The Power of Persuasion

Or Lady Caraven's Labor of Love.

CHAPTER II.

September had almost passed when the earl mentioned home. He asked his wife if she could tear herself from the dissipations of Paris. He wondered that she looked so bright at going away. He did not know what she was thinking. Here, in this brilliant, sunny Paris, he had not shown any love for her; he had, in fact, hardly seen her—he had treated her as a perfect stranger. But it might be different in his own home—it might be different at Ravensmere, where he would be alone with her; he might learn to care for her then.

"You look pleased at the idea of going," he said, briefly.

"I am pleased," she replied. "Are you not?"

"No. I like Ravensmere; but it is very dull. It is suitable for what people call lovers of nature—the scenery around it is among the finest in England; but I am always dull there."

"We must hope it will be different now," she said, timidly.

He thought she meant because of the increase in his prosperity. She meant because she would be there, and would try to amuse him.

"I do not know," he said. "I fancy it will be pretty much the same."

She turned away, wounded by his coldness.

It was a chill even at the end of October when the Earl and Countess of Caraven reached Ravensmere. No preparations had been made to receive and welcome them. There was no gathering of tenantry. The earl's tenants simply detested the sound of his name. They had been so heavily burdened, so taxed and tormented by the earl's confidential agent, Mr. Blantyre, that they had no welcome left for his master. They considered him an unjust landlord, and they did not scruple to say so. There was no glad shouts of welcome for him; even the curly-headed children had heard so often of the earl's folly and neglect that they had no cheer for him when his carriage drove through the streets of Court Raven.

It was but a sorry welcome home. The earl felt humiliated, disgraced. He remembered to have heard his father speak of the rejoicings when he had brought his young wife home—how that fair bride, his mother, had listened with tears in her eyes to the cheers and cries of welcome—how she had clasped her husband's hand, saying: "We will deal with them as we wish Heaven to deal with us." Now he had brought his wife home and not a cheer was raised for him; there was not a cry of welcome, not a smile. Strange voices greeted him, strange faces surrounded him. His wife looked sad and wistful. A brilliant fire was burning in all the rooms, while a chill, gray fog hung like a pall without, but the bright fires and the bright light could not give warmth to their reception.

They dined together almost in silence. Lord Caraven did not tell his wife what a comfort he felt it to see the family plate once more in use. Hildred was slightly overwhelmed by the magnificence of everything around. How little she dreamed that her fortune preserved the grand old place from utter ruin — that but for her the massive plate, the beautiful pictures; even the old walls themselves, would have passed from the Caravens, and the family name would have been written in the dust!

Perhaps some such though occurred to him as he looked at the sweet face before him; perhaps that thought made him feel a little more kindly toward Hildred.

After all she had saved him from ruin. He might think what he would of her—she was a money-lender's daughter—she had been given to him with her money in exchange for his title and position—her father was cunning, shrewd, and mercenary, unscrupulous and ambitious—yet she had certainly saved him from the blackest ruin that could fall on mortal man. It made him feel a little more kindly toward her, but he did not love her—nothing was further from his thoughts; still he remembered that but for her he would never have seen Ravensmere again.

That gave him the idea that she, too, was entitled to some consideration. He had told her father frankly enough that he should never like her, and he knew that he never should. But the money she had brought him saved him from ruin. He ought to study her comfort and be grateful to her. After dinner was over, instead of lingering over his claret, he joined her into the drawing-room.

Perhaps the hour that followed was the happiest Hildred had known since her marriage. At the Hotel Meurice, although he had been careful to show her every kindness, he had not thought of her or studied her. At Ravensmere it was quite different. The servants, he knew, would watch him closely, and would make their own comments on his behavior; and, if they saw that he slighted his wife, they would imitate his example quickly enough. That he would not allow. She was only a money-lender's daughter — a woman he could never like— but she had saved him from ruin; she should at least be respected.

She chose her rooms in the western wing—rooms that opened on to a broad beautiful terrace—from the windows of which one saw pleasant glimpses of garden and distant landscape. The housekeeper, Mrs. Hampton, showed her over the whole suite. Lady Caraven preferred these.

"Your ladyship has decided then on this suite?" said the housekeeper.

Lady Caraven did not even hear her; she was looking sadly round the rooms. How many years would this be her home? How many long weary hours of suspense and pain would she pass here? Would she soon tire of this gilded splendor? She would be always alone—her rooms always silent and desolate; no loving face would brighten them, no glad voices cheer them. Alone all her life! No wonder that she turned with a sigh from the flower-wreathed window.

The housekeeper looked curiously at the young face with the sad sweet eyes.

"You have decided, my lady, upon these rooms?" she repeated.

"Yes," said the young countess; "I prefer them to any others. And I will remain here now while my boxes are unpacked. I will not go down again."

Mrs. Hampton thought her decision strange, indeed; it was the young wife's first evening in her husband's home, yet she preferred remaining alone in her rooms while he was alone down stairs.

"Shall I take that message to the earl?" she asked.

Lady Caraven looked up in some surprise.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "Lord Caraven will not expect me."

And the housekeeper, who was a shrewd woman in her way, thought that it seemed a strange kind of marriage where husband and wife preferred solitude to each other's society.

(To Be Continued).

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Paris has the biggest municipal debt of any city. It amounts to $400,000,000.

Confusion of Caste

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The summer was beginning to pass into autumn when Dorcas ended her visit to Mrs. Harcourt, and went back again to her father's house. She had given her promise by that time to become Frank's wife in two more months.

"You must let me go with you," he said to her, when she was preparing for her journey; but she shook her head.

"Papa would not want you, you know," she told him a little sadly. "He does not love you—and he will never love you, I am afraid." So she went home alone.

When she reached Shepton, it was Letty, and not her father, who came to meet her at the station.

"Yes—your papa is well — he's pretty well, my dear — but he didn't seem to care to come out this afternoon," Letty said. "He doesn't go out much now. You see, he misses you—that's how it is. I get him to take a turn with me about the garden on most days; but what he likes best is to sit indoors with his books. You mustn't mind if he doesn't say very much to you at first, my darling. He's got to be very quiet these last weeks."

Dorcas found her father sitting at his desk when, hurrying across the hall, she opened the study door. At the sound of her step he turned his head quickly, but he did not rise; he merely held out his hand.

"Child, so you have come back?" he said.

He looked at her gravely and almost coldly as, after she had kissed him, she stood at his side. The sudden tears had come to her eyes; the sight of the lonely figure had given a sharp pang to her.

When he said to her, after a few moments, "And you have been very happy, have you not, my dear?" for a moment or two she could not speak.

All that first evening he said very little to her. He sat with her and Letty, and seemed to listen while she talked to her mother, but he said hardly anything to her himself, and never uttered Frank's name. In the twilight she asked him if he would not come out into the garden with her, but he shook his head.

"Not to-night, my dear — not to-night," he said.

"Is he angry with me still?" Dorcas asked her mother, sadly, when she went to bed, and she cried a little before she fell asleep.

As the days went on, Mr. Trelawney came by degrees to seem to expect her to sit in the study with him again—to look for her if she was long in coming—to fall once more into the old habit of taking help from her in his work. He was kind and tender to her, too, but it was always in a grave way; they never jested together; he never for a long time asked her any questions about Frank, nor made any direct reference to her marriage. Sometimes—with a certain gladness, and yet not without a momentary natural pang—she noticed that he would turn from her to her mother, and ask for little services from Letty that she had always done for him of old. He was very gentle to his wife, and would sit sometimes holding her hand in his.

He had answered a letter that Dorcas had written to him from the Dower House after Frank's arrival there, asking for his consent to her marriage in the autumn, so that she knew he was not ignorant of the time when she was to go away; but for several weeks after her return home he never spoke to her about her leaving them.

The period of her stay was almost half past before one night, as they sat alone, he said to her, abruptly—

"We shall have been together, my dear, for one-and-twenty years."

"Yes, for twenty-one years," he repeated after a minute. "That is a long time, Dorcas — and we have been very happy with one another. No father and daughter in this world, I think, were ever happier. You must remember me a little still when you are gone. Yes, yes," — for she tried to interrupt him — "I know you will, I know you will, my dear. Only you are going to begin your real life now—and I am ending mine."

She took his hand, and hid her face upon it, and the tears came as she tried to say something about the pain of this time passing away; but the broken sentence reached no ending.

"You know I would not keep you if I could," he said, after a little while. "I may have seemed very selfish, but I would not do that. You shall go to your new home with your father's whole heart's blessing. Love your husband, my dear; make him happy; tell him I give you to him! — my own treasure! — to be a light in his house, as you have been in mine."

He took her in his arms after that, and broke into one deep sob as he clasped her to him. A few minutes afterwards, as they were sitting hand in hand, he spoke to her a little about Frank, and for the first time asked her some questions about her future home. The girl's heart was full, and for a while she could hardly answer him; but she was young, that coming life of hers seemed to her in prospect very bright, and she talked of it to her father presently, with a happy smile upon her lips.

It was on a morning in October that Dorcas was married, very quietly, without either bridesmaids or marriage breakfast. That was her own wish, and the Harcourt's did not oppose it. Mrs. Harcourt came to the wedding, and drove back when it was over to Woodlands; at the church door they all parted.

In almost complete silence Mr. Trelawney and Letty walked home across the fields; with something almost like a groan he re-entered the house, and, not speaking to Letty, passed on into his study; but he left the door behind him open, and when he went into the room she followed him—timidly at first, till he turned round and held his hand out to her. They sat down side by side. Presently he laid his head upon her breast, and, for the first time during all the years that they had been man and wife, he called to her for help.

"We must bear this together —and I am very weak. You are the strongest; Letty, you must hold me up." he said.

THE END.

ALMOST IN DESPAIR.

THE CONDITION OF MRS. JOHN SHOTT, OF ORANGEVILLE.

Suffered From a Burning Sensation in the Stomach.—Food Became Distasteful and She Grew Worse and Despondent.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

The Sun is enabled this week through the courtesy of Mrs. John Shott, a lady well known and much esteemed by many of the residents of Orangeville, to give the particulars of another of those cures that have made Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a household remedy throughout the civilized world. Mrs. Shott, in conversation with our reporter, said :—"About three years ago, while living in Ingersoll, I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. The trouble first began with severe headaches, dizziness and sometimes vomiting. Next I suffered continually from a burning sensation in my stomach ; food distressed me, I did not sleep well at night, lost flesh and became very weak. I was continually doctoring but it did me no good. In fact I was gradually growing worse and despaired of ever being well again. One day a friend who called to see me strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She spoke so highly of them that I decided to take her advice, and I soon discovered that they were not like the other medicines I had been taking, and that I had at last found something to help me. I continued using the pills for perhaps a couple of months, when I found myself fully restored to health. I have always since enjoyed my meals with relish and have had no return of the trouble. With my experience I feel certain that if other sufferers will give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial they will find a certain cure."

nourish the blood and strengthen the nerves. It is thus that they cure such troubles as dyspepsia, kidney ailments, rheumatism, partial paralysis, heart troubles, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of misery. These pills never fail to drive away pain, bring a glow of health to the whole body and make despondent men and women bright, active and strong. Do not take any pills without the full quently chosen as pets are very like-

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich and name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In Russia every creed is tolerated. Those who are by birth Catholics, Jews, Methodists or Mohammedans are at liberty to worship in their own way ; but if an orthodox Russian changes his religion he is liable to imprisonment and exile to Siberia. Anybody who converts an orthodox Russian to another sect is deprived of his social and personal rights and sent to the mines for life. A peasant woman, Ckinikoff, was recently sentenced to perpetual banishment to Siberia for having converted a Russian peasant to "Stundism," a protestant sectarian belief.

POOR FARMING IN RUSSIA.

Complete Exhaustion of the Soil Is Threatened.

Russia is essentially an agricultural country. Ninety per cent of the inhabitants till the soil for a living, but farming among the peasants is not very profitable and seems to be growing worse instead of better.

Three years ago the attention of the Czar was called to the very backward condition of agriculture. He appointed a commission to investigate the question. A part of its work was delegated to the well-known agricultural expert, Prof. Lenz, who has just presented to the commission a report of a pessimistic character.

Prof. Lenz says the irrational system of farming practised by the majority of small Russian farmers may easily lead to complete exhaustion of the soil. This exhaustion, he says cannot be made up to the soil even by the use of the best of fertilizers for a long series of years.

Vast as Russia's agricultural interests are, the peasantry are among the poorest farmers in the world One reason is because, except in Poland and some other districts, the land they till is not owned by them They live in villages, and the land belongs to these communities, or mirs, each tax-paying individual having the use of a part of the land held in common, and being responsible for the taxes on the patch o

GROUND HE CULTIVATES.

The result is that the moujik, or peasant, knowing that at the end of a short period his allotment of the land will be subject to a redistribution, does not care to improve the soil by careful cultivation. He has no ambition to expend upon it time and money with an eye to the future Should he do this he would expect to lose all he expended upon improvements. Hence he barely skims over the surface with his rude plow, not only to save labor, but also that the manure he plows in may benefit only his crop and not the future harvest which some other may reap. He has no attachment to the soil, no interest except the present. The system is thoroughly bad.

The result is that English farmers raise from three to four times as much grain to the acre as Russian farmers. If land were tilled in Russia as it is in England, that country would to-day be the greatest wheat raiser in the world. As it is, with only eight or nine bushels of wheat to the acre, the Russian crop varies from 375,000,000 bushels to 450,000,000 bushels a year.

It will probably take a long time to make very noticeable improvement in Russian agriculture, but some of the ablest men in the country are now studying this problem. Agricultural schools and experiment stations are beginning to be maintained in widely separated parts of the farming area, so that better ideas as to practical agriculture may be diffused among the whole people. The tariff on most kinds of agricultural machinery has been removed to encourage the introduction of improved farming implements. Thus, an educational work is going on which will some day, doubtless, have a profound influence for the betterment of agricultural conditions in Russia

SPIES IN THE ARMY.

A System Blamed for Much Injustice—Some Hard Cases.

Now that the war is over, says the London Express, the hard cases of several officers and men who have suffered under the drastic rule of martial law are coming forward for Parliamentary and legal hearing.

The chief case is that of Major Camilleri, of the Indian Staff Corps who was removed from his appointment on the Headquarters Staff in South Africa on the evidence of a female spy in the employ of the Intelligence Department.

Major Camilleri's alleged offence was that of giving away the date of the departure of a convoy from Krugersdorp for Rustenburg while in conversation with a woman whom he did not know was spying upon him

Major Camilleri denies the charge and points out that the preparation and departures of convoys were always self-evident, and that the construction put upon his conversation was wrong to the last degree and cannot possibly stand the test of full legal inquiry.

The case is now in the hands of a well-known barrister; and a peer of the realm, who is also a general has carefully gone over the details The latter declares his belief that Major Camilleri is innocent.

The matter now rests with Lord Kitchener, who confirmed the removal of the officer, and if nothing should result the system of espionage upon officers will be laid before Parliament in such detail as will considerably surprise the public, and shake belief in at least some of the convictions secured in South Africa

The cases of several men, including Sergeant-Major Edmonstone, of the Imperial Yeomanry, are in the hands of lawyers, so that a plentiful crop of appeals is in store for the authorities.

Proprietor—"That dummy has fallen down again. Why don't you pick it up?" Shop-assistant—"I thought it would pick itself up." Proprietor "Where did you get that idea?" Shop-Assistant—"They say the figures won't lie."

Strain and Anxiety Too Much for Her.

Health Broke Down, Was Pale and Exhausted — Restoration Came With the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The case described in this letter is similar to thousands in which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is successfully used. It is one more example of the marvelous upbuilding effect of this great food cure.

Mrs. Geo. Campbell, Upper Harbor, St. John County, N.B., writes :—"Last summer my system was completely run down, and I was pale, weak, and exhausted. I had taken care of a sick friend for four months and loss of sleep, as well as the strain and anxiety, was too much for me. When I would lie down or sit down the nerves in my legs would twitch, and I felt strange sensations in the joints.

"When in this condition, I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and began to use it. It seemed to help me from the very first, and gradually restored me to health and strength. To-day I feel as well as I ever did, and give the credit to this great prescription of Dr. Chase."

Mrs. John Miles, 236 Wellington street, Ottawa, Ont., whose husband is employed with Davidson & Thackray, lumber dealers, states :—"I was very weak, had no strength or energy and suffered nearly all the time with headache, in fact I had headache for three whole days just before beginning to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was also troubled a great deal with shooting pains across the small of the back. Under this treatment my health has been wonderfully improved. The headaches are a thing of the past, the pains in my back are cured, and I feel strong and healthy. As an evidence of restored strength I may say that I am now able to do all my housework without becoming exhausted."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.