

The Hollow of Her Hand by George Barr McCutcheon

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Hadn't Tested Him. "Is he a friend of yours?" "I don't know. I've never tried to borrow money from him or asked him to get a relative a job."—Detroit Free Press.

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Each a Law Unto Himself. Men are like trees; each one must put forth the leaf that is created in him.



SYNOPSIS.

Chellis Wrاندall is found murdered in a small house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is accused of the crime and identified the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared is suspected.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"You do know it, don't you?" he went on. "I—God knows I don't want you to love me. I never meant that you should."

"I suppose it's hopeless," he said dully, as her voice trailed off in a whisper. "Yes, it is utterly hopeless," she said, and she was white to the lips.

"Then—then—" he stammered, the blood surging back into his heart—"there may be a chance—" "No, no!" she cried, almost vehemently. "I can't let you go on hoping. It is wrong—so terribly wrong. You must forget me. You must—"

"But I know it now. You do love me. I could shout it to—" The miserable, whipped expression in her eyes checked this outburst. He was struck by it, even dismayed. "My dearest one, my love," he said, with infinite tenderness, "what is it? Tell me!"

"She Doesn't Seem Especially Overjoyed to See Me." "No one else. But you are not to question her. I demand it of you."

"Just this once, just this once," she murmured with a sob in her voice.

ask me to tell you, for I cannot. I am so happy in knowing that you love me, and that you still love me after I have told you how mean and shameless I was in deceiving—"

"Listen, dearest," he said, after a long silence; "I understand this much, at least: you can't talk about it now. Whatever it is, it hurts, and God knows I don't want to make it worse for you in this hour when I am so selfishly happy. Time will show us the way. It can't be insurmountable. Love always triumphs. I only ask you to repeat those three little words, and I will be content. Say them."

"I love you," she murmured. "There! You are mine! Three little words bind you to me forever. I will wait until the barrier is down. Then I will take you."

"I don't believe there is anything you can tell me that will alter my feelings toward you," he said firmly. "The barrier may be insurmountable, but my love is everlasting."

"I must say she doesn't seem especially overjoyed to see me," he growled. "She's as cool as ice."

"By gad, I'll have another try at it—tonight. I say, has she said—anything?" "She pities you," she said, a malicious joy in her soul. "That's akin to something else, you know."

"I don't see how we can prevent it." "By gad, I'll have another try at it—tonight. I say, has she said—anything?" "She pities you," she said, a malicious joy in her soul.

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"I say, Sara," broke in Leslie, "you could go up to Bar Harbor with the Williamsons at that time. Tell her about the invitation, Vivie."

"It isn't necessary," said Sara coldly. "I scarcely know the Williamsons. She hesitated an instant and then went on with sardonic dismay: 'They're in trade, you know.'"

"What do you mean?" protested he. "Awfully jolly people—really ripping. Ain't they, Viv?" "I don't know them well enough to say," said Vivian, turning away. "I only know we're all snobs of the worst sort."

"Just a minute, Viv," he called out. "What does Miss Castleton say about coming?" It was an eager question. Much depended on the reply.

"I haven't asked her," said his sister succinctly. "How could I, without first consulting Sara?" "Then you don't intend to ask her?" "Certainly not."

"After the Wrاندalls had departed, Sara took Hetty off to her room. The girl knew what was coming. 'Hetty,' said the older woman, facing her after she had closed the door of her boudoir, 'what is going on between you and Brandon Booth? I must have the truth. Are you doing anything foolish?'"

"Foolish? Heaven help me, no! It is a tragedy," cried Hetty, meeting her gaze with one of utter despair. "What has happened? Tell me!" "What am I to do, Sara darling? He—he has told me that he—'Loves you?'"

"And you have told him that his love is returned?" "I couldn't help it. I was carried away. I did not mean to let him see that—"

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CHAPTER XII.

Sara Wrاندall Finds the Truth. Sara had kept the three Wrاندalls over for luncheon. "My dear," said Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall, as she stood before Hetty's portrait at the end of the long living-room. "I must say that Brandon has succeeded in catching that lovely little something that makes her so—what shall I say?—so mysterious? Is that what I want? The word is as elusive as the expression."

"Subtle is the word you want, mother," said Vivian, standing beside Leslie, tall, slim and aristocratic, her hands behind her back, her manner one of absolute indifference. Vivian was more than handsome; she was striking.

"There isn't anything subtle about Hetty," said Sara, with a laugh. "She's quite ingenuous." Leslie was pulling at his mustache, and frowning slightly. The sunburn on his nose and forehead had begun to peel off in chappy little flakes.

FELT SHE HAD BEEN FAMILIAR

Horrible Discovery by Mrs. Flint Had Considerably Disturbed Her Composure.

Ellen Terry, the famous English actress, tells this story: "Mrs. Flint came home from a call one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident that tears were not far in the background. Her husband gazed at her inquiringly for a moment, but she made haste to explain before he could advance any questions."

"Well, I just learned today that 'Major' isn't his little at all. 'Major' is his first name." "Why, sure it is. I've always known that. What is there so mortifying about it?" "Nothing," Mrs. Flint answered, with a groan, "only that I've been calling him 'Major' every time I've met him for the last six years!"

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