

CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or
Gentility
Vs.
Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER II.

It was all like a new world to Letty Dawson. This quiet cottage embosomed in its trees, the pretty garden with its abundant flowers, the light, the space, the silence, the sunshine, were all so many delights and wonders to the girl who had lived till now cooped up in two or three small rooms of a crowded house—a narrow street and narrower yard, her only daily outdoor sights, the noise of wheels and the shouts of street-criers almost the only sounds she heard from sunrise to sunset. To have left all these behind her, and to have come to this pure country air, and to such rest as this, seemed to the child, in her wondering, charmed gladness, almost like exchanging earth for heaven.

She was one of those fragile, gentle girls, with little bodily strength, and except in the direction of loving, perhaps with little strength of any kind, who always seem so out of place as children of the poor. "Mr. Trelawney's housekeeper has brought a niece, it seems, to live with her," Mrs. Penrose, the vicar's wife, said to her husband, one day, soon after Letty came to Shepton. "A pretty, genteel enough looking girl, but no more fit to be a servant, I should say, than I am. I don't know what they mean to make of her. I thought at first that the plan would be to send away Martha, but Mrs. Markham says no, Martha is to be kept just the same as ever, and Miss Letty is to live, I suppose, like a lady."

"If she is not fit to be a servant, perhaps her aunt means to make something else of her," the vicar replied. "I saw her yesterday—a pretty slip of a thing. She came to the door to let me in, and I thought she was as neat a little maiden as I had seen this long time."

"Oh, of course if Mr. Trelawney thinks it necessary to keep a maid simply to open the door, I daresay she will do for that," answered the lady sharply; "but for my own part I think it's a bad bringing up for a working girl. If you give a girl of that age nothing to do, how can you expect that any good will come of her?"

"Well, but perhaps Mrs. Markham does give her something to do, my dear," said the vicar.

And in truth the vicar was right, for Mrs. Markham was too sensible a woman by far to permit her niece to pass her days in idleness. For half the day or more she was kept busy enough. With her nimble fingers she made Mrs. Markham's caps for her more becomingly than the village milliner; she made her own bonnets and her own gowns, and before the first winter had set in Mrs. Markham bought calico and linen, and through the winter evenings Letty used to sit stitching for hours together at a set of shirts for Mr. Trelawney.

He used, as I have said, to speak a few words to her sometimes, and as time went on these days on which he did this came to be red-letter days to Letty. In various trifling ways he was kind to her. One day when Mrs. Markham told him how fond the child was of reading, he promised to lend some books to her, and often afterwards he kept his word. Her innocent untaught pleasure in what she read gave him, passionate lover as he was of books, a certain instinctive feeling of interest in her. He became half curious to know how an uncultivated mind like hers was affected by the food that she devoured so eagerly. One day, when she had been reading the "Bride of Lammermoor," he asked her what she thought of it, and the intense emotion with which she answered, or rather tried to answer him, struck him with a curious sense of surprise. He had not supposed that the story, or any story in a book, would have taken such a hold of a girl who had had her upbringing.

"It is strange. I should not have thought it," he said to himself; and he began more and more to have a kindly feeling to Letty. She was

only a child, with a child's almost blank mind, but the recipient power at least was in her, and, when he withdrew his thoughts from other things, it became at times an amusement and interest to Mr. Trelawney to take note of the kind of literature that gave her most delight, and to watch the effect it had upon her. "I don't know that so much reading is good for her," Mrs. Markham would sometimes think to herself, with a little secret uneasiness and dissatisfaction. "To be sure, she can't but read the books when Mr. Trelawney gives them to her, but—bless my heart—it seems a sinful waste of time for a girl that has her living to get." And once or twice she ventured to hint at something of this feeling to her master, though with little satisfactory result. "It's only, sir, that I'm afraid it may put notions in her head," Mrs. Markham once hesitatingly ventured; but on this Mr. Trelawney fairly laughed.

"Of course it will put notions into her head—but the more notions she can get into her head the better," was all the answer he vouchsafed to give, to the housekeeper's dismay.

"I suppose I shall have to part with her some day," she used to think to herself; but meanwhile Mr. Trelawney gave no sign of desiring that Letty should be parted with.

"She seems to find plenty to do, does she not? You are able to make her useful?" he inquired one day, during the first six months she was at Shepton; and when Mrs. Markham answered with cautious praise, fearing to be thought too partial to her own flesh and blood, "Well, sir, she's very willing and very teachable," he cordially professed his satisfaction.

But yet Mrs. Markham was a prudent woman, and always kept the possibility of future change before her.

"It's little likely that I should always keep her tied to my apron strings," she would think; "and if I was to die, or master was to die, or twenty things to happen, she'd have to make her own way in the world, poor dear!"

She was a quiet little maiden, with no taste except for quiet things. On summer evenings she loved nothing so much as to sit with her sewing or her book in some sunny corner of the garden, reading or singing to herself as she worked. Sometimes, seeing her sitting so in the distance, Mr. Trelawney would turn aside from his own walk to take notice of her, and would talk to her for a few minutes about the volume she had in her hand, rarely about anything else. Books were to him the supreme things that gave zest to life; let any one love them in however small a degree, and between such lover and himself Mr. Trelawney felt a point of union. About poor little Letty's life, apart from her taste for reading, his curiosity was small enough; he hardly ever asked her any questions that bore upon it; the years that she had lived before she came to Shepton were years that he unconsciously put aside, almost as indifferently as one might put aside a volume in which the pages are blank.

But he would talk a little to her about the books he gave her to read and the authors of them, and the quiet modest interest with which she used to listen to him gave him a certain pleasure. Sometimes, though rarely, she would venture to ask a question of him, flushing with shyness as she did it, for in her simple sight, as was natural enough, her master was a kind of lord and king, exalted by his learning and his goodness to her far above ordinary men. She hardly knew for a long time after she came to Shepton whether she loved or feared him most. The sentiment of reverence was strong in her, and the sentiment of gratitude was strong too. She was a gentle, enthusiastic girl, with some of the instincts and tastes of a class above her own, and if, as time went on, she gradually came to transform Mr. Trelawney into a hero, and to fill her waking hours with dreams of

him, she did no more than many another girl, placed as she was, would do.

As she grew to be a woman there was little danger (though Mrs. Markham did not know it) that the fascination of the young men in Shepton of her own rank should have any charms for Letty.

"You may trust Letty, sir," she said, earnestly, one day to Mr. Trelawney. "I don't say she's clever, for she's not that, but, for a girl anxious to do her duty, and quiet and steady, and with no foolish nonsense (as so many of them have) in her head, I never knew one to beat her. I'd trust her anywhere, sir—in any company—that I would."

"Well, that is high praise," Mr. Trelawney answered quietly. "And I can quite believe that she deserves it," he added.

Letty had been fifteen when she first came to Shepton. One day, after about a couple of years had passed, Mr. Trelawney rather abruptly asked Mrs. Markham whether she had ever thought of training her niece to be something better than a servant. "For Mr. Penrose was speaking to me about her to-day," he said, "and he seemed to think that, if you would like it, he could find her employment presently in his school. He has a very good opinion of Letty, and the school is growing larger, and they are likely to want an under-mistress, he says. Of course, Letty is not fit to teach anything yet, but if she cared to study, and try to qualify herself, his present mistress, he tells me, would take her as a pupil, and teach her her method, and all that was necessary. I think you and Letty had better talk the matter over together, and see how you feel about it."

There was not much talking over needed, for to both Letty and Mrs. Markham the suggestion seemed too tempting a one to be rejected, and before many more days had passed Letty had begun her lessons with Miss Watson. She had read a good deal by this time, but she was very ignorant still of almost every thing that children are taught at school. She could scarcely, when she began her labors with Miss Watson, have corrected the sums of Miss Watson's lowest class; she did not know the capitals of half the countries of Europe, and could not even have told you the century when William the Conqueror became King. She had a great deal to learn before she could fit herself to become Miss Watson's assistant; but very patiently and perseveringly, in her gentle way, she set herself to do her new work.

"It would be very nice to be a school-teacher, she would say sometimes to her aunt, with a little sigh of satisfaction. "I wish I were cleverer, and could learn faster than I do—but if I should really get able to help Miss Watson after a time shan't you be glad?"

So, hopefully and gratefully, Letty learnt her lessons, and in her poor little way tried to educate herself to be something higher than a servant in the social scale; and stole what time she could still to read the books that were dearer to her than lesson-books; and through all else that she did, whether it were work or play, held steadily to a devotion that no one suspected, and bowed herself when no one knew it before the shrine that she had set up in her simple heart.

(To Be Continued).

The Red Witch

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Andy! Andy! I say, Andy!" No answer. "Bother that man; he is never to be found. An—dy!"

She had run through the gardens, and now, just as she reached a lawn, on which small haystacks lay, like so many shapes turned out of moulds, a frownsy head rose from behind one of them, and Mr. Stronge stood revealed.

He was a sight to behold. Every individual hair stood on end, and each hair was adorned with an airy bit of hay.

"You, Connie! Hey! What—what's the matter?" said he, making a lamentable attempt at appearing wide awake.

"You've been asleep!" said Constantia, marching down upon him. "Snoring asleep! And is this how you take care of The Boy?"

The capitals were enormous. She had peeped round the haystack first

HINTS FOR GIRLS.

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH AND GOOD COLOR.

Pale, Sallow, or Anaemic Girls Restored to the Bright Freshness of Youth by Natural Means—Good Health Within the Reach of All.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Miss Maggie Brownlee, of Orangeville, is a young lady well known to the residents of the town and greatly esteemed by all her acquaintances. Like thousands of other young girls throughout Canada, Miss Brownlee fell a victim to anaemia or watery blood, and for a time, as she says herself, feared she would never again enjoy robust health. Experiences like Miss Brownlee's cannot fail to be of benefit to other pale and anaemic girls, and for this reason she kindly consented to give a statement to the Sun for publication. "My illness," said Miss Brownlee, "came on very gradually, and at first it merely seemed as though it was a feeling of depression and tiredness. I kept getting worse, however, and finally had to give up a good position. I was at times troubled with a throbbing, racking headache; my appetite gave out; the least exertion tired me, and my heart would beat painfully. My limbs seemed to feel like weights, and at other times there was a sinking sensation which I can scarcely describe. I was treated by a good doctor and took a number of remedies, but without any improvement in my condition, and I began to fear that I was doomed to be an invalid. One day a friend who called to see me spoke very highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and what she said interested my mother so much that she bought a few boxes. I began taking them, and in the course of a few weeks there was no room for doubt that they were helping me. I continued taking the pills for a couple of months or more, when I felt as well and strong as ever I had been. It is about a year since I gave up taking the pills, and I have not since felt the need of any medicine. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a grand medicine, and should be taken by all pale and feeble girls."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood with every dose taken, thus restoring the bloom of health, and the brightness and freshness of youth to pale and sallow cheeks. Through their action on the blood they cure such diseases as anaemia, nervousness, headache, rheumatism, dyspepsia, St. Vitus' dance, heart troubles, diseases of the kidneys, etc. These pills also cure the ailments that make the lives of so many women a constant misery. Sold in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Can be procured from druggists, or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

thing, to find The Boy "snoring asleep" too, with his lovely fists doubled up under his lovely chin; but not for all that would she let off her culprit.

"Asleep!" cried Mr. Stronge, with extravagant astonishment and a deep reproach. "My darling, nonsense! I assure you—"

"Stuff!" said Mrs. Stronge. She had subsided upon the haystack beside him, however, and she looked at him with all the air of one who has a state matter of European importance to declare.

"You've come about something," said he, not having studied her in vain for these past three happy years. "Get it off your shoulders without delay, and you'll be twice the woman you are now. That's a telegram—eh?" pointing to a bit of dingy red paper she was squeezing up in her hand.

"What do you think. I've got a telegram from Carew O'Grady, telling me of the birth of a little girl to him and Yolande."

"No. I declare I am more glad than I can tell you," said Stronge, sincerely. "It's the happiest thing for her, poor thing. And now that she's got O'Grady and the baby, I don't see why the rest of her life at least shouldn't run smoothly."

"Garret told me yesterday," she said gravely, "that that unfortunate woman's case is worse than ever. No signs of returning sanity."

"A most merciful thing, according to my judgment."

"Yes—yes; I suppose so."

"Let us talk of something else," said Stronge hastily, who had never quite overcome a certain sense of faintness attendant upon any reference to that past awful scene. "Did you hear," he said, "that Featherston has been defeated? Daly, the Nationalist, got in on an amazing majority."

"Why, yes," she said; "Norah was full of it this afternoon. It appears that old Lord Killens, whose interest meant everything to him, found out some time ago that he was hardly," with a little smile, "so sincere a Blue Ribbonite as he had fondly believed him. The old man was furious when he found it out, Norah says. Garret told her. He tells her everything it seems; and I am sure you'd find by making her a confirmed gisssip."

"Or his wife."

"Oh, nonsense! Such a baby as Norah! Well, never mind," she said; "let us go back to Yolande and her pretty baby."

"D'ye mean to say O'Grady wired word of its beauty?"

"Oh, no. No, of course not; but I feel sure it is a beauty. Most babies are," said Mrs. Stronge with conviction.

Stronge had a good deal to say on this point, but he caught his wife's eye as he opened his lips, and he quailed.

"Isn't it delightful that it's a girl?" said she.

"I don't know. I expect they would have thought more of it had it been a boy."

"Oh! that's not it," said she vaguely. "Do you mean to say you don't see the importance of its being a girl?"

"No, I don't," said Stronge, who sometimes found courage to say what he meant.

"Oh, Andy! Well, I wouldn't be as stupid as you for a good deal. You can say that, with that darling boy asleep at your elbow."

"I can, certainly."

"Now, listen to reason, do. Can't you really see why it is so delightful that Yolande and Carew should have a girl?"

"No."

"Why, because, when they both grow up, our boy will marry her girl! eh, old goose? Now have you grasped it? I quite made up my mind to it ages ago."

"Good heavens! You don't mean to tell me you arranged what the child's sex should be before it was born?"

"Well, I arranged it five minutes ago, at all events. It's just the same," said she airily.

At this moment Master Stronge thought proper to awake from his slumber. He rolled himself round, kicked out his right leg with an astonishing vigor and gave way to a lusty roar.

"Bless his darling lungs!" said his mother proudly, as she picked him out of the hay.

The End.

BRITISH CENTENARIANS.

The St. James's Gazette published an interesting list giving the names and ages of all persons in Great Britain and Ireland who are known to have reached one hundred years and upwards during the year or whose deaths at this great age have been recorded. Being the census year the list is longer than usual, and includes twenty men and thirty-three women. Again, the proportion of two men to three women is noted as a curious fact. Mrs. Margaret Neve, of Guernsey, is, wonderful to relate, still living at the age of 109. She had but one recorded compeer in Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury, who died at this age in October last, unless we accept the statement that Mrs. Ellen O'Mullane, who died in Cork, was, as alleged, 118 years old. From 1892 to 1901 just 402 centenarians have been traced—152 men and 250 women.

NEVER TOUCHED ONE.

"I've been reading an article on electricity, John," said Mrs. Talker to her husband, as she laid down a copy of a technical newspaper she had been perusing, and looked over her glasses at her better-half; "and it appears that before long we shall be able to get pretty well everything we want by just touching a button."

"It will never pay here," growled Mr. T. "You'd never be able to get anything that way."

"Why, not, John?"

"Because nothing on earth would ever make you touch a button. Look at my shirt."

THE CARE OF BABIES.

A Great Responsibility Rests on All Mothers—Baby Should Always be Bright and Cheerful.

Babies that are well, sleep well, eat well, act well and play well. A child that is not lively, rosy-cheeked and playful, needs immediate attention or the results may be serious. Prudent mothers should always keep ready at hand a safe yet effective medicine to administer to their little ones as emergency arises. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets do not act as the so-called "soothing" medicines do. They do not have a deadening or stupefying effect, but on the contrary go right to the seat of the trouble and by removing it cure the child and prevent a recurrence of the difficulty. All mothers who have used this medicine praise it and always keep it in the house. Mrs. G. Baines, Six Mile Lake, Ont., says—"The Baby's Own Tablets which I ordered came just in time. My baby was very ill with indigestion and bowel trouble, but I am happy to say the Tablets relieved him after a few doses and he is now doing splendidly, with just a Tablet now and then when a little restless. I am the mother of eight children and I must say I have never had a medicine I thought as much of as Baby's Own Tablets, and I have tried all the old remedies. I think mothers ought always to keep them in the house in case of emergency."

These tablets cure all the minor ailments of children, such as constipation, sour stomach, colic, diarrhoea, indigestion, and simple fever. They break up colds, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the run of all ages, and dissolved in cutting of teeth. They are for child-water can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents a box, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How to Know La Grippe.

The Symptoms and Dangers of This Deadly Disease Which is Driving so Many to Beds of Sickness—Effective Treatment by

Dr. Chase's Famous Remedies.

Chill followed by fever, quick pulse, severe pains in the eyes and forehead, and dull pains in the joints and muscles, mark the beginnings of la grippe. There is also hoarseness, inflamed air passages, and obstinate cough, furred tongue, distress in the stomach, and diarrhoea. The one unmistakable feature of la grippe is the depressed spirits and weakness and debility of the body.

With the very young and very old and with persons of low vitality, the dangers of la grippe are very great. Pneumonia of a violent and fatal form is a frequent result. It is also claimed that very many cases of consumption can be directly traced to la grippe. The after effects of la grippe are most often felt in the nervous system. The extreme debility in which this disease leaves its victims is more than most nervous systems can endure—paralysis or prostration follows.

The most successful doctors advise their patients to avoid exposure to cold or over-exertion, and recommend both general and local treatment, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, to strengthen and tone the system, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to loosen the cough and protect the bronchial tubes and lungs from threatened complications.

Any honest and conscientious doctor will tell you that this combined treatment recommended by Dr. Chase cannot be surpassed as a means of relieving and curing la grippe, and restoring the weakened and debilitated body to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food seeks out the weak spots in the system and builds them up. It rekindles the vitality of persons weakened by disease, worry or over-exertion and cannot possibly be equalled as a restorative and reconstructant to hasten recovery from la grippe, and to prevent serious constitutional complications. For sale by all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.