

Why He Laughed.



"My son, I'm surprised. You ought not to laugh because that old gentleman fell down." "I didn't, pop. I was laughing because he couldn't get up."—New York World.

The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—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. Wrاندall, it appears, had led a gay life and neglected his wife. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm.

CHAPTER II—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 ridding her of the man who, though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow, Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home.

CHAPTER III—Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrاندall. The story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell her. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy.

CHAPTER IV—Mrs. Sara Wrاندall and Hetty attend the funeral of Challis Wrاندall at the home of his parents. Sara had never been treated as an intruder by the snobbish Wrاندall family, but the tragedy seems to draw them closer together.

CHAPTER V—Sara Wrاندall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Wrاندall's brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty.

CHAPTER VI—Hetty is greatly pained at Sara's evident desire to encourage Leslie's attentions. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and preparation for the wrong she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrاندall by marrying his murderer into the family.

CHAPTER VII—Leslie, in company with his friend, Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty.

CHAPTER VIII—Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before, through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it is a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English actress, who resembles her very much.

CHAPTER IX—Leslie Wrاندall becomes impatient and jealous over the picture painting and declares he is going to propose to Hetty at the first opportunity and have it over with.

CHAPTER X—Much to his chagrin Leslie is refused by Hetty. Sara, between whom and Hetty a strong mutual affection has grown up, tries to persuade the girl that she should not let the tragedy prevent her from marrying.

CHAPTER XI—Booth and Hetty confess their love for each other, but the latter declares that she can never marry as there is an insurmountable barrier in the way. She promises that some day she will tell her secret and that then Booth will not want to marry her.

CHAPTER XII—Hetty admits to Sara that she loves Booth. Sara declares that Hetty must marry Leslie, who must be made to pay his brother's debt to the world. Hetty again attempts to tell the real story of the tragedy and Sara threatens to strangle her if she says a word. Sara insults Hetty by revealing that all this time she has believed Hetty to have sinned in her relations with Challis Wrاندall. In the end she realizes that Hetty is entirely innocent.

CHAPTER XIII—Leslie again proposes to Hetty and is rejected. Hetty prepares to leave Sara, declaring that after what has happened she can remain no longer. Leslie's rejection causes consternation in the Wrاندall family.

CHAPTER XIV—Hetty starts for Europe. Sara insists upon providing for her financially. At sea Hetty receives a message from Booth that he has started on a liner steamer and will be waiting for her on the other side. Booth meets her and accompanies her to London. In an attempt to escape from him, Hetty starts for Paris, but finds Booth on the same boat.

CHAPTER XV—Hetty persists in her refusal to tell Booth the secret which keeps them apart. She declares that Sara alone can tell him. Booth leaves for America determined to get the story from Sara.

CHAPTER XVI—Booth attends on Sara so persistently in the hope of breaking her determination not to reveal Hetty's secret that gossip begins to link their names in marriage. Sara surprises Booth by asking him to accompany her to the inn where Challis Wrاندall met his death.

CHAPTER XVII.

Once More at Burton's Inn.

Again Sara Wrاندall found herself in that never-to-be-forgotten room at Burton's inn. On that grim night in March she had entered without fear or trembling because she knew what was there. Now she quaked with a mighty chill of terror, for she knew not what was there in the quiet, now sequestered room. Burton had told them on their arrival after a long drive across country that patrons of the inn invariably asked which room it was that had been the scene of the tragedy, and, on finding out, refused point-blank to occupy it. In consequence he had been obliged to transform it into a sort of store and baggage room.

Sara stood in the middle of the murky room, for the shutters had long been closed to the light of day, and looked about her in awe at the heterogeneous mass of boxes, trunks, bundles and rubbish, scattered over the floor without care or system. She had closed the door behind her and was quite alone. Light sneaked in through the cracks in the shutters, but so meagerly that it only served to increase the gloom. A dismantled bedstead stood heaped up in the corner. She did not have to be told what bed it was. The mattress was there, too, rolled up and tied with a thick garden rope. She knew there were dull, ugly blood stains upon it. Why the thrifty Burton had persevered in keeping



Her Eyes Were Moody. Her Voice Rather Lifeless.

this useless article of furniture, she could only surmise. Perhaps it was held as an inducement to the morbidly curious who always seek out the gruesome and gloat even as they shudder.

For a long time she stood immovable just inside the door, recalling the horrid picture of another day. She tried to imagine the scene that had been enacted there with gentle, lovable Hetty Glynn and her willow husband as the principal characters. The girl had told the whole story of that ugly night. Sara tried to see it as it actually had transpired. For months this present enterprise had been in her mind; the desire to see the place again, to go there with old impressions which she could leave behind when ready to emerge in a new frame of mind. It was true that she meant to shake off the shackles of the last vestige of bitterness, to cleanse her mind of certain thoughts and memories.

Downstairs Booth waited for her. He heard the story of the tragedy from the innkeeper, who crossly maintained that his business had been ruined. Booth was vaguely impressed, he knew not why, by Burton's description of the missing woman. "I'd say she was about the size of Mrs. Wrاندall herself, and much the same figger," he said, as he had said a thousand times before. "My wife noticed it the minute she saw Mrs. Wrاندall. Same height and everything."

A bell rang sharply and Burton glanced over his shoulder at the indicator on the wall behind the desk. He gave a great start and his jaw sagged.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. A curious grayness stole over his face. "It's—it's the bell in that very room. My soul, what can—"

"Mrs. Wrاندall is up there, isn't she?" demanded Booth.

"It ain't rung since the night he pushed the button for— Oh, gee! You're right. She is up there. My, what a scare it gave me." He wiped his brow. Turning to a boy, he commanded him to answer the bell. The boy went slowly, and as he went he removed his hands from his pockets. He came back as instant later, more swiftly than he went, with the word that "the lady up there" wanted Mr. Booth to come upstairs.

She was waiting for him in the open doorway. A shaft of bright sunlight from a window at the end of the hall fell upon her. Her face was colorless, haggard. He paused for an instant to contrast her as she stood there in the pitiless light with the vivid creature he had put upon canvas so recently.

She beckoned to him and turned back into the room. He followed.

"This is the room, Brandon, where my husband met the death he deserved," she said quietly.

"Deserved? Good heavens, Sara, are you—"

"I want you to look about you and try to picture how this place looked on the night of the murder. You have a vivid imagination. None of this rubbish was here. Just a bed, a table and two chairs. There was a carpet on the floor. There were two people here, a man and a woman. The woman had trusted the man. She trusted him until the hour in which he died. Then she found him out. She had come to this place, believing it was to be her wedding night. She found no minister here. The man laughed at her and scoffed. Then she knew. In horror, shame, desperation she tried to break away from him. He was strong. She was a good woman; a virtuous, honorable woman. She saved herself."

He was staring at her with dilated eyes. Slowly the truth was being borne in upon him.

"The woman was—Hetty?" came hoarsely from his stiffening lips. "My God, Sara!"

She came close to him and spoke

in a half-whisper. "Now you know the secret. Is it safe with you?"

He opened his lips to speak, but no words came forth. Paralysis seemed to have gripped not only his throat but his senses. He reeled. She grasped his arm in a tense, force way, and whispered:

"Be careful! No one must hear what we are saying." She shot a glance down the deserted hall. "No one is near. I made sure of that. Don't speak! Think first—think well, Brandon Booth. It is what you have been seeking for months—the truth. You shall see the secret with you now. Again I ask, is it safe with you?"

"My God!" he muttered again, and passed his hand over his eyes. His brow was wet. He looked at his fingers dumbly as if expecting to find them covered with blood.

"Is it safe with you?" for the third time.

"Safe? Safe?" he whispered, following her example without knowing that he did so. "I—I can't believe you, Sara. It can't be true."

"It is true."

"You have known—all this time?" "From that night when I stood where we are standing now."

"And—and—she?" "I had never seen her until that night. I saved her."

He dropped suddenly upon the trunk that stood behind him, and buried his face in his hands. For a long time she stood over him, her interest divided between him and the hall, wherein lay their present peril.

"Come," she said at last. "Pull yourself together. We must leave this place. If you are not careful they will suspect something downstairs."

He looked up with haggard eyes, studying her face with curious intentness.

"What manner of woman are you, Sara?" he questioned, slowly, wonderingly.

"I have just discovered that I am very much like other women, after all," she said. "For a while I thought I was different, that I was stronger than my sex. But I am just as weak, just as much to be pitied, just as much to be scorned as any one of my sisters. I have spoiled a great act by stooping to do a mean one. God will bear witness that my thoughts were noble at the outset; my heart was soft. But come! There is much more to tell that cannot be told here. You shall know everything."

They went downstairs and out into the crisp autumn air. She gave directions to her chauffeur. They were to traverse for some distance the same road she had taken on that ill-fated night a year and a half before. In course of time the motor approached a well-remembered railway crossing.

"Slow down, Cole," she said. "This is a mean place—a very mean place."

Turning to Booth, who had been sitting grim and silent beside her for miles, she said, lowering her voice: "I remember that crossing yonder. There is a sharp curve beyond. This is the place. Midway between the two crossings, I should say. Please remember this part of the road, Brandon, when I come to the telling of that night's ride to town. Try to picture this spot—this smooth, straight road as it might be on a dark, freezing night in the very thick of a screaming blizzard, with all the world abed save—two women."

In his mind he began to draw the picture, and to place the two women in the center of it, without knowing the circumstances. There was something fascinating in the study he was making, something gruesome and full of sinister possibilities for the hand of a virile painter. He wondered how near his imagination was to placing the central figures in the picture as they actually appeared on that secret night.

At sunset they went together to the little pavilion at the end of the pier which extended far out into the sound. Here they were safe from the ears of eavesdroppers. The boats had been stowed away for the winter. The wind that blew through the open pavilion, now shorn of all its comforts and luxuries, was cold, raw and repelling. No one would disturb them here.

With her face set toward the sinking east, she leaned against one of the thick posts, and in a dull, emotionless voice, laid bare the whole story of that dreadful night and the days that followed. She spared no details, she spared not herself in the narration.

He did not once interrupt her. All the time she was speaking he was studying the profile of her face as if fascinated by its strange immobility. For the matter of a full half-hour he sat on the rail, his back against a post, his arms folded across the breast of the thick ulster he wore, staring at her, drinking in every word of the story she told. A look of surprise crept into his face when she came to the point where the thought of marrying Hetty to the brother of her victim first began to manifest itself in her designs. For a time the look of incredulity remained, to be succeeded by utter scorn as she went on with the recital. Her reasons, her excuses, her explanations for this master stroke in the way of compensation for all that she had endured at the hands of the scornful Wrاندalls, all of whom were hateful to her without exception, stirred him deeply. He began to understand the forces that compelled her to resort to this Machiavellian plan for revenge on them. She admitted everything; her readiness to blight Hetty's life forever; her utter callousness in laying down these ugly plans; her surpassing vindictiveness; her reflections on the triumph she was to enjoy when her aims were fully attained. She confessed to a genuine pity for Hetty Castleton from the beginning, but it was outweighed by that

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We Are Still Growing

Statement of our Condition at Close of Business June 30, 1914.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Includes Resources (Loans and discounts, Overdrafts, Real estate and fixtures, CASH) and Liabilities (Capital and surplus, Undivided profits, DEPOSITS).

State Bank of Redmond

Gasoline Lighting Plant For Sale

The Spokesman has a fine Gasoline Lighting Plant—pressure system—for sale. This plant was used only about a month and is practically new. The plant is just the thing for a farm house or other house where electricity cannot be obtained for lighting purposes.

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Wood and Iron Work

If there is anything you want in the above line call on me. I have a plant capable of doing all kinds of work in wood and iron, and will save you money of all orders placed with me. I can make any furniture you may want.

G. W. DAVIES

The Old Pioneer Blacksmith of Redmond



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He doesn't ask an exclusive right; he can sell it anyway

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Now is the time to start a bunch of good hogs. It will carry that high rate of interest, and is the quickest way to cancel that mortgage.

There is prospects of cheap feed this fall, and hogs are going higher every day.

Be sure to choose the RIGHT KIND—I HAVE THEM!

150 Head to Select From

Males and females, from weaning pigs to six months' old. Gilts bred to Wauconda Chief, a prize winner at the last State Fair, that heads my herd.

Special until August 15, 1914: March pigs \$15.00 each, crated. Write or call and see them. Ranch adjoins town-site on south.

G. A. BRADLEY, Redmond, Ore.