

Clean, bright utensils mean clean appetizing food—use
Old Dutch



MISJUDGED

"I think I was flattered, too," went on Dora, in the saddest of little voices. "No one had ever seen anything extraordinary in me before; you know I am not clever. I see now that Madame Inconnu did not find anything extraordinary in me herself; she saw I was a poor silly goose, and a goose she could pick. She began to pretend to find that I had great occult power, and to speak of my magnetic nature and my psychic insight. The worst of it was that I began to believe her, and it turned my head a little. But by bit she found out everything about me, especially about my money affairs. Then she somehow guessed—I did not tell her that—about Sir John Weston and our friendship. She poured out warnings on the subject of the unhappy life I should lead if I stifled what she called my 'higher nature' and married a man whom she described as an earth-bound. Oh, Beryl, what a fool I was."

"Go on, dear."

"Then—then she began to ask me to come and see her, just for a little talk on spiritual things. She was not always alone. She introduced me to a man who, she said, was even more advanced than herself, and said I should find myself mystically akin to him. I found out that he was her brother. He was a new type to me, and he was even more alluring in his manner than she was. He spoke of all sorts of occult matters as if he were already living and moving on a higher plane than the ordinary people one meets. I met him often at her rooms, and sometimes Madame would not be there herself, or would come in later, with many apologies. So it went on until one day—"

"One day he asked you to marry him?"

"Yes; he told me it was already settled in our horoscopes and that we were mated for all eternity. I was frightened. I did not want to marry him at all. I did not want him to be in love with me. I had only been attracted by his so-called spiritual gifts. I know he was not even a gentleman. I said 'No.'"

"And then Madame appeared?"

"Exactly. She came in, and told me I was breaking his heart and ruining his life. She argued with me, first, all quite kindly, saying how fond she was of me. But as I kept on saying 'No' she changed. When I said I must go home she gave me a look I shall never forget and said:

"And how do you propose to explain to your relations, Lady Weston and her son, the many hours you have spent here in these rooms alone with my brother? I shall tell them know that I should certainly never have permitted it unless I had understood you were engaged to be married. Beryl, I felt as if I were in the power of a snake."

"So you were, you poor child."

"Well, they talked to me until I was driven distracted. He left her to do the threatening, whilst he did the imploring. I was to marry him, but it was impossible for him to make a home for me as yet, as we were to be married secretly at a registrar's, just that his mind might be set at rest, and he might be relieved of his great fear of losing me. That, he said, was paralyzing his work. Beryl, I was as wax in their hands. I had been so foolish that I dared not confess my folly to the only people who could have helped me. I could never tell all this to cousin Grace, for they frightened me into believing that she would be sure to think the very worst of me. I yielded; I had not a chance."

"No, you had not a chance. Oh, poor, poor child!"

"They made me write him a line saying that I would marry him, and then they let me go. I promised I would meet him and marry him in a fortnight's time. Then he said he was going straight away to India to do some deep studying and would not be back for years. Beryl, I believed even then. I was a coward, and, like other cowards, I snatched at the idea of the respite. I thought that perhaps something would turn up which would not make it necessary for me to confess, after all, to cousin Grace. To avoid that I went deeper and deeper into misery. Well, I married him; he has the certificate."

"What is his name?" asked Beryl.

"James Richardson. He does not call himself by anything so unromantic. He has a made-up name; but that was his name on the certificate."

His sister was one of the witnesses, and a friend was another. It was all legal enough; they left me no loop of escape."

"He did not go to India, I suppose?"

"No, he had never meant to. It was only one of the lies. But he let me go home that morning after the marriage. I felt like a thief as I stole in. Cousin Grace met me in the hall. She thought I had been to the London Library, for I used to go there, sometimes to read when I first began to study the books of which Madame Inconnu spoke. It was nearly lunch-time, and as I was going upstairs she said: 'Are you getting on well with your studies, little Dora?' She always laughed a little at me for taking it all so seriously, though she did not know how seriously. She thought the whole subject such nonsense and only a passing fad of the day. I said, 'I am getting rather tired of them, I think.' She laughed and told me to get ready for luncheon."

"Were you left long in peace?"

"No, indeed. He began to send me notes telling me he must see me at some place or another. I dared not refuse lest he should come there and ask for me. He told me he was short of money for his journey, and I let him have all the ready money I had. Then he wanted me to sell out some of my securities and let him have the money to reinvest for me; but I told him that I simply could not do it without letting everyone know, as I had never managed my own money affairs. Finally, he used to take all my income as it came in."

"Did no one notice that you were short of money?"

"I don't know. They thought I had changed in lots of ways. One day he said he would like to have a few bits of my jewelry as 'souvenirs of his dear wife.' He could always make me do anything when he spoke like that and threatened to call and demand my congratulations. We were on the eve of going abroad to Riviera, and I let him have everything I possessed, except the watch every day, which would have been missed. I do not know if Cousin Grace noticed that I spent very little money on my things for Nice—she never said anything. We went abroad, and I almost began to live again."

"He did not follow you?"

"No. I suppose he knew he had me safe, and that he had only to wait for my return. We stayed away a long time, the longer the better for me. I begged cousin Grace not to stay in London on our return, but to come straight down here. And the first thing I heard when we got to Dalehurst was that a stranger of mysterious appearance had been lodging at the White Farm in March, and had said he would return later in the spring."

"I know now why you looked so distressed and what the hunted look in your eyes meant."

"Had I not cause?"

"Yes, ample. You have seen him again, I suppose?"

"Yes, and heard from him. He wanted money. I had none to give him, as he had already drained my income dry. Then he threatened me, and told me to borrow some for him. I did borrow what I could—borrowed without any hope of ever being able to repay it. That is the depth to which I have fallen, and I once thought I was honorable."

"You were to have met him yesterday," asked Beryl.

"Yes, and to have brought him more money. I had some thoughts of getting it from you. I would almost steal money to keep him away!"

Beryl shook her head.

"It is no use, my dear; you will never get enough to do that. You will only wind yourself up more tightly in the web they have spun round you. Dora, there is only one thing you can do. I think you must know what that is."

"I think the only thing I can do is to take an overdose of sleeping draught!" said Dora miserably.

"And leave all the pain and deep regret to those who have loved you truly and who have done nothing to deserve it. No, you will not do anything so cowardly as that. The only thing to do is to break loose. Go back and tell Lady Weston everything. She will be grieved and hurt, naturally, that you did not trust her long ago, but she will forget her wrong in thinking of your troubles. When he again threatens you with telling his tale, take the wind out of his sails by telling him that you have already told yours."

"I will think it over," said Dora. "Perhaps I will do it if I can make him go any other way. Beryl, you promise me on your word of honor that you will not mention what I have told you to anyone unless I give you leave."

"I promise," said Beryl.

CHAPTER IV.

On the second day in June Dora was at work in her garden, weeding some of the borders. A step sounding on the gravel near her made her look up, and she saw with surprise and indignation the man of whom she had been thinking, the man who had brought the shadow over her friend's life.

He slightly raised his hat as she arose from her knees and faced him. Before she could speak he began—

"Please do not trouble to ask me to what you are indebted for the honor of my visit, nor to tell me that you are not at home. I have made up my mind to speak to you somewhere, and I should imagine you would as soon let me do so here in your own garden, as anywhere else."

"I do not wish to speak to you at all," she said.

"That I can well believe. But since you have taken upon yourself to interfere between me and my wife you must put up with having to listen to the injured husband for some minutes. If you will not do so, you will only precipitate the scandal you are so anxious to avoid."

"The only person, as far as I can see who is likely to suffer by everything being known is yourself," said Beryl. "But if you have anything to say you can say it."

"I have a great deal to say. I saw you pass that evening with that little fool, my wife. I knew then that you suspected something. When she refused to meet me, as I directed, I knew she had been indiscreet enough to confide in some one and was hanging on to that person's strength. However, a rather more serious letter than usual did bring her so far to her senses as to make her meet me. I then found out that she had, as she said, 'told you everything.'"

"I quite understand that you were annoyed. You have been bullying her, and naturally resent its being known. 'I resent your action. Interference between husband and wife is nearly invariably bad—for the third party.' What right have you to try to make her do what my lawful commands?"

"Your lawful commands!" said Beryl. "Do you not mean your unlawful and cowardly attempts to make the poor child's life a burden to her and to rob her not only of all she possesses, but also of the respect and love of her friends?"

"To be sure! Ideally that is a very strong expression! I have been unfortunate enough to have been out of employment lately. It is only natural that my wife, having means of her own, should have been delighted to assist me."

Beryl made one attempt to see if

HOW PNEUMONIA STARTS AND HOW IT IS OFTEN PREVENTED

You catch a little cold to-day and by to-morrow it has reached the throat, next day the lungs are affected, and you wish you had used "Cattarrhozone" which kills colds in five minutes. In the first place Cattarrhozone soothes the irritated membranes and relieves congestion—then it cuts out the phlegm and destroys the germ. It enables the blood to retain a natural supply of oxygen, lung food and vitality. In any cough, bronchitis or catarrh, it's guaranteed to positively cure. Beware of dangerous substitutes offered under misleading names for genuine CATTARRHOZONE which is sold everywhere. Large size, containing two months' treatment costs \$1; small size 50c; trial size, 25c.

there were any softer side to the man's nature.

"Mr. Richardson—" she began.

"Oh, she told you that, did she?" he said, angrily.

"Yes, I think she told me all. I cannot believe that you are really as cruel as you seem. When I told you that you were making her life a burden to her I used no figure of speech. She has actually spoken of taking refuge in death. She has never injured you; cannot you spare her?"

"In death? I have no objection at all. The English law is very kind and considerate to the husband of a woman who dies intestate. Please beg her to make no change on my account in her plans. But if she dies and leaves a will which I cannot approve I shall be forced to let her sorrowing relations know of our tie."

"You cannot mean this. You must have had some grimmer of affection for her once."

"Affection? For a woman who plainly let me see that the very thought of marriage to me was a degradation in her eyes! I am sorry to disillusion you, Miss Daintree, but indeed I am not the angel of light you think me. I have had to struggle pretty hard all my life to keep my head above water, and I have no sentimental sympathy for the imaginary woes of people who have been brought in luxury all their lives. Perhaps you think it would be nice for me to go away for ever and to quietly acquiesce in the idea that she will one day marry the glided puppy and be called 'My lady.'"

"No, that is impossible. You and your sister have effectually spoiled her life. But go away and leave her in some measure of peace."

"Your morals stand in need of repair—they do, indeed, Miss Daintree! A young husband and a young wife should not be separated for long. It exposes both of them to temptation!"

"Yet you do not even wish to make a home for her?"

"Alas, I fear her income is too slender to support us both! But since the Westons keep her that little income must be dedicated to me. I intend to have it."

"What's the matter with her?" asked Budge.

Slade only sighed more deeply.

tend to have it, and if it is insufficient she must beg, borrow, or—really hardly likely to mention the other alternative to you—and supplement it."

"Will you be so good as to go away at once?" said Beryl. "My advice to Miss Langton—"

"Ah, is there a Miss Langton? A relation of my wife's perhaps?"

"My advice will be to defy you at all risks. Anything is better than to remain the wretched victim of a blackmail!"

"That is a declaration of war, and I accept it. On my part I will tell you that I shall have my way in spite of you. In any case I will have that little fool's money. If she likes to give up sensibly, without making a fuss, well and good. I shall let her stay on in the well-feathered nest in which she now is. If she does not behave sensibly I will use against her every weapon which the ingenuity of the English law provides. I will use the weapon of the exposure of the nature of the clandestine meetings which we had before I was honorable enough—you understand me?—to marry her. In fact, I will let loose the whole armory of wickedness, and engage a counsel who shall do my case justice!"

"And I shall still advise her to tell the whole of the truth—that weapon will prove fatal to you."

A change in the man's expression told Beryl that he had heard some one coming. She turned quickly and saw Slade approaching from the field which lay beyond the edge of her garden. His steps had been almost noiseless over the thick grass, and he was close to them before they saw him.

The intruder turned away at once and left without another word.

Slade looked wonderingly at them both.

"They've been having a pretty stiff quarrel," he said to himself. "One is as angry as the other. There, there—when we were all beginning to think better of her! After being looked up by the gentry it is falling off badly to take up with the likes of that."

It was not in accordance with Slade's ideal of neighborly conduct to keep such an experience to himself. He and the Budgees were close friends, and he usually saw them some time during the evening.

On this occasion he wandered to their gate and passed up the couple of yards of garden path which led to their door. Here he found the good constable, not on duty, indulging in an evening pipe. Mrs. Budge, like some stout guardian angel, hovered in the background—sometimes in the house, sometimes in the doorway.

Slade was an artist in his way; he did not introduce the subject of Miss Daintree. He knew that in the ordinary course of events he name was sure to crop up during the talk. When it was mentioned he gave vent to a long-drawn "Ah!"

His hearers immediately stood at attention.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Budge.

Slade only sighed more deeply.

A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN AFTER LA GRIFFE

It Leaves the Sufferer a Victim of Many Forms of Weakness.

Ask those who have had la grippe regarding the present condition of their health and most of them will answer: "Since I had the grip, I have never been well." There is a persistent weakness of the limbs, bad digestion, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart caused by the thin-blooded condition in which grip almost always leaves its victims after the fever and influenza have subsided. They are at the mercy of relapses and complications, often very serious. This condition will continue until the blood is built up again, and for this purpose nothing can equal a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which quickly make the blood rich and red, drive the lingering germs from the system and transform despondent grip victims into cheerful, healthy, happy men and women. Mr. Jean Batorbury, London, Ont., says: "Just before Christmas, 1914, I was taken down with an attack of la grippe, and the trouble left me in a deplorable condition. I was almost too weak to walk about, as I was then working on a farm in Western Ontario. I was quite unable to follow my usual work. I tried several kinds of medicine, but it did not help me. As a matter of fact, I felt steadily growing weaker, and in this condition, when reading a paper, I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and decided to try them. I got a supply and by the time the second box was finished I felt considerably better, and after continuing the pills for some time longer I felt better than I had done for months. This was my first experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but you may depend upon it that if I had medicine necessary again I will know just what to take."

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

"What are you going on like a windmill for?" asked his friend.

"I haven't noticed anything wrong," said Mrs. Budge.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't! It's nothing in your way," said Slade, very slowly and solemnly. "No, if this is a job at all it will have to be left to your master."

Mr. Slade here referred to Mr. Budge.

"A job for me!" said Budge. "Why, what is she after now? She has given no trouble yet to the police."

"Not as yet," agreed Slade, with an even more sinister intonation. "Ah, one never knows! We're all flowers of the field, as the Bible says!"

Here Mr. Slade relapsed into contemplative thoughtfulness, as if he were meditating whether he would be classed with the daisies or the buttercups.

"If you have anything official to say I shall note it as an official," said Budge, with dignity. "If it is only one of your fancies I shall take on myself to remember that the lady tied up my arm and saved my life."

"Fiddliestick!" said Mrs. Budge. The remark appeared on its face a little irrelevant.

"She has done nothing for me to make a complaint of as yet," said Slade.

"Then what are you talking about?"

"Speaking as a man to a constable, what would your notion be of a threat?"

"Cluck it out, man!" said Budge. "You will keep us all night, has she been threatening the police?"

"No, what do you say to the long-haired chap who is lodging up at the White Farm?"

"If he's been annoying of her let her speak the words to me. There is something about that man's hair that I don't like. But how has she got to know him?"

"Ah, how?" said Slade, who did not know himself, but wished it to be thought that he did.

"Don't go spoiling his tale!" said Mrs. Budge, who scented a mystery. "They are both strangers here, but goodness alone knows if they ever met before!"

"Tell us what you know," said Budge.

(To be Continued.)

Early Methods of Curing Skins.

The original process of curing skins was probably the simple one of cleaning and drying them. Removal of the hair by maceration in water seems to have been common among the very early tribes, and one writer has suggested that the idea was obtained from the natural process of depilation. They must certainly have been familiar with it in the case of drowned animals, where maceration can be plainly observed. Following this smoke, sour milk, oil and the brains of the animals themselves were found efficacious. Many of these primitive methods are employed in remote places at the present time.

EASIER WAY.

(Chaparral.)

Bill—Are you going to study tonight for Prof. Hamper's exam?

Willie—No, I'm going down to the Faculty Club and let him beat me a couple of games of pool.

ITS KIND.

(Baltimore American.)

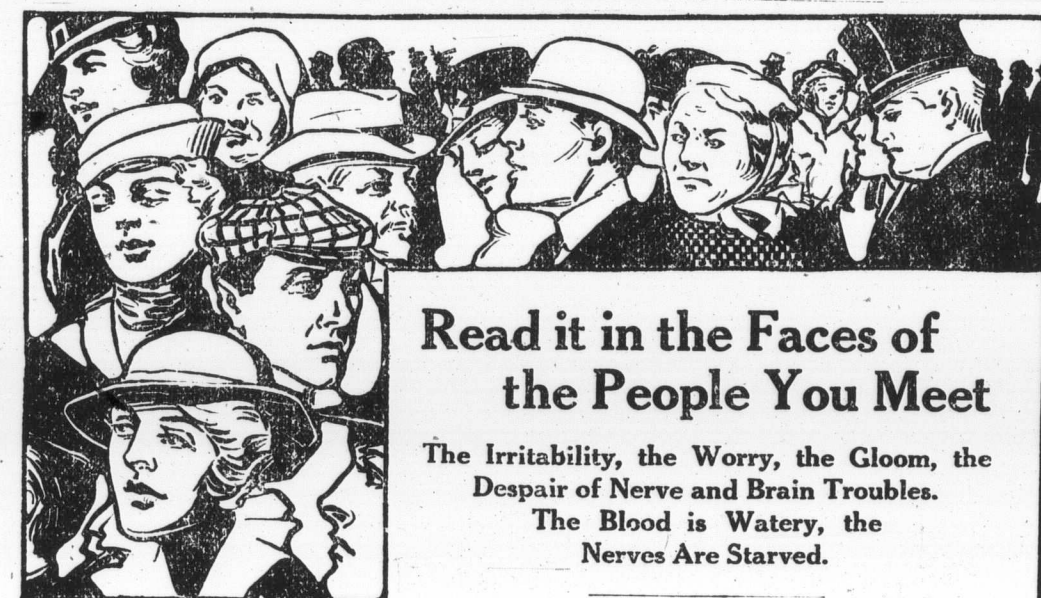
"The conqueror is going to pack this car to suffocation," said one suburbanite as the car stopped to take another waiting crowd aboard.

"Yes," replied another, with a rueful glance at his somewhat large nasal extremities. "He is going to let plenty of trouble on foot."

Trick of the Trade.

"Strong men" who break steel chains by the expansion of the biceps usually see that the chain contains two links made of a peculiar kind of glass which breaks upon very slight pressure.

"I've got to take exercise and quit eating so much," said the young man who calculates closely. "Worried about your health?" "No, I'm getting so stout my room-mate's evening clothes won't fit me."—Washington Star.



Read it in the Faces of the People You Meet

The Irritability, the Worry, the Gloom, the Despair of Nerve and Brain Troubles. The Blood is Watery, the Nerves Are Starved.

This is the age of nervous troubles, of brain fag, of heart failure, of paralysis and bodily weakness. You can read it in the faces of the people you meet.

The business man, the factory hand, the professional man, the woman in the home, all find their nervous systems giving way before the terrible strain of modern life and keen competition. Nervous force is consumed at a terrible rate, and the blood which must make good this loss becomes thin and watery, lacking in quality as well as quantity.

The whole secret of preserving health and curing disease in all such cases is to supply an abundance of rich, red blood. Stimulants may drive the heart at a more rapid pace for a time, but the breakdown will come with greater force.

The blood demands nourishment, the nerves cry for sustenance. They call for just such help as is supplied by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great blood builder and nerve restorative.

In many, many thousands of cases of this kind Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proven exactly what was needed. In using it you are not experimenting, but are supplying to the system the very ingredients from which Nature reconstructs the wasted nervous system. For this reason its cures are both thorough and lasting.

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