

The Hollow of Her Hand

By
GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON
Author of "Graustark"
"Treason King," etc.

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

Copyright, 1912, by George Barr McCutcheon
Copyright, 1912, by Dodd, Mead & Company

CHAPTER XVIII.

Disturbing News.

He walked home swiftly through the early night, his brain seething with tumultuous thoughts. The revelations of the day were staggering; the whole universe seemed to have turned topsy-turvy since that devastating hour at Burton's inn. Somehow he was not able to confine his thoughts to Hetty Castleton alone. She seemed to sink into the background, despite the absorption he had been so ready, so eager to grant her on hearing the story from Sara's lips. Not that his resolve to search her out and claim her in spite of everything was likely to weaken, but that the absorbing figure of Sara Wrاندall stood out most clearly in his reflections.

What an amazing creature she was! He could not drive her out of his thoughts, even when he tried to concentrate them on the one person who was dearest to him of all in all the world, his warm-hearted, adorable Hetty. Strange contrasts suggested themselves to him as he strode along, head bent and shoulders hunched. He could not help contrasting the two women. He loved Hetty; he would always love her, of that he was positive. She was Sara's superior in every respect, infinitely so, he argued. And yet there was something in Sara that could crowd this adored one, this perfect one out of his thoughts for the time being. He found it difficult to concentrate his thoughts on Hetty Castleton.

How white and ill Sara had looked when she said good night to him at the door! The memory of her dark, mysterious eyes haunted him; he could see them in the night about him. They had been full of pain; there were torrents of tears behind them. They had glistened as if burned by the fires of fever.

Even as he wrote his long, triumphant letter to Hetty Castleton, the picture of Sara Wrاندall encroached upon his mental vision. He could not drive it out. He thought of her as she had appeared to him early in the spring; through all the varying stages of their growing intimacy; through the interesting days when he vainly tried to translate her matchless beauty by means of wretched pigments; up to this present hour in which she was revealed, and yet not revealed, to him. Her vivid face was always before him, between his eyes and the thin, white paper on which he scribbled so eagerly. Her feverish eyes were looking into his; she was reading "what he wrote before it appeared on the surface of the sheet!"

His letter to Hetty was a triumph of skill and diplomacy, achieved after many attempts. He found it hard not to say too much, and quite as difficult not to say too little. He spent hours over this all-important missive. At last it was finished. He read and re-read it, searching for the slightest flaw: a fatal word or suggestion that might create in her mind the slightest doubt as to his sincerity. She was sure to read this letter a great many times, and always with the view to finding something between the lines: such as pity, resignation, an enforced conception of loyalty, or even faith! He meant that she should find nothing there but love. It was full of tenderness, full of hope, full of promise. He was coming to her with a steadfast, enduring love in his heart, he wanted her now more than ever before.

There was no mention of Challis Wrاندall, and but once was Sara's name used. There was nothing in the letter that could have betrayed their joint secret to the most acute outsider, and yet she would understand that he had wrong everything from Sara's lips. Her secret was his. He decided that it would not be safe to anticipate the letter by a cablegram. It was not likely that any message he could send would have the desired effect. Instead of reassuring her, in all probability it would create fresh alarm.

Sleep did not come to him until after three o'clock. At two he got up and deliberately added a postscript to the letter he had written. It was in the nature of a poignant plea for Sara Wrاندall. Even as he penned these lines, he shuddered at the thought of what she had planned to do to Hetty Castleton. Staring hard at the black window before him, the pen still in his hand, he allowed his thoughts to dwell so intimately on the subject of his well-meant postscript that her ashen face, with its burning eyes seemed to take shape in the night beyond. It was a long time before he could get rid of the illusion. Afterwards he tried to conjure up Hetty's face and to drive out the likeness of the other woman, and found that he could not recall a single feature in the face of the girl he loved!

When he reached Southlook in the morning, he found that nearly all of

the doors and windows were boarded up. Wagons were standing in the stable yard, laden with trunks and crates. Servants without livery were scurrying about the halls. There was an air of finality about their movements.

"Yes, sir," said Watson, in reply to his question, "we are in a rush. Mrs. Wrاندall expects to close the house this evening, sir. We all go up this afternoon. I suppose you know, sir, we've taken a new apartment in town."

"No!" exclaimed Booth.
"Yes, sir, we've, sir. They've been decorating it for the past two weeks. Seems like she didn't care for the old one we had. As a matter of fact, I didn't care much for it, either. She's taken one of them expensive ones looking out over the park, sir. You know we used to look out over Madison avenue, sir, and God knows it wasn't himpin'!" Yes, sir, we go up this afternoon. Mrs. Wrاندall will be down in a second, thank you, sir."

Booth actually was startled by her appearance when she entered the room a few minutes later. She looked positively ill.

"My dear Sara," he cried anxiously, "this is too bad. You are making yourself ill. Come, come, this won't do."

"I shall be all right in a day or two," she said, with a weary little gesture. "I have been nervous. The strain was too great, Brandon. This is the reaction you might say."

"Your hand is hot, your eyes look feverish. You'd better see your doctor as soon as you get to town. An ounce of prevention, you know."

"Well," she said, with a searching look into his eyes, "have you written to her?"

"Yes. Posted it at seven o'clock this morning."

"I trust you did not go so far as to—well, to volunteer a word in my behalf. You were not to do that, you know."

He looked uncomfortable. "I'm afraid I did take your name in vain," he equivocated. "You are a wonderful woman, Sara," he went on, moved to the remark by a curious influence that he could not have explained any more than he could have accounted for the sudden gush of emotion that took possession of him.

She ignored the tribute. "You will persuade her to come to New York with you?"

"For your sake, Sara, if she won't come for mine."

"She knows the cage is open," was her way of dismissing the subject. "I am glad you came over. I have a letter from Leslie. It came this morning. You may be interested in what he has to say to Hetty—and of yourself." She smiled faintly. "He is determined that you shall not be without a friend while he is alive."

"Les isn't such a rotter, Sara. He's spoiled, but he is hardly to be blamed for that."

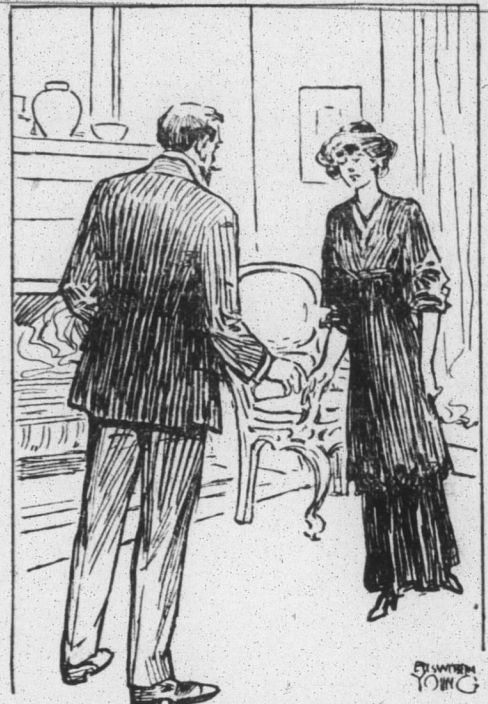
"I will read his letter to you," she said, and there was no little significance in the way she put it. She held the letter in her hand, but he had failed to notice it before. Now he saw that it was a crumpled ball of paper. He was obliged to wait for a minute or two while she restored it to a readable condition. "He was in London when this was written," she explained, turning to the window for light. She glanced swiftly over the first page until she found the place where she meant to begin. "I suppose Hetty Castleton has written that we met in Lucerne two weeks ago," she read. "Curious coincidence in connection with it, too. I was with her father, Col. Braid Castleton, when we came upon her most unexpectedly. I ran across him in Paris just before the aviation meet, and got to know him rather well. He's a fine chap, don't you think? I confess I was somewhat surprised to learn that he didn't know she'd left America. He explained it quite naturally, however. He'd been ill in the north of Ireland and must have missed her letters. Hetty was on the point of leaving for Italy. We didn't see much of her. But, by Jove, Sara, I am more completely gone on her than ever. She is adorable. Now that I've met her father, who had the beastly misfortune to miss old Murgatroyd's funeral, I can readily see where-in the saying 'blood will tell' applies to her. He is a prince. He came over to London with me the day after we left Hetty in Lucerne, and I had him in to meet mother and Vivian at Claridge's. They like him immensely. He set us straight on a good many points concerning the Glynn and Castleton families. Of course, I knew they were among the best over here, but I didn't know how fine they were until we prevailed on him to talk a little about himself. You will be glad to hear that he is coming over with us on the Mauretania. She sails the twenty-seventh. We'll be on the water by the time you get this letter. It had been our intention to sail last week, but the colonel had to go to Ireland for a few days to settle some beastly squabbles among the tenants. Next year he wants me to come over for the shooting. He isn't going back to India for two years, you may be interested to hear. Two years' leave. Lots of influence, believe me! We've been expecting him back in London since day before yesterday. I dare say he found matters worse than he suspected and has been delayed. He has been negotiating for the sale of some of his property in Belfast—factory sites, I believe. He is particularly anxious to close the deal before he leaves England. Had to lift a mortgage on the property, before he could think of making the sale. I staked him to four thousand pounds, to tide him over. Of course, he is eager to make the sale. 'Gad, I almost had to beg him to take the money. Terribly proud and haughty, as the butler

would say. He said he wouldn't sleep well until he has returned the filthy lucre. We are looking for him back any hour now. But if he shouldn't get here by Friday, we will sail without him. He said he would follow by the next boat, in case anything happened that he didn't catch the Mauretania."

Sara interrupted herself to offer an ironic observation: "If Hetty did not despise her father so heartily, I should advise you to look farther for a father-in-law, Brandon. The colonel is a bad lot. Estates in the north of Ireland! Poor Leslie!" She laughed softly.

"He'll not show up, eh?"

"Not a bit of it," she said. "He may be charged to profit and loss in Leslie's books. This part of the letter will interest you," she went on, as if all that had gone before was of no importance to him. "I hear interesting news concerning you, my dear girl. My heartiest congratulations if it is all true. Brandy is one in a million. I have hoped all along to have him as a full-fledged brother-in-law, if that's the way you'd put it. Father writes that every one is talking about it, and saying what a fine thing it is. He has a feeling of delicacy about approaching you in the matter, and I fancy it's just as well until everything



Booth Was Startled by Her Appearance.

is settled. I wish you'd let me make a suggestion, however. Wouldn't it be wise to let us all get together and talk over the business end of the game? Brandy's a fine chap, a corker, in fact, but the question is: has he got it in him to take Challis' place in the firm? You've got to consider the future as well as the present, my dear. We all do. With his artistic temperament he might play hob with your interests, and ours too, for that matter. Wouldn't it be wise for me to sound him a bit before we take him into the firm? Forgive me for suggesting this, but, as you know, your interests are mine, and I'm terribly keen about seeing you get the best of everything. By the way, wasn't he a bit gone on Hetty? Passing fancy, of course, and not deep enough to hurt anybody. Good old Brandy!"

"There is more, Brandon, but it's of no consequence," she said, tossing the letter upon the table. "You see how the land lays."

Booth was pale with annoyance. "By Jove, Sara, what an insufferable ass he is!"

"The shoe pinches?"

"Oh, it's such perfect rot! I'm sorry on your account. Have you ever heard of such gall?"

"Oh, he is merely acting as the family spokesman. I can see them now in solemn conclave. They think it their indisputable right to select a husband for me, to pass upon him, to accept or decline him as they see fit, to say whether he is a proper man to hang up his hat and coat in the offices of Wrاندall & Co."

"Do you mean to say—"

"Let's not talk about it, Brandon. It is too silly."

They fell to discussing her plans for the immediate future, although the minds of both were at work with something else.

"Now that I have served my purpose, I suppose you will not care to see so much of me," she said, as he prepared to take leave of her.

"Served your purpose? What do you mean?"

"I should have put it differently. You have been most assiduous in your efforts to force the secret from me. It has been accomplished. Now do you understand?"

"That isn't fair, Sara," he protested. "If you'll let me come to see you, in spite of what the gossips and Mr. Redmond Wrاندall predict, you may be sure I will be as much in evidence as ever. I suppose I have been a bit of a nuisance, hanging on as I have."

"I admire your perseverance. More than that, I admire your courage in accepting the situation as you have. I only hope you may win her over to your way of thinking, Brandon. Goodby."

"I shall go up to town tomorrow, kit and bag. When shall I see you? We have a great deal left to talk about before I sail."

"Come when you like."

"You really want me to come?"

"Certainly."

He studied her pale, tired face for a moment, and then shook his head. "You must take care of yourself," he said. "You are unstrung. Get a good rest and—forget certain things if you can. Everything will come out all right in the end."

"It depends on what one is willing to accept as the end," he said.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

American made goods keep American money at home.

The biggest part of a calamity howler is his howl.

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

BIBLE STUDY ON

TWO PASSOVER MEMORIALS.

Mark 11:12-25—Oct. 11.

"As oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do proclaim the Lord's death till He come."—1 Corinthians 11:26.

THE subject of today's lesson is one of the most interesting features of Jesus' ministry. He knew that the Apostles did not realize that this was to be His last supper with them. Although He had intimated the nearness of His death, they had found it impossible to comprehend that any such disaster could be near. Jesus, however, with full consciousness of what it meant, was longing for the consummation of His work.

St. Peter and St. John were the two sent to make ready the Passover. In the evening of the same day, Jesus with the entire Twelve met to celebrate the Passover Supper. Everything, we may be sure, was in exact conformity with the requirements; for Jesus and His Apostles were bound by the Jewish Law—the New Dispensation not having been ushered in.

Kingdom Honors Desired.

The Apostles, believing that very soon Jesus would be enthroned as king, could think of little else but the degree of honor which they would have in the Kingdom. Perceiving their mental attitude, Jesus said to them, "The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; but ye shall not be so; but he that will be the greatest amongst you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve."

There were new standards, difficult for them to understand, and apparently still difficult for Jesus' followers to comprehend. The One who will be chief in the Kingdom will be the One who was the chief Servant in the flesh—the Lord Jesus Himself. The Master intimates that the same principle holds respecting all His followers.

The disciples had made no arrangements for foot-washing, none wishing to assume the role of servant. In that sandy country foot-washing is almost a necessity. By way of rebuke Jesus arose from the table and performed this menial service for His disciples, telling them the import of the lesson and intimating that no matter how humble a service they could render each other, they should gladly perform it.

As the supper proceeded, Jesus grew heavy-hearted and said, "One of you Twelve, eating with Me as a member of My family, is plotting My betrayal." There may have been a double object in this statement; first, it would show that Jesus was fully aware of the premeditated betrayal; second, He may have meant it as a final reproof to Judas. At very best a traitor's course is dishonorable, but doubly so when the traitor accepts the hospitality of the one against whom he is plotting.

Consternation spread amongst the disciples. Even Judas joined in the general inquiry, "Is it I?" St. John was next to Jesus, and St. Peter beckoned him to ask who was meant. The inquiry was probably whispered, heard by Jesus only. Our Lord's whispered reply was, "The one to whom I give a sop." Presently He handed Judas a sop, a mark of special interest. St. Peter and St. John thus knew the affair.

Apparently Judas soon withdrew, the record being that "Satan entered into him." The spirit of the Evil One got complete control while he weighed and balanced the matter of selling his best friend for thirty pieces of silver. It is therefore probable that Judas was not present when Jesus instituted the Memorial Supper.

Signification of the Memorial.

The Memorial which Jesus Instituted is separate and distinct from the Passover. As Jesus explained its meaning, the Apostles did not comprehend its significance.

But after the Pentecostal enlightenment the Holy Spirit enabled them to understand. Now we may see the import of Jesus' words, "This is My body, broken for you."

We perceive that He could not have meant that the bread and the wine were turned into His actual body and blood; for He still had His body and blood. Therefore He must have meant, This bread represents My body, which will be broken for you tomorrow; and this wine represents My blood, which will be shed for you tomorrow—My life given up.

Neither should we think that Jesus meant that special virtue would result to the disciples from eating that bread and drinking that literal cup. We should properly look far beyond and see that He meant this: Only as by faith you partake of the merits secured by My death can you have the great blessing provided for you as My disciples.

The Apostles firmly believed that Jesus' death was for their sins and constituted the basis of their acceptance with the Heavenly Father. They realized that only as they appropriated the life of Christ would they be recipients of the promised blessings.



Passover Supper Turned Into a Memorial.

Miniature Malleable GIVEN AWAY FREE

On October 15th

See that Handsome Fac-simile of the
Great Malleable Range
In Our Show Window

Some lady or girl over ten years of age who registers at our store during this interesting contest, will get this fine little beauty, which is perfect and in working order. All ladies and girls over ten are entitled to register. Come in today.

E. D. Rhoades & Son
"The Home of the Malleable Range"
Rensselaer, Indiana

Coal Time!

All indications point to a long hard winter, which means a long big coal bill. Are you prepared? If not, come down and inspect our bins and let us talk the situation over with you.

Harrington Bros
Phone 7

Soon we will be forced to the inevitable conclusion that there is a scrap going on in Europe. One-half of the world is fighting and the other half is having spasms in fear of a fight.

The United States is at peace today—but today is not tomorrow. Dreadful Villa wants to jerk Carrazza's whiskers.



He has a right to be. He put in a brand new fire-back only three months ago—and it is gone—burned out.

And the oven is ruined, too.

Cheap ranges—cheap castings—poorly made—tell the tale. Tough on the owner (because unnecessary), but fine for the repair man. Note the construction of a

Cole's Hot Blast Range

The range built to last a lifetime by the greatest stove and range experts in the U.S.—the Cole Mfg. Co.

Nothing flimsy—everything substantial. Listen: Heavy boiler-plate oven—one piece—can't warp or buckle. Heaviest body material used in any range.

"Coleized Steel" fire-back and short center—made of a fire-resisting metal—outlasts five ordinary backs—and saves you \$20.00 in repairs alone.

Thin, quick-heating, Coleized steel lids—annealed and unbreakable. Everything top quality and combined with the world-famous Cole's Hot Blast economy principle of burning the gases wasted with other ranges. Burns soft coal, hard coal or wood. This modern, up-to-date range embodies the only real improvements made in range construction in 20 years. It has 14 special features of economy and convenience not found in other ranges.

See the name "Cole's" on each Range. None genuine without it

Warner Bros.

