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out and got the horse, brought it
 eyes shone with wonder when he
 's for you, old man. After you've
 it, you can ride him." Then he
 rs in Jennie's eyes, looked away
 and went on quickly: "You just
 it your foot in the stirrup, here,
 leg over and take the reins and
 You can ride everywhere on him.
 s—is —"

Miranda said.
 is name. He goes like the wind.
 be a race horse."
 the door opened and Frank Lord
 he room. His glance swept around
 , look in Miranda, the horse,
 in one cold stare.
 Mr. Lord," Webster said. "We
 Chris."

Frank Lord answered. "What's
 toff from the Lord attic?"

Jennie said in an agonized
 Webster said calmly. "It doesn't
 e. It's from Miss Everts' attic.
 is my landlady. She sent it up
 ned away from them toward Jen-
 "Where's that strip of leather?"
 ent to the shelf and picked up a
 her, handed it to him without a
 without another word to them
 and went out of the room. Jen-
 ked pinched and tired suddenly.
 h was gone from the room, the
 id.
 Miranda, we'd better run along,"
 d.
 Miranda said.

od. Jennie and Chris and
 he too. Then Miranda turned
 ck to Jennie, put a hand on her
 I not quite ourselves these days."
 on't mind. Thank you for letting
 ughnuts."
 wing in earnest now. They drove
 wall of snow. They didn't talk
 ne. Indeed, it was all Webster
 ee the road and keep the car in
 : they came into a clearer stretch
 said:
 believe he ever spoke a harsh
 : in his life before—before all
 ik," she said.
 . I don't get a chance often. You
 e a chance. . . . You didn't mean
 d to me—about the money, did
 of course not."
 driven, like Frank Lord. We're
 at it's true that I do love you.

"Do you? Maybe you do—I don't know.
 But nothing's very real just now. So don't
 talk about it. And anyway—as you say—the
 pleasure comes from hoping, not from get-
 ting."
 "Did I say that?"
 "Just an hour ago."
 "I take it back. . . . Do you love snow as I
 do?"
 "I'd like it to cover me up and keep me
 covered forever. I'd like that."
 THEY had come already to the edge of
 town. He drove reluctantly past houses, into
 the square, stopped at her house.
 "Will you tell Francis, Jane liked the
 lamp?" he asked, opening the door of the
 car.
 "The lamp?"
 "Yes. Tell him, will you? Thanks for
 going with me, Miranda. It's the nicest thing
 you've done yet. To me, I mean. . . . Good
 night."
 "Good night," she said.
 And in the morning the snow was a foot
 deep everywhere, higher where it had drifted.
 The town was beautiful in the morning light,
 clean and white. It looked as if no evil could
 dwell there.
 But John Webster, for one, knew that
 the evil was there, beauty or no to cover
 it. He knew it was there, but he knew,
 too, that all twisted with it was something
 good and sweet. He knew it was good that
 for even a few minutes Miranda and Jennie
 had been friends, had stood by the doughnut
 kettle side by side. He knew it was good that
 Miss Everts had sent the rocking horse to
 Chris. He knew it had been good to have
 Miranda beside him in the car, it had been
 good that she had taken the horse back,
 come with him. It had been good to feel
 something that was not enmity between
 them, even the quiet of truce. He even
 knew dimly that it was good he did not
 see everything in terms of black and white
 these days, that he was beginning to know
 that sadness and joy were different sides of
 the same coin.
 All that week, while the snow stayed on
 the ground and the thermometer registered
 zero or five below, he moved about his tasks,
 about the town, with a new and quiet
 purpose. One night he stopped in and saw Doc-
 tor Bell and the doctor told him stories about
 his people, one queer one about an old woman
 who had been an invalid for twenty years
 and suddenly, when a hated sister-in-law
 died, rose and went about her business as if
 she had never been ill. They didn't talk of the
 Lords at all.
 "Come again," Doctor Bell said.
 One night he went into Miss Everts' quar-
 ters and heard the story of her life, which
 was a quiet enough story, but had under-
 currents of frustration and despair. She had



Who's Having More Fun? The kite belongs to the kids, and Dad just came along to "give advice"! But who cares—they're all having the time of their lives, and incidentally building man-size appetites. The kind you satisfy with nutritious foods like this:

Dream dessert

So simple...so delicious...made the real Minute Tapioca way!



BLUSHING PEAR TAPIOCA

1 recipe Minute Tapioca Cream
 1/4 cup toasted almonds, slivered Blushing Pear Slices
 Prepare Minute Tapioca Cream as directed on the package. After cooling,
 fold in almonds. Chill. Garnish with Blushing Pear Slices. Makes 5 servings.
Blushing Pear Slices. Combine in saucepan: 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup pear juice,
 3 tablespoons red cinnamon candies, few drops red coloring. Add 3 canned
 pear halves, which have been sliced lengthwise into 5 pieces each. Simmer
 10 to 15 minutes, or until pears absorb the pink color. Chill.
 What a joy to watch your hungry family dig into such a beautiful, milk-
 and-eggs dessert—extra good because it's made with none-too-goodness,
 real, genuine Minute Tapioca. For "country-kitchen" goodness no ready-
 made dessert can match, get a supply of Minute Tapioca today.



REAL MINUTE BRAND TAPIOCA