

Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green

Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

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SYNOPSIS.

A curious crowd of neighbors invade the mysterious home of Judge Ostrander, a judge and eccentric recluse, following a veiled woman who has gained entrance through the gates of the high double barriers surrounding the place. The woman has disappeared but the judge is found in a cataleptic state. Bela, his servant, appears in a dying condition and prevents entrance to a secret door. Bela dies. The judge awakes. Miss Weeks explains to him what has occurred during his seclusion. He secretly discovers the whereabouts of the veiled woman. She proves to be the widow of a man tried before the judge and electrocuted for murder years before. Her daughter is engaged to the judge's son, from whom he is estranged, but the murder is between the lovers.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

But she would not be denied. She thrust it upon him and once his eyes had fallen upon it, they clung there, though evidently against his will. Ah, she knew that Reuther's exquisite countenance would plead for itself! God seldom grants to such beauty so lovely a spirit. If the features themselves failed to appeal, certainly he must feel the charm of an expression which had already netted so many hearts. Breathlessly she watched him, and, as she watched, she noted the heavy lines carved in his face by thought and possibly by sorrow, slowly relax and his eyes fill with a wistful tenderness.

"Parents must learn to endure bitterness. I have not been exempt myself from such. Your child will not die. You have years of mutual companionship before you, while I have nothing. And now let us end this interview, so painful to us both. You have said—"

"No," she broke in with sudden vehemence, all the more startling from the restraint in which she had held herself up to this moment. "I have not said—I have not begun to say what seethes like a consuming fire in my breast. I spoke of a miracle—will you not listen, judge? I am not wild; I am not unconscious of presumption. I am only in earnest, in deadly earnest. A miracle is possible. The gulf between these two may yet be spanned. I see a way—"

What change was this to which she had suddenly become witness? The face which had not lost all its underlying benignancy even when it looked its coldest, had now become settled and hard. His manner was absolutely repellent as he broke in with the quick disclaimer:

"But there is no way. What miracle could ever make your daughter, lovely as she undoubtedly is, a fitting match for my son! None, madam, absolutely none. Such an alliance would be monstrous; unnatural."

"Why?" The word came out boldly. "Because her father died the death of a criminal?"

The answer was equally blunt. "Yes; a criminal over whose trial his father presided as judge."

Quick as a flash, however, came the retort. "A judge, however, who showed him every consideration possible. I was told at the time and I have been assured by many since that you were more than just to him in your rulings. Judge Ostrander—he had taken a step toward the hall door; but he paused at this utterance of his name—"

"answer me this one question. Why did you do this? You must have hated him deeply—your feeling for Mr. Etheridge was well known. Then why such magnanimity toward the man who stood on trial for killing him?"

Unaccustomed to be questioned, though living in an atmosphere of continual yes and no, he stared at the veiled features of one who so dared, as if he found it hard to excuse such presumption. But he answered her nevertheless, and with decided emphasis:

"Possibly because his victim was my friend and lifelong companion. A judge fears his own prejudices."

"Possibly; but you had another reason, judge; a reason which justified you in your own eyes at the time and which justifies you in mine now and always. Am I not right? This is no courtroom; the case is one of the past; it can never be reopened; the prisoner is dead. Answer me, then, as one sorrowing mortal replies to another, hadn't you another reason?"

The judge, panicked though he was or thought he was, against all conceivable attack, winced at this repetition of a question he had hoped to ignore, and in his anxiety to hide this involuntary betrayal of weakness allowed his anger to have full vent, as he cried out in no measured terms:

ORIGIN LOST IN ANTIQUITY

Phrase That Has Become Famous Has Been Credited to Many Thinkers and Writers.

"Germany's place in the sun" is a phrase usually credited to the former Chancellor von Buelow. But how far back does it go?

A writer to the New York Evening Post quotes from Ernest Renan's "Life of Jesus." "The situation of a poor man is dreadful; literally there is no place for him in the sun." The writer of the letter observes, "It would be interesting to know if the metaphor was original with Renan."

It was not. In Pascal's "Thoughts" this occurs: "This place in the sunshine is mine; that is the beginning and the type of usurpation the world over." And Pascal's "Thoughts," of that moment, was of war.

Was it Louis Fourteenth (the monarch of Pascal's maturity) who had coined the phrase to justify his ambitions? Or was it the phrase of Richelieu (discoverer of the youthful Pas-

"What is the meaning of all this? What are you after? Why are you raking up these bygones, which only make the present condition of affairs darker and more hopeless? Oliver Ostrander, under no circumstances and by means of no sophistries, can ever marry the daughter of John Scoville. I should think you would see that for yourself."

"But if John should be proved to have suffered wrongfully? If he should be shown to have been innocent?"

His rebuke was quick, instant. With a force and earnestness which recalled the courtroom he replied:

"Madam, your hopes and wishes have misled you. Your husband was a guilty man; as guilty a man as any judge ever passed sentence upon."

"But he swore the day I last visited him in the prison, with his arms pressed tight about me and his eyes looking straight into mine as you are looking now, that he never struck that blow. I did not believe him then; there were too many dark spots in his memory of old lies premeditated and destructive of my happiness; but I believed him later, and I believe him now."

"Madam, this is quite unprofitable. A jury of his peers condemned him as guilty and the law compelled me to pass sentence upon him. The inevitable must be accepted. I have said my last word."

"But not heard mine," she panted. "For me to acknowledge the inevitable where my daughter's life and happiness are concerned would make me seem a coward in my own eyes. Helped or unhelped, with the sympathy or without the sympathy of one who I hoped would show himself my friend, I shall proceed with the task to which I have dedicated myself. You will forgive me, judge. You see that John's last declaration of innocence goes further with me than your belief, backed as it is by the full weight of the law."

Gazing at her as at one gone suddenly demented, he said:

"I fail to understand you, Mrs.—I will call you Mrs. Averill. You speak of a task. What task?"

"The only one I have a heart for—the proving that Reuther is not the child of a willful murderer; that another man did the deed for which he suffered. I can do it. I feel confident that I can do it; and if you will not help me—"

"Help you! After what I have said and reiterated that he is guilty, guilty, guilty?"

Advancing upon her with each repetition of the word, he towered before her, an imposing, almost formidable figure. She faced again his anger, which might well be righteous, and with almost preternatural insight boldly declared:

"You are too vehement to quite convince me, Judge Ostrander. Acknowledge it or not, there is more doubt than certainty in your mind; a doubt which ultimately will lead you to help me. Then my way should broaden—a way, at the end of which I see a united couple—my daughter and your son. Oh, she is worthy of him," the woman broke forth, as he made another repellent and imperative gesture, "ask anyone in the town where we have lived."

Abruptly and without apology for his rudeness, Judge Ostrander turned his back, then with a quick whirl about which brought him face to face with her once more, he impetuously asked:

"Madam, you were in my house this morning. You came in through the gate which Bela had left unlocked. Will you explain how you came to do this? Did you know that he was going down street, leaving the way open behind him? Was there collusion between you?"

Her eyes looked clearly into his. She felt that she had nothing to disguise or conceal.

"I had urged him to do this, Judge Ostrander. I had met him more than once in the street when he went out to do your errands, and I used all my persuasion to induce him to give me this one opportunity of pleading my cause with you. He was your devoted servant, he showed it in his death, but he never got over his affection for Oliver. I had listened to what folks said. I had heard that you would receive nobody; talk to nobody. Bela was my only resource."

He was scrutinizing her keenly, and for the first time understandingly. Whatever her station, past or present, she was certainly no ordinary woman.

cal's genius) who used it for France? Was it then an old saying, borrowed from Caesar, or Alexander—or maybe from Ramezes?

A Terrible Weapon.

A new weapon has been provided for the United States army which is far more efficient than any heretofore adopted. It was invented and is used by the French military authorities, and already nearly a hundred have been purchased by the United States. The new gun, which was described in the Popular Mechanics Magazine, weighs but 35 pounds and can easily be carried by a soldier. Two men are required to operate it, both of whom lie flat on the ground, presenting a small mark to the enemy. One man feeds the cartridges into the breech of the gun in clips of 25 each, while the other aims the weapon and directs the firing mechanism. The gun will fire separate shots or will operate automatically, in which case 300 shots may be fired per minute. At long range a third soldier ascertains the range by the use of binoculars and reports the effect of the bullets.

nor was her face without beauty, lit as it was by passion and every other of which a loving woman is capable. No man would be likely to resist it unless his armor were twice forged. Would he himself be able to? He began to experience a cold fear—a dread which drew a black veil over the future; a blacker veil than that which had hitherto rested upon it.

But his face showed nothing. He proceeded, with a piercing intensity not to be withstood:

"When you entered my house this morning did you come directly to my room?"

"Yes. Bela told me just how to reach it."

"And when you saw me indisposed—unable, in fact, to greet you—what did you do then?"

With the force and meaning of one who takes an oath, she brought her hand, palm downward on the table before her, as she steadily replied:

"I flew back into the room through which I had come, undecided whether to fly the house or wait for what might happen to you. I did not dare to go till Bela came back. So I stayed watching in a dark corner of that same room. I never left it till the crowd came in. Then I slid out behind them."

"Was the child with you—at your side I mean, all this time?"

"I never let go her hand."

"Woman, you are keeping nothing back?"

"Nothing but my terror at the sight of Bela running in all bloody to escape the people pressing after him."

Sincerity was in her manner and in her voice. The judge breathed more easily, and made the remark:

"No one with hearing unimpaired can realize the suspicion of the deaf, nor can anyone who is not subject to attacks like mine conceive the doubts with which a man so cursed views those who have been active about him while the world to him was blank."

Thus he dismissed the present subject, to surprise her by a renewal of the old one.

"What are your reasons," said he, "for the hopes you have just expressed? I think it your duty to tell me before we go any further."

"Excuse me for tonight. What I have to tell—or rather, what I have to show you—requires daylight." Then,



He Was Scrutinizing Her Keenly.

as she became conscious of his astonishment, added falteringly:

"Have you any objection to meeting me tomorrow on the bluff overlooking Dark—"

The judge was looking at her; he had not moved; nor had an eyelash stirred, but the rest of that sentence had stuck in her throat, and she found herself standing as immovably quiet as he.

"Why there?" he asked. "Because"—her words came slowly, haltingly, as she tremulously, almost fearfully, felt her way with him—"because there is no other place where—I can make—my point."

He smiled. It was his first smile in years and naturally was a little constrained—and, to her eyes at least, almost more terrifying than his frown.

"Why have you waited till now?" he called out, forgetful that they were not alone in the house, forgetful, apparently, of everything but his surprise and repulsion. "Why not have made use of this point before it was too late? You were at your husband's trial; you were even on the witness stand?"

She nodded, thoroughly cowed at last both by his indignation and the revelation contained in this question of the judicial mind—"Why now, when the time was then?"

Happily, she had an answer. "Judge Ostrander, I had a reason for that, too; and, like my point, it is a good one. But do not ask me for

lowered his standards! Just because a child is so ready to believe trustfully that what he sees in others is good, we should be all the more keenly alert to let him see in us only the best. A specialist in children's books said recently before the Booksellers' school, in New York: "All the money we may make out of distributing unworthy books could not take away the shame we should feel if it came back to us that we had in any way assisted in the mean work of lowering a child's taste or character ideals." Do we ever lower the tastes or ideals of the children in our own home, or school, or neighborhood? To do wrong before those who but innocently think it is right, is about as disastrous a way of propagating our own failures as could be imagined.—Exchange.

Moving Meals.

Sir Ernest Shackleton related not long ago some stories connected with his last polar expedition.

"As most people know," he said, "the penguin is a bird, and pemmican is a kind of food. In fact, I thought everybody knew that, until one evening when I delivered a lecture on my expedition and showed some cinematograph pictures of antarctic scenes. After the lecture the chairman rose to offer me the formal thanks of the committee."

"We thank you so much for your lecture, Sir Ernest," he said kindly. "And we have greatly enjoyed the moving pictures, with all those dear little pemmicans running about!"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Children.

It is a base thing to be at anything but our best before children. We may think that a child will not know that our show of temper or irritation is not justified. We may expect him to believe that it is right because we do it. But if he does look upon our failure as something entirely right, how we have

it tonight. Tomorrow I will tell you everything. But it will have to be in the place I have mentioned. Will you come to the bluff where the ruins are one-half hour before sunset? Please be exact as to the time. You will see why, if you come."

He leaned across the table—they were on opposite sides of it—plunging his eyes into hers, then drew back, and remarked with an aspect of gloom but with much less the appearance of distrust:

"A very odd request, madam. I hope you have good reason for it," adding, "I bury Bela tomorrow and the cemetery is in this direction. I will meet you where you say and at the hour you name."

And, regarding him closely as he spoke, she saw that for all the correctness of his manner and the bow of respectful courtesy with which he instantly withdrew, that deep would be his anger and unquestionable the results to her if she failed to satisfy him at this meeting of the value of her point in reawakening justice and changing public opinion.

CHAPTER V.

Excerpts.

One of the lodgers at the Claymore inn had great cause for complaint the next morning. A restless tramping over his head had kept him awake all night. That it was intermittent had made it all the more intolerable. Just when he thought it had stopped it would start up again—to and fro, to and fro, as regular as clockwork and much more disturbing.

But the complaint never reached Mrs. Averill. The landlady had been restless herself. Indeed, the night had been one of thought and feeling to more than one person in whom we are interested. The feeling we can understand; the thought—that is, Mrs. Averill's thought—we should do well to follow.

The one great question which had agitated her was this: Should she trust the judge? Ever since the discovery which had changed Reuther's prospects she had instinctively looked to this one source for aid and sympathy. But her faith had been sorely shaken in the interview just related. He was not the friend she had hoped to find. He had insisted upon her husband's guilt, and he had remained unmoved, or but very little moved, by the disappointment of his son—his only remaining link to life. Judge Ostrander might seem cold—both manner and temper would naturally be much affected by his unique and solitary mode of life—but at heart he must love Oliver. It was not in nature for it to be otherwise. And yet—

It was at this point in her musing that there came one of the breaks in her restless pacing. She was always of an impulsive temperament, and always giving way to it. Sitting down before paper and ink she wrote the following lines:

My Darling If Unhappy Child: I know that this sudden journey on my part must strike you as cruel, when, if ever, you need your mother's presence and care. But the love I feel for you, my Reuther, is deep enough to cause you momentary pain for the sake of the great good I hope to bring you out of this shadowy quest. I believe, what I said to you on leaving, that a great injustice was done your father. Feeling so, shall I remain quiescent and see youth and love slip from you, without any effort on my part to set this matter straight? I cannot. I have done you the wrong of silence when knowledge would have saved you shock and bitter disillusion, but I will not add to my fault the inertia of a coward. I have confidence with me, then, and continue to cherish those treasures of truth and affection which you may one day feel free to bestow once more upon one who has a right to each and all of them.

This is your mother's prayer.—DEBORAH SCOVILLE.

It was not easy for her to sign herself thus. It was a name which she had tried her best to forget for twelve long, preoccupied years. But her purpose had been accomplished, or would be when once this letter reached Reuther. With these words in declaration against her she could not retreat from the stand she had therein taken.

She recommended that rapid walking to and fro which was working such havoc in the nerves of the man in the room below her. When she paused it was to ransack a trunk and bring out a flat wallet filled with newspaper clippings, many of them discolored by time, and all of them showing marks of frequent handling.

The first was black with old headlines:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Boring Thin Glass. Everybody who has tried understands how difficult it is to bore a hole in a strip of thin glass. The following method is said to be very successful: Press a cake of wet clay upon the glass and then make a hole through the clay of the desired size, laying bare the glass at the bottom of the hole. Then pour melted lead into the hole, and it will drop through the glass, making a rough aperture. The explanation is that the sudden application of heat cracks the glass in a circle corresponding in size with the hole in the clay.—New York Tribune.

Doing Their Best. Mr. Housey—"Well, dear, I begin to realize that our time on earth is short." Mrs. Housey—"Yes, but we have little to regret. We have been so busy and industrious and have raised a family of 10,000,000,000 children."—Life.

REALLY SMART DRESS

OF BLUE SERGE, WITH ALL THE LATEST EFFECTS.

Slashes in Blouse and Sleeves Are a Feature—Curving Yoke of Shirring Over the Hips and Back of Skirt.

It is of blue serge, this very smart dress of the sketch, and we are sure you will fall under the spell of its "personality." A touch of braid trimming, a novel flaring girdle, corded edges, and—last but not least—those fascinating slashes in sleeves and blouse; we doubt if you will have had anything you liked as well.

The blouse here is a simple affair, with its rounded neck finished with a large turned-back collar of white taffeta, finely tucked around the edges. The slashes at either side of the waist show taffeta corded edges, opening over white batiste, net, or crepe puffs. The same is used to fill in the gap of the slashed sleeves, which are long and extend into flared cuffs.

The odd peplumlike belt is cut in one with a broad, front skirt panel,



Spring Costume in Blue Serge.

which in turn is slashed from the hem to the hip line, and, by introducing a fold of material in back, made to form an inverted box plait. Only the upper edge of the girdle is held in against the figure. The flare over either hip can be achieved by taking an oblique seam or dart in each side.

The tunic skirt shows a curving yoke of shirring over the hips and back. The lower edge is finished with taffeta-covered cording, as is also that of the underskirt.

The design is splendid for taffeta as well as cloth, and will make a splendid spring street frock.

WHAT SPRING HAS IN STORE

Some General Facts as to Fashion That May Be Accepted as Being Assured of Adoption.

It is at this time of year that all women devote a little energy to wondering what the spring has in store for us. Some idea of the things to come may be gathered here and there, but one hears so many rumors that it is difficult to co-ordinate the information and draw from it any definite indication of the fashions for tomorrow.

There are, however, a few general facts which, without doubt, may be accepted as authentic: Skirts have taken to themselves a greater width, which is expressed by graceful gathers, by superimposed flounces, or, when it is a case of heavy material, by flat plaits over the hips. Probably by springtime every trace of a narrower underskirt will have been eliminated—a fact that gives us cause for rejoicing. Sleeves will be long, generally, after the empire fashion, and fitted into their straight armholes without fullness. Collars, for the most part, will be high—a la militaire—though not of necessity tight fitting.

Covert cloth has lately been revived, but because of its comparative reasonableness we fear it is soon to become ordinary.

Jabots are returning to us from the long ago, because they suit most women, and give an air of distinction to many dresses that need some alleviation from somberness.

HEALTH HINTS WORTH WHILE

Remedies for Distressing Insomnia—Leaving Powder on the Face All Night is a Great Mistake.

To overcome sleeplessness one should perform intense mental work during the first part of the day. The evenings should be devoted to a uniform occupation in a uniform environment, and one should be careful to take a sufficient amount of exercise. If the lungs are cramped by improper posture they fail to get the proper amount of oxygen and do not throw off the waste and poisonous matters they should.

A warm bath will often draw the blood to the surface of the body, and thus bring about sleep.

Those who persist in going over in their minds the affairs of the day should sip a cupful of warm milk slowly or a glassful of warm milk.

Never leave powder on the face all night, to say nothing of rouge. It is enough to ruin the most beautiful skin eventually and its effect on a complexion which has no real claims to beauty

MOST USEFUL LITTLE SHELF

Receptacle for Small Household Tools That Will Insure Their Being Always at Hand.

The accompanying sketch illustrates an ingenious little contrivance that will be found very useful hung upon the wall in the kitchen or perhaps in a bedroom and in which may find a place such things as some of the household tools, the paste pot, glue pot, etc., etc. It can be quickly and easily made with the aid of four large cigar boxes and a piece of stout board. The lids can be removed from the boxes as they will not be required. The boxes are fastened to the lower half of the board with screws, and in the upper part of the board two circular holes about the size of a



penny are cut, by which the whole thing may be suspended from two strong brass-headed nails driven into the wall.

A glance at the sketch will explain this, and for appearances' sake the board at the back should be rounded at the upper corners and beveled at the edges. When complete, this shelf can be painted with quick-drying enamel of a color to match or harmonize with that of the wall upon which it is to hang.

A little contrivance of this kind will also be found very useful in a bedroom, for in it may be kept medicine bottles and all those odds and ends that tend to litter up a bedroom unless some special place is assigned to them.

GIVES A PROPER PROTECTION

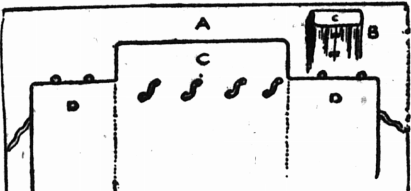
Cover for the More Delicate Garments of the Wardrobe is a Positive Requirement.

Delicate garments, even if hung up in a wardrobe, require some further protection from dust and dirt, and a cover of some kind to place over them is very necessary.

We give a diagram illustrating a capital article to make for this purpose, and when cleaned it will entirely cover up all the garments hanging upon the back pegs of the wardrobe. It can be opened in a moment and any particular garment removed and equally quickly done up again.

Diagram A shows the shape of the upper part of the cover, and in the center portion circular holes are made corresponding with the positions of the pegs, and into these holes key-rings should be sewn in to prevent the material from tearing. On either side there are flaps (D and D) of sufficient width to meet and overlap a little when folded together towards each other.

At the back of these flaps, tapes are sewn on by which they can be tied



together in the manner shown in diagram B. When this has been done, the flap C can be folded over the top of the pegs, thus entirely enclosing the garments suspended upon them.

It will be noticed that rings are sewn on to the upper edges of the two portions, D and D, and prior to tying the cover together in the center these rings are slipped over the pegs and so help to hold that part of the cover in position.

All that has to be done to remove a garment is to untie the tapes, lift up the flap at the top, and lift the front rings from the pegs.

Looped Up Skirts.

In spite of the dominant idea of flare in the winter skirts—and the flare of them is their most characteristic feature, whether they be fashioned of one layer or of two, tunics—there are some evening frocks with skirts that are looped up about the hips, almost like bustles, one on each side. Usually these puffs are irregular—the one on the right side is higher or lower than that on the left. When the frock is made of tulle or lace, roses—artificial, of course—are used to accentuate the loop, where they are garlanded under the puff.

Gloves of the Moment.

White and black gloves are the gloves of the moment, and the two tones are combined in dozens of different ways. One combination that is striking is this: A white dressed kid glove, with black stitching around the edge of the fingers, heavy black embroidery on the backs, and wide black straps across the inside of the wrists.

It is nothing short of disastrous.

Powder is usually put on over a coating of cold cream to make it stick on, and this paste left on all night clogs the pores. The skin habituated to this treatment is pasty and sallow, without life, and usually the pores are enlarged from the deposits of powder.

Sand Shades Continue.

The sand, biscuit and putty shades bid fair to continue their popularity, and though a month or two ago it was hard to find these shades in the materials one wanted, they are available now in every sort of silk, wool, linen and cotton. Coverts are in great demand, and if Paris indorses them for spring they will be more than ever a mainstay; but there are many other lightweight worsteds in the covert colorings ready to contend for their share of feminine favor.

Simplicity for Girls.

Simplicity is the keynote of young girls' fashions this year. The material may be rich and the tailoring expensive, but the effect must be inconspicuous and youthful.



Pure, splendid tobacco—an inspiration in blending. This is what is giving FATIMA Turkish-blend Cigarettes the lead with intelligent smokers.

"Distinctively Individual"

Lightly Moistened



He Should Know. "How is your lawn coming on this year?" asked Mr. Griddings. "The same way the onion crop is coming on," answered Mr. Laxonton. "How is that?" "Without any assistance from me."

THE PROFESSOR'S STATEMENT.

Prof. Aug. F. W. Schmitt, Thomas, Okla., writes: "I was troubled with Backache for about twenty-five years. When told I had Bright's Disease in its last stages, I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using two boxes I was somewhat relieved and I stopped the treatment. In the spring of the next year I had another attack. I went for Dodd's Kidney Pills and they relieved me again. I used three boxes. That is now three years ago and my Backache has not returned in its severity, and by using another two boxes a little later on, the pain left altogether and I have had no trouble since. You may use my statement. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills when and wherever