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TEA

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For that reason is never sold in bulk.

Tangled Trails

—BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

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CHAPTER XXIX.—(Cont'd.)

"That's easy to say. How're you going to find the guilty man?" asked Jack sulkily.

"If you'd tell what you know we'd find him fast enough. How can I get to the bottom of the thing when you an' James won't give me the facts?"

Jack looked across at him doggedly. "I've told all I'm going to tell."

The long, lithe body of the man from the Wyoming hills leaned forward ever so slightly. "Don't you think it! Don't you think it for a minute! You'll come clean whether you want to or not—or I'll put that rope you mentioned round your brother's throat."

Jack looked at this man with the nerves of chilled steel and shivered. What could he do against a single-track mind with such driving force back of it? Had Kirby got anything of importance on James? Or was he bluffing?

"Talk's cheap," he sneered uneasily.

"You'll find how cheap it is. James has been speculatin'. He was down an' out. Another week, an' he'd have been a bankrupt. Uncle discovers how he's been tricked by him an' Miss Harriman. He serves notice that he's cuttin' James out of his will an' he sends for a lawyer to draw up a new one. James an' his wife go to the old man's rooms to beg off. There's a quarrel, maybe. Anyhow, this point sticks up like a sore thumb; if uncle hadn't died that night your brother would 'a' been a beggar. Now he's a millionaire. And James was in his room the very hour in which he was killed."

"You can't prove that!" Jack cried, his voice low and hoarse. "How do you know he was there? What evidence have you?"

Kirby smiled, easily and confidently. "The evidence will be produced at the right time." He rose and turned to go.

Jack also got up, white to the lips. "Hold on! Don't—don't do anything in a hurry! I'll—talk with you tomorrow—here—in the forenoon. Or say in a day or two. I'll let you know then."

His cousin nodded grimly. The hard look passed from his eyes as he reached the corridor. "Had to throw a scare into him to make him come through," he murmured in apology to himself.

CHAPTER XXX.

KIRBY MAKES A CALL.

Kirby had been bluffing when he said he had evidence to prove that James was in his uncle's rooms the very hour of the murder. But he was now convinced that he had told the truth. James had been there, and his brother Jack knew it. The confession had been written in his shocked face when Kirby flung out the charge.

But James might have been there and still be innocent, just as was the case with him and Rose. The cattleman wanted to find the murderer, but he wanted almost as much to find that James had nothing to do with the crime. He eliminated Jack, except perhaps as an accessory after the fact. Jack had a telltale face, but he might be cognizant of guilt without being deeply a party to it. He could be insolent, but faults of manner are not a crime. Besides, all Jack's interests lay in the other direction. If his uncle had lived a day longer, he would have been sole heir to the estate.

As he wandered through the streets Kirby's mind was busy with the problem. Automatically his legs carried him to the Paradox Apartments. He found himself there before he even knew he had been heading in that direction. Mrs. Hull came out and passed him. She was without a hat, and

probably was going to the corner grocery on Fifteenth.

"I've been neglecting friend Hull," he murmured to himself. "I reckon I'll just drop in an' ask him how his health is."

He was not sorry that Mrs. Hull was out. She was easily, he judged, the dominant member of the firm. If he could catch the fat man alone he might gather something of importance.

Hull opened the door of the apartment to his knock. He stood glaring at the young man, his prominent eyes projecting, the red capillaries in his beefy face filling.

"Whadjawant?" he demanded.

"A few words with you, Mr. Hull."

Kirby pushed past him into the room, much as an impudent agent does.

"Well, I don't aim to have no truck with you at all," blustered the fat man.

"You've just naturally wore out yore welcome with me before ever you set down. I'll ask you to go right now."

"Here's your hat. What's your hurry?" murmured Kirby, by way of quotation. "Sure I'll go. But don't get on the prod, Hull. I came to make some remarks an' to ask a question. I'll not hurt you any. Haven't got smallpox or anything."

"I don't want you here. If the police knew you was here, they'd be liable to think we was talkin' about—about what happened upstairs."

"Then they would be right. That's exactly what we're gonna talk about."

"No, sir! I ain't got a word to say—not a word!" The big man showed signs of panic.

"Then I'll say it." The dancing light died out of Kirby's eyes. They became hard and steady as agates.

"Who killed Cunningham, Hull?"

The fishy eyes of the man dodged. A startled oath escaped him. "How do I know?"

"Didn't you kill him?"

"Goddemighty, no!" Hull dragged out the red bandanna and gave his apoplectic face first aid. He mopped perspiration from the overlapping roll of fat above his collar. "I dunno a thing about it. Honest, I don't. You got no right to talk to me thataway."

"You're a tub of iniquity, Hull. Al-so, you're a right poor liar. You know a lot about it. You were in my uncle's rooms just before I saw you on the night of his death. You were seen there."

"Who-w-who says so?" quavered the wretched man.

"You'll know who at the proper time. I'll tell you one thing. It won't look good for you that you held out all you know till it was a showdown."

"I ain't holdin' out, I tell you. What business you got to come here devilin' me, I'd like for to know?"

"I'm not devilin' you. I'm tellin' you to come through with what you know, or you'll sure get in trouble. There's a witness against you. When he tells what he saw—"

"Shibo?" The word burst from the man's lips in spite of him.

Kirby did not bat a surprised eye. He went on quietly. "I'll not say who. Except this. Shibo is not the only one who can tell enough to put you on trial for your life. If you didn't kill my uncle you'd better take my tip, Hull. Tell what you know. It'll be better for you."

Mrs. Hull stood in the doorway, thin and sinister. The eyes in her yellow face took in the cattleman and passed to her husband. "What's he doing here?" she asked, biting off her words sharply.

"I was askin' Mr. Hull if he knew who killed my uncle," explained Kirby.

Her eyes narrowed. "Maybe you know," she retorted.

"Not yet. I'm tryin' to find out. Can you give me any help, Mrs. Hull?"

Their eyes crossed and fought it out.

"What do you want to know?" she demanded.

"I'd like to know what happened in my uncle's rooms when Mr. Hull was up there—say about half-past nine, maybe a little before or a little after."

"He claims to have a witness," Hull managed to get out from a dry throat.

"A witness of what?" snapped the woman.

"That I—that I—was in Cunningham's rooms."

For an instant the woman quailed. A spasm of fear flashed over her face and was gone.

"He'll claim anything to get outa the hole he's in," she said dryly. Then,

swiftly, her anger pounced on the Wyoming man. "You get outa my house. We don't have to stand yore impudence—an' what's more, we won't. Do you hear? Get out, or I'll send for the police. I ain't scared any of you."

The amateur detective got out. He had had the worst of the bout. But he had discovered one or two things. If he could get Olsen to talk, and could separate the fat, flabby man from his flinty wife, it would not be hard to frighten a confession from Hull of all he knew. Moreover, in his fear Hull had let slip one admission. Shibo, the little janitor, had some evidence against him. Hull knew it. Why was Shibo holding back? The fat man had practically said that Shibo had seen him come out of Cunningham's rooms, or at least that he was a witness he had been in the apartment. Yet he had withheld the fact when he had been questioned by the police. Had Hull bribed him to keep quiet?

The cattleman found Shibo watering the lawn of the parking in front of the Paradox. According to his custom, he plunged abruptly into what he wanted to say. He had discovered that if a man is not given time to frame a defense, he is likely to give away something he had intended to conceal.

"Shibo, why did you hide from the police that Mr. Hull was in my uncle's rooms the night he was killed?"

The janitor shot one slant, startled glance at Kirby before the mask of impassivity wiped out expression from his eyes.

"You know heap lot about every-thing. You busy busy all like honey-bee. Me, I just janitor—mind own business."

"I wonder, now," Kirby's level gaze took the man in carefully. Was he as simple as he wanted to appear?

"No talk when not have anything to tell." Shibo moved the sprinkler to another part of the lawn.

Kirby followed him. He had a capacity for patience.

"Did Mr. Hull ask you not to tell about him?"

Shibo said nothing, but he said it with indignant eloquence.

"Did he give you money not to tell? I don't want to go to the police with this if I can help it, Shibo. Better come through to me."

"You go police an' say I know who make Mr. Cunningham dead?"

"If I have to."

The janitor had no more remarks to make. He lapsed into an angry, stubborn silence. For nearly half an hour Kirby stayed by his side. The cattleman asked questions. He suggested that, of course, the police would soon find out the facts after he went to them. He even went beyond his brief and implied that shortly Shibo would be occupying a barred cell.

But the man from the Orient contributed no more to the talk.

(To be continued.)

The Safest Saucepans.

An important household question—the choice of a saucepan—has recently been investigated at the Municipal Laboratory of Helsingfors, Finland. Many kinds of metals and other materials are in use for the manufacture of saucepans and other cooking utensils, but owing to the solvent action of some foodstuffs it is certain that chemical salts of the materials used are absorbed to some extent by human beings.

A test was made by boiling, for three hours, 2 lb. of red currants in a number of saucepans of different materials, and then, by chemical analysis, finding how much of the saucepans had been dissolved in the food.

The best figure obtained was that for brass, which was 250 times better than enamel. Brightly-polished brass cooking utensils are used on a large scale in the East.

Copper, tin, nickel, and aluminum vessels were all found good, but iron was found to be much more easily attacked by foodstuffs. Tin, next to polished brass, stood out as the best material for the lining of cooking utensils.

The deadly tsetse fly is kept under in East Africa by a certain parasite unknown in West Africa.

Crossing the knees while sitting is said to be an early factor in the forming of varicose veins.

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"Little Boy Blue."

The former American Ambassador in London, Colonel Harvey, was in his earlier years a great friend of Eugene Field, the American poet who wrote "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," one of the classics of child literature. But the following poem, though about a child—the poet's own little son, who died—is not for children. It is the last word in poignant pathos.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair;
That was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make a noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

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Wife—"Well, my dear, I simply have to look nice when I am with you; you're so distinguished-looking."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

If you are a law to yourself, you're a nuisance to others.

WRIGLEYS

After Every Meal

It's the longest-lasting confection you can buy—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser for the mouth and teeth. Wrigley's means benefit as well as pleasure.



Very important to the future welfare of the world is it that the children of to-day be taught the principles of justice, love and brotherhood in their widest and broadest sense. Teach the child, then, that everything that has life is his brother, to be treated with kindness, love and justice.



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is simply wonderful for keeping the hands beautifully white and soft and smooth. Positively prevents redness and chapping. Use it at once after washing dishes, and note the improvement of your hands. Keep a bottle handy by the kitchen sink.

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