Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd)

Rebekah sighed wearily, for she felt that she had done all in her power to soften her heart. A sob choked her, for the long continued strain was wearing away her self-control. She rose wearily, and looked at Ethel's face, which bore no sign of weakening. Had this girl a heart? she wondered; and for a moment she longed to fight her own fight. Might not Cyril turn to her if his appeals for forgiveness were met so contemptuously. She determined to try to rouse her from her apathy.

"What if I say that I will marry him, and try by a life's devotion to turn his love to me! I believe I should succeed. You would not be able to blame me. You would only have your obstinacy and wicked pride to thank."

"You will do as you please," Ethel replied coldly.

"You are cruel," Rebekah said, but she stopped when she saw the door open. Harecastle came in, and he looked eagerly at Ethel, and his face fell when he saw by her attitude that Rebekah had been unable to move her. These few moments alone had been full of torment. He appreciated Rebekah's noble generosity, for she had not considered herself, but had only been anxious to set things right between Ethel and himself. Where was fate leading them? He knew that any suggestion to Joel that the engagement should be broken would meet with fierce opposition. But the fight must be fought, for he read in Rebekah's eyes a firm determination that the marriage should not take place. He felt keenly his position. For the moment he had sunk his desire to marry Ethel Fetherston. That must wait the decision of a kind Providence. He must protect Rebekah from her father's anger by every means in his power. His admiration for her knew no bounds, and just for the moment he wished that he could have loved her, for Ethel's disbelief had wounded him grievously. He decided that he must leave himself in Rebekah's hands and be guided by her. He would not make any appeal to Ethel. She must decide for herself.

Ethel rose when he entered and held forth her hand to Rebekah.

"I must go now," she said impulsively. "Let me thank you for your kindness. I should dearly like to be your friend. You are a good woman, dear."

The girls embraced one another. Rebekah drew aside and looked wistfully from one to the other, but there was no sign of relenting in Ethel.

"Will you see Miss Fetherston to the car?" she asked Cyril. "Come here afterwards, I want to speak to you."

He bowed his assent, and his hand was on the door, when is opened and Lord Wolverholme entered.

"Good afternoon, Rebekah," he said cheerfully, as he approached her. He laid his hand affectionately on her shoulder, and touched her cheek with his lips.

"Miss Fetherston!" he cried in amazement.

"How do you do, Lord Wolverholme," she answered coldly. "I am just going, I am glad to see you so much better. I am sorry it must be good-bye."

The Earl watched his son take her from the room. Then he turned to Rebekah with a perplexed look. It was the first time that she had seen him, since she had become acquainted with the terrible secret of his heart, and an instinctive shudder shook her at the sight of this old man, who was the cause of so much unhappiness. However, she quickly suppressed her feeling of disgust, and answered his look with a smile.

"Miss Fetherston is a charming girl," she began nervously.

"Yes," he answered, but it was easy to see that his thoughts were absent.

He was wondering at the meaning of her presence. His quick eyes noticed the evident traces of uneasiness on Rebekah's face, and a dull foreboding of ill seized him. Surely nothing could now intervene to prevent this marriage.

"Have you seen Lady Standish? She and her husband have just arrived. We are going to have a gay time," he said, with forced cheerfulness.

"I am afraid I am neglecting my duties," she said hurriedly. "Ah! Here he is; Cyril, did you see her safely off?"

Harecastle nodded his head and looked hesitatingly at his father.

"Come along, Cyril," she said merrily. "Sorry to leave you, Lord Wolverholme, but I want to discuss something with him. No, it won't wait," she added quickly as she saw the Earl's sign of protest.

"Come to my room. We have an hour before I need dress." She led him to her boudoir, adjoining the library, and she shivered when she remembered that it was there that she had overheard that fateful interview between Ackroyd and her father.

"Now, Cyril," she said briskly. "We must decide on our course of conduct."

CHAPTER XX.

"Cyril, dear. We are going to be the best of friends," she began impulsively. "Don't worry about Ethel. It is only her pride that is hurt, and time will work wonders."

"I don't deserve this kindness, Rebekah," he replied humbly; "I have treated you very badly."

"Say that fate has dealt unkindly with us both. That would be more truthful. I am determined that the marriage must be broken off. I haven't told you that I asked my father to consent this morning."

"And he said?" he demanded eagerly.

"He refused, absolutely. He was very unkind and threatened me."

Harecastle rose angrily.

"He said that if I refused to marry you, he would——"

She hesitated to tell of her father's shame, but she realized that Harecastle must know what they had to face.

"He said that he would give to the world as a reason—he—the—"

"Yes," he asked softly.

"He would tell them about your father," she wound up hurriedly and buried her face in her hands.

"He would not dare," Cyril said quickly.

"You do not know him. He seems mad about our marriage. He will not consider me. He only says that the marriage must take place."

"What shall we do?" he asked miserably.

"We will both speak to him tonight. Mind, it will be I that refuse to marry you," she said with emphasis.

"But I cannot permit you to bear the blame."

"You must, and if he asks you if you will marry me, you must answer 'Yes.'"

"But that will only make him the more angry with you."

"It is necessary, and in a way it is the truth. For you know you would marry me, rather than your father should be disgraced."

Harecastle remained silent. He felt keenly the ignominy of his position, that this girl, whom he had treated so badly, should sacrifice herself for his sake, and do so willingly.

"You are a generous little soul," he cried with much feeling. "How can I ever thank you for what you are doing?"

"You like me better than you did?" she said with a wistful look.

"Rebekah," he said earnestly, "let us always be friends. Whatever happens let nothing come between us."

"I shall value your friendship dearly, and Ethel's too," she answered warmly. "But I must go now, I dread the dinner tonight."

"And I, too. Will there be many people?"

"Yes, a number have arrived tonight. After dinner I shall get father alone, and then we will go to him. Good-bye for the present."

His father came into Harecastle's room while he was dressing. The Earl had finished his toilet, and he took a seat in an armchair.

"Your bachelor days are numbered, Cyril," he remarked easily, but he was keenly watching his son.

"Yes."

"The more I see of Rebekah, the better I like her. She will do us credit, my boy," the Earl said enthusiastically.

"She is a good little woman," Harecastle replied, and there was feeling in his voice.

"You ought to be very happy, for you will have everything that a reasonable man can desire. A handsome wife, and plenty of money. You are a lucky fellow," the Earl said suavely.

Harecastle hurriedly finished his dressing for he was anxious to put an end to his father's talk. They walked downstairs together and found the guests gathered together in the drawing-room.

Lady Standish, who was a connexion of Lord Wolverholme, was talking to Rebekah, who appeared to have completely recovered from the emotion of the day. No jewels adorned her, save the large pearl of her engagement ring. Her face was filled with animation, and her eyes sparkled so brilliantly, that Harecastle wondered.

Joel was the picture of contentment, and he looked round at his guests with the utmost satisfaction. His eyes rested on his daughter with a pride that that he did not try to conceal. He had dismissed their conversation from his mind, for he was convinced that she would give him no further trouble. She dared not, for was there not around her evidence of the approaching marriage, in the guests with whom she was so gaily talking?

It was a brilliant scene as they entered the dining-room, with its walls of old masters, and its glittering table. Mrs. Goldberg acted as hostess, as was her wont, for Rebekah had always refused to oust her from the position. Accordingly Harecastle had the privilege of sitting bes de his fiancee. Every one was in the best of spirits as the dinner proceeded, but to the pair, in whose honor it was being given, it seemed to be interminable.

The Earl was in his element. Always a brilliant talker, to-night he excelled himself. With the coming marriage he seemed to have renewed his youth; and his pleasure equalled Joel's.

When the desert was on the table, a fear clutched Harecastle that Joel was about to make a speech. The same thought struck Rebekah, and instinctively their hands clasped under the table. She looked appealingly at her father, and if it had ben his intention he refrained. But not until Mrs. Goldberg made a move did they feel absolutely safe.

The men did not stay long with their cigars; and when in the drawing-room, Harecastle at once sought out Rebekah. Now that he was not sailing under false colors he did not find her society irksome. Nay, he took a pleasure in it that was strange.

They talked quietly to themselves and by mutual consent they refrained from referring to the subject that was occupying their minds. To their relief their guests began to make a move for bed, and soon none but men remained. Rebekah approached the Earl.

"You know the smoking-room. Will you take these gentlemen there?" she said to him. "Father," she continued, "Cyril and I want to talk to you. Shall we go to the library?"

Joel looked disturbed at the request, but he appreciated that his daughter was firm in her intention, so with his usual motto of "No time like the present" he led the way to his room. He was in the best of tempers, and told Harecastle to make himself comfortable. He carefully selected a cigar and asked Harecastle to do the same.

"No thank you," Harecastle replied quietly.

"What do you children want?" he asked pleasantly.

"I have spoken to Cyril, and we have agreed to break our engagement," she said boldly.

"The devil you have? You can at once make up your mind to mend it again," he said genially, for he had no intention of losing his temper.

"This is not a matter for levity. Nothing that you can say will change us, so you must consent," she continued firmly.

"What have you to say to this?" he demanded of Harecastle.

"I leave myself in your daughter's hands," he replied quietly.

"A very convenient way of getting out of it, and rather a cowardly one, too. Don't you both realize that what you suggest is utterly impossible? The place is full of guests; shall I call them in and tell them that the mariage is not going to take place?" he asked sarcastically.

"That would be the straightforward course," Harecastle replied earnestly.

"And what reasons shall I give them?" demanded Joel.

(To be continued.)

WHY IT IS CALLED CALICO.

Damask comes from the city of Damascus; satins from Saytown, in China; calico from Calicut, in India, formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, and where the printing of calico was first tried; muslin is named from Mosolim, Asia; alpaca, an animal of the Ilama species, whose wool serves to make this fabric; taffeta is named from a street in Bagdad; cambric from Cambral; gauze from Gaza; baize from Bajac; dimity from Damietta; jeans from Jean; drugget is derived from the name of acity in Ireland, Drogheda; duck is named from Torque, in Normandy; blanket is called after Thomas Blanket, a famous clothier connected with the introduction of woollens into England, 1340; serge derives its name from Zerga, a Spanish name for a peculiar woollen blanket; velvet from the Italian Velluti, which means woolly.

CRUSHING.

A certain famous lawyer is noted for his trenchant wit.

At the beginning of his career he had an elderly, prosy, long-winded lawyer for an opponent in an assault case.

The elderly lawyer in his concluding address spoke for six hours—an interminable, foggy, stupid speech.

Then the young man rose. He smiled slightly, looked at the judge and jury, and said:

"Your Honor, I will follow the example of my learned friend who has just concluded, and submit the case without argument."

HOW JAPS CONDOLE.

Extreme Sympathy of Japanese Towards Unfortunate Missionary.

A missionary living in Japan recently lost his dwelling by fire. He describes in an amusing way the polite condolences which his neighbors showed upon him. "We were delaged with visiting cards," he says. "They were forced into our hands by sympathetic inquirers, friends offering aid, and trades people soliciting orders. The conversation with each comer was somewhat as follows: "You have, indeed, had an honorable disaster,' says the friend. 'I have humbly caused a great disturbance,' I reply. 'Please honorably excuse me.' 'Indeed it is honorably sad for you, the friend answers. 'I have done an unheard-of thing,' I say. 'I am overcome that you should have come to call on me on purpose. Thank you, very much.' 'Please honorably excuse me for being late in coming,' says the friend. The energy required for such a conversation can be imagined by accompanying each sentence with a low bow and repeating the process about fifty times.

"About 10 o'clock we two foreigners escaped to face our next duty, which consisted in apologizing to all the houses in our section—about fifty. It was nearly 12 o'clock at night when our apology tour was completed, but our last visitor called at 2 o'clock in the morning. Callers began coming again at 6 o'clock and kept on coming steadily. During the day we received many visitors and paid twenty-eight or more calls. The strain of all this, together with our other tasks, including the receiving of the stream of visitors, which lasted a whole week, is better imagined than described.

"All day after the fire and for three days more people from all over Gifu and from outstations kept bringing sympathy from their families and presents of cake and fruit and other articles. We can never repay all the kindness we received."

LONDON BEGGARS.

It is calculated that 4,000 persons make a living in London by begging, and that their average income amounts to about 30s. a week, or over £300,000 a year. Last year 1,925 persons were arrested for begging in the streets, of whom more than 1,500 were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from one week to three months. Many of these objects of charity were found in possession of sums of money, and even of bank-books showing very handsome deposits.

"I noticed, Ella, that you were eating your pudding far too fast. There was once a little boy who choked through doing that; before he had finished his pudding, even.' "And what did they do with the rest of the pudding, Aunty?"

"I heard that Ranter broke down in the middle of his speech the other night," said the man who was kept at home by illness. "Not exactly," replied the man who was there. "The meeting broke up right in the middle of his speech!"

"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

probably saved this child's life. Four doctors had been tried. SCOTT'S EMULSION seemed to be just the thing needed, and it is just the thing needed by thousands of other children. It's so easily digested, so pure and harmless, yet most powerful in building up the most delicate child or adult. But be sure to get SCOTT'S EMULSION, there are so many worthless and harmful imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

A full copy of Mrs. Smith's letter and many others of a similar nature, together with some of our valuable literature regarding children, will be sent upon receipt of your address, mentioning this paper.

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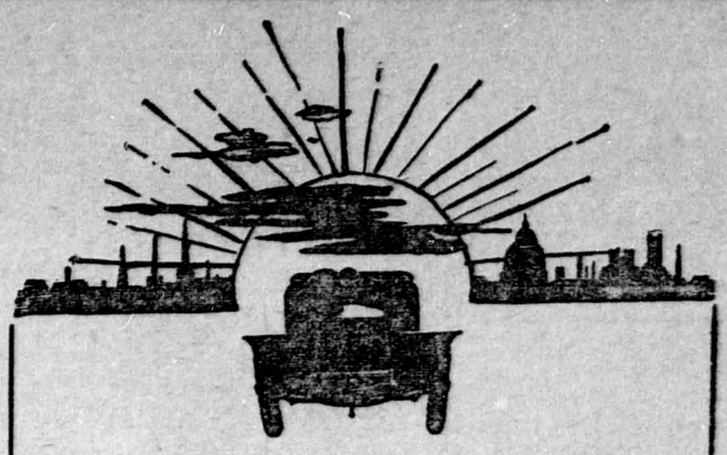

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The 1909 type Daimler is a petrol-engine of remarkable efficiency, which for simplicity of construction, economy, and silence in running is incomparably superior to any motor yet designed.

Its introduction has called forth letters of appreciation from a number of leading Motorists who have tested it, and all whom bear out the claim made for it by the Daimler Co.

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In our next advertisement a full list of prices will be included.

Daimler

About the Farm

ERRORS IN FEEDING.

There are a goodly number of small poultry keepers who, after trying fowls for a year or two, give them up in disgust, as troublesome, unprofitable things. Though in reality it is a simple matter to keep hens so that they will lay enough eggs to allow a large margin for profit, there are a few conditions that must be observed. One of the most important of these is that they should be correctly fed.

The most common error in feeding is to give the birds too much, so that the food may be seen lying on the ground at all times. The egg supply, under such conditions, is poor, and the hens look dull and unhealthy. If poultry keepers would keep an account of the eggs they obtain from their fowls in the course of the year they would generally find that they do not get nearly as many eggs as they should—the result mainly of overfeeding.

Enough food should be given at each meal to be eaten eagerly and greedily, and no more. The poultry should neither be starved nor overfed. The happy medium can be arrived at by feeding them until they begin to pick and choose, and consider which are the tit bits; and then promptly stop that meal. It is not possible to lay down any hard and fast line as to the amount of food always to be allowed, as some breeds eat more than others, individuals vary in their appetites, and hens when laying eat a good deal more than when they are not producing eggs.

It is an error to feed the big fowls and the young chickens together. When this done the latter do not get their proper share and they are invariably trampled upon and pecked and ill treated. However small the space may be, if it is large enough to rear chickens in, some portion should always be divided, in which the youngsters can feed by themselves. A shelter for them can be easily made with a few pieces of board and some wire netting. It is particularly necessary to give young chickens food at regular times and not just as it happens to be convenient; and as they quickly go ill if offered anything stale or sour, the feeding vessels require constant attention.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

If the horse is inclined to looseness of the bowels, look at its teeth. They may be so sharp that he cannot chew his food well. If the tetth are all right, look into the matter of the watering and the feeding.

There is no better winter breakfast for hens than equal parts, by weight, of bran, middlings, ground oats, cornmeal and meat scraps, to which add its bulk in cooked cut clover hay, and five per cent. of linseed meal. Mix the grain with the tea made by cooking the clover.

In these days, the specialists are the ones that get a reputation and make money; but, in this case, the grand secret is that with one kind the breeder soon finds out the possibilities of the breed, soon learns it thoroughly, the breed improves in his hands, his strain becomes noted, he derives an added pleasure in handling and his pocket-book grows fat.

It is not a good plan nor can it be made the most profitable to keep poultry confined. One of the principal advantages the farmer can have is that his poultry costs him but a small outlay for food, because whenever the weather is suitable—and this is all the time that the larger number is kept upon the farm—they can find the most of their own living. If more than one breed is kept it is necessary that they should be kept separate, and of necessity one or the other must be kept confined at least a portion of the time. And there is nothing to be gained in keeping different varieties, while there is a risk of their getting together.

RIGHT SORT OF EXPERTS.

Visitor—"You must have a remarkably efficient Board of Health in this town."

Shrewd Native (one of the many)—"You are right about that, I can tell you."

"Composed of scientists, I presume?"

"No, sir. Scientists are too theoretical."

"Physicians, perhaps?"

"Not much. We don't allow doctors on our Board of Health—no, sir—no undertakers, either."

"Hum! What sort of men have you chosen, then?"

"Life insurance agents."

Even one taste of defeat may be hard to swallow