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SYNOPSIS.

dall in summoned from the city and identifies the beds. A round groman who recompanied wrandal to the inn and subsequently deappeared is suspected. Mrs Wrandall statis back for New York is as auto faring a blinding sow storm. On the way sile meets a young woman in the road with protos to be the woman who shield Wrandall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding for of the man who though sile tovol him deeply, had caused her great service. Mrs. Wrandall dearnings to shield him end token her great service in the service in the service of the num who though sile tovol him deeply, had caused her great service. Mrs. Wrandall dearn the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrandall. This said the story of the trazedy sile forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers that a home, friendship and security Isom point on account of the tragedy. Sera Wrandall and Helty return to New York after an above of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrandall, brother of Challis, bucomes greatly inherested in Helty Sara sees in Leslies infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrandall sand reparation for the wrongs she suffered the hands of Challis Wrandall by marrying his marderess into the family Leebs, is company with his friend Brandon Heath, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslic confesses to Sara their country place. Leslic confesses to Sara their country place. Leslic confesses to Sara their country place is refused by Hetty. Booth and Helty confess with Booth to paint a picture of Helty declares it must be a picture of Helty declares the story of the tragedy and sara their country as there is an insurmountable barrier in the way. Helty admits to Sara their way, helty admits to Sara their way as there is an insurmountable barrier in the way. Helty admits to Sara their way as there is an insurmountable barrier in the way. Helty admits to Sara their the latter declares that she cove of the tragedy and Sara threatens to strangle her if she says a word.

CHAPTER XII .- Continued.

"Not now. Not since I have found you out. The thing I have feared all along has come to pass. I am relieved, now that you show me just where I truly stand. But, I asked: what of you?

"The world is more likely to applaud than to curse me, Hetty. It likes a new sensation. My change of heart will appear quite natural."

"Are you sure that the world will applaud your real design? You hate the Wrandalls. Will they be charitable toward you when the truth is given out? Will Leslie applaud you? Listen, please: I am trying to save you from yourself, Sara. You will fail in everything you have hoped for. You will be more accursed than I. The world will pity me, it may even forgive me. It will listen to my story, which is more than you will do, and it will believe me. Ah, I am not afraid now. At first I was in terror. I had no hope to escape. All that is past. Today I am ready to take my chances with the big, generous world. Mef will try me, and men are not made of stone and steel. They punish but they do not avenge when they sit in jury boxes. They are not women! Good God, Sara. Is there a man living today who could have planned this thing you have cher-Ished all these months? Not one! And all men will curse you for it, even though they send me to prison or to the-chair. But they will not condemn me. They will hear my story and they will set me free. And then, what of you?"

Sara stood perfectly rigid, regarding this earnest reasoner with growing wonder.

"My dear," she said, "you would bet ter be thinking of yourself, not of me.

"Why, when I tell my story, the world will hate you, Sara Wrandall. You have helped me, you have been good to me, no matter what sinister motive you may have had in doing so: It is my turn to help you.' "To help me!" cried Sara, aston-

ished in spite of herself. "Yes. To save you from execra-

tion-and even worse."

"There is no moral wrong in marriage with Leslie Wrandall," said Sara, returning to her own project.

"No moral wrong!" cried Hetty, aghast. "No, I suppose not," she went on, a moment later. "It is something much deeper, much blacker than moral wrong. There is no word for it. And if I marry him, what then? Wherein Hes your triumph? You can't mean that-God in heaven! You would not go to them with the truth when it was

too late for him to-to cast me off!" "I am no such fool as that. The secret would be forever safe to that event. My triumph, as you call it we will not discuss.'

"How you must hate me, to be will me:

"I do not have you, Hetty,"

"In heaven's name, what do you call

"Justification. Listen to me now. I am saying this for your good sense to seize and appreciate. Would it be right in me to allow you to marry any other man, knowing all that I know? There is but one man you can in justice marry; the one who can repair the wreck that his own blood created. Not Brandon Booth, nor any man save Les- me up to the law, but-He Wrandall, He is the man who must

"I do not intend to marry," said

Hetty. "But Leslie will marry some one and I intend that it shall be you. He shall marry the ex-chorus girl, the artist's model, the-the prostitute: Wait! Don't fly at me like that! Don't assume that look of virtuous horror! Let me say what I have to way. This much of your story shall

they know, and no more. They will be | until the footman's steps died away | guile, without a single treacherous proud of you!"

Hetty's over were blazing. "You use that name-you call me that-and yet you have kissed me, caressed meloved mel" she cried hoarse with pas-

"He will ask you tonight for the second time. You will accept him. That is all.

You must take back what you have just said to me-of me-Sara Wrandall. You must unsay it! You must beg my pardon for that!"

"I draw no line between mistress and prostitute."

"But I-"Enough!"

let me-

"I have an excellent memory, and it serves me well."

Heity suddenly threw herself upon arms. Great sobs shock her stender frame.

Sara stood over her and watched for lists of love, a long time with pitiless eyes. Then a queer, un asy, wondering light began to develop in those dark, ominous eyes. She leaned forward the better to listen to the choked, inarticulate | model? The look he had had into the words that were pouring from the girl's lips. At last, moved by some power she could not have accounted for, she knelt beside the quivering body, and laid her hand, almost timorously, upon the girl's shoulder.

"Hetty-Hetty, if I have wronged you in-in thinking that of you-I-I-" she began brokenly. Then she lift- tree tops. ed her eyes, and the harsh light tried to stral back into them. "No, no! What am I saying? What a fool I am to give way-

"You have wronged me-terribly, terribiy!" came in smothered tones from the cushions. "I did not dream you thought that of me.'

What was I to think?"

Hetty lifted her head and cried out: You would not let me speak! You refused to hear my story. You have been thinking this of me all along. holding it against me, damning me with it, and I have been closer to you than- My God, what manner of woman are you?"

Sara seized her hands and held them in a fierce, tense grip. Her eyes were glowing with a strange fire.

"Tell me-tell me now, on your soul, Hetty were you-were you-

"No! No! On my soul, no!"

"Look into my eyes!" The girl's eyes did not falter. She met the dark, penetrating gaze of the her blue eyes were steadfast and resolute. Sara seemed to be searching the very soul of her, the soul that laid itself bare, denuded of every vestige of guile.

"I-I think I believe you," came slowly from the lips of the searcher. You are looking the truth. I can see it Hetty, I-I don't understand myself. Is is so-so overwhelming, so tremendous. It is so incredible. Am I really believing you? Is it possible

that I have been wrong in-"Let me tell you everything," cried the girl, suddenly throwing her arms

'Not now! Wait! Give me time to think. Go away now. I want to be



"Tell Me-Tell Me. New-on Your Soul, Hetty-'

ing to do such an infamous thing to atone." She arese and pushed the girl toward the door. Her eyes were fixed Les," he said drily, "I mean to say, on her in a wondering, puzzied sort on some one-well, some one not of way, and she was shaking her head quite up to the mark." as if trying to discredit the new emotion that had come to displace the one created ages ago;

Slowly limity Castleton retreated head?" foward the door. With her hand on the knob, she paused.

"After what has happened, Sara, you | the Maine woods." must not expect me to etay with you

Some one was tapping gently at the "Shall I see who it la?" asked the girl, after a long puriod of slience.

It was Murray. "Mr Leslie has returned, Miss Castiston, and asks if a bit dashed, "You might wish me he may see you at once. He says it luck, though.

is very important. "Tell him I will be down in a few

minutes, Murray."

on the stairs.

"I shall say no to him, Sara, and I shall say to him that you will tell him said slowly. "You see I'm-I'm in why I cannot be his wife. Do you understand? Are you listening to me?" Sara turned away without a word or look of response.

Hetty quietly opened the door and went out.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Second Encounter.

Booth trudged rapidly homeward after leaving Hetty at the lodge. He was throbbing all over with the love of her. The thrill of conquest was in "You wrong me vilely! You must his blood. She had raised a mysterious barrier; all the more zest to the inevitable victory that would be his He would delight in overcoming obstacles-the bigger the better-for his the couch and buried her face in her beart was valiant and the prize no smaller than those which the ancient knights went out to battle for in the

It was enough for the present to know that she loved him. What if she were Hetty Glynn? What if she had been an artist's

soul of her through those pure blue eyes was all-convincing. She was worthy of the noblest love.

After luncheon-served with some exasperation by Patrick an hour and a half later than usual-he smoked his pipe on the porch and stared reminiscently at the shifting clouds above the

He did not see the Wrandall motor at his garden gate until a lusty voice brought him down from the clouds into the range of earthly sounds. Then he dashed out to the gate, bareheaded and coatless, forgetting that he had been sitting in the obscurity of trailing vines and purple blossoms the while he thought of her.

Leslie was sitting on the wide seat between his mother and sister.

"Glad to see you back, old man," said Booth, reaching in to shake hands with him. "Day early, aren't you? Good afternoon, Mrs. Wrandall. Won't you come in?"

He looked at Vivian as he gave the invitation.

"No, thanks," she replied. "Won't you come to dinner this evening?" He hesitated. "I'm not quite sure

whether I can, Vivian. I've got a halfway sort of-"Oh, do, old chap," cut in Leslie,

more as a command than an entreaty, stone wall?" "Sorry I can't be there myself but other and, though dimmed by tears, you'll fare quite as well without me. I'm dining at Sara's. Wants my private ear about one thing and anothersee what I mean?"

"We shall expect you, Brandon," said Mrs. Wrandall, flxing him with her lorgnette.

"I'll come, thank you," said he. He felt disgustingly transparent under that inquisitive glass.

Wrandall stepped out of the car. 'I'll stop off for a chat with Brandy, mother."

'Shall I send the car back, dear?" "Never mind. I'll walk down."

The two men turned in at the gate as the car sped away. "Well," said Booth, "it's good to see

you. Pat!" He called through a base ment window. "Come up and take the gentleman's order." "No drink for me, Brandy. I've been in the temperance state of Maine for

two weeks. One week more of it and I'd have been completely pickled. I shall always remember Maine." Booth sat down on the porch rail. hooked his toes in the supports and

proceeded to fill his pipe. Then he struck a match and applied it, Leslie watching him with moody eyes, "How do you like the portrait, old

man?" he inquired between punctuating puffs. "It's bully. Sargent never did any-

thing finer. Ripping."

"I owe it all to you, Les." To me?

You induced her to sit to me."

"So I did," said Leslie sourly. "I was Mr. Fix it sure enough." He allowed a short interval to elapse before taking the plunge. "I suppose, old chap, if I should happen to need cour valuable services as best man in the near future you'd not disappoint me?"

Hooth eyed him quinzically. "I trust you're not throwing yourself away,

Leslie regarded him with some coverity. "Of course not, old chap, What the devil put that into your

"I thought that possibly you'd been making a chump of yourself up in

"Piffle! Don't be an ass. What's any longer. I cannot. You may give the sense pretending you don't know who she is?" "I suppose it's Hetty Castleton,"

said Booth, puffing away at his pipe. "Who else? "Think she'll have you, old man?" asked Booth, after a moment,

"I don't know," replied the other, Booth knocked the burnt tobacco from the bowl of his pipe. A serious

instinct.

love with her myself." "The devil!" Leslie sat bolt up you rather go out to the terrace?" right and glared at him. "I might

love with you?" "My dear fellow, you reveal considerable lack of tact in asking that question."

"What I want to know is this," exclaimed Wrandall, very pale but very hot: "is she going to marry you?"

Booth smiled. "I'll be perfectly rank with you. She says she won't. Leslie gulped. "So you've asked

"Obviously," "And she said she wouldn't? She efused you? Turned you down?" His ittle mustache shot up at the ends and a joyous, triumphant laugh broke from his lips. "Oh, this is rich! Ha. ha! Turned you down, eh? Poor old Brandy! You're my best friend, and dammit I'm sorry. I mean to say," e went on in some embarrassment, I'm sorry for you. Of course, you can hardly expect me to-er-

"Certainly not," accepted Booth amiably. "I quite understand."

"Then, since she's refused you, you might wish me better luck." "That would mean giving up hope."

"Hope?" exclaimed Leslie quickly. You don't mean to say you'll annoy ier with your-'

"No, I shall not annoy her," replied is friend, shaking his head. "Well, I should hope not," said Leslie with a scowl. "Turned you down, eh? 'Pon my soul!" He appeared to be relishing the idea of it.

Sorry, old chap, but I suppose you inderstand just what that means." Booth's lips hardened for an instant, then relaxed into a queer, al-

most pltying smile. "And you want me to be your best man?" he said reflectively. Leslie arose. His chest seemed to swell a little; assuredly he was breathing much easier. He assumed an

air of compassion. "I shan't insist, old fellow, if you feel you'd rather not-er- See what I mean?" It then occurred to him to utter a word or two of kindly advice. "I shouldn't go on moping if I were you, Brandy. 'Pon my soul, I shouldn't. Take it like a man. I know it hurts,

vating the pain by butting against a His companion looked out over tree tops, his hands in his trousers pockets, and it must be confessed that his manner was not that of one

but- Pooh! What's the use aggra-

who is oppressed by despair. "I think I'm taking it like a man, Les," he said. "I only hope you'll swer?" take it as nicely if she says nay to

you." An uneasy look leaped into Leslie's face. He seemed noticeably less corpulent about the chest. He wondered if Booth knew anything about his initial venture. A question rose to his lips, but he thought quickly and his watch.

"I must be off. See you tomorrow, I hope.

skipped down to the gate with a nimbleness that suggested the formation of a sudden resolve.

Leslie did not waste time in part ing inanities he strode off briskly in the direction of home, but not without a furtive glance out of the tail of his eye as he disappeared beyond the hedgerow at the end of Booth's garden. That gentleman was standing where he had left him, and was filling his pipe once more.

The day was warm, and Leslie was in a dripping perspiration when he reached home. He did not enter the house but made his way direct to the garage.

"Get out the car at once, Brown,

was his order. Three minutes later he was being driven over the lower road toward Southlook, taking good care to avoid Booth's place by the matter of a mile or more. He was in a fever of hope and eagerness. It was very plain to him why she had refused Booth. The iron was bot. He didn't intend to lose any time in striking.

And now we know why he came ngain to Sara's in the middle of a Leslie Sat Bolt Upright and Glared at blazing afternoon, instead of waiting until the more seductive shades of night had fallen, when the moon sat serene in the seat of the Mighty.

He didn't have to wait long for Hetty. Up to the instant of her appearance in the door, he had reveled in the thought that the way was now paved with roses. But with her entrance, he felt his confidence and time. courage slipping. Perhaps that may explain the abruptness with which he proceeded to go about the business in hand.

"I couldn't wait till tonight," he ex- smile on her lips. plained as she came slowly across fact that he was standing perfectly still. Then he started forward, somehow impelled to meet her at least line appeared between his eyes. He half-way. "You'll forgive me, Hetty, After the door closed, she waited was a fair-minded fellow, without if I have disturbed you."

"I was not lying down, Mr. Wrandall," she said quietly. There was Sara. I prefer to go. "I can't wish you luck, Les," he nothing ominous in the words, but he experienced a sudden sensation of cold. "Won't you sit down? Or would

"It's much more comfortable here, have known! And-and is she in if you don't mind. I-I suppose you know what it is I want to say to you. You-

"Yes," she interrupted wearily; and knowing as much, Mr. Wrandall, it would not be fair of me to let you go on."

"Not fair?" he said, in honest amaze-

ment. "But, my dear, I-" "Please, Mr. Wrandall," she exclaimed, with a pleading little smile that would have touched the heart of anyone but Leslie. "Please don't go on. It is quite as impossible now as it was before. I have not changed." He could only say, mechanically:

You haven't?" "No. I am sorry if you have

thought that I might come to-" "Think, for heaver's sake, think what you are doing!" he cried, feeling for the edge of the table with a support-seeking hand. "I-I had Sara's

word that you were not-"Unfortunately Sara cannot speak for me in a matter of this kind. Thank

you for the honor you would-' "Honor be hanged!" he blurted out, losing his temper. "I love you! It's a purely selfish thing with me, and I'm blowed if I consider it an honor

to be refused by any woman. I-" "Mr. Wrandall!" she cried, fixing him with her flashing, indignant eyes. You are forgetting yourself." She was standing very straight and slim

and imperious before him. He quailed. "I-I beg your pardon.

"There is nothing more to be said," she went on icily. "Goodby." "Would you mind telling me whether there is anyone else?" he asked, as

he turned toward the door. "Do you really feel that you have the right to ask that question, Mr. Wrandall?" He wet his lips with his tongue.

"Then, there is some one!" he cried, rapping the table with his knuckles. He didn't realize till afterward how vigorously he rapped. "Some confounded English nobody, I suppose." is no English nobody, if that answers your question."

offer a reason for not giving me a excitement. fair chance in a clear field? I think Hetty looked on, fascinated.

it's due-" "Can't you see how you are distressing me? Must I again go through that horrid scene in the garden? Can't you take a plain no for an an-

"Good Lord!" he gasped, and in those two words he revealed the complete overturning of a lifelong estimate of himself. It seemed to take more than his breath away.

"Goodby," she said with finality. He stared at the door through which she disappeared, his hopes, his conheld it back. Instead, he glanced at ceit, his self-regard trailing after her with shameless disloyalty to the standards he had set for them, and then, with a rather ghastly smile of "So long," said Booth, stopping at self-commiseration on his lips, he the top of the steps while his visitor slipped out of the house, jumped into the motor car, and gave a brief but explicit command to the chauffeur, who lost no time in assisting his mas-



Him.

ter to turn tail in ignominious flight. lietty was gloomily but resolutely employed in laying out certain of her folded, he sat on his little trape... personal belongings, preparatory to packing them for departure, when Sara entered her room.

They regarded each other steadily, questioningly for a short space of

"Leslie has just called up to ask what the devil' I meant by letting him make a fool of himself," said Sara, with a peculiar little twisted

Hetty offered no comment, but after the room toward him. She was half- a moment gravely and rather wistfully way to him before he awoke to the called attention to her present occupation by a significant flaunt of her hand and a saddened smile.

"I see," said Sara, without emotion. "If you choose to go, Hetty, I shall tional debt commission, and in turn it not oppose you."

"My position here is a false one, "This morning I should have held

a sword over your head." "It is very difficult for me to realize

all that has happened." "You are free to depart. You are free in every sense of the word. Your future rests with yourself, my dear. "It hurts me more than I can tell to feel that you have been hating me

"It hurts me-now." Hetty walked to the window and coked out.

"What are your plans?" Sara inquired, after an interval. "I shall seek employment-and wait

for you to act." "I? You mean?"

all these months."

"I shall not run away, Bara. Nor do intend to reveal myself to the authorities. I am not morally guilty of crime. A year ago I feared the consequences of my deed, but I have learned much since then. I was a straffger in a new world. In England we have been led to believe that you lynch women here as readily as you lynch men. I now know better than that. From you alone I learned my greatest lesson. You revealed to me the true meaning of human kindness. You shielded me who should not Even now I believe that your first impulse was a tender one. I shall not forget it, Sara. You will live to regret the baser thought that came later on. I have loved you-yes, almost as a good dog loves his master It is not for me to tell the story of that night and all these months to the world. I would not be betraying myself, but you. You would be called upon to explain, not I. And you would be the one to suffer. When you met me on the road that night I was on my way back to the inn to give myself into custody. You have made it impossible for me to do so now. My lips are sealed. It rests with you,

Sara." Sara joined her in the broad window. There was a strangely exalted look in her face. A gilded birdcage hung suspended in the casement. Without a word, she threw open the window screen. The gay little canary in the gilded cage cocked his head and watched her with alert eyes. Then she reached up and gently removed She smiled, not unkindly. "There the cage from its fastenings. Putting it down upon the window sill, she opened the tiny door. The bird hopped "Then, will you be kind enough to about his prison in a state of great

At last a yellow streak shot out through the open door and an instant later resolved itself into the bobbing. fluttering dicky-bird that had lived in a cage all its life without an hour of freedom. For a few seconds it circled over the tree tops and then alighted on one of the branches. One might well have imagined that he could hear its tiny heart beating with terror. Its wings were half-raised and fluttering, its head jerking from side to side in wild perturbation. Taking courage, Master Dicky hopped timorously to a nearby twig, and then ventured a flight to a tree top nearer the window casement. Perched in its topmost branches he cheeped shrilly, as

if there was fear in his little breast. In silence the two women in the window watched the agitated movements of the bird. The same thought was in the mind of each, the same question, the same intense wish.

A brown thrush sped through the

air, close by the timid canary. Like

a flash it dropped to the twigs lower down, its wings palpitating in violent "Dicky!" called Sara Wrandall, and then cheeped between her teeth.

A moment later Dicky was fluttering about the caves; his circles grew smaller, his winging less rhythmical, till at last with a nervous little flutter he perched on the top of the window shutter, so near that they might have reached to him with their hands. He sat there with his head cocked to one

"Dicky!" called Sara again. This time she held out her finger. For some time he regarded it with indifference, not to say disfavor. Then he took one more flight, but much shorter than the first, bringing up again at the shuttertop. A second later he hopped down and his little talons gripped Sara's tinger with an earnestness that left no room for doubt.

She lowered her hand until it was even with the open door of the gilded cage. He shot inside with a whir that suggested a scramble. With his wings and cheeped. She closed and fastened the door, and then turned to Hetty.

"My symbol," she said softly. There were tears in Hetty's eyes, (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Forget to Collect Their Money. The British government every year reaps a huge profit from the people who forget their own government stock when dividends fall due. The fault rests entirely with the stockholders for they even forget to give their addresses, so that they can be notified that money awaits them in the government coffers. In this case, about \$5,000,000 is passed on to the na-

receives the interest from this money.