

MISJUDGED

CHAPTER I.

The garden of the Rectory at Dalehurst, in Kent, was about the most pleasant spot in all that pleasant village.

In Dalehurst nearly all the houses are old, and most of them are very picturesque. The beautiful style which combines the use of white plaster and old beams of dark oak predominates. Here one carved front, strangely embellished by a string of merry-looking dragons, tells you that it was a gay young thing in houses when the good old Charles sat on the throne; there another, of a more foreign aspect, with a long "weaver's window," speaks of the influx of Flemish workmen, which took place before we borrowed the Stewarts from Scotland.

It follows, naturally, that the Rectory is also an old house, and a very charming one, with a great hospitable porch, which shelters all who come to visit its door, and a wide hall to bid them welcome, from which open out many long, low, attractive rooms, which have been furnished by some one with the taste of an antiquary.

Always all here are books—books of all kinds, books which must have a tide in their affairs, for every now and then they simply decline to be kept within the great shelves, and make their way over tables and chairs and even roll their waves over the polished floors. From this the wise observer would have deduced that the Rector was a bachelor, as well as a scholar, and he would have been right.

On a glorious afternoon in May he might have been seen striding rather angrily up and down one of the long turf walks which were a leading feature in his garden, pouring out vials of indignation to his friend, Sir John Weston, a young man who owned most of the land for some miles round.

"My dear Rector," protested the Baronet, "how could I help it? I dislike the type as much as you do—or more. But there was the cottage to let, and we did not want to have either the laboring or the tradespeople class in it. We were very pleased to think that a lady wanted it. She came down and saw the cottage, and she wrote most sensible letters on the subject. She also gave unexceptionable references. I put it to you that one is not inclined to be suspicious of any one who is recommended by the Dean of Oldchester and Lady Ernestine Beauchamp."

"The Dean is a hare-brained enthusiast," said the Rector, entirely unimpressed. "He is just the sort of man whom any woman can get round. As to Lady Ernestine, I believe that she herself is one of those 'hyenas in petticoats,' as Walpole called them in his day."

"Hyenas in petticoats" is distinctly good," said Sir John, with a smile. "But don't let her hear you, or she will repeat it to the band, and they will adopt it, just because it is so good. I can see them using it for a stamp on their letter-paper, and a heading for their election bills. But, really, you really think too much to heart, I don't think my tenant has ever been in prison!"

The Rector nearly exploded with wrath.

"Then I should like to send her," he said. "Well, if she comes to church, which I should think very doubtful indeed, she will hear some plain speaking from me. Ah, you want St. Paul back again to deal with this matter! He understood how to manage women."

"He would find something to do with the men too," said Sir John; "at least, that is my experience as a magistrate."

"She is unmarried, I suppose?" "Oh, yes, a Miss Daintree."

"Just so. No doubt she found that no man wanted her, so in revenge she took to annoying him by interfering with his property. The old village stocks are still in the room in the tower of the church; I shall have a look round to see if there is not a specimen as well of the Scod's bridle. I am sorry to be forced into speaking unbecomingly of any woman; but this is a matter on which I really do feel most strongly."

Sir John gave a comical glance at his friend. The Rector was only midway through the further, and was as spare and erect as he had been in his Cambridge days, when as an ardent and excellent cricketer, he had twice represented the University against Oxford at tennis. Sir John used to say that no proof of the Rector's cleverness so much impressed him as the manner in which he had continued to play into his middle all the privileges of age and still remaining comparatively young.

"I don't think you need be quite so certain that Miss Daintree has been forced to give up all thoughts of marriage," said Sir John. "I am afraid you have not had many likes about her, seeing from the looks of affairs my money is not so good as it was thirty years ago, and that she is naturally a hard-headed business-minded woman."

"The can't argue with you there, can she?" said Sir John. "I know your Cambridge fellows have been pretty after the same line of women of given up to passing your examinations."

"Are you implying that there is no similar feeling at Oxford?" asked the Rector, on high indignation.

"Rather not. We take the pretty ones out boating."

"That I simply decline to believe," said the Rector. "Oxford may be cross-covered, but it is not actively insane."

"At any rate we should like to," "Now, my dear Weston," said his friend, "let me earnestly advise you to give Box Cottage a very wide berth. I am not doubting you, but I very much mistrust this tenant. But I think you have a stronger shield than any warning I can give you. Is it

pair of blue eyes and a smile on a fresh young face."

Sir John smiled, but mechanically. He knew what his friend meant. A distant cousin of his stayed a great part of the year with his mother, almost taking the place of an adopted daughter. She was young and pretty, and every one had decided that it would be an excellent match. He very uniformly of this opinion militated against it in Sir John's opinion; he was in no hurry at all to do what was expected from him by his family and the county. He might, perhaps, some day think seriously about it, and the girl was, he knew, nice and pretty and everything else that she should be; but he simply declined to be rushed into matrimony just yet.

"There is a man wanting to speak to you, I think," he said, glad to change the conversation. "It is Slade, with something on what he is pleased to call his mind."

The Rector beckoned to the man and asked—

"What is it, Slade?"

"If you please, sir, I was told by my wife to come up and ask you if so be there was any harm in my going to do a few days' work at Box Cottage."

"This speech irritated the Rector. 'Told by your wife. Man, alive, are you not master of your own actions? Do you not realize that the husband is the head, and that the wife's place is to obey him?'"

"So I have heard tell, sir."

"If you read your bible or your prayer-book you'd know better than to come with such words on your lips. I am sure you must know well enough what my views are on the matter."

"Yes, sir, but if I make so bold as to speak—"

"What is it?"

"Well, sir, I don't mean to be saucy, but you are not married yourself."

Sir John turned away to hide a smile, but the Rector did not look in the least amused.

"If you can't see to understand that Mrs. Slade is getting infected with any of these new rebellious ideas, I shall certainly speak to her on the subject."

"Sir, there's not a better woman in all Kent! But any man will tell you that 'tis best to take the wife's judgment in some things."

"Will you tell me why you should not do this work in Mrs. Slade's opinion?"

"Well, sir, they do say that she is for knocking the police about, the same as they have been doing up London way. Budge was that put about and nervous that he didn't fairly know what to do. He thought his duty was to keep an eye when she went up to the church, but he didn't half like the job."

"If she makes any attempt to go into my church wearing no hat, I shall take immediate steps against her. No doubt she does belong to that so-called 'Hatless Brigade.'"

"I don't know that Budge thought her dressed queer at all," said Slade, slowly, again implying that she had been queer in every other way.

"Perhaps Budge, as a good churchman, noticed an absence of reverence in her manner. People who spend their time trying to break down all distinctions between the sexes may well overlook the difference between things sacred and things secular."

"Budge didn't say she behaved odd in the church," said Slade.

"Go on, out with it, man," said Sir John. "You are arousing our curiosity to fever point. Where did Miss Daintree behave so oddly as to shock the estimable Budge?"

"In his own house, Sir John. Budge ain't what you'd call a handy man."

"I am inclined to agree with you," said Sir John, as the vision of the great stalwart, burly village policeman rose before his mind's eye.

"But there are times that he sees things almost as quick as a cat's paw crawling up his window," "Quick, mother," he calls to his wife, 'if I kill you, 'tis as good as taking a nest!' Well, sir, he picks up a duster and lets fly at it, and the next thing his missus knows is that the window is broken, the wasp gone, and Budge dragging his hand, which was bleeding, back over the cut glass. Just then Miss Daintree comes along to the door to ask Mrs. Budge about a bit of washing she's done for her."

"Now, I hope we are coming to the queer behaviour," said Sir John.

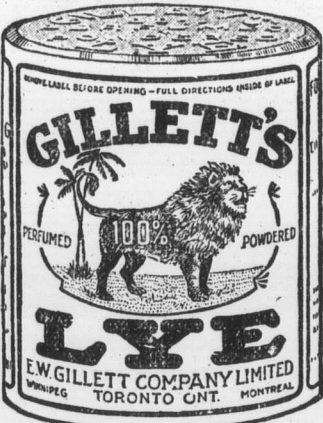
"She just takes one look, for Mrs. Budge called out to her, and she says, 'It is an artery; I must put on a tourniquet.' Mrs. Budge didn't rightly know what that was, and said something about having heard that cobwebs were good. But the lady just took her own parish, and broke it across her knee, and did up Budge's arm right above the elbow, twisting the bandage tight with the sciss. And then she tells Mrs. Budge to hold the arm up on a level with his shoulder, and she goes on her knees and goes for the doctor. They say that when he came he said that if it hadn't been for her Budge would have died of death."

"But that was very kind," said Sir John. "Surely Budge and his wife are very grateful to her?"

"That's as may be, sir," said Slade, sentimentally. "Budge is a great thinker, sir, though he don't look like it. He is slow, but he is powerful."

He says to me, 'Slade,' he says, 'I'm a police constable, and that's being two men, James Budge and Constable Budge. Now, there's people that would say that I should think well of Miss Daintree, because she saved my life, in a manner of speaking. James Budge is grateful. But Constable Budge says, 'How did she come to know so much about the different things you can cut? Is it

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



what you may call womanly?" That's what Budge says, sir."

"He is a wonderful man to argue," said Sir John. "Perhaps he also thought it a little unwomanly of Miss Daintree to sacrifice her parrot?"

"Mrs. Budge mentioned that, sir. She seemed to think it was a bit quick and free, but Mrs. Budge isn't over and above pleased to think that Miss Daintree got all the credit; and she didn't get a chance to use her cobwebs, for the bandage was on before she could say 'knife.'"

"Does Mrs. Budge generally say 'knife' in moments of excitement?" asked the Baronet. "At any rate, Slade, I gather that the Rector has no serious objection to your digging up the garden of Box Cottage. I expect it is in a shocking state, and I shall look in and see if there is anything we can send her from the Hall."

"Go on and do your work," said the Rector, "and when next you consult me let it be about something you have thought of on your own account. Do not come as a slavish echo of your wife."

Slade touched his hat and withdrew. "You must really come and dine with us to-morrow," said Sir John. "My mother particularly wants you. She has invited Miss Daintree, and as you will have to meet her sooner or later you may as well do it at our house as anywhere else. You won't find her half such a dreadful sight as you expect."

"I shan't like her," said the Rector. "No doubt it is as well for a woman to keep some sort of wits about her in cases of accident; but somehow one would shudder at the thought of having that prominence and decision always at one's elbow. I should prefer a more gentle sort of nursing, even if it were not quite so learned in the difference between veins and arteries."

"You would like some one more like my cousin Dora, I think. She would have fainted at the sight of Budge's hand, and Mrs. Budge would have attended to her, while Budge placidly bled to death. Perhaps she would make an excellent nurse as far as snaking up your pillows and putting eau-de-Cologne on your forehead would go; but unfortunately that does not go very far."

Sir John cut off gaily through the village street, with a word and a nod to every one he passed. He thought this would be a good opportunity to make a call on Miss Daintree on the part of her landlord, and to see if his mother had been right in saying she was very good to look at.

"Through the open garden-door at the cottage he could see Miss Daintree and Slade. Almost as he came opposite to the house she came into the little front-garden to give directions for some digging which had to be done there."

Sir John raised his hat and said—"May I come in? I am Sir John Weston, and I should be so very glad if you could let me see any plans you would care to have. My mother is a great gardener, and she would be delighted to help you to stock your garden."

"Please come in, I should be so very glad if you could tell me what some of the things are that are in already. It is so difficult to begin with friends with a garden which some one else has planned."

"Just like having to take on the whole lot of relations and friends of one's husband or wife, as the case may be," he said, with a smile. "I'll tell you all that I remember, but I did not go into the garden much during my last tenant's time."

Miss Daintree gave him a little quick glance of amused approval; evidently he would be easy to get on with, and a cheerful person to know in this little place. They walked round the garden, discovering various groups of herbaceous plants, until Miss Daintree's red-checked little maid came out with the information that she had just taken tea into the drawing-room.

"You will come and have some tea?" she asked Sir John.

He accepted with alacrity, having fully made up his mind that his mother was an excellent judge of women's looks. He also wished to see whether the drawing-room would be an outward expression of his tenant's character.

At the first glance round the room he told himself that it was charming. Each further look only confirmed this impression. Then he began to wonder greatly wherein the charm lay. The color of the walls was a soft deep cream, entirely unrelieved by any pattern. Against this background stood out the polished brown of her very fine Chippendale chairs. Vaguely he noted that there was scarcely any other definite color in the room—that is, as the rug on the floor, upholstery, and curtains, or certain were considered. It put down a good deal of the air of restfulness which pervaded it to the absence of all unnecessary bits of drapery and to the fact that no photographs were to be seen.

Yet in one corner was a veritable blaze of splendor, for a fine old Chippendale cabinet was a collection of old china, Oriental, Continental, and the most superb specimens turned out by our own factories in olden times at Derby, Worcester, Chelsea and Bow. One shelf in this press contained some china in Worcester scale blue, alated with exotic birds, the value of which would probably be far more than that of the cottage would spend during an entire year; and the

heart of the Rector should surely be appraised when he discovered that one side of the room was given over to well-filled book shelves. If Sir John's mother had been present she could have told him that the Swansea china tea service, which was being used in his honor, was finer than anything she possessed at the Hall.

There was a delightful sense of unconventionality about the whole proceedings which he found most soothing, though occasionally it crossed his mind to wonder what Lady Weston would say when she heard how he had spent his afternoon.

He might as well have wondered, whilst he was about it, what the village of Dalehurst was going to say. Slade, naturally, faithfully reported all, but he did it without malice, for Miss Daintree had been very generous to him.

"I don't believe he wanted to go in at all," said Mrs. Budge, who had never really got over the incident of the parrot. "That's as it she were a young girl; she's thirty-five if she's a day."

This was justice without mercy, for Deryl was only thirty-three.

"Then why do you hold it wrong for her to be living alone?" inquired Slade. "I never heard tell that a woman couldn't stay alone when she was last thirty."

"Tain't that she can't; it's that she didn't ought to want to," said the British matron. "Stands to reason that if she had behaved herself she'd have got some man to marry her, or, if so be that she is not pleasing to them—why, she could get some one of her female relations to come and live with her."

It is deeply to be regretted that at this point in the conversation Budge so far forgot himself as a constable as to give a passable imitation of the conversation of a cat.

"That's you men all over!" said Mrs. Budge. "There ain't no fairness in you. It's our rule for one and another. If you make a mistake, you're tied up your arm, you'll go and say that it is a respectable thing to go and knock policemen's helmets off."

"That is against the law," said Budge, now quite in his best constable vein. "But as long as she stays here quiet and peaceable, I shall protect her as well as the other lone females in the place."

Mrs. Budge sniffed. "The more lonely she don't seem to be much lonelier about this afternoon," she remarked.

"Sir John was bound to call, as her landlord. Speaking from the view of a constable about a magistrate, I should say that was as far as he would go."

"He better hadn't go no further if he's to marry Miss Deryl."

"That is not official," said her spouse, with dignity, "and as it don't count."

(To be continued.)

ALL MOTHERS NEED CONSTANT STRENGTH

Their Strength is Taxed and They Are Victims of Weakness and Suffering.

When there is a growing family to care for and the mother falls ill it is a serious matter. Many mothers who are on the go from morning to night, whose work, apparently, is never done, try to disguise their suffering and keep up an appearance of cheerfulness before their family. Only themselves know how they are distressed by backaches and headaches, dragging down pains and nervous weakness; how their nights are often sleepless, and they arise to a few days' work tired, depressed and quite unrefreshed. Such women should know that their sufferings are usually due to lack of good nourishing blood. They should know that the one thing they need above all others to give them new health and strength is rich, red blood, and that among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their blood-making, health-restoring qualities. Every suffering woman, every woman with a home and family to care for should give these pills a fair trial, for they will keep her in health and strength and make her work easy. Mrs. G. Strasser, Acton West, Ont., says: "I am the mother of three children, and after each birth I became terribly run down; I had weak, thin blood, always felt tired, and unable to do my household work. After the birth of my third child I seemed to be worse, and was very badly run down. I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I found the greatest benefit from the pills and soon gained my old-time strength. Indeed, after taking them I felt as well as in my girlhood, and could take pleasure in my work. I also used Baby's Own Tablets for my little ones and have found them a splendid medicine for childhood ailments."

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

IN A JAPANESE SCHOOL.

"A Wanderer's Train" A. L. Rodgers, the author, says: "In Tokyo I found my living as an English teacher. This task of teaching English in Japan is not a very difficult one. It is, however, a rather trying occupation. The one qualification necessary in a teacher in a Japanese school is very lax. It is no consideration to see that the student actually takes the school. His power is ridiculous, great. He should be able to talk to the boys and to correct him for their bodily profligacy or misuse to the school authorities and to the parents. The result is the teacher's dismissal. To the authorities the only qualification is the efficiency of a teacher is a full classroom. Needless to mention, I was an efficient, for my classroom was full. That is why I say the only qualification needed was my own."

THE RULING PASSION.

(Judge)
Cynicus—When a man gets all the money he knows what to do with, there is only one thing he wants.

Cynicus—More money.

Mighty few people get seedy from gathering up those scattered seeds of kindness.



A dance frock of lavender silk is shown here in an extremely simple and girlish style. A dainty silk net drop is partly visible under a spiral tunic of fall silk. The spiral idea is repeated in the beaded motifs that form a border on the silk. The bodice is simple effecting a surplice drape, one side being of the silk net, the other of the faille. A dainty wreath of roses are fastened on one shoulder and a second drop from the waistline.

UNSELFISH SAVAGES.

Generosity of the Semisavage Eskimos of Arctic Siberia.

Probably no more generous and unselfish people exist than the natives of the Arctic coast of Siberia, the lowest type of semi-savage Eskimos. They are ever thinking of one another's welfare, and if one comes into possession of anything of value he never thinks of keeping it for himself, but calls the other members of the tribe to share with him. If a walrus is taken or a walrus is killed the meat is divided among all the igloos. Even during the hard winter, when there is a shortage of food, if a seal is brought in by some fortunate hunter the meat and blubber are equally distributed.

Four men from East Cape, the Siberian side of Behring Strait, were taken aboard the whale ship Narwhal to make up the boat crews for whaling in the Arctic. All through the summer season they remained aboard the vessel, doing their share of the perilous and wearisome work. When the vessel returned to East Cape on its way south the captain made a pile of flour, sugar, hard bread, coffee, tobacco, cartridges, needles and thread, tea, matches—everything dear to the Eskimo heart. It was their wages, and the Eskimos were proud of their wealth.

The walrus hide canoes came alongside and the four men were taken ashore with their riches. Of the water's edge every particle was delivered to waiting hands, and when the men who had worked all summer for these necessities and luxuries started for their igloos they carried all they kept for themselves in their hands. They were almost as poor as they were when they started on the cruise, but the village was temporarily happy, and so were they.—Exchange.

Deep Breathing Exercises.

It has been the popular belief that when exercising certain arm movements during inspiration such as holding the arms up, expanding the chest, and enables it to take in more air. According to Dr. James Frederick Rogers, of the Department of Physiology, New Haven Normal School of Medical Journal, this is not the proper thing to do. He tested 50 persons of both sexes, ranging from 16 to 40 years of age, measuring carefully the quantity of air inspired when elevating the arms, as usually taught, and when standing still with the arms hanging loose. He found that in no single case did the arm movements increase the quantity of air inspired, but in many they actually decreased it. He also found that standing naturally is more conducive to deep breathing than lying flat or hanging by the hands.

"The raising of the arms," he writes, "does apparently increase the measurements of the upper part of the chest, but the increase is due to the change in the position of the muscles in this region and to their contraction of stretching, which causes them to stand out from the thorax. For the muscles which lift the arms forward or sideward or upward, have nothing to do with the lifting of the ribs, and consequently no special effect upon the depth of inspiration."

"With very deep inspiration there is a drawing backward of the head and a stretching of the thoracic cage in other words, the raising of a very erect posture, and if any exercises are to be carried out as aids to deep breathing, it seems that the drawing backward of the chin and the assumption of the most erect standing or sitting posture would be most useful, as an aid to an attainment of deep breath."

The Difference.

Case and Comment says that at a recent meeting in Hampton on the speakers told of a colored woman who was rebuked by the judge for the constant repetition of the phrase "also and likewise." "Now, judge," replied the witness, "there's a difference between those words. You swine to spalin. Yo' father was an attorney and a great one, wasn't he?" The judge assented, somewhat placated. "Well, judge, yo's an attorney also, but not likewise. See, judge?"

Ever Feel "Dopy" After Meals?

At times we all feel dull and heavy. Just one thing to do—relax the bowels and cleanse the system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Unclean matter is flushed out, the liver is toned, blood is purified, and at once you feel better. Good health and jovial spirits are quickly found in this celebrated medicine. Enormous benefits follow the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills in every case; they are very mild, very prompt and guaranteed by the makers. Insist on getting Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box everywhere.

HOW SAVINGS GROW.

Ben Franklin's Proof That "Money is of a Prolific Nature."

After publishing his "Poor Richard's Almanac" for twenty-five years and giving thirty-two years more as thrift teacher of his country, Benjamin Franklin put into his will a provision to demonstrate the power of accumulated savings.

To the cities of Boston and Philadelphia he left \$5,000 each. The money was to be put out at interest and allowed to accumulate for a hundred years. At the end of that time, he figured, each city ought to have \$600,000. He directed that at the end of the hundred years \$500,000 should be invested by each city "in public works which may be of most general utility to the inhabitants." The rest should then be put at interest for another hundred years, when the accumulation should be divided, one-quarter to the city and three-quarters to the state.

When the first hundred years were past Boston found that she had \$663,923 to her credit from the Franklin fund. Taking \$500,000, Boston established a training school for mechanics. The remaining \$163,923 was put out at interest again.

Philadelphia's experience with the original fund of \$5,000 was about the same as Boston's. Now, Franklin figured that at the end of the second hundred years, when the fund is to be distributed, each city ought to amount to about \$20,000,000. But Boston's fund at the end of the first hundred years exceeded Franklin's estimate by \$163,923. So here's a problem:

If Boston handles the fund as successfully in the second hundred years as she did in the first, how much in excess of \$20,000,000 will it be?

Franklin's demonstration was impressive; \$5,000 will go into \$663,923; how many times? Nearly 133 times. Wasn't he amply justified when he said, "Money is of a prolific nature?"

What sort of a demonstration can you make?—John Oskinson in Chicago News.

FLAG SIGNALERS.

One Big Advantage the British Have Over the Germans.

Much of the hardest and most dangerous work of the British army is done by the flag signallers of the Army Signal Service. They have often to stand in the fighting line, waving their flags or working their flash mirrors, while the German riflemen mass their fire against the men who are directing the movement of guns, infantry, and horsemen.

The German army does not use the British methods of signalling. The Germans rely on field telephones and wireless apparatus, kept mainly behind the battlefront. The British troops are just as good as the Germans in this kind of safe signalling, but they find that one flag-wagger in the firing-line is often worth a dozen telegraph and telephone clerks a safe distance away. A good deal of the success of the British in France and Flanders is due to the splendid work of their signallers. Even if half a company becomes detached from the army in the course of an action, it is usually able to "talk" to the main body over a distance of two or three miles.

A squadron of scouting cavalry or half a battalion of advancing infantry cannot, in the rush and heat of a critical action, take a mile of wire and an electrical apparatus with them. But even in a charge, one man can carry a flag, and if the charge is brought up suddenly by an entrenched host of the enemy, the flagman can at once signal for help. If he hasn't brought flags with him, he can tie a handkerchief on his rifle. He can ask the gunners to rake the trench with shrapnel, and give them the range and tell them if they hit or miss; or he can ask for supports to be hurried up to strengthen the charging column.

The work of the flag signallers is very simple. He takes a flag in each hand and strikes various attitudes—right flag held high up, left flag held straight down; right flag held sideways, left flag struck up, and so on. Each movement stands for a letter of the alphabet. This is known as the semaphore system. But a message can be sent almost as quickly with one flag. This is waved in two ways—once a long waggles, the other a short, sharp flutter. The long waggles represents the dash in the Morse code; the short flutter stands for the dot.

At the battle of Ypres, some of the British guns got in a very hot corner. The lieutenant wanted another battery, a mile away, to shrapnel a German regiment that had got too close. There was no field telephone handy, and before anyone could run or crawl with a message the Germans would have captured the guns.

But in accordance with the splendid system of training for all accidents, one of the gunners knew all about flag-signalling. He took a handkerchief and, amid a hail of German bullets, flagged out a message for help. The distant British battery observed the signalling, trained its guns on the enemy, and saved the situation.

"Do the Germans ever leave any thing valuable behind them in the trenches?" Veteran—"Never a drop, man!"