CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or Gentility Vs. Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER XVII.

Time passes so quickly when it passes monotonously : they woke one morning and found that Dorcas was nineteen. "Quite a great age," her father said to her, and she laughed, and answered, Yes, she would be growing old soon. She laughed, but, after a moment or two she also gave a little sigh.

"I wish that something would happen sometimes," she said to herself on this nineteenth birthday. "We are all very happy, I know, and I suppose I ought to be content ; but, oh ! when one thinks what a big, big world it is, and what lovely things and places there are in it, and that we never see them, never go near them, never have anything new to think of from year's end to year's end !"

She stood at her window in the bright winter's morning, looking out at the blue sky, at the leafless trees, and thinking this. She was just a little dull—a little tired of her quiet life. The years would go on so fast, she thought, and she should grow old, and know nothing beyond this little spot of earth—nothing of all the far-off things about which other people knew.

Some one passed Dorcas in the village one day, and looked at her rather curiously as he went by.

"Who is that ?" Mrs. Gibson, who was walking with her, asked. "He seemed almost as if he thought he knew you."

But Dorcas shook her head.

"He could not know me, for I don't know him. He must be a stranger," she replied ; and then nothing more was said.

The next day, however, she met the same person for the second time very near to her own house, and, though he again passed her, no sooner had he passed than—as she quickly became aware, for it was frosty weather, and the roads were hard—the sound of his footsteps ceased, as if he were standing still to look after her, and scarcely had she paused at her own garden-gate before those same steps made themselves heard again, not retreating now, but approaching her rapidly, while suddenly a cheery voice called out her name.

"Miss Trelawney !" it said ; and she turned round and found the stranger close beside her, his face bright with pleasure, and his hand already stretched out. "I met you yesterday, and I was almost sure it was you, even then, though I didn't like to speak. Oh, I suppose you have quite forgotten me ?" he exclaimed ; and then suddenly, as he looked straight at her, there was something in the open, laughing eyes that all at once stirred her memory, and made the color come up to her cheek.

"Are you—I am not sure—are you Fr—Mr. Harcourt ?" she said.

"Why, I never thought you would remember ! I am so glad you do," he answered heartily. "Just think of it being more than a dozen years since I was here, and of us knowing one another again ! Well—and how are you ?"

"Quite well, thank you," she answered demurely.

"And Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney ?"

"They are very well too."

"I was coming to call on you, you know. I meant to come this very afternoon. I have only been here a couple of days. You can't think how I was tempted to stop you when I saw you in the street yesterday. I felt so sure it was you. Do you know, you are not a bit altered !" the young man exclaimed, and looked into her face straight again with his frank eyes.

"But you are," she said.

"No !—am I Oh, I don't think I am—very much—or else, you see, you would not have known me."

"But I did not know you a bit when I met you yesterday. I think I only knew you now because—you could not be anybody else."

"Oh, I am sorry for that. I hoped you had really recollected me—though, indeed, I suppose you hardly could. Why, what a little morsel of a thing you were when I saw you last ! You were only six,"

"And you were twelve."

"Yes—and now I am five-and-twenty."

"And I am nineteen."

They both laughed suddenly. They were standing still outside the gate, and she had not yet asked him to come in. She was not quite sure whether it was her business to ask him to come in, or whether he should offer to do it. She hesitated for a moment or two, and then, a little doubtfully—

"I think mamma is at home, if you would care to see her," she said.

"If I should care !" he repeated instantly. "Well, I don't think you need doubt that. Do you suppose I forget what a good friend your mother was to me ?" And then without waiting for any warmer invitation, he proceeded at once to open the gate, and they both walked in.

"Why, there is not a bit of change about the place !" he exclaimed next moment. "There are the flower-beds with the little walks all round them, and the ivy-borders—and the very same seat, I do declare, under the pear tree, where we used to sit while I told you ghost stories. I remember I frightened your very wits out once under that tree. Are you afraid of ghosts now ?"

"Not a bit," she said.

"Then I should have no chance of making your hair stand on end, I suppose, if I were to tell you ghost stories again ? And, besides, your hair is long now, so I could hardly expect to do it anyway. It used to be very short, you know, in those days.

"Yes—I remember."

"Almost as short as mine is now. And it was always tumbling into your eyes. Sometimes you lost your temper over it. I suppose you never lose your temper now ?"

"No—never."

"Ah ! do you mean that seriously, I wonder ?"

And then he looked at her suspiciously for a moment, till she smiled a little, when, with a quick—"Oh, I don't believe it a bit !" he went off again into one of his bright frank laughs.

She ushered him into the drawing-room, and then left him, and hastened away to find her mother. She did not know how eager and full of life she looked as she presented herself before Letty, with her news upon her lips.

"Mamma, who do you think I have met just now ? He is down in the drawing-room. He has come to see you. It is Frank Harcourt !" she said.

"Frank Harcourt ! Oh, dear me, Dorcas ! What, Frank turned up again !" Letty exclaimed.

It was curious how even she, at Dorcas' tidings, began to dimple and flush. She had been fond of this lad a dozen years ago, and the thought of seeing him again threw the gentle, timid little woman into a flutter of pleasure. She came into the drawing-room shy and yet eager. The sight of the tall, broad-shouldered young man frightened her for a moment, yet, by the time he had grasped her hand and told her how glad he was to meet her once more, it was wonderful (as she said to Dorcas afterwards) how she almost felt at home with him again.

"I don't know how it is, but he always had such a pleasant way with him, and, bless the lad ! he takes us up now just as if he had only said good-by to us yesterday," she said, as she and Dorcas talked the visit over presently.

They sat down, and he began to tell his history to them. Yes a good deal had happened to him since he saw them last ; he had stayed at Eton till he was nineteen, then he had gone to Oxford. He had taken his degree two years ago. Since then he had been moving about a great deal ; he had been all over Europe ; he should be abroad probably still, only I was summoned home suddenly last summer," he said gravely, "by the death of my father. It came pery unexpectedly. I have been in England since then—for the last six months, and I suppose I shall remain here now—at any rate, for the present, for my mother is glad to have me with her"

"You can't imagine how often I have thought about you all !" he exclaimed. "Those weeks I spent here—why, they were amongst the happiest weeks of my life. I think I must have been an awful bore to you"—this to Letty—"coming breaking in on you at all hours—but how good you always were to me !—and as for Dorcas—I beg your pardon"—hurriedly—"but you know you were Dorcas then—" and suddenly he laughed, and did not bring the broken sentence to an end. "You don't know," he said, instead of ending it, "how often I have wanted to see you—and what a curious thing it is to feel that I am here again at last !".

"I am sure we have often thought of you too," Letty said. She almost unconsciously put her hand half caressingly on the young man's arm as she spoke, in the old way : it seemed so natural to do it that she did it almost without thinking. "I don't know—" and then she looked at him kindly—"I don't know whether you used to be nicer than other boys—but I suppose I am fond of boys generally, for I always liked so to have you here. I used to think, many and many a time how much I liked it."

"You will make me vain if you tell me that," he answered, with half a laugh, but as he spoke he took her hand, and showed his gratitude by giving it a clasp that almost brought the water to her eyes.

"Well, I shall see you again—very soon, I hope ?" he said to Dorcas, as he shook hands with her too—with somewhat less fervor. And with that question—which Dorcas did not answer—he took his departure, and two women watched him as he went quickly down the garden path, almost with as springy and light a step as that with which he had been used to tread it when he was a boy.

There was a little more color than usual in the cheeks of both of them. I think in them both their pulses were beating a little quickly.

A few evenings later Dorcas met Frank Harcourt again at a party given by the Penroses. Throughout the evening he was markedly attentive to her. At last the guests arose to go.

"Are you sure that Elizabeth is here, my dear ?" Mrs. Penrose said to Dorcas, as she shook hands with her ; and the girl answered—

"Oh, yes, I am sure she has come."

Frank Harcourt was talking to some one as she left the room, and did not bid good-by to her (which surprised her a little perhaps); but when she had put on her hat and cloak, she found him waiting there by Elizabeth's side.

"We go the same way, do we not ?" he said at once.

"No, I don't think we do," she replied, and opened her eyes ; but at that he began to laugh, and merely exclaimed—"You are as bad as Elizabeth ! Come along. I always go to Woodlands past your house," he stepped out at the door, and in another moment she was walking along the little drive to the gate very contentedly by his side.

The night was dark, and after a minute he asked her to take his arm. The road was more familiar to her than it was to him, and perhaps that thought occurred to her ; possibly, too, she might remember how a couple of years ago, when Mr. Hardy used to make the same request to her, ahe had always excused herself, and said she had always preferred to walk alone ; yet now, when Frank Harcourt offered her his arm, she took it—she hardly knew why.

"What a long time it is since we

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.

We had been out together all day, and then we ran back to the house, and I had to say good-by to you—and I was awfully cut up !"

"I remember you saying good-by to us," replied Dorcas a little markedly.

"What—you remember that, you mean, and you doubt the rest ? Now, what a thing that is to tell one !"

"Oh, I don't express any doubt about the rest. I don't remember your being cut up ; that is all."

"No, because you were too young to know anything about it. But I had a lump in my throat, I can tell you that."

"Had you ? I hope you soon got rid of it ?" inquired Dorcas politely. And then he burst out laughing.

"Wnat a hard heart you have ! Do you never feel lumps in your own throat, or anything of that sort ?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"I know I was horribly sorry to say good-by that day. I don't think I was ever so sorry about anything."

"I don't think you were sorrier than—we were," the girl hurriedly said.

They were the softest words that she had spoken to him yet, since they had met. Perhaps, hitherto, though she had been glad to be with him, she had hardly let him see that she was glad ; she had been rather brusque to him ; if she had liked to talk to him she had not made it too evident that she liked it ; but now this little sentence came out with a sudden sweetness and earnestness in it, and when she halted near the end, it almost seemed as if the word upon her lips had been not a plural pronoun, but a singular one.

Did he notice the little hesitation and give a true reading to it ? They were silent for a few moments after her answer to him, and then it was she again who said something next—about the clearness of the evening, and how, if the frost went on, they should have skating soon. Did he like skating ? she asked, and did he know what great skaters the Miss Warburtons were ? And then they talked of winter amusements for all the rest of the way home.

They parted when they reached the garden-gate. Elizabeth had been walking almost by Dorcas' side, her lantern throwing a quivering light over the pathway at their feet, and perhaps neither her presence nor the flickering illumination had aided their conversation much. Yet when, as they were bidding each other good night, the disturbing lantern, lifted for a moment, gave him a parting look of her face framed in its soft swan's-down-edged hood, the sight was so pretty a one that he almost thought it made up for whatever else Elizabeth's escort might have made him lose.

"I shall see you again soon," he said, as they shook hands.

"Shall you ?" she merely answered.

And then he took his hat off and was gone.

(To Be Continued.)

BRIGHT BABIES.

Are a Joy to Mothers and a Treasure in the Home.

All babies should be bright, good natured and well. If you have a child that is sickly, fretful, nervous, restless at night, or suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any sort, give it Baby's Own Tablets and it will soon be well. There is no other medicine in the world will so safely and speedily cure indigestion, sour stomach, colic, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles. Thousands of grateful mothers speak of this medicine in words of warmest praise. Mrs. Fred. Power, 18 Scollard street, Toronto, says: "My baby suffered greatly from indigestion. She was pale and very thin and would cry with pain in the stomach, and sometimes would not sleep either day or night. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they have made a great change in my little one. She now digests her food readily; is not troubled with the pain in the stomach, and has grown quite plump. I do not know of any medicine that can equal Baby's Own Tablets for little ones."

This medicine is guaranteed to contain neither opiate nor other harmful drugs. Children take the tablets as readily as candy and crushed to a powder they can be given to the smallest, weakest baby. Sold at all drug stores, or sent post paid at 25c. a box by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

HARD TO SATISFY.

Some men are hard to please, especially in their flustered and ill-natured moods. A good story is told of such a man, a banker.

One day, when nothing had seemed to suit him, he broke out suddenly to one of the clerks, in a tone like a thunder-clap:

"Look here, Jones, this won't do! These figures are a perfect disgrace. An office boy could do better. Look at that five, will you? It looks just like a three. Nobody would take it for anything else. Look at it, I say."

"I—er—I beg pardon, sir," began the trembling clerk, "but—er—well, you see, sir, it is a three."

"A three!" roared the banker; "a three! Why, you idiot, it looks just like a five!"

And the subject dropped.

Smith: "See Jones over there laughing so heartily? Somebody must have told him a funny story." Brown: "More likely Jones told it himself."

The Maid: "Do you think it's unlucky to get married on a Friday?" The Bachelor: "Of course. Why should Friday be an exception?"

WEAK AND HELPLESS.

THE CONDITION OF MRS. WM. WESCOTT, OF SEAFORTH.

Suffered From Headaches and Dizziness — Could Not Stand the Least Exertion.

From the Sun, Seaforth, Ont.

Mrs. Wm. Wescott is well known to nearly all the residents of Seaforth. It is also well known to her neighbors and friends that she passed through a trying illness, but is now happily, in robust health. To the editor of the Sun, Mrs. Wescott recently gave the particulars of her case for publication, merely in the hope that her experience might be of some benefit to some other sufferer. She said:—"For some time past my health was in a bad state, my whole system being badly run down. I was troubled with headache, much dizziness, my appetite was poor and I could not stand the least exertion I consulted different physicians, but their treatment did not seem to benefit me, and I gradually became so bad that I was unable to attend to my household duties. I then tried several advertised medicines, but without any beneficial results, and I began to despair of getting better One of my neighbors strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and somewhat reluctantly I consented to do so. After I had taken a second box I began to notice a great improvement in my condition, and by the time I had used five boxes, I was fully restored to my former good health, much to the surprise of my neighbors and relations. I do not suffer the least now from those headaches and dizzy spells; my appetite is good and I can attend to my household duties with the greatest ease. In fact I feel like a different woman, and all this I can say is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. All who suffer from a run-down constitution should give these pills a trial."

When the vitality is low; when the blood needs to be replenished, enriched and purified; when the nerves are weak and require strengthening, there is no other medicine can take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is because of their direct specific action on the blood and nerves that these pills cure such troubles as anaemia, nervous headache, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St Vitus' dance, kidney and liver complaints and the functional troubles that make the lives of so many women a source of almost constant misery. Do not take any but the genuine, which have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHERE THE ORDER CAME FROM

The colonel was entertaining some of his friends with stories of Army life, and the talk turned to the inflexibility of orders. That reminded the colonel of Tim Murphy's case. Murphy had enlisted in the cavalry service, although he had never been on a horse in his life. He was taken out for drill with other raw recruits under command of a sergeant, and, as luck would have it, secured one of the worst kickers in the whole troop.

"Now, my men," said the sergeant, in addressing them, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders from a superior officer. Remember that."

Tim was no sooner in the saddle than he was hurled head over heels in the air, and came down so hard that the breath was almost knocked out of him.

"Murphy," shouted the sergeant, when he discovered the man spread on the ground, "you dismounted!"

"I did."

"Did you have orders?"

"I did."

"From headquarters, I suppose?" with a sneer.

"No, from hindquarters."

"Take him to the guard-house!" ordered the sergeant.

JOHN WAS READY.

In these days of proposed international alliances it is interesting to read of the little difficulty in which a Chicago newsboy found himself involved, and how he extricated himself therefrom.

He had wandered over into one of the "foreign quarters," on the west side, where one can hear almost every language except our vernacular, and he was set upon by two or three boys.

He defended himself bravely and was holding his own fairly well, until the two or three were joined by as many more, and then the battle began to go against him.

"Say," he yelled to a group of boys watching the fight, from the sidewalk, "is there an English boy in the crowd?"

"Yes," shouted a stockily built urchin of about his own size.

"Come yere, then," panted the young American, laying about him with all his might, "and we'll clean out the hull gang."

And they did.

The largest cheese ever made was 6 feet 10 inches in diameter, and 21 feet in circumference. It was made at the Ingersoll factory, and weighed 7,000 pounds.

She Had Nervous Prostration

Was Very Thin, Weak, Nervous and Run Down — Fully Restored by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

There are few diseases more difficult to cure than nervous prostration. Before the discovery of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food doctors usually gave some stimulant to whip up the exhausted nerves and quicken the heart's action

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food acts in an entirely different way. It gradually and naturally creates new nerve force, and builds up the system. You can prove that it is benefiting you by keeping a record of your weight while using it.

Mrs. 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 they 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."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is sold at 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.