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**An Error of Judgment**

By F Willey Turner  
In the 'Christian World,'

(Continued from last week)

The minister, who is common with others, had heard and discussed the rumor, met the old weaver one night as he was coming home from the mill, and took the opportunity for the exchange of a word on the subject. 'I hear Brother Dowden,' he said, smilingly, 'that you are about to change your condition.'

'Eh!' replied the old man, 'you 'ave, 'ave you? Well I've heard summat o' the same sort myself.'

'May I congratulate you?'

The old man scrutinized his minister, and something like a smile lit up his puckered face. The minister afterwards declared that he tried to wink, but failed miserably for want of practice.

'As you will, Mester,' he replied after a long pause, 'as you will, its gran' weather her t it? And I hear there's fine prospects for ' harvest.' and there was nothing more to be got out of him.

The maddening thing about it all was, that nobody could hear or even make a guess at the intended ruse. Some of the women in deed went so far as to pay a special visit to the work house, where the Registrar of Marriages kept office, in the hope of finding the names on the official list of aspirants to the matrimonial state, but were disappointed. More than that when it was suggested that perhaps the marriage would take place in the parish church—one of our most pronounced anti-ritualists even went so far as to invite the vicar to 'step over t' door-step and taste herettle beer,' but without adding to the stock of information. However, it soon became clear that the banns were not to be published at church. The curate, more common in fact than his superior, said so.

This, of course, made things all the more perplexing, but when the old man was absent one Sunday morning from his accustomed pew, and it was given out that he had been seen taking a ticket for London the previous day, we felt the riddle was solved. He was going to be married from home, that was it! Still there were some who shook their heads and proclaimed themselves dissatisfied with the general opinion.

It was in the midst of all this uncertainty that the great surprise came. The Sunday following the one on which old Thomas had been conspicuous by his absence, he entered the chapel followed by a young lady of nine teen or thereabouts. Her fresh girl's form contrasted strangely with the bent and withered shape of the old weaver. She was tall and slim, and most undeniably good looking her step was elastic, and from beneath a pretty straw hat two frank eyes beamed, half in curiosity and half in amusement, on the congregation. I am no lady's man, and I confess that I got these details from an observant friend in the choir-loft, who also added that the young men there were so overcome with indignation at the supposed meanness that they completely lost their voices during the first two hymns.

At any rate, I can bear my testimony to

the fact that an audible shiver of disgust passed round the congregation, and Mester Sykes aforementioned said aloud, 'My and December, ough!' and then tried to hide her confusion by singing lustily from a Bible held upside down.

But when after the service was over the minister, who, notwithstanding that he felt something hurt at not being asked to perform the marriage ceremony, still felt it his duty to offer his congratulations, he was even more startled.

Old Thomas, who saw him coming, placed a restraining hand on the girl's arm, who had risen to go, and waited him patiently. Some what awkwardly, the old man performed the introduction.

'Miss Penthwistle, my niece,' he said to the astonished minister; 'Florrie, dear lass, this 'ere's our pastor.'

And the old man looked on with his inscrutable smile while the minister confusedly murmured a few commonplace, and then hurried away on the plea of an engagement with his senior deacon.

Then little by little the old weaver's secret came out. Miss Penthwistle was the only child of his only sister, who had married a young solicitor. One day her husband was killed in a railway accident, and in less than a year afterwards the widow had followed him to the grave. Florrie Penthwistle was at that time a little more than five years old. With her latest breath the sister had commended the little one to her brother's care.

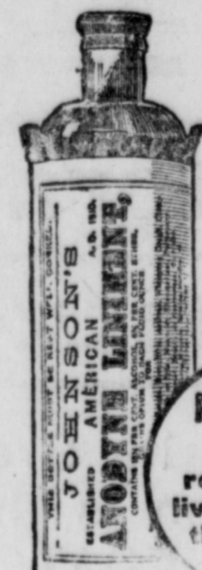
Tom she had said, 'you and I have always loved one another, Florrie will soon have to one in the world but you; you will love her and care for her for my sake.'

'I will, God helping me; I will, Bessie,' he had replied, and those were the last words brother and sister had ever exchanged on this earth.

And it was in order to fulfil that sacred promise given at a death-bed that Thomas Dowden had labored and scraped. In his simple understanding of the trust, he had striven to give his niece the education which he fancied she would have had if her parents had lived, though it had strained his resources to the utmost. Even when her education was finished it had not been his intention to bring her to his home. For one thing, he felt unequal to the society of an educated woman, and for another he wished to preserve his secret from the prying eyes of his neighbors. But, as it turned out, the girl had a will of her own and had written to say that if he did not fetch her to live with him she would come to him though she had to walk all the way barefoot. She had no one to love in the world except her uncle, she added, and she wanted to share his home and look after his declining years. And in this, as in most things, she had her own way.

Needless to say, that when the story got about it completely reversed our attitude towards old Thomas. The young men in the choir were especially loud in his praise, although it is only fair to say that the young lady singers lagged somewhat in their enthusiasm. I gave it as their opinion that old Thomas had only done what any decent uncle would have done; but then, you see, Florrie Penthwistle had a bonnet of the latest fashion, made in London, which might account for some lack of warmth on their part.

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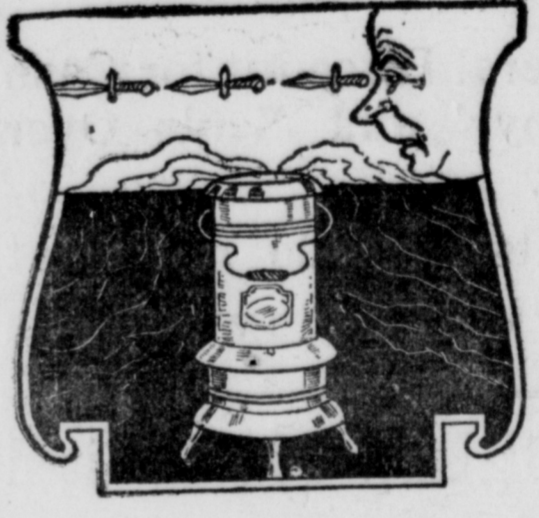
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The greatest effect of all, however, was that produced upon the senior student. After hearing the story and catching a glimpse of Miss Penthwistle in the street, he bolted himself in his study and straightway composed a sermon on the text: 'Judge not that ye be not judged.' It was not long before an opportunity came for its deliverance, and he gave it forth with unthought power and eloquence. And though it was noticeable that his eyes were often fixed on Thomas Dowden's pew, no complaint was ever made of personal titles. Instead, after the service was over, a neatly gloved hand was placed in his, and a sweet voice thanked him for his helpful words. He returned to college in the highest of spirits. Unfortunately, he got into serious trouble the next day by explaining to an irascible old professor that the New Theology was a process of the mind based upon the mutual attraction of the sexes.  
(The End.)

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**CHILBLAINS**  
For chilblains, the following is said to be a sure cure: Soak the feet at night just before going to bed, in hot water in which potato-have been boiled without peeling. Or application generally affects a cure; three will cure the worst case.

**TO RELIEVE HOARSENESS**  
Hoarseness is usually relieved by inhaling the vapor from a pint of boiling water which has been added a teaspoonful of compound tincture of benzoin, or liquid

**TO REMOVE COFFEE STAINS**  
Coffee stains, even when the coffee has been mixed with cream or milk may be removed by rubbing the spots with pure camelline. Rinse afterward in lukewarm water and press on the wrong side of the fabric (either silk or wool may be so treated) with a warm iron.

**A SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM**  
A housekeeper says that a substitute for cream may be made by heating a cup of sweet milk, and when it reaches the boiling point stir into it the yolk of an egg, which has been beaten to a cream. When put into the coffee it is said to be of creamy consistency and flavor.

**INK SPOTS ON WASH FABRIC**  
To remove spots of ink from wash fabric before wetting with water, lay in a bowl of sweet milk, leaving for three days, then wash the milk night and morning. If this does not remove it, try salt saturated with lemon juice with exposure to the sun.

A young woman from the city had been staying on a ranch up in the cattle country for a few weeks. Seeing some calves run across a pasture, she exclaimed: "Oh, pretty cowlets!"  
"Yes, miss," replied the ranchman, "but they are pretty about them's bullets."  
Sun

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