Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XXVI.

The engagement of the Earl of Wolverholme to Ethel Fetherston was not publicly announced for some months; for they both felt that out of respect for Rebekah, they could pursue no other course but keep it secret.

But they were unable to consult her, for the morning after their interview, she and her father had gone abroad, without communication with them. Rebekah's purpose accomplished she felt that she would be miserable if she remained. So she determined to seek forgetfulness in change of scene. Joel was always with her, and watched her anxiously but never broke the silence on which Rebekah had insisted, for she determined as far as possible to keep her mind from dwelling upon the man she loved.

They were in Paris, and having dejeuner in one of the big restaurants on t'e Grands Boulevards. Joel was glancing at a paper, and he suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise, but Rebekah quietly took the paper from his hand.

She read an announcement to the effect that a marriage had been arranged between the Earl of Wolverholme and Miss Fetherston. Her father looked at her keenly, but her mind was prepared for it, and she gave no sign that it caused her pain.

"I hope they will be very happy," she said simply.

They were staying at the Hotel Ritz, and that evening Joel was seated alone in the lounge. He was busy with his thoughts when he noticed that a man was eyeing him keenly. He looked up quickly, and saw that it was Ackroyd. The sight of him was disagreeable in the extreme, for it brought back such unpleasant memories.

Ackroyd rose from his chair, and took a seat near Joel.

"You don't remember," he said with an ease of manner that was obviously forced.

"Perfectly," Joel replied coldly.

"Have you seen the paper this morning?" he continued coolly. "It contains some news that ought to interest you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Lord Wolverholme is engaged to a Miss Ethel Fetherston," Ackroyd said with a smile that was intended to annoy.

"I was aware of that several months ago," Joel replied frigidly.

But Ackroyd was not the man to be rebuffed; and he quite made up his mind that Joel should afford him a little amusement. He had too bitter a recollection of his fruitless journey to Leighton Manor, and the scornful way in which he had been treated. Surely he could make him feel uncomfortable."

"Rather a bad investment on your part! Let me see, it cost you roughly fifty thousand pounds," Ackroyd said reflectively.

"Wrong. The sum was twenty-five thousand," Joel corrected him. "But really, I have no wish for your company, Mr. Ackroyd. Will you go, or shall I?"

"It is you that are wrong. You forget the five thousand your daughter paid me."

"What five thousand?" asked Joel; for Rebekah had never confided in her father that she had paid this sum to Ackroyd. Joel had thought that he had thoroughfrightened him at the interview, but had had the curiosity to make inquiries, and had ascertained that the copper shares had risen, and that Ackroyd had evidently sold out at a handsome profit.

"Did you not know that your daughter had given me five thousand pounds for the photographs of the letters? That little sum tided me over my difficulties, and thanks to her, I am in a position of comfort, for I have safely invested my money in gilt-edged securities," Ackroyd wound up triumphantly.

"Very wise, I'm sure, but it doesn't interest me in the least. Good evening, sir."

"But I am very interested. Why didn't you bring the marriage off? You played a daring game, and you have my sincere admiration. There was not much to choose between us. We acted like a pair of blackguards."

Joel made an impatient movement.

"What was it? Did your conscience prick you, and were you moved to repentance? If so, I shall be bitterly disappointed, for I thought better things of you."

"Go to the devil," Joel said rudely, but Ackroyd only smiled.

But the smile left his face when he saw Rebekah approaching them. Joel rose and Ackroyd followed his example.

"Come, father," Rebekah said, and as she spoke she recognized Ackroyd. A flush rose to her cheeks but her eyes did not waver as she coldly regarded him. He bowed profoundly, but she took no notice, for she slipped her arm through that of her father and led him away.

Her silent contempt stung Ackroyd to the quick, and he laughed harshly.

It was but a few months after the announcement of the engagement that the marriage of Cyril to Ethel took place. They had wished the ceremony to be a quiet one, and it was so decided, for Cyril had made up his mind to prictise severe economy until his finances were once more in good order.

The passage of time had made their happiness complete. The troubles that they had gone through were buried in the past, and they both looked with confident joy to the future. Their one great regret was in Rebekah's absence, and Ethel wrote her a letter of appeal to be present at the wedding, that she had done so much to bring about. Her reply was a magnificent riviere of diamonds for Ethel (Joel, too, sent Cyril a present), but she made no mention of their invitation.

Ethel understood, and her heart went out to her in sympathy. She remembered all that she had done for them, and longed that time might bring her peace and contentment.

Their life was a full one, for Cyril took seriously the responsibilities of his position. He quickly entered into public life, and his name came prominently before the public. And then came the seal of their joy, the birth of a son and heir.

As soon as possible, Ethel wrote a long letter to Rebekah and told her of the great happiness that had come to her.

"Both Cyril and I are agreed on one thing, and that is that you should be godmother to our baby. Won't you come home? You have been away such a long time, and we are both longing for a sight of your dear face. We shall not be content till we have you with us, and I do entreat you to return."

Rebekah's answer was full of kindlinesss, but she was none the less firm in her decision not yet to return. For she owned to herself that she dared not yet do so.

"But, perhaps, in a year or two you shall see me. I thank you for your wish that I should be godmother to your and Cyril''s baby, and I gladly consent. Be sure that I do not undertake it with a light heart, but view the responsibilities seriously. I shall never marry, dear, and perhaps your child will fill up the void in my heart. I am not ashamed to tell you my thoughts. You know everything, and you would not have me changeable. I am so happy to see from the papers that Cyril is rapidly making a name for himself in political life. His father's heart would have been gratified, if he had lived. I often think of him, and his curious nature; but he was very lovable."

This letter grieved Ethel, for it showed her only too clearly that Rebekah had not yet forgotten. She did not show it to Cyril, but she looked at him wistfully.

Cyril was perfectly happy, for his every wish had been gratified. He had married the woman he loved, and she had blessed him with children to carry on his name; but he smiled sadly as the Christmas presents were unpacked that came from abroad, and which the children understood had been sent by their Aunt Rebekah, about whom they had heard so much, but whom they had never met.

But time heals most wounds; and it was with a smile of contentment that Rebekah at last felt that she could sit down with a light heart and write to Ethel what she was anxiously waiting to hear.

"Yes, dear," she wrote. "I can come to you now, if you will have me. May I spend Christmas with you and your little ones? For I can look upon your happiness in no grudging spirit. Nay, I long to share in your joys."

And Rebekah returned to England once more.

In placid contentment she announced her journey to Wolverholme Castle. A heavy fall of snow had taken place, and she was obliged to go by train.

Upon the platform of the station Lord and Lady Wolverholme awaited her arrival with impatience. As she stepped from the carriage Ethel ran forward impetuously and embraced her.

"Welcome, dear. Thrice welcome," she whispered tenderly.

And Rebekah once more met the man she had loved so devotedly. Her eyes calmly met his, and she smiled with sincere happiness when he grasped her hand.

The children were gathered in the hall, for they were eager to see the aunt of whom they had heard so much. But she turned instinctively to the eldest son, her godchild, and as she scanned his face, she could trace there the delicate outline of his father's features.

She took him in her arms and kissed him tenderly. She looked at Cyril with eyes that shone with peace and contentment, for she had fought the good fight, and victory had crowned her.

THE END.

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ALL DRUGGISTS

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THE DOMINANT ELEPHANT.

Hostile to Human Invasion in Some Parts of Africa.

In exploring the Mungo River, a tributary of the Congo, in Africa, one expedition in 1885 was actually stopped and broken up by attacks of elephants. Sir Harry Johnston, in his book, "George Grenfell and the Congo," says that twenty years ago there were regions to the north of the Kamerun mountains actually dominated by elephants, which were so hostile to human invasion that they attacked individuals or small companies of men who attempted to make their way through the woodland.

During the rainy season, between April and October, the elephants were wont to pass in enormous numbers from the inundated swamps and morasses to the hill-country. It might occur in a single night that a herd of elephants trampled down or otherwise destroyed the cultivated fod crops belonging to a whole tribe.

In the drier season of the year they restorted to mud pools near rivers and swamps, where they rolled abuot and caked their hides with a sufficient coating of mud to serve as protection against the elephant fly, an insect which lays its eggs in their hides, and sometimes inflicts on them serious pain and disease.

At night, when the flies retired to rest, the elephants made for the great rivers, in which they bathed themselves and swam about until the mud coating was washed off.

To such an extent at this season did they use the waterways that the natives refused to travel at night by boats or canoe, owing to the attacks on them which the elephants would make out of sheer mischief.

In 1885 the natives usually obtained their ivory from the elephants that became entangled in bogs and marshes, for the elephant of the Kamerun interior were so wily and savage that the native who tried to kill them was as likely as not killed in the attempt.

The present writer, when he ascended the Kamerun River in 1886, was told by the Wuri and Bonken people that large numbers of elephants become entombed in the treacherous bogs of the Kamerun River valley. They were constantly searching after places in which to wallow in the mud, and would sometimes plunge into a bog too deep and tenacious. Here they were either suffocated, or could be safely attacked by the natives when abandoned by their companions. The ground which might be too soft for the passage of an elephant would still afford a firm footing for men.

A legal light naturally feels put out if the judge turns him down.

It's easy for the average woman to keep secrets—going.

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GOWGANDA, with its magnificent silver veins, is being heralded far and wide as the second Cobalt, and since last fall millions have been invested by Capitalists on the reports of the leading mining engineers of the continent. Cobalt mines have paid $11,600,000 in dividends. GOWGANDA will equal if not surpass it in richness, and the MacGREGOR properties are in the rich section.

PROPERTIES. M.R. 3507, M. R. 3523, M. R. 3524, about 40 acres each, about 120 in all, at the south end and east of Gowganda Lake. Promising because of the splendid fissure leads on the properties, and because they are surrounded by splendid silver veins.
We confidently expect that these properties will prove rich in silver and that large profits will be made by the members of this Syndicate.

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THE PLAN. The MacGREGOR Syndicate is being formed for $20,000. $16,000 will go to pay for the properties, and $4,000 is being placed in the Treasury for stripping veins, initial development and such works as may be deemed necessary for the success of the Syndicate.
The three properties will be absolutely owned by the Syndicate.
By our plan the Syndicate members come in on the actual purchase of the properties, and reap the profits that usually go to promoters.

SAFETY.—Our confidence in the safety of the investment is expressed in the fact that we have taken 50 shares in the Syndicate. We think it is a first-class investment, and we offer it to careful, conservative men as such, in our belief. We call it a unique opportunity for men of moderate means; that others appreciate it to be so is shown by the keen demand for shares.

Send in your application at once for as many shares as you desire to take. This is a chance that seldom happens. Write at once for map and further particulars as to Syndicate plan.

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About the Farm

MANURE IN ORCHARD.

A very important requisite in the orchard is barnyard manure. Some rely on the plowing down of clover crops to provide the necessary humus and maintain the supply of plant food, but frequent applications of manure are advisable. It can be applied at almost any time of the year to advantage. If put on during winter, or early spring, it is turned under when the land is plowed, and constant cultivation up to the time the clover crop is sown incorporates the application with the soil, and tends to hasten its decomposition.

Enrichment must go hand in hand with cultivation, if best returns are to be expected. This annual falling of the leaves and the plowing down of cover crops, where such are used, cannot be depended upon to recoup the soil for what is taken in producing a crop of fruit and in adding to the size of the trees.

The value of wood ashes in an orchard is overlooked on many farms. Potash is required in liberal supply, and this is a cheap way of supplying the necessary. It is not sufficient, however, to dump the ashes in heaps near the trunks of the trees. Like all fertilizers, best results can be obtained only by an even application all over the ground, followed by thorough incorporation with the soil. The ashes will not take the place of manure, nor should manure be applied as a substitute for ashes. Both should be employed. On light lands, especially, potash in some form should be applied in addition to what is contained in the manure. If ashes are not available, the commercial potash salts, such as sulphate and muriate, may be substituted. In the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, famous for its apple production, liberal supplies of potash are purchased and used.

FARM NOTES.

Manure left in piles about the fields loses nearly half its value before it is spread. It is far better to spread manure as fast as drawn into the field.

To those who are thinking of leaving their farms for the city, we say, keep your home in the country. Don't sell it, for if you do you may regret it. If you must go to the city, go there and try it, but keep the deed of the old farm so that you can hurry back there when dissatisfied with city life.

It takes many tillers of the soil a lifetime to learn that it is of eminent importance to adapt the crops to the soil. On heavy land we can raise red clover as large as we care to have it grow. On much of the light land we may pile on lime, gypsum, wood ashes, or marl, or muck, in generous abundance, without producing half a crop. Do not try to raise red clover on light land. Maize plowed under will furnish an immense amount of nitrogeneous material.

When the temperature is stationary, cream rises very slowly. The wider the range of temperature through which the milk falls, the more complete will be the separating, provided it is not so long going down that the milk sours before the lowest point is reached. The more rapid the fall of temperature, the more rapid the separation of the cream from the milk. On a rising temperature, there is little if any separation of the cream from the milk. These points have been definitely settled by long and varied experience. All the cream, by rapid cooling, may be obtained in four to six hours. By slow cooling, 48 hours may fail to get all the cream to the top of the milk.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

Experience of a Crew Wrecked in the Polar Regions.

The story of the crew of a whaling-vessel wrecked off Cape Parry in a drifting fog is given in Mr. A. H. Harrison's book, "In Search of a Polar Continent." The Alexander at the time was steaming at full speed, and when first it struck, the crew, not seeing anything in front of them, thought they had collided with a piece of drifting ice; but on striking again, the vessel immediately filled with water, so they hardly had time to rush to the boats, which they had great difficulty in lowering.

It was then that Captain Tilton nearly lost his life. He was the last man to leave the ship, and just as the boats were being pushed off, he jumped from the vessel, but missed the stern of the boat, and fell into the sea. Luckily, however, he managed to catch a rope that was thrown to him, but it was not without difficulty that he was pulled into the boat when he had been dragged alongside.

The mist was so dense that they had no idea of their locality, but on reaching shore they saw the rocky headland of Cape Parry looming over them, and then they knew that they had at least four hundred miles to travel before regaining Herschel Island, this, too, along a barren and deserted coastline in open boats, and probably in a raging sea.

This wreck occurred on August 16th; yet on August 26th they arrived at Herschel Island, every one of them strong and well, and no whit the worse for his adventure. They made the whole journey through rough seas and through gales of wind. Every stitch on their backs was constantly drenched.

Of supplies they carried only that scanty portion which a whale-boat always has on hand for an emergency; nor are the emergencies contemplated of such duration.

Every now and then they had to put ashore to find fresh water and to snatch a few winks of sleep, and I can answer for it that putting ashore here is no easy matter, for there are many miles of coast-line along which it is almost impossible to find a place for landing in a strong wind.

These men doggedly held on their course, crossing two large bays, Franklin Bay and Liverpool Bay, until at last they reached the Mackenzie Delta, and keeping well to seaward of this, they arrived in a storm which prevented ships from putting to sea.

They had made a fine, heroic effort. It had been a case of do or die with every one of them, and they had carried on a desperate and unceasing struggle, and had accomplished an average daily journey of forty miles in an open boat.

MACGREGOR PROPERTIES.

The announcement of the MacGregor Mines Syndicate is attracting much attention from investors who have been waiting for an opportunity to get in on the ground floor in the wonderful Gowganda Silver field. It is not often that the investor of small means has the opportunity to get in on the actual purchase of properties as splendidly located as are the properties of the MacGregor Mines Syndicate, as well as an opportunity of receiving the profits that usually go to promoters. Altogether it would seem to be a proposition that should commend itself to thinking men.

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