



# The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon



## Libby's Soups

Soup making is an art. Why trouble with soup recipes when the best chefs in the country are at your service? A few cans of Libby's Soup on your pantry shelf assures you of the correct flavor, ready in a few minutes. There are Tomato, Vegetable, Chicken, Oxtail, Consomme, Mock Turtle and other kinds.



## University of Notre Dame

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Thorough Education. Moral Training. Twenty-one courses leading to degrees in Classics, Modern Letters, Journalism, Political Economy, Commerce, Chemistry, Biology, Pharmacy, Engineering, Architecture, Law.

## PATENTS

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## PAINTS WOE ON HIS BARN

Town Meeting and Court Failing Riverhead Man, He Appeals in Big Letters.  
A sign on the barn of John J. Pigot of Riverhead, L. I., contains the following in large white letters on a black background:  
"A thief is in possession of farms and lands hereabouts. Law, court and perjurers are friends of the thief."  
Pigot, who is apparently an educated man, past middle age and reputed to be wealthy, came here from Brooklyn two years ago. He bought a farm on Mill Pond, the water rights of which are controlled by the Riverhead Electric Light company.

## Making It Hot.

Bill—I see portable crematoriums have been suggested to follow the army in warfare.  
Jill—Looks as if they were trying to make war look like what General Sherman said it was.

## A Frog in His Throat.

"Why didn't you study your French lesson last night?"  
"Please, teacher, my throat was so sore I could scarcely speak English."  
—Judge.

## Defined.

"What is 'innate wisdom?'"  
"It's knowing all the little meannesses of your neighbor before the towz gossip or a real estate deal puts you wise."  
—Judge.

## Not a Gynnasium Teacher.

Husband—Come along! Keeping me here standing like a fool!  
Wife—Do be reasonable, dear. Can I really help the way you stand?  
The reason some folks do not get their prayers answered is because they ask for more than the Lord has in stock.

## GOOD CHANGE.

Coffee to Postum.  
The large army of persons who have found relief from many chronic ailments by changing from coffee to Postum as a daily beverage, is growing each day.

## COFFEE TO POSTUM.

It is only a simple question of trying it for oneself in order to know the joy of returning health as realized by an illis, young lady. She writes:  
"I had been a coffee drinker nearly all my life and it affected my stomach—caused insomnia and I was seldom without a headache. I had heard about Postum and how beneficial it was, so concluded to quit coffee and try it."  
"I was delighted with the change. I can now sleep well and seldom ever have headache. My stomach has gotten strong and I can eat without suffering afterwards. I think my whole system greatly benefited by Postum."  
"My brother also suffered from stomach trouble while he drank coffee, but now, since using Postum, he feels so much better he would not go back to coffee for anything."  
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.  
Postum comes in two forms:  
Regular Postum—must be well boiled—15c and 25c packages.  
Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly—30c and 50c tins.  
The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.  
"There's a Reason" for Postum.  
—sold by Grocers.

### SYNOPSIS.

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. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in riding her to the man who proved to be the woman who killed Wrاندall, she tells her the story of the tragedy. She forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from all on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Wrاندall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year. Hetty becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation with Hetty a possibility for the wrong she suffered from the channel behind them.

and oh, I shall always believe in fairies."  
A long time afterward the throbbing ceased, bell-buys whistled and clanged about them; the sea suddenly grew calm and lifeless; they slid over it as if it were a quivering sheet of ice; and lights sneaked out of the fog and approached with stealthy swiftness. Bells rang below and above them, sailors sprang up from everywhere and calls were heard below; the rattling of chains and the thumping of heavy luggage took the place of that steady, monotonous beat of the engines. People began to feast the deck, limp and groaning, harassed but voiceless. A mighty sigh seemed to envelop the whole ship—a sigh of relief.  
Then it was that these two arose stiffly from their sheltered bench and gave heed to the things that were about them.  
The channel was behind them.

### CHAPTER XV.

Rattling Old Bones.  
They journeyed to Paris by the night mail. He was waiting for her on the platform when she descended from the wagon lit in the Gare du Nord. Sleepy passengers crowded with them into the customs department. She, alone among them all, was smiling brightly, as if the world could be sweet at an hour when, by all odds, it should be sleepiest.

"I was up and on the lookout for you at Amiens," he declared, as they walked off together. "You might have got off there, you know," with a wry grin.  
"I shall not run away from you again, Brandon," she said earnestly. "I promise, on my honor."  
"By Jove," he cried, "that's a relief!" Then he broke into a happy laugh.

"I shall go to the Ritz," she said, after her effects had been examined and were ready for release.  
"I thought so," he announced calmly. "I wired for rooms before I left London."  
"Really, this is ridiculous."  
"Don't frown like that, Hetty," he pleaded.

As they rattled and bounced over the cobbles in a taxi-meter on the way to the Place Vendome, he devoted the whole of his conversation to the delicious breakfast they were to have, expatiating glibly on the wonderful berries that would come first in that always-to-be-remembered meal. She was ravenously hungry by the time they reached the hotel, just from listening to his dissertation on chops and rolls and coffee as they are served in Paris, to say nothing of waffles and honey and the marmalade that no Englishman can do without.

Alone in his room, however, he was quite another person. His calm assurance took flight the instant he closed the door and moodily began to prepare for his bath. Resolution was undiminished, but the facts in the case were most desolating. Whatever it was that stood between them, there was no gaining its power to influence their lives. It was no trifling thing that caused her to take this no-truce flight, and the sooner he came to realize the seriousness of opposition the better.

He made up his mind on one point in that half-hour before breakfast; if she asked him again to let her go her way in peace, it was only fair to her and right that he should submit to the inevitable. She loved him, he was sure of it. Then there must be a very good reason for her perplexing attitude toward him. He would make one more attempt to have the truth from her. Failing in that, he would accept the situation as hopeless, for the time being at least. She should know that he loved her deeply enough for that.

She joined him in the little open-air cafe, and they sat down at a table in a remote corner. There were few people breakfasting. In her tender blue eyes there was a look of sadness that haunted him, even as she smiled and called him beloved.

"Hetty, darling," he said, leaning forward and laying his hand on hers, "can't you tell me what it is?"  
"She was prepared for the question. In her heart she knew the time had come when she must be fair with him. He observed the pallor that stole into her warm, smooth cheeks as she regarded him fixedly for a long time before replying.

"There is only one person in the world who can tell you, Brandon. It is for her to decide. I mean Sara Wrاندall."  
He felt a queer, sickening sensation of uneasiness sneak into existence. In the back of his mind, a hateful fear began to shape itself. For a long time he looked into the face that was hateful to him, and he looked the fear that was hateful to him on something of a defendant's shape.

"Did you know her husband?" he asked, and somehow he knew what the answer would be.  
"Yes," she replied, after a moment. She was startled. Her lips remained parted.  
He watched her closely. "Has this secret anything to do with Challis Wrاندall?"  
"It has," said she, meeting his gaze steadily.

His hands clutched the edge of the table in a grip that turned the knuckles white.  
"Hetty!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper. "You—can't mean that you—"  
"You must go to Sara," she cried hurriedly. "Haven't I told you that she is the one—"  
"Were you in love with that infernal scoundrel?" he demanded fiercely.  
"Sara knows everything. She will tell you—"  
"Were you carrying on an affair with him while professing to be the friend of his wife? Well, me! That did she find you out and—"  
"Oh, Brandon, why will you persist!" she cried, her eyes aflame. "I can tell you no more. Why do you glare at me as if I were the meanest thing on earth? Is this love? Is this your idea of greatness? Isn't it enough for you to know that Sara is my loyal, devoted friend; that she—"  
"Wait!" he commanded darkly. "Is it possible that she did not discover your secret until the day you left her house so abruptly? Does that explain your sudden departure?"  
"I can answer that," she said quietly. "She has known everything from the day I met her. I have not said anything, Brandon, to lead you to believe that I was in love with Challis Wrاندall, have I?"  
His eyes softened. "No, you haven't. I—I hope you will forget what I said. You see, I knew Wrاندall's reputation. He had no sense of honor. He—"  
"Well, I have!" she said levelly.  
He flushed. "I am a beast! I'll put it in this way, then: Was he in love with you?"  
"You are still unfair. I shall not answer."  
He was silent for a long time. "And Sara's lips are sealed," he mused, still possessed of doubts and fears.  
"Until she elects to tell the story, dearest love, my lips are also sealed. I love you better than anything else in all this world. I could willingly offer up my life for you, but—well, my life does not belong to me. It is Sara's."  
"For heaven's sake, Hetty, what is all this?" he cried in desperation.  
"I can say no more. It is useless to insist, Brandon. If you can wrest the story from her, all well and good. You will hate me then, dear love. But it cannot be helped. I am prepared."  
"Tell me this much: When you refused to marry Leslie, was your course inspired by what had happened in—in connection with Challis Wrاندall?"  
"You forget that it is you that I love," she responded simply.  
"But why should Sara urge you to marry Leslie if there is anything—"  
"Hush! There is the waiter. Come to my sitting-room after breakfast. I have something to say to you. We must come to a definite understanding. This cannot go on."  
He was with her for an hour in that pinched little sitting-room, and left her there without a vestige of rancor in his soul. She would not give an inch in the stand she had taken, but something immeasurably great in his make-up rose to the occasion and he went forth with the conviction that he had no right to demand more of her than she was ready to give. He was satisfied to abide by her decision. The spell of her over him more completely than ever before.

Two days later he saw her off at the Gare du Lyons, bound for Interlaken. There was a complete understanding between them. She wanted to be quite alone in the Alpine town; he was not to follow her there. She had reserved rooms at the Schweizerhof, and the windows of her sitting-room looked straight up the valley to the snow-covered crest of the Jungfrau. She remembered these rooms as a young girl she had occupied them with her father and mother. By some hook or crook, Booth arranged by wire for her to have them again, not an easy matter at that season of the year. Later she was to go to Lucerne, and then to Venice.

The slightest shred of hope was left in Booth. Even though he might accomplish the task he had set unto himself—the conquest of Sara in respect to the untold story—he still had Hetty's dismal prophecy that after he learned the truth he would come to see why they could not be married. But he would not despair.

"We'll see," was all that he said in response to her fervent cry that they were parting for ever. That was a world and its people, as she might have done in another way by pursuing the time-honored and rather cowardly plan of entering a convent, she was soon to discover that success in the undertaking brought a deeper sense of exile than she could have imagined herself able to endure at the outset. She found herself more utterly alone and friendless than at any time in her life. The chance companions she formed at Interlaken—despite a well-meant reserve—served only to increase her feeling of loneliness and despair. The very natural attentions of men, young and old, depressed her, instead of encouraging that essentially feminine thing called vanity. She lived as one without an aim, without a single purpose except to close one day that she might begin the next.

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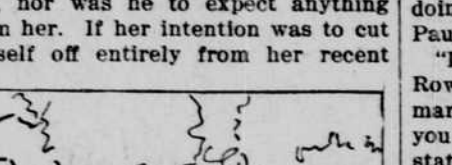
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grimmness in the way he said it that gave her something to cherish during the months to come; the hope that he would come back and take her in spite of herself.  
He sailed from Cherbourg on the first steamship calling there. Awake, he thought of her; asleep, he dreamed of Challis Wrاندall. There was something uncanny in the persistence with which that ruthless spoiler of peace forced his way into his dreams, to the absolute exclusion of all else. The voyage home was made horrid by these nightly reminders of a man he scarcely knew, yet dreaded. He became more or less obsessed by the idea that an evil spell had descended upon him in the shape of a ghostly influence.  
The weeks passed slowly for Hetty. There were no letters from Sara, but an occasional line or so from Mr. Carroll. She had made Brandon Booth promise that he would not write to her, nor was he to expect anything from her. If her intention was to cut herself off entirely from her recent



"Hetty!" He Cried, in a Hoarse Whisper.

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One day a card was brought to her rooms. For the next two weeks she had a true and unavoidable friend in Lucerne. It would appear that Mrs. Rowe-Martin had not been apprised of the rift in the Wrاندall lute. She had no reason to consider the exclusive Miss Castleton as anything but the most desirable of companions. Mrs. Rowe-Martin was not long in finding

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out (though how she did it, heaven knows), that Lord Murgatroyd's grandniece was no longer the intimate of that impossible person, Sara Gooch. She couldn't think of Sara without thinking of Gooch.  
But at last Mrs. Rowe-Martin departed, much to Hetty's secret relief, but not before she had increased the girl's burthens by introducing her into a cold-nosed cosmopolitan set from which there were but three ways of escape. She refused to marry one of them, denied another the privilege of making love to her, and declined to play auction bridge with all of them. They were not long in dropping her, although it must be said there was real regret among the men.  
From Mrs. Rowe-Martin and others she heard that Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall and Vivian were to be in Scotland in October, for somebody-or-other's christening, and that Leslie had been doing some really wonderful flying at Pau.  
"I am so glad, my dear," said Mrs. Rowe-Martin, "that you refused to marry Leslie. He is a cad. Besides, you would have been in a perpetual state of nerves over his flying."  
Of Sara, there was no news, as might have been expected. Mrs. Rowe-Martin made it very clear that Sara was a respectable person—but heavens!  
The dull days of autumn came and the crowd began to dwindle. Hetty made preparations to join in the exodus. As the days grew short and bleak, she found herself thinking more and more of the happy-hearted, symbolic dicky-bird on a faraway window ledge. His life was neither a travesty nor a tragedy; hers was both of these.  
Something told her too that Brandon Booth had wormed the truth out of Sara, and that she would never see him again. It hurt her to think that while Sara believed in her, the man who loved her did not. It is a way men have.

### CHAPTER XVI.

Vivian Aims Her Opinions.  
Chief among Booth's virtues was his undeviating loyalty to a set purpose. He went back to America with the firm intention to clear up the mystery surrounding Hetty Castleton, no matter how irksome the delay in achieving his aim or how vigorous the methods he would have to employ. Sara Wrاندall, to all purposes, held the key; his object in life now was to induce her to turn it in the lock and throw open the door so that he might enter in and become a sharer in the secrets beyond.</