



The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon



CANADA'S PLACE AS A PRODUCER

Canada Is Getting a Great Many Americans.

"Three young provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta," says a New York financial journal, "have already made Winnipeg one of the greatest primary wheat markets of the world. In 1904 they raised 53,000,000 bushels of wheat. Five years later they produced 150,000,000 bushels. In 1913 the crop approximated 200,000,000 bushels. At the present rate of progress Canada must soon pass France and India, and stand third in the line of wheat producers. Ultimately it will dispute with Russia and the United States for the first position. Wheat has been the pioneer of our development. Undoubtedly it will prove the same with Canada. In the last calendar year our trade with Canada amounted to 497 million dollars. Only with two countries—the United Kingdom and Germany—is our trade greater. No vivid imagination is needed to see what the future development of Canada means to the people of the United States.

SYNOPSIS.

Challie Wrاندall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the road house is seen at the funeral. She is Hetty, who is the daughter of the man who was killed. Hetty is the daughter of the man who was killed. She is the daughter of the man who was killed. She is the daughter of the man who was killed. She is the daughter of the man who was killed.

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CHAPTER V.

Down in her heart mother is saying to herself it would be just like Sara to get even with us by doing just that sort of a trick. Of course Sara is rich enough without accepting a sou under the will, but she's a canny person. She hasn't handed it back to us on a silver platter, with thanks; still, on the other hand, she refuses to meddle. She makes us feel pretty small. She won't sell out to us. She just sits tight. That's what gets under the skin with mother.

If he could have witnessed all that transpired while Sara was in the room below with her guest—her companion, as he had come to regard her without having in fact been told as much—he would have been lost in a maze of the most overwhelming emotions.

To go back: The door had barely closed behind the two women when Hetty's trembling knees gave way beneath her. With a low moan of horror, she slipped to the floor, covering her face with her hands.

"You are right," she said hoarsely. "I should not be afraid."

"Where is she now?"

"When Mrs. Wrاندall returned," asked the painter, after a long period of silence spent in contemplation of the gleaming pavement beyond the club's window.

"You don't think it's a very neat way out of it," said Booth coldly.

"Not at all. You see, Challis was fond of Sara, in spite of everything. He left a will and under it she came in for all he had. As that includes a third interest in our extremely refined and irreproachable business, it would be a deuce of a trick on us if she married one of the common people and set him up amongst us, willy-nilly. We don't want strange bedfellows. We're too snug—and I might say, too snug—"

"I wouldn't say that, Les, if I were in your place."

"You see, I'm the only one who really took sides with Sara. I forget myself sometimes. She was such a brick, all those years."

"You must play the game, Hetty."

"I shall go mad if I cannot talk with you about—"

"I mean that you shall live for me," said Sara, smiling through her tears.

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located, so far as neighbors were concerned. Her father, Sebastian Gooch, shrewdly foresaw the day when land in this particular section of the suburban world would return dollars for pennies, and wisely bought thousands of acres: woodland, meadowland, beachland and hills, inserted between the savannah of New York city and the rich towns up the coast.

Sara accepted, much to his surprise and gratification. He had been rather dubious about it. It would not have surprised him in the least if she had declined the invitation, feeling, as he did, that he had in a way come to her with a white flag or an olive branch or whatever it is that a combative force utilizes when it wants to surrender in the cause of humanity.

Sara regarded her in silence for a moment, reflecting. Then, with a swift surge of tears to her eyes, she cried fiercely:

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Two miles and a half away, in the heart of a scattered colony of purebred New Yorkers, was the country home of the Wrاندalls, an imposing place and older by far than South-look. It had descended from well-born and time-stained ancestors to Redmond Wrاندall, and, with others of its kind, looked with no little scorn upon the modern, mushroom structures that sprouted from the seeds of trade.

Clearly the old merchant was not over-pleased with his daughter's choice, a conclusion permanently established by the alteration he made in his will a year or two after the marriage. True, he left the vast estate to his beloved daughter Sara, but he fastened a stout string to it, and with this string her hands were tied. It must have occurred to him that Challis was a profligate in more ways than one, for he deliberately stipulated in his will that Sara was not to sell a foot of the ground until a period of twenty years had elapsed.

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The influx of American settlers to the Canadian prairies is now in full swing. Within the past few days over 80 of those arrived at Bassano carrying with them effects and capital to the value of \$100,000. Fifty settlers from Oregon arrived in Alberta a few days ago; while 15 families of settlers from the state of Colorado arrived at Calgary on their journey northwards. The goods and personal effects of this party filled 20 box cars. Of live stock alone they had 175 horses, 13 cows and 2,000 head of poultry. Another class of settler has arrived at Peers, 110 miles west of Edmonton, where no fewer than 200 German farmers have taken up land. These are from good farming families and brought with them a large amount of capital.

Then in South Western Saskatchewan, there are large numbers settling, these from the United States predominating, while in the northern and central portions of all these provinces, the settlement of new people is going on steadily. Early in April, Peter Goertz arrived in Cardiff after a six-day journey from McPherson, Kansas. Mr. Goertz who had purchased land here was in charge of a party of 38 people from the same part of Kansas and they came through with a special train which included all their stock and implements. The equipment was all Rock Island cars, and was the first full immigrant train ever sent out by that railroad. The farms purchased by the members of the party are amongst the best in the district.

When the Panama exposition opens next year any of the three transcontinental lines in Canada will make convenient means of transport for those going to visit, and in doing so agricultural districts of Western Canada can be seen, and ocular demonstration given those who have heard but not before seen, of that which has attracted so many hundreds of thousands of American settlers.—Advertisement.

"Are you a policeman?" asked one paying guest of another at a charity picnic dinner.

"No," said the other. "Why do you ask?"

"Merely, that I noticed," said the first speaker, glancing at the section of fried chicken in the other's fingers, "that you are pulling a tough joint."

"No, no! It is the forbidden subject! I know all that I should know—all that I care to know. We have not said so much as this in months—ages, it seems. Let sleeping dogs lie. We are better off, my dear. I could not touch your lips again."



Hetty's Trembling Knees Gave Way Beneath Her.

CURE DOGS OF EATING EGGS

Small Amount of Tartar Emetic Will Break the Habit, According to Authority.

When eggs are bringing top prices in the market nothing is more discouraging than to find, on making the round of the nests that the dog has been there before you. Often this parasite on henry profits is a famishing pet that the owners do not wish to kill. But as with other pests, remedy lies only with killing or curing. Here is a cure which I have used successfully:

Buy one dram of tartar emetic—this is a poison and should be handled with the greatest care. Under no circumstances should the powder be placed where it is accessible to children.

Pip a small piece out of an eggshell, pour out a little of the contents and put about as much of the tartar emetic as will cover the point of a small pocket knife into the shell. Paste a small piece of white paper over the broken portion, and place the egg in one of the nests, preferably in a secluded spot, where the dog has been accustomed to pilfer. Put it where he can get it quickly before the hens have a chance to crack the treated egg.

Having eaten this poison the dog be-

comes violently sick and will subsequently shun eggs. This means of curing the habit, though drastic, is effectual. It will not result in the death of the dog unless an overdose is given.

Some farmers use red pepper instead of the tartar emetic, a pinch of pepper concealed in a baited egg often being effectual. Throughout the southern states Indian turnips when available are used in the same manner. This is a pungent plant which, when eaten, causes the tongue to smart and burn and often to swell.—George H. Dacy in the Country Gentleman.

The Burton Doctor.
During the short seven years of her life, little Florence Louise had become duly impressed with the prevalence of specialists in the medical profession.

One day, after returning from a visit to a small playmate, she calmly announced:

"Rena swallowed a button."

"Are you worried about her?" she was asked.

"Oh, she will get along all right," Florence Louise complacently replied. "They sent for a regular button doctor."—Judge.

Limited Intentions.
"How do you propose to support my daughter, sir?"

"I didn't propose to her to support her at all. I only proposed to her to marry me."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Proving the Punch.
Skids—You think his story has a real punch to it?"

Skittles—Sure thing! You ought to have seen the way it put me to sleep.—Puck.

Disasters.
"My baldness dates from that terrible year."

"Oh, yes! 1870."

"What do you mean by 1870? I speak of the year I was married."—Le Rire (Paris).

Back of her, Wrاندalls; beside her, Wrاندalls; beneath her, friends of the Wrاندalls; outside, the rabble, those who would join with these black,

the last to find a man out; his mother and his sister. But in this instance the mother was alone. The silent, attentive guests on the lower floor listened in grim approval: Dr. Maltby was doing himself proud. Not one but all of them knew that Maltby knew. And yet how soothing he was.

"Not at all. You see, Challis was fond of Sara, in spite of everything. He left a will and under it she came in for all he had. As that includes a third interest in our extremely refined and irreproachable business, it would be a deuce of a trick on us if she married one of the common people and set him up amongst us, willy-nilly. We don't want strange bedfellows. We're too snug—and I might say, too snug—"