

You will derive far more satisfaction from SALADA than you will from cheap tea

"SALADA"

(GREEN)

JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

The Affair at Flower Acres

CAROLYN WELLS

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Douglas Rayno, 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 Rayno's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Rayno'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, Rayno's sister, and others enter upon the scene. Detective Dobbins heads the police investigation. Lionel Rayno, son of Douglas Rayno by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate. Now Nancy accuses Grimshaw Gannon, a hired man, of witnessing another will her husband made out in her favor.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER IX.—(Con'd.)

"Well, don't ever do it again!" Nan frowned at him severely. "I refuse to submit to your blackmailing scheme—for that is what it is. But I shall repeat your conversation to the detective and he will make further inquiries. I know, Grimshaw Gannon, I know that you witnessed that will and that you now know where it is. And you'll be made to give it up! Here comes Mrs. Rayno now!"

Sure enough the detective was coming toward them, evidently in search of Mrs. Rayno.

"I give this man over to you, Mr. Dobbins," she said, excitedly; "he witnessed the will my husband made in my favor, and he has it now—concealed somewhere. He stole it—I don't know why—but I want you to find out all about it."

"Now, now, Mr. Detective," the old man said, "this lady's all stirred up over nothing. I don't know a thing about what she's speakin' of."

"I've settled that will business to my own satisfaction," said Dobbins sternly. "I believe, Mrs. Rayno, that the day your husband was killed you had a very unusually severe quarrel, had you not?"

"Not a quarrel, Mr. Dobbins, but my husband had been unusually angry at me."

"But on that day he was so angry that he threatened to destroy the will he had made in your favor?"

"How did you know that?" and Nan looked truly astounded.

I've forgotten I ever had any nerves



Your doctor will tell you how the act of chewing releases and soothes strained nerves, and how the healthful cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes and tones you up all around. Aids digestion.

WRIGLEYS

after every meal

"Except Lionel Rayno—Nan began.

"He wasn't here," said Dobbins sternly. "You can't drag him in. The case is clear. You tested the destruction of that will, you had become newly interested in your returned suitor, you had reached the point of desperation with your husband's cruelty—you concluded to end it all. The pistol, your husband's own, was convenient in the drawer of the table. Every one else had left the tea table and gone to dress for dinner. Perhaps acting impulsively, because of such a good chance, you stepped into the sun parlor, shot your victim, dropped the weapon and ran out again just as Mr. Finley, arriving at once from the coast side, saw your disappearing figure hurrying through the door opposite. Miss Turner, snapping on her heels, also saw you going out, and a few moments later, Mr. Kent, coming on the scene, saw you returning—but apparently appearing for the first time upon the scene. It's all explained, Mrs. Rayno—I'm telling you what I know in order to prepare you a little for the trial you must face."

"Good lord, man," cried old Gannon, "the lady's fainting. How could you blurt out all that! Get out of my way!"

And fairly brushing the detective aside the great, gaunt man lifted the drooping figure before him, and carried her swiftly into the house and placed her on a couch in the living room.

"Look after her!" he said curtly to Miss Rayno, who bustled in, and then Gannon strode into the library where the men now were.

"You want to check up that Dobbins officer," he said; "he's a brute, and if Mrs. Rayno is guilty, that's no reason she should be tortured by him."

"No wonder the lady fainted," he said, "no wonder she is ill and nervously upset. She is a drug addict!"

"What?" shouted Kent, jumping up and glaring at Dobbins.

"Yes—I've proof right here," and Dobbins produced a damp looking paper parcel. "Mrs. Rayno, accompanied by the little Fay girl, went down to the brook—along the Falls road, and she drew this package into the falls. I waded in and fished it out—and here it is."

He opened the parcel and showed four vials, two empty; one full and in part full of a white powder. And all were labeled morphine.

"What have you to say?" demanded Dobbins.

"But no one had anything to say."

CHAPTER X.

"You see," Dobbins said, "it explains a good deal to know that Mrs. Rayno was a victim of the drug habit. Why, it may go far toward getting her off easy—"

"It may do nothing of the sort!" Malcolm Finley exploded. "How dare you accuse Mrs. Rayno of that?"

"I don't blame you for getting wrothly, Mr. Finley," Dobbins said, looking at him almost benignly, "and I'm mighty sorry myself to say anything against the lady, but here's the proof—"

"Proof nothing! You pick up a messy parcel of rubbish and you jump to a conclusion! Has any one ever seen Mrs. Rayno ever so slightly under the influence of a drug?"

"Never!" said Orville Kent.

"Where's that nurse person?" asked

Dobbins suddenly. "She'd know about Mrs. Rayno's habits."

"She's gone," Kent informed him. "Went off last night, bag and baggage. And, by the way, she took with her a nifty bunch of stocks and bonds."

"Rayno's?" asked the detective.

"Well, they had been—but they were all transferred to her, and were in a big packet marked with her name, in the safe. Of course, I gave them to her as she asked."

"Queer doings," muttered Dobbins. "Why should Rayno give them to her? Was he sweet on her?"

"Not a bit of it!" Kent said; "Douglas wasn't that sort—and, too, I think he positively disliked Miss Turner. But he was trying her out as a diet nurse. He was a faddist about his food."

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"She didn't shoot him to get those," Kent added, "for they were all properly endorsed over to her, and the parcel, all ready for her, was in the safe with her name on it."

"Maybe he was holding out on her for some reason," mused the detective. "There must have been some secret alliance or some important interest between the two for a man like Rayno to give a transient nurse such a gift."

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"She didn't shoot him to get those," Kent added, "for they were all properly endorsed over to her, and the parcel, all ready for her, was in the safe with her name on it."

"Maybe he was holding out on her for some reason," mused the detective. "There must have been some secret alliance or some important interest between the two for a man like Rayno to give a transient nurse such a gift."

"We don't know that it was a gift," Kent said; "perhaps it represented her accumulation of savings which Rayno had invested for her."

"I never saw a case with so many angles to it," Dobbins sighed. "Here's Lionel Rayno impatient to take possession of his inheritance and, as nobody can find a later will, he'll have to have it, for all I can see, and what is Mrs. Rayno going to do for a home? Not only that, but she'll be arrested soon now, unless something turns up in some other direction."

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"Oh, haven't we? I hate to do it, Mr. Kent, but justice demands action—and I haven't an idea any jury would ever convict her—"

"But arrested! Nan! In all! Never—"

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"Suppose I confess to the shooting," began Malcolm Finley, and Dobbins quickly turned to him.

"Do!" he cried, "that what I've been waiting for! You confess to shield Mrs. Rayno—and then she'll confess to shield you—"

"Oh," Goddard said, "that's fine! If they each confess to shield the other, that lets them both out!"

"(To be continued.)"

"How'd she come to go off in such a hurry?" Dobbins, looking amazed. "We hadn't finished questioning her. Where is she?"

"She left a New York address, which she said would always reach her. But you don't suspect she had anything to do with the shooting, do you?"

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