

The Hollow of Her Hand by George Barr McCutcheon

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SYNOPSIS

Chellis Wrاندall is found murdered in a... Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York... Hetty suddenly threw herself upon the couch...

"Enough!" "You wrong me vilely! You must let me..." "I have an excellent memory, and it serves me well..."

"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..."

"I'm blown if I consider it an honor to be refused by any woman. I—" "Mr. Wrاندall!" she cried, fixing him with her flashing, indignant eyes...

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

"It was in a city restaurant that a little short woman and her tall husband entered and sat at a table. "Will you have fried oysters?" asked the man...

Only a chance to rest your hands and back is worth five cents. BUT there's no chance about RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER. It wouldn't increase in sales every week unless it made house-work much easier.



RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder. RUB-NO-MORE Carbo Naphtha Soap. Five Cents—All Grocers.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued. "Not now. Not since I have found you out. The thing I have feared all along has come to pass..."

"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 half-way sort of..."

"Leslie sat bolt upright and glared at him. "Les," he said. "I only hope you'll take it as nicely if she says nay to you..."

"I must be off. See you tomorrow, I hope." "So long," said Booth, stopping at the top of the steps while his visitor skipped down to the gate...

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"Itched and Burned. Silverwood, Mich.—"My baby was about six months old when he first began to break out with little pimples on his head and face..."

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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...

"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—prostitute!"

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"PUBLIC DINNER A NUISANCE? New York Newspaper Says It Is, Both on Account of Poor Food and Poor Speakers." It has long been the agreeable habit of friendly organizations...

"Pie, the National Dish. Three years ago a pie-eating contest was held for the championship of New Jersey, relates the London Chronicle. In the United States pie is a national dish..."

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