

CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or
Gentility
Vs.
Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER XX.

Frank Harcourt had said to himself that he would go back to town upon the following day, believing that to go back to town would be the wisest thing that he could do; and yet, when the next day came, it found him still at Woodlands. Perhaps he had not the courage to attempt so speedy and unexpected a departure—to take a step that would arouse a hundred questions and conjectures. "I shall feel rather like a fool if I run away," he even said to himself. "If a man is always to take to his heels whenever he comes within sight of temptation, he is likely to have an active time of it."

Was he to pass another day without speaking to her? He vowed to himself suddenly that he would not; he would be careful; he would permit himself no repetition of the folly of Sunday, but he would go to the house and call on Mrs. Trelawney, and enjoy the delight at least of looking again at Dorcas. It was nearly three o'clock then. He should find Letty at home, he knew, for she was at home always; but, as he approached the house, he began to vex himself with fears of missing Dorcas. On a fine day like this she was most likely to be out, he told himself; and so indeed it proved, for Letty, as she came into the room, greeted him with an exclamation of regret.

"Oh! I am so sorry, but Dorcas has gone to spend the afternoon at Mrs. Gibson's," she said.

"Has she? That is just my luck, you see," Frank answered, in a tone of vexation. "I have been looking for her all the morning, hoping she might be coming to skate."

"No; she skated a little yesterday, but she did not care about going back again to-day—in fact, I don't think she had anybody to go with," said Letty innocently.

"I wonder if she would have gone with me!" cried the young man, with a sudden impulse, his prudent resolves in an instant gone to the winds.

"I am sure she would," said Letty. "Do you think she would go with me if I came for her to-morrow?"

"I should think she would like it very much."

"Then, Mrs. Trelawney"—eagerly—"will you tell her I will call for her? At eleven o'clock?"

"I think eleven o'clock would do very nicely. She will enjoy it, I am sure, so much," said Letty gratefully, delighted to have secured a pleasure for her darling.

"I daresay I shall get into hot water about this—but I'm hanged if I care!" he said impetuously to himself, with most reprehensible recklessness, as he walked rapidly along the frost-bound road to Woodlands.

And he was so unwisely elated that he almost laughed aloud as he pictured to himself the effect that would be produced at Woodlands to-morrow when he should announce his intention of forsaking the company of his two fair friends there for that of Dorcas Trelawney.

But, as it turned out, he was spared either the pain or the pleasure of making this announcement, for when he came down to breakfast next morning, he found upon his plate on the table a little note, bearing his name upon it, in a handwriting that he did not know, indeed, but that some instinct told him in a moment was Miss Trelawney's.

It had happened, unfortunately for him, on this special morning, that he was the last to enter the breakfast room; the rest of the family were all assembled when he sat down in his place, and every feminine eye in the room (as he was guiltily aware) was on him, either openly or furtively, as he took his letter up.

It was a very short note, and it was as cold as the winter morning.

"Dear Mr. Harcourt"—Dorcas had written—"Mamma was mistaken when she thought that I should like to skate to-morrow. As I have no intention of skating again, please do not trouble yourself to come and fetch me." That was the whole; and she signed herself—"Truly yours, Dorcas Trelawney."

He made up his mind without almost a moment's hesitation, that he would go and ask Dorcas for an explanation of her letter. Its tone had disturbed and puzzled him, and to go to her, and ask her what she meant by it, seemed the only natural and straightforward thing to do. So, half perplexed and half angry, he presented himself at eleven o'clock, in spite of Dorcas' injunction, at the Trelawney's door.

It was Dorcas alone whom he wanted to see, so he asked for her when the servant let him in, and a minute after he had been shown into the drawing-room she came to him there. She came rather quickly, in a vexed way. She did not think that he had not come in spite of her letter, but she thought that he had somehow failed to receive her letter, and she was annoyed, because now she saw she should have to tell him in words (which are often so far from easy to speak, especially when you are not sure of your own desire to utter them) what she had been flattering herself for the last few hours that she had told him already so very neatly and effectually on paper.

"I wrote to prevent you from taking the trouble of coming," she said, "and why did you not want me to come?" he instantly demanded.

"I think you understand, though you will not allow that you do," she said sadly.

"Upon my word, I do not!"

"No?"

"No—a thousand times over!"

"Well, I only mean this: I think that something you have heard about us since Sunday—something you have heard about—mamma—with a drop in her voice, and a sudden tenderness—'has made you ashamed—'"

And then a lump came into her throat, and she stopped.

"I don't quite understand you," he said. He felt intensely sorry for the girl, into whose face the color had flushed hotly. He began to speak quickly and eagerly. "I don't quite understand you, but if you mean anything about your mother's marriage, then you are utterly wrong in what you think, for I have known that always."

"You have?" she said, with quick surprise.

"Most certainly I have."

"Of course I believe what you say," she answered, after a few moments' pause; "and, as that is so, I am wrong in what I thought. At least, I mean I am wrong in part of it. But still—I have been thinking, and I see it has been a mistake"—and then her voice began to tremble a little—"I see it has been a mistake in us to try to meet together again now in anything like the same way in which we did when you were here long ago. We were both children then, and our different positions did not matter, you know. But now we cannot meet any longer as if we were equals, when in reality we are not equals. I mean socially," she said, with a little touch of pride.

"We cannot be friends when the people you live amongst look down upon me."

"What have you to do with the people I live amongst?" he answered hotly. The color had come to his face: his position was a painful one. He could neither deny what she had said, nor assent to it; for how could he deny it when it was so nearly true? and how could he assent to it when assent meant se-

second or two, and she saw his confusion.

"Of course I care for what my mother thinks," he answered hastily after that momentary silence—"but what has that to do with your argument? There is nobody—nobody in the world—who would appreciate you more than my mother—if she knew you."

It was certainly hard for him that he could not say to her, "My mother is not like the Warburtons. I have but to speak a word to her, and she will come to see you." He had scarcely ever in his life longed to say anything more than he longed to do it. All he could do was to ask her presently not to make him suffer for the prejudices of other people.

"What they say I have nothing to do with; what they think I don't care a straw for. But I care for you and your mother, and if you are to turn your backs upon me, I'll never come back to Shepton again!" he exclaimed.

"We don't turn our backs upon you. It is not likely we should do that," she said.

"What else do you call it when you write me such a note as you did last night?"

"I wrote what I did last night because"—with a little quiver—"because I thought it would be a relief to you to turn your back upon me."

"What an opinion to have of me!"

"I thought you had heard that story about mamma since you were here on Sunday."

"I know what made you think that. You thought it because I did not speak to you when we were all skating. Yes, and that is how people get misjudged!" cried the young man in a burst of indignation. "If you knew the truth, and what it was that really kept me from coming to you—"

"And then suddenly he broke off his sentence, with his face on fire."

"You would have spoken to me, I think, if you had not been with Miss Warburton," Dorcas said, very quietly, after a moment or two's silence.

"Dorcas, I am not ashamed of you!" the young man cried. "I could not leave Maud alone yesterday—you know I could not. But what has that to do with it? Ashamed of you!" he repeated hurriedly. "Did it look much like being ashamed of you to ask you to come to-day and skate with me, before them all?"

"You did not ask me to do that of your own will. It was mamma who got you to do it. She told me."

"You thought that I did not, and that I do not care to be with you?"

"I thought, and I think still," and then she raised her head, and there came a little quiver in her voice—"that you would rather not have other people know that you are on intimate terms with any of us."

"Dorcas!" he cried. "You will simply drive me wild if you go on treating me like this," he said. "You see how much power you have to pain me, and so you use your power—and it is not generous."

"What is not generous? To tell you what I believe to be the truth? I think it is far better to be honest," she said quickly, "than to pretend that you do not understand."

"If I told the whole truth to you at this moment, you would see whether you had been understanding hitherto or not."

And then the blood sprang up into Frank Harcourt's face again, and the words he did not want, or at least did not dare, to speak, leapt so very close to his lips that he started to his feet, and went to another part of the room, and turned his back upon her that he might not utter them.

Was the girl herself glad or sorry when he left her? "When will you let me come again?" he said to her, as he was bidding her goodbye at the hall door; but she only shook her head.

Throughout all the rest of the day she could not keep from thinking of him. She tried not to do it, and yet, try as she would, his words and looks and tones came back to her.

"Was I hard on him—as he said?" she began to ask herself. "He was so good to me, and I think I never let him see that I cared for his goodness. Perhaps he has gone away believing that I meant to reproach him—and I never meant to reproach him. Would I not have gone with him gladly to-day if I had only thought of my own pleasure? But I let him go away, and never told

him that I cared—and now, perhaps, he will not come back any more—and he will never know—"

What was it that he would never know? The girl broke off her sentence there, and sat looking a little sadly into the fire in silence, with her hands clasped on her knees. (To Be Continued.)

BABIES WITH WORMS.

A Grateful Mother Tells How Her Little Boy Was Cured.

Mrs. A. Sauve, Rowanton, Que., is another happy mother who thanks Baby's Own Tablets for the health of her boy. The little fellow became the prey of worms—that curse of childhood. His rosy cheeks lost their color; his little legs and arms became skinny; his eyes lost their sparkle and he became sickly and feverish. His sleep was restless and nervous, and his food seemed to do him no good. His anxious mother almost despaired of seeing him back again to good health. However, she heard of Baby's Own Tablets, and gave them to her child, and now she says:—"The Tablets made a wonderful change in my little boy. All signs of worms have disappeared, and he is now in the best of health. I can honestly say that Baby's Own Tablets have no equal as a cure for worms."

Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure for all the minor ailments of little ones, such as constipation, colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, simple fever and the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Guaranteed to contain none of the poisonous opiates found in the so-called "soothing" medicines. They are for children of all ages, and dissolved in water can be given with absolute safety to a new-born babe. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a box, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SOME REMARKABLE FEATS

RECORDS IN QUICK WORK THAT HAVE BEEN BROKEN.

Britain's Naval Building Record Is Undisputed—Fast Work by Farmers.

A spinning mill, five storeys high, and 260 feet in length, which has lately been completed at Mosesgate, near Bolton, has occupied less than a year in building. This, for so large a structure, is a record for England. The mill will accommodate no fewer than 98,000 spindles. In the way, however, of naval building, Britain's record is undisputed. The first-class battleship Bulwark was ready for launching within seven months after work had been begun upon her. Within that time 5,500 tons of steel were built into her. The Bulwark is 400 feet between perpendiculars, seventy-five feet beam, and displaces 15,000 tons. She was built at Devonport dockyard.

RECORDS IN COALING.

While on the subject of naval records, mention must be made of two extraordinary coaling feats recently accomplished. There is always wild emulation in this matter between our big warships. Everyone turns to and helps, from the officers downwards. Just a year ago H.M.S. Mars took in 1,070 tons of coal at the rate of 203.8 tons per hour. Her best hour's work was 238 tons, or nearly four a minute. But the Mars did not hold the coaling record many months. H. M.S. Prince George, at Portsmouth, recently got in 1,200 tons at the remarkable average rate of 226 tons an hour.

Last year saw two other amazing pieces of sea work. At the Dover National Harbor Works, one day last summer, no fewer than forty of the gigantic concrete foundation blocks were laid between eight in the morning and five at night. These blocks weigh forty tons apiece, so the amount of stone laid during that day was 1,600 tons. About the same time the enormous dredger Samson had an official trial in Brisbane Harbor, and broke the world's record for this kind of work by bringing up 11,000 cubic yards of stuff within sixty minutes.

Mr. Brock possesses many records in his special department. Certainly no other fireworks manufacturer ever equalled in rapidity a commission which this celebrated pyrotechnist once executed for the Portuguese Government. Thirty-five tons of fireworks were ordered for a display on the Tagus at one month's notice.

To give some idea of the enormous amount of work this implied it may be said that the line of ships on which they were displayed was a mile long, and some of the set pieces were 250 feet long and eighty high. Temporary decks, jury masts, and all sorts of precautions against fire had to be provided. Yet in three weeks all was ready, and the program went off

WITHOUT A HITCH.

Farmers can point with pride to some startlingly rapid pieces of work. One man, with the assistance of two "shockers," and using three horses and a six-foot binder, last year cut and bound forty acres of wheat in two days. This record was achieved by an American near Decatur, in Illinois. England's harvesting record belongs to Mr. Prosser, of Erdington, who converted growing wheat into bread within eight hours. A record of this kind

is, of course, only possible during an exceptionally dry season. At Blockley, near Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Oxfordshire, a somewhat similar experiment was successfully carried out last year.

For actual work these achievements cannot, however, compare with the really amazing performance of a Plains settler in New Zealand, a Scotchman by birth. He and his wife, without any assistance whatever, milked seventy-nine cows twice daily for a whole summer, and delivered each day 2,000 pints of milk at the butter factory near by.

So long ago as 1811, Sir John Throgmorton, a Berkshire landowner, wagered a thousand guineas that he would sit down to dinner at half-past seven in a well-made, woven and dyed suit, the wool of which had been fleece on a sheep's back at five o'clock the same morning. The test took place on June 28th of that year, and the baronet won the wager easily, his suit being ready by a quarter past six. Some years afterwards a millowner at Galashiels, Scotland, beat this record, the suit in this case being ready within eight hours.

ENGINE BUILT IN 9½ HOURS.

It seems to have been a point of honor with most of the great railway companies to see how rapidly their men could complete a locomotive for use. An American company began it by building a locomotive within a week. Then a French company succeeded in putting together a passenger engine in sixty-four hours working time. The Northwestern, of England, in 1878, built a goods engine in twenty-five and a half hours. The Pennsylvania company responded by building an express engine in sixteen hours, fifty minutes.

At present the record is in the hands of the Great Eastern Company, of England. At Stratford, on December 10th, 1891, they accomplished the remarkable achievement of erecting a six-wheeled coupled goods engine and tender in nine hours forty-seven minutes of actual working time. The engine was put to work as soon as her paint was dry, and since then has run almost a quarter of a million miles with only ordinary repairs. — Pearson's Weekly.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

TOLD BY MR. ORLIN POST, OF GRUMIDGE, MANITOBA.

Suffered Greatly for Five Years With Rheumatism—Doctors and Many Medicines Failed to Help Him, But He Got the Right Medicine at Last.

From the Echo, Dominion City, Man.

Recently while chatting with a reporter of the Echo, Mr. Orlin Post, a well known farmer of Grumidge, Man., gave the following story of five years of great suffering from that most painful of diseases—rheumatism. Mr. Post said:—"There are few people, unless they have been similarly afflicted, can understand how much I suffered during those five years from the pains of rheumatism. There were times when I was wholly unable to do any work, and to merely attempt to move my limbs caused the greatest agony. I tried several doctors but they seemed quite unable to cure me. Then I tried several advertised medicines, that were highly recommended for this trouble, but they also failed to bring the longed-for release from pain. As these medicines failed me one after the other, I began to look upon the trouble as incurable, and was almost in despair. At this time some friends asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to make at least one more effort to obtain a cure. I knew my case was not only a severe one but from the failure of other medicines a stubborn one, and I determined that the pills should have a fair trial, so I bought a dozen boxes. I took them according to directions, and before they were gone there was a great improvement in my condition, but I was not fully cured. I then got another half dozen boxes, and by the time the third of them were emptied I had no ache or a pain left, and was able to do a good hard day's work without feeling any of the torture that had for five years made my life miserable. You may say for me that I do not think there is any medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for rheumatism. It is several years since my cure was effected, and as I have never since had the least sign of the trouble, I think I can speak with authority."

When such severe cases as this are entirely cured, it is not surprising that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made such a great reputation throughout the world for the cure of other diseases due to poor or watery blood. Paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, anaemia, consumption, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, female ailments and neuralgia are among other troubles they have cured in thousands of cases. Only the genuine pill will cure—substitutes never cure anything—and to avoid substitutes you must see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or will be sent post free at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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

Dr. Chase's Ointment paration from her? "You may be very certain that I do not care a straw for what the Warburtons think!"

Pale, Nervous, Wild With Pain

From a Skeleton of Skin and Bone Mrs. Edwards Was Built Up to Health and Strength By Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. R. W. Edwards, 33 McMurray street, Brantford, Ont., describes her case as follows: "For five years I have suffered more than words can tell from nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia, and exhaustion. The pains in my head would at times almost drive me crazy. I could not sleep nights, but would walk the floor in agony, until I fell exhausted and unconscious, and my husband would have to carry me back to bed."

"Sometimes I could take no food for four days at a time, and experienced terrible gnawing sensations in the stomach, bad taste in the mouth, and coated tongue. I was pale, nervous, irritable, easily exhausted, was reduced to a mere skeleton of skin and bone, and my heart would palpitate as though it was about to stop beating. My greatest suffering was caused by the dreadful pains in my head, neck, and back, and all this was in spite of the best efforts of three leading doctors of this city."

"For the past nine months I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and for a considerable time I have not experienced a headache, or any of the symptoms mentioned above. From a mere skeleton this medicine has built me up in flesh and weight, until now I am strong and well, do my own household work, walk out for two hours without feeling tired, and am thoroughly restored to health. Is it any wonder that words fail to express my gratitude for this remarkable cure? You can use this testimonial for the benefit of other sufferers."

It would be impossible, we believe, to produce stronger evidence to prove the wonderful power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a system-builder. It contains the very essence of the most potent restoratives of nature, and is certain to be of benefit to you. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.