

# ONE HOLLOW;

Or, The Peril of the Penury.

Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOOTS BILL," "FERRIS JOB" AND OTHER STORIES.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### A THRESHOLD CHILD.

As you can see from the gulch where the body of that spiteful girl, Mrs. Cabrera, was found, she had been thrown from the top of the cliff. The body was found in the gulch, and the girl was dead. The body was found in the gulch, and the girl was dead. The body was found in the gulch, and the girl was dead.

On the contrary, I should be glad to see you. It grieves me sorely that I am not able to see you. I am not able to see you. I am not able to see you. I am not able to see you.

The spiteful girl was your friend? The body of the girl was found in the gulch. The body of the girl was found in the gulch. The body of the girl was found in the gulch.

There was danger in following? There was danger in following. There was danger in following. There was danger in following. There was danger in following.

I know you were embarrassed up there. I know you were embarrassed up there. I know you were embarrassed up there. I know you were embarrassed up there.

How do you mean? How do you mean? How do you mean? How do you mean? How do you mean? How do you mean?

That's exactly. Hold the candle. That's exactly. Hold the candle. That's exactly. Hold the candle. That's exactly. Hold the candle.

So, you will do, cried the Captain. So, you will do, cried the Captain. So, you will do, cried the Captain. So, you will do, cried the Captain.

Starbright read the letter with Starbright read the letter with Starbright read the letter with Starbright read the letter with Starbright read the letter with.

How is the girl? How is the girl? How is the girl? How is the girl? How is the girl? How is the girl?

That's the first installment, he said. That's the first installment, he said. That's the first installment, he said. That's the first installment, he said.

When does the next come? When does the next come? When does the next come? When does the next come? When does the next come?

That's the first installment, he said. That's the first installment, he said. That's the first installment, he said. That's the first installment, he said.

"Troubles do not come singly," returned Grace. "I think it is a warning more than aught else, over the disappearance of Lura, that has prostrated grandpa."

"Old people are apt to berrow trouble. I will go up and see the old man if you will permit it."

"Certainly. You may be able to cheer him up a bit. Any news from Lura?"

"None. You have heard none?"

"Not a word. I am looking for the worst," declared Grace. "In a tremulous voice."

"Be firm, my dear Grace," he urged in a tender, hopeful voice. "I am not yet willing to give up hope."

"I turned away, ready to cry, and the Captain hurried at once to the spacious bedroom on the first floor of the old Morgan mansion. It was the largest room of the kind in the house. The furniture was massive, and of ancient pattern. The huge, high-posted bedstead reminding one of Noah and his ark."

The curtains about the bed were pushed back, and a gray, sunken face lay among the pillows. The old man was breathing heavily and groaning.

"Do be quiet, father, you aren't half as old as you pretend."

"It was Mrs. Penroy who uttered the words. She sat some distance from the bed, rocking gently, and agitating the air about her thin face with a huge feather fan, seemingly utterly indifferent to the sufferings of the sick old man."

"I'm going to bed, I tell you," groaned Mr. Vandible. "I just don't know how I feel. You haven't any heart, Martha, and never had. If Grace was like you I wouldn't leave her a cent. She's a Penroy, every inch of her. Heaven bless the girl! My children were all bad, the last one of 'em."

"Just like their father, anyhow," interrupted Mrs. Penroy, spitefully.

A groan alone answered the heartless words of a heartless daughter. The old man looked at Mrs. Penroy with a look of intense hatred. It was true, as the old man had asserted, Grace Penroy was like her father, gentle, kind and true, and it was these qualities that had endeared the golden-haired girl to the old millionaire. It was undoubtedly true, also, that had his grandchild been like her mother she would never have been mentioned in connection with an inheritance.

CHAPTER XIII. ONE MINUTE TOO LATE. It was two hours after midnight when Captain Starbright and a companion were ushered into the sick room at Lone Hollow.

"How is he?" asked the companion. "He is not better," answered the sick man. "I am not better. I am not better. I am not better. I am not better. I am not better. I am not better."

"Is it necessary to eulogize the property?" "Not unless you wish to bequeath part—"

"It all goes to my granddaughter, to the last farthing. I told you that before," returned the old man, in a vexed tone.

"Very good. Ahem—it seems to me that in a certain contingency some other provision ought to be made," suggested the lawyer, still holding his pen suspended, gazing under his spectacles at the old man on the bed.

"Some other contingency? Confound it, sir, if you can't write out the document to suit me you may go. I'll employ a man next week of some sense, I will."

"Very good," answered Gripes, not the least disconcerted by the rude language of the invalid. "It shall be as you say, only, should any thing happen—"

"Happen! Confound it, sir, what do you expect to happen?"

"Nothing out of nature, yet you must remember that it is sometimes the unexpected that does happen. It is customary in will-making to provide for such a contingency. For instance, should this young lady, your respected granddaughter, die before this will is probated, the property would then revert to the legal heirs if any existed, which might be contrary to the wishes of the testator."

Then Mr. Seekmore Gripes dropped his pen to the paper once more for the purpose of continuing his writing.

"Stop! you're right," cried Vandible, in a husky voice, his face growing suddenly red. "The unfortunate Martha shall never inherit one cent, never a cent, I say. Put in another name in case of the contingency you mentioned; put one in, Mr. Gripes."

"Well?"

"Have you got it in?"

"I am waiting for the name."

"It's 'Edith,' that's a fact."

Morgan Vandible scratched his brows as if in deep thought. Just then Captain Starbright stepped into his vision. This move at once gave the old man an idea.

"Yes, yes, that's it," he whispered, seeming to grow weak suddenly. "Put in his name, the Captain's, he's a good friend to me, a good friend."

"You should have taken that precaution before," he said, piercing the Captain with his little gray eyes.

"It was an oversight on my part," admitted Captain Starbright.

"Which may prove your downfall."

"Don't crouch, Gripes, whatever you do." "The situation warrants it."

"I hope you are not ready to throw up the sponge."

"What can we do?"

The heartless lawyer penetrated his companion with a glance.

"This calamity is so sudden I am not prepared to state," answered the Captain, pacing the room with uneasy strides.

"No will has been made," remarked the lawyer. "Death thwarted you there."

"And the property goes to the next of kin?"

"Certainly."

Starbright thought of Mrs. Penroy and groaned. He knew that she hated him, and would be only too glad to order him kicked from the house should she come into possession. Should he permit this plot, worn-out woman to win the millions for which he had been scheming so long? No, he could not think of it. He believed now that a mistake had been made in giving that potion to the old man. Although it contained but one drop of the "cough drops" obtained from Mother Cabrera, that drops had, the Captain believed, proved fatal.

The minute more of life and the will would have been signed," uttered the Captain, with a groan.

"That is true."

CHAPTER XIV. THE WILL, SIGNED AND LOST. Grace stood near the threshold with white face and questioning eyes.

## GEOLOGICAL WONDERS.

When Hot-House Conditions Prevailed in All Parts of Our Globe.

All through the primary and secondary epochs of geology, it is now pretty certain, hot-house conditions practically prevailed almost without a break over the whole world from pole to pole. It may be true, indeed, as Dr. Crell believes (and his reasoning on the point, I confess, is fairly convincing), that from time to time glacial periods in one or other hemisphere broke in for awhile upon the general warmth that characterized the greater part of those vast and immeasurable primeval eons. But even if that were so—if at long intervals the world for some hours in its comical way was chilled and frozen in an insignificant cap at either extremity—these casual episodes in a long story do not interfere with the general truth of the principle that life as a whole during the greater portion of its antique existence has been carried on under essentially tropical conditions. No matter what geological formation we examine, we find everywhere the same tale unfolded in plain inscriptions before our eyes. Take, for example, the giant club-mosses and luxuriant tree-ferns nature-printed on shales of the coal age in Britain, and we see in the wild undergrowth of those paleozoic forests ample evidence of a warm and almost West Indian climate among the low basking laleas of our northern carboniferous seas. Or take once more the oolitic epoch in England, lithographed on its own mud, with its puzzle monkeys and its sago palms, its crocodiles and its dinosaurs, its winged pterodactyls and its whale-like lizards. All these huge creatures and these broad-leaved trees plainly indicate the existence of a temperature over the whole of Northern Europe almost as warm as that of the Malay Archipelago in our own day. The weather report for all the earlier ages stands almost uninteruptedly at set fair. Roughly speaking, indeed, one may say that through the long series of primary and secondary formations hardly a trace can be found of the ice or snow, autumn or winter, leafless boughs or pinched and starved deciduous vegetation. Every thing is powerful, luxuriant, vivid. Life, as Comus feared, was strangled with its waste fertility. Once indeed, in the Permian age, all over the temperate regions, north and south, we get passing indications of what seem very like glacial epochs, partially comparable to that great glaciation on whose last fringe we still abide to-day. But the ice age of the Permian, if such there were, passed away entirely, leaving the world once more warm and fruitful up to the very poles, under conditions which we would now describe as essentially tropical. It was with the tertiary period—perhaps, indeed, only with the middle subdivision of that period—that the gradual cooling of polar and intermediate regions began. We know from the deposits of the chalk epoch in Greenland that late in secondary times ferns, magnolias, myrtles and sago palms—an Indian or Mexican flora—flourished exceedingly in what is now the dreariest and most ice-clad region of the northern hemisphere. Later still, in the eocene days, though the plants of Greenland had grown slightly more temperate in type, we still find among the fossils not only oaks, planes, vines and walnuts, but also wellingtonias like the big trees of California, Spanish chestnuts, quaint Southern salisburias, broad-leaved liquidambar and American sassafras. Nay, even in glacier-clad Spitzbergen itself, where the character of the flora already begins to show signs of incipient chilling, we nevertheless see among the eocene types such plants as the swamp cypripus of the Carolinas and the wellingtonias of the far West, together with a rich forb vegetation of poplars, birches, oaks, planes, hazels, walnuts, water lilies and irises. As a whole this vegetation still bespeaks a climate considerably more genial, mild and equable than that of modern England.—Murray's Magazine.

CHAPTER XV. HIS GRUDGE A DEEP ONE. Father of Family (troungly)—Nancy, I have seen that sneaking Chibblesy here two or three times lately. He's no friend of mine, I can tell you. I owe him a grudge, and I'm going to get even with him some time!

Edlest Daughter—(maiden of vinegar-like aspect)—I'll thank you to speak of him with a little more respect. I am going to marry him. You needn't oppose it, either.

Father (exultantly)—Oppose it? By George, it's the very thing. Marry him as soon as you please, Nancy—the infernal sneak!—Chicago Tribune.

Nuggets From Practical Experience. Sonnet feeding is gross extravagance. Buying hay caps may be a species of gambling with the weather, but they are good lottery tickets to hold.

If cultivation is of the right character it can not be too early or too late. This is true outside the corn field also. It is of no use to expect to make money in the chicken business unless you are willing to watch every want of the fowls; unless you are willing to work early and late; and, unless you are fond of poultry. The details are minute, but each one is important, and they all lead to success, if rightly followed.—American Agriculturist.

Exasperating Occasion. There are two times when a man thinks a woman's hat is too high. One is when it is in front of him at the play, and the other is when it is his wife's and he has to pay for it.—Detroit Free Press.

The eight-year old son of a distinguished statistician and lecturer, whose brilliant intellectual qualities have apparently been transmitted to his offspring, was drawing pictures at school the other day, one of them being the representation of a pig. After the work of art was completed to his satisfaction, the youngster wrote this legend beneath it: "This is a domestic animal. He is called a pig because he is so selfish!"

## SAVED THE CITY.

The True Story of Little Hans, a Brave Dutch Youngster.

The country of Holland, in Europe, is almost surrounded by the sea. To be sure, there is nothing strange in that, for all islands are entirely surrounded by the sea. But Holland is a low country, and if the people had not built high banks to keep the water off, whenever there was a storm or a very high tide, it would wash right over the whole land, and sweep away all the houses and drown the people.

The Holland folks built the banks many years ago. They are called dykes. They are not only high, but so thick through there is room for a broad street on top. Trees are planted along these streets, and it is a pleasant and airy place to walk.

Men are chosen whose business it is to watch these dykes, and see that the water, which is always trying to break through, never does. It is necessary to be very watchful, for if there comes a break over so small it must be stopped at once, or it will grow bigger and bigger, and it would take but a few hours to bring on a dreadful flood. And even the smallest Dutch child knows the danger of being careless about the dykes.

One evening a little boy in the city of Haarlem was on his way home. He walked fast, as it was getting late. It was a quiet part of the city, and there was no one but him on the street. Every thing was quiet, so quiet that presently he heard a soft, gurgling sound, like that of running water. Ah! Hans knew in a moment what that meant. It meant that somewhere the sea had made a little road through the dyke.

He stopped, and looked carefully and eagerly, and very soon he found it—a tiny stream, that rippled and ran as though it meant not the least bit of harm to any body, or to any thing.

The first thing he did was to look about for something to stop it. He could find nothing. What should he do? Should he run into the city and call a watchman? But before he could get to the little stream might become a great river. He looked up and down the empty street.

"Well, there's one thing I can do," said Hans to himself, and he went up to the great dyke, and put one of his fingers into the hole! It just filled it. "Isn't that lucky?" thought Hans. "And now I'll stay here till somebody comes." And he did.

The twilight passed, and the night came on; the stars shone out one after another; and by the moon came up in the east; very slowly the hours went by; it seemed to little Hans that never had there been so long a night; once he saw a man walking along on the dyke, but too far off for his voice to reach him.

He grew tired and cold, but he did not give up. He thought of the stories he had heard of the damage done by the floods in times past, when the dykes had given way. He thought of the little brothers and sisters at home that might be swept away should he leave his post. And so he bravely staid by, though it seemed to him sometimes that he should drop down, he was so tired.

Every once in awhile he would call out, and early in the morning a watchman heard him and hastened to the spot. And it was not long, you may be sure, before others came, and the little break was stopped, and Hans was carried to his home.

The Dutch are a brave people, and fought many battles in the past to save their country from its enemies. But among them there was never a braver hero than this little boy, who, through the long hours of that lonely night, saved the great city from the sea.—Our Little Men and Women.

THE GREEK PATRIARCH. A Formal Visit to the Head of the Russian Church in the East. The patriarch of Jerusalem lives in one of the biggest and best mansions of the holy city. The American Consul and myself in going into it would in and through narrow-vaulted streets. We passed through arcades and with the aid of the consular cavasses pushed our way through the dense crowds of pilgrims, Bedouins and Syrians which are filling the holy city during this holy week. We went, of course, in Oriental state, dressed in our black morning coats and preceded by the cavasses. The cavasses are the guard of the Consul on state occasions. They are all Syrians who stand as straight as West Point cadets, and who talk with the pompous airs of drum-majors. They wear gorgeous Turkish uniforms embroidered with gold thread and their short round-about vests were to-day covered with enough gold to have made the epaulettes for an army. Each had on full blue Turkish trousers, which were gathered in zouave folds at the ankles, and the silver-handled cimeter-like sword of each clanked as we marched solemnly along. They wore red caps with long tassels on their heads, and each had an iron-shod ebony staff in the right hand, the silver head of which, as he rested it on the ground, was on a level with his eyes. These staffs were as big round as your wrist, and the silver heads were of the size of a man's fist. They were very heavy, and as we marched along the men warned the crowd to keep out of the way of the "American Princes," by dropping them down on the stone flags with a noise like that of a sledgehammer on granite. The masses rushed up to the wall as we went by, and not a few of the women crossed themselves, and some of the Bedouins scowled.

Why not Quit? Over \$15,000,000 has been spent in Australia within the last fifteen years in efforts to exterminate the rabbit, and the estimate agrees that it has also doubled in numbers during this time. When the rabbit strikes a good thing he hates to let go, small as he is.—Detroit Free Press.

## CONCERNING TUMORS.

The Recognized Modern Treatment of Boils and Carbuncles.

Within a few years there has accumulated evidence sufficient to satisfy most physicians that both carbuncles and boils are purely local troubles, and of parasitic nature. In former times they were considered of constitutional origin and the fault of the blood. The actual exciting cause is now held to be a micrococcus, and when this first establishes itself in the skin the fact is manifested by a pimple. Once implanted, the germs multiply and spread, and as the tissues around the original center or pimple become infested there is extended inflammation and swelling.

With the germ theory of boils practically established, it follows that they are contagious, and it is now accepted that they are markedly so, and that where "crops" occur it is in consequence of self-infection—each successive boil being due to the implantation in the skin of fresh seeds or germs from the preceding one. Not only by a system of self-inoculation may a person keep up a continuous outbreak of boils, but it is possible for him to cause an eruption of the same in others. Intimate contact is necessary in order that the essential germs may be transmitted from one person to another—sharing the same bed or wearing the same clothing furnishes the favorable conditions. Carbuncles are not identical with boils—they differ in many respects—but they evidently are relatives, even if somewhat distant, and are alike in some respects. Both, it is safe to assume, are purely local and of parasitic nature. When these facts became evident to physicians, of course they changed their treatment. Once, in treating carbuncles, the rule was to make very free incisions, and a number of them, generally quartering the abscess, and that had to be done early. Then there was scraping to do, the sloughing and diseased mass being, as far as possible, removed. At the present time that sort of treatment is comparatively rarely applied, except in advanced stages of the disease, but, instead, as soon as the carbuncle comes under the observation of a physician he, as a rule, tries to stay its progress by the means of some agent which will destroy the mass of germ growth. Carbolic acid, but slightly diluted by means of glycerine, is the most popular remedy. That is injected into the carbuncle in a number of places for several days. Considerable pain results from the operation, but it generally lessens much in the course of two or three hours, and in three or four days often the disease is arrested, the pain and swelling steadily subsiding. When it is considered that under the old state of treatment of carbuncles intense suffering persisted for days and days, and recovery was delayed for weeks, it will appear that the new method is far in advance. Besides that, when it is applied early, there need be practically little danger from the disease, where once it often killed. In a very early stage of carbuncles—and it is the same with boils—it is almost always possible to abort them by keeping them soaked in some antiseptic solution. But the period when that treatment can be effective soon passes. The conclusions from the foregoing are that people who are threatened with boils or carbuncles should seek medical advice early—not wait, as they now generally do, until they think the trouble "has come to a head" and the knife is needed.—Boston Herald.

VICTORIA'S DRAGOONS. The Famous Regiment of Which England's Queen Has Become Chief. The First Guard Dragoon regiment, of which Her Majesty has become chief, is not only one of the most distinguished cavalry regiments in the German army, but in military history it will live as one of the participants in those episodes which occurred at critical moments in the great battle of Vionville-Mars-la-Tour on the 16th of August, 1870, when there depended for the moment on a mere handful of horsemen the fate of some thousands of their comrades. Twice during that battle did the German cavalry, in order to avert the impending catastrophe, ride to certain destruction; and on one of these occasions it was the First Guard Dragoons that, single-handed, first arrested the almost triumphant onward march of the enemy and thus helped to beat back the well-nigh overwhelming tide of advance. The formation of the regiment dates from the 21st of February, 1815, on which day King William Frederick the Third issued an order to the following effect: "I have determined to raise three new guard cavalry regiments in place of the existing light cavalry regiment, and to form them from the three national cavalry regiments which have fought with the army during the war, in order, not only to give to the provinces to which these regiments belong and to which they owe their origin a fresh proof of my kindly feelings toward them, and which they deserve, but also to testify my satisfaction with the spirit shown by the light guard cavalry regiment during the war." The three regiments thus formed became the guard lancers, the guard dragoons, and the guard husars. The dragoons were composed of the guard dragoon squadron, two squadrons of the Pomeranian national cavalry regiment, and a squadron from the Queen's dragoon regiment. The men and horses from the national regiments were selected with special care. Those men who had obtained, during the war, the decoration of the Iron Cross were first chosen, and then preference was given to any who had served during the war.—Fortnightly Review.

Extreme piety—White gentleman—"Uncle Joe, you never work on Sunday, do you?" Uncle Joe—"No, sah. You doan ketch sich a 'ligious nigger as me wukkin' on Sunday. I so keerful 'bout dat I doan wuk on no day dat tech Sunday. I doan wuk on Sat'day nor Monday, nuther; an' sometimes I keep Sunday de whole week. You got to rustle 'roun' if you want ter find a nigger wid no 'ligion den its got'."

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Mrs. Snowball—Liza, doan yo' know yo' Sunday school lesson? Liza—None; not perackly. Mrs. Snowball—Liza, I doan tote yo' several times in I keerd to yo' speech. Doan yo' perackly; yo' perackly. Yo' 'member dat, now!