The Power of Persuasion

Or Lady Caraven's Labor of Love.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lady Caraven had refused to see any one; she had refused to quit her apartment. The horror of the charge made against her overpowered her. Her husband believed her guilty of intent to murder. At first that was the only idea her mind could grasp — a horrible, distorted idea. She could not think clearly. Her husband, whom she had saved from ruin, whom she had roused from indolence and self-indulgence, whose better nature she had called into life, whom she loved with a passionate love, had judged her guilty of murder. She could not realize it; she could not put her thoughts into words; they assumed no tangible form. Then slowly enough she returned to a clear memory of what had happened.

Some one had shot Lady Hamilton: who it was, or how it had happened, she could not tell. Then she remembered having heard the shot fired, of which at the time she had thought so little. She remembered how something had whizzed through the trees. By degrees all the events of that dreadful night returned to her clearly and forcibly — the startled cry, the sound that came from the borders of the lake, the tramp of many feet—and she wondered that all these things had had no significance for her when her husband had cried, "You guilty, cruel woman!" and she had owned herself guilty. Then she saw how the mistake had arisen. They had been playing at cross purposes. He meant that she was guilty of murder; she had meant that she was guilty of jealousy and of following him.

She was in despair. Of what avail would it be now to defend herself, to tell him that she was not guilty, to try to clear herself? Her husband would never believe her; he would always suspect her because of her own words.

"Was there ever a fate like mine?" cried the unhappy girl. "What have I done that such a lot in life should be mine?"

Her courage, her bravery, her hope and faith seemed all to give way. She was in despair. Her husband believed her guilty of a great crime, and she had no means of proving her innocence. The only hope that remained to her was that the real criminal would confess, and so free her from the accusation; but that was most unlikely. In her own mind she believed that some lover of Lady Hamilton's, wild with jealousy, had fired at her; if so, it was more unlikely that he would declare himself.

No, there was no hope. She had striven so bravely to bear a cruel fate; she had done her best; she had made a brave fight where many people would have run away — and now it was all ended. So far was her husband from loving her that he believed her guilty of a crime—thought her capable of a crime. The child's heart failed her utterly; she would fain have turned her face to the wall and died.

"Sir Raoul would not have believed it," she said to herself; "he would have defended me."

All hope was at an end. She felt that she could never interest herself in life again. Then a vague but none the less terrible fear came over her. She could not tell what might happen. Suppose that Lady Hamilton should die! Some one must be punished. Her husband had said that he would keep her secret, but suppose that he found it impossible to do so—that, from circumstantial evidence, others suspected and accused her—what would she do? There could be no defence. She had been found behind the trees, and she had said she was guilty. Could it be within the bounds of possibility that she, Hildred, Countess of Caraven, would ever be brought before a public tribunal and tried for a crime of which she was perfectly innocent? Her vivid imagination ran riot about it. She pictured herself in a dark cell. She wept until from sheer exhaustion she slept.

A knocking at the door aroused her.

"Hildred," called Arley Ransome, "I wish to see you."

"Hildred, I have something very particular to say to you—open the door."

There was not a sound, and Lord Caraven began to feel slightly alarmed.

"Hildred," said her father, "I have a message from your husband."

Still there was no sound, and, unable to control himself, the earl cried out:

"Hildred, for Heaven's sake speak to me! Let me in — I want to see you!"

The sound of his voice seemed to have an electric effect upon her. The next moment she turned the key in the lock and opened wide the door.

With a cry of fear and surprise, he started back when he saw her. He had seen her lately so beautiful, so radiant—now her long black hair hung in disorder over her shoulders; her face was pale and stained with tears, her eyes were dim, her lips white. He hardly knew her.

"Hildred!" he cried.

She looked at him with dim, sad eyes.

"You!" she said. "Is it you, who thought me guilty of murder?"

Lord Caraven turned to Arley Ransome.

"Leave me alone with her," he said. "I have much to say."

Mr. Ransome went away. The earl entered the room and closed the door. He went to his wife, holding out both his hands.

"Will you forgive me?" he said.

"There can be no pardon, my lord, for the wrong you have done me," she replied.

And then the earl knew, if ever he won his wife's pardon, it would be a work of patience and of time.

"I cannot believe," he said, "that you will be unkind or unjust to me, Hildred — I have suffered more than you have."

"That is not possible," she rejoined; "no one has accused you of a terrible crime."

"But I have suspected an innocent person," he said, "and it is harder to inflict than to bear pain."

He gazed anxiously at her. She looked pale and wan, with the stains of bitter weeping on her face. He saw, too, that she shivered like one seized with mortal cold.

"Hildred," he cried, "do forgive me — you do not know how grieved I am to see you like this. I want to tell you how the misunderstanding happened. Will you listen?"

"Yes," she replied, mechanically; and she sat silent and motionless while he told her the story. She looked at him when it was ended with dull, dim eyes.

"I am very sorry," she said. "That Blantyre made the mistake. I almost wish that he had shot me through the heart. What have I to live for?"

"I could not spare you, Hildred — you have been the good angel of my life!" he cried.

"You sent me from your house, Lord Caraven, and pronounced me guilty on what seems to me very slight evidence. I may claim to be at least as credulous as yourself, yet I declare, that had any one accused you of murder I should not have believed it. You judged me guilty at once—guilty of trying to murder—I, who never in my life trampled even upon a worm. Why should you have thought that I wished Lady Hamilton dead?"

He looked slightly confused.

"You remember that you told me you were jealous of her," he replied.

"Jealous," she repeated, drearily. "Did I ever love you then? I have forgotten — my brain is dazed, dull. I seem to remember nothing clearly, except that you judged me guilty of murder. Did I love you?"

The wan face and dim eyes touched him inexpressibly.

"When you thought I had tried to commit murder, you turned me from your doors; in the darkness of night, alone and unfriended, you bade me begone. Which kind of murder is worse — that which destroys a body, or that which slays heart, mind, brain, and hope? I say that in this sense you have slain me."

"Hildred, be merciful to me!" he cried.

"I will show you the same mercy that you have shown me. Go from my presence and do not let me see you again."

With shining eyes, and pale, passionate face, she swept from the room, leaving the earl overcome with astonishment.

"She is the most high-minded woman I have ever met in my life," he thought. "I have been blind, indeed. How superb she looked in her indignation! I will win her yet. I have never cared about winning her before, but I swear to give my life to the task now."

It seemed probable that it would be a very long one, for Lady Caraven positively refused to see her husband again. In vain Arley Ransome pleaded for him; she was inexorable.

The earl was compelled to return to Ravensmere, and he did so almost despairingly. Lady Hamilton was fast improving; she would be able to go to her own home soon, the doctor said, and all anxiety about her was quite at an end. The truth of the story had come to light; all the papers had it; every one knew that Lady Hamilton had been shot by mistake, and that it was the young Countess of Caraven whom John Blantyre had intended to kill.

The earl confided the result of his mission to Sir Raoul, who was not much surprised.

"You have tried her beyond her strength," he said; "I should advise you, without loss of time, to return to London again."

Lord Caraven did so, but his journey was fruitless. Hildred refused to see him; to all entreaties from her father she answered simply:

"I have not one word to add to what I have said;" and with that answer the earl was obliged to be content.

In sheer despair he sent for Sir Raoul, who, though almost unfit to travel, hastened to him; he besought him to use his influence with the beautiful young wife who had no pity for him. Then he grew wildly jealous at the idea that she would listen to Sir Raoul when she refused absolutely to listen to him.

"Why should you have more influence over her than I have?" he asked, half angrily.

"Because," said Sir Raoul, "I understand the higher, better, nobler part of her nature, as you, I fear, will never understand it. I will try what I can do."

"Tell her then, Raoul," went on the earl, his tone and manner changing suddenly, "that I was blind to her beauty, her goodness, her truth, but that I see all now. Tell her that I did not love her when I first knew her, but that I love her now; tell her, if she will but forgive me, I will make the devotion of my whole life atone for my past neglect."

Sir Raoul promised. Lady Caraven did not refuse to see him. He was shocked and startled at the terrible change a few days had wrought in her. He looked at the pale face.

"How you have suffered, Hildred?" he said.

"Yes; I came to the end of my patience at last. I can bear it no longer, Raoul; it was a life of torture after all, and I will never return to it. I could not be brave any longer."

"Poor child!" said the grave, pitying voice. "Some words are running in my mind, Hildred, about those, who, having put their hand to the plow, turn back again. May I ask, are you one of those, Hildred? Are you tired of heroism?"

"There was no heroism in my life," she said.

"Nay, pardon me; there was the grandest heroism possible. Do you know what my idea of heroism really is?"

She looked at him with greater interest than she had yet displayed.

"Tell me, Raoul."

"This is the grandest heroism," he said — "the heroism that makes saints and martyrs — bearing the burden of our lives patiently and cheerfully, never failing in strength and endurance. I thought that you would heroically and cheerfully bear the crosses and trials of your life. So you did for a time; now you have laid down your cross, saying that it is too heavy for you to bear. Ah! Hildred! believe me, good was never yet won by cowardice. Take it up again, this burden you have laid down. In the day of adversity fail not—be a heroine until the end."

His words cheered and encouraged her, as they always did.

"What would you have me do?" she asked.

"I would have you lay aside your coldness, your pride, your reserve," he told her. "Do not become a revengeful woman. Your husband has, it is true, outraged and insulted you, but it was a mistake, and he deplores it bitterly. Be generous; leave revenge to small souls and narrow minds; rise above it, and forgive him."

"You do not know, Raoul," she said, "that my heart is sore with trouble."

"I know," he replied, "it is hard to bear, but you must forgive him. You must again take up the duties of your life, resume your occupations, devote yourself to the welfare of your husband, forgive generously and entirely all that has happened, live for the good work you have begun. Once before I asked you if you were strong enough to take up the burden of your life and carry it bravely. I ask you the same question now."

She was quite silent for a few minutes, and then, as the mist rolls from the hill-tops before the light of the sun, all shadow passed from her face, and she answered him.

"I will. I will do all you advise, Raoul. I will forgive my husband. You say that he loves me now. I shall put his love to the test. If it fails, well and good—I will do my duty without the sunshine of love to cheer me; if it stands the test, I will try to crown his life with my love."

He looked, long and lovingly at her.

"You are a brave girl, Hildred — you are a good woman," he said, admiringly. "I wish there were more like you. I will tell Ulric that you are willing to see him now."

"If you please," she responded; "but, Raoul, do not repeat what I have said. I want to test his love myself."

(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

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys

Symptoms That Warn You of the Approach of This Malady so Dreadfully Painful and Fatal in Its Results. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Bright's disease is in reality a chronic inflammation of the kidneys, and is the natural consequence of neglecting ordinary kidney derangements.

At first you may notice a slight swelling of the feet after the day's work is over, slow but unmistakable failure of health, pallor of face, and loss of flesh, shortness of breath when going upstairs rapidly and dimness of sight.

Soon the digestive system becomes deranged, the appetite impaired, and in many there is a tendency to diarrhoea and formation of gas in the intestines. There are frequently recurring headaches, attacks of dizziness, and severe pains in the back and limbs.

The accumulation of watery fluid—dropsy—continues in the cavity of the chest, and may at any time cause death from heart failure or dropsy of the lungs. Sometimes uræmia, stupor, convulsions and death occur suddenly, before the other symptoms have become prominent and while the dropsy is still slight in quantity.

As Bright's disease causes a wasting away of the cells and tissues of the kidneys themselves, as well as of the whole body, it can only be perfectly cured if treatment is begun in its early stages, when the first symptoms become noticeable. Because of their remarkably prompt and direct action on the kidneys, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have time and again proven their superiority as a preventive and cure for Bright's disease.

While toning and invigorating the kidneys, and making them active in removing uric acid from the blood, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills also regulate the action of the liver and bowels, and encourage the digestive organs to properly perform their duties. Their use will quickly stop the dreadful wasting process, which accompanies Bright's disease, and restore the deranged organs to health and activity. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

FEEDING STOCK IN WINTER.

The making of manure of the best quality on the farm can be effected at all seasons, but winter is the appropriate period. The farmer can save feed and get more manure by the proper manipulation of his feeding stuffs than to attempt to eliminate labor by allowing the animals to trample the coarse materials. The time is passing when the farmer will practice the methods so long in vogue. It is now known that it is cheaper and better to reduce all materials to a very fine condition than to throw the coarse and bulky refuse into the barnyard, there to remain until such work is done by the feet of cattle.

When the farmer sends all his straw through the feed cutter he not only induces his live stock to consume larger quantities of it, but the materials are also then better for bedding, and possess greater capacity for absorbing manure of a liquid form. The stalls are also more easily cleaned, and manure and absorbents are more rapidly handled and decomposition will begin immediately. Cleanliness in the stable and in the handling of manure will be the result, while the heap will be richer in available plant foods.

THE LOSS OF LIQUID MANURE on farms has been referred to frequently, and farmers have been at fault in losing a large proportion of their soluble plant foods in the effort to avoid labor. It is so much easier to give hay or straw to cattle, and let them masticate it, instead of using the feed cutter, but farmers overlook the fact that, in the feeding of such foods as linseed meal, bran, middlings, and cornmeal, better results will be obtained therefrom when such concentrated foods are diluted with finely cut straw, hay, or fodder, and that both the concentrated and bulky foods are rendered more valuable by the combination. A large proportion of the value of all feeding stuffs is in that which is voided by the animals, but the profit is derived from that which is digested. By careful preparation of the foods more of them is digested, while the manure itself is richer when concentrated foods are used. The proper way to mix hay and grain is in the body of the animal, but less bran will be required if it is used on cut feed, and better results will be obtained from it. If the cattle foods are given in prepared condition the manure will be really prepared with little labor, for all cut food that is uneaten, such as shredded stalks and straw, after being used as bedding, will go to the heap ready prepared for decomposition, and decomposition is the way all manure is made, as that which comes from the animal is simply the coarse foods masticated and decomposed (digested) within the body of the animal in a short time, while the farmer, by reducing all coarse foods with a shredder or a cutter, performs the same thing (decomposition) in the manure heap, but in a longer period.

THE MAIN WORK during the winter season, should the farmer not be busy in some particular department on the farm, is usually the saving and preparation of manure. It is well known that the more thoroughly the manure is decomposed the smaller its bulk, but if properly cared for while promoting the decomposition of the manure there is but little loss of plant food. On the contrary, should the farmer neglect the heap he will lose much of its value without materially reducing its bulk. It is bulk that entails labor in the care of manure, for when a large mass is handled, hauled and spread on the ground more work is required of men and teams. Manure that has been exposed is not only reduced in value, but the farmer hauls a large amount of water. It is estimated that a cord of manure, weighing 4,500 pounds, contains about 3,000 pounds of water and 500 pounds of silica, all of which must be handled in the stable and heap, loaded, hauled, and spread, probably requiring two or three loads, in order to apply, about 25 pounds of nitrogen, 24 of phosphoric acid and 15 of potash, on the land, as these substances are the real plant foods of the manure, hence the farmer goes to a heavy expense in hauling a large amount of material which he does not want, the total value of all these substances in the 4,500 pounds of manure not being as much as $5. If the farmer can reduce this bulk by protecting the heap against water, and also induce fermentation, so as to have all coarse materials made fine, the saving in labor will not alone be the gain, for the manure will then be in better condition for crops than when the bulk is greater. The amount of filler in the bags of fertilizers is but a small matter compared with the hauling of 3,000 pounds of water and 500 pounds of silica, as well as other materials in the manure, in order to supply less than 100 pounds of actual plant food to the soil.

MAKING MONEY WITH HENS.

To keep poultry successfully requires as much knowledge as any other live stock industry, yet for the money invested it yields the largest profits, writes Mr. F. E. Townsend. From my experience, which is that of the average farmer, I conclude that plenty of grain fed in litter, with fresh water before them all the time, will make hens lay. As most farmers are situated it is not possible to feed much meat, yet what there is should not be wasted.

As to feed, corn is the most important, the cheapest and yields the largest returns. Oats comes next. Wheat is too costly, except for chicks. Clover hay should form an important part of the winter's feed, as its bulk tends to neutralize the solidity of grain. Potatoes, beets and cabbage are easily grown and form cheap winter feed. Pure-bred fowls should be raised, as they pay better than mongrels. The poultry business will never be overdone as long as mongrels exist.

HOW BLUE-GREYS ARE BRED.

The famous blue-grey cattle which are so largely bred in the border country — the north of England and the south of Scotland — are the result of a cross between white or light-colored Shorthorn bulls and cows of one of the black-polled breeds — usually the Galloway. Curiously enough, blue-greys obtained in this way are much more in favor than animals of the same type got by mating black bulls with white cows. So great is the esteem in which these blue-grey cattle are held in some of the great feeding districts of the south and east of England, and so large is the demand experienced for them, that in certain parts of Cumberland and Northumberland farmers make a specialty of breeding white bulls of the Shorthorn type with the special object of subsequently using them for the production of blue-greys.

MANY WASTES.

Many people there are who would make fortunes out of what other people waste. There are many small wastes on many farms, and taken together and for a series of years represent a large sum of money. Nothing should be wasted on the farm. What is not good enough for the market, or has no market value, should go on the manure pile, and from thence into the ground to produce other finer products that have a commercial value. You know it is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us wealthy. Not what we raise on the farm, but what is left after paying expenses, that makes farming profitable.

JUSTICE IN MOROCCO.

Scene at the Summary Execution of an Assassin.

An article describing the arrest and execution of the Moorish fanatic who murdered Dr. Cooper, a British missionary in Fez, on Oct. 17, appears in the London Times from the Fez correspondent of that journal. After mentioning the arrest of the assassin in the shrine where he had taken refuge, the correspondent says:

"Within half an hour the assassin was brought into the Sultan's presence. His Majesty, who was seated in a chair under a tall archway, in full sight of all viziers, officials, and some hundreds of troops, ordered the prisoner to be brought before him. Mr. Hastings and myself stood by His Majesty's side, in order that we might hear what passed. The murderer was a man of apparently some forty years of age, of tall stature and not unpleasing countenance.

"He confessed to deliberately shooting Dr. Cooper because he was a Christian. Up to this time the news of Dr. Cooper's death had not been received. The Sultan therefore ordered the man to be publicly flogged for his attack upon Dr. Cooper, and the man received several hundred blows from leather thongs across his hips and thighs, administered by soldiers in the presence of His Majesty and the entire court and troops. He bore his thrashing with great fortitude, and on its completion was able to rise up without assistance and walk.

"He was then ordered to be publicly exhibited in the streets; and, mounted upon a donkey and guarded by soldiers, he was taken from the palace for this purpose.

"It was at this moment that the news of Dr. Cooper's death was received. The Sultan, who was still seated in the great courtyard of the palace, ordered the public exhibition of the murderer to be stopped and, after consultation with his viziers, he commanded the man's immediate execution, requesting Mr. Hastings and myself to be present, together with all the viziers.

"In a quarter of an hour all was over. The murderer was shot in the arsenal square, which had been quickly cleared of the usual crowd of people. He remained extraordinarily plucky to the end."

FLOATING GARDENS.

On the rivers of Cashmere are thousands of floating gardens, formed by long sedges which are woven together in the form of a gigantic mat. These sedge grasses, flags, stalks, and lilies are woven on the river or lake banks while their roots are still growing in the slime underneath. The required amount of earth is then superimposed upon the mat, the stalks are then cut, and the mat and its load are a full-fledged floating-garden. They are usually about twenty by fifty yards in extent, seldom larger, the full depth of the mat and its earthy covering being about three feet. A dishonest Cashmiri will sometimes tow his neighbors garden away from its moorings, and sell the produce of the other's toil.

FASTING CURES PARALYSIS.

A man named Davis, of New York, has just completed a fast of forty days. Before commencing the ordeal he was suffering from paralysis, but is now nearly cured, and he believes that he has discovered the one cure for this malady.

Uncle George — "Look at the bee who improves each shining hour." Thriftless Nephew — "That's all the bee's good for. If it amounted to anything, it would improve some of the cloudy hours. The shining hours don't need improving."

A little three-year-old miss, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a peculiar noise, and asked what it was. "A cricket, dear," replied her mother. "Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oil-