CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or Gentility Vs. Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER XIII.

It had, somehow, come to be a custom that they never asked Letty to accompany them when they went out walking. Perhaps neither of them knew why she never went with them, but it was an understood thing—an arrangement that they all accepted tacitly.

And, in truth, that poor heart of hers, if it ached a little for any neglect that was shown her, at any rate harbored no bitterness in it. The child seemed to her always to belong so much more to her husband. She was like his mother, he often said; she had such pretty, dainty, ladylike ways; she was not like Letty, or Letty's folk.

"I sometimes feel almost as if I hadn't brought her into the world at all," Letty would say wistfully to Mrs. Markham, when occasionally her aunt came to visit her. "I sit and look at her, and feel as if she wasn't mine at all. And she feels it too—that's the strange thing—and she so young. She'll come to me for any little thing that I can do for her, but, when she's got it, it's her father that she'll go and stop with. She never stops with me."

And then the tears would come to Letty's eyes, perhaps, and made her gentle lament.

She stood in the sunshine to-day, she would wipe them away as she watching Dorcas, and her father as they went hand in hand along the road. She had crossed the garden with them, and then stood looking after them, leaning on the garden gate. Her husband turned back once and nodded her a good-by, but the child was chatting and did not think of her.

"We'll go straight to the river—won't we?" Dorcas had begun to say. "We're going there first, and then we'll go and be lions."

It was a pretty river, winding its bright band of silver through the meadows—with thick woods coming down here and there to the water's edge—with sedges and bulrushes growing freely on its banks. A good river for some kinds of fish, so that anglers came often to it; there were some there to-day, patiently plying their craft.

Mr. Trelawney and Dorcas sat down for a long time, and watched the rippling of the water, and the flashing of the sunbeams on it, and talked together—of the birds that flew past above their heads—of the wild ducks skimming along the surface of the water—of the cows that came slowly along the meadow, and down to the river's edge to drink. Lazily they came, and lazily stood drinking for a little while, and then one after the other they plunged into the water, and swam to the opposite bank; and Dorcas broke into a shout of delighted childish laughter. A clear, ringing contagious laugh. The pair of anglers, who were not far off, heard it and laughed too. They were a man and a boy, father and son, perhaps; strangers they seemed to be.

It had been a calm morning, but the wind began presently rather suddenly to rise. Dorcas' light straw hat blew off her head, and in a moment whirled it out of reach—a score of feet away.

"Oh!" cried Dorcas at this catastrophe; and then she began to run, but the hat ran faster than she did, and—as though for pure mischief and delight in baffling her—not only ran, but suddenly, with a wild leap in the air, tossed itself into the river, and went bounding away on the water like a boat.

Dorcas gave another cry of distress, but her cry was checked the next moment by a pleasant boyish voice.

"Don't be afraid. I'll get it back for you," the friendly voice called out, and the younger of the two anglers plunged into the river, and in two or three moments more the runaway hat was arrested, and brought to land.

"I am afraid you have given yourself a wetting," Mr. Trelawney said, reaching the scene of action just as the capture had been made, and looking—not perhaps with specially pleased eyes—at the pair of legs before him that were dripping down water on the grass. "Neither you nor your trousers will be the better for this sort of bath, my young friend."

"Oh! my trousers will dry again," the lad answered, with a laugh and a blush; but his companion, coming up too at this moment, glanced at him and shook his head.

"You will have to come away with me, my lad, and see if they can give you a fire at the inn to dry yourself."

"If it is necessary to go somewhere, you had better come home with me," Mr. Trelawney said reluctantly, and with rather cold politeness. "The inn is a mile away my house is just there—behind the trees. As we have been the cause of your mishap, we ought to do our best to remedy it."

"Well, if you will kindly give us the use of a fire for half an hour—" the elder of the strangers said, a little haughtily. He was a tall man, and he bore himself as though he thought that, in other matters besides that of bodily height, he towered above the common creatures of creation. His name was Harcourt, he told Mr. Trelawney; and Mr. Trelawney smiled to himself, for he had heard of these Harcourts before, who were connections of the Warburtons, and who prided themselves on their blue blood.

When they reached the house, Mr. Trelawney muttered an introduction to his wife, and Harcourt began rather loftily to apologize for the trouble they were giving her. He was not a man whose manner set timid people at their ease, and Letty, to her husband's annoyance, blushed at his address, and became almost tongue-tied. The grandeur of her visitor awed her, and she let it be seen that she was awed.

"Oh, pray don't say anything. I'm sure it is we who ought to be sorry. I'm so vexed the—the young gentleman has got himself wet," she could only murmur nervously, betraying by her awkward shyness all that at the moment Mr. Trelawney felt he would have most wished to hide.

"Well, we can apologize to one another presently, Let our first business be to get the boy into a pair of dry trousers," he said quickly, with hardly restrained impatience, and began to lead the way indoors.

He sent Letty upstairs to provide the needed clothes, and himself stayed below with Mr. Harcourt. Poor Letty was ill-calculated to entertain this fine gentleman, and he was conscious of her unfitness to do it with a rather sharp and irritated consciousness.

"Will you come this way?" he said, and led his guest into the study, and shut the door upon him there.

"I wish I had something better than these to give you, but you see I have nothing here except Mr. Trelawney's clothes," Letty said to the boy, in her gentle, apologetic way, looking in his face as she tendered him the garments that she had selected for his use.

It was a bright frank face, and something in it, as she looked at it, made her smile. The boy did not frighten her as his father did.

"Oh, they'll do capitally. It wouldn't be half the fun if they were the right size," he answered, with his pleasant laugh.

And then, when, five minutes afterwards, he came, rehabilitated, downstairs, though Letty met him on the stairs' foot, and would have taken the wetted garments from him, he insisted, with boyish eagerness, on carrying them to the kitchen fire with his own hands.

"Oh! I'll take them; don't you trouble yourself. That's the way to the kitchen, isn't it? What a jolly kitchen!" he exclaimed; and he stood in the doorway, and nodded at Elizabeth, who was carrying a leg of mutton in a saucepan, as if he had known her half his life.

They all went into the kitchen together—young Harcourt, Letty—Dorcas, with a roused and eager face.

"What a nice fire; they'll dry here like smoke!" said the lad.

"Yes, only you mustn't put them too close," cried Letty, and, laughing, drew back the clothes-horse that he was pushing to within a foot of the gate. "You should never try to make things dry too fast."

"I didn't know that. I thought the faster the better?"

"Oh no!"

"They are well soaked, aren't they?"

"Should you like to go to your papa now?" Letty said presently. "Or would you rather go into the garden?" she added, after a moment, a little timidly, for the boy did not appear to catch at her proposal that he should join his father very readily. "There would be no one to see you out there—I mean see how you're dressed, and Dorcas might show you about the place."

"Yes, I'd like that," said the lad, "if Dorcas would take me."

They looked rather an odd pair as they stepped into the open air; the girl in her neat frock, with dainty little booted and white-stockinged feet, the boy shambling by her side in the trousers and slippers of a man. Dorcas laughed as she looked at him, and then colored because she had laughed.

"You're thinking that I am a guy, aren't you? Well, you are not far wrong," he exclaimed, replying good humoredly to her laughter; "but I don't mind, if you don't. I'd rather be here than over there where you found us, for we had been at it for a couple of hours, and had not had so much as a bite. I think fishing is dull work when you don't catch any fish."

"I don't know where you'd like to go," she said, breaking a little silence that had fallen between them. "We've got some cocks and hens, but I don't know if you'd care to see them; and we have a cow—"

"Oh, we've had cows enough for to-day. We've seen seven cows, you know, swim across a river," the lad interrupted, laughing. "No, I don't care much about the cocks and hens, and those things, but I'll tell you what I should like; I can't get on in these shoes very well, but I should like to sit down there under that tree, and talk."

"Would you?" exclaimed Dorcas, brightening. "Oh, I should like that too."

"Come along then, and I'll tell you a lot of things. You haven't got any brothers, have you?"

"No," said Dorcas.

"Well, I thought you hadn't. I'll tell you something about Eton, where I go to school, if you like."

"Oh, will you?" cried Dorcas, gratefully.

"Yes, as much as ever you'd care to hear."

And then Mr. Frank Harcourt leaned back against the tree at whose base he had placed himself, and, happy in the possession of an interested listener, began to talk.

They sat together for nearly an hour; the boy pouring forth, the girl asking questions. At the hour's end a call came for them from the house.

"That lad seems to think he is going to spend the rest of the day here," Mr. Harcourt was saying, as he stood at the hall door, with a scornful laugh. "He is taking his ease, I think." And he watched the two children for a few minutes before he called to Frank.

"How long do you think it takes to dry a pair of trousers, my boy?" he asked as the lad came up. "I have been waiting for you for this last half hour."

"I didn't know you were waiting for me, sir. I won't keep you a moment," Frank said.

He ran upstairs and dressed himself. He met Letty in the hall as he came down again, and thanked her for the clothes she had lent him with the boyish ease and grace that seemed to come to him so naturally.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanantly cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Then they all stood together talking for a few moments before they bade one another good-by.

The unexpected visit had been but a small incident—the accident of an hour—a thing that in an active life would have been forgotten almost as soon as it was past; but in this quiet existence of the Trelawneys incidents happened rarely, and when their guests were gone, somehow each one, in his or her degree, felt that it was difficult to go back at once to the occupations that had been interrupted; in Mr. Trelawney's mind there was a certain consciousness of irritation; and in the minds of Letty and Dorcas a sense of excitement; in Dorcas' alone perhaps a vague feeling of expectancy. Had not this afternoon's companionship been something new and delightful to her?—a pleasure hitherto untasted?—a thing she longed to taste again?

"Are we going to try once more now to get our walk, Dorty?" her father said to her, and she answered "Yes," readily, and they went out again together; but, though she held his hand and trotted by his side, she asked him none of the questions that she was so fond of asking usually; she appealed to him for no fairy story; the little mind had got filled with novel and absorbing thoughts, and as they rambled beneath the trees, it was only of Frank Harcourt that she talked, and of the things that Frank had told her.

I am afraid the repetition of all the wonders she had heard pleased herself more than it pleased her father.

"Your new friend seems to be an amazing chatterbox, Dorty," he said once. "I don't know how he can have contrived to tell you so much in so short a time; it would give me a headache, I am afraid, to listen to him."

He laughed as he spoke, and the child laughed too; but his was rather a sadder laugh than hers.

"Oh, it didn't give me a headache. I liked it," she answered, in all simplicity.

(To Be Continued.)

FOOD FOR REPENTANCE.

Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, came one day upon a tiny mite of a boy crying piteously. He was in charge of a fat and comfortable old lady, who seemed quite unmoved by his grief.

"What is the matter?" inquired the princess, who is very fond of children. "Is he ill?"

"Wall, ma'am," said the comfortable old lady, "he isn't hexactly ill, but no stomach carn't stand nine buns."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Mother's Best Help When Her Little Ones Are Ailing.

Every mother needs at some time a medicine for her little ones, and Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine in the world for constipation, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, colic, simple fevers and the troubles of teething children. The Tablets have been in use for years and thousands of mothers say that nothing else acts so quickly and relieves and cures little ones so surely. Mrs. R. H. LaRue, Mountain Ont., simply voices the experience of other mothers when she says:—"I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers who have cross or delicate children. I do not know how I could get along without them."

Children take these Tablets as readily as candy, and if crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the tiniest, weakest babies. There is a cure in every Tablet and they are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine or they will be sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HE MET HIS MATCH.

"Never cross-examine an Irishman" advised a prominent lawyer. "Yes, I'm speaking from experience," he continued. "The only witness who ever made me throw up my hands and leave the court-room was a green Irishman. A shunter had been killed by an express train, and the widow was suing for damages. I was engaged by the railway company, and had a good case, but made the mistake of trying to turn the main witness inside out.

"In his quaint way he had given a graphic description of the fatality, occasionally shedding tears and calling on the saints. Among other things, he swore positively that the whistle was not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend. Then I thought I had him.

"'Look here, McGinnis,' said I, 'you admit that the whistle blew?'

"'Yes, sor; it blewed, sor.'"

A HOUSE-CLEANING EPISODE.

Clara—"Oh, Clarence, I hear a burglar downstairs!"

Clarence—"Well, let me alone! By the time he falls over the stepladders and soapsuds buckets as I did when I came in he'll wish he was somewhere else."

HER MISTAKE.

"Let's see," said the inexperienced salesman, "the price of that ping-pong set is $10 net."

"See here," exclaimed Mrs. Gotrox; "I don't want the price of the net; I want the whole outfit."

GARDENING.

"I noticed you hoeing your garden yesterday. What are you raising?"

"Blisters, mostly."

PALE AND LISTLESS.

A CONDITION THAT AFFECTS VERY MANY WOMEN.

The Appetite Fails—Strength Departs and the Sufferer Feels That Life is Really a Burden.

From the Topic, Petrolea, Ont.

It is impossible that a medicine can be so widely known and used as are Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without striking results frequently becoming known and the merits of this great remedy for the common ailments of man and womankind being published. Mrs. Thos. Kettle, of Petrolea, Ont., is a case in point. Mrs. Kettle is an old resident of this district and is well known. Chatting with a reporter of the Topic the other day the conversation drifted on the subject of medicines, when Mrs. Kettle spoke in the highest praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which, she said, had cured her of a long illness. Our reporter, being naturally interested, made further enquiries, when Mrs. Kettle gave him the following particulars:—"I am the mother of twelve children and in spite of the constant strain and worry the raising of so large a family entailed upon me, in addition to my house work, I was for many years blessed with splendid health. However, after the birth of my last child my strength seemed to fail me, and I felt that my health was gradually going. I consulted a doctor and continued under his treatment for some months, but the only result that I could see was that I grew steadily worse. I could not name any particular ailment that I suffered from, but I was all "run down." My appetite failed me, my strength seemed all gone and I became pale and listless, scarcely able to drag myself around, and much of the time in bed. I became alarmed at my long continued ill health and as doctor's medicine had done me no good I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I purchased a box and though it did me some good, so I got six boxes more, and before I had finished taking the second I felt a lot better, and by the time I had finished the seven boxes I had perfectly regained my health, had gained weight and felt better than I had for some years. I consider the pills a splendid medicine, a real godsend to weak and ailing women, and have frequently recommended them to my friends and used them with my children, always with good results." Judging from Mrs. Kettle's healthy appearance to-day none would imagine she had ever known what a day's illness meant.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a positive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, or a weak or shattered condition of the nervous system, such as epilepsy, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, heart troubles, anaemia, etc. These pills are also a cure for the ailments that make the lives of so many women a constant misery. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

O'MALLEY WAIST.

A pretty design for a slender figure. The body of the waist may be made of either etamine or challie or any soft fabric, while the yoke may be of either striped silk, grenadine or Louisine silk. Whatever the material used, it may be tucked or accordion plaited. At the seam of the yoke and body of the waist there comes the butterfly fold in both the front and back. The silk material used in the draped fold is again produced in the elbow puff of the sleeve. The soft and thin material used in the sleeve has tucks running around the arm in the upper part, and lengthwise in the lower arm.

Quantities of material required.—Thirty-two and thirty-four bust measure will require two and one-half yards of tucked silk twenty inches wide for the yoke and sleeves, and one and one-half yards of plain silk for the lower portion of the waist puffs and fold. Thirty-six bust measure will require two and three fourth yards of fancy silk, and one and three-fourths yards of plain silk. Thirty-eight and forty bust measure will require three yards of tucked silk and two yards of plain fabric.

A Spring Medicine That is a True Tonic.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Builds Blood, Creates Nerve Force, Increases Flesh and Weight, and Makes Weak, Sickly People Strong and Well.

The day of sarsaparillas, sulphur and cream of tartar, and salts as spring medicine has gone by. People are beginning to listen to the advice of their physicians and to build up their systems by the use of such preparations as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The strong point in favor of this great food cure is the fact that it actually creates new, rich life-sustaining blood, and builds up the system gradually and naturally. For this reason it is the most satisfactory spring medicine that you can possibly obtain, and its results are permanently beneficial.

The tired languid feelings that tell of low vitality and an exhausted condition of the system soon disappear before the vitalizing, upbuilding influence of this great restorative. It conquers disease by filling the system with health, energy and vigour.

Mrs. S. Thompson, 240 Munro Street, Toronto, Ont., states:—I was very much run down in health, and whenever I exerted myself more than usual I had severe attacks of splitting headache, and was very nervous, so much so that I could not rest well at nights. After using Dr. Chase's Nerve food I found that my nerves were steadier, I could rest and sleep better than I have for a long time, and was entirely free from headaches. I can speak very highly of this preparation for nervous trouble.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has the endorsement of the best people in the land—physicians and laymen alike. It is bound to benefit anyone who uses it, because it is composed of the most potent restoratives of nature. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.