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"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Riders for the *Hoot-Owl Pool*

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER TWO
(Continued From Last Week)

So he sat there, every nerve pulled to the breaking point, every muscle tense, listening to the lies Ab Abbot and his men told under oath. He sat there, knowing that every person there in the courtroom was watching him, some of them condemning him for the murder of his best friend. That was what hurt. Their eyes accused him.

Joe Blake took the stand. He talked reluctantly. The judge had to call him several times when he protested hotly that Webb had not killed Bob Anderson. But bit by bit, the prosecuting attorney brought out the facts. How Bob Anderson had had that three thousand dollars in cash on him. How he had suddenly, for some reason, decided to ride home that evening. Blake had cautioned Bob Anderson, so he admitted, there on the stand.

He had told Bob that a man was taking a long chance when he rode along a dark trail with that much money on him. He was a fool to pack around money, careless. Joe Blake's testimony, reluctantly given, was damning Webb Winters. When he quit the stand, he stopped beside where Webb sat.

"That damn lawyer drug it outa me, Webb. I know you never killed Bob. I'd a head ruther have lost an eye than say what I said on the stand. He drug it outa me. I couldn't lie out of it."

"That's all right, Joe," was Webb's quiet reply. "You done your best."

The scar-faced Tex was called to the stand. He crossed his long legs and leaned back. He had on old overalls and a faded blue flannel shirt. He hadn't taken off his spurs and he needed a shave. His puckered eyes looked at the judge and a queer sort of grin spread across his weather-beaten face.

"You might as well save time by lettin' me off the stand, Judge. I'm Webb Winter's friend, savvy, and I'd lie my way plumb to hell before I'd testify anything that would hurt him. Anyhow, my testimony could be throwed out. I'm an ex-convict with a tough record. You're just wastin' your time askin' me questions, Judge."

"I'm inclined to believe you are right," smiled the white-haired judge. "Dismissed."

Mae's eyes were bright with unshed tears as she looked at the tall, rough-looking Texan. Her smile thanked him for his loyalty to the man on trial.

The case had gone to the jury, there in the dusk of the second day of the murder trial.

The prosecutor had asked for a hanging verdict. He was an ambitious young attorney not long out of law school.

* * *

Webb had no money with which to hire an attorney. Old Judge Anders, whose love for whisky had broken his life and taken away his law practice, had offered to defend Webb. Some time or another, Webb had done him some sort of favor and the battered old attorney had not forgotten. So he put aside his whisky bottle, shook the mothballs out of a black broadcloth suit, and in that dusty little courtroom he made his final plea to the jury.

As he talked, you could hear no sound save that silvery voice and the breathing of those who listened. Jurymen sat on the edge of their chairs, missing not a word of that gallant speech. The judge on the bench was visibly moved. Even the tailored prosecuting attorney listened with respectful attention.

The white-haired attorney told of the friendship between Bob Anderson and Webb Winters. He dwelt upon incidents that showed a brotherly love between the two men.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he finished, tears wetting his cheeks, "take a last look at Webb Winters. Remember all I have told you. If you can find it in your hearts to vote that cowboy guilty of murdering his best friend, bring in a hanging verdict."

The old attorney's voice broke. Slowly, he turned away and walked out of the courtroom. He was going to his humble cabin to put away his rusty black suit. He was going back to the bottle that had stood uncorked, there on his table, all during the trial.

Judge, jury and spectators watched the departure of the old warrior whose spell still held them silent. The judge blew his nose and addressed the jury. His voice was not quite steady when he spoke, giving them their instructions before they retired.

When the jury went out, a few of the spectators left, but most of them stayed, forgetting their hunger for supper, held by curiosity. The judge had quit his bench and gone to his chambers. He needed a little drink and a pipe of plug tobacco after that speech he had listened to.

He had hardly finished his pipe when he was informed that the jury had reached a verdict. He went back into the courtroom, nodded to the foreman.

"Your Honor," said the foreman, "we find the defendant not guilty."

(Continued Next Week)

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HOW CAN I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I clean kid gloves?

A. Put the gloves on the hands, then wash in spirits of turpentine in the same manner as when washing the hands. When clean, hang the gloves in a warm place, or where there is a current of air. ...

Q. How can I keep fruit from becoming black after peeling?

A. **Always** use a sharp silver knife **for peeling fruit, as steel is** very **liable** to blacken the fruit.

Q. How can I prevent dryness of the hair, and also bring out the lights of blolnde hair?

A. **Warm castor oil rubbed into the hair the night before a shampoo will correct excessive dryness. Lemon in the rinse brings out the beauty of blonde hair; vinegar should be used by brunettes. Follow the rinse with one of clear water.**

Q. How can I prevent pricking the finger when mending the finger of a glove?

A. First put the finger into a thimble and then into the glove. This avoids pricking the finger. Gloves of leather or skin should be mended with cotton thread, never with silk.

Putting On The Doghouse—Michael Capri, 20 months old, finds accommodations a bit too cramped for his liking as he tries on "Donnie's" portable doghouse for size. The canine capers occurred on board the SS Italia. The boy and his dog are on their way to stay with Michael's aunt.

Q. How can I easily separate the whites and yolks of eggs?

A. Break the egg into a funnel held over a dish. The white will pass through the funnel into the dish, while the yolk will remain in the funnel unless broken.

Q. How can I make a good oak stain?

A. Mix one quart of boiled oil, three gills of turpent ne, six tablespoons of raw umber, and six tablespoons of whiting.

Q. How can I preserve the original colors in cretonne covers when washing them?

A. Wash them in bran water, instead of soapsuds.

Q. How can I make use of felt hats?

A. Pieces of old felt hats glued to the bottoms of ash trays and vases will keep them from marking table tops.

Q. How can I keep cream gravy from curdling.

A. Salt will curdle new milk. When preparing gravy, porridge and such dishes, the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

Q. How can I remedy the drooping of a straw hat at the brim?

A. The hat can be stiffened by sponging with the white of an egg that has been thoroughly beaten; then place on a hat stand to dry.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P Clarke

It looks as if the pattern for spring is much the same as that of 1949. Looking back over last year's chronicles I find that on May 5, we were "halfway through seeding" so it must have been the latter part of April before we really started. And the chances are this year will be about the same . . . as I write the date is April 25. Of course locality makes a difference. Last Friday we saw men out on the land down near the Front, and our own land is drying fast, but in the Guelph district fields are still soggy and impossible to work—that is, according to friends who came to visit yesterday. They were decidedly worried. The farmer said it had been a tough winter . . . thirty-five head of cattle to feed, and they had been buying hay, grain concentrate and even bedding for the stock—and now heavy expenditures were in the offing for spring seeding.

* * *

But that's the way it goes. There's money in farming in good years—but comes the time when there are poor crops, poor pasture and a poor catch of gress seed—then it is that farmers really get worried. That is also the time when poor farm management takes a beating and thrifty farmers win out. But let me hasten to add that unforseen circumstances may arise so that even the good farmer may also lose out. Sickness in the family . . . hospital bills . . . fire . . . loss of a valuable cow or a litter of pigs . . . any of these can spell the difference between a hard year and a prosperous one. The farmer needs to be a philosopher so that he can resign himself to take things as they come—the good with the bad; one year with another.

* * *

Sorting out some papers the other day this caption caught my —"Farmers too thrifty for their own good." Are they? What do you think? What is thrift anyway? How do we differentiate between thrift and meanness? So often one is taken for the other. It seems to me that when times are good there is less thrift and apparently more generosity because it is only natural for people to be generous when no personal sacrifice is involved. But when money is hard to come by it is then that you find the difference between thrift and meanness. At such times the thrifty person is still generous but the mean person is meaner than ever. But we don't hear so much about thrift these days. At one time it was looked upon as an admirable quality but now it has become more or less old-fashioned. People don't bother to "make do" as they used to . . . this thing and that thing isn't worth fixing . . . throw it out—get a new one. Why waste half a day to save a dollar . . . spend that dollar and save yourself time and trouble. It sounds logical, doesn't it—but the point is, is the time saved put to good advantage? And then again, we all have our pet economies, and, I suppose, foolish ways of spending money.

Just recently I have been very busy with my pet economy scheme —braiding rugs! For the kitchen I used old overalls and a worn-out piece of ticking which resulted in a strong, firm doormat, saving the cost of a cocoa-fibre mat. Maybe I put more than $2 worth of time into my mat—but then I was making use of something that would otherwise have been thrown away. Actually, that is my idea of thrift —making the best use of what you've got; using everything for some good purpose if at all possible; taking care of things so they last longer—but not to the point of meanness—there is no thrift in being penny wise and pound foolish —there is a time to save and a time to spend or, as an old Italian proverb says very neatly "Saving is getting."

Isn't that true? Saving in small things is one way of getting the big things. Generally we have to choose between the two.

* * *

Well, I wish Old Sol would be more generous with his sunrays and the north-west wind a little more niggardly with his breezes. It is colder in the house than it is outside very often. Put an ordinary fire in the furnace and the house is too hot; check the furnace right off and the fire goes out. However, warmer weather must be on the way as I have killed two flies and one mosquito! And we have also heard the swamp frogs singing. Twice they have been "shut up"—one more time and we can be sure that spring is here. You know what the old timers say—"You can't have spring until the swamp frogs have been shut up three times." Some of these old legends and superstitions sound strange to our ears but a lot of them come very close to the truth. After all, how else did the Indians know what to expect, except by watching the birds and the beasts? There was no weather bureau years ago to forecast changes in wind and weather.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst:

I am a middle-aged widow, and I'm writing you about a man of my age. We were born in the same town, which fact became the basis of our recent friendship.

"He has been divorced 14 years my husband has been dead for seven. We both have grown children. I need companionship, he needs a home.

"He drinks some, but I've never seen him take too much. Financially, he just exists, while I have enough to keep myself, though not lavishly. He has had responsible positions; I don't know why he did not hold them, except that the war ended one job.

"I see him each day and evening for a while. Lately when I visited my son I returned long before I meant to, because I missed him.

"Can I be sure he will stick, and help provide for us? Shall I be inquisitive and ask him—or others? I hate spying of all things, and I'm not perfect either.

A WIDOW"

LET TIME TELL

* A widow misses the companionship of a husband. But a widow must have some security. * you get along very well on your * income and you want to be sure * you are not marrying a man * whom you may, some day, have * to support.

* This is the crux of your problem, isn't it?

* You two are congenial. You have both been married before. * This man misses his own home. * You have one. He has evidently * shown that he cares for you, * for your part, you think you * could have a good life with him.

* One way to find out his financial status and his sense of responsibility, is to create a crisis.

* Just now he has the habit of * dropping in once or twice a day. *You enjoy his visits. But he still * has not divulged his circumstances, nor his prospects for a * secure future. In other words, he * is taking you for granted, without * being frank about himself.

* Of course you feel diffident * about asking him questions, and * you could not bring yourself to * ask anyone else.

* Begin making excuses not to see * him. Plead another engagement, * or any other business. He will * wonder what is happening to this * friendship, and understand that * he must make sure that your * interest in him is still alive and * warm.

* If he is as anxious to marry * you as you feel you are, this * situation will force the issue.

* A widow in your circumstances * has to protect herself. Clear the * air, before you come to care * more for him.

* * *

No matter how many children a widow has, she still needs the companionship of her contemporaries to enjoy a full life. But be wary! Anne Hirst is here to help you, if you will write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto.

Too Close!

The stranger brought his car to a halt, and addressed the tall, rawboned cowboy leaning against the corral. "Does Big Joe live near here?" he asked.

"Nope," replied the cowpoke.

"Well," inquired the man, "where can I find his neighbor, Long Sam?"

"I'm Long Sam," drawled the cowboy.

"But," protested the stranger, "they told me that Big Joe lived within gunshot of you!"

"That's right," came the calm rejoiner. "He did!"

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