CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or Gentility Vs. Nobility of Soul.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEEDING CHAPTERS. — Mr. Trelawney, a scholarly recluse, marries his housekeeper's niece. Their daughter, Dorcas, grows to be a girl of considerable refinement. Frank Harcourt, of good family, who knew her as a child, meets her and is fascinated with her.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Upper Pool was the largest of a series of shallow ponds that lay a mile or two out of Shepton. It was the place always used for skating, when skating anywhere at all was possible, and as the ice was strong enough to bear on this Monday morning, and it was the first ice of the season, the pool was soon fairly full of people, and the winter sun shone all day upon a lively scene.

The Warburton girls were very handsome, and they skated well enough to keep many eyes upon them. "I wish I had Dorcas here," Frank thought often to himself as he skimmed the ice by Maud's side; but, as he had not Dorcas, he satisfied himself fairly well with the companion that had fallen to his share, and the day would have been a very pleasant one to him if, when it was about half spent, he had not suddenly come upon a sight that drove the color in an instant impetuously to his face, and the demon of jealousy to his heart — the sight of Dorcas Trelawney near the edge of the pond, with a man whom he did not know kneeling before her and buckling on her skates.

He gave a start that almost made him lose his balance. Maud was saying something to him, and what she said conveyed no more meaning to him than if she had been a fly buzzing in his ear. For two or three moments his whole soul was absorbed in the contemplation of Dorcas, and the figure at her feet. And then he and his companion glided past the place where she was, and in a few seconds she had passed out of his sight.

He made an excuse as soon as he could for coming off the ice. He was too unreasonably upset to care to go on skating. He wanted to stand somewhere where he could watch Dorcas, and nurse his jealousy at his ease.

"Are you going to leave off? Are you tired?" Maud said, rather surprised at his movement.

"No — I only want to look on a little," he answered curtly; and then they stood for a few moments side by side.

What did it signify to him who Dorcas skated with? He told himself that it did not signify a straw, and turned vigorously away, but half savagely too, to the task of attending upon Maud. It was not that he was angry with Dorcas. He was only angry with fate, and fiercely jealous of the man who was in the place in which he wanted to be. He passed the girl once and bowed to her with an expression that filled her with amazement. Her lips had broken into a smile at sight of him (she could not but smile at sight of him, even though he was with Maud Warburton), but the solemn lugubriousness of his countenance checked that sign of pleasure almost in its birth. "Does he not want to seem as if he was glad to see me?" Dorcas thought; and then the color flushed to her face. Was he ashamed of knowing her and being seen to bow to her before these people?" she began to ask herself.

She tried to keep out of his way after that, and it seemed to her as if he too tried to keep out of hers. Perhaps a couple of hours ago, when, meeting Mrs. Penrose and her son, the vicar's wife had good-naturedly asked her if she would not let James get her skates and come with them to the pond, Dorcas had accepted that invitation with a little half-conscious hope at her heart that she might meet Frank Harcourt on the skating ground. He would be there, probably, she thought, and if he were there he would be sure to come to her; he would be pleased to see her; could she doubt that? She felt as if she did not doubt it in the least; she knew he would be glad; and so, when she saw him first, the bright young face had broken into the smile — which received in the next moment such a wintry check.

"I think I am rather tired; I think I won't skate any more," she said quietly to James Penrose presently.

She had enjoyed the exercise so much at first; she had told Mrs. Penrose it was so delightful that she should like to skate for hours, the sudden collapse in her energies puzzled the young man a little, probably.

"I am afraid you find it more tiring than you thought you would?" he inquired.

"Oh, one is out of practice a little; that is all," she said.

She joined his mother, and let him take off her skates.

"I should like to stay a little longer and look at them. You don't mind walking about a little, do you, Dorcas?" Mrs. Penrose said.

I am afraid it was not at Mr. Penrose's performances that Dorcas was gazing much; she was looking at quite another part of the pond; her eyes were following two other figures — rather wistfully. "Of course he cannot leave Miss Warburton to come to me," she said to herself; but yet she felt strangely deserted and lonely. Was it not only yesterday he told her how little he cared to be with Maud, and yet now he seemed so engrossed with her that he had not one look or word to give to — his old playfellow?

She concealed her disappointment as well as she could, and talked to Mrs. Penrose. She was a little angry, but she told herself she had no cause to be angry; she was a little unhappy, but she would not allow that she was vexed.

"Do you see how inseparable Mr. Harcourt and Maud Warburton are? I wonder if there is going to be anything between them!" Mrs. Penrose said.

"Perhaps there is," Dorcas answered rather wearily.

The pair of skaters had come near them as she spoke.

"There is Mrs. Penrose," the young man was saying.

"Yes — have you not seen her before? I have seen her a dozen times," Maud answered.

"Let us go back and speak to her, then."

But Maud objected.

"I can't when Miss Trelawney is with her," she said.

And then Frank bit his lip; and as he passed Dorcas this time he did not even look at her. If it had been possible he would have thrown Maud off and gone to her; but how could he throw Maud off?

Dorcas looked at her watch; it was past one o'clock.

"I think I ought to be going home," she said.

She was tired of it all; there was a bitter taste in her mouth. The elder woman did not notice that the girl was out of spirits. Dorcas talked as she walked home much as she usually did, even a more acute observer than the vicar's wife might have failed to perceive that anything was amiss.

"He's a fine looking man — don't you think so, Dorcas?—that young Harcourt, I mean," Mrs. Penrose said once; "but there's always something arrogant about these Harcourts to my mind. I remember the father—dear me, he was a man I disliked; and Mrs. Harcourt, though she's very soft and pleasant in manner, they say that at heart she's as hard and proud a woman as ever lived, and that her son has to give way to her in everything. You saw her at church on Sunday — did you not, my dear? A very ladylike woman, isn't she?"

"Yes, I saw her, and I thought her very lovely," Dorcas said.

"She was a Miss Cholmondeley. The Cholmondeleys are all people of good family, I believe."

"Are they? Oh, yes, I suppose so," Dorcas replied.

These people with their family pride and their pure blood—what had she to do with them? she almost angrily thought. She felt as if that pleasant hour yesterday with Frank had gone such a long, long way off —as if she should never see any more like it again.

Had Frank not known yesterday about her mother? she all at once asked herself, when she had parted from Mrs. Penrose. Had he been ignorant of her story yesterday; and then had somebody at Woodlands told it to him since, and was this what had changed him so much to her?

The thought occurred to her suddenly — a new thought, making everything clear. Yes, she saw it now; he had never heard the story before, and last night some one had told it to him, and now he was ashamed of seeming to be intimate with her. "I ought to have remembered sooner; I ought to have suspected that he might not know," she said to herself. And then she added quickly, "Well, it does not matter—at least, not much. It is only a little thing to bear." But yet, though she said it was only a little thing to bear, her heart swelled, and her eyes filled with bitter tears.

It had been very nice upon the ice, she said to her mother; oh, yes, very nice, and she had seen a great many people. Was Frank Harcourt there? Yes, Mr. Harcourt was there with the Warburtons. She had not spoken to him, but he was skating a great deal. It had been a very pretty scene. The day was so fine, and everything had looked so bright and gay, Dorcas said.

How could she help hiding the wound that had been given her? She was ashamed because she had been wounded; she was angry with herself because the pain she felt was so sharp. "I would not have turned away from him for such a cause; his mother might have been a beggar out of the street and it would have made no difference," she said to herself passionately once but this was the only bitter speech she made. Once, when Letty was sitting at work, she went up to her, and suddenly, without any apparent reason, put her cheek softly to hers, and, when Letty looked up inquiringly at this caress, Dorcas only began to say something that to the other seemed quite irrelevant — about long ago, when she was a little child — "a bad little child, who didn't love you, mother," she said—and kissed her, half laughing, but with her eyes a little wet.

Frank Harcourt was not very contented or in a very happy humor when the Warburton party drove home in the afternoon to Woodlands. The girls were pleased with their morning's entertainment, and were talking gayly, but Frank was angry with them and himself and all the world, and would not talk. He had almost voluntarily kept himself apart from Dorcas, but now it unreasonably seemed to him that it was wholly Maud's fault that he had been kept apart from her. He had meant at least to speak one word to her before she went away, and she had gone away when he had not seen her departure, and so even that word had not been spoken.

"I think your Miss Trelawney is rather dowdy, Frank; she wants style, she always puts me in mind of a Quaker," Miss Warburton said, as they sat at lunch; and then all began to talk of Dorcas, and to criticize her, till Frank's ears burnt. She was pretty—yes, the girls allowed she was certainly pretty, in a way, only—"It may be fancy, but I always feel certain, for my own part, that I should know there was something peculiar about her," Miss Warburton declared. "You see it in her manner; and of course it is natural. It would be very strange if she did not feel her unfortunate position, poor girl!"

"I really cannot see why her position need disturb her," exclaimed Frank, hotly; but of course, as soon as he said this, all the others were down upon him, and he had to defend his assertion as he best could. "Well, why should you try to magnify a small evil into a great one?" he said boldly. "Let it be allowed that her father did a foolish thing; he married out of his class—that is the long and the short of it. But Mrs. Trelawney is neither a vulgar woman nor a bad woman, and if you suppose that Dorcas is ashamed of her, you have made an utter mistake."

"And so we are all to marry whom we like in future, and live as if we were in heaven, without respect of persons? Hear, hear!" said Miss Warburton, with a cynical sneer.

And then two or three of the others laughed, and Frank felt the color rising to his face.

"I don't think there is much immediate fear of our coming to live as if we were in heaven, sir, whether we choose our wives above our own rank or below it," he answered quickly.

"Possibly not, Frank — only a repartee proves nothing," said Mrs. Harcourt in her quiet way. "It certainly, at any rate, does not justify such a marriage as Mr. Trelawney's."

"I am not attempting to justify it, mother."

"You are attempting to make light of it, my dear boy."

"Some of us may well try to do that, I think, when so many are on the other side."

And then there was an abrupt silence, and after a few moments Mrs. Harcourt began placidly to talk about some other subject; but Frank was angry, and everybody in the room was quite aware that he was angry, and, with the exception of Mr. Warburton, who, was extremely indifferent to the condition of the young man's temper, made each one her own private comments on that fact.

(To Be Continued.)

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

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Baby's Own Tablets Make Children Well and Keep Them Well.

If your children are subject to colic, indigestion or any stomach trouble ; if they are troubled with constipation, diarrhoea, or any of the ills that afflict little ones, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making sound, refreshing sleep possible. It will put children on the highroad to health at once. It is doing this to-day for thousands of children in all parts of the country. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says :—"I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them for my baby since she was three months old, and previous to using them she was a delicate child. She is now quite the reverse, as she is plump, healthy and strong. I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones." These Tablets are good for children of all ages and dissolved in water or crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest baby. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drugs. Sold by all dealers at 25c a box, or sent postpaid by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

PEOPLE OF ODD DELUSIONS.

Jerusalem is a Great Place for Religious Fads.

Jerusalem is a great place for cranks, particularly those of religious tendencies. People who have visions and possess the gift of prophecy, who have discovered new ways of salvation and methods by which they may live without sin, seem to flock here as the moths seek the light. Some come in clubs and associations, others as individuals. Many of them are actually insane and possessed of peculiar delusions. There used to be an old sailor here who went around through the principal streets day after day carrying a heavy cross. He was doing penance for some great sin he had committed, and it would be a satisfaction to know whether he obtained absolution before he died. Then there was a man who bought a lamb every morning and sacrificed it giving the skin and the meat to the poor. His place of sacrifice was on a rock outside the walls, and a crowd was there awaiting him when he came with his offering upon his back.

There is an old woman in Jerusalem now—and she is said to be rich, for she lives in a comfortable house and seems to have plenty of money—who considers it her mission to relieve the hunger and the distress of all the Ishmaelitish dogs. She goes out daily with baskets of bread and meat to feed them, and if she can catch one of the mongrel curs with which the streets are haunted, she takes him home, washes him, puts ointment upon his sores, soaks him with carbolic acid and other disinfectants and then turns him loose. But she never gets the same dog twice. Although they like the food she brings them, they do not relish the other attentions.

The Moslems, like the North American Indians, consider a lunatic sacred, and any man who comes here with marked eccentricies is absolutely safe, safer than if he had an escort of the Sultan's bodyguard.

Mr. Singleton—"Miss Willing—er—Nellie, you don't care if I drop the 'Miss' and call you Nellie, do you ?" Miss Willing—"No, indeed ! Why, only yesterday I remarked to mamma that I was getting awfully tired of being called 'Miss.' "

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

TO WEAK, NERVOUS AND EASILY TIRED WOMEN,

Given in the Story of One Who Had Suffered and Has Found Renewed Health and Strength.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

It is a good many years since the good wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was first recorded in the columns of the Sun, but during that period the sterling merit of the medicine has increased its reputation and every day adds to the number of those who have found health through the use of these famous pills. Many in this town have freely spoken of the benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and to these another is added in the person of Miss Victoria Widdis. To a reporter of the Sun who had heard of her cure, Miss Widdis said : "Several years ago I became very much run down ; I felt tired all the time, my blood was watery and I was in what the physicians called an anaemic condition. I was always weary and worn out, not able to do anything and yet not sick enough to be in bed. My heart bothered me with its constant palpitation, brought about by my extreme weakness. My appetite failed me and I was gradually growing worse. I had heard and read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. After using them a short time a decided change was noticeable and it is no exaggeration to say that I felt like an entirely different person. My appetite returned and with it good blood and strong nerves. I can conscientiously say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that they did me more good than I can tell. To all weak, nervous, easily tired, run down women, I say by all means to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and you will be delighted with the result."

It is because these pills make rich, red blood that they cure such troubles as anaemia, shortness of breath, headache, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus' dance, and the functional ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE EVIL OF HEAVY HATS.

It Is the Most Fruitful Cause of Baldness.

When travelling in countries where the great majority of the people habitually walk bareheaded, as is the case in many parts of Italy, for instance, one can hardly help noticing the great number of handsome heads of hair seen on the streets. This fact must be accepted as one of the strongest proofs that the hat is the most fruitful cause of baldness. It is certain that there are more bald men than bald women in the world, although if women were condemned to wear heavy, unyielding felt and silk hats as men are, they would probably suffer as much.

The head-gear to which men are condemned for the greater part of the year has several qualities inseparable from it which tend to lower the health of the scalp and injure or entirely destroy the hair, and in a lesser degree women's hats may come under the same condemnation. These qualities are weight, lack of ventilation and tightness. Any hat which causes a sense of oppression and heaviness across the brow will injure the growth of the hair.

Let any woman who has worn for months or years small, light bonnets set back from the face put on a stiff felt hat that rests upon the brow, and she will soon realize how vigorously her whole head resents the unwonted tyranny. She will find herself constantly lifting the weight to gain a moment's relief and fresh air for the imprisoned and rebelling nerves and veins. If she persists in wearing the hat, in a short time the danger-signals cease. Her brow becomes apparently indifferent to the insult ; it has given its warning—its danger-signals of pain and discomfort—and now adapts itself to the new burden. But the harm goes on, nevertheless. The scalp suffers from overwork, overheating and lack of ventilation, and in a short time the thinning temples and dull, nerveless hair will tell the tale.

The growing custom for women of removing the hat in public places together with the extreme lightness of the structures demanded by fashion for the greater portion of the year should result in a noticeable improvement in this respect, for with the hair as with all the rest of us, good looks cannot exist without good health.

Mrs. Simkins—"I see that our new neighbor has bought a handsome umbrella-stand for her hall." Mr. Simpkins—"And now she makes her husband come into the house through the kitchen and leave his umbrella in the sink."

"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Dobbs ?" "Why, the doctor says as how if he lives till morning he shall have some hopes of him ; but if he don't he is afeared he must give him up."

Itching Piles Can Be Cured

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It would be difficult to imagine a more difficult case of piles to cure than that described below. After twenty years of misery Mr. McLaughlin was cured, and cured permanently.

Mr. Alex. McLaughlin, for 30 years a resident of Bowmanville, Ont, writes :

"For twenty long years I suffered from itching piles, and only persons who have been troubled with that annoying disease can imagine what I endured during that time. About seven years ago I asked a druggist if he had anything to cure me. He said that Dr. Chase's Ointment was most favorably spoken of, and on his recommendation I took a box.

"After three applications I felt better, and by the time I had used one box I was on a fair way to recovery. I continued the treatment until thoroughly cured, and I have not suffered any since. I am firmly convinced that the ointment made a perfect cure.

"I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment an invaluable treatment for piles. In my case I think the cure was remarkable when you consider that I am getting up in years, and had been so long a sufferer from this disease."

This is the only preparation guaranteed to cure every form of piles. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.