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"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

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The Affair at Flower Acres

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Malcolm Finley, returning from Japan, is invited to Flower Acres, the Long Island home of Douglas Raynor, husband of Nancy, who is a former sweetheart of Finley's.

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chance to sink to rest in such a bed of beauty," said Eva Turner, who was always loquacious at tea time.

"There she goes!" cried Dolly, as the last of the great flaming disk dropped out of sight. "And I must go, too, or mother will blow me up sky-high. Who'll walk to the bridge with me?"

"I will," said Orry, who was a born cavalier, and likewise fond of gay little Dolly. But they tarried until the other guests had taken leave and then, as they sauntered across the lawn, down toward the bridge over the tiny brook that separated the two estates, the sinister dusk was creeping in from the darkening horizon.

"I'm jealous of your other prince," Kent bantered, and Dolly said, seriously, "He isn't really mine, he's Nan's."

"Nonsense! What has Nan to do with princes?" "Oh, it doesn't matter that she's married to that old hobgoblin. I mean that can't stop her loving her prince."

"Don't, Dolly; it isn't nice for a little girl to say things like that." "Nice or not—it's true talk. You see, Nan ought to have married Mr. Finley in the first place."

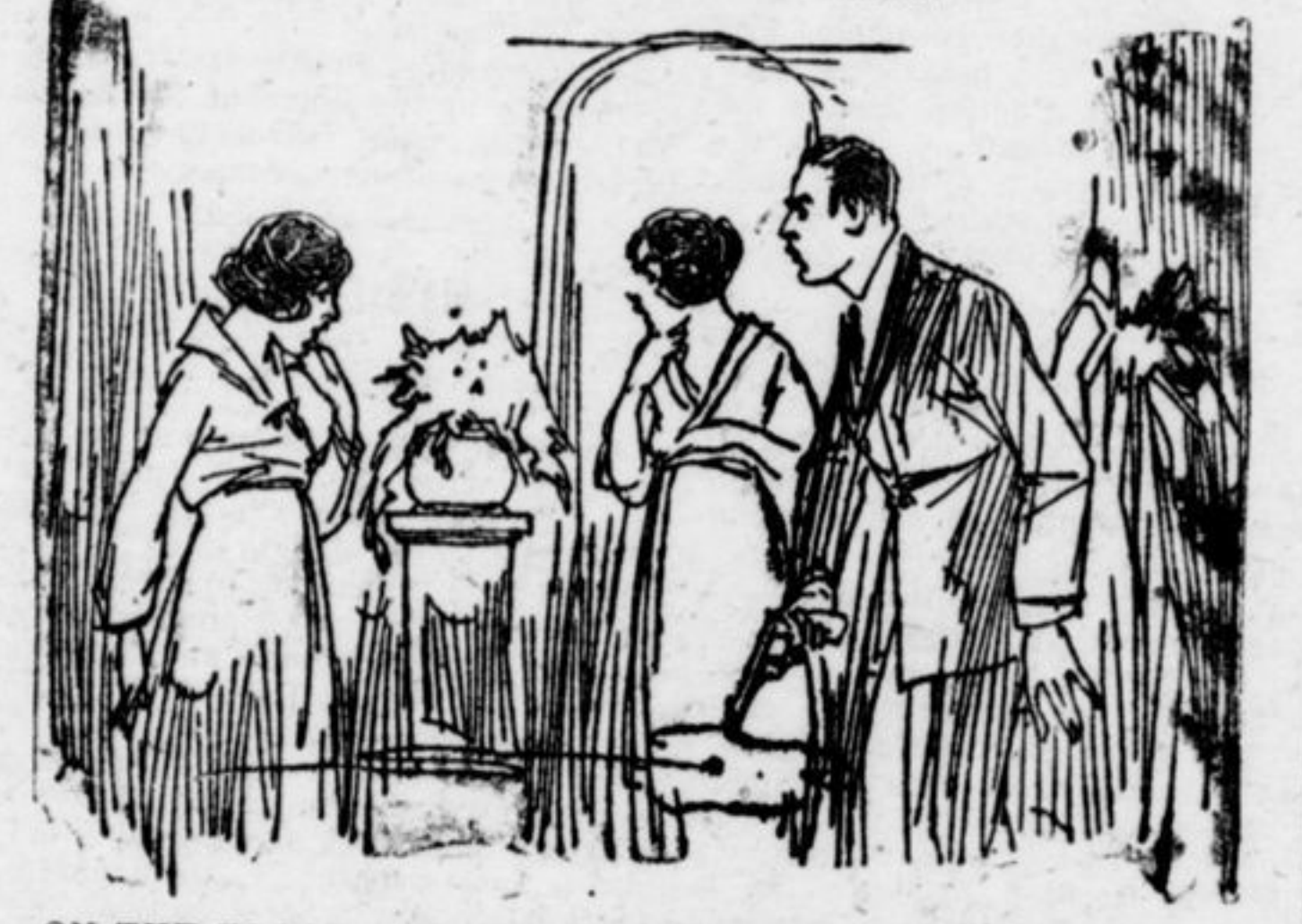
"Hush, Dolly," Kent spoke sternly. "Nan's my sister, and I forbid you to gossip about her."

"All right, Orry, I won't. Miss Mattie isn't your sister, is she? May I talk about her?" "Yes, if you like," and the young man smiled.

"Well, she's a meddlesome Mattie. What do you suppose she's doing now? She's looking down here at us!"

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She was not looking at Finley, but in the opposite direction, toward the west door of the sun room.



ON THE FLOOR LAY HER BROTHER-IN AN UNGAINLY HEAP, NEAR HIM STOOD FINLEY.

ing across the lawn, but there was no more to it than idle curiosity. It was her habit to watch everything and everybody, in hope of learning something she was not meant to know.

From her own room, with the windows all open, she had heard her brother leave the terrace and go into the sun parlor—that was doubtless to avoid the company.

She had heard Malcolm Finley, at the same time, leave the terrace and go into the house, walking through the rear hall, and out on the east veranda. She had listened intently but didn't hear Nan follow him—a distinct disappointment to Miss Mattie.

Mr. Goddard, she knew, was in his own room. And Eva Turner was bustling about, now in her bedroom, then on the stairs, then to the kitchen and back again—of course, intent upon her dietary duties.

"Oh, you don't!" Malcolm Finley said, and quickly added, "don't think I did."

"Oh, you don't!" and Miss Turner's scorn fell on him. "Well, then, Mrs. Raynor did it! As I came to this door I heard the shot, and before I could get the light on I saw you both—"

"How could you see without the lights on?" asked Orville Kent, sternly.

Ezra Goddard came then, shocked and wondering; Hatfield, the butler, appeared, and several maid servants huddled in the background.

"Somebody must take charge here," Goddard said, going toward the stricken man; "perhaps he isn't dead."

"Oh," said Nan, her frightened eyes staring, isn't he?" "Hush, Nan," said her brother. "Will you let me take you to your room?"

"No, no, Orry, I must stay here—I must! You stay by me." "Yes, Nan," and Kent placed her in a big chair, and then sat near her. (To be continued.)

Where was the first nail struck?—Upon the head. When is a Scotsman like a donkey?—When he wanders along his banks and brays (brays).

Many a man of fifty whom the world counts successful is in his heart soured and disappointed because at the age of thirty he shut his eyes to the other kind of successes which life had to offer besides professional distinction.—Hadley.

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Successes Many a man of fifty whom the world counts successful is in his heart soured and disappointed because at the age of thirty he shut his eyes to the other kind of successes which life had to offer besides professional distinction.—Hadley.

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