

The Hollow of Her Hand

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

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CHAPTER III—Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Hatty's situation. It is a story that pertains to Wrاندall. The story of the tragedy she herself has told her. She offers Hatty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy.

CHAPTER IV—Mrs. Sara Wrاندall and Hatty attend the funeral of Challis Wrاندall at the home of his parents. Sara had always been treated as an interloper by the mobbish Wrاندall family, but the tragedy seems to draw them closer together.

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

CHAPTER VI—Hatty is greatly pained at Sara's evident desire to encourage Leslie's attentions. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and reparation 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, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hatty.

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

CHAPTER X—Much to his chagrin Leslie is refused by Hatty. Sara, between whom and Hatty 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 Hatty confess their love for each other, but Hatty 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—Hatty admits to Sara what she loves Booth. Sara declares that Hatty must marry Leslie, who must be made to pay his brother's debt to the girl. Hatty again attempts to tell the real story of the tragedy and Sara threatens to strangle her if she says a word. Sara humiliates Hatty by revealing that all this time she has believed Hatty to have sinned in her relations with Challis Wrاندall. In the end she realizes that Hatty is entirely innocent.

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

CHAPTER XIV—Hatty starts for Europe. Sara insists upon providing for her financially. At sea Hatty 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 Hatty starts for Paris, but finds Booth on the same boat.

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

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

CHAPTER XVII—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 Hatty. The girl had come to the inn with Wrاندall believing she was to be married there. Wrاندall intended to seduce her and in shame and desperation she killed him. Sara also relates her own vindictive schemes involving Hatty and the Wrاندall family and expresses her joy that they failed. Booth decides to go to Hatty.

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

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. Hatty sat a little apart from the others, a rather forlorn, detached member of the convolve. 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 anxiously for the answer.

"It is very stuffy in here," Vivian said with a glance at the closed windows. Sara had successfully shut out the jury in the box.

"Well, Viv," whispered Leslie, "it's a awfully awfully hot. You'll scare

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 unrepentant perjury. I only require of you that you hear me to the end before passing judgment."

At her words, Hatty 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 Hatty'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 king 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 Hatty 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 unevil. 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 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 plant took root in my brain."

"And so you are the one we have been hunting for all these months."

"My child—" began her father incredulously. His jaw dropped suddenly. His daughter's shot had landed squarely in the heart of the Wrاندall pride.

"If she has anything to say"—said Mrs. Wrاندall, waving Booth aside and sinking stiffly into her chair. Her husband sat down. Their jaws set hard.

"Thank you, Vivian," said Sara, surprised in spite of herself. "You are nobler than I—"

"Please don't thank me, Sara," said Vivian icily. "I was speaking for Miss Castleton."

Continued Tomorrow

WOMAN'S CLUB CALENDAR.

April 14. Canterbury Club at 4 o'clock P. M. Mr. T. J. Roberts, hostess. April 14. Shakespeare Club at 4 o'clock P. M. Mrs. Owen Dunn, hostess. Music Club in Griffin Auditorium at 4 o'clock.

Timely Suggestions

We can handle to advantage any requirements in insurance such as FIRE, LIFE, Accident Burglary, Plate Glass, Live Stock, etc. and will thank you for your business. Also have several good homes and desirable building lots for sale.

W. G. BOYD

NORTH CAROLINA, CRAVEN COUNTY, SUPERIOR COURT.

J. R. M. Warren and B. R. Warren, partners as Warren brothers and W. H. Harrington, Assignee of Warren Brothers.

J. B. Price.

NOTICE OF EXECUTION SALE

By virtue of an execution directed to the undersigned Sheriff of Craven County from the Superior Court of Craven County North Carolina, in the above entitled action I will on Monday the 4th day of May, 1914 at the hour of 12 o'clock M. at the Court House door of said county sell to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said execution all the right title and interest which the said defendant J. B. Price has or did have at the time the judgement in said action was docketed in the following described real estate to-wit:

That certain tract of land in Craven County North Carolina, beginning at the mouth of Spring Branch and running up the various courses of the run of Maul Swamp to the mouth of Great Branch, then up Great Branch with the run thereof 50 poles to a popular, thence parallel with Spring Branch with the division line between the land formerly owned by W. D. McIver and K. Kithrel to a light wood knot in the center of several marked pines near a road, thence southwardly with the said division line to a corner in B. F. Dinkin's line, then with the B. F. Dinkin's line to the mouth of Spring Branch to the beginning, containing 400 acres more or less, and being the same tract of land described in a certain deed from L. E. Ipock to J. B. Price on the 22nd day of January 1904, by deed recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Craven County, in Book 154, page 275, to which reference is hereby made for better description.

R. B. Lane
Sheriff Craven County.

Dated this 47th day of March 1914

UNLESS

Your poll tax is paid by May 1st, you can't vote in any Primary or Election.

This Means You

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



"And so you are the one we have been hunting for all these months."

heard. I mean to be as fair to her as Sara has been. It shall not be said that all the Wrاندalls are smaller than Sara Gooch!"

"My child—" began her father incredulously. His jaw dropped suddenly. His daughter's shot had landed squarely in the heart of the Wrاندall pride.

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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.

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APPLICATION FOR THE PARDON OF ROBERT JONES

Application will be made to 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 Daniels Attorney.

Lodge Directory

ATHENIA 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 Visiting brothers are assured of chevalier's welcome.

GRAVEN 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. Disoway, Secretary; Geo. Moulton Financial Secretary.

J. LEON WILLIAMS ATTORNEY AT LAW
126 MIDDLE ST.
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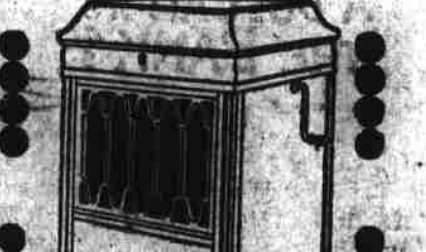
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