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GREEN TEA

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INHERITANCE

BY DELOS W. LOVELACE.

PART III.

The centrally divided benches of the square, dim chamber were packed with townspeople. Up in front, on the witness stand, Israel Tait was shifting away from the long, thrusting jaw of Herman Gluck. Very much, Old Theron thought, like a guilty sheep-killing dog. Israel's wife, the counterpart of her husband as to scrawniness, sat at a long table at the right of the judge's dais, where she was dwarfed behind the big oily presence of Hoyt Pollock. At the table's other side, from which Gluck pursued his cross-examination, John Tait sat with his younger son, Charlie.

A plain lie, of course, Israel's claim that he had been promised the whole farm after Charlie went to the city. And as for his story that it was recent feeble-mindedness and undue influence on the part of Charlie which had led his father to plan an equal division—great saltpeter! Hadn't Israel had the whole two hundred acres, rent free, for fifteen years? Half was more than fair.

A mounting indignation at John Tait's predicament caused Old Theron to forget his own oppression. Leaving Ella and Sam in the rear, he stalked down the aisle.

"Say, I'm glad to see you, Theron!"

John Tait's whispered welcome was followed by a moonlike smile which effaced half the visible worriment. He motioned to the empty chair behind him.

"Look here, Theron! Is your memory good for fifteen years? Do you remember that firecracker fire of Ella's?"

Old Theron had puzzled over John Tait's need of him. Now in a flash his old friends scanty, inadequate reference made it all clear. He slapped his knee.

"You mean what you told me that day?" he said, whispering in his turn.

His recollection of that, he realized, couldn't have been more full had it happened yesterday. He saw Ella stumble backward, as if she expected by the retreat to escape the fire in her dress. He saw himself shut the little book in which he had been writing, leap at her and roll her in the rug. He saw himself at the telephone. He saw John Tait driving up with the doctor. He saw—and of course this was what John was after—himself and John sitting down after the doctor had attended to Ella's minor hurt while John unburdened himself of the family trouble which was then just budding.

"Sure," he whispered, "I remember it as plain as day."

John Tait's smile became a full moon.

"Gluck says it ought to help if I can show I've meant for fifteen years to split even-Stephen between the boys."

Gluck murmured a request to the court for a few minutes in which to talk with his new witness. As Old Theron leaned forward for the whispered conference, he saw Pollock walk back to Ella in response to a beckoning finger. As he got up to take the witness stand, Pollock was still with his two children. He knew the omen of that parley, and his depressing hurt came back. He longed for Lucy.

"You send somebody for Lucy, will you?" he whispered to Gluck. "Tell her to fetch Nick, too."

His fingers fiddled on his knees as he answered routine questions aiming to establish legally his identity and his acquaintance with Tait. But when Gluck harked back to the fifteen-year-old talk with John, and John's anxious face turned up to him, his recurring sympathy for his old friend gave him courage.

He spoke slowly, keeping to the clear aspects of the incident.

"John was as plain as mud about it," he ended. "He said he figured his board and keep would be set off by Israel having the place, rent free, and the stock and machinery. And that the right thing, to his thinking, was to divide the property fair and square in the end. He said he'd make his will that way."

He would have gone on with an increasing confidence had not Pollock suddenly leaped to his feet.

"I object!" Pollock shouted. "I move that this evidence be stricken from the record. I submit that such statements as this old man has given, irresponsible, unsupported, are utterly without value in a court of law."

Unsupported! But there was support. He leaned toward Gluck excitedly.

"Say! Now I know why I remembered so well. I wrote it down." His old shoulders squared. Unsupported, indeed! With an acess of courage he turned resentfully on Pollock. "Unsupported, your left hind foot, mister! Wait. Lemme send for that old account book."

He addressed the judge directly.

"I kept a diary for about two years after my wife died. You knew Libby, judge. And all John told me is written in it." He spoke loudly because Pollock was now literally shouting objections.

That old fear of Pollock, however, was fading. His confidence was great that Pollock, in this instance, could not trip him up. The fact that the judge was motioning Pollock into silence and that Gluck was nodding encouragingly helped.

Lucy and Nicholas entered.

"Lucy!" he called. "Lucy! You go back home and find that old blue book in the lower left-hand drawer of my commode and fetch it here right away."

And despite Pollock's reiterated objections, Lucy was sent off with Fitzgerald. And when she came back, the old account book was entered as Exhibit N. And on a certain page was found the entry that had been promised.

Unsupported, indeed! Old Tharon glared at Pollock.

"You may have the witness for cross-examination," Gluck said.

Old Theron faced his adversary truculently. His dander, he told himself, was up.

He remained victorious after a long wrangle.

It was when he left the stand that he appreciated the significance of this. The point of the motion that Herman Gluck immediately made helped him to this end.

"May it please the court!" Gluck said. "The whole case of the plaintiff rests upon an allegation of John Tait's mental incompetency. I submit, your honor, that an intention adhered to through fifteen years is ample refutation of such an allegation. I move, your honor, that the case of Tait versus Tait be dismissed for lack of basis."

Pollock was up again, storming.

The judge rapped for order and asked for the diary. While he examined it, every eye save Theron's was fixed upon him. But Old Theron was facing the other way, motioning jubilantly to Lucy and Nicholas.

"Don't you see!" he whispered when they came to him. They didn't.

The judge's gavel rapped again, and Old Theron turned to the front with a murmured "Wait a minute. I'll show you."

"This court has waited with a good deal of patience," the judge was saying slowly, "for the plaintiff to offer substantial evidence in support of his allegations. The competency of the defendant has never, in the opinion of the court, been validly attacked. On the other hand, the testimony of the last witness, and the evidence contained in this diary, appear to be a very emphatic refutation of the plaintiff's chief, I might say only, ground for action. The competency of the defendant, John Tait, is not to be questioned."

The judge looked at Israel. "In the opinion of the court, this case smacks strongly of persecution." His manner became decisive. "The case is dismissed."

He got up. Old Theron walked boldly forward.

"Judge!" he called. "Hey, judge!"

The judge turned back questioningly.

"You say," Old Theron went on, "that my testimony decided this case?"

"It was decidedly a factor."

"Then I guess there ain't anything the matter with my mind?"

"So far as any evidence is to the contrary," the judge agreed, "you have an excellent mind."

A broad smile spread over Old Theron's face. He beckoned to Lucy and Nicholas. With a sterner mein he beckoned also to Sam and Ella.

"Your honor! I want to ask a favor. You've known me for thirty years or more. You say I've got a sound mind. Well, then, I want you to witness a deed I'm going to make right now."

He took a long breath and glanced at the lengthening faces of Ella and Sam.

"You know me, judge," he repeated slowly, "and I guess you know where most of my property has gone. Well! What I want to do now is to give what I've got left, my farm, to my granddaughter, Lucy. I want to deed it to her right now. Will you witness the deed my friend Herman Gluck draws up?"

There was an abrupt sharp understanding in the gaze of the judge as it flickered to Sam and Ella, a comprehending classification of these two with Israel Tait, who was stalking in fury from the court room.

"Yes," he said definitely. He looked again at Sam and Ella, significantly this time. "And I think it would be a fine thing for your son and daughter to witness it with me."

Old Theron faced his children. He meant to challenge them. But when he got squared around and looked into their baffled countenances, his mood altered.

"Well, kidlets?"

He hadn't, he realized, used that term in a quarter of a century to them, but it seemed a fortunate choice. Ella grew red and then pale. Sam shifted from one foot to the other.

"Whatever father wishes is our wish, too," Ella said stiffly at last.

And Sam nodded agreement.

Old Theron turned to Lucy and Nick and saw with delight their expressions of shy incredulous pleasure.

That was, of course, as it should be. They should be pleased. Everyone ought to be pleased. For everything had come out right. Everything. A certain admiration detected in his defeated son and daughter told him, he was sure it told him, that even their chagrin would not last long.

That picture of Pollock which had haunted him died. In its place he saw the pleasant vista of his farm—the maple trees, the rolling acres, the sun pleasantly blowing over his shoulder, Nicholas in the barn, Lucy thrusting her head through the kitchen doorway. He was almost ready to say that he could hear the clear enduring promise of her whistle.

(The End.)

Tea-Making Tips.

It is hard to imagine life without tea or coffee. Yet the odd thing is that both these familiar drinks are usually spoiled in the making. In the olden days tea used to be stewed on the hob, but now it is poured off the leaves after only a couple of minutes' infusion. This is almost as big a mistake as the other, for if the tea is good tea it can stand infusing for half an hour under a cosy. It is only cheap, coarse tea that goes black and bitter five minutes after the boiling water is poured on it.

Neither tea nor coffee should ever be made in a metal pot. A silver pot may be pretty, but it won't make tea like good earthenware. It is important to wash out thoroughly the inside of the tea-pot every time it is used. If you only rinse it, it gets furred. The water for tea must be fresh boiled.

Good coffee should be rich brown in color, and the beans should be fresh ground. You must allow a tablespoonful of coffee for each breakfast cup to be made. The best coffee is made in an earthenware jug.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Impressions That Last.

The most lasting impressions ever made on the mind throughout life are those received between the ages of three and seven. That is why it is so wrong to tell young children stories about bogey-men, danger of the darkness, and so on. Such stories build up entirely wrong impressions on the child's mind—impressions which probably last, in some form or other, throughout life.

Where Rainbows Endure.

In the coldest parts of Siberia a rainbow may sometimes be seen all day long in a cloudless sky. It is supposed to be due to the reflection of the sun on fine particles of snow in the air.

WRIGLEY'S

AFTER EVERY MEAL

THE FLAVOR LASTS

Probably one reason for the popularity of WRIGLEY'S is that it lasts so long and returns such great dividends for so small an outlay. It keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen, digestion good.

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R120

ISSUE No. 27—'25.

VISITORS IN TORONTO VISIT THE

Royal Ontario Museum

Bloor St. West, near Avenue Road. Largest permanent exhibition in Canada. Archæology, Geology, Mineralogy, Palæontology, Zoology. Open daily, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sunday, 2 to 9 p.m. Mon., Fri., Sat. and Church days.

SIMPLE MORNING FROCK.

The well-dressed woman requires a frock of this type. There are little tucks at the shoulder to give fulness over the bust, and the side closing is emphasized by a band of plain-color material trimmed with groups of buttons all the way down. A set-in pocket is conveniently placed at the right side. The shaped collar and cuffs finishing the short sleeves are made of the same material as the trimming-band. The pattern provides long sleeves, and the diagram shows the simple design of the frock. No. 1134 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch, or 3½ yards of 40-inch, or 3 yards of 54-inch material. For the dress with short sleeves ⅛ yard less material is required. Price 20 cents.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Tell-Tale Trees.

Can we tell what kind of weather the ancients were having at this season 3,000 years ago? This apparently impossible puzzle can be solved if the theory of certain botanists is proved correct. These men hold that it is possible to discover with the aid of simple arithmetic and a magnifying glass whether the year in which Julius Caesar was assassinated was wet or fine, and whether Magna Charta was signed in a heat wave.

The people of long ago did not trouble to say much about the weather in their writings, but the botanists do not need the help of records. The books they study are the trunks of trees. When a tree is cut down its age can be found by counting the number of rings between the heart and the bark. Each of these rings represents one year of growth, and scientists believe that we can decide whether a specified season was late or early, fine or wet, by studying the thickness and consistency of the fibre of the corresponding circle.

Thus our knowledge of past weather conditions is limited only by the age of the trees. However, there are many yews in England that date back to Saxon times, while in Turkey there are plane trees known to be over two thousand years old, and the Australian eucalyptus will sometimes live for more than three thousand years.

Peppermint From Japan.

Peppermint for the production of peppermint oil and mineral crystals is grown chiefly in the northern Japanese island, Hokkaido, and the annual production ranges between 17,00 and 20,000 short tons.

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Just what is a reckless driver? A reckless driver is one whose motor enables him to pass you on the road.

"Mad Mule Kicks Flivver to Pieces" seems like a case of professional jealousy.

So Glad.

Jones—"I hear your wife had an accident with the car."

Smith—"Oh, it was not serious."

Jones—"Oh, no; just a little paint scratched off both."

The speed of your car depends on whether you are bragging to a friend or explaining to a judge.

The quickest way to straighten bow-legs is to go out riding with three in a flivver coupe.

No, the day of miracles has not passed. Some folks still get home from an automobile ride alive.

Probably as many pray for a new automobile as for their daily bread.

Irate Customer—"Really, now, I don't want a closed car. I enjoy fresh air."

Salesman—"But don't you see, mister, you get so much wind in an open car that it blows all the fresh air away."

Add Epitaphs.

"I have a rendezvous with death,"
The demon driver said;
The engine then swept down the track
And knocked him in the head.

The real modern parent promises his son an auto if he doesn't smoke or drink until he is twelve years old.

The man who got disgusted strap-hanging is now going crazy looking for a parking place.

The man who owns a car is dead certain after a few months that he cannot afford to own one.

Little—"How can I get rid of a miss in my car?"

Joe—"Insult her and she'll get out of her own accord."

Love is like a flock of accessories on a Ford car. Good to look at but not necessary.

One thing every auto driver has to admit, and that is that he can't get much mileage out of the gas that comes from the back seat.

A new machine lays about 10,000 bricks a day, which is about how many pedestrians the auto lays.

"I hoped my husband would give me a runabout on my birthday, but I was disappointed."

"Why didn't you give him a hint?"

"I did. I told him I would like something that would go fast and that a woman could handle. And what do you think he gave me?"

"Don't know. What?"

"A $20 bill."

The motorist who tries to beat a train to a crossing may not have much wit, and yet he is likely to become a man of parts.

Williams—"How did Harper happen to lose control of his car at the railroad crossing?"

Hunt—"He's the kind of a man who always drops everything when the whistle blows."

In telegrams, any number containing up to five figures is counted as one word, and each additional five figures as further words.

The world's smallest state has the world's tallest ruler, Dr. Heinrich Sahm, president of the free city of Danzig, is six feet eight inches in height.

½ lb Package

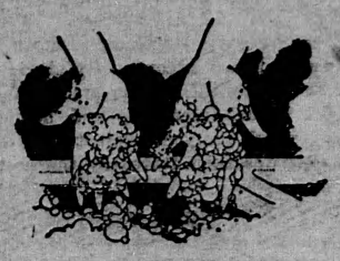
Now your grocer has the cheese you like so well in this handy size.

KRAFT K CHEESE

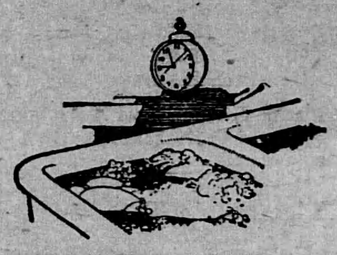
21-25

New

THIS new kind of laundry soap makes a thick soap-sudsy solution. Pour this into your tubs, boiler or washing machine. Use it instead of bar soap.



USE enough *Rinso* to get good lasting suds that stand up after the clothes are put in. These rich soap-suds SOAK dirt out. No more harmful rubbing!



SOAK clothes an hour—overnight if you wish. Then rinse. Because Rinso dissolves completely, it rinses out thoroughly leaving clothes snowy white.

* * *

Rinso is made by the makers of Lux to do the family wash as perfectly as Lux does all fine things. Get Rinso from your grocer today.

R-441

Meaning of "Britain."

Britain received its name from the Phoenicians, the great commercial people who visited the country long before the Romans came. The word meant "the country of tin," great quantities of this metal being found there and in the adjacent islands. Tin mining is now practically non-existent, except in Cornwall, where it has recently been revived.

Life on the Ocean Wave.

At the age of eighty-three, E. Francis Hyde, a retired American banker, has just made his seventy-sixth voyage across the Atlantic.

For Quick Hot Water

Fill an SMP Enameled Tea Kettle. Set it on the stove. No Kettle will boil water quicker. That means convenience, time saved, too. All SMP Enameled utensils are very fast coming to the boil and in their job of cooking. Not only quicker to cook with, but easier, more quickly cleaned after. The best any way you look at it. Think this over.

SMP Enameled TEA KETTLES Save Fuel

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