

# The Hollow of Her Hand

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

ILLUSTRATIONS by ELLSWORTH YOUNG

COPYRIGHT 1914 BY  
GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON  
COPYRIGHT 1912 BY  
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

## 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 busy 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 Hettie 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 Hettie a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy.

**CHAPTER IV**—Mrs. Sara Wrاندall and Hettie attend the funeral of Challis Wrاندall at the home of his parents. Sara always been treated as an intruder by the Wrاندall family, but sympathy seems to draw them closer together.

**CHAPTER V**—Sara Wrاندall and Hettie go to New York after an absence of several years. Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in her.

**CHAPTER VI**—Hettie is greatly pained by Sara's evident desire to encourage Leslie's attentions. She sees in Leslie's intention possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and repatriation for the wrongs 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 Hettie.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hettie. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hettie before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hettie. He speaks of her about it. Hettie declares it must be a picture of Hettie 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 Hettie at the first opportunity he has to do so.

**CHAPTER X**—Much to his chagrin Leslie is refused by Hettie. Sara, between whom and Hettie 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**—Sara Wrاندall finds the truth. She had kept the three Wrاندalls for luncheon.

"Dear," said Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall, as she stood before Hettie's portrait at the end of the long living-room. "I must say that Brandon has been in catching that lovely little thing that makes her so—what I say?—so mysterious? Is that what you want? The word is as elusive as an expression."

"That's the word you want, Brandon," said Vivian, standing beside Leslie, tall, slim and aristocratic, her hands behind her back, her manner one of absolute indifference. Vivian was more than handsome; she was striking.

"There isn't anything subtle about Hettie," said Sara, with a laugh. "She's so ingenuous."

Leslie was pulling at his mustache, and looking slightly. The sunburn on his nose and forehead had begun to peel off in chappy little flakes. "Slipping likeness, though," was his comment.

It was long past the luncheon hour when Hettie came in, flushed and warm. She was alone, and she had been walking rapidly.

"Oh, I'm sorry to be so late," she apologized, darting a look of anxiety at Sara. "We grew careless with time. Am I shockingly late?" She was shaking hands with Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall as she spoke. Leslie and Vivian stood by, rigidly awaiting their turn. Neither appeared to be especially cordial.

"What is the passing of an hour, my dear," said the old lady, "to one who is young and can spare it?" "I did not expect you—I mean to say, nothing was said about luncheon, was there, Sara?" She was in a pretty state of confusion.

"No," said Leslie, breaking in; "we butted in, that's all. How are you?" He clasped her hand and bent over it. She was regarding him with slightly dilated eyes. He misinterpreted the steady scrutiny. "Oh, it will all peel off in a day or two," he explained, going a shade redder.

"When did you return?" she asked. "I thought tomorrow was—"

"Leslie never has any tomorrows, Miss Castleton," explained Vivian. "He always does tomorrow's work today. That's why he never has any troubles ahead of him."

"What rot!" exclaimed Leslie. "Where is Mr. Booth?" inquired Sara. "Wouldn't he come in, Hettie?" "I—I didn't think to ask him to stop for luncheon," she replied, and then hurried off to her room to make herself presentable.

Hettie was in a state of nervous excitement during the luncheon. The encounter with Booth had not resulted at all as she had fancied it would. She had betrayed herself in a most disconcerting manner, and now was more deeply involved than ever before. She had been determined at the outset, she had failed, and now he had a claim—an incontestable claim against her. She found it difficult to meet Sara's steady, questioning gaze. She wanted to be alone.

After luncheon, Leslie drew Sara aside. "I must say she doesn't seem especially overjoyed to see me," he growled. "She's as cool as ice."

"What do you expect, Leslie?" she demanded with some asperity. "I can't stand this much longer, Sara," he said. "Don't you see how things are going? She's losing her heart to Booth."

"I don't see how we can prevent it."

"By gad, I'll have another try at it—tonight. I say, has she said anything?"

"She pities you," she said, a malicious joy in her soul. "That's akin to something else, you know."

"Confound it all, I don't want to be pitied!"

"Then I'd advise you to defer your try at it," she remarked.

"I'm mad about her, Sara. I can't sleep, I can't think, I can't—yes, I can eat, but it doesn't taste right to me. I've just got to have it settled. Why, people are beginning to notice the change in me. They say all sorts of things. About my liver, and all that sort of thing. I'm going to settle it tonight. It's been nearly three weeks now. She's surely had time to think it over; how much better everything will be for her, and all that. She's no fool, Sara. And do you know what Vivian's doing this very instant over there in the corner? She's inviting her to spend a fortnight over at our place. If she comes—well, that means the engagement will be announced at once."

Promptly. "I can't bear the thought of being alone in this big old barn."



"She Doesn't Seem Especially Overjoyed to See Me."

"A place. Nice of you to want her, but—"

"Oh, don't be selfish, Sara," cried Vivian.

"You don't know how much I depend on her," said Sara.

"I'd ask you over, too, dear, if there weren't so many others coming. I don't know where we're going to put them. You understand, don't you?"

"Perfectly," said her sister-in-law, smiling.

"But I've been counting on—Hettie."

"I say, Sara," broke in Leslie, "you could go up to Bar Harbor with the Williamsons at that time. Tell her about the invitation, Vivie."

"It isn't necessary," said Sara coolly. "I scarcely know the Williamsons." She hesitated an instant and then went on with sardonic dismay: "They're in trade, you know."

"That's nothing against 'em," protested he. "Awfully jolly people—really ripping. Ain't they, Viv?"

"I don't know them well enough to say," said Vivian, turning away. "I only know we're all snobs of the worst sort."

"Just a minute, Viv," he called out. "What does Miss Castleton say about coming?" It was an eager question. Much depended on the reply.

"I haven't asked her," said his sister succinctly. "How could I, without first consulting Sara?"

"Then you don't intend to ask her?" "Certainly not."

After the Wrاندalls had departed, Sara took Hettie off to her room. The girl knew what was coming.

"Hettie," said the older woman, facing her after she had closed the door of her boudoir, "what is going on between you and Brandon Booth? I must have the truth. Are you doing anything foolish?"

"Dearest!" cried Hettie, springing to her side.

Sara threw her head up and met her with a cold, repelling look.

"Wait!" she commanded. "The time has come when you should know what is in my mind, and has been for months. It concerns you. I expect you to marry Leslie Wrاندall."

Hettie stopped short.

"How can you jest with me, Sara?" she cried, suddenly indignant.

"I am not jesting," said Sara levelly.

"You—you—really mean—that you have just said?" The puzzled look gave way to one of revulsion. A great shudder swept over her.

"Leslie Wrاندall must pay his brother's debt to you."

"My God!" fell from the girl's still lips. "You—you must be going mad—mad!"

Sara laughed softly. "I have meant it almost from the beginning," she said. "It came to my mind the day that Challis was buried. It has never been out of it for an instant since that day. Now you understand."

If she expected Hettie to fall into a fit of weeping, to collapse, to plead with her for mercy, she was soon to find herself mistaken. The girl straightened up suddenly and met her gaze with one in which there was the fierce determination. Her eyes were steady, her bosom heaved.

"And I have loved you so devotedly—so blindly," she said, in low tones of scorn. "You have been hating me all these months while I thought you were loving me. What a fool I have been! I might have known. You couldn't love me."

"When Leslie asks you tonight to marry him, you are to say that you will do so," said Sara, betraying no sign of having heard the bitter words.

"I shall refuse, Sara," said Hettie, every vestige of color gone from her face.

"There is an alternative," announced the other deliberately.

"You will expose me to—him? To his family?"

"I shall turn you over to them, to let them do what they will with you. If you go as his wife, the secret is safe. If not, they may have you as you really are, to destroy, to annihilate. Take your choice, my dear."

"And you, Sara?" asked the girl quietly. "What explanation will you have to offer for all these months of protection?"

Her companion stared. "Has the prospect no terror for you?"

"Not now. Not since I have found you out. The thing I have feared all along has come to pass. I am relieved, now that you show me just where I truly stand. But, I asked: what of you?"

## THE ELEVENTH SERIES OF THE STANDARD BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

The eleventh series of the Standard Building and Loan Association opens April 1st, 1914. The books are open daily for subscriptions.

Twenty-five cents entrance fee and 25 cents weekly installments per share. No back dues required in this series.

R. O'Hara, President  
J. T. Barber, Sec. & Treas.  
3-27-15th.

## NOTICE

March 25th 1914.—Commencing Thursday 26th freight received after 10 A. M., for points north of New Bern and including Raleigh district, will be subject to 24 hours delay, account of change of schedule—no change in receiving hour for other points.

E. W. Warren Agt.

## LADIES

Have your facial massaging and hair treatment done at your residence. For appointment, phone A. I. Blankfeld—Beauty artist, phone 295, P. O. Box 558.

## F. M. Simmons A. D. Ward

**SIMMONS & WARD**  
Attorneys and Counsellors at  
**LAW**  
Rooms 401 and 404  
Eliza Temple  
NEW BERN, N. C.

## Buy your Sweeping Powder at Home!

**ANTI-DUST**  
Manufactured By  
**TARRO CHEMICAL COMPANY**

Also cheap Barn and Roof Paint. It's Fine for brick Work and fences—It's a wood-preserve.

**Tarro Chemical Co.**  
Phone 451 New Bern, N. C.

## PHONE 174

FOR

Tub Butter - 35c. lb.  
Granulated Sugar - 5c. lb.  
Best Lard - 15c. lb.  
Japanese Rice - 6c. lb.

## H. C. ARMSTRONG

"If You Utter Another Word, I Will Strangle You!"



## Fine TAILORING

Cleaning and Repairing  
**S. N. CHADWICK**  
25 Hancock Street



## WE STAND BY

the value of our lumber and when we say "we have some especially choice stock on hand ready for delivery," we know the words will accept the truth joyfully and gladly.

There is no local firm in this range with more lumber than we have.

## APPLICATION FOR THE PARDON OF ROBERT JONES

Application will be made to the Governor of North Carolina for the pardon of Robert Jones, convicted at the January term of the Superior Court of Craven county for the crime of assault and trespass, and sentenced to serve the term of six months in the county jail. All persons who are opposed to the granting of the said pardon, are invited to forward their protests to the Governor without delay. This 23 day of March, 1914.

Carl Danish Attorney.

## Lodge Directory

**ATHENA LODGE No. 8, K of P.**—Meets every Tuesday 8 p. m., over Gas Co.'s office, Middle st., J. R. Whitehead C. C., J. H. Smith, K of R and S. Visiting brothers are assured of chevalier's welcome.

**CRAYEN LODGE No. 1 KNIGHTS OF HARMONY**—Meets second and fourth Wednesday nights at 7:30 o'clock in each month at Knights of Harmony hall, corner Broad and Hancock street. J. K. Willis, President; R. J. Disway, Secretary; Geo. Moulton Financial Secretary.

## J. LEON WILLIAMS

**ATTORNEY AT LAW**  
126 MIDDLE ST.  
NEW BERN, N. C.

## YOU WILL SAVE YOUR CLOTHES

If You Have Them Cleaned and Repaired By  
**SOL. LIPMAN**  
Phone 733 76 S. Front St.  
OPPOSITE GASTON HOTEL

## D. G. Smaw

Successor to H. W. Simpson Funeral Director and  
**AND EMBALMER**  
Office 68 Broad St. Phone 167  
Residence 28 S. F. St. 829

## BARGAINS in BICYCLES

My Entire Line of Bicycles consisting of  
**COLUMBIAS, RAMBLERS, RACYCLES, IVER JOHNSONS**  
and other makes at following:  
**CUT PRICES**

\$75 COLUMBIA Chainless fully equipped \$60

\$50 COLUMBIAS, fully equipped \$40

\$50 RAMBLERS, fully equipped \$40

\$50 RACYCLES, fully equipped \$40

\$50 IVER JOHNSONS, fully equipped \$40

\$45 SEMINOLE, fully equipped \$35

\$40 ECLIPSE, fully equipped \$30

By fully equipped I mean with best grade of handle bar, pedals, saddle and tires, with mud guards and lamp and bell.

Why buy a Bicycle of UNKNOWN quality when you can buy one of STANDARD quality for same price!

## WM. T. HILL

THE SPORTING GOODS MAN,  
91 Middle Street. Phone 353.

## AUTOMOBILE BY DAY HOUR TRIP

Our Automobiles are always awaiting your call. PROMPT SERVICE. REASONABLE RATES. REGULAR TAXI CAB SERVICE.

**AUTO RENTAL CO.**  
61 South Front Street