MISJUDGED

To most of his hearers there was nothing in his manner that was not quite natural, but Groves looked up suddenly as he spoke and eyed him with a little more attention than he had hitherto bestowed on him.

Mr. Blake's examination was concluded, and the Coroner heard the medical evidence.

This was on the whole very simple. The medical men used professional terms, as they usually do, but the conclusion to which they had come was straightforward enough. James Richardson had died from the effect of the wound on his head.

"Not by drowning?" asked a juror.

"No, certainly not! The man was not drowned. It is not probable that he was ever under water."

"Can you give us any idea of the sort of weapon which would have inflicted these injuries?"

"Almost anything large, heavy and blunt; a blunt tool—a spade, for instance—or a large stone."

"Such as this?" —and the stone picked up was shown him.

"That would do it."

"In your opinion, allowing that this were the weapon, was it thrown at the man, or held in the hand and used as a hammer?"

"Probably the latter; but if it were thrown at all it would have been from a very short distance. The appearances point to its having been dashed against the man's temple."

"Would one blow have sufficed, or do you think there were more than one?"

"One would have been all that was necessary."

"And what degree of force would have been used?"

"It is difficult to say. If the assailant had at all the advantage of position, if he were standing on higher ground and could come upon the man with something of a rush, a comparatively moderate amount of strength would suffice. If they were standing level, and if they were about the same height, it would require more. But I do not think we need assume that there was any very unusual muscular effort."

"For a man?" said the coroner.

"Exactly, for a man."

"If you were looking at the subject in connection with a woman, what would you say?"

"A woman? That would be a very different matter. The average woman would not throw anything with nearly the same amount of strength, nor if she used it as a hammer would she be able to put the same force into the blow. Girls may compete very successfully with their brothers in running and swimming and climbing, but I never yet met one with a good idea of throwing."

"Yet it would not be an impossibility for a muscular, well-developed woman?"

"No, not an impossibility."

The doctor retired, and the coroner busied himself for a moment with his notes.

Then Thomas Slade was called, and he stepped forward and was duly sworn.

He gave his name, and stated his business to be that of a job gardener and general laborer

"You knew the dead man by sight?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you spoken to him?"

"No, sir."

"When did you see him last alive?"

"On Tuesday afternoon."

"Where?"

"Am I bound to say, sir? I don't want to go against the law, but I'm a poor man, with a wife, and I have to think. You gentlemen, will go away, but if I've offended any one here I shall be left."

"No one will be allowed to injure you in any way," said the coroner. "You are certainly bound to answer. Where did you see James Richardson on that afternoon?"

"In the garden at Box Cottage," said Slade.

"Box Cottage? That is in the occupation of—"

"Miss Daintree, sir."

"And what was the deceased doing there? Was he alone?"

"Alone, except for her—Miss Daintree, I mean."

"Was the deceased a friend of the lady?"

"Not that I should have thought. I never saw him there before."

"What happened on this occasion?"

"I came in from the fields at the back. They were standing on the lawn, and I thought they must have been friends unbeknown to me; but it wasn't as friends they were there, for they were having a bitter quarrel, and both were too angry to see me until I were close on them."

"How do you know they were quarrelling?"

"I heard their voices raised, and as I come up I heard her say—and she threw the words at him as if they had been stones—'That is the weapon that will be fatal to you.' Then he saw me and he went away."

"Do you mean that you took this to be a threat of personal violence from Miss Daintree?"

"Well, I don't rightly know what to think. I told our policeman about it, as I knew he was always keeping his eye on her because of what her lot was doing up in London."

This cryptic statement had to be unraveled for the benefit of the coroner.

"Am I to gather that the officer was afraid of this lady?"

"I wouldn't say afraid, sir, but on his guard, so to speak."

Miss Daintree was next called and sworn. If the coroner had expected to see a "wild-haired fury" he was disappointed, for she looked very quiet, very pale, and very sad.

"How long have you known the deceased?" she was asked.

"I have only spoken to him twice in my life. Once was on the afternoon to which Slade refers, and once was about five or six days before then, when I met him, entirely by accident in the hollow by the two pools."

"Tell us what happened then!"

"I had gone to pick flowers, and I found him already there. He was afraid he was driving me away, and offered to help me get the flowers, but this I declined, and I left at once. He came with me as far as the fence, and handed me over my basket and bade me good evening."

"Did any one else see you there?"

"As I left I saw the Rector and Sir John Weston."

She was told to stand down for a few minutes and whilst Sir John was asked if he remembered the incident. He said that he did.

"Why was the fact impressed upon your mind?"

"Simply because I was astonished at the idea that Miss Daintree could possibly know a man in such a very different station in life from her own."

"Did you hear her answer him when he wished her good evening?"

"No; she did not take any notice of him at all."

"Did she look pleased or the reverse?"

"Decidedly the reverse."

The Rector, looking very worried, confirmed Sir John's statement, and Miss Daintree was once more called.

"You were surprised at seeing this man in the hollow by the pools?"

"Yes."

"You had no further conversation with him there?"

"None."

"And the next meeting you had with him was in your own house?"

"In my own garden."

"Why did he come? Was it by invitation?"

"Certainly not."

"You must have some explanation to offer, as to why this man, a complete stranger, called on you? Do you think he was influenced by any desire, however impertinent, to express admiration for you?"

Beryl shook her head.

"I must press this question, Miss Daintree. What had this man to say to you?"

"I cannot tell you," she said.

"Surely you realize this is very extraordinary? This man forces himself in to your presence, and you cannot tell us why?"

Beryl did not answer.

Every one in the room was staring hard at her. For the first time it dawned upon her that she was in a position of great difficulty, possibly great peril.

"You have heard Thomas Slade's account of what he heard and saw. Do you agree with his statement that there was a difference of opinion, amounting to a quarrel, between you?"

"Yes, there was a difference of opinion."

"Was the subject on which you disagreed mentioned between you on the occasion when you met the man in the hollow?"

"No."

"Neither directly nor indirectly?"

"No."

"Yet you were aware of it at the time?"

"I was not aware of it."

"But in less than a week you are on terms of grave disagreement with him on some point, although you had not met in the interval. Are we to understand that you received any written communication from him?"

"No, I have never done so."

"You ask us to accept these seemingly contradictory statements?"

"Yes."

"I should like to read over to you this extract from Slade's evidence—I heard Miss Daintree say, 'This is the weapon that will be fatal to you.' Is that statement true?"

"I should think so—most likely. I cannot recall my exact words, but I have no doubt they were very like that."

"And to what weapon did you refer?"

"To the telling of the truth."

"The truth was to prove fatal to the deceased?"

"Yes, fatal to some of his hopes and plans."

"Will you tell us what these hopes and plans were?"

"I cannot."

"What took you to the pools on the day of the murder?"

"I went there to pick flowers."

"And on the day before then, the day on which you were speaking to him there?"

"I went then also for flowers."

"Can you account for the stains on your dress, Miss Daintree?"

"When I saw the poor man lying there, half in and half out of the water, I naturally ran down the bank to his side and tried to lift him out of the water .He was too heavy for me, but I could scarcely avoid getting some marks."

Beryl had turned rather pale as she recalled the horror of that moment.

"I should have thought it would have been more natural for a lady to have gone for help at once," said the Coroner. "When you came to the spot you heard no voices, no sounds of any kind?"

"None."

"And saw no one leaving the place?"

"No; it was all quite still."

Miss Daintree was again asked to state the cause of the quarrel between the dead man and herself, and it was hinted to her that she might find herself in an unpleasant position if she did not do so; but she resolutely declined to tell.

At length the Coroner began to address the jury, and pointed out that the dead man appeared to have been of a very inoffensive disposition and to have no enemies in the place. The only record of any disagreement he had ever had was connected with the lady whose evidence they had heard, but who so firmly declined to answer any question which would throw light on its cause. Not only did she appear to be his one adversary, but she was also the only woman with whom he would seem to have had any conversation at all that was of a marked or secret kind.

"Please, sir," said a voice from the back of the room, "may I speak? I do know better than that."

The Coroner was just working up the full tide of his eloquence, and did not welcome the interruption. He was under the impression that all the evidence had been taken; but he could not refuse to hear a witness, who turned out to be a certain man called Wright, a laborer on the Hall estate.

Having been sworn, he said—

"That last bit you said wasn't true, sir. I have seen the poor chap that's dead meeting some one on the quiet, not once nor twice, and always somewhere round the pools."

"When have you seen this?"

"Time and again. Once in the early morning, but more often in the afternoon— late, just when it got dusk. I saw it within the last four days."

"And whom did the dead man meet in the hollow?"

"A woman," said the witness; "and if I were to say a lady I shouldn't be far out."

"Do you know who it was?"

"No. When it was the evening she had a thickish veil down, and in the morning I was not near enough."

"Was it Miss Daintree?"

The whole room waited anxiously for the answer. The man looked round doubtfully.

"Will you please stand up, Miss Daintree, and will you come forward here?"

Beryl rose and came forward and confronted the man.

To the surprise of many he shook his head.

"No, no, it wern't her. Not a bit like. She's a head taller than the one I saw, who was a little slip of a thing, and I'll lay she had yellow hair."

"What class of person did she appear? You describe her as a lady."

"That's what come into my head as I saw her. She was all wrapped round like in a cloak, so I can't say about her dress, but I held her to be a lady."

"Did she appear to be on friendly, let us say on affectionate terms with the man she met?"

"No; there was no kissing or anything of that sort. I though at first it would be a bit of sweethearting, and I wondered what the lass up at the White Farm would say about it."

There was a general sensation; Wright had managed to hint at a certain possibility.

The Coroner however took him back to his previous point.

"But there was no sweethearting, as you say?"

"No, not even a hand-shake. I didn't watch them much after that, but I don't think they met as friends."

"Mr. Blake," said the Coroner, "is your daughter here?"

"She is waiting for me outside, sir."

"Have her called. Tell me, is there any ground whatever for this suggestion that your daughter took any special interest in the deceased?"

"No, sir."

Florence Blake was called, and the coroner looked at her kindly and spoke gently to her. She was a girl of about seventeen, very pretty in a sort of gypsy way. Rumor said that her mother had been a pure-bred Romany who had taken by storm the heart of Joshua Blake by means of her wild, exotic beauty. He had certainly loved her with a more demonstrative affection than is common amongst men of his class, and his heart was all but broken when, within a year, she died and left behind a baby daughter, who inherited her mother's dark eyes and sable locks.

The little girl became as the core of his heart and the light of his eyes.

Now, as she stood there, shrinking and trembling, her father put his hand on her shoulder.

"There is naught to be afraid of, my lass. Speak out!"

"I ask you, Miss Blake, whether there was anything in the nature of an engagement between you and the late lodger at your father's farm?"

"No, sir," she replied.

"Well—there would have been no harm in it, you know—was there any love-making?"

"No; he was not in love with me."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were not under the impression that he thought of marrying you?"

"No. He was going away. I was never to see him again."

"Was this a grief to you?"

"No; I wanted him to go."

"Then you would not have minded if you had seen him meeting some other woman? By the way, you never met him in the place where he was found dead?"

"Never, sir."

"And you would have felt no jealousy with regard to another woman?"

"What right had I? It was for his wife to mind."

Another bombshell appeared to have fallen in the room.

"His wife? How did you know he was a married man?"

"He told me so, sir."

"Did he tell you who and whose his wife was?"

"Nay, he said she was a lady, and that she hated him."

The girl was allowed to withdraw, and Beryl was once more called.

"Did you know of this marriage?" Miss Daintree?"

"I did."

"Were you this man's wife?"

"No."

"Do you know who his wife was?"

Beryl did not answer.

In the end the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person unknown," but added a rider to say that Miss Daintree's evidence had not been of a satisfactory nature. The coroner sternly rebuked her, and implied that matters could not be left where they were.

When she went home she felt that she was under a cloud; a touch of gloomy doubt was in the faces of all she met. Even her little servant requested permission to go home for the rest of the day, and seemed to shrink from her.

How was she to clear herself? It was impossible as long as Dora held her to her promise—and Dora was only likely to do that.

(To be Continued.)

NO ALUM

MADE IN CANADA

TEN MINUTE COLD CURE RELIEVES ALMOST INSTANTLY

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing pine essences in Catarrhozone. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhozone is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—not a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhozone" to-day, and beware of substitutes. The dollar outfit is guaranteed, and small size, 50c.; trial size, 25c. At all dealers.

THE CONCENTRATED ESSENCE OF WAR.

Two soldiers of the King talked of war. Each had seen the present war as a member of a command which had brought honor to Canada, for one wore the tiny red badge of the original Princess Patricia's regiment, and the other had been one of the "Little Black Devils," whose exploits at Ypres had been a confirmation of their chhistening to the title.

Both had seen something of war before participating in the present unpleasantness. The man from the Princess Pat's had done his bit in South Africa; so had his friend from Winnipeg. In addition he had served elsewhere with the British army for twelve years, had spent four years in the United States Navy, and (as he expressed it "had some fun during a revolution in San Domingo.

ESSENCE OF WAR.

Singly and together, they attempted to state in simple terms the points waged to-day and the other wars in which they had borne a part.

"I am what is known as a soldier of fortune" said Private Cary to a representative of the Winnipeg Telegram. "Whenever there was trouble and I could get into it, the attraction was as certain for me as if I had been steel to a magnet.

"I thought I knew all about fighting when I beat it over from the States to get into this with what I had been told was a regiment of real fighters. But I learned more in a month in fighting the Germans than I had known in a pretty busy lifetime up to the day I had landed in France.

"I heard an officer say something once about this being the concentrated essence of all war. I did not get him properly at the moment, but the more I have thought this over the more I have come to the conclusion that he was exactly right.

"It is concentrated essence of fighting with all the agencies of modern science employed; on the other hand, it is the triple extract of a brutality which we had begun to think had been almost eradicated by science itself. I belonged to an outfit which does not have to be praised by me

"In spite of these awful days of Ypres and after, there were only forty members of the 8th Battalion, wounded or not, prisoners of war. If the boys had to die, they died; but even of the forty few were taken who were able to raise an arm.

"I merely speak of what they did, because as one of them it is the horror of a gigantic shambles as I look back at it. Little things impress the big things on a fellow and before me pass a queer nightmare succession of unrelated pictures, and half remembrances of jumbled impressions I received at the time.

"Of the hundreds of Germans directly in front of me, I see one big fat fellow aiming. I get him, and he jumps like a big jack rabbit performing in a pantomime. I laugh as I see him come down on his shoulder, with his heels sticking up and wiggling funnily. But, nevertheless, I fire again and the wiggling stops.

THE GERMAN OFFICER.

"During the very worst of the Ypres mess, someone strikes a match beside me. That also makes me want to laugh, and I turn to say so to the chum who has been fighting beside me. He'll never see the joke. That was no matchbox being struck; it was Bill. The bullet had entered behind one ear and come out close above the other.

"Among these pictures I see myself doing listening point duty. I see myself as I know I looked—caked in mud, with eyes, all whites, staring at who had been a man three weeks before, but for two keeks past had been an offence.

"Then I see the head of what was me turn very, very slowly. I hear again the whisper that is not a whisper of the listening detail from the shop across the way. I still see another picture which might be called 'The Falling Tree.'

"A German officer—a Staff officer, evidently by his uniform, is directing some operations—tunnelling, maybe, about fifty feet behind their lines. I've had glimpses of him half a dozen times, and now I get a good line on him. In this picture I see myself waiting for what seems a long time.

"Apparently he is also waiting. Then, suddenly, his head and shoulders sway and he falls straight forward like a chopped tree.

BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

"Consider a reel of such pictures passing before me and continuously between Quebec and Victoria, to which place I am ordered for another three months in a convalescent home, and you will have some idea of what I think of this warfare of to-day."

Private A. Warren, of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, spoke:

"To put the whole thing in a nutshell," he said, "picture St. Eloi, where I got mine. This was not one of the really big battles of the war, although many went out there, including Colonel Farquahar, out in front of his men setting them an example.

"But figure for yourself, and you will see what it must have been like. The trenches were not more than to seventy-five yards apart when the charging and counter-charging began. We took a trench, lost it, took it, lost it. For two days the battle swayed backward and forward, over a battlefield of at most not more than 250 yards. Two days in this space, locked together in hell, bayonets out, shrapnel flying, shells bursting, machine-guns raking, bombs exploding. You just cannot imagine that picture any more than I can properly describe it."

A WISE PREMIER.

How He Changed the Views of the Dutch King Long Ago.

History records many an instance in which trival incidents have shaped the destinies of nations. It appears that a small silver inkstand and the quick wit of a prime minister once played an important part in the history of the Netherlands.

William III., King of the Netherlands, was a man of violent and ungovernable temper. Although in general a clever statesman, he was inclined, for some reason or other, to involve Holland in the trouble that was brewing between France and Germany in 1870. He was deaf to the appeals of his ministers, who foresaw the ruin to the country that war would bring.

Thorbecke, the prime minister, resolved to make one last attempt to change his sovereign's resolution. On entering the royal presence, Thorbecke was greeted with a rough "Good morning. What's the news?"

"Nothing particularly, your majesty; only the people of The Hague are talking a great deal of nonsense about your majesty."

"About me!" exclaimed the monarch in wrath. "What do they say about me?"

"Well, sir," answered the old statesman, "The Haguers declare that your majesty has become stark mad!"

Before he could utter another word, King William, his face purple with rage, jumped up and seized a heavy silver inkstand, with the intention of hurling it at the head of the premier. Fortunately, a projecting angle of the inkstand caught in the tablecloth, and dragged it off the table with everything upon it. In the confusion, the discharge of the missile was delayed for a moment.

"Sire," said Thorbecke, quietly, "if your majesty hurls that beautiful inkstand at my head The Haguers will have much reason for their assertion."

For a minute the angry king gazed in silence at his minister. Then he gradually lowered his arm and replaced the inkstand on the table. He walked to one of the windows and stood looking out into the street for a few minutes. Returning to the table, he resumed his seat and said, as if nothing had hapened:

"And now tell me what you have got to say."

An hour later when the statesman left, he carried with him the monarch's promise to issue a proclamation that would declare the neutrality of the Netherlands.—Washington Star.

Heard of Them From Her Brother

WHY MRS. MARCHBANK USED DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

She Found Quick Relief and Now Recommends All Women Who Suffered As She Did to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

St. Martin's, St. John Co., N. B., Jan. 31. — (Special). — Mrs. Violet Marchbank, wife of a well-known farmer living near here, is telling her neighbors of the splendid results she has got through using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My trouble started from a cold," Mrs. Marchbank states. "I had backache, my joints were stiff and my muscles cramped. I was irritable and always thirsty. My appetite was fitful and I felt heavy and sleepy after meals. Rheumatism was added to my troubles as well as headaches, and heart flutterings made me very anxious at times.

"I suffered for about two years and was far from being a well woman when my brother told me what great things Dodd's Kidney Pills had done for him and I made up my mind to try them.

"I sent and got three boxes and they helped me right from the start. I can recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all women who suffer as I did."

Every one of Mrs. Marchbank's symptoms was a symptom of kidney trouble. That is why she found such quick relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

HAVE YOU ECZEMA?

Would you like to end that terrible itching, that burning pain; to heal those horrid sores?

You have tried all sorts of fatty ointments, lotions and powders. Put them aside now and give Nature a chance as represented by Zam-Buk.

Zam-Buk is made from herbal essences; is a natural healer. Is not something you have to send to the end of the world for, and pay a heavy price! Every druggist will sell you Zam-Buk and for 50c. only. Just give it a fair trial and incidently give yourself ease by the quickest route. See name on box:—

ZAM-BUK

AIR BOMB V. C.

Two British Fliers Rescue One Another in Turn.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve of the grant of the Victoria Cross to Squadron-Commander Richard Bell Davies, D.S.O., R.N., and the Distinguished Service Cross to Flight Sub-Lieutenant Gilbert Formby Smylie, R. N., in recognition of their behaviour in the following circumstances:

On November 19 these two officers carried out an air attack on Ferrijik Junction. Flight Sub-Lieutenant Smylie's machine was brought down by heavy fire. The pilot planed down over the station, releasing all his bombs except one, which failed to drop. Thence he continued his descent into the march.

On alighting he saw the one unexploded bomb, and set fire to his machine, knowing that the bomb would destroy it. He then went towards Turkish territory.

At this moment he saw Squadron-Commander Davies descending, and fearing that he would come down near the burning machine and thus risk destruction from the bomb, he ran back and from a short distance exploded the bomb by means of a pistol bullet.

Squadron-Commander Davies descended at a safe distance from the burning machine, took up Sub-Lieutenant Smylie, in spite of the near approach of a party of the enemy, and returned to the aerodrome—a feat of airmanship that can seldom have been equalled for skill and gallantry.

Squadron-Commander Richard Bell Davies, D.S.O., is twenty-nine years of age and a bachelor. For the past five years he has lived at Rotherfield, Sussex. He entered the navy about eleven years ago.

He was taught to fly by Mr. Grahame-White about three years ago. He was sent to Somaliland at the beginning of the war, and when he returned was sent to Belgium. It was Squadron-Commander Davies who made the attempt to destroy the German aerodrome in Brussels early in the war. Later on he took part in an aerial attack on Zeebrugge, in which he was wounded, and for which he received the D.S.O. About March last, having recovered from his wound, he went to the Dardanelles.

HEALTH WRECKED THROUGH LA GRIPPE

It Generally Leaves the Patient Debilitated and An Easy Victim to Other Diseases.

One of the foremost medical writers says: "It is astonishing the number of people who have been crippled in health for years after an attack of la grippe or influenza." The real danger in this disease, which sweeps over Canada every winter, is during convalescence, when the characteristic symptoms, the fever, the catarrh, the headache and the depression of spirits pass away. Grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin blood, impaired digestion and oversensitive nerves—a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervous prostration and even consumption. It is a condition that calls most emphatically for a tonic for the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic especially adapted to meet this need, as they purify and enrich the blood. They tone up the nerves and give vigor, strength and health to the debilitated system. Mrs. Howard D. Chaffey, Indian Island, N. B., says: "For several winters in succession I was attacked by la grippe which left me weak and badly run down. In each case I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with the most beneficial results. Last winter when the trouble was again prevalent I took the precaution of fortifying my system with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and escaped the trouble, while many of my neighbors were down with it. In fact I enjoyed the best of health all spring and feel sure this medicine will so fortify the system as to prevent the trouble."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Widow.

I know a widow who can charm
All men it is her chance to meet;
She has such frankness to disarm,
Such graciousness alluring sweet,
Such sympathy when we are sad,
So fine an understanding sense—
Can it be just because she's had
Experience?

So many come to pay her court
And revel in her gladding smile,
So many think her just the sort
With whom a life away to while,
I wonder why some likely lad
Wins not her troth for recompense—
Can it be just because she's had
Experience?

—Lee Shippey in Judge.

Misleading Bookkeeping.

Even bookkeeping is not an exact science. For behold! how often is it that one man will put into the expense account a given expenditure—say, the rebuilding of a machine—thus reducing his profits by this amount, while another will put such an item to the asset account, and each can advance weighty arguments and reasons as to the logic of his methods. But the net results of operation will differ widely with the same actual occurrences, so that even bookkeeping may be said merely to present results dependent upon the aspects of the situation as rendered by those who have the authority or opportunity to interpret.—Benjamin A. Franklin in Engineering Magazine.

A MEAN SLAM.

(Rochester Times)

Ida Tarbell says the ultimate aim of all girls is matrimony. Why the [illegible]