# MISJUDGED

"Except myself. There—you have it! I'd have stood against anything else. Not that I wanted any harm to come to Miss Daintree; but she is a foreigner in these parts, and I did think maybe she had been carrying on with him. But Miss Dora is different, and I'll speak out."

"Go on! What have you got to say?"

"I killed him!" said the farmer, hoarsely.

Graves, in the distance, nodded his head; it was as he had always suspected.

"Mind you," went on Blake, "it wasn't to be called a murder. I never thought of hurting him till that day, and I hadn't even a stick in my hand when I went to find him. I had just learnt the sort of serpent it was that I had let crawl round my house."

"Why did you kill him?"

The farmer turned to the magistrates. They were all men from his own part of the world, men whom he had known and looked up to all his life. Many were elderly men, married, and with children of their own. They were widely his superiors in birth and breeding, yet there was a kinship of ideas, a common speech between them, and a deep-seated relationship due to their deep-rooted love for their own country and even more for their own county. He looked straight at the Chairman, behind whom he had ridden time after time to the hounds.

"Squire Trevor, what would you do to a man that you found had been making up to your daughter and spoiling her young life? If you found he meant to ride away as jaunty as you please, would you see him off and say 'Good-bye'? Ah, it don't come home to you, for your good lady is yet alive and she would see what was going on! But think of yourself left with a motherless girl, and she only a child of seventeen."

Mr. Trevor did not answer the question directly, but his voice was pitiful as he said:

"Your daughter said she did not consider herself engaged to this man."

"Ay, she was not engaged—he had known too much for that! And she said, truly enough, that he did not love her, for it is hate, and not love, that goes to work to break a heart. She said, too, that she was glad for him to go, and that was a true word, too."

"How long had you known of the friendship between them?"

"Squire, do you think I would have an hour pass without seeking that him out once I knew? I saw my little girls face all white and sad. If she had had a mother she would have seen it before I did. My sister was good enough to her, but she never got at the maid's heart. I stopped behind after dinner on that day, and I made my girl come with me to the room I had made pretty years ago for her mother when I brought her home. Then she told me all."

"And then you went in search of him?"

"Yes; but I never thought of killing him. No, my lass had not thought to tell me that he was married, and I went to tell him that he must right my girl and that I would find the money so that they should not want. I had no liking for the man at all, and wanted him little enough for a son-in-law, but it seemed what her mother would have told me to do. I went round the farm and I looked for him everywhere; at length I came along by the boundary between the fields belonging to the farm and the Hall estate, and there I saw him alone down by the sister pools. I didn't come along the road, but across the fields. He started when he saw me, for I think I was not looking pleasant at him.

"'What is it?' he said.

"And then I told him he was a thief and worse than a thief. I had meant to keep quiet and reasonable for her sake, but ta the sight of his bad, black looks, something seemed to turn to fire inside me.

"'And what do you think you are going to do now?' I asked.

"'I am going back to London, farmer,' he said, smiling, and as bold as brass. 'Are there any little commissions I can excute for you or for the ladies of your family?'

"'You are not going yet,' I said—'not until you have married my girl; but it is sorrow to me that such a husband should be for her.'

"'Marry your daughter!' he said, and he smiled as if I had made a joke. 'Why, my good man, I am not prepared to commit bigamy!'

"That staggered me, and he saw it. 'No, my dear sir,' he said, and he smiled worse than before; 'I can assure you that your charming daughter understood from the first that our little flirtation could not end in marriage.'

"And then the fire blazed up in me beyond and above all. I was standing on the pathway between the pools, and he was a bit below me. When he said that about my girl, I felt I had to strike him down and to see that smile go from his face. Something let me know there was a biggish stone at my feet. I lifted it and shouted, 'Take this!'—and I dashed it against his wicked face. Ah, I saw the smile go then! He gave a sort of jump, and then spun round and fell down towards the water. I did not heed him; I did not touch him again. If he died he died, and deserved to; if he lived he could send me to prison. I neither knew nor cared to know which it would be. I had struck down the man then made my lass cry, and I went back to my work."

"You would have saved much trouble to yourself as well as to us if you had told this tale at once."

"I would not bring a breath against my girl, unless it was forced on me."

"But you knew that suspicion was attached to someone else?"

"Yes; but she was foreign to us, and I had small cause to love strangers. It came into my mind, too, that she might be the lady wife of whom he had spoken. No; she had to bear her own troubles. But Miss Dora is different. Maybe, sir, since you know now who killed him, you won't want to have her back here; it is hard enough for a man to have to answer questions. And if my lass may be kept out of it, too, I'll do anything you wish and sign anything you wish. I will put the rope round my own neck if so be the law is going to hang a father that stood up for his motherless girl."

There was something fine, even gallant, in the bearing of the burly farmer, something that touched all that were present. There was no one who was not very sorry for him. Still there was but one course open to the magistrates, and that was to commit Joshua Blake for trial on the charge of murder.

"They'll never hang him, will they?" asked Budge of Groves, whom he now began to look upon as a miracle of wisdom.

"Not they!" said Groves. "He was a fool not to speak out at once, and then they might have charged him with manslaughter, and it would have come a deal cheaper to him. I'm sorry for that man; he was in the right."

The case was concluded, and everyone, except poor Blake, went home.

Beryl discovered that she was in the position of local heroine. Everyone managed to greet her, and to do so with a warmth which had never been shown before. Budge, amongst others, managed to intercept her as she made her way to Box Cottage.

"Begging your pardon, Miss," he said, "I hope you will understand that anything I said or did was only in the way of duty, and not meant personal?"

"I quite understand that!" said Beryl, with a smile.

"And if you please, miss, I speak for Slade as well as for self; he hopes you will not be having any feeling against him for what he said."

"Certainly not," said Beryl; "he only spoke the truth! You may tell him, though, that I shall have a lot of feeling against him unless he comes tomorrow to help me bed out the seedling asters."

"I am speaking now, miss, as myself—that is, not as a constable—you will understand."

"Exactly!" said Beryl.

"And, speaking as a man, miss, I have never known a lady more like a gentleman. Not in appearance, miss"—as the fearful thought that he might be insulting her crossed his mind—"but in conduct in sticking to her word and going through with it."

"I am sure you mean that as a great compliment," said Beryl, "and I am grateful to you."

"She received many visitors during the next day or two, including Lady Weston.

"My dear," she said, "how good you were to that poor, misguided child! She has told me everything, including your efforts to make her confide in me."

"Poor Dora! How is she?"

"Very weak and ill. The shock and the long strain have been too much for her. I want to take her away; but John says we must not go yet."

"No, not until after the trial, I suppose? And after all it is best for her to get used to meeting people, or she would have it all to face when she came home."

"Yes, that is true. Beryl, John is determined to marry her."

"I thought he would."

"He says she has been so infamously badly used by one man that there is all the more reason for another to see she does not suffer again. I have not said one word against it. Once it was my dearest wish but that is not the case now."

"She was frightened," said Beryl, "and she was in the hands of two accomplished villains. It would have taken almost abnormal courage for any girl to cut herself free."

"You would have done it," said Lady Weston. "My dear, I should have no fears for the courage of grandchildren of mine if you were to be their mother. But I suppose that is not to be."

"No," said Beryl. "But you must not be afraid of Dora. She has had a bitter lesson and it will last all her life."

"Yes. And she is very sweet and lovable; but she always seeks instinctively for the easiest way out of a difficulty. You are the best friend she can possibly have, and her gratitude to you is very great; so is her penitence for having placed and left you in such a dreadful position. She wants to know if you can forgive her."

"May I go up to the Hall and see her to-day?" asked Beryl.

She went and saw Dora, who clung to her and begged her for forgiveness.

"I know how wickedly selfish I was," she said. "I have always thought too much about myself. Beryl, I have had a terrible time during the last few months."

"I know you have, poor child," said Beryl.

"That ought to have taught me—the suffering, I mean. But it only made me think of my worries. Even the thought of your courage and goodness did not really touch me, for I was still thinking of myself; but I began to see what a shallow little wretch I was when John came and spoke to me and told me that he loved me, even after all I had done. I did say then that I could not marry him, because people would always talk of this terrible story; but he got stern and said he did not think anyone would say anything against his wife. When I saw that he really meant it it almost broke my heart to think of all that I had nearly thrown away, and how utterly unworthy I was of this man's live."

"Yes, love teaches us more than anythngi else," said Beryl.

"You must stay here always, Beryl, or I shall find myself slipping back, I know. There—is that not the old Dora peeping out? I was only thinking of myself, not of you, or whether you would be happy here."

Beryl blushed a little.

"Dora, I am going to tell you a secret of my own. I think I shall probably spend a great part of my life here."

"You like the cottage so much?"

"I am not sure that I shall be living at the cottage."

"Where, then?"

"What would you say to the Rectory?" asked Beryl, mischievously. Then she kissed her friend tnd left her.

Mr. Vernon had lost no time in making Beryl listen to him once more.

"You are much too fine a character to delight in keeping me in suspense," he said. "Beryl, tell me that you love me and that you will be my wife."

"Even your position as Rector of the parish does not justify that very peremptory tone!" said Beryl, laughing.

"No, but my love for you does. My darling, you have the truest heart that ever beat! Do you love me?"

"I love a man who came to me when I was under a cloud of suspicion and told me then that he loved me. Do you happen to know his name?"

Apparently her answer was satisfactory.

The village received the intelligence with mingled wonder and satisfaction. The Hall heard it with joy.

"Am I not a bit of a prophet, mother?" asked Sir John.

"You must not let the habit grow on you," said his mohter.

"And after old Vernon had been losing his head at the idea of my having let her the cottage and babbling about his dislike of strong-minded women!"

His mother thought, without saying it, that there was far more reason to fear the actions of weak-minded women.

Budge laid down the law, as was his custom and right.

"I have not a word to say against it. Whatever may have been her past mistakes, she will now have the arm of the Church close beside her, so to speak. If that don't keep her right, what will?"

"But supposing she is one of the sort that won't obey their husbands?"

"We have heard tell of such women, Slade," said Budge, with potentious gravity, since he knew that his wife and Mrs Slade were within earshot, "but we never see them down in these parts. No, in Daichurst, thank heaven, a man can still be master in his own house!"

Mrs. Budge and Mrs. Slade, who could each of them twist her lord round her little finger when she chose, looked at each other with a world of meaning in their eyes.

"Sakes, let 'em talk, my dear!" whispered Mrs. Budge.

(THE END.)

## When the Grave Yawned for Him

SANDY GOULETTE TOOK DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

**Now He Can Do His Day's Work As Well As He Could Ten Years Ago—Offers Proof of His Statement.**

Old Fort Bay, Labrador, Que., Feb. 14.—(Special.)—Cured of Bright's Disease when the grave yawned for him, Sandy Goulette, an old settler here, wants all the world to know that he owes his life to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was swollen out of shape from head to foot. I was so short of breath I could hardly speak," Mr. Goulette states. "The doctor could do nothing for me. The minister gave me the holy sacrament, and a good old priest came and told me that I could not live much longer.

"I was sick all winter and in the spring I telegraphed two hundred miles for two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took three pills the night they came and I got relief before morning. I took Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me.

"If anyone doubts this statement they can write me, and I will give them names of people who know me and who will vouch for me. I am able to do my day's work as well now as I could ten years ago."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are no cure-all. They simply cure the Kidneys.

### OBJECT, MATRIMONY.

(Judge.)

"So you don't believe in advertising, eh?" scornfully remarked the up-to-date business man.

"No, I don't," insisted the sad-eyed neighbor. "I got my wife that way."

### HIS BOAST.

(University of Michigan Gargoyle.)

Lady—And you say you are an educated man? Wearied Will—Yes, mum, I'm a roads scholar.

"Who was it," inquired the student, "that said, 'After me, the deluge'?" "Don't ask me," rejoined the superficial person. "I never did pay much attention to weather prophets."—

## THE POULTRY WORLD

### BREEDERS WANT UNIFORM EGGS

Much has been said about the high records made by hens in the egg laying contests as well as records made by hens in the yards of poultry breeders. The number of eggs produced is not all that should be considered, for an egg to be of value should be of good size and shape, and be covered with a sound, smooth shell.

It is indeed fortunate for the poultry industry that hens' eggs are all so near the same size. Eggs of the different breeds in the contest at one place varied in weight from 2.03 ounces to 2.29 ounces, while the hens themselves averaged in weight from 3.12 pounds to 6.36 pounds, and strange as it may seem, the hens whose eggs averaged 2.03 ounces averaged only 3.40 pounds each. In fact, we find that the size of the hen has little or no influence on the size of an egg. A four pound hen will lay an egg the same size as an eight-pound hen.

After studying the poultry business from every angle, one recognizes the fact that the size and shape of an egg is the one thing all breeders can work for, for it is the only thing in common with all breeds and varieties. In poultry shows the breeders of the various breeds and varieties cannot enter a free-for-all competition on size, shape, color, comb, ear lobes, shanks or any other characteristic, for they are not the same with different breeds, but the size and shape of all eggs should be the same. Therefore this is one of the most important steps to be considered in breeding.

An ideal egg should be an oblong oval slightly tapering from one end to the other, and should weigh 2.16 ounces, or 26 ounces to the dozen. Eggs of this size and shape are the correct size to fill the standard egg case filler and if incubated will give better results than where varicus sizes and shapes are incubated together. The old idea that round eggs hatch pullets is incorrect, for a hen lays uniformly shaped eggs regularly which hatch approximately an equal number of cockerels and pullets.

Nothing can be told from the size and shape of an egg whether it is fertile or infertile or whether it would hatch a cockerel or a pullet, but the shape of an egg is a characteristic which is transmitted to the offspring. Therefore use as breeders only the hens which produce eggs of correct size and shape.

FOR THE POULTRY RAISER.

When the fowls get off the roost in the morning they should have a small feed; it may be a wet mash, moistened and not sloppy. If dry mash is used exclusively a sufficient number of hoppers should be used to allow all fowls to feed for an hour, then close the hoppers until noon when they should remain open the rest of the day.

Scratch food should be scattered in the litter in the morning, sufficient to keep the fowls working until about 3 p. m. in winter and 6 p. m. in summer, when the night food of wheat or cracked corn should be given, as much as they will eat up clean.

Water: As the egg contains a large quantity of water, and the process of manufacturing the egg goes on day and night, water is just as necessary as grain, and when poultry pays, water must be supplied. The poultry raiser who boasts that he does not water his fowls when snow is on the ground but lets them eat snow or pick at the frozen water cannot boast of large egg production, and therefore cannot make poultry pay.

The egg shell must be manufactured. Grain does not contain a sufficient quantity of lime to supply a business hen with shell matter. Lime must be supplied in some form. Crushed oyster shell is the best. If that cannot be had, old plaster, slaked lime or sifted coal ashes will help, and when fed from a hopper it is surprising how much they will eat.

While supplying the necessary materials for the hen to produce the egg, we must supply the necessary material to sustain the fowl, supply a new coat of feathers and keep her in healthy condition.

The more food a laying hen can digest, the greater will be the egg production. The hen's teeth must be looked after—grit being the only teeth that fowls have. Unless proper grit is always supplied, the health of the fowls will be affected. A very important detail which is often overlooked is supplying granulated charcoal; it helps digestion, purifies the blood, absorbs impurities and prevents bowel trouble to a great extent.—Woman's World for February.

NOTES.

No one can dispute that the poultry exhibits of the country are good educators. It is there that the best in fowls can be seen, the different makes of incubators, brooders and other poultry equipment. A poultry show is always a good thing for the town, and the poultry keepers in which zone it is held. They need not be large, but quality should be the aim.

Early hatched pullets are not stopped by cold weather, after once getting down to regular laying, as long as they are properly handled. For the beginner the early-hatched chick is a paying propositon.

Incubators are better this year than ever before. Many advances have been made that improve theid hatching of chicks, the kind that live, yet none are yet self-regulating and must still to a certain extent be controlled by the operator.

Perhaps the most rapid improvement in poultry equipment has been the brooder, the one great drawback to many poultry raisers of the past. This year the hovers that care for the chicks have made wonderful improvement over last year, and among the leaders one can find brooders that, with proper care, will successfully raise the chicks.

Failures in poultry will become le s as the years go by, due to a better understanding by those starting, due to the teachings of the press and the up-to-date experiment stations. The foundation has been laid, and with increased knowledge each year to the essentials that go to make success, and are now known, fewer failures will result.

The city man with a liking for poultry should lay his plans now to put a few hens in the space he can find for them. Poultry and eggs during the fall and winter of this year will not be any lower, and a few hens well kept will prove a paying proposition as well as a pleasure.


PILES

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores—50c. box.

Zam-Buk


### ORIENTAL MENDACITY.

**A Little Thing Like the Truth is of No Account in Egypt.**

If orientals have one fault more than another it is a disregard for truth. In the early days of the English occupation of India, the English judges were astounded at the conflicting stories told by witnesses, and they soon learned to set them all down as unworthy of credence.

In American courts it is also well known that the Chinese are very penurious of the truth, and that no oath will prevent them from giving false witness. In Egypt it is also very easy to get native witnesses to swear to anything, true or untrue.

For instance: Ahmed, a native of Cairo, had a slave who peeped over a wall into Suleiman's harem, and the ladies considered themselves insulted. Suleiman wanted revenge, but he could not bring his wives into court to testify, so it was agreed that Suleiman should accuse Ahmed's camel of walking on Suleiman's land. A crowd of witnesses came forward and for two days testified about the camel and the land until the English judge decided in favor of Suleiman.

It was not until a week afterward that the judge discovered to his great surprise that Suleiman had no ground and Ahmed had no camel.—Exchange.


IF YOUR THROAT IS HUSKY, CATARRH MAY BE STARTING

A weak or irritated throat is the first step towards Catarrh. Everything depends on your remedy. A cough mixture slips quickly over the weak spots, drops into the stomach and does little but harm digestion. It's altogether different with Catarrhozone—it cures because it gets right at the trouble. You inhale Catarrhozone, breathe in the vapor of healing balsam that strengthen and restore the weak throat tissues. You'll never have colds or coughs. Throat trouble and catarrh will disappear with the use of Catarrhozone. Get the large dollar outfit, which includes the inhaler. It lasts two months and is guaranteed to cure. Smaller sizes, 25c and 50c, sold everywhere.


### WEATHER SIGNS.

**Some Old Ones Which Are Usually Fairly Reliable.**

Here are a few weather signs which are older probably than anyone living to-day. Experience has shown them to be fairly reliable, and some of them can be explained upon a scientific basis:

Moonlight nights have the heaviest frosts.

The higher the clouds the finer the weather.

The farther the sight the nearer the rain.

Dew is an indication of the weather.

When stars flicker in a dark background, rain or snow follows soon.

Expect a strong wind, with stormy weather when smoke from chimneys hangs near the ground.

Here are a few in verse. They have the advantage of being easily remembered:

Clear moon,
Frost soon.

Year of snow
Fruit will grow.

Rain before seven,
Fine before eleven.

If the sun set is gray
The next day will be a rainy day.

When the wind's is in the south
The rains in its mouth.

The wind in the west
Suits everyone best.

If you see grass in January
Lock your grain in your granary.

Evening red and morning gray
Help the traveler on his way.
Evening gray and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head.

When the clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

If you can get the official weather report by 'phone you'd better count on that first. But the proverbs and jingles just given are better than a common guess.—Farm and Field.

### A CONFESSION.

(Chicago Tribune)

None of the arts seem to have thriven in America, the art of living least of all. When we are on parade we deck ourselves out, not wisely but with ostentation, and we quite as ostentatiously fill our insides with all kinds of elaborate and expensive rubbish.

### NATURAL BORN HUNTERS.

**Brazilian Natives Are Only Rivaled by Those of Australia.**

If you want to find a thoroughbred sportsman you must look among the natives of the Brazilian forests. Especially among the Botocudo, to whom tracking game is the chief business of his life. He does it with such skill that he fills the white man with awe and wonder.

However enthusiastic a huntsman you are you will feel yourself a poor sportsman after watching him for a little while. The Botocudo hunter glides stealthily through the forest. He understands every sign and habit of bird and beast. He knows how high up an armadillo displaces the leaves of a tree in passing. He can distinguish the tracks of the snake and the tortoise. He can follow the tortoise to its burrow by the scratches of its scaly armor on the mud. His sense of smell is so keen that it helps him a great deal in hunting. Hidden behind the trunk of a tree he can imitate the cries of birds and beasts to bring them within range of his deadly poisoned arrow. He can even entice the alligator by making her rough eggs grate together where they lie under leaves on the river bank. If he shoots at an ape and the animal does not fall he will climb up after the animal by a hanging creeper where no white man would climb. However dark the forest, he is indifferent to this darkness. Laden with his gab of game he finds his way back to his hut by the sun and the lay of the ground.

His only rival is the Australian native. He will lie in wait behind a screen of boughs. He waits until the kangaroo comes to drink, or he will track him for days in the open. He will camp by his fire to be ready for his pursuit at early dawn. He keeps unseen to leeward.

When a number hunt together they will put up a brush fence in two long wings converging toward a pit, and so drive the kangaroos into it. They also form great hunting parties for a battue surrounding half a mile of bushland, and with shouts and clatter they drive all the game to the centre, where they can close round and dispatch them with spears and waddies. In fowling they show the same adroitness. A native will swim under water, breathing through a reed. He merely covers his head with water weed till he gets among a flock of ducks, which one by one he pulls under and tucks into his belt. They rarely need to make use of dogs in hunting, though they had learned this way of hunting long before the white man knew anything about. They used the dingo or native dog.

### THE BEST WAY.

**Here Are Three Gems of Suggestions for Your Scrapbook.**

To make croutons for soup, cut the bread the desired size, place it in a corn-popper and toast over the glowing coals.

* * *

To save time, labor and money, cut a circle of paper at least three inches in diameter and lay it over the top of the candlestick before putting the candle in. Force paper, candle and all into stick, and you will not only save yourself the trouble of digging hard, cold candle grease off the stick, but you will have it collected for uses on ironing day.

* * *

Oyster Salad.—Drain all the liquid from a quart of fresh oysters. Add to the oysters eight hard-boiled eggs, eight medium-sized pickles, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of celery (chopped), one cupful of crackers and one-fourth teaspoonful of mustard. Pass all through a coarse meat grinder. Pour over the chopped mixture the liquor from the oysters and about one-fourth of a cup of vinegar. Stir the mixture thoroughly and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.


TONIC TREATMENT FOR THE STOMACH

**The Modern Method is Most Successful in Treating Indigestion.**

The old-fashioned methods of treating indigestion and stomach troubles are being discarded. The trouble with the old-fashioned methods was that when the treatment was stopped the trouble returned in an aggravated form. The modern method of curing indigestion and other stomach troubles is to tone up the stomach to do nature's work. Every step toward recovery is a step gained, not to be lost again. The recovery of the appetite, the disappearance of pain, the absence of gas—all are steps on the road to health that those who have tried the tonic treatment remember distinctly. Dr. William's Pink Pills are a blood-builder, tonic medicine, every constituent of which is helpful in building up the digestive organs, and is therefore the very best remedy for chronic cases of stomach trouble. Thousands of cases like the following prove how successful this treatment is: Miss Amy Browning, Cornith, Ont., says: "I have found such great benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I would be ungrateful if I did not publicly say a good word in their favor. I was badly run down and my stomach was in a very bad condition. All food distressed me and left me disinclined to eat. I suffered from nausea and dizziness and frequent sick headaches, and this was further aggravated by pains in the back and sides. I was in this condition for several years, and although I had got medicine from several doctors it did not help me. Then I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began taking them. I am glad to say that they soon helped me, and now I am as well as ever; can eat all kinds of food, with relish, and have not an ache or pain."

You can get these Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.