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JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens' 656

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 sun room 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; her brother, Orville Kent; Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others enter the room. Lionel Raynor, son of Douglas Raynor by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate. Nurse Turne confess to attempting to poison Douglas Rayno out of revenge. Pennington Wise(a celebrated detective, and his girl assistant, Zizi, are called to take the case out of the hands of Detective Dobbins. Wise and Zizi begin to suspect Grimshaw Gannon, a hire man, of being implicated in the murder.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"You got a lot from a little eavesdropping!"

"Yes, I did," Zizi looked complacent. "Now, you're to take that information and see if it's worth anything. You see, Pen, that old Gannon is an ideal villain—he looks for all the world like a murderer, even like a pirate or bandit—"

"Don't be foolish, Ziz—your imagination is running away with you."

"Well, it will bring me back. Oh, Penny, do look at the view from here! And there's a bridge—I suppose that is the bridge to which Mr. Kent walked with the neighbor that night—"

"It must be—there's no other bridge nearby. Yes, see, he— Come on down on the bridge, Zizi."

The two went down the gentle incline of sloping lawn to the pretty little bridge that spanned the noisy, tumbling brook, whose musical ripple had been aided by judiciously placed stones in its course.

"Now, Ziz, take it in—get the picture. Mr. Kent stood here, with the neighbor girl, at the time of the shooting. You can't see the house from here—look, you can see the roofs of it, but not the doorways."

"Yes, I see that. or could you hear a shot—could you?"

"I doubt it. But that doesn't matter. I'm getting at the time. All the people at the house are hazy as to the exact time—I mean, to the minute, of the shooting. They all say a little before seven—or near seven."

"Except the nurse."

"Yes—she fixes it definitely—but, is she truthful?"

"Why not?"

"I don't know—I've not quite sized up that nurse yet. Of course she would know the time, and if she did tell the truth—it seems to tally with Kent's account. He was here at this bridge at seven, exactly, and he started to walk up this hill—"

"Hardly a hill, Penny, just a gentle rise—"

"Well, this gentle rise, then. Let's take the rise ourselves, and see how long it takes."

They walked up the slope toward the house.

"I'm thinking now about an intruder, Zizi. You see, it was pretty much dusk at seven o'clock, and Kent couldn't be expected to see any one skulking away from the house, if the person took pains not to be seen."

"And especially if the observer had no thought of looking out for a criminal, and if the observer was, as Mr. Kent was, admiring the sunset glow."

"That's all so—and you must agree that if an intruder entered the sun parlor, just before seven, and shot Douglas Raynor, he could make an easy getaway in the deepening twilight without being seen by Orville Kent coming along where we are now."

"All true—but you've no trace of a marauder, except in your imagination."

"There's the overshoe."

"Oh, pooh, the overshoe!"

"Don't sniff at it, Ziz; that overshoe means a lot to me."

"Maybe it was faked—"

"Maybe it wasn't."

"Well, all right; now, Penny, I've trailed over this part of the historic ground with you—now, you come with me."

"Don't say that word—it isn't true!"

"Where?"

"To Grim Gannon's house to find out what hold he had over Douglas Raynor or Raynor had over him."

"Going to ask him outright"

"You are."

Grimshaw Gannon sat on the little porch of his unattractive old house.

"What do you want?" he growled. "I don't know anything about the Douglas murder!"

"Then you surely need feel no uneasiness at sight of a detective," said Wise, cheerily.

"Two detectives," amended Zizi, seating herself on the porch railing.

"Yes, I'm a detective," she added. "I'd like nothing better than to have you show me your collection and explain it to me."

"Do you—do you like that sort of thing?" Gannon recovered his poise somewhat as his thoughts were swayed to his beloved work.

"Adore it! But no time just now. As you say, Mr. Gannon, you know nothing about the Raynor murder, and that's just why we want a little talk with you. . . . We can't get anything out of people who do know about the crime—they won't tell."

"You know who they are?"

"Maybe—maybe not." Zizi was in her most flippant mood. "Any way, you can tell us other things—and don't you refuse now, or I'll have the law on you!"

As she had fully expected, Grim Gannon's face paled at the threat, made fearful by the low tense voice, aid the piercing gleam from the black eyes.

"What do you want to know?" Gannon blurted out.

At a glance from Zizi, Wise took up the questioning.

"About the will," he said, in a low, even voice. "Where is it?"

"I don't know—I haven't got it."

"You had the copy—the little Fay girl found it"

"Yes—but I haven't the will itself—the signed will."

"All right then I know who has. Now, see here, Gannon—what do you know of Douglas Raynor's past? If you'll come across with that, I'll let up on the will business—for the present."

"What do you mean—his past? He never did anything wrong—"

"Oh, didn't he? Well, I say he did. And, furthermore, I say you know all about it—and you used this knowledge for—"

"Don't say it!" Gannon put up his hand as if to ward off a blow. "Don't say that word—it isn't true!"

Wise saw at once the old man was afraid of being accused of blackmail.

He believed that Gannon had been persuaded to steal the will by a stronger nature than his own—Lionel Raynor's of course—and that Gannon even now regretted it.

But it had to be proved, and Wise set to work to verify his opinions.

By the dint of careful and adroit questioning, by judicious hints of "the law," and by means of some help here and there from Zizi, Wise finally drew from him the disgraceful story of Raynor's life in so far as it affected the dead man's widow.

"Yes," old Gannon recapitulated. "I knew he lied to Miss Kent, as she was then. I knew he made up that yarn about her father being a criminal—a forger—I knew he made her marry him because if she didn't he'd split on her father, and she'd be disgraced and her father'd be put in jail, and her brother'd die of shame—and, well, Raynor put it to that girl in such a way that she couldn't get out of marrying him unless she brought her whole family down to the dregs of disgrace. And it wasn't true—it wasn't true!" The old man waxed furious now. "I know the truth! Douglas Raynor committed that forgery himself! I know it! I've always known it, and Raynor knew I knew it! That's why he gave me this house—gave me money—let me have my own way! That's why he was afraid of me—and he was afraid of me! He used to beg me not to tell his wife of his fraud on her—"

"Did you threaten to do so?"

"Yes, I did! To see him cringe and crawl and beg for mercy. Oh, I had no intention of telling her—but I loved to scare him!"

The old man shook with hysterical emotion, that was between laughter and anger. Then he sobered down, suddenly.

"But she found out," he said, almost in a whisper. "She found out—not through me—but she overheard some words we said one night, and she gathered that he had deceived her about her father."

"What did she do" Zizi asked, breathlessly.

"She went straight to Raynor and taxed him with it. He denied it, of course—she couldn't prove it—so she could do nothing. But—after she knew—I for one don't blame her for killing him."

"Hush!" Wise said, sternly, "we don't know that she did kill him. Tell me exactly of what he accused her father."

"Why, he told her that her father had committed a forgery—long ago, you know—in his young days. He said that he, Raynor, was the only one who knew the truth, that unless she married him he would expose her father's guilt, and that if she would marry him, it could remain hushed up forever."

"Didn't she ask her father about it?"

"No; he was an invalid—really very ill. The shock might kill him—Raynor told her. Also, he said, the disgrace would kill Orville Kent, who is of a proud, sensitive nature, and delicate os well. So, to save the bunch, she married that devil—"

"Without proving his story!" cried Zizi.

"How could she? She had no one to ask but her own family or this suitor."

"And she was in love with Mr. Finley at the time?" asked Zizi.

"That I can't say, but they were acquainted, I know. When she said yes to Raynor, they were married very soon and settled down here at Flower Acres. Her father lived but a short time after that, and she put up with her brute of a husband for nearly two years before she discovered what he had done to her. Then—well, I'm inclined to think she took matters into her own hands."

(To be continued.)

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ISSUE No. 40—'29

A Mother

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall;
A mother's secret hope outlives them all. —Holmes.

Self-Interest

Our Virtues disappear when put in competition with our Interests, as Rivers lose themselves in the Ocean. —La Rochefoucauld.

Great Men

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.

Weakness

We never show our own weakness so plainly as when we exhibit impatience for the weakness of others.

A news item tells of a Boston man who slapped his wife as she slept. Men are getting bolder and bolder. —Greenville Piedmont.

For Sprains—Use Minard's Liniment.

690

690—Ladies' and Misses' slightly bloused dress with opening on left shoulder, collarless round neck, dart-fitted sleeves, attached two-piece skirt with attached two-piece circular flounce, trimming pieces are provided for houlder and hip, width at lower edge, size 36, about 2⅛ yards. For ladies and misses, 16, 18, 20 years, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust.

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Fresh Vegetables Grown in Cellar

Many Vegetables Can be Forced and Kept to Prolong the Summer Season without Having to Use the Can Opener

Why not take more of your garden indoors this fall? It is possible in this way to have your fresh vegetables at Christmas. For instance, rhubarb, Brussels sprouts, celery, dandelions, etc., may be kept green and crisp.

If you made a big sowing of Brussels sprouts in the spring, there will be plants, no doubt, from which you have not gathered the sprouts when frost comes. By digging them up and setting them in an airy part of the cellar, with plenty of soil round the roots, you will insure yourself a crop that will last for several weeks after winter has set in.

Late celery such as Giant Pascal, leaving as much earth as possible adhering to the roots, can be packed in a corner of the cellar where the temperature will remain above freezing. If the cellar be dark, the celery will blanch all the better. Pack the roots close together and cover them with fresh garden soil. If you make a fairly large bed you will probably find it desirable to surround it with boards to keep the soil in place. On cement floors a covering of several inches of fine and preferably somewhat moist garden soil is necessary before you set the roots in place. Trimming the ragged outside leaves will help to keep the celery in better condition. Under favorable circumstances celery so packed will last until well after New Year's Day.

RHUBARB EASY TO FORCE

One of the easiest vegetables to force in the winter is rhubarb. Late in the fall dig roots that are several years old and leave them in a pile out of doors until the are frozen hard. After the first of the year bury bury them an inch or two deep in moist sand in boxes or in the cellar floor, and keep them well watered. If the cellar be dark, then stalks will be light colored with very small reddish leaves. A blanket hung across the corner of the cellar will keep the light out, or, if there are only a few plants, a ventilated box set over them will serve the same purpose.

The stalks will be ready to use in from four to eight weeks.

If you wish to force rhubarb more rapidly, dig a trench a foot deep and put a layer of fresh horse manure at the bottom, and cover it with two inches of loam. Roots set a foot apart in such a trench and carefully packed with earth will grow so rapidly that you can make a cutting in three weeks.

Many gardeners who have been successful in forcing rhubarb, do not realize that asparagus can be grown in the cellar just as easily You can begin to force asparagus as soon as you wish in the fall, for freezing the roots is not necessary. Follow the same plan as in the case of rhubarb, except that it is not necessary to darken the cellar. Roots that are three or four years old yield the best returns. Once you have forced them, however, they are worthless.

Lack of asparagus and rhubarb plants in your garden need not be a serious obstacle, for you can buy the roots at small expense of seedsmen and other dealers. You can very easily increase your supply of rhubarb by dividing the larger roots, either in the spring or in the fall. They are gross feeders, and need a liberal supply of manure worked into the ground round them every season.

FRENCH ENDIVE.

The popular French endive of the restaurants is merely witloof chicory. If you grow the plants in your summer garden, and in the fall plant them in a box of earth, with two inches of sand over the top, blanched shoots will be ready for use in a few weeks. Cut them off rather high and new tops will spring up; with a little care you can make the same roots supply endive all winter. Roots for forcing can be bought for a small sum.

Mustard and garden cress, both of which make excellent salads, can be grown rapidly by placing a few seeds in a box of earth and watering them freely. It is best to have a few holes in the bottom of the box for drainage.

In a cellar that is warm you can grow excellent beet greens from beets left over from the garden. Plant them in a box of earth, place them near a window and water freely. Also make a few holes in the box for drainage.

Turnips can be forced also for greens. If you dig up well-established dandelion plants in the fall and remove the leaves, you can force them easily in a warm cellar. By covering them with an inverted box, or by using a certain, you can make plants produce golden-yellow leaves of a delicate flavor. —Christian Science Monitor.

Eventide

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Long and hard has been the day.
I have come a weary way
Since life's morning, but at last
Night is falling, sweet and fast.
Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray Thee now my soul to keep.

I have tried, alas, in vain
From the world's dark soil and stain
Free to keep it. Weak and worn,
With my strength all overborne,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake.

Treasurers have slipt fast away
From my keeping, day by day.
And I shrink from coming ill.
This thought holdeth joy's glad thrill.
If I should die before I wake.

I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
From all the sorrow it hath known,
Sin and loss and tear and moan,
To the dear ones gone before,
To thy presence evermore.
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take—
This I ask for Jesus' sake.

Name alone that can prevail,
Anchor hold within the vail,
Every other plea has flown,
Worth or merit claim I none,
This I ask for Jesus' sake.

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Idols

The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will, inturn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow.—Washington Irving.

Men are like postage-stamps. They have to stick to get anywhere.—Dayton Journal.

Stop Colds with Minard's Liniment.

Overlooking Lima

From any point near the edge of its plateau-like top, the Morro Solar offers an outlook which is genuinely magnificent. Under the northern steep is a broad beach of fine sand at which, during summer afternoons, picnickers and bathers arrive by every car that winds down through the tunnels and the dunes. Beyond, is the tilled alluvial plain that extends to the purple, cloudfleked mountains, with Chorillos, Barranco, Miraflores, and Magdalena looking like toy villages built by children. Against the ridges in the north lies the metropolis, conspicuous, as always, from its church spires. Offshore you see San Lorenzo end-on, and many outlying rocks, all veiled in fog on their windward sides. To the southward stretches an interminable white beach backed by the green, swampy meadows of Hacienda Villa and by the desert upland of Lurin, while at the right of these and far away, in an expanse which, under a clear sky, is as blue as the Mediterranean, the bright, two-summitted islet of Pachacamac stands like a marble cathedral.

One September evening I waited upon the Morro Solar for the sunset, and for a long time it was hard to choose whether to look toward the ocean and the orange sky above Fronton and San Lorenzo, or over the darkening valley with the pink-topped cordillera behind. When the sun went under as a fiery disk, the foam of the long rollers that broke upon the rocky shore turned from white to heliotrope and most of the colors of both sea and land assumed indescribable richness and depth. For a brief time more the birds could be seen flying over the bay, but the short-lived tropical twilight very quickly followed. As I returned to Chorillos around the eastern shoulder of the headland, the nighthawks were hunting, al moving southward against the wind, silently and close to the ground. Suddenly from the heights of the Morro Solar, I heard a burst of remarkable, metallic bird calls, which seemed like random staccato notes in the middle octave of a piano. It sounded like the sustained singing of a single bird, and yet I could imagine no songbird capable of producing such volume and tone. Again and again the calls rang out mysteriously in the dusk. When I reached the base of the hill, the secret was divulged, for a flock of twelve ibises, singing a loud, harp-like chorus, flew out as crookedbilled silhouettes against the evening sky. The wedge of ibises appeared to be circling the upper part of the mount for their music, which seemed instrumental rather than vocal, would grow fainter and fainter behind me, and then, after an elapse of ten minutes or longer, indistinct notes would herald the coming of the birds from the opposite direction.—From "Bird Islands of Peru," by Robert Cushman Murphy.

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