CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or Gentility Vs. Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mrs. Harcourt was a shrewd woman, and as she watched her son during the next few days, she knew well enough that his mind was not at ease. He was silent and out of spirits ; he seemed indifferent to the things about him, and became quick and uncertain in his temper ; he grew unsociable, too, taking long, solitary walks, and betraying an unreasonable irritation if his movements were noticed or commented on.

Perhaps she suspected him of going to see Dorcas. At any rate this was what he thought, and his sensitive anger at her suspicion was only made the sharper by the fact that going to see Dorcas was the very thing he was not doing ; for, to be just to him, he was struggling pretty hard during these days to get Dorcas out of his head, and to accept the fact that it would be folly in him to persist in thinking of her.

And so, being in this heroic mood, for a week he forced himself to keep away from her, and he took these solitary walks meanwhile, hoping by means of them to strengthen himself in his self-denial—thought in point of fact I am not sure that they strengthened him in anything except in his ill-temper.

One day Dorcas had been sitting all day with her father in his study. He had some writing for her to do, and she did it patiently. In the afternoon he called her to read a batch of proofs with him, and they had just began this occupation when the house-bell rang.

"I hope that is no one to interrupt us," Mr. Trelawney said, impatiently, at the sound, and they both listened for a few moments—Dorcas with her lips white.

"It is Frank," poor Dorcas said to herself, and I think for a few seconds she hardly heard her father's voice ; her eyes had a mist before them as they tried to follow the words he read.

Five minutes passed, and then Elizabeth opened the study door.

"Mrs. Trelawney says I am to tell you, Miss Dorcas, that Mr. Harcourt is in the drawing-room," she said, in an indifferent way.

"Let Mr. Harcourt stay in the drawing room, then," Mr. Trelawney exclaimed quickly, looking up for a moment from his work. "Is your mistress with him, Elizabeth ?"

"She's going to him, sir."

"Very well, then ; that will do. We may leave him to your mother, I think—may we not, Dorcas ?" he said ; and, without even waiting for an answer, he went on reading, unconscious of the cry in Dorcas' heart.

She could do nothing. For a few moments it seemed to her as though, come what might, she must go to Frank ; and then she knew that she could not go—that she could do nothing but sit still. So she sat still, and they did their work.

She heard the drawing-room door open at last, and her heart gave a greap leap, and then for a few moments, while she listened, seemed to stop beating. She thought he was going then ; but, instead of that, it was her mother come at last to call her. Letty opened the study door with rather a doubtful face.

"Is Dorcas busy ?" she said. And then, as she saw what was going on —"Oh, you can't spare her, dear, I suppose ?" she asked.

"Do you want her ? She can come in a few minutes," Mr. Trelawney said.

As she closed the door of the study behind her, she found her mother standing in an irresolute way midway in the hall.

"Oh, my dear, I am glad you have come," she exclaimed at sight of her, "for Frank seems so restless ; I can't tell whether he wants to go or stay. I have just come out again. But it will be all right now if you'll go and talk to him g little. I think, she's tired of having so much of me."

With a contented face she let Dorcas pass her, and the girl went on into the room. She found Frank sitting turning over the books on the table, but he sprang up as he saw her.

"Well—at last !" he said. "I was on the point of concluding that you did not mean to come."

"I could not come," she answered. "Mamma told you, did she not ?"

"Oh, yes—she told me you were busy. But I was almost going away. I thought that being busy meant that you did not want to see me."

"I am sure you did not think that."

"I did, most certainly. I thought you were angry still because of yesterday. You know you were angry when you said good-by to me last night."

"No, that is not true."

"How calmly you say—'That is not true.' Dorcas, what a quiet, emotionless girl you are ! If I had not seen you in a fury once or twice—as you were yesterday, for instance—I should get to believe that your veins were filled with ice. I never knew anyone like you for uttering little crisp, frozen sentences."

"Is that what you think I do ?" the girl said, in a low voice. She gave a little jarring laugh. Did he understand her so ill, or was he only speaking in jest ?

"Yes, they seem frozen to me. Not that I want them to be different, though."

"That is fortunate, perhaps."

"Because you wouldn't alter them for me, you mean ? No, I don't suppose you would. I don't suppose you would do any thing for me. Would you, Dorcas ?"

"I don't know."

The short reply came quietly and coldly. The next moment (they had not sat down yet) she turned away from him, and went rather quickly and opened one of the windows, and leaned out.

"Dorcas, I have come to say something, and, however you take it, I am going to get it said. I have been here, you know, for eighteen days."

"Well ?" faltering a little.

"And they seem to me, as far as you are concerned, as if they had been eighteen months. I mean, I feel as if we had known each other all that time, or rather, as if we had never left off knowing one another—as if there had been no break between these days and the old ones, when we were playfellows and friends, and—something more than friends, even then. And now I am going away in seven days more, and before I go I am going to speak to you. Oh, yes, I understand"—for she made a sudden involuntary movement, as if to silence him, and tried to utter some hurried words that died away upon her lips—"yes, I know you want to prevent me from doing it, but I made up my mind after I left you yesterday, and there is no time to lose. You see, I am going away in seven days. Tell me only this—do you think, before these seven days end—do you think it possible that you could care enough for me to—let us become engaged ?"

"Frank !"

In her agitation, and almost terror, the girl started back from him, the blood flushing up hot to her face.

"Do you mean that you can't do it ?"

"I mean that you have no right to ask me such a thing. You have no right to talk that way—in jest."

"Good heavens, Dorcas !—as if it was possible I could say such a thing in jest !"

"You know that there could not be any thing of the sort between us. You know that. There could not," she exclaimed nervously, "even if we knew one another well—and we haven't seen each other half a dozen times."

"Yes, we have—half a dozen times exactly ; besides three times that I have seen you without speaking. So that makes nine. But I don't care whether it is nine, or ninety, or what it is. That all goes for nothing. I have been in love with you, I only know, from the first moment I looked into your face."

"Oh, don't speak so !"

"But how are you to know about it if I don't tell you ? And I want you to know about it."

"But it is no use for me to know" —a little faintly.

"What makes you say it is no use? There is only one thing that can make it be of no use—if you have made up your mind that you can't like me."

A sudden pause.

"Dorcas, have you made up your mind to that ?"

"Oh, what is the good of speaking about it ?"—almost piteously. "It is not a question of liking. I can't be anything to you, whether I like you or not."

"You mean that you are too proud to be anything to me ?"

"Yes, we might like one another ; it seems—somehow—as if we could not help doing that ; but nothing can come of it—nothing, you know. We must go our separate ways—nothing else is possible. We are being foolish just for this one time, but after this—"

"Well, after this we shall be engaged to one another," he said.

"Oh, no no !"

"Why do you say 'No' ? You won't marry me without my mother's consent ; I can understand that. But why should we not be engaged, and wait ?"

"Because it would be no use. Because I would not let you bind yourself."

"But you can't prevent me from binding myself. I'll bind myself by a hundred oaths—"

"Frank, you must not."

"If you will look me in the face, and tell me that you don't care about me, I will go away from you this moment."

And then he paused—quite long enough to allow her to speak if she had wished ; but, somehow, she hung her head, and did not speak.

"But if you have so much as one grain of love for me—Dorcas I will never give you up as long as I live."

"But I can't marry you."

"You could marry me to-morrow, if you would. I am my own master, and if you are willing to be my wife at once—"

"But I am not willing."

"Very well, then ; we are young, and we will wait till I have brought my mother round. You see, there are only two possible things for us to do—either to marry at once, or to wait."

"No—there is another thing—to part."

"Is that what you want us to do ?"

"Not what I want us to do, but" rather faintly—"what would be right."

"To give one another up ?"

"You know that that would be wisest. Why, even you yourself—you said just now that you would be content—"

"To have us give one another up ? I never said so !"

"No—but to have us—like this—only for to-day."

"If I ever said that, it was the most unmitigated lie I ever uttered ! But I never said or imagined it. If I thought that such a thing was possible, I should go home and blow out my brains."

"Frank, don't please talk so—as if you were mad."

"But I am mad. How can a man be any thing else who has got what he wants most in the world ?"

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.

"You have got—what perhaps you will repent having asked for to-morrow."

"Do you say that because you judge me by yourself ? Do you mean that you intend to repent when I am gone ?"

"I am almost repenting now"—quickly.

"You say that in words, but—your eyes don't say it."

"Oh, Frank, we have both been so unwise—so rash and reckless—like children. You have been so very rash, you know."

"Yes—thank God, I have."

"You should not thank God for such a thing as that. We are just like children. We are snatching a moment's happiness—and it will end in nothing but pain."

And then the tears came to Dorcas' eyes. Why would he persist in being so hopeful and so joyful, when she knew that she should never be his wife ?

But though she was full of fear, she could not make him afraid. He stayed with her for nearly another hour, and throughout all that time she could not awaken one doubt of the future in his mind. "What have we got to do but to wait ?" he only said. He laughed at her when she told him that he would grow tired of waiting.

"I have an obstinate way," he declared, "of never giving up what I want. And I am a wonderfully lucky fellow too ; I have seldom wanted anything—so far—that I have not got. If I thought I were to want—this, and not have pluck enough to get it—I think I might as well go and hang myself, for I should never be good for anything more in the world."

He would have gone, before he left the house, and spoken to Mr. Trelawney, but Dorcas would not let him. "It will all come to nothing," she said. "Why should he have the pain of knowing ?" She would neither let him tell her father nor Letty. There was almost nothing he could gain from her except one promise before they parted—that she would meet him outside the village on the following day. She consented to do this, but she would consent to nothing else ; and so with this concession he had at last to leave her.

(To Be Continued.)

They Refused Free Medicine.

Avoided the Lumberman's Hospital and Cured Themselves by Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Lumbermen prove their confidence in Dr. Chase by buying his remedies and using them instead of the hospital treatment supplied them without cost. An interesting letter.

Mr. John L. Hickey, now caretaker of the Public and High Schools, Trenton, Ont., states :—"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and found them the greatest medicine I ever tried. I used them when in the lumber camps and believe by keeping the kidneys and bowels regular and the general health good that they protect a person from catching contagious diseases which are so common in the camps.

"I have seen hundreds of men using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the lumber camps. They buy them by the dozen when going in, and to show how much faith they have in them they buy them when they could get their medicine for nothing by going to the hospital camp. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills keep my liver, kidneys and bowels regular and my health good. I would not think of being without them."

Mr. John Orr, lumberman, Trenton, Ont., states :—"Through exposure to all sorts of weather in the lumber camp, and as a result of the strain of my work, I became a sufferer from kidney disease, which in my case took the form of very severe pains across the back, over the kidneys and down the hips. When in the woods cutting down trees these pains would come on me with such force that I would have to give up work and return to camp, entirely used up.

"Finding that a number of the boys in camp used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I decided to try them, and did so with splendid results, as they thoroughly cured me. I feel like my old self again, and can work just as good as the next one. I am grateful for this cure, and honestly believe that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the greatest medicine there is for kidney disease."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Interesting Items From All Over the World.

The yearly loss by wear on British gold coins is £48,000.

In Italy thirty persons of 10,000 die by the assassin's knife.

No British Sovereign has vetoed a Parliamentary Bill during the last 185 years.

An eel has two separate hearts. One beats at sixty, the other 160, times a minute.

Torchon lace of any pattern can now be made by one machine, owing to a recent invention in Vienna.

Berlin statisticians have found that only 597 Christian names are employed for the 41,000 children born there each year.

The biggest wine-cooler is at Windsor, and belongs to the King. It was made for George IV., and two men could sit in it with ease.

In Germany one man in 213 goes to a university, in Scotland one in 520, in the United States one in 2,000, and in England one in 3,000.

In Siberia, if a man is dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears a cap or veil from her face, and that constitutes a divorce.

In Berlin a student who wrote for the newspapers has been fined heavily for publishing the substance of a professor's lectures in his articles without permission.

Perhaps the largest camellia in existence is at Plintitz Castle, near Dresden, Germany. The tree is 24 feet high, and annually produces about 50,000 blossoms.

The French Post Office Department has excluded mourning envelopes from the mails for the reason that they can be opened without much chance of detection.

During a year twenty-five cubic yards of the granite pavement of London Bridge is reduced to powder by the enormous traffic; 20,000 vehicles cross daily, and 200,000 foot passengers.

Kent's County Council has decided that baby carriages should carry lights, at night, as the language of the statute regulating the lighting of vehicles is general enough to cover perambulators.

Berlin's watchful police authorities have issued a warning against iced drinks in summer weather as being injurious to health. People are warned not to drink beverages that are cooler than 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

A railway train was recently stopped near Rheims, France, by the number of caterpillars that fell on the track. The rails grew too pasty and slippery for the wheels to adhere until cinders were thrown on them.

A seated marble statue of the Empress of Faustina, the ill-famed wife of the philosopher Marcus Aurelius, has been dug up in the Roman Forum. The statue is complete, but is broken in four pieces and the face has been mutilated.

Leipzig University has had the good fortune, unusual for German Universities, of receiving a $250,000 bequest from a private individual. It was obtained after a complicated law suit with the University of Vienna.

J. B. Matzenauer, who died recently at Appenzell, in Switzerland, was the last man who was subjected to judicial torture in that country. He was accused of murder in the 40's and subjected to the neck-screw and other mediaeval machines without confessing. He was later shown to be innocent.

Dr. W. G. Grace is trying to introduce an innovation in English cricket, limiting the game to a single day. A trial match was played at Bristol, each side being limited to two hours and ten minutes, the side making the greater number of runs in that time being the winner.

A boundary dispute between two English counties seems rather belated, but Westmoreland and Lancashire are quarrelling over Lake Windermere. The former county claims that the lake is wholly within its precincts, while Lancashire has strong evidence that the dividing line runs through the middle of the lake.

By the accession of the new Earl of Chichester six British secular peerages are now held by clergymen. They are the Marquis of Normanby, the Earls of Chichester, Devon and Strafford, Baron Ponsonby, who is also Irish Earl of Bessborough, and Baron Scarsdale, the father of Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India. Another Irish peer, Viscount Molesworth, is also a clergyman. The Earl of Devon, 91 years of age, is the second oldest peer in England.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Cure All Minor Ills, and Bring Joy and Comfort to Baby and Mother.

Disease attacks the little ones through the digestive organs. Baby's Own Tablets are the best things in the world for all bowel and stomach troubles of children. They act quickly and gently, and always cure indigestion, colic, constipation and diarrhoea. They are also a great help to teething children. Mrs. Gabrielle Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., says —"Baby's Own Tablets reached me just in time as my baby was very ill with indigestion and bowel trouble, and I am happy to say the Tablets relieved him after a few doses. He is now doing splendidly with just a Tablet now and then when he is restless. I am the mother of eight children and have tried nearly all the old remedies, but have never found a medicine equal to Baby's Own Tablets."

The Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the smallest, feeblest child with a certainty of good results. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

MONTHS OF PAIN

CAUSED BY A TUMOR OF THE BREAST.

Mrs. J. M. Timbers, of Hawkesbury, Tells How She Obtained Relief After Doctors Had Failed.

From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont.

Mrs. James M. Timbers is well known to nearly everybody in Hawkesbury, Vankleek Hill and surrounding country. She was born in Vankleek Hill, but since her marriage twelve years ago, has lived in Hawkesbury, and is greatly esteemed by all who know her. Mrs. Timbers is one of the many thousands who have proved the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gives her experience for the benefit of other sufferers. She says :—"While nursing my first child I suffered from a nursing tumor under the left breast. The first symptom was a sharp pain followed by a growth, which gradually increased in size until it became as large as an egg. It was exceedingly painful and caused me great suffering. I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicine, but it did me no good. Then I consulted another doctor, who said I would have to undergo an operation. In the meantime, however, the tumor broke, but would not heal, and as a result I was feeling very much run down. At this time my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using these. I soon felt that they were giving me increased strength, and after using a few boxes, the tumor disappeared, and I was as well as ever I had been. My health has since been good, and I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills cure troubles like the above, because they make rich, red blood and drive all impurities from the system. Through their action on the blood they also cure such troubles as anaemia, heart palpitation, erysipelas, scrofula, skin eruptions, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. The genuine always bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all 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.

DATE ON SILVER COINS.

Most people have an old silver coin of some kind which they are keeping as a relic, either for sentimental reasons or because they think it worth more than its face value. In some instances, the date or the inscription has been worn away and it is impossible to read it, even with a strong glass. The following method, originally practised at the British Mint to discover the genuine coins when silver was called in, will enable anyone to read an obliterated inscription: Make the poker red-hot in the fire and then place the silver coin on it; the inscription will be plainly visible in the greenish hue, which will fade as the coin cools.

The mina, which is not a parrot but one of the grackle tribe, can talk more distinctly than any other bird.