The Hollow Of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrandall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrandall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. 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. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrandall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Sara Wrandall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Leslie Wrandall, brother of Challis, becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrandalls and reparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrandall by marrying his murderess into the family. 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. 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. Much to his chagrin Leslie is refused by Hetty. 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. 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 girl. 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 Wrandall. Later she realizes that Hetty is innocent. Leslie again proposes to Hetty and is rejected. Hetty prepares to leave Sara, declaring that after what has happened she can remain no longer. Hetty starts for Europe. At sea she 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.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

When the night boat from Dover to Calais slipped away from her moorings that evening, Hetty Castleton and her maid were on board, with all their bags and trunks, and Brandon Booth was supposed to be completely at sea in the heart of that glittering London-town.

The night was fog-laden and dripping, and the crossing promised to be unpleasant. Wrapped in a thick ecaulster Hetty sat huddled up in the lea of the deckhouse, sick at heart and miserable. She reproached herself for the scurvy trick she was playing on him, reviled herself and yet pitied herself.

A tall man came shambling down the narrow space along the rail and stopped directly in front of her. She started in alarm as he reached out his hand to support himself against the deckhouse. As he leaned forward, he laughed.

"You were thinking of me, Hetty," said the man.

For a long time she stared at him, transfixed, and then, with a low moan, covered her eyes with her hands.

"Is it true—is it a dream?" she sobbed.

He dropped down beside her and gathered her in his strong, eager arms.

"You were thinking of me, weren't you? And reproaching yourself, and hating yourself for running away like this? I thought so. Well, you might just as well try to dodge the smartest detective in the world as to give me the slip now, darling."

"You—you spied on me?" she cried, in muffled tones. She lay very limp in his arms.

"I did," he confessed, without shame. "Gad, when I think of what I might be doing at this moment if I hadn't found you out in time! Think of me back there in London, racing about like a madman, searching for you in every—"

"Please, please!" she implored.

"But luck was with me. You can't get away, Hetty. I shan't let you out of my sight again. I'll camp in front of your door and you'll see me wither and die of sleeplessness, for one or the other of my eyes will always be open."

"Oh, I am so tired, so miserable," she murmured.

"Poor little sweetheart!"

"I wish you would hate me."

"Lie where you are, dearest, and—forget!"

"If I only could—forget!"

"Rest. I will hold you tight and keep you warm. We're in for a nasty crossing, but it is paradise for me. I am mad with the delight of having you here, holding you close to me, feeling you in my arms. The wilder the night the better, for I am wild with the joy of it all. I love you! I love you!" He strained her closer to him in a sort of paroxysm.

She was quiet for a long time. Then she breathed into his ear:

"You will never know how much I was longing for you, just as you are now, Brandon, and in the midst of it all you came. It is like a fairy story, and oh, I shall always believe in fairies."

A long time afterward the throbbing ceased, bell-buoys whistled and clanged about them; the sea suddenly grew calm and lifeless; they slid over it as if it were a quavering sheet of ice; and lights sneaked out of the fog and approached with stealthy swiftness. Bells rang below and above them, sailors sprang up from everywhere and calls were heard below; the rattling of chains and the thumping of heavy luggage took the place of that steady, monotonous beat of the engines. People began to infest the deck, limp and groaning, harassed but voiceless. A mighty sigh seemed to envelop the whole ship—a sigh of relief.

Then it was that these two arose stiffly from their sheltered bench and gave heed to the things that were about them.

The channel was behind them.

CHAPTER XV.

Rattling Old Bones.

They journeyed to Paris by the night mail. He was waiting for her on the platform when she descended from the wagon lit in the Gare du Nord. Sleepy passengers crowded with them into the customs department. She, alone among them all, was smiling brightly, as if the world could be sweet at an hour when, by all odds, it should be sleepiest.

"I was up and on the lookout for you at Amiens," he declared, as they walked off together. "You might have got off there, you know," with a wry grin.

"I shall not run away from you again, Brandon," she said earnestly. "I promise, on my honor."

"By Jove," he cried, "that's a relief!" Then he broke into a happy laugh.

"I shall go to the Ritz," she said, after her effects had been examined and were ready for release.

"I thought so," he announced calmly. "I wired for rooms before I left London."

"Really, this is ridic—"

"Don't frown like that, Hetty," he pleaded.

As they rattled and bounced over the cobble-stones in a taxi-meter on the way to the Place Vendome, he devoted the whole of his conversation to the delicious breakfast they were to have, expatiating glibly on the wonderful berries that would come first in that always-to-be-remembered meal. She was ravenously hungry by the time they reached the hotel, just from listening to his dissertation on chops and rolls and coffee as they are served in Paris, to say nothing of waffles and honey and the marmalade that no Englishman can do without.

Alone in his room, however, he was quite another person. His calm assurance took flight the instant he closed the door and moodily began to prepare for his bath. Resolution was undiminished, but the facts in the case were most desolating. Whatever it was that stood between them, there was no gainsaying its power to influence their lives. It was no trifle that caused her to take this second flight, and the sooner he came to realize the seriousness of opposition the better.

He made up his mind on one point in that half-hour before breakfast; if she asked him again to let her go her way in peace, it was only fair to her and right that he should submit to the inevitable. She loved him, he was sure of it. Then there must be a very good reason for her perplexing attitude toward him. He would make one more attempt to have the truth from her.

She Stared at Him, Transfixed.

Failing in that, he would accept the situation as hopeless, for the time being at least. She should know that he loved her deeply enough for that.

She joined him in the little open-air cafe, and they sat down at a table in a remote corner. There were few people breakfasting. In her tender blue eyes there was a look of sadness that haunted him, even as she smiled and called him beloved.

"Hetty, darling," he said, leaning forward and laying his hand on hers, "can't you tell me what it is?"

She was prepared for the question. In her heart she knew the time had come when she must be fair with him. He observed the pallor that stole into her warm, smooth cheeks as she regarded him fixedly for a long time before replying.

"There is only one person in the world who can tell you, Brandon. It is for her to decide. I mean Sara Wrandall."

He felt a queer, sickening sensation of uneasiness sneak into existence. In the back of his mind, a hateful fear began to shape itself. For a long time he looked into her somber eyes, and as he looked the fear that was hateful took on something of a definite shape.

"Did you know her husband?" he asked, and somehow he knew what the answer would be.

"Yes," she replied, after a moment. She was startled. Her lips remained parted.

He watched her closely. "Has this—this secret anything to do with Challis Wrandall?"

"It has," said she, meeting his gaze steadily.

His hands clutched the edge of the table in a grip that turned the knuckles white.

"Hetty!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper. "You—can't mean that you—"

"You must go to Sara," she cried hurriedly. "Haven't I told you that she is the one—"

"Were you in love with that infernal scoundrel?" he demanded fiercely.

"Sara knows everything. She will tell you—"

"Were you carrying on an affair with him while professing to be the friend of his wife? Tell me that! Did she find you out and—"

"Oh, Brandon, why will you persist?" she cried, her eyes aflame. "I can tell you no more. Why do you glare at me as if I were the meanest thing on earth? Is this love? Is this your idea of greatness? Isn't it enough for you to know that Sara is my loyal, devoted friend; that sh—"

"Wait!" he commanded darkly. "Is it possible that she did not discover your secret until the day you left her house so abruptly? Does that explain your sudden departure?"

"I can answer that," she said quietly. "She has known everything from the day I met her. I have not said anything, Brandon, to lead you to believe that I was in love with Challis Wrandall, have I?"

His eyes softened. "No, you haven't. I—I hope you will forget what I said. You see, I knew Wrandall's reputation. He had no sense of honor. He—"

"Well, I have!" she said levelly.

He flushed. "I am a beast! I'll put it in this way, then: Was he in love with you?"

"You are still unfair. I shall not answer."

He was silent for a long time. "And Sara's lips are sealed," he mused, still possessed of doubts and fears.

"Until she elects to tell the story, dearest love, my lips are also sealed. I love you better than anything else in all this world. I could willingly offer up my life for you, but—well, my life does not belong to me. It is Sara's."

"For heaven's sake, Hetty, what is all this?" he cried in desperation.

"I can say no more. It is useless to insist, Brandon. If you can wrest the story from her, all well and good. You will hate me then, dear love. But it cannot be helped. I am prepared."

"Tell me this much: When you refused to marry Leslie, was your course inspired by what had happened in—in connection with Challis Wrandall?"

"You forget that it is you that I love," she responded simply.

"But why should Sara urge you to marry Leslie if there is anything—"

"Hush! There is the waiter. Come to my sitting-room after breakfast. I have something to say to you. We must come to a definite understanding. This cannot go on."

He was with her for an hour in that pinched little sitting-room, and left her there without a vestige of rancour in his soul. She would not give an inch in the stand she had taken, but something immeasurably great in his make-up rose to the occasion and he went forth, with the conviction that he had no right to demand more of her than she was ready to give. He was satisfied to abide by her decision. The spell of her was over him more completely than ever before.

Two days later he saw her off at the Gare de Lyons, bound for Interlaken. There was a complete understanding between them. She wanted to be quite alone in the Alpine town; he was not to follow her there. She had reserved rooms at the Schweitzerhof, and the windows of her sitting-room looked straight up the valley to the snow-covered crest of the Jungfrau. She remembered these rooms; as a young girl she had occupied them with her father and mother. By some hook or crook, Booth arranged by wire for her to have them again, not an easy matter at that season of the year. Later she was to go to Lucerne, and then to Venice.

The slightest shred of hope was left for Booth. Even though he might accomplish the task he had set unto himself—the conquest of Sara in respect to the untold story—he still had Hetty's dismal prophecy that after he learned the truth he would come to see why they could not be married. But he would not despair.

"We'll see," was all that he said in response to her forlorn cry that they were parting for ever. There was a grimness in the way he said it that gave her something to cherish during the months to come; the hope that he would come back and take her in spite of herself.

He sailed from Cherbourg on the first steamship calling there. Awake, he thought of her; asleep, he dreamed of Challis Wrandall. There was something uncanny in the persistence with which that ruthless despoiler of peace forced his way into his dreams, to the absolute exclusion of all else. The voyage home was made horrid by these nightly reminders of a man he scarcely knew, yet dreaded. He became more or less obsessed by the idea that an evil spell had descended upon him in the shape of a ghostly influence.

The weeks passed slowly for Hetty. There were no letters from Sara, but an occasional line or so from Mr. Carroll. She had made Brandon Booth promise that he would not write to her, nor was he to expect anything from her. If her intention was to cut herself off entirely from her recent

"Hetty!" He Cried, in a Hoarse Whisper.

world and its people, as she might have done in another way by pursuing the time-honored and rather cowardly plan of entering a convent, she was soon to discover that success in the undertaking brought a deeper sense of exile than she could have imagined herself able to endure at the outset. She found herself more utterly alone and friendless than at any time in her life. The chance companions she formed at Interlaken—despite a well-meant reserve—served only to increase her feeling of loneliness and despair. The very natural attentions of men, young and old, depressed her, instead of encouraging that essentially feminine thing called vanity. She lived as one without an aim, without a single purpose except to close one day that she might begin the next.

After a time, she went on to Lucerne. Here the life on the surface was gayer, and she was roused from her state of lethargy in spite of herself. Once, from her little balcony in the National, she saw two of her old acquaintances in the chorus at the Gaiety. They were wearing many pearls. Another time, she met them in the street. She was rather quietly dressed. They did not notice her. But the prosperous Hebraic gentlemen who attended them were not so careless.

One day a card was brought to her rooms. For the next two weeks she had a true and unavoidable friend in Lucerne. It would appear that Mrs. Rowe-Martin had not been apprised of the rift in the Wrandall lute. She had no reason to consider the exclusive Miss Castleton as anything but the most desirable of companions. Mrs. Rowe-Martin was not long in finding out (though how she did it, heaven knows), that Lord Murgatroyd's grandniece was no longer the intimate of that impossible person, Sara Gooch. She couldn't think of Sara without thinking of Gooch.

But at last Mrs. Rowe-Martin departed, much to Hetty's secret relief, but not before she had increased the girl's burthens by introducing her into a cold-nosed cosmopolitan set from which there were but three ways of escape. She refused to marry one of them, denied another the privilege of making love to her, and declined to play auction bridge with all of them. They were not long in dropping her, although it must be said there was real regret among the men.

From Mrs. Rowe-Martin and others she heard that Mrs. Redmond Wrandall and Vivian were to be in Scotland in October, for somebody-or-other's christening, and that Leslie had been doing some really wonderful flying at Pau.

"I am so glad, my dear," said Mrs. Rowe-Martin, "that you refused to marry Leslie. He is a cad. Besides, you would have been in a perpetual state of nerves over his flying."

Of Sara, there was no news, as might have been expected. Mrs. Rowe-Martin made it very clear that Sara was a respectable person—but heavens!

The chill days of autumn came and the crowd began to dwindle. Hetty made preparations to join in the exodus. As the days grew short and bleak, she found herself thinking more and more of the happy-hearted, symbolic dicky-bird on a faraway window ledge. His life was neither a travesty nor a tragedy; hers was both of these.

Something told her too that Brandon Booth had wormed the truth out of Sara, and that she would never see him again. It hurt her to think that while Sara believed in her, the man who loved her did not. It is a way men have.

CHAPTER XVI.

Vivian Airs Her Opinions.

Chief among Booth's virtues was his undeviating loyalty to a set purpose. He went back to America with the firm intention to clear up the mystery surrounding Hetty Castleton, no matter how irksome the delay in achieving his aim or how vigorous the methods he would have to employ. Sara Wrandall, to all purposes, held the key; his object in life now was to induce her to turn it in the lock and throw open the door so that he might enter in and become a sharer in the secrets beyond.

A certain amount of optimistic courage attended him in his campaign against what had been described to him as the impossible. He could see no clear reason why she should withhold the secret under the new conditions, when so much in the shape of happiness was at stake. It was in this spirit of confidence that he prepared to co[illegible] her on his arrival in New York. [illegible] was the same unbounded fa[illegible] belief that nothing evil could resu[illegible] from a perfectly just and honorable motive that gave him the needed courage.

He stayed over night in New York, and the next morning saw him on his way to Southlook. There was something truly ingenuous in his desire to get to the bottom of the matter without fear or apprehension. At the very worst, he maintained, there could be nothing more reprehensible than a passing infatuation, long since dispelled, or perhaps a mildly sinister episode in which virtue had been triumphant and vice defeated with unpleasant results to at least one person, and that person the husband of Sara Wrandall.

Pat met him at the station and drove him to the little cottage on the upper road.

"Ye didn't stay long," said he reflectively, after he had put the bag up in front. He took up the reins.

"Not very," replied his master.

After a dozen rods or more, Pat tried again.

"Just siventeen days, I make it."

"Seems longer."

"Perhaps you'll be after going back soon."

"Why should you think that, Patrick?"

"Because you don't seem to be takin' much interest in your surroundin's here," said Pat loftily. He delivered a smart smack on the crupper with his stubby whip, and pursed his lips for the companionship to be derived from whistling.

"I suppose you know why I went to Europe," said Booth, laying his hand affectionately on the man's arm.

"Sure I do," said Pat, forgetting to whistle. "And was it bad luck you had, sor?"

"A temporary case of it, I'm afraid."

"Well," said the Irishman, looking up at his employer with the most profound encouragement in his wink, "if it's anny help to you, sor, I'll say that I've never found bad luck to be anything but timporary. And, believe me, I've had plinty of it. Mary was dom near three years makin' up her mind to say yis to me."

"And since then you've had no bad luck?" said Booth, with a smile.

"Plinty of it, begob, but I've had some one besides meself to blame for it. There's a lot in that, Mr. Brandon. Whin a man marries, he simply divides his luck into two parts, good and bad, and if he's like most men he puts the bulk av the bad luck on his wife and kapes to himself all he can av the good for a rainy day. That's what makes him a strong man and able to meet trouble when it comes. The beauty av the arrangement is that [illegible] luck is only timporary and a woman enjoys talking about it, while good luck is wid us nine-tenths of the time, whether we know it or not, and we don't have to talk about it."

This was fine philosophy, but Booth discerned the underlying motive.

"Have you been quarreling?"

"I have not," said Pat wrathfully. "But I won't say as much for Mary. The point av me argument is that I have all the good luck in havin' married her, and she claims to have had all the bad luck in marryin' me. Still, as I said before, 'tis but timporary. The good luck lasts and the bad don't. She'll be after tellin' me so before sundown. That's like all women. You'll find it out for yourself wan o' these days, Mr. Brandon, and ye'll be dom proud ye're a man and can enjoy your good luck when ye get it. The bad luck's always follin' behind ye, and ye can always look forward to the good luck. So don't be downhearted. She'll take you, or me name's not what it ought to be."

Booth was inclined to accept this unique discourse as a fair-weather sign.

"Take these bags upstairs, Pat," said he on their arrival at the cottage, "and then come down and drive me over to Mrs. Wrandall's."

"Will ye be after stayin' for lunch with her, Mr. Brandon?" inquired Pat, climbing over the wheel.

"I can't answer that question now."

"Hiven help both av us if Mary's good luncheon goes to waste," said Pat ominously. "That's all I have to say. She'll take it out av both av us."

"Tell her I'll be here for lunch," said Booth, with alacrity. From which it may be perceived that master and man were of one mind when it came to considering the importance of Mary.

Pat studied his watch for a moment with a calculating eye.

"It's half-past eliven now, sor," he announced. "D'ye think ye can make it?"

Booth reflected. "I think not," he said. "I'll have luncheon first." Whereupon he leaped from the trap and went in to tell Mary how happy he was to be where he could enjoy home cooking.

At four he was delivered at Sara's door by the astute Patrick, announced by the sedate Watson and interrogated by the intelligent Murray, who seemed surprised to hear that he would not have anything cool to drink. Sara sent word that she would be down in fifteen minutes, but, as a matter of fact, appeared in less than three.

She came directly to the point.

"Well," she said, with her mysterious smile, "she sent you back to me, I see." He was still clasping her hand.

"Have you heard from her?" he asked quickly.

"No. But I knew just what would happen. I told you it would prove to be a wild-goose chase. Where is she?"

He sat down beside her on the cool, white covered couch.

"In Switzerland. I put her on the train the night before I sailed. Yes, she did send me back to you. Now I'm here, I want the whole story, Sara. What is it that stands between us?"

For an hour he pleaded with her, all to no purpose. She steadfastly refused to divulge the secret. Not even his blunt reference to Challis Wrandall's connection with the affair found a vulnerable spot in her armor.

"I shan't give it up, Sara," he said, at the end of his earnest harangue against the palpably unfair stand both she and Hetty were taking. "I mean to harass you, if you please, until I get what I'm after. It is of the most vital importance to me. Quite as much so, I am sure, as it appears to be to you. If Hetty will say the word, I'll take her gladly, just as she is, without knowing what all this is about. But, you see, she won't consent. There must be some way to override her. You both admit there is no legal barrier. You tell me today that there is no insanity in her family, and a lot of other things that I've been able to bring out by questioning, so I am more than ever certain that the obstacle is not so serious as you would have me believe. Therefore, I mean to pester you until you give in, my dear Sara."

"Very well," she said resignedly. "When may I expect a renewal of the conflict?"

"Would tomorrow be convenient?" he asked quaintly.

She returned his smile. "Come to luncheon."

"Have I your permission to start the portrait?"

"Yes. As soon as you like."

He left her without feeling that he had gained an inch along the road to success. That night, in the gleaming of his starlit porch, he smoked many

Pat Met Him at the Station.

a pipeful and derived therefrom a profound estimate of the value of tact and discretion as opposed to bold and impulsive measures in the handling of a determined woman. He would make haste slowly, as the saying goes. Many an unexpected victory is gained by dilatory tactics, provided the blow is struck at the psychological moment of least resistance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Forged Antiques.

Arabic enameled glassware is prized as one of the finest productions of the glassmaker's art. Damascus is the principal point for the discovery of Arabic antiques, and undoubtedly much of it was made in that city in ancient times; but United States Consul John D. Whiting at Jerusalem has discovered that the business of manufacturing forgeries of the genuine article has assumed large proportions in Damascus.

RUINS OF YUCATAN

Chichen Itza, Home of Forgotten Race, Described.

Former U. S. Consul Says Within These Mysterious American Ruins Are Books With Pages of Stone.

Washington, D. C.—Edward H. Thompson, former United States consul at Merida, Yucatan, in a communication to the National Geographic society at Washington, D. C., describing Chichen Itza, the home of a forgotten race, on the peninsula of Yucatan, declares that the American people should awaken to the fact that they have right at home architecture essentially American and called structures every whit as interesting and massive and possibly as old as those of other lands, who boast that Americans must come to them. "Within these mysterious American ruins are great books, with pages of stone, written in characters that no man may yet read," he declares. "Are the mysteries they hold, the wonderful facts that certainly lie sealed and mute within them, hidden from us, less interesting to Americans than are the tales of Egyptian dynasties, the rites of Druids, Roman campaigns, or Saxon raidings? I think not."

Mr. Thompson describes what was probably the first tennis or basket-ball court on this hemisphere and possibly in the world. "The ruined group of Chichen Itza covers a space of fully three square miles," he says. "Over all this wide territory are scattered carved and squared stones, in countless thousands, fallen by the hundreds, while the formless remains and tumbled walls of huge structures fallen into ruin are seen on every side. Seven massive structures of carved stone and adamantine mortar still tower erect, and almost inhabitable. Their facades sustain the claim that Chichen Itza is one of the world's greatest monuments of antiquity.

"Several hundred feet to the west of the castle temple rest two great parallel moles of solid masonry, each 275 feet long, 54 feet wide and 25 feet high. Between these moles is the ceremonial court. This level cemented space was probably the theater for the performance of certain rites and games of a ceremonial character. This belief is borne out by the fact that at a distance of six feet from

Specimen of Ruins That Are Spread All Over Yucatan.

the level upper surface of the mole two great rings of stone were fixed into the perpendicular wall surface, directly opposite each other."

Mr. Thompson declares estimates as to the age of the city vary from less than 2,000 years to more than 11,500 years. An idea of the intricacies of the language of the people of the city is given by the following quotation from a document found there: "Lai u tzolan katun lukci ti cab ti yotoch Nonoual," which is translated to mean, "This is a series of epochs that elapsed from the time of their departure from the house of Nonoual in the land of Tulapan."

The writer tells a legend concerning Canek, the impetuous ruler of Chichen Itza, who loved the daughter of the ruler of a distant province. One day a runner brought him the news that the Batab of a neighboring and far more powerful province had married the maiden. Canek and his warriors went to his enemy's city under cover of darkness, while all was revelry there in celebration of the wedding. After venting their fury on the drunken celebrants they stole the bride of an hour and disappeared. Never again did Chichen Itza know its Lord Canek nor any of his band of fighters. Years afterward, a hunting band from Chichen Itza made a long journey to the south. They finally reached a lake, and in its center an island city. The city was Tayasal and its ruler the now aged Lord Canek.

He also tells of the arrival, reception and subsequent flight by night of Montejo, one of the early Spanish conquerors, in 1535. The Spaniards, beseiged and almost without provisions, tied a dog to a rope of a bell and placed food just beyond his reach. His efforts to get the food kept the bell ringing and deceived the natives into believing their captives were still there. When the ruse was discovered, the little band of Spanish soldiery was nearly out of the enemy's reach. The writer expresses the belief that the natives, desiring to be rid of their burdensome guests, shut their eyes and let them escape unmolested.

$10,000 for Being a Gentleman.

Omaha, Neb.—Albert Ayer of Omaha has been bequeathed $10,000 "for being a gentleman," by Mrs. Atkinson of Dayton, O. Ayer assisted Mrs. Atkinson's daughter in a railroad wreck ten years ago.

Causes for Mental Defection.

Chicago.—Unhappy love affairs, religious uncertainty and the sex question are named as three contributing causes to mental defection in the court of domestic relations in a report prepared by Dr. Anna Dwyer.

Seek Cure by Hanging.

Los Angeles, Cal.—In an effort to cure a peculiar case of neuritis, Herman Fraenas, eleven, will be hanged by the neck for 15 minutes daily until a cure is effected.

"I'm open for conviction," said one lady. She liked her regular soap and washing powder. She tried RUB-NO-MORE *just to see.* Now *you* ought to see how easily she keeps house dirt-free with this "workless" dirt remover.

RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER is a sudless dirt remover for clothes. It cleans your dishes, sinks, toilets and cleans and sweetens your milk crocks. It kills germs. It does *not* need hot water.

RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder — RUB-NO-MORE Carbo Naptha Soap

Five Cents—All Grocers

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

If we could only get all the kickers and knockers together and compel them to fight it out!

For lame back use Hanford's Balsam, applied thoroughly and well rubbed in. Adv.

Most financial disasters can be traced back to some get-rich-quick scheme.

How a married woman does envy a spinster who has money of her own and doesn't have to ask anyone for a cent!

Newspaper stereotypers use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh for relief from splashing metal burns. Adv.

The man who goes after things gets more than the chap who takes them as they come.

No. SIX-SIXTY-SIX

This is a prescription prepared especially for **Malaria or Chills and Fever.** Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic the fever will not return. 25c—Adv.

The display of fancy hosiery isn't confined to the shop windows on rainy days.

DON'T ITCH! USE RESINOL

Just put on a little of that soothing, antiseptic resinol ointment and the itching and burning stop at once. Soon all trace of eczema, prickly heat, poison-ivy, poison-oak, or other tormenting skin trouble is gone. Every druggist sells resinol ointment and resinol soap. Prescribed by doctors for 19 years.—Adv.

The New "Fourth."

John A. Bates, who for many years has presided at an all-night drug store in the Tenderloin, has the last word to say on the question of a safe and sane Fourth.

"Dull night, Doc," observed one of the regulars as the holiday was about over.

"Dull! I should say it was," replied Bates: "It's been so dull I've been refusing to sell alcohol all night, thinking it was Sunday."—New York Tribune.

Way the Moon Changes.

It was the tenth week after the honeymoon. The great round moon rolled up above the trees.

"Jack," she said, romantically, "do you remember how the moon used to affect you when you were calling on me? Why, every time it went under a cloud you used to kiss me. You don't do it now."

"No," yawned Jack, as he lit his pipe, "the moon affects the tides, but not the tiads. The honeymoon ends all moon nonsense."

And then she said he was the meanest man in town and went over to call on the neighbors.

Worried About Him.

The landlord — well, the landlord was quite unpopular. There was a time when Irish landlords were. And Mike and Tim were waiting for him behind the hedge.

It was evening and the long hours very slowly passed.

"Mike," said Tim, when another hour had gone, "what time is it?"

Mike struck a match and looked at his watch.

"Eleven-thirty," he whispered.

"Is it that?" replied Tim. "An' it's time he was here."

Another long wait followed. Then again Tim inquired the hour.

"It's ten minutes to twelve."

Tim looked anxious.

"Is it that?" he exclaimed. "He's late—he's very late. I do hope nothin's happened to him."

NEW IDEA

Helped Wisconsin Couple.

It doesn't pay to stick too closely to old notions of things. New ideas often lead to better health, success and happiness.

A Wis. couple examined an idea new to them and stepped up several rounds on the health ladder. The husband writes:

"Several years ago we suffered from coffee drinking, were sleepless, nervous, sallow, weak and irritable. My wife and I both loved coffee and thought it was a bracer." (Delusion.)

"Finally, after years of suffering, we read of Postum and the harmfulness of coffee, and believing that to grow we should give some attention to new ideas, we decided to test Postum.

"When we made it right we liked it and were free of ills caused by coffee. Our friends noticed the change—fresher skin, sturdier nerves, better temper, etc.

"These changes were not sudden, but increased as we continued to drink and enjoy Postum, and we lost the desire for coffee.

"Many of our friends did not like Postum at first, because they did not make it right. But when they made Postum according to directions on pkg., they liked it better than coffee and were benefited by the change."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. Made in the cup with hot water—no boiling. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

BELIEVE PIECEWORK IS BEST

Employers of Labor Bring Strong Arguments to Bear in Favor of That System.

The point is often made that the trade union with its day-rate minimum assumes that all of its craftsmen are equally efficient and that they should be paid accordingly. Employers are not likely to admit this allegation, but sometimes they act as if they also believed in a dead level among workmen.

The president of a large electrical railway system is consistently opposed to piecework or premium systems, not because of any fear of labor troubles or the special conditions of electric railway maintenance, but simply on the assumption that no shopman can possibly be worth more than $2 to $2.50 a day. The shop superintendent of this railway has been able to strengthen his argument for a piecework system by making a careful study of practices in other shops, and he has determined that a large increase in the production of some jobs could be brought about by some form of premium system. In fact, he has calculated that the abolition of the day rate would produce a net saving of about twenty per cent. in labor cost. He is also convinced that the piecework system would actually result in better workmanship because the present day rates are too low to appeal to good shopmen.

This has been the result on most roads where the piecework system has been introduced. But it seems to take a long time to overcome the prejudice against a workman earning more than the ordinary wages of his craft even when his production is correspondingly greater. After all, the prime concern of an economical management as related to shop accounts should not be the wages of individuals but the total cost of maintenance per car mile.—Electric Railway Journal.

Tobacco Fools Bears.

As a safeguard against attacks from angry bears, a veteran trapper recommends tobacco in the pockets.

He ran into a big cinnamon, coming down the trail at full speed. The bear struck him in the pit of the stomach with his head, hurling him into the underbrush and sinking his teeth into his thigh. The bear's teeth were setting deeper, and he had about given up when the bear suddenly let go, sat up on his haunches and began to strangle, much like a dog with a bone in his throat. He continued the performance for a few seconds, then rose to his feet and started up the mountain as fast as he could travel.

The trapper discovered a plug of chewing tobacco in his pocket had been ground to a pulp and wet with the animal's saliva. The tobacco had evidently made him so sick that he was glad to let go.

What He Wanted to See.

Three-year-old Emerson had an idea all music was produced by a method similar to that of the talking machine, with which he was familiar. One time he attended a band concert and insisted on going up to the band stand after the band had played a selection. His father asked him why he wanted to go and he replied, "Want to watch them change the needle."

HAS GEESE WORK FOR HIM

Indian Clam Digger Has Trained Fowls So That, He Claims, They Do the Work of a Man.

In the far northwest lives an Indian chief who rejoices in the name of Prince of Wales. Moreover, he is the son of the duke of York, a famous old Hudson Bay chief.

The prince, who has a contract to supply the local cannery with clams, has a flock of geese on his ranch on Scow bay which he has trained to dig clams. According to report he often has to get up in the night and go to the beach for the clams in order to take advantage of the turn in the tide, and on these occasions he is accompanied by his geese.

The prince has graciously permitted them to do this, but has taught them to pick up the whole clams and drop them into a pail. He reported that two or three of the geese have become so proficient that they do the work of a man. He does not even have to waken them when he wants their services. One of them always hears him and gives the signal to the others, and by the time he has reached the beach they are all there ready for work.

Girl's Trap Catches Mouse.

At last a new way has been discovered for catching mice. And a Broadway show girl is the discoverer of the new device. It happens that she chanced across the scheme purely by accident. She purchased a dozen oysters in the shell and left them on the table in the kitchenette of her apartment while she went to her boudoir to have a few bouts with the rouge box. When she returned to the kitchenette she found firmly caught in the shell of one of the oysters a dead mouse. The oyster had been dragged fully a foot from the plate and traces on the table showed there had been a struggle. Mr. Mouse had ventured into the oyster when he opened his shell to get some air, head first, and Mr. Oyster just clamped together like a vise and crushed the unfortunate rodent. Since then every show girl is leaving oysters in all parts of their apartments.

Lower Animals That Weep.

Among the creatures that weep most easily are the ruminants. All hunters know that the stag weeps, and we are also assured that the bear sheds tears when it sees its last hour approaching.

The giraffe is not less sensitive, and regards with tearful eyes the hunter who has wounded it. Dogs weep quite easily. The same is true of certain monkeys. As for the elephant, there is abundant evidence of the ease with which it weeps. It sheds tears when wounded, or when it sees that it cannot escape; its tears roll from its eyes like those of a human being in affliction.

Fulness of Life.

Every year I live I am more convinced that the waste of life lies in the love we have not given, the powers we have not used, the selfish prudence that will risk nothing and which, shirking pain, misses happiness as well. No one ever yet was the poorer in the long run for having once in a lifetime "let out all the length of the reins."—Matthew Arnold.