—or what you may think of me," she added coldly.

"I can only say that I love you devotedly," he broke out with sudden passion, for her disdain had driven away the last remnant of self-control.

Her eyes blazed furiously.

"And this is the man that I respected—that I thought could never do a mean action—that I deemed to be upright and honorable," she cried scornfully.

"I love you," he repeated.

"And you are utterly base to tell me so. You left me to become engaged to another woman. At least you owe her some loyalty, and now, in her own house, within a week of your marriage, you tell me that you love me," she said with a stinging contempt that brought a flush to his face.

"I do love you, and I am a cur to tell you so. But I can't help it, Ethel. If you only knew what was driving me——" he said helplessly.

"The motive is but too evident. The Wolverholme coffers require to be replenished, but I little thought that you were the man to replenish them in such a manner."

"In your heart you must know that that is not the reason. But I cannot explain; it is not my secret. Can't you trust me, Ethel, and say you forgive me?" he pleaded.

He endeavored to take her hand in his, but she repulsed him fiercely.

"Do not touch me," she cried angrily, "and please do go away."

"I must convince you. What can I say or do?" he asked in despair.

"Nothing. Be a man of honor. Be loyal to the woman that you are about to marry. You ought to despise yourself for daring to tell me that you love me."

"I cannot help it. If you only realized the agony I have suffered, you would have a little pity. And I am doomed to suffer."

"I repeat, leave the room, or I shall," she cried angrily.

"Why did you come here?" he asked quickly.

"I wished to know Miss Josephs. I wished to see the kind of woman you were about to marry. Call it curiosity if you like," she answered listlessly.

"Then you care for me still? You do not utterly detest me, or you would not be interested in Miss Josephs," he cried joyfully.

He strode rapidly to her side and took her hand in his.

"Ethel," he said earnestly, "tell me that you do not hate me. I want a little comfort, dear," he pleaded.

He looked into her eyes, and she could see the passion that moved him. For a moment she wavered; a rush of tenderness overwhelmed her, for she still loved him dearly. Her breath came quickly and she endeavored to push him away, but he only drew her down to him.

"I love you, dearest," he breathed softly. "Say you do not hate me."

"I do not hate you, Cyril, but you are very cruel, and I am very weak. Why do you tempt me? It is dishonorable."

"Yes. I am acting like a cad. I know it, Ethel. I feel that I cannot marry Miss Josephs, be the cost what it may."

"And you will jilt her too?" she cried scornfully, and she wreched herself from him. "Are you a man or a fiend?"

"I don't know myself. I seem to havt been living another life these last few weeks. I cannot think; I have no spirit to direct me. I wander aimlessly on, wondering what is going to happen. Everything seems unreal save my love for you, Ethel. And now I am dishonored utterly. Will you marry me if I break off this engagement?" he asked desperately.

"Marry you? Never. I must be able to respect the man I marry, and do you think I would accept happiness by sacrifice of another? I fear that you do not understand me, or I you, Lord Harecastle," she answered with biting scorn.

"I pity this poor girl," she continued hotly. "When I first heard of your engagement I naturally felt bitter, but when I met her the other day I knew I had misjudged her. She is no party to this mercenary bargain. You have played your part only too well, and I suppose she thinks that you love her as a husband should love a wife. What a future of misery is in store for her. You will obtain your payment in cash, and she will receive the husk of a love. Oh! it is mean, horribly mean, and I wonder you can look an honest man in the face!"

"It's all true. Everything you say is true. I have hated every moment since I was forced to this position. But I will throw it up; I will tell Rebekah that I do not love her, and give her the chance of choosing for herself. If she decides that she will marry me, then I will carry it out. If she says that we must part——"

He looked appealing at her, but she maintained silence.

"Advise me, dear. I only want to do what is right. I wish I could tell you all."

(To be continued.)

THE NARROW PATH.

There are occasional doubts in the minds of the elders of the Morse family as to the quickness of Bobby's wits, but there has never been any doubt that a lesson once learned by him, however slowly, is forever after remembered.

"Won't you shake hands with me, Bobby?" asked one of his sister's admirers, but Bobby hung back.

"I don't care to," he said, with terrible distinctness.

"Don't you like me?" asked the unwise visitor.

"No, I don't," replied Bobby, and then there was a shocked chorus from the family.

"Bobby," said his aunt, reproachfully, as she withdrew him from the public gaze, "why did you say such a rude thing to Mr. Brown?"

"Because, aunty," said her wriggling charge, "I got spanked last week for not telling the truth, and I sha'n't never take any risks again!"

OUR OWN CYNICISMS.

A man of iron sometimes gets rusty.

When a man is easily bought the buyer is usually sold.

It is the small man who gets the big enlargement of the head.

There's many a man in the public eye who is easily seen through.

The man who will pocket his pride will often pocket your money with it.

A man may be well posted, but that's no reason why he should be stuck up.

When a man's wife laughs at his jokes, they are pretty good—or else she is.

TO DESTROY EXPLOSIVES.

What to do With Gunpowder and Nitroglycerine.

The best way to destroy ordinary black gunpowder is to throw it into a stream under conditions that prevent any harm coming to human beings or animals through the dissolving of the saltpetre. If no suitable stream is available the gunpowder may be poured out on the ground in a long thin line and ignited with a fuse at one end, says the Scientific American.

To destroy dynamite cartridges the paper wrappings should be carefully removed, the bare cartridges laid in a row with their ends in contact and the first cartridge ignited with a fuse without a cap. Even with these precautions a simultaneous explosion of the entire mass may occur, so that it is wise to retire to a safe distance. The row of cartridges should be laid parallel with the wind and ignited at the leeward end so that the flame will be driven away from the mass.

Frozen dynamite should be handled with special care, as its combustion is peculiarly liable to assume an explosive character. A small quantity of dynamite may be destroyed by throwing it in very small bits into an open fire, or the cartridges may be exploded one by one in the open air with fuses and caps.

Dynamite should never be thrown into water, as the nitroglycerine which it contains remains undissolved and capable of doing mischief. Other explosives which contain nitroglycerine should be treated in the same way as dynamite.

Ammonium nitrate explosives may be thrown in small fragments into an open fire, or if they do not contain nitroglycerine may be destroyed by means of water. Explosive caps should be exploded singly with pieces of fuse.

WHAT WOMEN SUFFER!

"Pooh!" sneered the brutal husband. "You talk of the worries and weariness of shopping for new hats, and you fret about the ugliness of the things when you buy them, as if that were something terrible. If you had to dig up the money to pay for them, as I do, you might have room to talk."

"But, my dear," expostulated the patient wife, "what is paying for the hats compared with the mental sufferings one undergoes in having to wear them, no matter how unbecoming they may be?"

Silenced, the brutal husband again buried himself in his paper.

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE."

A noted botanist was walking through a park with a young lady friend of the "gushing" type, to whom he pointed out some of the fine trees in the neighborhood.

Professing great interest, the damsel cried: "How the noble aspect of beautiful trees stirs up the emotions of the soul!" Then, patting a great, rough trunk, she went on: "You superb oak, what would you say to me if you could talk?"

The botanist smiled.

"I believe I can be his interpreter," he murmured, gently. "He would probably say, 'I beg your pardon, madam; I am a beech.'"

"The physician attending me prescribed, on my rallying from an attack of rheumatism, your *Scott's Emulsion*, which I have been taking every winter since. I find it most valuable in strengthening and building up one after a severe illness. I have not had rheumatism since the time mentioned above and I owe it to your most valuable *Emulsion*. It is my life now, and makes me strong and healthy."—R. PICARD, Grand Ligne, Quebec.

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ALL DRUGGISTS

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How to Speculate

Money is made by getting in on the ground floor in all mining propositions. An investor putting up his money to develop a new claim is the person who is entitled to the first profits. The first profits on all good mining deals are enormous.

The Crown Reserve Mining Company was composed of thirty shares of $1,000 each. When the property had been sufficiently developed to warrant its being turned into a Company, each syndicate shareholder received 30,000 shares of stock in the Company, for each $1,000 he had paid in. Each share of these 30,000 shares is to-day selling at $2.80.

The Temiskaming & Hudson Bay Mining Company's shares were sold at 25c. each. To-day they are selling at $3.00 per share and have paid over 12,500% in dividends.

The Right of Way Mining Company's shares were sold at 15c. and are to-day selling at $4 per share.

These results are obtained by taking the first chance. If the property in which you are interested turns out good, you make a fortune, if not, you have a limited loss.

We are organizing a syndicate to operate four claims in Gow Ganda, the richest silver section ever discovered. These claims, we think, will turn out well and should show enormous profits to the syndicate members. The syndicate will be for $50,000, divided into 100 shares of $500 each. These shares are payable $100 cash and four further payments of $100 per month. Of this $40,000 will be paid for the properties and $10,000 provided for working capital. If development work warrants the formation of a Company, a Company will be formed with $2,000,000 capitalization, and each share in the syndicate will be entitled to 15,000 shares of stock in the Company, and the remaining 500,000 shares will be left in the Treasury for future developments.

We strongly recommend the above as a good speculation. Make all cheques payable to

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About the Farm

THE UNPROFITABLE COW.

If you have had three men working for you on the farm, and one of them was a shirker you'd soon get rid of him, wouldn't you? Of course you would. And yet thousands of farmers who refuse or neglect to test thtir cows are keeping shirkers in their herds.

The profits in farming and dairying are fairly good, but never good enough to stand a persistent leakage. Don't forget it works both ways, and that the cow which is not making money for you is eating food and taking up time and room that, given to some other cow, would be making good money for you.

Too many farmers guess their cows are doing all right. It's easy and inexpensive to test them and we promise you will be surprised to find just who the shirker is.

If you need any instructions for testing don't hesitate to ask us. over 290 pounds of butter-fat per cow; 24 showing between 240 and 290 pounds; 43 between 190 and 240 pounds; 53 between 140 and 190 pounds; and 33 less than 140 pounds of butter-fat per cow. As a general thing, this shows a little improvement over the average butter-fat yield of two years ago, which was 140 pounds.

The best 33 cows yielded 268 pounds of butter-fat each, valued at $61.60.

The poorest 33 cows yielded 118 pounds of butter-fat each, worth $27.14; representing an actual loss upon the expense of keeping the cows of $4.86 per cow.

DAIRY FARMING.

With selling farm crops there is sure to be some loss of fertility of the soil. Just how much different grains remove is a question that has been answered frequently, but is always interesting.

With $1,000 worth of wheat there will be taken off the farm about $240 worth of fertility; in $1,000 worth of beef, $85; in $1,000 worth of pork, $60; in $1,000 worth of horses, $35; in $1,000 worth of milk, $110; in $1,000 worth of butter, only $1.25 worth of fertility.

Of course these values are subject to change as the market for fertilizers varies, but they show why dairy farming, that is, butter-making on the farm, can be made so profitable.

Butter carries away practically no fertility, and farm separating gives the skim-milk directly back to the live stock, and through the stock straight back to the soil, increasing the soil fertility and multiplying the stable products of the farm.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Hens will pick up the small bits from the coal ashes and utilize them for shell material. A small heap where the hens can get at it will be often visited.

Lack of exercise in ewes during winter means weak lambs at yearling time. Sometimes the feeder must compel the ewes to exercise by feeding them at a distance from the barn. Confinement in close yards always means more or less loss in weak and dead lambs.

If any man is to be envied, it is the beekeeper, who comes to the opening of the honey flow with a nice lot of extracted combs, for this means a larger surplus of honey than if the bees are compelled to draw out foundation, because of the beekeeper's carelessness, as it takes large quantities of honey to build combs—about nine pounds of honey make a pound of comb—to say nothing of the time the bees lose in so doing.

At what age should sow pigs be bred is an inquiry often met with. The answer, briefly given, must be that better results have been realized by breeding from young sows, say at eight to ten months old, than has ever been done from letting them run much longer before they were put to the boar. Not only are some of the best pigs raised from gelts, but the sows are more apt to make sure breeders than if let run too long; for in the latter case they are liable to get fleshy, therefore hard to get to breeding, and sometimes we lose the use of them entirely.

CAPTAIN IN IRONS.

Delirious Through Drink Could Not Navigate Ship.

"A captain in irons and mate and crew in charge," was the ominous message that reached the shore at Falmouth late on Thursday night, when the barque Calluna, of Greenock, was towed into the port. The harbor police, accompanied by a doctor, at once put off to the ship, and a sorry story was told them. It appears that the Calluna left London on Jan. 3 for Australia, and, owing to the captain being incapacitated, she had occupied nearly three weeks in an erratic passage down channel which should not have occupied more than three or four days.

It was alleged by the crew that from the commencement of the voyage there was trouble, owing to the intemperance of the captain, and the situation became so critical that all available weapons were secured. In his delirium the captain was so violent that he was handcuffed and locked in his cabin. Even then, it is said, he was seen to seize a bottle of whiskey between his manacled hands, smash off the top by striking it against the table, apply the jagged edges to his lips and drink the raw spirit.

When sixty miles south-west of the Lizard a conference was held between mate and crew. The former was in favor of continuing the voyage, but there were five apprentices on board, and the terror-stricken appearance and pathetic appeals of the youngsters supported the wishes of the crew that the vessel should be turned back, and this course was finally agreed upon. The violence of the captain increased, and it was decided to lower him into the lazaret, a small compartment at the bottom of the ship. Securely chained and roped, he was lowered into the prison.

When off the Lizard an offer to the steam tug Dragon to tow the vessel to the nearest port was made and accepted, and on arrival at Falmouth medical aid was rendered to the delirious captain.

There was a further scene when an effort was made to transfer the captain to the hopsital on shore. When in the boat, though still lashed with ropes, he endeavored to jump overboard, and a terrible struggle ensued, as, with almost superhuman strength, he threw man after man away from him. The Custom's steamboat, seeing the predicament, steamed to the scene and rendered assistance, and the captain was eventually safely placed under restrain in the Sailors' Hospital.

After a man gives his word he should try to keep it.