Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XXIII.

Ethel Fetherston was obviously nervous during the journey. She had been given to believe by Rebekah's earnestness that there awaited her an explanation that would disperse the shadows from her life. What it could be she could not imagine. But the joy of the thought enthralled her, that she would be able to take back Lord Harecastle to her heart.

"You must own that I had every reason for my distrust," she said wistfully. "Everything was so black against him, and even now it all seems like some wretched dream. I am anxious, dear. You do not know what it means that my confidence in Cyril shall be restored."

"I can understand," Rebekah said simply. "You will not deny me my friendship with Cyril. He is all I have," she added pathetically.

"I could deny you nothing, dear. But it is too good to be true. I can only wonder and wait."

Lord Harecastle received them at the door of Leighton Manor, and helped them to alight from the car. He watched them ascend the staircase to the Earl's bedroom, and wondered what Fate had in store for him. His father, too; Cyril realized the shame that he would suffer in making this confession, and his heart went out to him in pity.

Joel came to him and greeted him gruffly.

"I see Miss Fetherston has arrived here. What does it mean?" he asked.

"She has come to see my father."

"I hope he will put everything to right," Joel said, to Harecastle's intense surprise. "I am weary of Rebekah's reproachful face, and I suppose she will not be content until she has brought you together."

"Mr. Josephs," Harecastle began diffidently, "I want to talk to you about money matters. My father has consented to the breaking of the entail, and we are in a position to pay you the money you advanced to him."

"You must please yourself," Joel said indifferently, "but don't put yourself to any inconvenience."

"And then, too, I must thank you for your kindness in putting up with us for so long, but unfortunately it would be dangerous to move the Earl."

"You must not think of it," Joel said quickly, "and please forget the unpleasantness that has passed between us. I can now see my actions in their true light. I wish you could give me back Rebekah's love."

Lord Harecastle looked at him wonderingly, for their was little of the Joel he knew in the manner of the man who was appealing to him.

"Yes, I have had a lesson," Joel continued quietly. "Your father's illness has given me a shock, and I cannot rid myself of a feeling of responsibility."

"My father has been liable to these attacks for some time. You must not worry too much about that, Mr. Josephs."

They fell into silence, and Harecastle marvelled at the change in Joel. This new phase was incredible, but he realized that his character was a complex one, and that he must be judged by no ordinary standard.

Rebekah led the way to the Earl's bedroom, after Ethel had removed her hat. She made a motion to the nurse, who left the room. The Earl looked at them curiously. His eyes rested first on one and then on the other. They both came to the conclusion that he was comparing them, and their faces flushed.

"Do you know why you are here?" the Earl asked grimly of Ethel.

"No," she replied nervously.

"You owe it to this girl's generosity," he said, laying his hand on Rebekah; "and you ought to be duly thankful. I understand that you think that Cyril acted the blackguard to you."

Ethel flinched at the word, for the sharpness of his manner moved her strongly. He waited a moment for her to speak, but she remained silent.

"You are wrong. It was another member of the family who played that role, and he is going to confess to you."

Ethel watched him with frightened eyes, and she longed that the tense staccato words should cease.

"I am the blackguard," the Earl continued, "and Cyril was protecting me."

"I do not understand," Ethel said brokenly.

"No—and you want the whole wretched story. You shall have it for it's your right. I understand that there is some chance of your becoming a member of my family That is if you are satisfied with Cyril's whitewashing, and are not too disgusted at the character of the other member of his family."

"Don't," Rebekah pleaded. "You are cruel."

"Let me alone, child. I must tell my story in my own way, and if you expected tears you are doomed to disappointment. Won't you sit down, Miss Fetherston. I must trouble you with a little ancient history, for my confession must be a full one. You are the sort of woman who will be content with no half measures. You require full pound of flesh and you shall have it."

The Earl spoke vindictively. He was feeling terribly the shame of his position, and the only way he could hide it was by this vindictive manner. At heart he was sorry for Ethel, but he realized that if he once let go his self-command, he would break down. So he became more bitter as he proceeded.

"Thirty years ago I was a promising youngster. I had the world at my feet, but I did not kick it. I gave it a chance to kick me. I was extravagant and got into difficulties. It was a way young men have, who are allowed to run loose. My father died when I was a boy."

Instinctively he looked at Rebekah, and she understood that it was to her that he was trying to find and excuse for his conduct.

"When I had landed myself in pecuniary difficulties, I fell madly in love with Harecastle's mother. Unfortunately her trustees were not fools, and they objected to the match unless I could put my financial affairs in order. Their decision was communicated to me on the eve of my setting out for St. Petersburg. for I had been entrusted by the Government to arrange an agreement with Russia. I did really love the woman who was to become my wife, and the thought that I should lose her drove me mad. And then came the temptation. The devil chooses his time with care. I think I can see before me now the sneaking, oily Russian and his insinuating way. I longed to kick him out of my room, but I refrained He offered me money to consent to certain terms in the agreement, and to my eternal shame I consented."

"Enough! Enough," Ethel cried passionately. "Don't tell me any more. I forbid it."

"I don't see that what I have said affects Cyril. Be patient," he continued more quietly, for he had regained control over himself.

"I came back to England and was married. I was happy, inconceivably happy, when one considers the weight of shame I was carrying. But perhaps I had no conscience then. That is an inconvenience that sometimes awaits old age. But there is an all-seeing Providence that forbids that crime shall go unpunished. To my horror my treachery was discovered. I had an interview with the Prime Minister, which I shall remember to my dying day. The result was that I retired into official obscurity, and was not treated like the common crimminal that I was. We can pass over the next thirty years or so; and we come to the part where your interest begins." The Earl broke off suddenly.

"Give me a glass of water, dear," he said to Rebekah, and Ethel watched her with eyes that were magnetized by the tragedy that was being unfolded.

"Ackroyd doesn't concern you. It is sufficient that you should know that Joel discovered my treachery. He bought the papers which proved it from this man Ackroyd. I understand that you were then engaged to Cyril. Joel went to Cyril and told him that he must marry Rebekah. I may say that I also desired the marriage, but I had no idea of the pressure Joel was bringing to bear."

The Earl looked keenly at Ethel, whose face was twitching painfully.

"I begin to understand. You have said enough," she cried tearfully.

"No. You shall hear the whole story. It does me good to talk about some one else's bad deeds."

"Forgive me, dear," he said quickly to Rebekah. "I forgot that he was your father."

"Can you understand Cyril's position? He had either to sacrifice you, or my secret would have been disclosed to the world. What would your uprightness have advised him to do? Should he have considered his future wife, or should filial affection have prevailed. It is a pretty problem."

"You must stop," Ethel pleaded; and tears were streaming from her eyes.

"I have little more to say, for you can imagine the rest. Rebekah discovered her father's action by some means or other. What did she do? She acted the part of a brave and noble woman, for she sacrificed herself, and she has struggled for your happiness. Why? Because you were loved by the man she loves. Which has been the greater in generosity? You or this dear girl?"

"Forgive me," Ethel whispered hoarsely.

She realized that this confession must have hurt the Earl acutely, and she felt mean to have been the cause of its having been made. But this was quickly overpowered by her realization that she had done Cyril a terrible wrong. She quickly owned to herself that he could have acted in no other way. The horror of his position was disclosed to her. Her heart wept with sympathy for the sufferings he must have endured, so greatly increased by her own disbelief. Could she ever forgive herself?

"I have a question to ask you," the Earl continued anxiously. "I do not understand you, and I fear for your answer. Shall you let the knowledge that Cyril's father is a criminal prevent you from marrying him? Have you the mind that can judge him for himself alone?"

"How can you ask me? I have always loved Cyril. Put yourself in my place. He discarded me and almost immediately engaged himself to Rebekah. I thought that money was his motive, and I have always thought so. If that had been so I could never have forgiven him. My mind could not conceive any such reason as the one you have given me. I promise you that if Cyril will take me back again, I will endeavor to make him happy. But it will be long before I shall be able to forgive myself. I feel that it is I who have played a despicable role. I ought to have trusted him in spite of all. I can see it now when it is too late," she said miserably.

The Earl lay wearily back on his pillow, but a load seemed to have been lifted from him, and he looked less troubled. Ethel glanced gratefully at him.

"May I kiss you?" she asked timidly.

"There—there," ejaculated the Earl as he felt the touch of her lips. "And you are now content? If so you can both leave me for I am tired—to death."

Rebekah slipped her arm round her waist and led Ethel to her own room.

"Now I am quite happy," she said brightly. "And you — you will see Cyril?"

"No, not to-day," Ethel said hurriedly. "I am too ashamed. I must have time. I dare not face him."

"You need not fear, for he understands. Cyril is generosity itself."

"Promise me that you will let me go away. I am unstrung. That poor old man. I am filled with pity."

"And I too, for I love him dearly. He has terribly suffered for that one back-sliding. He is not one to wear his heart on his sleeve. His suffering he would conceal beneath a light-hearted manner that would deceive the world."

"And to you, Rebekah. I do not know what to say. You have behaved nobly, and I shall be ever grateful."

"I only want you to be happy—you and Cyril. Never distrust him again, though everything be against him."

"I have learnt my lesson," Ethel replied simply, but with great feeling. "Will you give him a message from me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Tell him I implore his forgiveness, and ask him to come to me, but not for a long, long time. I am too ashamed."

"I feel that you are wrong, but I will do what you say," Rebekah promised.

She took her down to the car and they did not meet Lord Harecastle. Once alone Ethel gave herself to the bitter thoughts that assailed her. She was full of self-reproach, and as she had been hard upon the man she loved she became hard upon herself. She went over everything that had happened, and when she remembered how she had repulsed him at their last interview, her anguish grew. She could see his eyes pitifully pleading for mercy, and the cold rejection which had been her answer. No. She did not deserve happiness. She must suffer as he had done, for she could not accept happiness, fought for so bravely by one who had been her rival.

When she arrived home she sat down and wrote a letter to Cyril that was painful to compose. It was filled with self-humiliation, and reproaches of her own conduct. She expressed her admiration of Rebekah and compared her own conduct with the other's generosity.

"Do not come to me, dear. I believe that you will forgive me, but give me time to recover from the feeling of shame that is overpowering me. But in spite of all, joy gladdens my heart to think that you are my old Cyril. The man I have loved and worshipped. Perhaps some day you will understand my wretchedness, and we can be to one another as in the old days. I have no pride left, Cyril. If it be necessary I will go on my knees to you, when I am fitted to meet you. Good-bye, dearest."

She felt happier when she had unladen her heart but her self-respect had received a terrible blow.

(To be continued.)

Why is a man supposed to saw wood when he says nothing?

About the Farm

HOW TO OBTAIN LARGE MILK YIELDS.

There is no one best feed for cows. Big results have been obtained from many different rations. When the cow freshens, she must be treated as an invalid. She must be given light food for several days as her stomach is weakened during maternity. Her stomach gradually regains strength, sometimes in a week, other times in two or even three weeks. Feed her carefully, gradually increasing the feed. Watch the execrement closely. Experience will soon tell you as to the state of the stomach and bowels. The avidity with which the cow eats tells much. She should be keen for her feed at all times. If she is slow in "taking hold" she is getting too much, that is if she leaves anything but hay or straw. The cow can do her best work only when all the organs work in harmony. The importance of this will be readily understood when we consider that there is in the intestines of the wellfed animal some 150 to 200 pounds of fodder in various stages of digestion, writes Mr. George Rice.

It is not food alone we must supply the cow. A heavy milking cow takes 150 to 200 pounds of water daily, even when fed on a succulent ration. Too much water taken at a time acts as a purge and causes serious trouble. It seems natural for a cow to want to drink water after eating. Water should be before her at all times. Food and water are important, but there are other things to be considered.

We know that we can take two cows, feed them just the same, and one will produce more than the other.

Where does it come from. Sometimes from her own body. But then there are cases in which this factor does not account for the difference in yield. It is generally said one cow has the milk-giving function to a greater degree than the other. What is "function?" We might define it as a nice sounding word that we use when "stuck;" in a similar case the untutored Indian gives a grunt and we are just about as wise. If there is not some source from which the cow gets the increased amount of milk then she performs a miracle.

THE PART OF PURE AIR.

There is still another element that is too often not considered, and that is air. Air is as vital to the existence of animal life as it is to plants. A man can go for a long while without food. Some have fasted forty days and nights. But, deprived of air 40 minutes we would soon collapse. Just in proportion as we deprive the animal of pure air, we reduce the efficiency of the whole system. Pure air taken into the lungs, oxidizes the blood, promotes circulation, aids digestion, and produces the power that enables the animal to accomplish work.

The cow to be a good one must have great lung capacity. To produce well she must have sufficient pure air to fill her lungs. else her superior lungs are of no benefit. The oxygen that she breathes goes to the nerve centres, stimulating them to greater effort. Just exactly how, it is a little hard to explain. However, I will give you an example that I had in my work. Two years ago I had two cows of the same age, same breed, calved on the same date. They were in about as equal condition as it would be possible to have them. I tested them for a month at home. One gave right along more milk, also more butter fat, than the other. She could not be taking more from her body; if anything the one giving the least was losing the most in weight. I took them to the station for a dairy test. This dairy had a very bad reputation with us cow men.

VENTILATION.

The air in there is never good. Sometimes it is very bad. The committee in charge have done all they can to improve conditions, but the building is too high for one thing, and to get enough pure air on the floor where the cows are, it would be much too cold. Then the cows stand with their heads against a solid wall, and the air they breathe out cannot get away properly. Part of it must be breathed over and over again. It is bad enough for cows when they stand up. It is worse when they lie down. Judging by the manner this building, and a lot of stalls in the country are put in, we should think that the cows breathed through their tails, as the air has a better chance to circulate there. The less boards and other obstructions there are around a cow the better.

The way it affected these two cows was that one made no more while there than did the other. She fed all right, and was all right, but her superior lung power was of no use to her, as the air was not pure enough. There never has been any big work done in this pen in which the dairy test has been conducted. Yet cows have done better work before coming here, and others have done big work after leaving here. We had better follow this up to show how the air and heat affects heavy milkers. Anyone that has done much official testing knows that big work is not done by the cows if they freshen in the summer. We can get the feed all right and we can get the water all right, but we cannot get the air all right. We can get it pure, but we are liable to have hot spells. And that will knock a good cow out quicker than anything. We can see a good reason for this: A heavy milker takes so much air into her lungs that when it is too hot, it raises the temperature of the body too much, and the nerve centres are not stimulated.

SHOULD FRESHEN IN WINTER

I was testing two cows in June. The weather had been nice and the air exhilarating and the two cows had been doing well. Along came one of those very hot spells. The one cow dropped from 2.4 pounds of fat daily to 1.85. The other cow had not been doing such good work and did not drop so much. Dairymen are getting wise to the fact that in order to have their cows (that is those heavy producers), do big work, they must freshen in the winter, when the temperature can be controlled. Too much cold is also bad, and no wonder, considering the amount of water the cow drinks and the air she uses.

A cow not milking in the winter will not require so much water. But, if cows are to give a large amount of milk the following summer, they need to be well cared for, and put in good condition for the heavy demand that will be made upon their strength. Pure water is quite as necessary as good feed. A cow kept in an ill-ventilated stable at nights, turned out in the raw cold air all day, will not attain the desired vigor. Two wrongs never made a right. The cow should have good air all the time. We should avoid all drafts in the stable. Avoid extremes of temperature. Keep the air as pure as possible, even if a little lower temperature must be obtained, and be regular in feeding and milking.

A GOOD RULE, TOO.

Hearing that a large boot and shoe establishment was giving away a present of a foot rule with every pair of boots or shoes they sold, Mooney told his wife about the bargain, and said, as her shoes were nearly worn out, he would give her the money to buy a new pair if she gave him the foot rule when she returned.

His wife went to the shop, and after great trouble got a pair to please her. As she was leaving the shopman gave her a small box, which, he said, contained a foot rule.

She went home delighted with her bargain, and gave the box to her husband.

When he opened it, to his disgust, instead of a foot rule, was a slip of paper, on which was written, "Avoid tight shoes."

He—"My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof." She "I don't live on the roof!"

"My youngest boy, 3 years old, was sick with fever last June, and when he got better the doctor prescribed *Scott's Emulsion*, and he liked it so well that he drank it out of the bottle, and is now just as plump and strong as any child of his age anywhere . . . two bottles fixed him O K."—MR. JOHN F. TEDDER, Box 263, Teague-Freestone Co., Texas.

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is the greatest help for babies and young children there is. It just fits their need; it just suits their delicate, sensitive natures; they thrive on it. Just a little does them so much good and saves you so much worry. You owe it to them and yourself to make them as strong and healthy as possible. SCOTT'S EMULSION will help you better than anything else; but be sure to get SCOTT'S. It's the best, and there are so many worthless imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Mr. Tedder has just written us another letter about his brother-in-law's children. Let us send you his letters and other information on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

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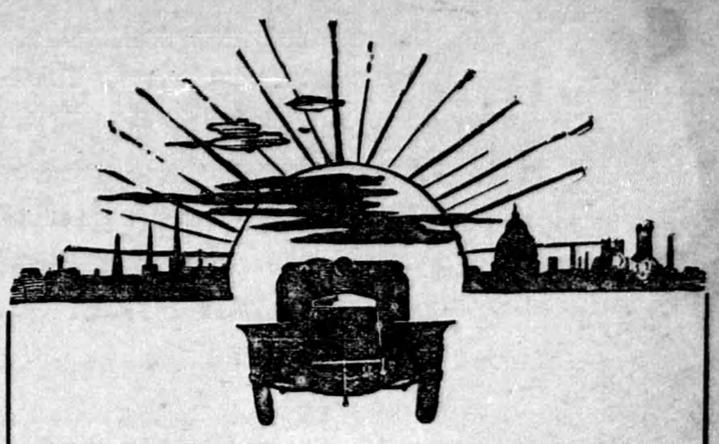

The New DAIMLER

Extracts from a few of the letters received by the Daimler Co. bearing out the claims made for the 1909 engine.

CHAS E. MARTIN, ESQ. 12, 12, '08

"I have never experienced such a delightful feeling as when gliding along silently and smoothly on the New Daimler."

THE RT. HON. LORD BURTON. 20, 12, '08

"She runs very quietly and smoothly, even on very bad roads, and she pulls beautifully up hill. It is a real pleasure to ride in her."

MONSIEUR GIRARDOT. 8, 1, '09

"I have noted that its chief qualities are its extraordinary flexibility, its absolute silence, and its marvellous efficiency, in comparison with tappet valve engines.

CHAS. HAY WALKER, ESQ. 28, 12, '08

"The way she crept along on her top speed at about 3 miles an hour was marvellous."

The Daimler Motor Co., (1904) Ltd.
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