CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or Gentility Vs. Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER XIV.

A few weeks Dorcas spent in the excitements of a first friendship and then Frank Harcourt returned to London. Mr. Trelawney had got rid of the thorn in his side, and Dorcas had lost her playfellow, and once more the old life began again, and the summer days went on as they had been used to do before Frank's revolutionary advent. For a little while the child remained dull and quiet ; her former games had lost their zest for her ; she pined for the companionship that had been hers for those brief weeks—for the pleasures she had tasted, whose flavor had spoiled her for the food that had satisfied her before.

But gradually the present came once more to absorb the past, and by fine degrees Dorcas grew—not, probably, to forget Frank, but to cease to think of him every hour.

"I suppose a child's heart is really about as unimpressionable as water," Mr. Trelawney sometimes thought to himself, as he watched her with speculating eyes.

It would be the same if he himself were removed from her, he used to think : she would forget all about him in a few weeks, and be contented with the first substitute that fell in her way. He told himself this with a sort of bitterness ; but, nevertheless, even though he suspected that his own fate in similar circumstances might be the same as Frank's, it gave him a sense of very unquestionable satisfaction to see how rapidly, to all appearance, Frank was forgotten, and with what coolness the little damsel settled down again into her old contentment.

Perhaps she had really forgotten him ; perhaps she had merely locked up the recollection of him in some secret chamber of her heart, of which she only opened the door when no one saw her. A child's nature is so strange a thing. She had been full of talk about him all the time that he was with her, carrying his name so perpetually on her lips that other people grew tired of hearing it ; but from the first day after his departure she scarcely any longer talked of him at all ; even when she seemed to miss him most she held her peace about him.

So time went on, and the waters seemed to have closed over Frank's name, and Dorcas—a happy but sedate little maiden—fell back into all the old ways that his visit had interrupted and broken up. Once more she became her father's companion, and the pride and gladness of her father's life. The months passed on after Frank's departure, and the years passed on, and he never came again.

Such placid years !—in which winter and seed-time and summer and harvest succeeded one another in a quiet and contented round—happy, and busy, and uneventful. The hair began to silver as they passed on Mr. Trelawney's temples, and Letty lost her youth and Dorcas slipped imperceptibly out of childhood, and shot into a tall, slim girl, with a bright and pretty face, Quaker-like still in a certain quiet and demure expression, yet with light and laughter too behind the lashes of her sweet brown eyes. "She is very like my mother," Mr. Trelawney often said, and yet he said it always dubiously, for the girl was like her grandmother, but yet it was likeness with a difference : the delicate features came from Mrs. Trelawney, but the character of the face—a certain modest and yet frank and fearless brightness that it had—she had inherited from some other progenitor—not from Mrs. Trelawney, nor from her father, nor from Letty. With intense tenderness her father would often look into her eyes—not really reading much in them, perhaps (girls' eyes reveal so little), but with passionate love and faith believing that he read a whole world of hidden things.

Was there anything a daughter could be to a father that Dorcas was not ? Between them there seemed to be a natural sympathy, deep as their two lives. They spent their days together, and neither of them seemed to need any other companionship.

He taught her Latin and Greek, and on the whole she took to these languages pretty kindly. She also, happily, became instructed in history, and geography, and in various other excellent things. It soon grew to be not only her father's daily occupation, but his delight, to teach her. He put almost all other work aside that he might devote himself to this ; morning and evening she and her studies were his one most prominent thought. Perhaps the girl had a little more teaching than was quite good or wholesome for her, yet on the whole she throve upon it, and she enjoyed it too. She was quick in apprehending, and she grew gradually—to some extent, at any rate—to love these studies that were so dear to her father's heart : for his sake probably in the first place, yet also perhaps a little for themselves. She could enjoy Homer when he read it to her in his musical voice, and could even catch something from him of his own enthusiasm.

Gradually, as the years passed, she became more than a pupil to him : she became a help in his work. He could trust the careful fingers to make correct extracts for him, and the careful eyes to search for many a reference and note. The work she did was possibly dull for her sometimes, or at least it would have been if her love for him had not made it dear to her ; but that love beautified it all. She was proud of being useful to him with a sacred pride ; she would not have let any other hand take one iota of her labor from her.

So these two lived in one another; and as for Letty—! Well, Letty had her own place, they thought—but that was not in the inner circle of the heart of either of them. The gentle, loving, feeble woman had to live her life as she best could, doing the work that fell to her to do, but closing her lips for the most part over all her futile regrets and futile longings. It was hard, perhaps at times ; but then the world is full of hard things, Letty always patiently thought, and if she had her troubles she had also so much besides to make her glad. If, indeed, Mr. Trelawney and Dorcas could have loved her a little better—! But then they were so different from her: they were gentlefolks, and she was only a poor woman, and so it would not have been natural, she supposed. She was glad, with pure, unselfish love, that Dorcas was such a little lady ; she never for a moment wished that it had been otherwise, or grudged her husband one grain of his delight and satisfaction in the child.

And she would look, with eyes made tender with love and thankfulness, at the little maiden, whose delicate and dainty prettiness was so far removed from anything that the unkindest lips could have called vulgar or unrefined and (in spite of the sword in her own heart) feel proud that it should be so.

"Yes—she don't take after you, Letty, or any one of the lot of us," Mrs. Markham sometimes emphatically said.

Mrs. Markham had long ago taken another situation as housekeeper in a distant county, and, though she was growing old, was still buxom and healthy. Every year or two she would come to see Letty, and stay with her for two or three days, and during these visits Mr. Trelawney would treat her with great kindness, and Letty would always have much to say to her that she could say to no one else.

The last time that Dorcas had seen Mrs. Markham was when she was about fourteen years old, and for nearly three years after this Mrs. Markham happened to pay no other visit to Shepton ; but when the girl was seventeen she at length came again, and the six or eight days that she stayed with Letty then amply sufficed, I fear, for the shrewd, observant eyes to find out a good deal to which poor Letty, in her tender cowardice, would gladly have kept them blind.

Till now Dorcas had lived on the whole a secluded life, but yet, though she had had few companions, there had always been certain houses in Shepton that had been open to her, so that she had been by no means altogether without friends. They had, for instance, been kind to her at the vicarage ; Dr. and Mrs. Gibson too had often asked her to visit them, and perhaps some half dozen other families amongst her father's old acquaintances had taken some notice of her—partly from old friendship's sake, partly from kindness to herself.

At the time of Mr. Trelawney's marriage the whole of Shepton, as you know, had agreed that he had perpetrated a piece of egregious folly, and they had punished him for it by declining to visit Letty, and so for a good while a number of houses that had been open to him once became closed to him, and people who would formerly have greeted him with a cordial shake of the hand, if they had met him and Letty in the street, passed him now with a bow.

So Letty did not trouble Shepton society with her presence, and—society being grateful to her—was, perhaps, the more kindly treated by it on that account ; and as for Mr. Trelawney and Dorcas, they mixed a little in it, in a very moderate way, and Dorcas had her friends and favorites, and indeed, on the whole, was, perhaps, made a good deal of—because people were so sorry for her, they said, and because it was such a terrible disadvantage to a girl to have a mother like Letty. "Of course nobody would ever be so cruel as to say a word to her, but she is sure to hear the truth sooner or later, poor dear," they often said ; and in truth their tenderness over her brought the story of her father's marriage at times so curiously near their lips that, if Dorcas did not guess it, it was almost more her fault than theirs.

But yet, up to this time, she had not guessed it, and, happy in her ignorance, and in her unconsciousness that there was anything in her history that was kept a secret from her, she went her way without suspicion, and took her place in the little world amidst which she lived, frankly and fearlessly ; until, when she had a little while passed her seventeenth birthday, there came this visit of Mrs. Markham's, which set her pondering about various things of which she had scarcely thought before.

In truth, at this period of her life, the girl in her heart was a rabid little aristocrat, and whatever was unrefined or common, even though it might be so only in outward appearance, found little favor or charity in her sight. To a large extent it was because he was so perfect a gentleman that she was so proud of her father, and if her mother had been as perfect a lady, she would have loved her better than she did, I am afraid, by a good deal. As it was, somehow she knew instinctively that Letty was not like her father. She knew it—she seemed always to have known it : vaguely, as far as any comprehension went of wherein lay the difference between them, but very certainly and clearly indeed as to the difference itself.

But yet to her mother's shortcomings Dorcas had been so long accustomed that she had come—as was only natural—to accept them simply as matters of course, without wonder or question, or only—when they were brought prominently before her—with a little occasional annoyance. They were not aggressive faults (poor Letty's failings all her life had been so much more of the negative than the positive kind) : she might be a little different from other people, but she was not startling, and—and vulgar, as surely Mrs. Markham was ?

She could not make up her mind to like the latter, that was the honest truth of it. She was a dainty little lady, and she was ashamed to think that this red-faced woman, who called her father "sir" and spoke bad grammar, and could not be kept from making the beds and mending everybody's stockings, was her mother's aunt.

I am afraid that during these days the girl made Letty's heart ache many a time, and filled her with fears that she knew were very cowardly. How could she still hope now, when Dorcas was almost a woman, to keep it any longer hidden from her that she and her people had been so far beneath her father's class ? and yet she had not courage to tell the secret to her that she had tried so long to keep.

"I ought to do it, perhaps," she said to Mrs. Markham sadly one day—"I feel that many a time ; but when I think that, if she knew it, she'd look down upon me (for she's hard at times—oh, I think we're all of us hard when we're very young !) I don't know how to do it. And yet I feel she'll find it out some day, and make it worse for me than if I told her now."

"Well, Letty, my dear, if I was you, I would tell her, and have done with it," Mrs. Markham replied to this speech. "You've got nothing to be ashamed of; and, for my part, I think better of Dorcas than to believe she'd ever cast it up to you, or bear a thought on her heart against you for it. She couldn't do that, Letty, and you her own mother, though maybe she is a little bit stiff just now, and stuck-up with pride, as girls often are at her age. But she's a good girl in spite of that, and she couldn't be good and not be tender over you."

"Aunt Markham, mamma lived with you, did she not, when she was a little girl ?" Dorcas said a day or two afterwards, abruptly, to Mrs. Markham herself ; and Mrs. Markham—knowing how much in the dark the girl had been kept—took a moment or two hurriedly to arrange her thoughts, and then—

"She lived with me before she married your father, my dear," she said. "She came and stopped with me after her own mother died."

"Oh !—and was that in London?"

"No ; here." The word slipped from Mrs. Markham's lips before she perceived that it would have been wiser to have omitted it.

"Here in Shepton ?" in a tone of great surprise.

"Yes."

Mrs. Markham gave her answer unwillingly, but with Dorcas sitting before her, looking with her keen eyes into her face, how could she help giving it ?

"In Shepton ! Then you lived here ?" cried Dorcas.

"Yes, my dear, I lived here for a bit."

"And that was when papa fell in love with mamma ?"

"Yes."

"And mamma was married from your house ?"

"From—yes, yes—she was married while she was stopping with me."

"Papa and mamma always talk so little about old times. It is odd that I never knew before that you lived in Shepton. What house did you live in, Aunt Markham ?" asked Dorcas placidly.

But this was too much for Mrs. Markham. She suddenly rose from her seat, on the pretext that her sewing was finished.

"Perhaps I'll show you some day, my dear," she said, with great outward self-possession, but inward uneasiness, and, taking up her work-basket, she walked away, and left Dorcas alone, puzzled, but still far from guessing the truth.

(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

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And Was Brought Back From Nervous Prostration to Health and Strength by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

There is no faith cure about Dr. Chase's Nerve food. You do not need to imagine it is doing good. You can prove it by keeping a record of your weight. This food cure acts in a perfectly natural way. In fact, it is nature's own cure, and is composed of the most powerful restoratives and invigorators that science has yet discovered.

Take the case of Mrs. West, as described in her letter quoted below. She was pale, weak and run down in health. Her blood was thin and watery, and her nerves so starved and exhausted that she was prostrated. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cured her, and added new, firm flesh to her body to the extent of eleven pounds. You will find her letter interesting.

Mr. S. W. West, Drayton, Wellington County, Ont., writes:—"About two years ago I got terribly run down, and finally became a victim of nervous prostration. I had no appetite, seemed to lose interest and ambition and could scarcely drag myself about. Hearing of good results from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I used three boxes with great benefit. In a short time I gained eleven pounds, and as I was very thin when I began to use the remedy, I was very proud of the increase of weight.

Then the following spring I became rather poorly, and it again built me up, and gave me such a good appetite that I wanted to eat nearly half the time. I was so pleased with the cure the Nerve Food brought about that I recommended it to others, and they have told me of the benefits they had obtained from this preparation. You may use this testimonial in order that others may learn of the good there is in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

If you have been affected as Mrs. West has, if you are not feeling real strong and well, you will be surprised at the good that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will do you. It puts color in the cheeks, rounds out angular and wasted forms, and brings new hopes, new confidence and new life to take the place of despondency, weakness and disease. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE BLOOM OF HEALTH.

How to Keep Little Ones Bright, Active and Healthy.

Every mother knows that little children need careful attention—but they do not need strong drugs. When baby is peevish, cross or unwell, it is an unfortunate fact that too many mothers dose them with so-called "soothing" medicines which stupefy and put the little one into an unnatural sleep, but do not remove the cause of the trouble. What is wanted to make the little one bright, cheerful and well, is Baby's Own Tablets, which will promptly cure colic, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and teething troubles. They give children sound, refreshing sleep, because they remove the cause of the trouble. These tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Mrs. James Found, Valentia, Ont., says:—"Before I got Baby's Own Tablets, my baby was very pale and delicate, and so peevish that I had to walk the floor with him day and night. The first tablet I gave him helped him, and that night he slept soundly. Since then the tablets have made him perfectly well, and he is now a fine, healthy looking baby, and is getting quite fat. I would not be without the tablets if they cost a dollar a box."

Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages and are taken as readily as candy. Crushed to a powder, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest baby. Sold by all druggists or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Maud: "But you must have given him encouragement, Nell." Nell: "Why, my dear, how foolish! Of course, I used to take walks with him almost every afternoon, and often go to the theatre and skating rink with him, and have him to dinner at the house, and go to church with him, and dance with him at the class, but really never gave him any encouragement."

POOR DIGESTION.

RENDERS THE LIFE OF THE DYSPEPTIC MISERABLE.

Food Becomes Distasteful and a Feeling of Weariness, Pain and Depression Ensues.

From LeSorelois, Sorel, Que.

Of the diseases afflicting mankind dyspepsia is one of the worst to endure. Its victims find life almost a burden. Food becomes distasteful; they suffer from severe pains in the stomach; sometimes excessive heart palpitation, and a general feeling of weakness and depression. Though this disease is one of the most distressing, it is one which, if the proper remedy is employed, can be readily cured. Thousands throughout this country bear testimony to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a never failing cure. Among them is Mrs. Adolphe A. Latrousse, a well known and highly esteemed lady residing at Sorel, Que. She says:—"For two years I was a constant sufferer from bad digestion and its accompanying symptoms. Food became distasteful and I grew very weak. I suffered much from pains in the stomach and head. I could not obtain restful sleep and became unfit for all housework. I tried several medicines without finding the least relief and I continually grew worse until in the end I would vomit everything I ate. I had almost given up hope ever being well again when one day I read of a case similar to mine cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I determined to give these pills a trial and am happy to-day that I did so, as by the time I had taken eight or nine boxes my strength had returned, the pains which had so long racked me disappeared, my stomach would digest food properly and I had fully regained my old time health, and have not since had any return of the trouble."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a purely tonic medicine and unlike all purgatives, do not weaken the system, but give life and energy with every dose. They are a certain cure for anaemia, dizziness, heart troubles, rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance and the functional ailments that make the lives of so many women an almost constant source of misery. Sold by dealers in medicine, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HERBERT FROCK.

The Herbert frock develops beautifully in linen or colored or white pique. Then again, it does well in serge, or in any of the lightly woven goods of spring. The wide collar on this little double-breasted costume is its most attractive feature. The use of the ruffle is optional. Narrow braid might be used to decorate the collar and cuffs with good fabric, or a dark shade of cotton, the shield and small collar may be of white pique to give a dainty touch.

Quantities of material required.—The size for two years will require two and three-fourths yards of goods thirty-six inches wide, or one and one-half yards of goods fifty-four inches wide. The size for four years will require three and one-fourth yards of goods thirty-six inches wide, or one and three-fourths yards of goods fifty-four inches wide.

Mrs. De Fadd: "The latest fashion is to have the piano built into the wall." Mr. De Fadd (wearily): "Well, that's sensible! Let's wall up ours."

Clerk: "I would like to get off early, sir, as my wife wants me to do some odd jobs round the house while it is light enough." The Manager: "Can't possibly do it." Clerk: "Thank you, sir. You are very kind."

A lady was looking for her husband, and inquired anxiously of a housemaid: "Do you happen to know anything of your master's whereabouts?" "I'm not sure, ma'am," replied the careful domestic, "but I think they're in the wash."

In Great Britain there are only 51 books in public libraries to each 100 of the population. France has 329 and Denmark 412.