CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or Gentility Vs. Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER XXII.

As Frank walked back to Woodlands after parting from Dorcas he suddenly made up his mind as to the next step that he would take. He resolved that he would tell his mother what he had done before the day ended. It was inevitable that she must know it soon, so he decided, and not unwisely perhaps, that she should know it at once. Accordingly, when they were about to part for the night, he said to her: "I want to speak to you, mother;" and went up with her to her room, and told his tale.

He had been in a state of overflowing happiness all the evening — his joyous spirits making the others wonder. Now, as he went upstairs with Mrs. Harcourt, he was still almost irrepressibly elated. He knew what was before him, and yet—until he had fairly begun his story — he could not make himself serious. He was talking such nonsense to his mother as he walked by her side that when he suddenly checked himself at last, and declared his news to her, her first impression was that he was merely talking some mad nonsense still.

"Mother, I have got something that I want to tell you," he said to her, almost as soon as the door of her room was closed, and she had sat down before the fire. 'I have got something to tell you, and you won't like to hear it; but you are a brave woman, and I never could beat about the bush, you know—so I had better have it out at once. I was at the Trelawneys' this afternoon, and—I have asked Dorcas to marry me."

Mrs. Harcourt gave one look full in her son's face—a sufficiently startled look indeed; but the next instant she caught back her flying courage.

"Frank, I think you are off your head to-night," she said, steadily.

"There is little doubt but that I am," he coolly replied. "But it is not much to be wondered at, is it? I should hardly think that the day on which a man first asks a woman to be his wife can be much like any other day in his life."

"Good heavens, Frank—are you talking seriously?" Mrs. Harcourt cried. She had started forward in her seat, and a look had come into her face which did more than any thing else to sober the young man.

"Do you think that upon such a subject I should be likely to jest?" he replied quickly.

"You mean me actually to understand that you have proposed to Miss Trelawney?"

"Yes."

"The daughter of a common servant."

A hot quick flush rose to his face. "Yes—if you have so little regard for me as to put it so."

"And she has accepted you?"

"Thank God, she has!"

"Oh, Frank, in all this folly have you never thought of me? — have you never given one thought to your mother, or cared for the sorrow you were about to bring upon her?"

"Mother, I have given my thoughts to you," he said quickly. He took her hand and clasped it. "In all my happiness to-day I have never forgotten you for a moment."

"And yet you mean—to break my heart?"

"No—God forbid. I mean to do something, but not that. I mean to win you to love Dorcas."

"You cannot, Frank. A girl who could consent to be your wife, as she has consented—after seeing you scarcely more than half a dozen times, and knowing, as she must know, what her position is compared with yours—such a girl may be attractive to you; but to me—never!"

"But suppose you are assuming she has done something she has not done, mother?"

"What am I assuming she has not done?"

"You are assuming that she is ready to marry me."

"And is she not?" — in a tone of eager hope.

"Not till you consent to our marriage."

"My dear boy, why did you not tell me this at once? You have taken a weight off my heart that was near crushing me."

"Because I have told you that you have it in your own power to make me unhappy?"

"Do not put it in that way, my dear. Say rather, because you have given me the power to save you from suffering for your folly. Oh, Frank, some day—before long—you will be glad of this!"

"Glad that you will have parted me from Dorcas? Is that, then, what you mean to try to do?"

"Can you expect me to tell you that I will not? You are all I have in the world. Can I see you about to make shipwreck of yourself like this, and not prevent you—if it is possible to me?"

"And could you deliberately take it upon you to separate me and Dorcas, and never have a doubt of the wisdom of what you were doing? never have a fear in your heart that you were making shipwreck of me?"

"Oh, Frank!" the woman cried, quickly. She put her hand upon his arm. "My boy," she said, in a tone of pain, "I have lived twice as long in the world as you have. Do you think we all marry our first loves?—or mourn for them all our lives if we have to lose them? I do not make light of any disappointment you may have to suffer. I will believe that you love this girl truly, if you like—I will believe that at this moment you would be content to make any sacrifice to gain her; but go away from her, do not see her again for a year, and by the end of that time you will have come to your senses, and will thank me for having kept you from marrying her."

"Will you try me, mother?" he quickly asked. "Will you agree to our marriage at the end of a year if I promise during that time not to see her?"

"No, Frank."

"Then you do not believe your own assertion."

"I do believe it; but if I were to make such a compact with you as you propose, you would try — you would not be conscious of it, perhaps, but you would do your utmost—to defeat me, from the mere love of victory."

"Yet if we do not make this compact, we must make some other. If it is not to be this, what is it to be?"

And then he looked steadily in her face, and she knew that unless she consented to make some compromise, with him, he would throw her bridle altogether off his neck.

She sat still for a minute without answering him. Mrs. Harcourt's nature was not an emotional one; she had strong feelings, but she was not fond of showing her feelings; she had a good deal of self-mastery, and was reticent in her displays both of joy and sorrow.

"You know we must come to some understanding together," Frank said, breaking the silence first. "As matters stand at present, I am engaged to Dorcas, but she refuses to marry me without your consent. That is—so far—a plain statement. But now the question arises—what is to be done next? Of course I shall be willing to wait a reasonable time. You know—you cannot doubt—that it would cut me to the heart to marry against your wish. But if I am to wait, mother, you must make conditions with me, or else my one object will be to persuade Dorcas to break her present resolution, and become my wife at once. Therefore, think what you can propose, for you must propose something."

And then, having made this business-like speech, the young man closed his lips, and patiently waited for his mother's reply.

It did not come for a good while, but at last—

"I will withdraw my opposition," Mrs. Harcourt said, "at the end of three years, if you will promise during that time to hold no communication with Miss Trelawney."

"You cannot expect me to agree to such terms."

"The terms are reasonable, Frank."

"How can you call them reasonable when ten minutes ago you told me I should change my mind in six months? Three years without holding any communication with her! The thing is absurd!"

"If you refuse my terms you had better propose terms of your own."

"I will wait, if you like, or eighteen months."

"I cannot agree to that." Another pause. "I will do the utmost that I can, Frank—I will take off a year. If she is all that you say she is, you cannot think a couple of years too long a time to wait for her; if I am anything to you at all, or my happiness anything, you cannot refuse this one thing to me."

And then there was a long silence again, while he tried to make up his mind what his answer would be.

Two years away from Dorcas! It seemed at first to the young man as if he could never consent to such a separation; and yet, if he refused to consent, what was the alternative on the other side? — a bare chance that she would consent to marry him, and, if she consented, alienation from the mother to whom he had been a loyal son for five-and-twenty years.

"You make it hard to me," he said slowly, after a good while.

"Can you expect that I should try to make it easy?" she answered, bitterly. "If you marry this girl, remember you ruin every hope that I have cherished for your future life."

"You ought not to have cherished hopes for me. That is one of the rocks upon which mothers are always splitting, it seems to me. You make too many plans. You expect your sons to remain children all their lives."

"If we do, we suffer cruelly for our expectations."

And then they both became silent once more, engrossed in their own thoughts.

"Dorcas would tell me to agree," he was saying to himself. "I think she would agree if my mother demanded ten years instead of two, and she would wait for me — God bless her!—I verily believe, till the ten years ended. She would do that much more surely than she would marry me now. Would any consideration indeed, make her marry me now? I doubt it. If I were to break with my mother I believe the next thing would be that I should have to break with Dorcas too—and so pretty a fiasco I should make of it! Should I leave her—well, it would only be the pain of a two years' parting, and then—peace for us all, and a welcome—or a reception, at any rate—a recognition and acceptance of my darling."

"What may not happen in two years!" Mrs. Harcourt was thinking. "Feelings that spring up quickly run a good chance of dying quickly too. He must see more of the world. He must be made to go more into society. I will have other girls to stay in the house — cultivated girls of a higher class than these two here, and he will come inevitably to compare them with Dorcas — to feel the charm of their good breeding. By degrees, surely he will forget her; have I not seen a little judicious separation cool a young man's foolish love fifty times?"

"I shall see Dorcas to-morrow," Frank said, breaking the silence at last. "If I should find that she will be content to wait, I will wait, mother—for two years. But at the end of that time you must fulfill your part of the compact—you must not only cease to oppose our marriage, but you must receive her cordially."

"That is too much to ask, Frank. You may marry Miss Trelawney, and I will not oppose your marriage, but my feeling about her unfitness to be your wife will not be likely to change. Leave that alone, however. If you come in the end to marry her I may not love her, but I shall neither slight her nor quarrel with her."

"Then I will give you my answer to-morrow."

"I have no other word to say. I think I have a right to ask that nothing of all this should be spoken of openly—to any one."

"It seems to me that that is scarcely a fair demand—though, as far as I am concerned, it makes no difference."

"If I do not quarrel with your folly, Frank, you need not quarrel with my prudence."

"Perhaps not; only your prudence puts me on fire."

"A good many things seem to do that, I think—(happily)," she added to herself.

But she did not say that last word aloud. Her son was impetuous and hot-headed—too impetuous not to be also variable and impressionable, and diverted quickly from one ardent feeling to another.

"He will forget her," she thought, half triumphantly already.

She drew his face down to her before they parted, and put her arms about his neck.

"You have given me a bad sleeping draught, Frank," she said; "but, oh, my dear, do not let us quarrel! We have been friends too long for that."

"Of course we have," he answered quickly. "We have the same interests at bottom. Do you think I can ever forget all I owe you?" And he kissed her warmly as he bade her good-night.

"Perhaps I could scarcely have hoped for more success than this," he thought to himself, as he went away. "When I remember all her prejudices, and what different hopes she has had for me, and how she has no one else to care about—Poor mother!" said the young man suddenly and tenderly.

He was resolved to have his own way, of course, but, as he went along the silent passages, he felt all at once, keenly and almost self-reproachfully, that what he had done was hard for her to bear.

(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

PROPOSED NEW ARM.

For Soldiers and Sailors of the Imperial Forces.

The new rifle to be experimented with in the British army is a combination of the Lee-Enfield and the Mauser. The breech action is of the Mauser pattern, and is adapted by the aid of thumb screws to rapid adjustment in the field without the aid of tools. The sighting is most complete and up to the standard in most respects of match rifles. The barrel is shortened by five inches, and to maintain the balance an equal weight has been removed from the stock, the wood having been drilled with holes and the brass or steel plates replaced by aluminum. The new weapon will be loaded by means of clips, each containing five cartridges.

For the new gun the muzzle velocities will, it is said, be maintained at 2,300 foot-seconds. It was at first proposed to employ 2,500 foot-seconds, but the resulting pressures in the gun barrel were deemed inadvisable. At 2,300 foot-seconds at the muzzle the corresponding pressure does not exceed 45,000 pounds to the square inch.

In appearance the new weapon is very handsome, and is a marked improvement in this respect over the Krag. The bayonet and ramrod have been united in an ingenious fashion, thus doing away with the necessity for a bayonet scabbard. In this particular our authorities seem to have taken up the Russian idea, since for many years the practice in the Russian army has been to always keep the bayonet fixed.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Come as a Message of Hope to all Tired and Worried Mothers.

In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used cross and fretful children are unknown. The little ones are cross because they are ailing and these Tablets are the best medicine in the world for stomach, bowel and teething troubles. They will make your baby well and keep it well, and they are guaranteed to contain no ingredients that can harm the smallest, weakest infant. Mothers everywhere give these Tablets the highest praise. Mrs. R. McMaster, Cookstown, Ont., says :—"My baby was much troubled with constipation and indigestion, and was very restless and peevish at nights. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she is now regular and rests well. I also find that the Tablets are a great help during the teething period."

Children take these Tablets just as readily as candy and crushed to a powder they can be given to the youngest, feeblest infant with none but good results. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

LONG DISTANCE HEATING.

Germans are boasting that there is nowhere in the world a building similar to the one which was recently erected in Dresden. In this novel building there is an immense furnace, from which heat is supplied to several public buildings in Dresden, including the Royal Castle, the Royal Opera House, and the police headquarters. The heat is conveyed to these buildings through pipes, and in some instances the distance is so great that the furnace has been popularly dubbed "the long distance heating apparatus." This plan of heating large buildings is said to work admirably, and arrangements are now being made to establish similar furnaces in other large cities of Germany.

A SURPRISED DOCTOR.

SAID A CASE OF ST. VITUS DANCE COULD NOT BE CURED.

Called One Day and Found the Patient Ironing and Learned That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Had Succeeded Where Other Medicines Had Failed.

The sufferer from St. Vitus' dance even in a mild form, is much to be pitied, but when the disease assumes an aggravated form the patient is usually as helpless as an infant, and has to be watched with as much care. St. Vitus' dance is a disease of the nerves and must be treated through them, and for this purpose there is no other medicine in the world acts so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this statement is found in the cure of Miss Louise Luffman, whose home is at Poucher's Mills, Ont., who was cured by these pills after two doctors had failed to benefit her in the least. The young lady's mother tells the story of her daughter's illness as follows :—"I do not think it possible anyone could be afflicted with a more severe form of St. Vitus' dance than that which attacked my daughter Louise. Her arms and legs would twitch and jerk, her face was drawn and finally her left side became numb as though paralyzed. Two doctors attended her, but their treatment not only did not help her but she grew steadily worse. Her tongue became swollen, her speech thick and indistinct, and she could neither sit still nor stand still. She could not hold anything in her hand and it was necessary to watch her all the time as we feared she would injure herself. The doctor who attended her told me she would never get better, and it was then that I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken two boxes we could see an improvement in her condition. Her appetite improved, she could sleep better and the spasms were less severe. From that on there was a marked improvement in her condition, and one day the doctor who had said she could not get better called while passing and found her ironing—something she had not been able to do for months. I told him it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that was curing her and he said, "Well, I am surprised, but continue the pills, they will cure her." She used in all eight or ten boxes, and is now as healthy a girl as you will find anywhere, and she has not since had a symptom of the trouble."

If you are weak or ailing ; if your nerves are tired and jaded, or your blood is out of condition, you will be wise to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing cure for all blood and nerve troubles. But be sure you get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE MAKING OF MARBLES.

Nearly all the agate marbles that wear holes in the pockets of all schoolboys on earth are made in the State of Thuringia, Germany. On winter days the poor people who live in the villages gather small square stones, place them in moulds something like big coffee mills, and grind them until they are round. The marbles made in this way are the common china, painted china, glazed china, and imitation agates. Imitation agates are made from white stone, and are painted to represent the pride of the marble player's heart—the real agate. The agate painted china marbles are of plain white stone, with lines crossing each other at right angles painted upon them. Glass alleys are blown by glass blowers in the town of Lauscha, Germany. The expert workmen take a piece of plain glass, and another bit of red glass, heat them red hot, blow them together, give them a twist, and there is a pretty alley with the red and white threads of glass twisted inside into the form of the letter S. Large twisted glass alleys and plain glass alleys with the figure of a dog or sheep inside are made for very small boys and girls to play with. But the marbles most prized to-day are the real agates. These marbles are seal brown or black in color, and many of them have large round circles or them that look like eyes.

SECOND SIGHT IN CATTLE.

One of the most curious details of the Martinique eruption is the prevision of disaster which almost all the animals in the island seem to have had. Cattle became so uneasy that they could hardly be managed, dogs howled continually, and showed every symptom of fear, the snakes left the vicinity of the volcano, where they abound, and even the birds ceased to sing, and left the trees on the mountain side. All this, be it remembered, was in April, weeks before the outbreak. Man alone seems to have felt no premonition of the coming death.

FUNERALS BY POST.

The Japanese in British Columbia are now sending the ashes of their deceased relatives and friends to Japan by post to be buried. The cost is only 7½d., and in this way the heavy steamer rates are avoided.

This Little Girl Cured of Eczema.

The Burning, Stinging Sensations Taken Away and the Raw Flesh Healed by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It is not at all unusual for children to suffer greatly from eczema, a form of itching skin disease, but it frequently happens that relief is very hard to obtain, and neglect is likely to leave the subject a life-long victim of this skin trouble. Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven itself a quick relief and permanent cure for this ailment. Take, for example, the following case :—

Mr. C. Wiley, who is employed as cooper by the Kennedy & Davis Milling Company, Lindsay, Ont., states : "I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for eczema on my little girl some few years ago, and soon brought about a thorough and permanent cure. She had suffered for considerable time, and though we tried a great many remedies, Dr. Chase's Ointment was the only preparation to prove effective.

"I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Ointment, as it certainly effected a prompt and permanent cure in this case.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is remarkably effective as a treatment for sore feet, and every form of skin irritation.

Mrs. J. Brunton, Allandale, Ont., states :—"I can recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as a sure cure for sore feet. I stand a great deal on my feet, and have been troubled for some time with chafing and blisters. My toes were often raw and very painful.

"I had tried nearly everything recommended for sore feet, but Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only remedy that did me any real good. It soothed the burning and stinging, and thoroughly healed and cured the sores."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is, we believe, the most effective and most thoroughly satisfactory treatment that was ever used for eczema, salt rheum and itching skin diseases and eruptions. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.