

The Hollow of Her Hand by George Barr McCutcheon

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It was her husband who finally brought home RUB-NO-MORE. Now she's enthusiastic about it. She had intended to buy RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER. But overlooked it. Don't you overlook it.



RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder RUB-NO-MORE Carb Naphtha Soap

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Advertisement for W.L. Douglas Shoes, listing prices for men's, women's, and children's shoes.

Orark Homesteads located, 85; particulars in Buck & Son, Batavia, Ark.

SINGS PRAISE OF "BIGNESS" in Everything That Has Qualification of Size.

Big! It is said that the soil that produces big crops is found where big men abound. After all bigness is something of which every one is proud.

Known of Old. "Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page, like most married novelists, treats married life in his books from the inside, as it were."

Ready-Cooked - from Your Grocer. Post Toasties

come from the ovens to your table in tightly sealed packages—ready to eat when opened—with cream, good milk or fruits.

Every crisp flake of this attractive food represents the best part of choice white Indian corn—

Perfectly cooked, delicately flavoured and toasted to an appetizing golden "brown."

Post Toasties are made for your pleasure and nourishment.

Sold by Grocers

Challis 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 inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. "I say, Leslie, is she staying here?" cried Booth, lowering his voice to an excited half-whisper.

CHAPTER VIII. In Which Hetty is Weighed. Booth and Leslie returned to the city on Tuesday. The artist left behind him a "memory sketch" of Sara Wrاندall, done in the solitude of his room long after the rest of the house was wrapped in slumber on the first

He was as Deeply Perplexed as Ever. Right of his stay at Southlook. It was as sketchily drawn as the one he had made of Hetty, and quite as wonderful in the matter of faithfulness, but utterly without the subtle something that made the other notable.

Booth caught the angry flash in her eyes, preceding the flush and unaccountable pallor that followed almost immediately. He felt guilty, and at the same time deeply annoyed with Leslie. Later on he tried to explain, but the attempt was a lamentable failure. She laughed, not unkindly, in his face.

They started up the terrace. His face clouded. "I have had a feeling all along that she'd rather not have this portrait painted, Mrs. Wrاندall. A queer sort of feeling that she doesn't just like the idea of being put on canvas."

Urged by Sara, she had reluctantly consented to sit to him for a portrait during the month of June. He put the request in such terms that it did not sound like a proposition.

"Leslie's aid had been solicited by both Sara and the painter in the final effort to overcome the girl's objections. He was rather bored about it, but added his voice to the general clamour.

Sara Wrاندall was quick to recognize the first symptoms of jealousy on the part of her brother-in-law. The new idol of the Wrاندalls was in love, selfishly, insufferably in love as things went with all the Wrاندalls.

Brandon Booth took a small cottage on the upper road, half way between the village and the home of Sara Wrاندall, and not far from the abhorred "back gate" that swung in the teeth of her connections by marriage.

SOME ODD DEATH REPORTS New York World Prints Humorous Returns Alleged to Be Taken From the Records.

The chief statistician of Wisconsin, in examining death certificates filed by physicians with the state board of health, has discovered and disclosed some of more than local interest. They reveal such aberrations of sense and science in the diagnosis of disease and the causes of death as to merit consideration from reformers who wish to put nearly every act of human life under medical supervision.

three or four years back held the key. He selected the numbers and began to run through them. He was searching for a vaguely remembered article on one of the lesser-known English painters who had given great promise at the time it was published but who dropped completely out of notice soon afterward because of a mistaken notion of his own importance.

The Girl Stopped in Her Tracks. The next instant, she recovered herself, and, giving the lace a quick flip that sent its odor of sachet leaping to his nostrils, responded with perfect composure.

Then he whistled softly to himself, a token of simple amazement. The head of each of these remarkable studies suggested in outline the head and features of Hetty Castleton! She had been Hawkrigh's model!

Pat, disgruntled and irritable to the point of profanity—he was a privileged character and might have sworn if he felt like it without receiving notice—came shambling up the cottage walk late that afternoon, bearing two large, shoulder-sagging bundles. He had walked from the station—a matter of half a mile—and it was hot.

London's Modern Fire Brigade. The London fire brigade is rapidly becoming a completely motor-equipped fighting organization. Today London possesses 97 motor appliances and two motor fire floats.

CHAPTER IX. The Ghost at the Feast. The next day he appeared bright and early with his copy of the Studio. "There," he said, holding it before her eyes. She took it from his hand and stared long and earnestly at the reproduction.

When he turned again to Hetty, the magazine had disappeared. He never saw it afterward, and, what is more to the point, he never asked her to produce it.

He thought hard over the situation. The obvious solution came to him: She had been at one time reduced to the necessity of posing, a circumstance evidently known to but few and least of all to Sara Wrاندall, from whom the girl plainly meant to keep the truth.

He made suggestions. She fell into the position so easily, so naturally, so effectively, that he put aside all previous doubts and blurted out: "You have posed before, Miss Castleton."

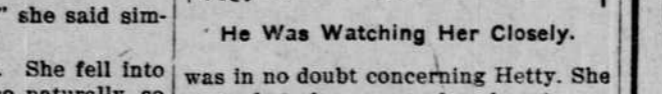
He was watching her closely. He had no doubt concerning Hetty. She was what she appeared to be: A gentleman.

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The Girl Stopped in Her Tracks.



He Was Watching Her Closely.

THE END CONTINUED.