Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Earl was greatly fatigued after his long interview, and Lord Harecastle was very concerned at his weakness.

"I am afraid I was not too kind to that young woman," he remarked to his son, "but tell her not to mind. It was myself I was punishing. My lad, I have about reached the end of my tether. I shan't be sorry, Cyril."

"Try to rest, father. You will soon be strong again," Lord Harecastle said with a cheerfulness that he was little feeling.

Rebekah had spoken to him for a moment and had delivered Ethel's message. It was curious, but it was a relief that he had not seen her before her departure. The interview with the Earl must have shocked her, and it would be better that time should have an opportunity of applying its salve.

In the morning he received her letter, and he was wounded to the quick as he read her words of self-abasement; and his first impulse was to rush to her. But his father's condition kept him prisoner, for there was no question, but that his life was hanging by a thread. He telegraphed for Sir Francis Lockyer, who told them that there was no hope of the Earl's recovery.

"He may linger on for a week or two, but——"

He stopped expressively, and Lord Harecastle gathered the significance of his meaning. His manner to his father became even more tender, and the old Earl smiled his grateful thanks. He, too, knew that the end was near, but he did not flinch, for he no longer had a desire to live. His affection for Rebekah seemed to increase, and he was unhappy when she was absent.

Joel looked on at the approaching end of the man he had tortured so cruelly.

The Earl now and then asked for his presence, and he always went to see him, but his manner was constrained and he was ill at ease.

It was at one of these interviews, when Rebekah was present, that the Earl suddenly blurted out—

"Aren't you going to forgive your father, dear?"

Father and daughter looked at one another, and Rebekah stretched forth her hand. The Earl chuckled softly—

"And so I am to be a peacemaker, at the end. Treasure this child, Joel. She is one in a thousand. If I had her I shouldn't be anxious to marry her off."

They left him together, and Joel beckoned to her to follow him to the library. His manner was diffident, and he was evidently laboring under great emotion.

"I must have it out with you, Rebekah," he began nervously.

"I am going to try to explain myself to you. Don't think I am making excuses. That's impossible. But I want you to understand me, with all my fault. These last few weeks you have become a woman and you possess a woman's understanding. You should have known me in the days of my struggles when I was fighting my way in Africa. Every man's hand was against me. It is true that I was not a pauper, but I was dealing with men with millions. My God, how I fought. It was the joy of my life, and I grew to love it. Gradually it became part of my nature, and if your mother had been different I believe I should have fought her. It is not quarrelling that I mean. Not vulgar nagging. But a right down, naked to the waist, fight. It is the joy of overcoming difficulties that animated me. It obsessed me."

He paused for breath and she looked at him with wondering eyes.

"I was wealthy, but I was not content. I longed for more and I obtained it, by fighting. I longed for more and I obtained it, by fighting. But this pastime became too easy and lost its interest. My hands were idle and the devil found something to occupy them. At first, dear, it was the thought of you that moved me to work for this marriage. For a long time no other idea was in my mind. There were many difficulties in the way, and I overcame them all. Not by fair means, I know, but that has been my way. I always told myself that it was for you. But a time came when I could not make that excuse, for I was striving with you. I was possessed with the lust for my own way, which is the most terrible of vices, and I swore that my will should prevail, be the evil what it may. I seemed to have lost all consideration for you. In my mad passion I could have coldly watched you go to the altar, even if I had known that it would entail upon you a life of misery."

He stopped and looked at her anxiously.

"This kind of man is your father," he wound up nervously.

"Was—father dear, for you are sorry?" she said tenderly, and her eyes filled with compassion at this confession of human weakness.

"I don't know, dear. I am truly sorry for what has happened. I regret it deeply, but the thing that terrifies me is that if the same position were to occur again, I do not know that I should not again act in the same way. These last few days I have been busy with my thoughts. You, dear, have taught me a lesson. And I am jealous, for I have begrudged the time that you have spent by the bedside of that dying old man. I feared that you were beginning to love him more than your father."

"I do love the Earl, father, and I pity him. But I am so glad you have spoken to me. I have been very miserable, and I cannot look forward to a life of love. Fate has not granted me that happiness. But after all love is not all that life contains. There is the pleasure of knowing that one is doing one's duty. Self-sacrifice is not all bitter pain."

Her eyes filled with tears and she threw her arms round her father's neck.

"I, too, want comfort. Let us go back to the old days. Noy, let us look forward to better days, for we are beginning to understand one another. We know our weaknesses and can fight against them. You and I will go away by our two selves. We will travel and see strange lands. Be sure that happiness will come to us."

"You put me to shame, dear. And so we will start afresh, and you are once more my dear little girl," he said quickly, but his voice was expressive of great content.

Rebekah, too, could see that the clouds were beginning to disperse. That holy joy which comes to one who gives up treasures to enrich another possessed her, and her eyes beamed forth a serenity that told of the battle bravely fought and won.

But she was not given much time for self-communion, for the Earl required her constant presence. He was rapidly growing weaker, and as she sat with Harecastle watching his life slowly passing from her, she felt that she was usurping another's place.

Mrs. Goldberg quickly noticed the improved relation between her brother and his daughter.

"I am so glad, my dear, that you and your father are friends again. I never thought that he would give in," she remarked one evening.

"He has told be a lot about himself, and I understand him better now," Rebekah replied. "I am glad to see that he and the Earl are better friends. It is a great relief to me. What is it, James?" she asked as a servant entered.

"The Earl is taken very bad and he wants to see Miss Rebekah."

She hastened upstairs; and she quickly saw that Lord Wolverholme had but little longer to live.

"You will stay with me to the last, Cyril," he asked, and his voice was becoming weaker. I wanted to see you once more, Rebekah, and to thank you for your kindness to an old man. You have made my last days less bitter, and I am almost happy. Dying gives one curious ideas, for I should like to see that girl Ethel. Do you think she would come? I did treat her rather roughly, and I don't want her to have too bad an opinion of the man who will be grandfather to her children."

"I will go and fetch her," Rebekah said eagerly. "I am sure she will regret it if she does not see you."

"Yes. Go, child. But do not be too long. Give me a kiss first."

It seemed a long and wearisome journey to Rebekah, but she grasped at the chance that might bring together Cyril and the woman he loved. To her joy she found that Ethel was at home.

"I want you to come at once," she said hurriedly. "We fear the Earl is dying and he wants to see you. You will come?"

"But why does he want to see me? I thought he hated me."

"No. You are mistaken. Do be quick or we shall be too late," Rebekah said impaitently, for she was consumed with an anxiety to be back in time.

No time was lost on the road, for they raced along as fast as the car could travel. Ethel remembered her last journey and the painful interview that followed it, and she wondered what fate now had in store for her. The passage of time had given her mind the chance of viewing her conduct more gently, but it had not brought her comfort. She still blamed herself severely, and without mercy, but the thought of once more seeing Cyril was not so terrifying as it had been.

At last Leighton Manor came in sight, and Rebekah gave a cry of joy, when she saw that the flag was still flying at the masthead. So they were to be in time. But the house seemed strangely hushed, as though it were already touched by the hand of death.

They made their way to the bedside, and Rebekah looked at the figure of the Earl lying there. But his eyes were glazed, and his breath came in pants. The doctor motioned her away, and she drew back for the end was near. What were the words falling brokenly from his lips?

"Christine—my beloved. I am coming to you." And then he was silent, but only for a moment.

"Yes. I am—guilty. Treason—and I have—suffered. But I am forgiven. Cyril forgives—and you—Christine. You will understand."

They stood around and watched his feeble struggle for life. Their eyes were wet with tears. Ethel found herself by Cyril's side, and she placed her hand in his.

Rebekah looked at them with shining eyes and then at the Earl.

"Christine—my beloved—Christine."

And with his dead wife's name on his lips the seventh Earl of Wolverholme passed away.

They left Cyril to his grief, and the two girls went from the chamber of death.

"Good-bye, dear. I am going back. I shall be ever grateful that you brought me to him. It will be a comfort to know that he wanted to see me. Good-bye."

"But you must not go," Rebekah pleaded.

But Ethel shook her head and went downstairs. A car was soon ready and she started on the return journey.

She was clutched by a horrible fear that Cyril did not need her. Had she forfeited his love?

(To be continued.)

SUITORS RISKED LIVES.

Prussian Damsel Punished for her Heartlessness.

The lord of Kienast castle in Prussia, so the legend runs, had a lovely daughter, Cunigunda, who was a hard-hearted damsel. She vowed to accept no man as her suitor who could not ride round the top of the outer wall of her father's castle. Kienast castle is perched on a rock isolated from the body of the mountains, and its walls rise from the brink of nearly perpendicular precipices. Cunigunda had many lovers, but after her startling decision the greater number discreetly withdrew and the few more daring spirits who attempted the feat were dashed to pieces in the abyss. One day a knight came to Kienast whose presence and manners interested Cunigunda so much that she repented of her vow, and, when he insisted on carrying out the daring ride, she begged him to desist. He refused, and, to her great joy, performed the exploit safely, but as her lover dismounted and she rushed forward to throw herself into his arms he gave her a sound box on the ears, and leaping to his horse, left her forever. The somewhat cavalier knight was the Landgrave Albert of Thuringia, who, in order to punish Cunigunda for her cruelty, had previously practised his steed in this dangerous exercise.

A woman probably feels blue when she is green with envy.

"I can truthfully say that I believe that, but for the use of your Emulsion I would long since have been in my grave. I was past work—could not walk up-hill without coughing very hard."

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is the most strengthening and re-vitalizing preparation in the world. Even in that most stubborn of all diseases (consumption) it does wonders, and in less serious troubles, such as anemia, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or loss of flesh from any cause the effect is much quicker.

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OLD AGE PAY IN FRANCE

IN 25 YEARS FRANCE WILL HAVE 1,500,000 PENSIONERS.

Scheme Proposed in Which Employer, Employee and State Will Help.

A committee of the French Senate under the presidency of M. Cuvinot has formulated a scheme for old age and workmen's pensions with which it is understood the Government is in almost complete agreement. The scheme is very complex and will give rise to long debates in the Senate and later in the Chamber, but its main lines are clear.

It creates two benefits for wage earners. One is an absolute gift to which they will contribute nothing, while the other is a form of insurance to which they will subscribe.

The first benefit is an annual grant of $24 which is to be made to all wage earners when they reach the age of 65. The funds from which this is to be paid are to be raised by a tax levied on the employers and a complementary contribution by the State.

WHAT EMPLOYERS PAY.

Employers are to pay for each of their employees over 18 a sum of $1.80 a year and 90 cents for each under 18. Only one-tenth of these sums will be payable the first year the law goes into effect, two-tenths the second year, three-tenths the third year, and so on, so that it will only be after ten years that the employer will be paying the full amount, and after that year his payments will remain fixed.

It is calculated that for the first year this scheme is at work there will be 120,000 grants, needing $2,880,000. The payments by employers are estimated to reach about $2,000,000, so that the State will be called upon to pay $880,000.

A well known statistician, Edouard Fuster, reckons that by the twenty-fifth year France will have 1,500,000 of these pensioners whose grants will be paid, $20,000,000 by the employers and $14,200,000 by the State.

The second part of the Senatorial commission's scheme is an old age pension established by payments made by those interested and by grants from the State. The payments made are to be obligatory, with the option of paying more and so securing a higher pension. The amount of pension will depend on the payment made and the age at which the pensioner claims it.

The obligatory payment is 60 cents a year between 15 and 18 and $1.20 a year from 18 until the pension is claimed, which can be done at the age of 55.

WHAT THE STATE WILL DO.

The State undertakes to increase the pension thus assured by a third, that is to say that a workman who makes the obligatory payments until he is 65 will have a right to a pension of $18, to which the State will add $6, making $24 a year. So that a workingman will be able to enjoy at the age of 65 $24 a year from the employer plus State funds and $24 from the workingman plus State funds.

This form of insurance, it is calculated, will apply to about 12,000,000 persons. The obligatory payments will bring in about $14,000,000 a year, but no estimate has been given by the commission as to how much this second part of the scheme is likely to cost the State.

The insured will effect their payments by placing stamps on an annual card which each will receive, thereby avoiding the necessity of having the employer deduct the payment from the employee's wages. The commission particularly wished to avoid giving this insurance scheme the appearance of lessening wages, but it has felt itself obliged to insert an article to the effect that if at the end of the year the worker is behind in his monthly payment the employer must, on demand from the State authorities, retain from his wages the amount due.

THE JAPANESE FOOTFALL.

One of the things which strikes one in Japan is the footfall, so different from the sound made by shoe leather, filling the ears in say a crowded station in Tokio with its European looking trains, platforms, ticket offices, bookstalls and other familiar objects. The musical clicking noise of the wooden sandals or clogs, which are worn out of doors by all classes of Japanese and which are raised above the ground at varying heights, according to the state of the roads, is one of the most characteristic bits of detail of the country, and any picture afterward recalled to the mind has this clinkety clink, clinkety click, as a running accompaniment.

HEAR! HEAR!

"Those sectional bookcases are fine things. You can start in a small way and add to them as you can afford it."

"Good idea. Why doesn't somebody invent a sectional hat for ladies?"

WHITE MAN'S MAGIC.

Why They Have Great Power Over the Natives of Africa.

The bush people of Africa are great believers in the power of fetish. In "The Jungle Folk of Africa" Mr. R. H. Milligan tells how this belief sometimes becomes a great protection to the whites who come among them, because they believe the whites must have more powerful fetishes than their own.

"A month after our arrival at Efulen, Doctor Good, having occasion to go to the coast, on the way bought something of a native to whom he gave a note addressed to me, in which he requested me to give the bearer a red cap—a thing of yarn worth about five cents, but much appreciated by the native, although it is more becoming to a monkey than to a man.

"Doctor Good explained to him that he would only need to go to Efulen and hand the note to me without saying a word, whereupon, without asking any questions, I would fetch out a red cap and give it to him.

"It was almost too great a strain upon his credulity, but he agreed. His entire town accompanied him to see this unheard-of miracle. It was a walk of half a day, and they passed through several towns on the way, in which they told what was going to happen at Efulen.

"The population of each town, jerking the dinner off the fire, snatching up the baby and leaving the dead to bury their dead, joined in the procession.

"A great crowd presented themselves before the house. They had agreed not to invalidate the evidence of the miracle by letting me know what Doctor Good had said. The note was the fetish that must effect the result.

"They stood with their hands over their mouths for fear the secret would fly out. Despite their extraordinary efforts to keep silence for a minute, they were only moderately successful.

"Their leader handed me the note. I looked at it, and without a word went into the house and immediately returned with the cap.

"They vented their astonishment in a great shout. Then each of them, yelling as loud as possible, began to repeat the entire incident from the beginning. They must have been telling the story to their dead ancestors, if one might judge by the way they shouted, and by the fact that no one seemed to expect anybody else to listen to him. The incident increased our prestige.

"In a certain trading-house a similar incident occurred. A native presented a note to the trader, who gave him a knife. Then all the young enterprising natives appropriated paper wherever they could find it and presented it to the trader, supposing that he would produce a knife and give it to them; but when they witnessed his dumb ignorance, they concluded that there were limitations to the white man's magic."

GOING TOO FAR.

"Yes," sighed the suburban man who had just moved in, "at the last place I had the prettiest little garden that ever bloomed until my neighbor's chickens scratched the roots up."

"And did you kick?" asked his new acquaintance.

"You bet! I got a big tomcat to lay in wait for his chickens."

"What then?"

"Why the next I knew he had bought a ferocious bulldog to watch for my Tom."

"H'm! And did that end the trouble?"

"Oh, no. I borrowed a wolf from an animal trainer to kill the bulldog."

"War to the knife, eh? What was the next chapter in the bitter feud?"

"There was none. I heard that he was about to purchase a tiger to kill my wolf, and as I couldn't afford the price of an elephant to kill his tiger, I thought it best to move."

MARY WAS BLAMELESS.

"How did this vase get broken, Mary?"

"It fell off the pedestal, ma'am."

"How did you upset the pedestal?"

"I never touched it. The chair bumped into it, ma'am."

"And didn't you push the chair?"

"I did not, ma'am. It was the table done that. All I did was to push the sofy up agin' the table, an' how am I to see what's a-goin' to happen that far off?"

Counsel (to the jury)—"The principal fault of the prisoner has been his unfortunate characteristic of putting faith in thieves and scoundrels of the basest description. I have done. The unhappy man in the dock puts implicit faith in you, gentlemen of the jury!"

Materials ejected from volcanoes are chiefly vapor, or water, lava, cinders, rock, fragments, and various gases.

Brazil supplies half the world's coffee.

About the Farm

DON'T RAISE TOO MUCH STOCK.

Nothing goes to the heart of a lover of animals more sharply than a lot of half starved stock. Don't keep an animal more than the farm will support in plenty. A well fed and cared for team will do more work than two teams of weakened, straw-fed horses. Two properly fed cows will give you far better results than twice as many depending almost entirely upon corn stalks for their sustenance, and the eternal squealing of half-fed hogs must drive you almost insane. Even chickens, excellent scavengers though they be, cannot be expected to produce eggs during the winter, unless fed properly and regularly.

Don't starve the land either. If you cannot properly care for the whole farm don't try to do so. Better by far let a field or two lie fallow than to half fertilize and half cultivate the whole place. One acre of corn planted as corn should be and taken care of as it must be will give you more corn, more stalks and greater satisfaction than two or three acres we see so frequently.

Don't starve your family; don't starve yourself. You must give your mind as well as your body, nourishment. You must have social intercourse with your neighbors, plenty of proper reading matter, and keep up with the ever progressing movement of the world around you.

We do not advocate incessant "gadding," and the "unsight and unseen" taking up of every new proposition and method that anyone chooses to propose, but thank goodness there is no longer a place in our farming life for the man who never takes his eyes from the ground to see what others are doing, or allows any member of his family to do so.

It's all right to think of the good old days, and tell us how much better they did things when you were a boy. But the world moves onward and those methods will not answer now, and we do not propose to adopt them.

Then the farmer raised for his own living, now the market is the world and his competitors the civilized nations.

The secret is intensive effort, whether in dairying, breeding or general farming, and it's the same in life off the farm. The Jack of all trades has given way to the master of one.

But we have only made a fair beginning in this country yet. The day will come when the product will be twice what it is to-day.

FARM NOTES.

The days of ground-hog farming are over. There is no hibernating among the young men who have attended the agricultural college and have learned to seize opportunity by the foretop and to have something to sell every day in the year.

Tillage means stirring the land for the land's saks, not merely for the purpose of preparing a seed bed or of killing weeds. We till to make plant food more available; to preserve moisture; to prevent injury from insects and diseases. If we can accomplish these things better by other means, these other means should be adopted. The best for one man is not always the best for another.

Many breeders, especially with a favorite sow, are too good to them and feed them, or rather overfeed, until they get them out of condition. The pigs will get out of condition at the same time and lots of trouble will ensue. A breeder who will look after his sows and their pigs closely, feed them regularly, moderately and intelligently, will get them started in good shape and keep them growing continually, and will be able to show something to his neighbors that he will be proud of later on.

Slack one pound of good lime in about three-fourths of a pail of water (eight quarts), stir it thoroughly and let it settle. Drain off the water and about a pint of the settlings into a four-gallon stone jar, and set in the cellar, or other cool, dark place. Put the clean, fresh eggs daily into this limewater, taking care to drop them in carefully, so as not to crack them; cover, and they will keep good a year or more. No matter which end is down, and have no care about turning them.

The adjutant had lectured a squad of recruits on company drill, battalion drill, and every other form of movement that he could think of, and at last threw in a little instruction of his own on personal behaviour in face of the enemy. "On the field of battle a brave soldier will always be found where the bullets are thickest, you understand. Private Jones, where would you be found, then, on the battlefield?" Private Jones — "In the ammunition wagon, sir."