

**Notice for Publication**  
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, August 4, 1914.  
Notice is hereby given that Eva Logan, of Sisters, Oregon, who, on Feb. 30, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 08381 for NW 1/4 SE 1/4, SW 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4 & SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Section 9, Township 14 South, Range 11 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before George E. Aitken, S. Commissioner, at Sisters, Oregon, on the 12th day of September, 1914.  
Claimant names as witnesses: William A. Arthur, R. W. Groen, J. B. Fryear, J. L. Chitt, all of Sisters, Oregon.  
H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.  
First publication Aug 12-Sept 19 1914.

**Notice for Publication**  
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, at The Dalles, Oregon, July 16, 1914.  
Notice is hereby given that Gerald Groves of Terrebonne, Oregon, on January 4, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 09336, for the SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Section 24, Township 14 North, Range 13 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Daggett, U. S. Commissioner, at Redmond, Oregon, on the 5th day of September, 1914.  
Claimant names as witnesses: George Gates, John Perry, Barney Oades, all of Terrebonne, Oregon, and Van W. Hanks of Redmond, Oregon.  
H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.  
First publication July 23-Aug. 20 1914.

**NOTICE OF CONTEST**  
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, July 11, 1914.

To heirs of Henry F. Gault, of Ladras, Oregon, contestee.  
You are notified that Clayton R. Gallatin, who gives care John Gallatin, The Dalles, Oregon, as his postoffice address, did on May 12, 1914, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure cancellation of your homestead entry, serial number 01115, made September 28, 1908, for NW 1/4, section 29, township 13, S., range 13, E., Willamette Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that Henry F. Gault died at Redmond, Oregon, on March 8, 1914, and that his heirs are all aliens and their names and residences are unknown and after diligent search and inquiry cannot be learned. That Guy E. Dobson of Redmond, Oregon, administrator of the estate of said deceased, that said entryman was born in Scotland and had not come to the United States until after the date of his death, aged about 45 years, and a bachelor, and left no relatives or heirs residing in or citizens of the United States of America; that there is neither heir or devisee of deceased qualified to take title to said lands under the U. S. homestead laws.  
You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken as confessed, and your said entry will be cancelled without further right to be heard, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within 20 days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically responding to these allegations of contest, together with due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail.  
You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.  
Date of first publication July 23, 1914.  
Date of second publication July 30, 1914.  
Date of third publication August 6, 1914.  
Date of fourth publication August 13, 1914.

**NOTICE OF CONTEST**  
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, July 18, 1914.

To Ernest Spuehler, of Bend, Oregon, contestee.  
You are hereby notified that Louis R. Schmorl, who gives care of John Gavin, his attorney, The Dalles, Oregon, as his postoffice address, did on July 18, 1914, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your homestead entry, serial number 09253, made July 11, 1911, for SW 1/4, section 13, township 20 S., range 14 E., Willamette Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that entryman, who has abandoned said land shortly after filing thereon, and said land has never been fenced, plowed or improved in any manner and is without house, and open to the public range.  
You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken as confessed, and your said entry will be cancelled without further right to be heard, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within 20 days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically responding to these allegations of contest, together with due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail.  
You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire further notices to be sent to you.

H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register.  
Date of first publication, July 23, 1914.  
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Hood River has voted \$75,000 road bonds, and dedicated an open-air theater.

# 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 always been treated as an interloper 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. Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Hetty and becomes greatly interested in her.

**CHAPTER VI**—Hetty is greatly pained at Sara's evident desire to encourage Leslie's attentions. Sara sees in Leslie's intention possibility for revenge on the Wrاندall and reparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrاندall by marrying his murderer's daughter.

**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. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be 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 law. Hetty again attempts to tell the real story of the tragedy and Sara threatens to strangle her if she says a word.

**CHAPTER XIII**—Hetty reveals that all this time she has believed Hetty to have stolen in her relations with Challis Wrاندall. In the end she realizes that Hetty is entirely innocent.

**CHAPTER XIV**—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 XV**—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 faster 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 XVI**—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 XVII**—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 XVIII**—Sara spends some time alone in the room where her husband was killed and then decides to tell all. She summons Booth to the room and relates the truth about the tragedy as she had learned it from Hetty. The girl had come to the inn with Wrاندall believing she was to be married there. Wrاندall revealed his real purpose and in shame and desperation she killed him. Sara also relates her own vindictive scheme involving Hetty and the Wrاندall family and expresses her joy that they failed. Booth decides to go to Hetty.

**CHAPTER XIX**—Booth writes a letter to Hetty telling her that he knows all and assuring her of his undying love. He makes a strong plea for Sara and implores Hetty to return to her.

**CHAPTER XX**—Sara becomes seriously ill and is decided to send for Hetty, but before the message is sent she appears unexpectedly. Sara immediately shows marked signs of improvement. Sara, Booth and Mr. Carroll, Sara's lawyer, confer as to the proper method of clearing Hetty's name.

**CHAPTER XXI**—Booth tries to persuade Hetty to marry him regardless of what consequences may result from the tragedy. Sara finally decides that Hetty is to be tried and acquitted by a jury made up of Challis Wrاندall's own flesh and blood.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### The Jury of Four.

The Wrاندalls sat waiting and wondering. They had been sent for and they had declined to respond, much to their own surprise. Redmond Wrاندall occupied a place at the head of the library table. At his right sat his wife, Vivian and Leslie, by direction, took seats at the side of the long table, which had been cleared of its mass of books and magazines. Lawyer Carroll was at the other end of the table, perceptibly nervous and anxious. Hetty sat a little apart from the others, a

rather forlorn, detached member of the conclave. Brandon Booth, pale-faced and alert, drew up a chair alongside Carroll, facing Sara who alone remained standing, directly opposite the four Wrاندalls.

Not one of the Wrاندalls knew why they, as a family, were there. They had not the slightest premonition of what was to come.

The Wrاندalls had been routed from their comfortable fireside—for what? They were asking the question of themselves and they were waiting stonily for the answer.

"It is very stuffy in here," Vivian had said with a glance at the closed doors after Sara had successfully placed her jury in the box.

"Keep still, Viv," whispered Leslie, with a fine assumption of awe. "It's a spiritualistic meeting. You'll scare the spooks away."

It was at this juncture that Sara rose from her chair and faced them, as calmly, as complacently as if she were about to ask them to proceed to the dining-room instead of to throw a bomb into their midst that would shatter their smug serenity for all time to come. With a glance at Mr. Carroll she began, clearly, firmly and without a prefatory apology for what was to follow.

"I have asked you to come here tonight to be my judges. I am on trial. You are about to hear the story of my unspeakable perfidy. I only require of you that you hear me to the end before passing judgment."

At her words, Hetty and Booth started perceptibly; a quick glance passed between them, as if each was inquiring whether the other had caught the extraordinary words of self-indictment. A puzzled frown appeared on Hetty's brow.

"Perfidy?" interposed Mr. Wrاندall. His wife's expression changed from one of bored indifference to sharp inquiry. Leslie paused in the act of lighting a cigarette.

"It is the mildest term I can command," said Sara. "I shall be as brief as possible in stating the case, Mr. Wrاندall. You will be surprised to hear that I have taken it upon myself, as the wife of Challis Wrاندall and, as I regard it, the one most vitally concerned if not interested in the discovery and punishment of the person who took his life—I say I have taken it upon myself to shield, protect and defend the unhappy young woman who accompanied him to Burton's inn on that night in March. She has had my constant, my personal protection for more than twenty months."

The Wrاندalls leaned forward in their chairs. The match burned Les-



The Wrاندalls Leaned Forward in Their Chairs.

lie's fingers, and he dropped it without appearing to notice the pain.

"What is this you are saying?" demanded Redmond Wrاندall.

"When I left the inn that night, after seeing my husband's body in the little upstairs room, I said to myself that the one who took his life had unwittingly done me a service. He was my husband; I loved him, I adored him. To the end of my days I could have gone on loving him in spite of the cruel return he gave for my love and loyalty. I shall not attempt to tell you of the countless lapses of fidelity on his part. You would not believe me. But he always came back to me with the pitiful love he had for me, and I forgave him his transgressions. These things you know. He confessed many things to you, Mr. Wrاندall. He humbled himself to me. Perhaps you will recall that I never complained to you of him. What rancor I had was always directed toward you, his family, who would see no wrong in your kind but looked upon me as dirt beneath his feet. There were moments when I could have slain him with my own hands, but my heart rebelled. There were times when he said to me that I ought to kill him for the things he had done. You may now understand

what I mean when I say that the girl who went to Burton's inn with him did me a service. I will not say that I considered her guiltless at the time. On the contrary, I looked upon her in quite a different way. I had no means of knowing then that she was as pure as snow and that he would have despoiled her of everything that was sweet and sacred to her. She took his life in order to save that which was dearer to her than her own life, and she was on her way to pay for her deed with her life if necessary when I came upon her and intervened."

"You—you know who she is?" said Mr. Wrاندall, in a low, incredulous voice.

"I have known almost from the beginning. Presently you will hear her story, from her own lips."

Involuntarily four pairs of eyes shifted. They looked blankly at Hetty Castleton.

Speaking swiftly, Sara depicted the scenes and sensations experienced during that memorable motor journey to New York city.

"I could not believe that she was a vicious creature, even then. Something told me that she was a tender, gentle thing who had fallen into evil hands and had struck because she was unwell. I did not doubt that she had been my husband's mistress, but I could not destroy the conviction that somehow she had been justified in doing the thing she had done. My gravest mistake was in refusing to hear her story in all of its details. I only permitted her to acknowledge that she had killed him, no more. I did not want to hear the thing which I assumed to be true. Therein lies my deepest fault. For months and months I misjudged her in my heart, yet secretly loved her. Now I understand why I loved her. It was because she was innocent of the only crime I could lay at her feet. Now I come to the crime of which I stand self-accused. I must have been mad all these months. I have no other defense to offer. You may take it as you see fit for yourselves. I do not ask for pardon. After I deliberately had set about to shield this unhappy girl—to cheat the law, if you please—to cheat you, perhaps—I conceived the horrible thought to avenge myself for all the indignities I had sustained at the hands of you Wrاندalls, and at the same time to even my account with the one woman whom I could put my finger upon as having robbed me of my husband's love. You see I put it mildly. I have hated all of you, Mrs. Wrاندall, even as you have hated me. Today—now—I do not feel as I did in other days toward you. I do not love you, still I do not hate you. I do not forgive you, and yet I think I have come to see things from your point of view. I can only repeat that I do not hate you as I once did."

She paused. The Wrاندalls were too deeply submerged in horror to speak. They merely stared at her as if stupefied; as breathless, as motionless as stones.

There came a day when I observed that Leslie was attracted by the guest in my house. On that day the plan took root in my brain. I—"

"Good God!" fell from Leslie's lips. "You—you had that in mind?"

"It became a fixed, inflexible purpose, Leslie. Not that I hated you as I hated the rest, for you tried to be considerate. The one grudge I held against you was that in seeking to sustain me you defamed your own brother. You came to me with stories of his misdeeds; you said that he was a scoundrel and that you would not blame me for 'showing him up.' Do you not remember? And so my plot involved you; you were the only one through whom I could strike. There were times when I faltered. I could not bear the thought of sacrificing Hetty Castleton, nor was it easy to thoroughly appease my conscience in respect to you. Still, if I could have had my way a few months ago, if coercion had been of any avail, you would now be the husband of your brother's slayer. Then I came to know that she was not what I had thought she was. She was honest. My bubble burst. I came out of the maze in which I had been living and saw clearly that what I had contemplated was the most atrocious—"

"Atrocious!" cried Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall between her set teeth. "Diabolical! Diabolical! My God, Sara, what a devil you—" She did not complete the sentence, but sank back in her chair and stared with wide, horror-struck eyes at her rigid daughter-in-law.

Her husband, his hand shaking as if with palsy, pointed a finger at Hetty. "And so you are the one we have been hunting for all these months, Miss Castleton! You are the one we want! You who have sat at our table, you who have smiled in our faces—"

"Stop, Mr. Wrاندall!" commanded Sara, noting the ashen face of the girl. "Don't let the fact escape you that I am the guilty person. Don't forget that she owed her freedom, if not her life to me. I alone kept her from giving herself up to the law. All that has transpired since that night in March must be placed to my account. Hetty Castleton has been my prisoner. She has rebelled a thousand times and I have conquered—not by threats but by love! Do you understand? Because of her love for me, and because she believed that I loved her, she submitted. You are not to accuse her, Mr. Wrاندall. Accuse me! I am on trial here. Hetty Castleton is a witness against me, if you choose to call upon her as such. If not, I shall ask her to speak in my defense, if she can do so."

"This is lunacy!" cried Mr. Wrاندall, coming to his feet. "I don't care what your motives may have been. They do not make her any less a murderer. She—"

Continued on Page 6



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