The Power of Persuasion

Or Lady Caraven's Labor of Love.

CHAPTER XII.

"You look astonished at something," said Caraven's friend to him when he returned to resume their game at billiards.

"Yes," replied the earl — "I have been enjoying a novel sensation."

"What is that?" asked his friend.

"I am not quite sure," was the laughing reply. "I should not like to be too certain of it—but I believe that I have been flirting with my own wife."

The young countess had hastened smilingly away after presenting him with the sprays of mignonette. If that was the result of a few kind words, she said to herself that she would often say them. Sir Raoul saw her smiling and blushing, with a glad light in her eyes.

"Well," he said, "what success, Hildred?"

"The best in the world," she replied; and her pleasure was increased at dinner time when she saw that Lord Caraven wore some of the mignonette in his button-hole.

She tried hard to keep strict watch and guard over herself. When she found herself relapsing into her old hauteur and proud silence, she roused herself. She who had always passed by her husband with lofty unconcern, who had never deigned to make the least reply to any remark of his, now studied little speeches that she could make to him; she asked his opinion; she smiled at his jests. People looked at each other in quiet wonder. Had they, after all, made any mistake about their host and hostess?

Guests and friends began to ask themselves could they be mistaken—could they have misunderstood? The cold, sullen gloom was leaving the young wife's face; the husband ceased his covert sneers and hard words; they, too, exchanged laughing jests and smiles. Yet Hildred saw, and saw plainly, that it was all her own doing. If ever by chance she for one moment forgot her role, he forgot his; if by any chance she relapsed into her cold, frozen, manner, he changed as though by magic. She saw plainly enough now that all depended on herself.

She studied how to please him. For instance, there was nothing that pleased Lord Caraven more than finding his newspaper cut and aired for him to read in the morning; he disliked having to cut it himself or to air it. She had always been loftily indifferent, thinking to herself that his indolence must not even be encouraged. Now she thought differently; the newspaper was cut and aired and laid ready for him.

Happening to come downstairs rather earlier than usual one morning, he found her engaged upon her self-imposed task. He looked at her with a bright, pleased smile.

"Hildred," he said, "is it to you I am indebted every morning for my cut newspaper?"

"It is a great pleasure to get it ready for you," she replied, with a charming smile.

He was deeply touched by this simple act of attention. After all, there was something very amiable about the money-lender's daughter.

From that day Lord Caraven never opened his newspaper without a kindly thought of his wife.

It was perhaps but a small beginning, this changing of sneers into smiles, but it was something gained. Both husband and wife were alike in one respect—they had a keen sense of humor. The earl had more of this sense than his young wife, and it was a wonderful bond of union between them. There were times when there was no need of words, when a glance was sufficient, and Lord Caraven began to look into the beautiful dark eyes for the secret sympathy that no one else gave him. He began to do what he never even thought of before—converse with her. If time hung heavily upon his hands if he tired of billiards, or there was no one at hand to play with him, it came to him with a sense of relief that he could go and chat with Hildred.

She grew accustomed to see him looking at her from the door of her room, with an air of apology on his handsome face. "May I come in for half an hour, Hildred?" he would ask; and then she would put away her books, or her easel, or whatever she was engaged upon, and devote herself to him. If he were told some merry story, her quick, laughing sympathy was the first thing he sought. If he heard any clever repartee or play upon words, the first thing he thought of was to repeat it to Hildred.

All this was so much gained—yet it seemed to her very little. Sir Raoul asked her one morning how she was progressing. She turned her beautiful face to him, and it seemed to him there was a tired look upon it.

"I can hardly tell you, Raoul," she replied. "I have done my best. I have thought of him and studied him, and the utmost that I can say is that he has learned to associate me with all his amusements. That is not a very high or elevated state of things, is it?"

"I term it beginning at the very foundation, Hildred," he answered, looking at the wistful face. "If he commences by associating you with his amusements, he will end by making you share in all that interests him."

The dark eyes brightened.

"Do you think so? Then all my trouble has not been in vain?"

"I think," said Sir Raoul, "that you have made wonderful progress. All the coldness and restraint, the terrible distance between you that made every one uncomfortable, has disappeared. Your husband's face brightens now when you enter a room; when you leave it, he watches you regretfully. You have gained much, Hildred. It is a long struggle, this battle for a man's heart, but you will win in the end."

"Still," she remarked, half wearily, "I am a long way from the grand purpose I had in view. There is nothing heroic in being able to make your husband laugh, in sympathizing with a comical story, in helping to amuse him so that the time may pass more quickly."

"Yes," opposed Sir Raoul, "there is something heroic in it. It is the first step. When you have thoroughly identified yourself with his amusements, you can begin to influence Ulric for better things. Try to rouse him from his indolence, try to make him care less for amusements and take greater interest in his duties. Rouse his soul from its long sleep, and the awakening will soon follow. I am quite certain that his faults are rather those of training and education than nature."

It was easy to counsel all this, but how was it to be done? Perhaps, if she began what he would call "preaching" to him, Ulric would grow angry, and then hot, angry, or bitter words might follow. Her undertaking would require infinite grace, infinite tact — and that, she said to herself, it should have.

The evening of that same day was a lovely one, fine, warm, and brilliant; the sun seemed unwilling to set, the flowers unwilling to sleep. It was so warm and beautiful that the whole party of guests declared it was almost treason to remain indoors.

Hildred looked up with laughing eyes at her husband.

"You are going to sentimentalize among the flowers, Lord Caraven, I suppose. I hope you will choose a pleasant companion."

It was not in human nature— at least in man's nature—to resist the fire of those dark eyes.

"Will you accompany me?" he replied. "I shall be sure then of a nice companion."

"Is there any one whom you would like better?" she asked, coquettishly.

"No—on my honor there is not," said the earl, hastily; "you are the most amusing companion I can find here."

"I am grateful for small favors," returned Hildred.

So they walked together through the long winding paths. He did not offer her his arm, nor did she seem to notice it. They laughed, talked, jested, but between them there was none of the familiarity which should be between husband and wife. Once her dress caught upon the tangled branches of a rose tree that had overgrown its limits, and the earl stooped down to remove it. His wife drew herself quickly away—so quickly that the jewels she wore seemed to quiver in the light. Her face flushed hotly.

"Thank you," she said, briefly.

The earl looked at her in comic surprise.

"What are you blushing for, Hildred?" What is the matter? What have I done?"

"Nothing," she replied briefly; "these narrow paths are so very awkward."

"Then we will go into the broader ones. But, Hildred, pray do not waste all that lovely color in a blush for nothing; I know people who would give a small fortune for such a bloom,"

"They are welcome to it," said the young countess.

"I do not say so. Upon my word it is a revelation. I did not think that in these degenerate days one could blush after that fashion."

She was half inclined to be angry; the remembrance of Sir Raoul's words alone checked her. She must be more patient, she told herself; yet more rigidly she must control her own nature, with its hot rebellions, its sudden risings of anger. The flush faded from her face — she turned to him with a smile.

"I ought to be gratified that you value my blushes so highly," she said; and she saw that he was pleased.

More than one strange thought came to her as she walked by his side. How strange it was, this law of Providence, and of nature, that men should be superior, that women must watch their faces, humor their tempers, pave the way, as it were, for them through life, yet always be accounted as inferior? Why was it, she wondered, that the faults of men—even of boys—were generally excused on account of their sex? "Men will be men, boys will be boys," seemed to be a universal argument. Why should she walk by this man's side, studying his humors and fancies, watching his face to see that it did not cloud over, using her bright wit and brilliant fancy to amuse him? Only because she was a woman. She was his wife; therefore, she had to win him.

"What are you thinking about so intently, Hildred?" asked Lord Caraven.

She looked up at him brightly.

"I will tell you. I was thinking about you. You have a keen eye for all natural beauties, Lord Caraven—a mind that, if it were not obscured by indolence, would be artistic."

He glanced at her again, something of amusement struggling with his impatience.

"Obscured by indolence, Hildred? That is a strong expression."

"It is strong, but it is true. See how you admire this sunset scene; there is not one of its beautiful details which escapes you—the color of the skies, the hue of the flowers, the glimmering sunlight as it falls over the trees. I will tell you of a sight more beautiful still—that is sunrise. Why do you never see that?"

"See the sun rise," he cried. "I have not even thought of such a thing for years."

"Suppose you do so now?" she suggested. "I always think the fairest, freshest, sweetest hours of the day are the early morning hours; you who seldom rise until noon can hardly imagine what they are like."

He looked half doubtfully at her, as though wondering whether she was attempting to lecture him; but she met his look with clear laughing eyes.

"I challenge you," she said, "to rise every morning this week — not to see the day dawn, but enjoy the first freshness of the lovely morning air."

"I accept the challenge," he replied; "you shall see that I am capable of making an effort when I choose."

She thought that was enough for once, and she waited with some curiosity to see the results of her endeavor. He was down the next morning when she took her seat at the breakfast table, looking better than she had seen him for some time.

"I have made an effort," he said.

"Did it cost you much?" asked the young countess.

"I felt as though night were turned into day, or something of that kind. Seriously, Hildred, I thank you for calling my attention to the fact that I waste hours every morning in perfect idleness. I mean to cure myself of the habit; such waste shall not occur again."

It was another victory, but a small one. Yet, as she said to herself, all these, small as they were, would gradually amount to one worth winning in time.

(To Be Continued).

You Can Test the Kidneys

And Find Out For Yourself Whether or Not You Are Becoming a Victim of Painful, Fatal Kidney Diseases.—Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills.

It is not necessary for you to consult a specialist on kidney disease to find out if you are a victim of this dreadful derangement. You can test your kidneys at home, and satisfy yourself on this point.

Allow some urine to stand in a glass for twenty-four hours, and if at the end of that time you find sediment in the bottom of the vessel you can be sure that your kidneys are diseased.

Pains in the small of the back, and smarting when urinating, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, loss of flesh and strength, are other marked symptoms which indicate kidney disorders. Make this test for yourself. Consider whether you have any of these symptoms, and if you conclude that your kidneys are out of order begin at once to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They will bring prompt relief and will thoroughly cure you.

On account of their direct action on the kidneys Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure ailments of the kidneys when ordinary kidney medicines fail. They have proven their efficacy in many thousands of cases, and are endorsed by more people than any other kidney medicine extant.

Mr. S. E. Phelps, Bolton Centre, Que., says :—"My kidneys and back were so bad I was unable to work or sleep. My urine had sediment like brick dust. I was compelled to get up four or five times during the night. I saw Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills advertised, and concluded to give them a trial. One box has effected a complete cure. I can now saw wood or do any kind of work. My kidneys do not bother me. I can now enjoy a good sleep, and consider Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills a great boon. I was a great sufferer with kidney disease for 18 years."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HOW RELIEF CAME.

An Interesting Story From an Icelandic Settlement.

From the Logberg, Winnipeg, Man.

The readers of Logberg have long been familiar with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through the well authenticated cures published in these columns each week. Many of our readers are also able to vouch for cures which have come under their own observation. This week "Logberg" has received a letter from one of its readers, Mr. B. Walterson, a prosperous farmer living at Bru, in which he gives his own experience in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer. Mr. Walterson says: "Some years ago I was suffering so greatly from rheumatism in my limbs that I was for a long time unable to do any work. I tried in many ways to obtain a cure, both by patent medicines and medicine prescribed by doctors, but without obtaining any benefit. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised in the Logberg as being a cure for this trouble and determined to give it a trial. I bought a dozen boxes and before half of them were used I felt a great change for the better. This improvement continued from day to day, and before I had used all the pills I was completely cured. Since that time I have never had an attack of this trouble. After this I used the pills in several other cases and no other medicine has been so beneficial to me. I feel it my duty to publicly give testimony to the merits of this wonderful medicine so others similarly afflicted may be led to try it."

If you are weak or ailing; if your nerves are tired and jaded, or your blood is out of condition, you will be wise to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing cure for all blood and nerve troubles. But 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 a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

VALUE OF ANTIQUE FURNITURE

In 1868 a piece of antique furniture was sold by a gardener of Geneva, Switzerland, to an antiquarian for under $55, with the reservation that if it was resold for a higher price the original owner should receive a portion of the same. It was recently sold to the Swiss Historical Museum for $6,250, and now the heirs of the original owner are claiming a share of the above sum. The furniture is a unique specimen of the Bernois art of the sixteenth century.

HOUSES OF GLASS.

Glass houses of a very substantial kind can now be built. Silesian glass-makers are turning out glass bricks for all sorts of building purposes, claiming for them such advantages as variety of shape, free transmission of light, strength, cheapness, and general adaptability. When complete diffusion of light is needed, as in factories, conservatories, courtyards, etc., they are specially suitable.

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

BANK OF FRANCE ENGRAVER.

The engraver of the Bank of France is not to be envied in regard to the conditions under which he works. The bank is about to issue a new thousand-franc note, and the engraver has been working at the plates for the last eighteen months. Each morning he arrives at the bank, where a special room is reserved for him. Here one of the most trusted of the bank's messengers receives him, locks him in, and mounts guard outside the door. In the evening all the plates and accessories are put in a box, which is sealed up and transported to the vaults below, where it is locked up for the night.

FOOD EXAMINATIONS.

The cattle, sheep and swine in Denmark have to undergo a rigid veterinary examination both before and after they are slaughtered. Before meat can be removed from the slaughter-house it must be officially stamped as first or second-class food.

THE MODERN MOTHER.

Has Ways of Caring for Baby that Our Grandmothers Never Knew.

Many almost sacred traditions of the nursery have been cast aside by the up-to-date mother. Even the once essential cradle is now seldom found in the house blessed by baby's presence. The modern baby is not fed every time he cries, but when the clock announces the proper time. The doctor approves of this and baby is better for it, but despite regular hours for feeding, nearly all the disorders of infants are caused by the derangements of the stomach and bowels. Mother's greatest problem is a treatment for these ills that will be gentle but effective, and above all, safe. Mrs. J. W. Bailey, of Head Lake, Ont., writes from the fullness of experience when she says "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my six months old baby who was troubled with indigestion. The results were beyond my expectations. Words cannot convey to those who have not tried them the worth of these Tablets. I will never again use any other preparation for the baby, as I am convinced there is nothing so good as Baby's Own Tablets."

These Tablets are a gentle laxative and comforting medicine for infants and children. They are pleasant to take and are guaranteed to contain no opiate. If your druggist does not keep Baby's Own Tablets send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., and a full sized box will be mailed, post paid, to your address.

INDIA'S MENDICANT ARMY.

India is the mendicant's paradise, for there they are regarded as holy instead of being considered a nuisance. The penances of these beggars take many and strange forms, one of the severest being the passing of the devotee's life in an iron cage, bound with fetters so heavy as to prevent him standing upright. Others hold one arm above their heads until it becomes withered, while others bind ropes and chains so tightly round their bodies that the bonds grow into the flesh and cannot be removed. A form of penance which savors of the ridiculous is that in which the fakir ties his hands and feet together and rolls head over heels for long distances; in some cases, it is said, thousands of miles are traveled in this way. Although there are over 3,000,000 fakirs in India alone, a beggar never starves, except voluntarily in self-punishment, so afraid are the natives of incurring the wrath of their multitudinous gods if the holy men are not cared for.

CELLARS FULL OF TREASURES.

The Bank of England is said to be the custodian of a large number of boxes deposited by customers for safety during the past two hundred years, and it may happen that in a few instances the boxes have not been claimed. Many of these consignments are not only of rare intrinsic and historical value, but of great romatic interest. For instance, some years ago the servants of the bank discovered in its vaults a chest, which on being moved literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents a quantity of massive plate of the period of Charles II. was discovered, along with a bundle of love-letters indited during the period of the Restoration. The directors of the bank caused search to be made in their books; the representative of the original depositor of the box was discovered, and the plate and love-letters were handed over.

6,000 GLASSES A DAY.

In the production of common watch glasses the glass is blown into a sphere about 40 inches in diameter, sufficient material being taken to give the desired thickness, as the case may be. Discs are then cut out from this sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg. There is a knack in detaching the disc after it has been cut. A good workman will cut 6,000 glasses a day.

CANNOT SPEAK ENGLISH.

It is not generally realized what an immense number of Britons born and bred at home never succeeded in mastering the national language. In Wales there are no fewer than 508,036 people who cannot speak English, Welsh being their only language; in Scotland there are 43,738 persons who can speak nothing but Gaelic; and in Ireland there are 32,121 who can express themselves only in the Irish tongue.

CONSUMPTION OF TEA.

The consumption is nearly 6 lb. per head in Russia and 5 lb. per head in Great Britain. In the United States the consumption is about one lb. per head, with a slight tendency to decrease of late years, while the consumption of coffee is increasing. The consumption of tea in Switzerland is estimated at about 1½ lbs. per head of the population, and in Germany at ¾ lb., while in Italy it is only ½ oz., in Spain 1½ oz., and in Belgium about 2¼ oz.

RATS ON THE STAGE.

An extraordinary stage novelty is announced at Vienna. Count Stagard, who is to play shortly the character of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, will have as realistic accessories a thousand tame rats, who will follow him on the stage as he pipes.