CONFUSION OF CASTE.

Or Gentility Vs. Nobility of Soul.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The break had come, and for a little while Dorcas drooped ; and then the inevitable necessities of her common daily work, surrounded her again in the old way, making demands upon her again, as they had done in the time before Frank came, helped her to drop gradually and insensibly once more back into the life that she seemed to have leaped out of so wildly for a little while—that familiar life that had been so monotonous, and yet so full of peace; so uneventful, yet so full of a quiet thankfulness. In her heart the girl was changed, but outwardly there ceased soon to be any change at all in her. The old things went on again as if there had been no break in their placid flow, and only she herself knew that between her present and her former life there lay a wide gulf of separation, parting that present from the past as clearly as a river parts its two shores.

With a sense of painful self-reproach, gradually Dorcas began to try to give her heart once more to the work that, during those weeks while Frank had been with her, she had performed only mechanically. Perhaps it was difficult to sit for hours now in that quiet study, with a mind devoted to something that was not Frank ; but a remorseful tenderness for her father made her at least struggle bravely to do it, the consciousness that someone had come between them, to make him no longer first to her, rising within her a thousand times with often an almost passionate pain and pity. If Frank came back how should she ever be able to tell her father ? she used to think. If he came ! But he would not come, she always said. It was scarcely so much fear of what might happen in the future that pained and troubled her as a self-reproachful consciousness of what had happened already—of the fact that Frank had become dearer to her than her father—the three weeks' lover dearer than the father who had lived in her life for nineteen years. This was the bitterest pain she carried with her, the thought that haunted her when she put her arms about her father's neck—that set a flavor of remorse into every kiss she gave him, and every tender word that passed her lips. She was deceiving him, she thought. It might be all inevitable, but none the less for that did her heart accuse her for it. "Ought I to tell him ?" she thought to herself again and again : but when she saw his undisturbed content she could not do it.

So, in her penitence and pity, though she told her father nothing, she grew to devote herself to him more even than she had done in the days before Frank came. She could only in this way show her self-reproach and her tenderness, and he, as was natural, saw nothing but the tenderness, and never suspected any other feeling. Sometimes, perhaps, he thought she was a little graver than she used to be ; but she was growing to be a woman now, he probably argued, and, as was only right, was putting away childish things; and, if she was grave, so much the more was she fit to be his companion. As these months, that were so full of quiet happiness to him, passed on, he came to associate her more and more in every thing he did. They spent the larger part of every day together ; he talked to her of every thing that was nearest to his heart ; he made her of service to him in his work in a hundred trivial and yet to him delightful ways. "What should I do without my Dorcas to help me ?" he often said to her, with a pride and tenderness that stabbed her like a knife.

Sometimes during these months Letty would talk to Dorcas of Frank, and bring a brief satisfaction to the hunger that the girl always felt to hear his name. The two women would sit together, and talk of the things that he had said and done, and Letty would praise him. In these days Dorcas knew that she loved her mother better than she had ever done before, because her mother loved Frank; they had this bond of sympathy between them—the strongest bond (though Letty did not know it) that ever had drawn them to each other.

"I ought not to let her talk of him," the girl said often to herself ; "it only makes me think and hope." And yet, again and again, she would devise schemes to make Letty talk of him ; and the kind, simple soul would dwell upon his goodness and his pleasantness, and, with happy pride, would recall the fact a hundred times of his faithful remembrance of them through all these years—till Dorcas' heart would throb and burn.

Yes—he had come back to them unchanged after so many years; could she forget that, or help thanking God for it ? And the days were passing on—summer coming, and autumn coming, and must he not still at heart be true to her, since he had given no sign, nor sent her letter back ? She used to look daily at the ring that he had given her, daily, and almost hourly sometimes. She did not, of course, believe that when he forgot her it would change its color, and yet each day, when she saw its hue unchanged, she almost knew that she was comforted, with an utterly irrational and childish comfort.

"In another year I shall almost know," she said to herself on her twentieth birthday. How these winter days recalled the time of Frank's brief stay—the winter days, the leafless trees, the frozen roads over which she had first heard his step. She lived again through each remembered meeting with him—forgetting the anniversary of no day or hour. It was in the middle of January that he had come, and in little more than three weeks he had gone away. One afternoon Letty found her stooping over the open drawing-room window, and gathering violets, and the girl started and colored when her mother came suddenly and spoke to her. "He said he would keep the violets I gave him, and look at them to-day. Has he remembered, I wonder !" she had been thinking to herself.

"Seven months !" she said, when July came. "Seven months from to-day," she thought one morning when she woke.

It was a pleasant summer day, and the summer and the sunshine had been giving her new heart of late. She was rambling about the garden this morning, after breakfast, singing a little to herself. Often, as Frank had prophesied she would do, she used to go to the garden-gate, and wait for the postman there to take the letters from him, lest perhaps there might be that one for her that should decide her fate. To-day she went and waited for him, and when he came he brought a letter to her—but it was not a letter from Frank. The writing of the address was strange to her. She took it, and looked at it for a moment or two—puzzled—a little startled.

"Who can it be from ?" she thought.

She opened the envelope—she hardly knew why—with a certain sense of expectation and alarm. The note that she found inside was only a short one, written in a woman's hand that seemed to have trembled a little as it wrote.

"Dorcas Trelawney," it began abruptly, "I have been very ill, and I have no daughter to take care of me. My son will have me believe that, if I ask you, you will come and stay with me for a little while. Is he right, and will you come ? If you consent I shall be glad, as the future will, at any rate, settle itself better from our learning to know each other. Frank leaves me in two or three days, and should you come you will find me alone. Let me have an answer. If you write that I may expect you, you shall hear from me again." And then there was added merely the bare signature—"Frances Harcourt."

Dorcas felt as if she was in a dream for a little while, as she stood with this strange letter in her hand. She was not glad, she was not sorry ; she only, for the first few minutes, stood looking at the words with no other feeling but bewilderment. And then, suddenly, the arrested flood of life rushed back upon her, and she flushed crimson, and began to tremble, body and spirit, with an irresistible, passionate mingling of joy and pain. Her Frank !—her Frank ! who had not forgotten her !—that was her wild great cry of gladness ; but another cry almost as great came with it. How was she to show this letter to her father, and tell him the thing that would take the joy out of his life ?

It was a long time afterwards—several hours afterwards—before she told him. She passed those hours alone in her own room, without courage to go to the study where she knew he was waiting for her. He would call her presently, she knew, and in her cowardice and anguish she waited until he called her ; but it was a long time—it was past twelve o'clock before she heard his voice at the foot of the stairs at last.

She answered to his summons then, and went down to him, white, and with her knees trembling.

"I thought you had gone out, my dear," he quietly said, as she entered the room. "Can you come to me for a little while now ? Look—I want you to copy these passages." And he would have begun to show them to her, but suddenly, with a strange, passionate movement, she put her arm close about his neck.

"Yes—presently—I will do it presently—but I have been wanting to come to you—I have been waiting all the morning to tell you something," she said—"and I don't know how to do it ! Oh, my dear, you must forgive me !" she cried all at once, and dropped down on her knees beside him, and laid her head, sobbing, upon his breast.

"Dorcas—what is it ?" he asked, in a startled voice. He tried to lift up her face and look at her. "My darling, tell me. How could you be afraid to tell me anything ? Speak quietly, and let me know what is troubling you," he said, in a soothing voice.

She tried to tell him, but in her sorrow for him she was crying too bitterly for a time for the words to come. Only by degrees, in broken, almost unintelligible sentences did they come at last—till the story was told, and his blank, unsuspicious mind slowly took in the truth.

She was going from him; he had lost her—the one love of all his life. As some drowning creature seeing death before him might look back for the last time on the world passing suddenly beyond his reach, so, when comprehension came, did it seem to her that he looked into her eyes. She remembered that pathetic gaze—despair, reproach, the agony of a great loneliness all mingled in it—for years after her own pain in all the rest had passed away.

The greatest things come too swiftly sometimes; we rise and begin calmly to go about our daily business, while perhaps the angel of death or separation has his sword already drawn to smite us. To Mr. Trelawney the blow that took the best thing from his life came truly as a thief comes in the night, stealing from him, without warning, at one stroke, the hope and gladness of twenty years.

She was kneeling still beside him ; they had not said much to one another. He had read her letter ; she had told her story to him ; he had only asked her one or two questions. There had been that one look of hopeless anguish ; but after that not any great sign of emotion. As she knelt sobbing, presently he put his hand upon her hair, and began to stroke it.

"Hush, hush, my dear !" he said to her, as if she had been a child.

"You see, we have been a great deal to one another. It has come sharply," he said, after a little while, in a low voice. "I think that possibly, if you had warned me, Dorcas—but perhaps not, my dear—perhaps not," he added, quickly.

"And so you want to go to him?" he said, wistfully, after another silence. "Dorcas, are you sure ? You scarcely know him. He seemed to me—well, a boyish kind of fellow; no harm in him, perhaps, but"—with his lip quivering—"too slight and immature. I should have thought. My child, will he satisfy you ?" he broke out, almost with a cry. "I cannot think it ! I cannot think it !"

He made her lift her face, and put his hand upon her forehead to hold it back, that he might look at her.

"Only a boy—no student ; think of that—a mere light-hearted, shallow boy !" he reiterated, bitterly.

"He is not shallow," she answered, in a low, quick voice.

"Well, at any rate, a mere boy—a boy in mind—and you have been used to men."

"You are not just to him; he is a man too," she said.

"I cannot see it ; I think you are under a delusion. I cannot understand it," he said, piteously. "Proud, worldly people, too, who will look down upon you. Dorcas, how can you bear to go to them when they do not want you ?"

"Frank wants me," she said, with a half break in her voice, and yet in a tone that was like a little cry of joy.

Yes, this was the whole; a stranger wanted her, and where he called her she must go. With a strange anguish, as of ice gathering about his heart, he began to feel how he had built up the gladness of his life like a house without foundations, grounding it on the sand when he thought it had been grounded on a rock. How long had he been living believing that he was first with her when he was not first ? An unspeakable bitterness and sadness took possession of him. It seemed to him that he had trusted her, and she had deceived him. In the agony of his sudden loneliness he could not judge her justly, nor believe that he was still dear to her, because she had let a stranger's love outweigh his passionate love of twenty years.

There was the open book upon his desk on which half an hour ago he had been marking those passages for her to copy, and suddenly he closed it and threw it on one side. She would never do work again for him, he said. Already it felt to him as if the life of all these previous years—the life even of yesterday—had become an old thing far away. As he sat silent in his chair it seemed to fade back from him like a dream, and leave him once more a lonely, childless man.

(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

Had Bleeding, Itching Piles.

And Now Claims That the Best Thing in the World for Piles is Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The doctors are wrong. They usually claim that an operation, with all its risk, pain, and expense, is the only cure for piles. We can prove by the statements of thousands of good, honest men and women that Dr. Chase's Ointment not only promptly relieves the suffering from piles, but also positively cures this dreadful ailment. It frequently cures after the knife has failed.

Mr. J. F. Miller, who is employed as cooper by the Kennedy and Davis Milling Co., Lindsay, Ont., states:—"I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the best thing in the world for piles. I say this because it has positively and thoroughly cured me of itching, bleeding piles, and this after all other remedies I could procure had failed. I can recommend this ointment to anyone suffering from piles, knowing that it will certainly cure."

Mr. F. Mann, machinist, with the Canadian Locomotive Works, and who lives at 24 Dufferin street, Kingston, Ont., states:—"Dr. Chase's Ointment is, I believe, the most effective treatment for piles that is to be obtained. I have used it and it cured me of bleeding piles of a most aggravated form. Only sufferers from piles can understand what I went through. The misery caused by them was something awful, and I don't believe I could endure the same torture again. At nights especially I suffered dreadfully, and could not get rest or sleep. I found a positive cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment, and gladly recommend it to others."

There is no disputing the merit of Dr. Chase's Ointment and its effectiveness as a cure for itching, bleeding, and protruding piles. In nearly every community are to be found people who have been cured of this wretched disease by Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is for sale by nearly all dealers, at 60 cents a box, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Keep Little Ones Well During the Hot Weather Months.

If you want to keep your little ones hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather give them Baby's Own Tablets the moment they show signs of being out of order in any way.

This medicine cures all forms of stomach and bowel troubles, which carry off so many little ones during the summer months, and is the best thing in the world for sleeplessness, nervousness, irritation when teething, etc. It is just the medicine for hot weather troubles; first, because it always does good; and, second, because it can never do any harm—guaranteed free from opiates. Mrs. W. E. Bassam, Kingston, Ont., says:—"I began using Baby's Own Tablets when my little girl was about three months old. At that time she had indigestion badly; she was vomiting and had diarrhoea constantly and although she had an apparently ravenous appetite her food did her no good and she was very thin. Nothing helped her until we began giving her Baby's Own Tablets, but after giving her these the vomiting and diarrhoea ceased and she began to improve almost at once. I have since used the Tablets for other troubles and have found them all that can be desired—they are the best medicine I have ever used for a child."

These Tablets are readily taken by all children, and can be given to the smallest, weakest infant by crushing them to a powder. Sold at drug stores or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

"But how do you know they have a new servant in the house ?" "By the mixed expression of awe and humility that is on the faces of all the family."

Wife—"That last set of china is the best we ever had." Husband—"Um; it's all gone, isn't it ?" Wife—"Yes; but just think, dear ! It lasted four girls and a half."

Bridegroom (handing his bride a brooch with her name set in diamonds—"Here dear Ida." Bride (aside)—"Oh, dear, why didn't I have some good long name, like Marguerite ?"

Alice—"What a gallant person Mr. Dunkley is. He never addresses me without beginning 'Fair miss.'" Dorothy—"Oh, that's force of habit. He used to be a 'bus conductor."

A lawyer went to bathe, and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, then the shark blushed, and swam away.

Mr. Billus—"Johnny, is there any hot water in the house ? I've managed to upset a jar of fruit on the tablecloth." Johnny Billus—"No, but there'll be plenty of it when mamma comes back."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Some men become sadder without becoming any wiser.

If a miser leaves a will it's merely a dead give-away.

Experience makes a man wiser and poorer simultaneously.

The way of the transgressor is frequently paved with gold bricks.

A successful business man is one who induces other people to buy what he doesn't want.

The wise small boy throws his mother's slippers after his big sister when she starts on her wedding tour.

The wise man formerly built his house on a rock, but now he builds it on the sand, and calls it a seaside hotel.

It is probably called the "almighty dollar" because it prevents some girls from breaking into the spinster class.

The average woman doesn't care any more for the privilege of voting than the average man does for the privilege of putting a baby to sleep.

SIGNALLING UNDER WATER.

An interesting experiment in connection with submarine fog-signalling has been carried out by hanging a bell 50 feet below a buoy moored in fifteen fathoms of water, which was struck electrically from a neighboring lighthouse. By means of such submarine signalling it is stated that a person placing an ear against a rod held in contact with the hull of a vessel is able to hear the bell from three to five miles away; in fact, it is believed that the ringing of the bell may be heard at a distance of even ten or twelve miles.

CORNET ETIQUETTE.

The coronet of a duke consists of alternate crosses and leaves, the leaves being a representation of the leaves of the parsley plant. The Princes of the Royal blood also wear a similar crown. The State headgear of a marquis consists of a diadem surrounded by flowers and pearls placed alternately. An earl however, has neither flowers nor leaves surmounting his circlet, but only points rising each with a pearl on the top. A viscount has neither flowers nor points, but only the plain circlet adorned with pearls which, regardless of number, are placed on the crown itself. A baron has only six pearls on the gold en border, not raised, to distinguish him from an earl, and the number of pearls renders the diadem distinct from that of a viscount.

INTOXICATING BEANS.

Among the peasants of Southern Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia a curious malady has been noticed by physicians, which is caused by eating beans. One of the most remarkable effects of the malady is a species of intoxication resembling that produced by alcoholic drink. In some cases persons predisposed to the malady are seized with the symptoms of intoxication if they pass a field where the bean plant is in flower, the odor alone sufficing to affect them.

MARVELLOUS CENTENARIAN.

According to the Tribune de Geneve, there has recently died in Albania one Ismail Hudgo, who was born in 1741, having reached, at the time of his death, the extraordinary age of 160 years. The old man up to the last was in full possession of all his senses; in fact, his vigor was so great that at the age of 158 he has been known to walk eleven miles without being tired. He had a splendid set of teeth at the time of his death, his general appearance being that of a healthy, middle-aged man.

TAUGHT FOR 1,000 YEARS.

A singular illustration of the persistence with which the Japanese adhere to the family vocations is seen in an announcement in a Japanese newspaper that a celebrated dancing master was to hold a service in honor of the one thousandth anniversary of the death of his ancestor, who was the first of the family to take up the profession.

A WOODEN CHIMNEY.

A wooden chimney stack 160 feet high is in operation at Mapimi, in the Province of Durango, Mexico. The interior is lined with corrugated iron, and there are platforms at intervals to throw water on the wood if it catches fire.

FAMILY GLOBE-TROTTING.

An Austrian is now traveling Switzerland on return from a tour which he undertook for a wager of $4,000. The terms are that he was to wheel before him from one end of Europe to the other, a perambulator containing his wife and child. He has been absent twenty months, wearing out thirty-seven pairs of boots.

FATHER OF THIRTY.

There is a happy father of thirty children who lives at Beveren, Belgium. He has been married twice, and his progeny is composed of twenty-two boys and eight girls.

MICE CANNOT EXIST.

Mice cannot exist on Papa Little, an island in St. Magnus Bay, on the west of Shetland. To test the truth of this statement several mice at various times were taken there, but the soil proved so uncongenial that they soon died.