The Affair at Flower Acres

by CAROLYN WELLS

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor of the sunroom of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is Malcolm Finley, former sweetheart of Raynor's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Raynor's nurse, stands by the light switch. In a moment Nancy appears, white-faced and terrified. Orville Kent, Nancy's brother, comes in from the south side of the room. And then Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter upon the scene. Detective Dobbins heads the police investigation. An autopsy reveals that Raynor was also being systematically poisoned with arsenic. Lionel Raynor, son of Douglas Raynor, somes to claim his father's estate. Now Dolly Fay, a neighbor girl, intimates that she knows more about the affair than she is telling.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"If you don't know anything of more importance than that I threw away a worthless parcel, you don't know much, dear."

Nan smiled a little at the child, thinking she was exaggerating her knowledge of events.

They parted on the bridge, and Nan climbed the gently rolling hillside toward the house.

Orry came to meet her.

"Nan, dear," he said gently, "there's trouble afoot. That despicable spy of a Dobbins has been ferreting about and has found some arsenic tablets—do you know anything about them?"

"No—no, Orry, of course I don't."

"But—he says he found them in a vase—in your bedroom. In a large tall vase that stands on a pedestal."

"Yes, I know the vase—"

"And did you—Nan, did you put the tablets there?"

"Don't ask me, Orry—oh, don't ask me."

"I must ask you, Nan. You did put them there, Nan, after Douglas' death, thinking nobody would find them. Didn't you?"

"Yes—Orry—but—but they weren't poison tablets."

"They found them, Nan, and they've analyzed them, and they contain arsenic—so I think, sister, you'd better deny all knowledge of them."

"Deny all—"

"Yes; Nan, pull yourself together. Realize that you're suspected of murdering your husband! They think you were poisoning Douglas, and you must stoutly deny it."

"You believe I was, Orry?"

"Of course not! But that's neither here nor there. The others believe you guilty—"

"Who?"

"Who? Why, the detective, the police, the district attorney, the reporters—all the horrid gang. Now, Nan, listen; you must deny it—in toto—firmly, positively and repeatedly."

"I will then," and Nan looked half dazed.

"And do it intelligently, Nan. See? It won't do for you to face the detectives with that confused look, and say, Now, old Goddard, who has no thought or care for any one but my own foolish self, forbids my taking any definite steps to protect Nan, because, he says, calmly, 'No, I didn't do it.' Shout it to the skies—we'll all help—but our efforts will be as nothing unless you co-operate intelligently—see? Will you? Will you, Nancy?"

"Yes, of course," and in obedience to Orry's orders, she began to put more vigor in her tones, more force in her voice.

But when they reached the house and Detective Dobbins met her with the direct accusation of having dropped the tablets in the large vase in her bedroom to prevent their being found by the searchers, she broke down utterly, and cried out, "I did—yes, I did!"

CHAPTER IG.

AN AWFUL ACCUSATION

"It's this way, Orry," Finley said to Kent, as the two held private conclave in Kent's room, "that silly detective has his mind made up that Nan is concerned in Raynor's death. it will react against her to have me for her champion—"

"Why, for heaven's sake, does he say that?"

"You must see—you must know, Kent, that I love her with all my heart and soul. I have always loved her—if I hadn't gone away when I did, I might have made her marry me—"

"No, you couldn't have done that, Mal. She married Raynor of her own will—nobody forced her into that—"

"Raynor did."

"Yes—but I mean, no outside pressure was brought to bear. Why she did it, I don't know—but I am sure—positive, there was some strong reason, quite apart from affection for the man—she hadn't any."

"Never?"

"No, not even at first. The night before she was married, I had a talk with her, and she looked like a girl at the very end of her rope. She seemed desperate—and yet despondent—I couldn't get anything out of her, though, she just begged me to let her alone—said she knew what she was about."

"Your father? What did he say?"

"Dad seemed puzzled more than anything else. He tried to ask her some questions—but she wouldn't answer any of them."

"There was some reason," Finley said, thoughtfully, "some threat Raynor held over her. But, never mind that now—it's up to us to get her out of all this trouble and start life afresh for her. I'll tell you, Orry, that when the time comes, I hope to tell her all I feel for her—but not now. I won't add the weight of a straw to the burden she has to bear. But, as you are her brother, I must talk to you plainly. What about these poison tablets?"

"I don't think, Finley, I can discuss that—even with you."

Finley saw at once he believed in Nan's guilt.

"But you must, Orry. If Nan did try to poison Raynor, I'd rather know it."

"What do you think, yourself?"

"I don't know what to think. I saw Nan—twice—put something in Raynor's cup. I thought at first it was saccharine—then I tried to think it was some harmless medicine—but why should she do that, when he had a trained nurse?"

"I know Nan was desperate—I know Raynor had brought her to the last stage of desperation—and, I know she studied up the subject of poisons. Do we need more proof?"

"We must know all we can find out, in order to prove the contrary. Here's my predicament, Kent. I know a first class detective, who would come out here and solve the whole business in short order—but, do we want him? Do we want him to prove that Nan killed her husband—or even attempted to kill him. Isn't it better to let Dobbins blunder along—even—even giving him some manufactured evidence, if necessary—"

"Manufactured evidence?"

"Yes, make up some clews—now, as to that print of an overshoe—I believe somebody faked that—to turn Dobbins on a wrong scent."

Kent looked at the other curiously. "Who would do such a thing?" he asked.

"Why, Miss Raynor is quite capable of such a trick—or old Goddard, or Miss Turner—or you yourself, if you'd thought of it. It all draws suspicion away from Nan—"

"And away from you. Maybe Nan did it for your benefit, Finley?"

"Maybe she did," said Finley, thoughtfully. "It wasn't a bad scheme, except that it was a little ridiculous to a keen observer. It was so—so obvious."

"And you propose doing more of such obvious hocus-pocus?"

"Don't take that one, Orry, as if I were compounding a felony. But if by any such trickery I can divert suspicion from Nan, I'd gladly do it. However, if I were to engage the detective I have in mind—Wise, his name is—he'd see through all planted clews in a minute. He'd go straight to the truth of the matter—and, if that involved Nan—"

"Then we don't want Wise—that's positive," Kent declared. "Now what about Lionel Raynor and his will business?"

"Looks bad to me. That's the thing I'd like to put Wise onto. He's soon settle the will business, he'd straighten out all the question of property and inheritance, and he'd show up who did the poisoning and who did the shooting!"

"Well, old chap, there's no chance that you did it, if you're willing to have the big sleuth on the job!"

"I didn't shoot Raynor, but look here, Kent, I'd swear that I did, if Nan should be accused of that."

"Don't get that detective, Finley," said Kent. "Let's manufacture clews—or whatever your plan is, ourselves."

A tap on the door sounded, and Kent admitted Goddard and Detective Dobbins.

"We've come for a definite talk about these matters," Dobbins said; "it's time things came to a focus. Now, I'm sorry, but I can't see any way to look for the criminal in this case, except toward the one most interested—most benefited by the death of the victim—and that's Mrs. Raynor."

(To be continued.)

"NOW, AS TO THAT PRINT OF AN OVERSHOE, I BELIEVE SOMEBODY FAKED THAT."

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Some Rules to Follow In Feeding the Pre-School Child

Rules for Eating

1. Children should wash their hands before eating.
2. Food should be eaten slowly and chewed thoroughly.
3. Include some fresh vegetables in each day's meals.
4. Give each child at least a pint of milk a day.
5. Water should be given freely between meals, but not at bed time.
6. A glass of milk and a piece of bread or some fruit is all that should be given to a well child between meals and then only if he is really hungry.

Cooking Food

Cereals.—Coarse cereals require at least three hours' cooking in a double boiler, fine cereals at least one hour. Cereals are largely composed of starch and fibre. Long cooking is necessary to soften the fibre and thoroughly cook the starch. In a fine cereal, heat penetrates more quickly to the centre of each grain than in a coarse cereal—hence the necessity of longer cooking of coarse cereals.

Vegetables.—All vegetables need to be thoroughly cooked. Steaming is th ebest method of cooking vegetables, because there is not as great a loss of food material, particularly the valuable mineral salts. If vegetables are cooked by boiling, however, the water in which they are cooked (stock) should be kept, and used when making soup or vegetable sauce. Potatoes are best baked, or boiled with the skins on and peeled afterwards.

Eggs.—Should be soft cooked, coddled, peached or scrambled, not fried.

Meats.—Should be roasted, boiled or broiled. Fried meats should not be given to children. Most stews made with potatoes and other vegetables are recommended, provided they are thoroughly cooked and the fat has been removed.

Soups.—Clear soups have practically no food value, but soups made from meat, to which vegetables and barley, rice or macaroni are added, make valuable food. Thick soups, especially those made from peas and beans with the addition of milk, are nutritious and cheap and may largely be substituted for meat and eggs.

Serving Food

Food should be served warm and well cooked, on clean plates and on a clean table. Food that is "off flavor" or tainted should never be served.

Milk should be kept cool—if possible on ice.

Flies should be kept away from food.

For sunburn, apply Minard's Liniment

Usefulness

In youth you must lay in a stock of knowledge which may carry you through life, whatever your after pursuits may be, with usefulness and honor. But recollect, this is not to be done without exertion, without the frequent sacrifice of momentary pleasure and gratification. Self-denial is a virture of the highest quality, and he who has it not, and does not strive to acquire it, will never excel in anything.

Conybear.

Most of Canada's bullion is now refined in the Royal Mint at Ottawa.

Symbols In Rugs

Montreal.—Interpretations of drawings on Oriental carpets were exemplified by D. W. Thomas, president of St. David's Society, in an address on "The Influence of the Orient over American and European Countries."

Various industrial contributions of the Orient to other nations of the world and a short history of the Orient opened the speaker's remarks. In early days, Oriental rugs were not marketed. They were given to relatives or friends as tokens of remembrance or friendship. But to-day, the Orient, like all other countries, has commercialized all its products and its arts. Nevertheless, the same art as that of preceeding centuries still prevails in all exported carpets.

To the majority of possessors of Oriental rugs, the speaker stated, the designs are without meaning. But such is not always the case for every design such as the eight pointed star, the sun, the flowers, the four cardinal points and the bird, is the symbol of an actual thing. Imitation of the style existing in pilars erected in Persia has also prevailed throughout the centuries.

These carpets are found chiefly in Persia. There is a notable difference between the style of Northern Persia and that of Southern Persia. The latter differs from the first in the abundance of curves rather than the geometrical and symmetrical forms of Northern Persia. Various examples of these differences were illustrated by the speaker.

465

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Unbalanced Memory

It is so easy to forget a kindness, and to remember a kick. Yet controlling our recollections is almost as important as controlling our temper. We are apt to forget completely a hundred little kindnesses and courtesies which one has shown us, and to remember a single careless slight or thoughtless word. Often we hear it said of some wrong or foolish deed, "I have never thought so well of that man since then; it was there he showed his real character,"— as if a man's real character appeared more in one separate deed to which,perhaps, he was sorely tempted, than in the striving and overcoming of many days and years.

The newest car on the market is The Roosevelt, but it is a cinch that no ad will refer to it as The Rough Rider.—Birmingham News.

NURSES WANTED

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

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'Fresh from the gardens'

Western Hills

During my months in Peking, of the many things I enjoyed those that stand in m ymemory for delight are excursions outside the city. I had been prepared by photographs for the beauty of the Great Wall, but it was exciting beyond expectation. Besides the power that belongs to all great walls, the sense of fortitude and stability, there is an impression of active energy, as though soldiers were hardly needed to defend it, and its many watch-towers were fo rits own use only. It is an inspiration to stand on a Tower and see the Wall travelling determinedly as far as the eye can reach in either direction, up hill and down dale, discovering even in the valleys ridges on which to perch itself, a breathless impetus carrying it to the top of the highest hills.

Puffing up the pass by train the Wall had impressed me merely as a magnificient enclosure. The first hint of its livingness was at the station where we stopped. Here it fled from the mechanical monster which had cut it through, a headlong flight up precipitous hillsides leaving its stairway wrecked behind it. We joined it by a gentler slope, and found it broad as a lane and generally in wonderful preservation.

My visit was in July and the hills, obviously never very green, were completely bare. In the crannies of the Wall itself were hints of what wild flowers there might be, strange varieties generally of things well known at home: salvia, campanula, morning glory, etc. There were also Mongolians lying in wait for the innocent sightseers, with stalls of lemonade and other refreshments.

My last trip in the Western Hills was in late October, to the great pilgrimage temple of Miao Feng Shan—the Mountain of the Marvelous Peak. To go there we followed the Pilgrims' Way. This, while not much more than a path in width, is one of the very few made roads in North China, paved in its length. In the first stage my vivid recollection is of persimmon orchards. The trees, far larger and more bushy than any to be seen in an English orchard, were laden with large golden fruit, brilliant as oranges among sparses crimson leaves—the sight of the orchards alone would have been well worth the journey. The stage ended at the house of our host, Lo Ching Shan Chai, so christened by the late Emperor. In English the name sounds elaborate, though it is certainly appropriate, the Nature Lover's Mountain Lodge. It was situated in Ming Tao Kow, Cherry Glen by interpretation, the leaves, autumn-tinted, still made the foreground brilliant as it fell rapidly from us.

Below a mountain stream rushed, tearing its way between trees and boulders, with here and there a smooth sheet of water. . . . The view from the dwelling house itself was broad, enclosed by fine outlines of ordered hills, blue and purple at sunset against a primrose sky. Half a mile up a steep glen on the other side of the stream the temple of our host was dedicated "To all great men who loved nature.' The tablets of Keats, Shelley, Walt Whitman and Shakespeare, among English-speaking nature-lovers, and many another great one from every nation, were there in company with two fine old Buddahs who, when the village temple was overtaken by destruction, had found a refuge here.—Rachel Wheatcroft, in "Siam and Cambodia in Pen and Pastel."

"Say Bill, has your doctor proven reliable?"

"Yessiree! A pint a week regular as clockwork."

Mousse Flavorings

Chestnut: Mash three cupfuls of cooked French chestnuts and add one tablespoonful of vanilla.

Grapejuice: For water in the recipe, substitute one cupful of grapejuice and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

Maple: Use maple sugar instead of white sugar.

Strawberry or raspberry: Mash one quart of ripe prepared strawberries, or from three to four cupfuls of red raspberries, mix with the sugar in the recipe and leave standing one hour.

Peach: Two cupfuls of peaches, minced or crushed, used as directed for strawberries.

Pineapple: One cupful of pineapple syrup and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

Peanut: Omit sugar from the recipe and add as flavoring three-quarters of a pound of peanut brittle put through the food chopper.

Macaroon: One cupful of dried, powdered macaroons and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Minard's Liniment for sick animals.

Being and Thinking

Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function; living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think. Living is a total act; thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. The scholar loses no hour that the man lives. Emerson.

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