

CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or
Gentility
Vs.
Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER IV.

It was April, with the sweet spring just beginning. Each day the earth grew greener, and young leaves burst and flowers bloomed. Was it not something to thank God for to be restored to such a world?

"It seems so beautiful of the sun to shine, sir, when you're getting better," Letty said to her master, in her simple grateful way one day. "I'm so glad it's going to be summer; it seems to help one to be glad."

"Yes—I am glad too that the summer is before us," he answered quietly.

He was a man at most times who, absorbed in his own pursuits, was affected very little by the changes of the seasons; but now in his weakness, which forced upon him an unaccustomed idleness, these sweet bright days through which he watched the world reawaking to its new life, roused in him also a feeling of almost hitherto unknown pleasure and interest. They did not thrill his heart with delight, perhaps, as they did Letty's, yet in his calm way he thanked God sometimes that his life had been spared to see them; he would sit often for a long time watching the colors on the trees or in the sky.

"Yes, it is a beautiful world, Letty," he assented one day in answer to something that the girl had said.

Letty had gentle, simple, almost childlike ways that made her presence soothing and acceptable to Mr. Trelawney. During these weeks of convalescence he fell into the habit of having her a good deal with him. He was so weak that solitude was wearisome to him, and work impossible; he wanted some mild interest that should amuse and occupy without tiring him, and he found this in her. She was in natural refinement so much above her station that her presence never disturbed him; she was ignorant, but her ignorance only affected him like that of a child; he used to talk to her almost as he might have if she had been a child indeed, not in learning only, but in years. It was an unwise thing to do, but he was a lonely man, shut out at present from his natural occupation, and too weak in will perhaps, for the moment, to deny himself any help that he could find to make the slow hours pass.

For a few days, at first, he had merely sent for her for half an hour to come and read to him, and she had come and performed her little service, and departed again; but presently, when he grew better, and was able, as the days became warmer, to spend the greater part of his time out in the garden, they were more together by a great deal. She would frequently then, at his request, bring out her work and sit down, not with him, but within earshot of him, so that he could call her if he wanted anything, and he fell into the habit soon of calling often. He would call her, and generally when she went to him he would keep her near him for a long time. Sometimes she would stand by his chair while she stayed, but sometimes her standing gave him a sense of unrest, and he would not let her do it. At first she had begun by never sitting down in his presence except when she was reading to him, but he broke through the regulation after a time.

"You had better sit down, Letty," he began to say, half irritably. "You make me feel that I am wearing you out when you come and stand like this. I give you so much running about to do that you may well sit down and rest while you can;" and, though she did not want to sit down, he was so disposed to be impatient when he was crossed that she had presently to give up her opposition.

"You'd better do what he tells you, Letty," Mrs. Markham too said. "There's no harm in it—and people when they're ill, they have their fancies, you know. I'm sure I'm obliged to sit down when I'm with him, for I'd be lame with the swelling in my feet if I was to be kept

on them for an hour beside his chair. Oh no, Letty, it's quite right you should sit down if he asks you, as long as he's ill. It would be quite a different thing, you know, to do it at other times, but now it don't matter, child."

Letty had taken her difficulty to her aunt, and this was her aunt's decision on it. For circumspect though she was, no thought had yet entered Mrs. Markham's mind of possible danger to Letty in this increased intercourse with her master. Perhaps, on the contrary, she was rather flattered and pleased at the liking that Mr. Trelawney had taken to the child; she might have secretly hoped (for she was always anxious about the future for her) that possibly he would end by "doing something" for her presently—something that should raise her above the necessity of working hard for her own living. Mrs. Markham, for herself, was far from a grasping woman, but there were times when she could almost have been grasping for her niece. Letty was so unfit to fight her own way in the world; she would probably all her life be so much in need of somebody to hold out a helping hand to her; if she made a friend of her master would it not be well for her in the time to come? She may have argued in this way with herself, forgetting—as Mr. Trelawney too forgot—that Letty was not any longer a child now.

And as for Letty herself, were these not days never to be forgotten while she lived? She was one of those girls whose passionate power of loving seems to be the one power they have, and their devotion to some great worship the only work in this world that they are fitted to do. Such women must find a god and hero somewhere, and, though Mr. Trelawney was certainly in reality neither god nor hero, yet Letty might have done worse, perhaps than spend her life—as she did—in burning incense before him. He was at least not a bad man, nor one who would willingly slay her for her folly.

After a very little while those first days, when he had merely called her to him to read for a little while, and then he wanted nothing more from her, came in the memory of them to seem cold and colorless and almost blank to Letty, so much fuller, and sweeter were those others in which she was living now, when scarcely an hour passed but he asked some service from her—when even if she were not with him she was near him—when he talked to her as he had never done before. He was a very grave, quiet man, who in a general way talked little and thought much, but in these idle days he had no strength to think, and so, for occupation, for amusement, for something to make the empty hours pass, he talked to Letty. It was an entertainment that had no dangers for him, and he was selfish, or forgetful, or indifferent enough not to think of her.

Sometimes he would amuse her, or himself, by telling her things that had happened to him long ago. He had travelled a good deal when he was very young, and he used to tell her about the life in foreign countries, she sitting the while near to him with her work, which often, in the interest with which she listened to him, would drop upon her knees. She used to listen like a child, with a child's eagerness, and ignorance, and belief. He told her things that were so new and wonderful to her, and her delight and surprise in them used to please him. She would ask him questions sometimes, but never more than a few questions, for she was always shy of him, and too conscious of his condescension to her not to shrink from doing anything that might seem as if she put herself on an equality with him. She never once through all these happy days forgot that he was her master (her master, and in her heart her lord and king), and she his servant.

She was very neat and deft in waiting on him. She moved quickly and quietly; her voice was sweet and gentle. The entire absence in

her of all that was coarse and vulgar was the chief charm she had in Mr. Trelawney's eye. "My little handmaid," he used to call her. He would pat her shoulder kindly sometimes by way of giving thanks to her; he would often tell her how useful she was to him, or would praise her to Mrs. Markham. He would frankly say—

"I hardly know just now what I should do without Letty; she is both eyes and feet to me."

For a long time, even perhaps after he had grown strong enough to have dispensed with her services, he continued to make her read to him—partly from indolence, partly because the sound of her voice had become pleasant to him, and because—he said—the practice was good for her. If she were to be a school-mistress, it would be useful for her to be able to read well. He would ask her about the work she was doing with Miss Watson, and once or twice he went over a few of her lessons with her; but Letty was slow in learning, and the part of teacher was not the sort of part that suited Mr. Trelawney. He might recommend it (as he had done) for Letty, but for him that kind of work—so far, at least, as concerned its lower branches—was too dull in its monotonous routine to have any power of interesting him.

So he did not help Letty much with her learning, but contented himself merely with making general inquiries as to her progress—except when she ventured to bring some special difficulty to him that she had been unable to solve, or when once or twice he took up some morsel of history that she was feebly studying, and clothed its dead bones with flesh for her.

"When shall I be myself again, Gibson?" he said to his doctor one day in May.

"What are you in a hurry to be yourself for?" the other answered. "Do you mean that you want to go back to your writing? If you are wise you will do no more writing for the next six months."

"Six months!" echoed Mr. Trelawney, aghast.

"Well—perhaps we won't call it six months, but—say three, at any rate. Why, many a one is a year before he gets over the effects of such an illness as you have had. You may be thankful to be as well already as you are."

"But I think I am better than you suppose me. I don't think it would hurt me to work now."

"If you tried it you would pretty soon change your opinion, I suspect."

"But I would only do it in moderation."

"Far better not attempt it at all. Take my advice, Trelawney, and wait patiently. It will be better for you in the end. I am sure you have very little to complain of. I don't pre-

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. Get a box at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

vent you from reading—and you can talk to your friends, and, if you want amusement—well, like that man of Browning's, you can play a decent cribbage with your maid at night before you go to bed. Can she play cribbage, by the way, do you think—that neat little maiden of yours?"

"I can't play it myself," said Mr. Trelawney, rather sharply.

"Well, then, you had better learn. It's a capital game. I daresay Mrs. Markham knows all about it. She might teach you both." And Mr. Gibson went away laughing.

But Mr. Trelawney did not take his doctor's advice, nor learn to play cribbage with Letty. The evenings were warm and long, and he preferred to pass them in his garden, or in taking longer walks abroad. He would take these longer walks mostly on the evenings when Letty went to Miss Watson's; on the others when she was at home he more often contented himself within the range of his own grounds. He had let himself drop into this idle habit of making Letty a companion, and inconsiderately and unwisely as he got better he went on doing what his illness had tempted him to begin to do at first. He liked her well enough to be pleased to have her with him; he liked her youth, and

her pretty face, and her gentle, simple, modest ways. He was touched, too, by her devotion to himself, which was the devotion of a child, he thought (or persuaded himself that he thought), and partly from gratitude for it, partly because he knew that so small a thing from him would give her pleasure, he would often deliberately go and talk to her, intending by doing so to make her glad. It was a dangerous gratification to give her, and he ought to have known that; but perhaps he thought too little about it to recognize its danger. He only said to himself, gently, and even with a kind of tenderness, that he was glad he had the power to attach the child to him. He said this to Mrs. Markham herself.

"Letty touches me with her devotion," he said. "I don't think I have a truer friend in the world than she is. If it should ever be in my power to show that I am grateful to her, you and she may both be sure that I shall not be slow to do it." He put out his hand to Mrs. Markham as he said this. "I think no man ever had a pair of kinder women to take care of him," he said.

"Oh, sir, we do no more than our duty. It's you who are so good to Letty," the poor soul replied eagerly. "I'm sure Letty may well love you, and bless the day that brought her here." And she went away, when she had made this answer, with her heart light and glad, for had not her master almost said that he would "do something" for Letty, and was not the seeing Letty provided for the first hope of her heart? She thought too that the girl was too much of a child, and Mr. Trelawney too much removed from her both in age and rank, for the kindness that he showed her to do her harm.

(To Be Continued.)



SHIRT WAIST OR BLOUSE.
32 to 40 Bust.

The smart blouse waists are acknowledged favorites of fashion and grow in favor and variety with each change of season. This latest design includes many novel features, and is admirably adapted to afternoon wear. The original of white moire poplin, stitched with heavy white silk, shows gold ball buttons with white silk cords effecting the closing at the centre front. All waist materials, such as taffeta, peau de soie, flannel, serge, cashmere, pique, chevot, and the more substantial wash fabrics are appropriate.

To cut this waist in the medium size 3½ yards of material 21 inches wide, 3¾ yards 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide will be required.

A TRYING SEASON.

Little Ones Are Subject to Colds and the Result is Dangerous Unless Prompt Remedial Steps Are Taken.

The little ones are apt to take cold, no matter how carefully a mother may try to prevent it. While colds may affect children in different ways, the main symptoms usually are that the child grows cross, the skin hot, the appetite sickle and the child quite feverish. Unless something is done at once to relieve a simple cold, the result is often very serious—so serious that many a child's life has been lost. There is no remedy that can equal Baby's Own Tablets in cases of this kind. These tablets promptly break up colds and carry off the poisonous matter that has been retained in the system. By doing that they reduce the fever; the pulse becomes normal; the appetite is restored, and the child is again well and happy.

Mrs. O. E. Earle, Brockville, Ont., says:—"I always use Baby's Own Tablets for both my children, aged three and five years, when they are at all unwell. When my little girl was a few months old, she had a bad attack of whooping cough, and I found the tablets very beneficial. Since that time I always keep them in the house ready for use. When the children are troubled with biliousness, any derangement of the stomach, are peevish or fretful, or when they have a cold, I always use the tablets, and am always pleased with the results."

These tablets are a certain cure for such troubles as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, constipation, simple fever and colds. They prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. May be had from druggists or will be sent post-paid at 25 cents a box, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

37,000 girls attend cooking classes in London.

HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

HOW THE RAVAGES OF THIS SCOURGE MAY BE STAYED.

Statistics Prove That More Deaths Occur From Consumption Than From All Other Contagious Diseases Combined—How Best to Combat the Disease.

The ravages of consumption throughout Canada is something appalling. In the province of Ontario, where statistics of deaths from all diseases are carefully kept, it is shown that 2,286 of the deaths occurring during the year 1901 were due to consumption, or about 40 per cent. more than the number of deaths occurring from all other contagious diseases combined. These figures are startling and show the urgent necessity for taking every available means for combating a disease that yearly claims so many victims. The time to cure consumption is not after the lungs are hopelessly involved and the doctors have given up hope. Taken in its early stages, consumption is curable. Consumption is a wasting disease of the lungs and at the earliest symptom of lung trouble steps should be taken to arrest the waste and thus stop the disease. Consumption preys upon weakness. Strength is the best measure of safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic and strength builder known to medical science. The record of this medicine speaks for itself and proves conclusively that taken when the symptoms of consumption develop they build up, strengthen and invigorate the patient to a point where disease disappears. In proof of this take the case of Ildege St. George, of St. Jerome, Que., who says:—

"About a year ago I became greatly run down. I lost color, suffered constantly from headaches and pains in the sides; my appetite left me, and I became very weak. Then I was attacked by a cough, and was told that I was in 'consumption.' The doctor ordered me to the Laurentian Mountains in the hope that the change of air would benefit me. I remained there for some time, but did not improve, and returned home feeling that I had not much longer to live. I then decided to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using several bottles my appetite began to return, and this seemed to mark the change which brought about my recovery, for with the improved appetite came gradual but surely increasing strength. I continued the use of the pills, and daily felt the weakness that had threatened to end my life disappear, until finally I was again enjoying good health, and now, as those who know me can see, I show no trace of the illness I passed through. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I hope my statement will induce similar sufferers to try them."

These pills are also a certain cure for the after effects of a gripe and pneumonia, which frequently develops into consumption. Through their blood-renewing, strengthening qualities they also cure anaemia, heart troubles, neuralgia, rheumatism, stomach troubles, kidney and liver ailments and the functional weaknesses that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. There are many imitations of this medicine and the health seeker should protect himself by seeing that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ALMOST GOOD ENOUGH.

An old Highland lady is a little bit prouder of her nationality than of anything else to which she can lay claim and seldom misses a chance to boast of what her countrymen have accomplished. She never tires of telling what they have done, dwelling particularly upon Scott, Burns, Wallace, Bruce, Stevenson and Ian Maclaren.

"Mother," said her son, after she had been discoursing upon her favorite theme the other day, "you honestly seem to think that no good can come except out of Scotland. I fear it's becoming a sort of mania with you. You'll be claiming yet that Gladstone, Nelson, Wellington, Dickens, and all the best of our greatest men in modern times were born in Scotland."

"Weel, I'm nae so sure o' that, Jamie, but ae thing I do ken o' the gude men ye name—a' o' thim a'most had intellect enuch to be Scotsmen."

NOT ENOUGH SALARY.

"There is in the employ of our house," says a salesman, "a young man who is an assistant book-keeper. He's a steady chap, minds his own business, and is as shrewd as they make them. The other day the senior partner of the firm, who seldom comes down, made a tour of inspection, and as he approached the assistant book-keeper he noticed the solemn expression on his face. Desiring to be congenial, he said:—

"How are you, young man? I see you are at your work. That is good. Close attention to business will always bring its own reward. Tell me, what are you earning now a week?"

"The young man without a moment's hesitation, answered: 'Twenty five dollars, sir; but I only get half that.'"

A Sufferer From Backache.

Several Years of Kidney Disease—A Prominent Merchant Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Every day adds scores of names to the long list of persons who have been cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and among those who are now enthusiasts in praising this great medicine is Mr. W. Gilroy, the well-known merchant of Blenheim, Ont.

Like many others, Mr. Gilroy now wonders why he did not use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the first place, instead of experimenting with new-fangled and untried remedies. There is no doubt about the exceptional virtues of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They act directly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, and thoroughly cure complicated ailments which cannot be reached by ordinary remedies.

Mr. W. Gilroy, general merchant, Blenheim, Ont., states:—"I am rather enthusiastic in the praise of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and believe I have good reason to be. For several years I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and had pains in my back almost constantly. I tried a great many remedies, but did not succeed in obtaining more than slight temporary relief."

"A friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I did so, with great satisfaction. I had not taken half a box before I began to feel better, and now realize that I have entirely recovered. I often wonder now why people go after new-fangled remedies when this tried and proven medicine is so easily obtained, and so certain to cure."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have the hearty endorsement of good citizens in nearly every city, town and village in Canada. They are probably the most popular remedy that was ever introduced into this country and their enormous sales are due to the fact that they radically cure serious and chronic disease. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.