The Power of Persuasion

Or Lady Caraven's Labor of Love.

CHAPTER XI.

"Yes," she answered, "I must go away."

"That would be a commonplace ending, after all—running away from your trouble. Hildred, I can see how you may make yourself a heroine—how you may rise from this, your girlish, dissatisfied life, to the grandest heights of heroism. I see it, and, unless I am greatly mistaken in my estimate of your character, you will do it; it is better to die on the heights of heroism, than in the depths of despair."

She looked up at him with a gleam of interest in her face. She had been so long without hope that to be told she could be heroic awoke within her a feeling of wonder.

"There are two ways before you—that of fighting against your fate, rebelling with all your heart against it, and that of submitting to it and making the best of it. You may, for instance, leave Lord Caraven. You have money in abundance, you could live either in England or abroad, you could have plenty of society—but you would never be happy. You might try to throw your whole heart and soul into the gayeties and frivolities of the world—they would tire you; you are too noble for that. Then the chances are that when you found all these things pall upon you, you would want to lead the woman's true life, which is that of love. Of all the fates that would be the most dreadful which could overtake you."

"I am not afraid of it," she replied slowly.

"So you think now; but I am one of those who believe that no woman can live without love. If you should ever, when the world had tired you and your heart ached with the weight of your loneliness, seek comfort or consolation in the love of any creature, your fate would be terrible. Picture yourself so situated—a woman beautiful, gifted, and brilliant, married, yet with no husband by her side; all duties of rank and position ignored; mistress of a home that she never saw; beautiful, yet miserable with the never-failing consciousness that she had run away from a life that might have been improved. It is a sorry picture for a noble woman, a sorry ending for a life that might have been heroic."

"Yes," she agreed, "a sorry ending."

"Now look on the other side—submission to your fate. Believe this—whether he knows it or not, every man is more or less influenced by a woman; every sensible man will own it—will own frankly that he owes the better part of his character to the influence of a noble woman. Believe me, Hildred, most great and wise men owe the greater part of their wisdom to the influence of good and noble women. It is the grandest influence in the world"—and the soldier raised his noble head proudly. "I need not quote history to you—you are better versed in it than I am. I need not quote biography or poetry, nor point to the man who said he owed all his success in life to his mother, nor to the man who owned that he owed all his goodness to his wife. It is the same story. I feel inclined sometimes to think that the grandest of God's gifts to this fair earth is the influence of good and noble women."

His eyes brightened, his face flushed, he spoke like a knight of old. She looked up at him with wondering awe.

"You may run away and leave your home, Hildred; but that will be a commonplace ending. Do that which is nobler, higher, better—resign yourself, submit to your fate and make the best of it. As a handsome and noble woman, use your influence with your husband to rouse him from his slough of depond into a higher life."

Some of the light that shone on his face was reflected on hers.

"It would be a noble task," she said, thoughtfully. "Could I accomplish it, Raoul?"

"With perseverance and self-control that would amount to heroism you might," he replied. "You must be the sculptor who from a mass of qualities, good and bad intermixed, must try to produce a perfect character."

"But," she said, half doubtfully, "he does not love me."

"That does not matter. I prophesy that he will love you in the end—that when you have roused his soul from its sleep it will turn to you naturally as the sunflower turns to the sun. Do you not foresee it, Hildred?" And an alomst saintly enthusiasm shone on his face.

"It is possible, Raoul, but——"

"Nay, be brave. Think of the difference in the ending," he said. "Imagine the earl on his death-bed, tortured by the ghosts of those whom he has neglected, by the ghosts of duties left undone, ready to curse the young wife who, by flying from him and leaving him to his own devices, had hastened his ruin, body and soul—picture that. Then fancy to yourself the earl on his death-bed, blessing the dear wife, the noble woman who saved him from ruin, who woke his soul from its long sleep, who taught him how to live and how to die. Could you hesitate for one moment between these two pictures?"

"No, not for one moment, Raoul. I do not hesitate—I will not hesitate. I will do my life's work."

She pondered in silence, broken only by the western wind, as it bent the heads of the roses, and shook the white acacia blossoms on to the grass.

It was Hildred who with a little cry broke the silence as she looked into Sir Raoul's face.

"We have forgotten one thing," she said; "we have decided that Ulric's reformation must be attempted, that is a good thing to undertake; but you have not told me how it is to be set about."

"Your own instincts will tell you that. Will you let me speak quite freely to you, Hildred, and promise me that you will not be offended with one single word that I shall say? We start from this point—that a great wrong has been done you, but that you are too noble to seek revenge."

Her face cleared.

"I want no revenge," she replied.

"Good," said Sir Raoul; "a wrong has been done you, but you will not retaliate—you are even willing to return good for evil. The first thing, you have to do, Hildred, is to lay aside that proud, injured, defiant expression that you always assume when your husband is near?"

"Do I?" she asked in wonder.

"Yes; you are perhaps bright, animated, charming when he enters the room, but the next moment you are like a woman turned to stone; a proud chill seems to come over you, to freeze you, your eyes grow cold, all the smiles die from your lips—you are as different in his presence as sunlight is from darkness."

"How can I help it when I know that he does not like me?" she asked, piteously.

"It is difficult, I admit, but heroism will do much. Now, I know such a manner upsets him; he does not like it. You may say that as he does not care for you your manner can make no difference."

"I should most certainly have thought so," was her reply.

"But you are wrong, Hildred. I have watched him very keenly, and I say that you are quite wrong. When you draw that cold mask over your face, you harden his heart against you."

"Is it not unwomanly to seek for love which is not offered to you, Raoul?"

"It might be in a girl, it is not in a wife. I think a wife should aspire to win her husband, to make him love her with all his heart."

"Lord Caraven will never love me," she said. "I do not think that he has any heart to give; it is all wasted—he has had a hundred loves."

"But not one real one, Hildred. If you win his heart, take my word for it, you will be his first love. We will take our stand on something higher. To win love is pleasant, but you shall not devote your life to that. You shall devote youself to the rousing of a soul, naturally noble, but long buried in self-indulgence and folly; you shall spend your life in making the Earl of Caraven worthy of the name he bears. You have promised."

It was wonderful how the expression of the beautiful face had changed during that quiet interview. She rose with the gayest, sweetest laugh he had ever heard from her lips.

"I am a Woman with a Mission," she said, "and I shall always think of myself with capital letters. Raoul, I cannot be grateful enough to you. When you first entered the house I felt as though Heaven had sent me a friend. If happiness comes to me through following your counsel, how shall I thank you?"

"I shall need no thanks, Hildred," he replied. "You are and have been, ever since I first saw you, the dearest object on earth to me. You are my dear sister, Ulric's wife. I have loved Ulric all my life—I could not help loving you."

In another minute the beautiful face had disappeared, and Sir Raoul was left in the pleasaunce alone.

"A man might lay down his life for such a woman as that," he said, with what was almost a sigh.

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Lord Caraven stood in the billiard room at Ravensmere; he had been playing with one of his friends, who, having received a telegram, had gone to answer it. He stood alone, leaning carelessly against the open veranda, something more than his usual indifference darkening his face; he never liked interruption during a game.

"A most unpropitious moment," thought the countess, as she caught sight of him; but having given her word to Sir Raoul, she would have marched up to the mouth of a loaded cannon rather than have broken it.

Looking up, the earl could not but confess that he had seldom seen a lovelier picture than his young wife at that moment presented, with a flush on her face, and her hands filled with sprays of fragrant mignonette.

She would not reveal her hesitation but went straight to him, smiling so that he little guessed how her heart beat. He raised his eyebrows as she drew nearer to him. What was going to happen? Before he had time to speak his face was buried in a soft, dewy mass of fragrant mignonette.

"There!" said a laughing voice. "You said this morning that this was your favorite flower. I have been looking for the most fragrant sprays of it that I could find."

He could not believe the evidence of his senses; it was incredible that the laughing voice belonged to his cold, proud wife—the girl who had swept imperiously from the room when he saw her last. He looked at her in amazement. She would not see the surprise on his face or make the least difference because of it.

"You have the very pick of the garden here," she said; "every spray has its own special beauty."

He roused himself and tried to recover from the wondering stupor that had overcome him.

"I believe this is the first thing you have ever given me of your own free will, is it not?"

"No," she repiied, quietly; "it is not."

"Ah, pardon me," he said, with a quick change of face and voice; "you gave me your fortune!"

There was hot rebellion for one moment—hot, bitter rebellion. Then she remembered Sir Raoul's words. It was for her husband's good. She trampled down the hot impulse of angry pride—she stilled the bitter anger and contempt. Her victory over herself was so great that she was even surprised at it. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Nay, Lord Caraven," she said, gently, "you are quite wrong. I was not thinking of money. Gold is dross—I despise it—I could almost hate it for the mischief it makes. I was thinking of something very different from momey—something that money could not buy."

He was looking at her with keen curiosity.

"Something that money could not buy," he repeated. "I declare that you puzzle me. I thought that gold was omnipotent."

"I do not think so. I do not like it. Omnipotent? Why, Lord Caraven, all the wealth of the world could not buy happiness or love."

"No," he said, quietly, "it could not; yet, Hildred, money has done something for me."

"I do not intend to depreciate it," she remarked; "but it is not omnipotent; and there are many things in this world of far higher value than money."

"It is true," he said, thoughtfully.

She laughed again, and, if he had known her better, he would have detected tears in the sound of that laugh.

"We are positively agreeing, Lord Caraven," she said.

He was looking at her with intense curiosity in his face.

"Hildred, what have you given me that money could not buy?"

The dark eyes gleamed softly.

"I will not tell you, Lord Caraven," she answered.

"But I must know. You have excited my curiosity—you must gratify it. You have enumerated three things that money cannot buy—happiness, virtue, love. It was none of these. Then what could it be?"

"I must go, Lord Caraven," she said, her face growing hot and her heart beating quickly. "If you weigh every word that I say, I shall have to be very careful."

"Hildred, tell me what you mean?" he requested. "What have you given me?"

"I will tell you," she replied, laughingly, "when you have counted all those tiny leaves on the mignonette."

She turned to go, but he put out his hand to detain her. She eluded him, and, with a light laugh, disappeared, leaving him by the veranda alone.

(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

On the Threshold of Womanhood

Many a Girl Falls a Victim of Ills Which Affect Health and Happiness All Through Life.—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Just on the threshold of womanhood, that trying period when the whole system is undergoing a complete change, many a girl falls a victim of Chlorosis, or green sickness. Her disposition changes and she becomes morose, despondent and melancholy. The appetite is changeable, digestion imperfect, and weariness and fatigue are experienced on the slightest exertion. Blondes become pallid, waxy and puffy, brunettes become muddy and greyish in color, with bluish black rings under the eyes.

Examination shows a remarkable decrease in the quality of the blood. Iron and such other restoratives as are admirably combined in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food are demanded by the system. The regular and persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cannot fail to benefit any girl or young woman suffering from chlorosis, feminine irregularities or weakness resulting from poor blood and exhausted nerves. It reconstructs wasted tissue, gives color to the cheeks and new vitality to every organ of the body.

Mrs. Williams, 73 Palace street, Brantford, states :—"My daughter, who was working in a grocery store, became so weak and run down in health that she had to give up her position. She was also pale and nervous, and had very distressing attacks of headache. I got a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and started her using it. I could easily see an improvement in her looks, and she had not been taking it long before her color became very much better, her nerves more steady and her headaches disappeared. She is now entirely cured of her trouble, and consequently we value Dr. Chase's Nerve Food very highly."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is woman's greatest help, because it forms new, rich, life-sustaining blood. 50 cts. a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A MOTHER'S PRAISE,

FOR THE MEDICINE THAT RESTORED HER DAUGHTER'S HEALTH.

She Had Suffered From Severe Headaches, Vomiting and Extreme Nervousness, and Feared She Would Not Regain Her Strength.

Every prudent mother will watch carefully the health of her young daughter at the period when she is passing from girlhood to womanhood. This period is the most critical in the young girl's life. It is then that she becomes pale, easily tired and troubled with headaches, without apparent cause. The blood becomes thin and watery, and unless prompt steps are taken to restore it to its rich, red, health-giving condition, decline, and perhaps consumption will follow. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured more pale, anaemic, easily tired girls than any other medicine, and mothers will make no mistake if they insist upon their growing daughters taking these pills from time to time. Mrs. P. Gage, a lady well known in Rowanton, Que., tells what these pills have done for her daughter. She says: "My daughter, Catherine, aged fourteen years, was suffering greatly with severe headaches, vomiting and nervousness. She was so completely run down that we feared she would not recover her strength. We tried several medicines, but they did not seem to do her any good. I then thought we would try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the result has been up to our fondest hopes. She has fully recovered her health and strength, and I shall be very glad if this experience will help some other suffering girl regain her health."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and give new strength with every dose. They cure anaemia, headache, heart palpitation, dizziness and bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. These pills are also a certain cure for the ailments that make the lives of so many women a burden. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville

WHY WE EAT SALT.

It Is an Indispensable Element of Food.

While many treatises on dietetics deal with salt as if it were merely a condiment, it is universally recognized to be something more. Indeed, it is an indispensable element of the food of man and animals.

A well known authority asserts that whenever the annual consumption of salt falls below twenty lbs. per head of the population the public health is likely to suffer. In regions of the earth where salt is a scarce article it is regarded as a substance of great value. Salt starvation is, in its way, as distressing as thirst or hunger, although it shows itself in a different way.

"The want of salt," says the Medical Press, "does not produce a definite disease, but reduces the vitality of the body as a whole, so that the persons deprived of it fall more readily victims to prevailing epidemics, as well as endemic maladies."

We use salt because there are salts in our food in its unrefined state, as nature prepares it, before it is skinned and boned, peeled and cooked; and we must replace these salts, or our bodies will not be fully benefited by what we eat.

We use salt also because our blood contains it, likewise our muscles, our nerves, and, indeed, our whole bodies; and it gets used up during the life processes constantly being carried on within us.

But the salt contained in natural foods and that required for our living bodies is not common salt, but a combination of that substance with phosphates and other things, which are even more necessary and more natural than common salt itself.

A COMFORT AND A CARE.

If Your Home is Blessed With a Baby You Will Appreciate This.

A baby is a priceless comfort, but in its utter helplessness is also a great care. Anything that will relieve the tired mother and add to baby's health and happiness is both a help and a friend. This is what makes the statement of Mrs. Thos. Little, of Kingston, Ont., so interesting to all mothers. She says :—"When my baby was eighteen months old he was troubled with a sour stomach and was badly constipated. These troubles made him cross and restless, and I had to be up with him a number of times during the night. I finally got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving them to him for a few days his bowels became regular, his stomach was sweetened and he slept well. I think these Tablets are just what mothers need for their little ones." Baby's Own Tablets are the best and most convenient form for administering medicine to the very young. They are safe and harmless and free from opiates. Sent post paid on receipt of price, 25 cents per box, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. A book on the care of infants and children sent free on request. Write for it.

KING'S TYPEWRITERS.

King Edward of England recently ordered half a dozen typewriters, one for his own use and the others for his secretaries. "This is a notable innovation," says an English paper, "since hitherto the King's correspondence has been done entirely by hand." King Edward, however, is merely following the example of other sovereigns of Europe, most of whom have been using typewriters for some time. Indeed, the Tsar and Tsaritza of Russia, the King of the Belgians and the King of Italy manipulate typewriters with a dexterity that might almost be styled professional. The Emperor of Germany would also fain become an adept in the art, but is unable, as his habitual nervousness prevents him from striking the keys unerringly. Even the Sultan of Turkey appreciates the typewriter, and frequently amuses himself by picking out the alphabet on it.

WORKMEN'S BATHS.

Bathing facilities are provided for the employes of a great paint factory in Cleveland, Ohio. All are encouraged to take daily shower baths, and the men of the "dry-color department" are absolutely required to do so in the interests of their health. Before the rule was made it was a rare thing for any man to work more than a month in the department mentioned, owing to the injurious action of the lead used in making dry colors. Nowadays, men are able to work years in this department, and not more than one in twenty appears to be injuriously affected by the lead.

ENGLAND'S SHOW PLACES.

Under the new regulations for admission, Windsor Castle will take the premier position among the remunerative show places of England. Its visitors number annually about 100,000, so that the fees will swell the charitable revenues of Windsor by $15,000 or $20,000 a year. The 25 cent toll to the subterranean wonders of Welbeck Abbey yields a ready income of $6,500, which the Duke of Portland distributes among the Notts hospitals. The Duke of Devonshire foregoes $17,500 a year by admitting the 70,000 visitors to Chatsworth gratis. Tintern Abbey returns about $4,000 and Raglan Castle $2,500 a year in visitors' fees. As an investment, Shakespeare's Cottage is to be preferred to $15,000 (its purchase money) in Consols, for the visitors number 30,000 and the charge is 25 cents. Half these pilgrims go on to Anne Hathaway's house at Shottery, where the fee is also 25 cents. Four cents admits to Burns's cottage at Ayr, and the visitors total 35,000 a year.

Berlin uses every year nearly half a million tons of English and Welsh coal.